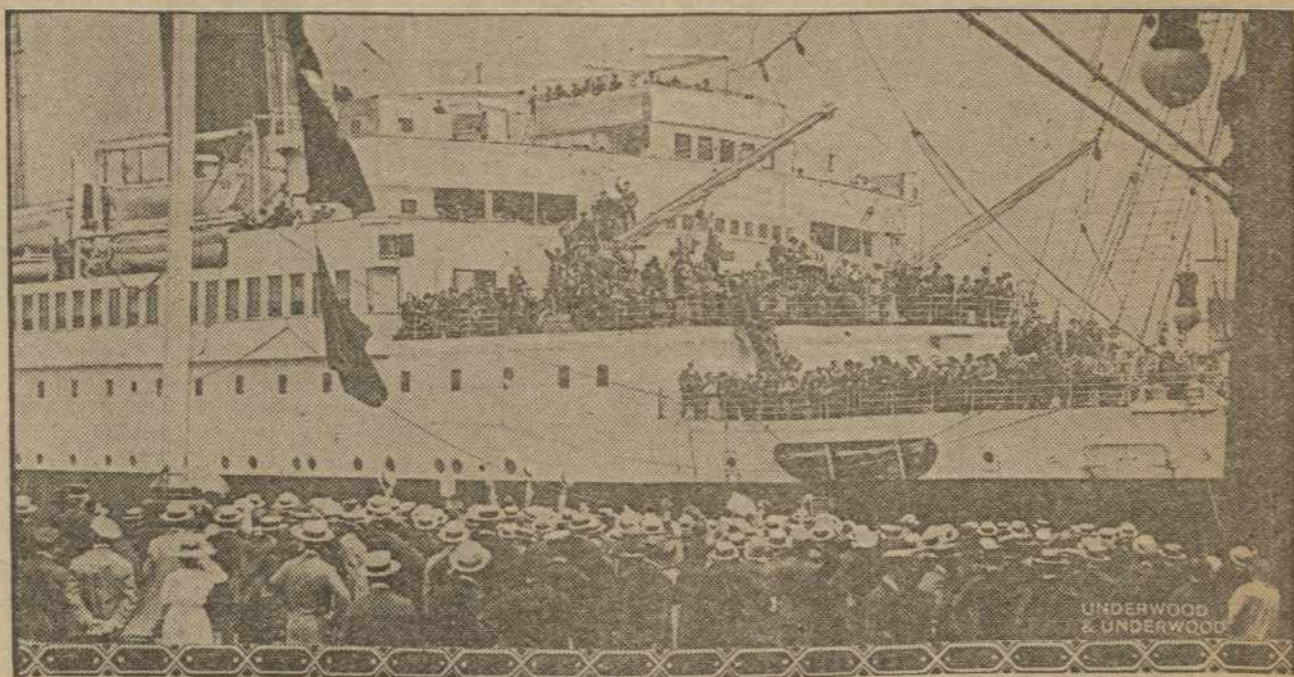


Newest and Biggest of the Atlantic Liners



With a full passenger list of persons and "personages," the latest and biggest and most luxuriously-equipped addition to the fleet of the French line docked at New York recently. The photograph shows La Paris ending her maiden voyage at the pier. The vessel is of 33,700 tons, its four screws driven by oil-burning engines of 45,000 horse power.

Where Vendetta Still Prevails

Code of Honor as It Is Enforced in Sardinia, Corsica and Elsewhere

DIFFICULT TO STAMP OUT

Most Persistent Disciples Are Among the Most Mild-Mannered and Most Hospitable People in the World—Ceremony of Reconciliation.

New York.—Vendetta still flourishes in many parts of the old world, but in no place is it more firmly established than in the island of Sardinia. Why it flourishes there is a mystery still unsolved, for the Sardinians themselves are probably among the mildest mannered men in the world. Travel all over their island and you will be received with the greatest hospitality.

