

Seaport for Inland State

Arizona Wants Slice of Mexico to Gain Access to Sea for Its Huge Shipments of Minerals.

Washington.—"The 'Ararat' of a strictly American 'Noah,' real communist inhabitants, a huge lava flow, and salt and sand sufficient to cure most of the world's fish and to keep all its builders and glass factories busy"—these, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society, are some of the by-products, valuable and otherwise, that the United States would acquire if it successfully acted on a recently reported resolution of the Arizona house of representatives. The resolution seeks to add to the state a small triangle of northern Mexico.

"It is for quite a different reason, however," continues the bulletin, "that Arizona desires what might be called this 'second Gadsden Purchase' of one of the most desolate and least-known regions of North America. The map shows that while the southern boundary of the state extends due west for a space from the southwestern corner of New Mexico, it then strikes northward at a very slight angle. The resolution seeks an arrangement with Mexico by which this bend in the southern boundary of the state would be eliminated so that the line would continue as it started, in a due east and west direction. The triangular area that would be added to the state would be about 240 miles long by about 50 miles wide at the point of greatest breadth.

Bottled Up by Narrow Strip.
"The important consideration is that this long narrow triangle is all that separates Arizona from the sea—the Gulf of California, huge arm of the Pacific. Add it to Arizona, and overnight the state would desert the 27 inland commonwealths and join the 21 that border on salt water. With its hundreds of thousands of tons of minerals to ship, the state is now bottled up by a narrow region undeveloped and little likely to be developed by its present owner. It is felt that even the desolate, practically trailless desert, and the lack of natural harbors on the gulf would not deter Yankee enterprise and Yankee engineering ability from laying down a trail of steel and constructing quays or piers at which ocean steamers would soon be loading, furnishing the cheap transportation that bulky products demand.

"The areas of most states are well known, even the parts sparsely populated. It is hard for dwellers in many other portions of the United States to realize, therefore, that not only is this triangle of Mexico a terra incognita, but that the portion of Arizona which adjoins it is almost equally so. Most of the region south of the Southern Pacific railroad may be thought of as a desert on which small broken rocky ranges of mountains have been superimposed.

"Both north and south of the border, this region is given over almost wholly to a handful of Papago Indians with communistic customs who range as freely as did their remote ancestors, needing to give in their desolate homeland little or no thought to border-lines or to the governmental machinery of states and nations. The region—both American and Mexican—is known roughly as 'Papaguera,' and is seldom traversed by white men.

"Through it the international boundary extends, the ultimate in arbitrary lines. Swerving neither to the right nor to the left it extends, a straight, geometrical line, running up sheer cliffs and over craggy peaks, hurdling great valleys and tiny arroyos, crossing deserts, lava flows, and sand dunes, until it strikes the Colorado river some fifteen miles below Yuma. Indian 'Noah' Saved Wolf and Beetle.

"The Mexican triangle of Papaguera, which it is proposed to add to Arizona, is even a more inhospitable country than the border region. In

addition to the features of the latter, it embraces a district 30 by 40 miles covered by extinct volcanic craters and an ancient lava flow, and hundreds of square miles of great towering sand dunes that create a landscape like that of parts of the Sahara. On the highest lava peaks of Pinnacle, say the old Papago legends, their 'Elder Brother' landed from his cask after the deluge and after floating around the world four times. While his solicitude for animals was not as extensive as that of the Hebrew Noah, he at least managed to save a coyote and a beetle. The Papagos formerly were 'sand people' living in the sand-dune region near the lava fields, with headquarters at the few small water-holes. This region is now practically deserted, the Papagos living by dry-farming and stock-raising farther east and north.

"There is no general knowledge of good natural harbors along the portion of the Gulf of California that would be included in the proposed triangular addition to Arizona, but probably there would be little difficulty in constructing harbor facilities either along Bahía Arari, which would mark the southern boundary of the addition, or northward toward the head of the gulf. The larger sand dunes are 20 miles from the shore near the gulf head and an equal distance from the Colorado river. The most feasible railroad route probably would be from the neighborhood of Yuma, extending roughly parallel to the river."

"Canned Heat" Kills Coal Miner

James Puckett, coal miner, of Litchfield, Ill., was killed by chewing "canned heat," according to a coroner's jury verdict. "Canned heat" is a commercial product which contains alcohol and is put up in the form of paste for campfire cooking. It was testified that Puckett and ten other men went to an old cave, where Puckett's body was found later, for a "party," and that Puckett chewed too much "heat."

Woman Catches Paris Raffles

Fashionably Dressed Thief Looted Many Houses Before He Was Finally Trapped.

Paris.—Paris boasts of a "gentleman burglar" in the person of one Serge Henri Louis de Leuz, a young man of good family, fashionable appearance and extravagant tastes, but with degenerate tendencies and a long criminal record. His trial, however, rubbed off most of the glamour of his career as a gentleman, if not as a master of his profession.

Leuz is thirty years old and is the son of a former director of the Franco-Russian bank. He lived a good deal of the time with his parents in the suburb of Neuilly while pursuing without their knowledge his double existence in Paris as a man of the world and a house-breaker.

He was educated at the Carnot Lyceum and the Paris School of Electricity. Before the war he served in the cavalry, but was discharged as unfit because