There are few inns, except in the two or three chief towns, but inns are not needed, for every door is open to the stranger, the best of fare is offered—nay, lavished with open hands—the fatted calf is instantly slain, the cellars are ransacked for the best of wine, and the host himself is ready to vendetta by refusing hospitality or wanting to hurry away too soon!

So long as you do not smile at the women folk you are an honored guest for a much longer time than you wish to remain. But the etiquette about women is as strict as in any harem land in the East, and no intercourse is allowed with strangers.

Next to Sardinia in the vendetta business comes Corsica, where the people, after all, are not very different. There is plenty of bloodshed in Sicily, but it is organized by a secret society and has nothing to do with vendetta.

Albania runs the blood-feud on very similar lines and Albania's hereditary enemy, Montenegro, oddly enough, cherishes almost the same traditions, whereas the Serbians, the cousins of the Montenegrins, are bloodthirsty in quite a different way. It is probably not an accident that feuds and feudalism have the same derivation, and clanish traditions must have something to do with the custom, writes Herbert Vivian.

Part of Their Code of Honor.
The great difficulty that governments find in suppressing vendetta is that its disciples regard it as part of their code of honor. Men who go to church regularly and observe all the religious feasts—black-coated gentlemen of infinite respectability, who could be trusted anywhere with untold gold and frivolous females—nevertheless consider it their sacred duty to slay the second cousin twice removed of some one who has killed a member of their family in legitimate self-defense. Indeed, there is a stigma on their whole clan if blood has not been wiped out with blood, if many molar have not repaid a single tooth. It ceases to be—it never is, in fact—a personal affair. It is just primitive, savage justice.

In Sardinia church and state have been frantically at work for generations trying to suppress the vendetta, but it is very slow work.

From time to time, however, reconciliations do take place. Sixty-five years ago there was a solemn ceremony of forgiveness between two families that had been at war for two centuries, killing one another and destroying one another's cattle and farmsteads. It made an enormous sensation, and marked an epoch in the history of the island. Only the other day there was a similar event, for which the parish priest and the mayor of Tempio, amid the savage rockland of Angina, are jointly responsible.

Almost endless negotiations preceded the formal kiss of peace. No one wished to forego his vengeance; the honor of five hostile families was at stake. Again and again, for a whole generation, men and boys have been stabbed, and though everybody knew the culprits and all the reasons for

the crimes, no one was ever punished by the law.

Agreed to Attend Mass Together.
Then some one having authority suddenly listened to reason. All the hostile families—the Leporis, the Pes, the Seazzus, the Spezzigas and the Vasas—far more hostile than the Montagues and Capulets, agreed to attend a service of reconciliation together.

Their famous feud has been responsible for no fewer than 75 homicides during the last 15 years. It all began with the murder of Prof. Pier Felice Stangoni, a widower who lectured at the technical institute of Sassari. What he had done is not quite clear. Some say he had flirted with a Miss Pes and then refused to marry her.

Another story is that he was unintentionally killed by a mischievous boy from an unfriendly village. Anyhow, the professor was taking a country walk with his three boys, Albert, Mario and Arnold, when some one lurking in the thickets suddenly hit him on the forehead with a bullet from a catapult and killed him instantly.

There was a sensational trial and the suspects were acquitted. A few months later, however, one of them, Martin Pes, was killed. Thereupon the authorities arrested Professor Stangoni's widow, Paul Lepori, a vigorous old man, and he was acquitted for lack of evidence. Assassinations followed with furious rapidity. Nicholas Vasa was seriously wounded one day and killed the next. Members of the various families were found dead in lonely places or disappeared and were never seen again. An immense amount of property was destroyed. Great numbers of innocent people went in daily fear of their lives.

Ceremony of Reconciliation.
Two hundred members came from far and near to attend the ceremony of reconciliation.

The boys of Tempio seminary walked first in the procession. Then came Monsignor Sanna, bishop of Tempio and Castelsardo, followed by the parish priest, the mayor with an Italian flag and an enormous crowd from the whole countryside. Penitential hymns were sung and mass was celebrated in the open air amid deep emotion.

Then Father Delgios, a famous Franciscan preacher, spoke of the beauty of Sardinia, the hospitality of her people, always generous except when carried away by traditional hatreds. He alluded to the 75 victims and invoked the blessing and pardon of heaven on the survivors.

Then the members of the hostile families were divided into two long files and went up side by side to receive the episcopal benediction. There was Paul Lepori, "Uncle Paul," as he is known to the whole countryside, the father-in-law and alleged avenger of the first victim, now ninety years of age, and very hoary, but still erect and vigorous.

Beside him was Salvatore Pes, the

son of Martin Pes, whom old Lepori was accused of killing. Salvatore is now some forty years of age. Then there were Mario and Arnold Stangoni, sons of the first victim, well able to remember the horror of their father's murder, Arnold in the uniform of an arditto (storm trooper), with two silver medals earned by prowess in the war.

After the benediction, old Paul Lepori and Salvatore Pes solemnly embraced and wept on each other's shoulders, amid the intense emotion and loud applause of the crowd. The kissing became general and there were solemn vows of mutual love and respect.

The Last Combat.
This is the story of the latest reconciliation. Two families carried on a feud until they were both nearly destroyed. They fought like wild beasts, concentrating every nerve, every emotion, in the business of killing the traditional foe. Year after year, in ambush and open fight, members of both families fell victims of the implacable rancor.

Oddly enough, however, the two heads of the respective clans, sturdy old men, remained unmolested. Youths and even children were laid low, but the chiefs remained, like stalwart oaks, undisturbed by the raging tempest of crime.

At last they remained almost alone. A few more murders and they would have been the solitary representatives of their slaughtered lines. They took no special precautions to guard against attack. In fact, one afternoon one of them was riding quietly back to Sassari, accompanied by a servant. A few miles from home a shot resounded from behind a hill and he bit the dust. He shook himself and rose to his elbows, but he knew that his hour had struck.

He called quietly to his servant, "Take off the saddle," he said.

When this was done he took cover very stealthily behind it, pointed his gun in the direction from which death had been let loose upon him.

Then he bade his servant run toward the town, shouting as he ran: "My master is dead!"

Deceived by Ruse.
The man who had fired the shot was completely taken in by this device. First, he peered out cautiously; then his whole body appeared above the hill. It was the chieftain of the other family.

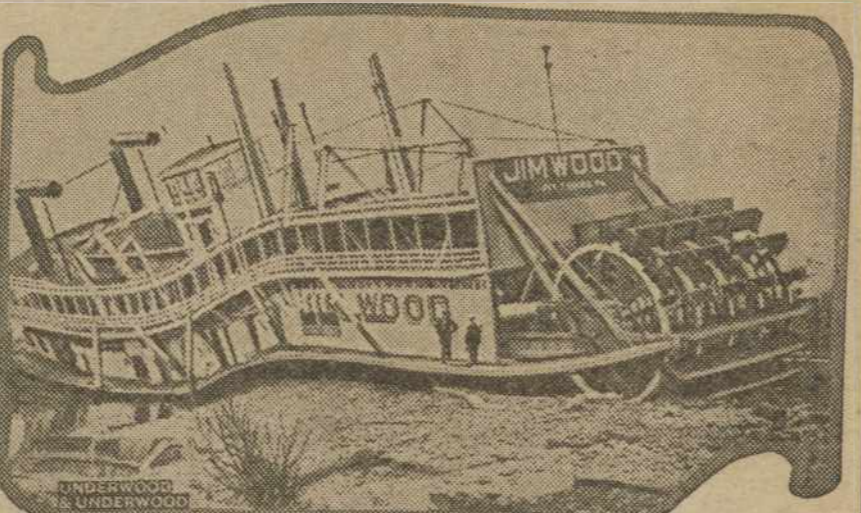
The wounded man took a long, deliberate aim, fired and saw with satisfaction that he had hit his mark. The servant came running back, recalled by the shot, and to him the old man said grimly:

"Tell them to bring two beers, for we are two dead men." And so it proved.

They found the chieftain with his head resting on the hard pillow afforded by his saddle, and in death he still clung to his gun. After this last tragedy the few survivors of the two families consented to make peace, for it seemed to them that they had carried out the law of vendetta to its bitter end.

But vendetta is in their blood—the very children play at vendetta, just as little Spaniards play at bull fights. A trifling accident or a petty quarrel may easily lead to another feud lasting for centuries and spreading a reign of terror over whole provinces.

Old Steamship's Back Is Broken



A recent terrific wind and a torrential rain conspired to drive this Mississippi steamer on the mud flats. The old vessel, one of the last of the stern-driven variety for which the Mississippi was once famous, has been abandoned by her owners. Her back is broken and her sides are all wrenched.

Day Is Saved by Golf Ball

Amateur Champion Sees His Shot Go True by Remarkable Roundabout Drive.

MOUSE IS CAUSE OF IT ALL

Champ Huris Ball at Fleeing Rodent, Misses, Ball Rebounds, Hitting Waiter, Who Drops Tray and That Ends Mouse.

Chicago.—Seated about a table at dinner in a loop restaurant recently, three Hammond residents carried on an animated conversation about golf. Earlier the talk had dealt with animals, artificial ice and Admiral Slims' speech, but had veered around due to a sincere effort on the part of two women present to please their male escort, Freddie Beckman, champion amateur golfer of Hammond.

Since this story deals particularly with Freddie, it must be understood he has several laudable characteristics and accomplishments. Beckman really is a good golfer. Back in civilization he is at a disadvantage because of his acute bashfulness, but this affliction is remedied for him in circumstances demanding instant action.

Beckman was very polite and nodded briskly whenever he was appealed to during the golf discussion, but signally failed to register enthusiasm.

Golf Ball to Rescue.
It was just after the conversation had swung back to animals that Beckman's moment came. His companions, Mrs. Elene Meyn and "L. M.," had just finished their dessert when an uproar arose near the band.

A woman shrieked and another and a third. As one person, patrons of that entire end of the restaurant rose to their feet and mounted chairs.

"It's a mouse and coming this way," cried Mrs. Meyn to Freddie.

There was no question it was a second just made for the amateur golfer champ of Hammond. His hand stole into his coat pocket and brought out a golf ball. It was one he had made a hole in "I" with just the day before, and he was keeping it as a souvenir. Balancing the ball in his hand, he gazed earnestly at the fleeing rodent, headed straight for him. Then he swung his arm in a long underhand stroke and let the ball fly.

It flew across the ten feet of space between Freddie and the mouse with a swish. Perhaps the mouse moved a trifle or maybe the ball was not exactly round—at any rate, the shot missed by a hair.

Gets the Rodent.
A gasp went up, and ended in a shout of wild laughter, for the ball,

striking the wall with a thump, bounded back and fitted snugly in the exact middle of a rotund waiter's anatomy.

The waiter had remained to all appearances petrified after the first shriek, following the discovery of the rodent, but at the advent of the golf ball he bounded up with a howl. A platter of food and drink in his hands fell to the floor and his moans rose louder as he saw the extent of the casualties.

As the platter fell, Beckman watched it with pop eyes, and then, as the last echo of the crash died away, he murmured to his companions: "By gosh, I got that mouse after all."

Yes, you have guessed it—the platter killed the mouse. Freddie's shot cost him \$7.70 and a golf ball, however.

Launceston, Cornwall, England.—Picturesque feudal ceremonies of 600 years ago were revived here when the prince of Wales, who is also duke of Cornwall, paid a visit to the old-time capital of his duchy. Launceston has been a royal borough since about 1088.

The ceremonies included the presentation of rent and "offerings of fealty" in kind, according to ancient custom. The mayor presented to the prince 100 shillings and one pound of pepper on a silver dish.

To Sir Hugh Molesworth St. Aubyn fell the duty to offer a brace of greyhounds. According to ancient usage, they should be pure white, but the nearest obtainable approach was a well-matched piebald couple.

Another ducal tenant tendered a pair of gilt spurs, and others present-

WALES GETS FEUDAL GIFTS

Ceremonies 600 Years Old Are Revived on Visit of Prince to Cornwall.

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Octopus Seizes Boy, Who Is Saved by Sister

Eureka, Cal.—Word reached here that a 16-foot octopus was killed at Samoa, Humboldt county, after it had seized in its tentacles eight-year-old George Peterson, son of a Eureka tug captain. The octopus lashed out with the other tentacles and wrenched an ear from the hands of a sister, who was trying to rescue the lad. With another ear she stunned the animal, which loosened its hold on the boy and crawled to nearby rocks, where it was beaten to death.

ed a pound of cumin, a salmon spear, a fagot of wood, a pair of white gloves and a rose.

Strangest of all these curious terms of tenure is one requiring the representatives of the manor of Swannacot and St. Mary Week to present themselves at the ducal court clad in mantles of goatskins. The present-day incumbent, Bethuel Hutchings, stolidly endured this attire over the ordinary clothes on a broiling hot day. His appearance suggested a blend of a modern country tourist and Robinson Crusoe.

The prince, much amused at the variety of gifts, solemnly "confirmed all the loyal tenants in their holdings."

TWO SWEEP THROUGH TUBE

Erie Workers Carried Nearly a Mile When Temporary Dam Lets Go in Storm.

Erie, Pa.—Carl Henderson and Axel Mackl, employed in the construction of the Mill creek water tube, were swept nearly a mile through the 18-foot concrete tube when a temporary dam let go during a terrific rainstorm.

Both men were working inside the big tube when the dam let go. They were carried to the lake and thrown out upon the sand. Both will recover.

Nearly an inch and a half of rain fell in 20 minutes, flooding many cellars and interfering with traffic.

REDS LOOK TO SOUTH AMERICA

Bolshevik Leaders See Final Haven of Refuge in Our Neighboring Continent.

SAY LENIN IS WEAKENING

Intercepted Correspondence of Communist Officials Shows That Many Octobrists Are Sending Their Families Abroad.

Reval, Estonia.—According to recently intercepted correspondence from communist officials in Moscow to communist agents abroad, advising them of the "inside situation" in Russia, South America is looked on as a final haven of refuge by many of the less hopeful Bolshevik leaders in event Russia becomes too hot for them.

One of these letters, recently published in a Reval newspaper, the Poslednie Novosti, advises one of the official's friends, who now is apparently

in Germany, to "convert your valuables into dollars as frequently as you can, or, better still, into South American currency."

Says Lenin Is Weakening.
"The Octobrists," the letter adds, meaning by them those communists who participated in the October (1917) revolution, "are frequently sending their families abroad. Soon, it may be, I shall send my wife across to you, in which case try to put her up as best you can."

Referring to the political situation, this communist wrote: "Ilich (meaning Lenin, that being his middle name by which he is popularly known in Russia) is weakening. Zinovieff has grown too fat. Trotsky alone remains as of old the unrecognized Napoleon, but he is 'evolutionizing' also."

In connection with the sending abroad of the families of the Octobrists, this letter goes on: "Will you kindly keep a detailed account of their arrivals and of their means? Further, by a decision of the military department of the party, I want you to withdraw from the banks all the deposits at your disposal and put them in safe hands."

Bring It to Switzerland.
"Bring to Switzerland a third of the 'iron fund' and hand it to B—. The rest can be left in Germany for any eventualities."

The writer constantly refers to the ruling councils of the Bolsheviks as "the Olympians," and remarks that "our Olympus is going the pace too fast."

"From January," he says, "the situation in the council of the party and in the central committee has come to a point to the last degree. The result of these conflicts was the expulsion of Comrades Krylenko, Bontch-Bourouvietch, Dubov, Blumenthal and many others. This was the last gesture of the gay party gods. For a word said against Ilich, Krestinsky or Zinovieff, even not in public, ostracism is imminent."

RACING FRAUD IN GERMANY

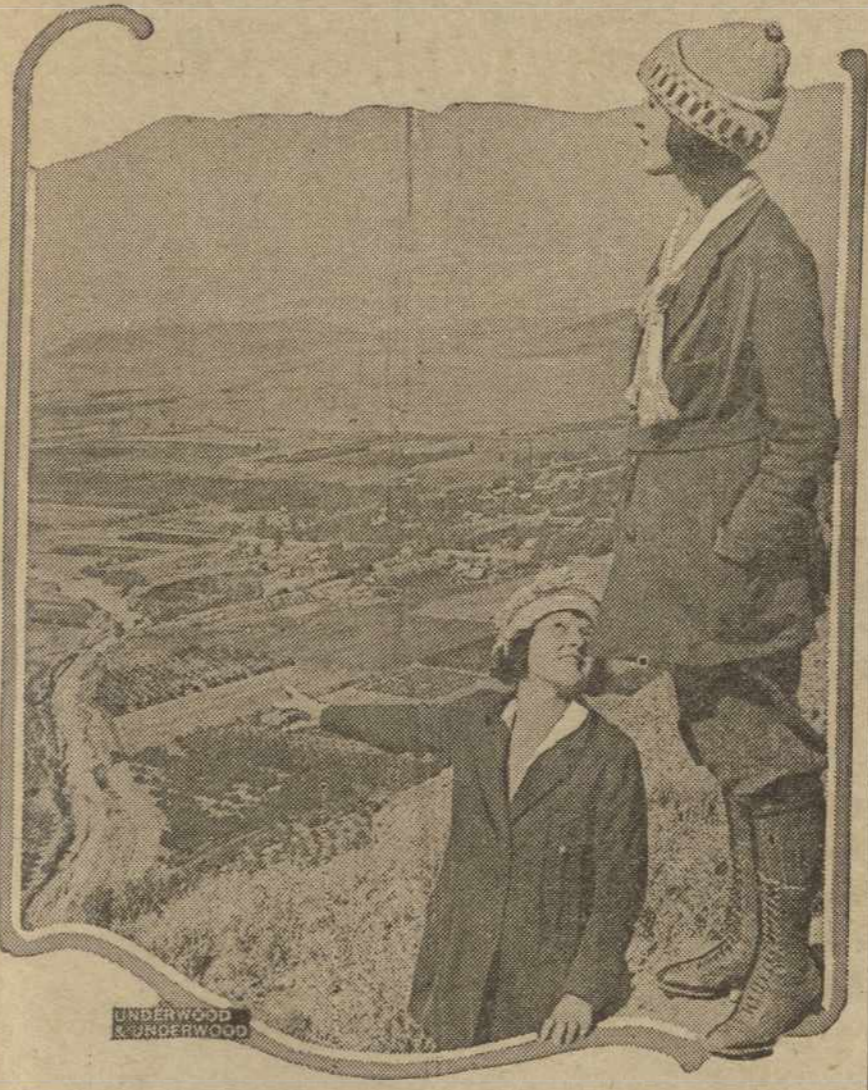
Promoters Fix Things So No One Else Gets Any of the Money.

Berlin.—Horse races in Germany generally were honest affairs before the war, but scandals are the rule nowadays. Typical of the rest were the recent Carisshot races, under the auspices of the Strausberg Racing society, which so arranged matters as to keep not only all the purses but also the amounts of the totalization and registration fees.

Four horses ran in the so-called Fredersdorf race. When the jockeys had galloped over more than three-quarters of the distance they began trotting, so that the first horse arrived at the starting point seven and a half minutes after the agreed maximum time.

According to the rules no purse was paid and the money placed on the horses and the registration fees went to the treasury of the Strausberg Racing society.

Scouting for a New Scenic Road



Mrs. Mary J. Burton of Los Angeles is pointing, for the benefit of Miss Barbara Babcock of Salt Lake City, to the wonderful view of southern Utah's "Dixie country" as they stand on a high plateau. The girls are members of a party opening the new scenic road from Zion National park, Utah, to the north rim of the Grand canyon.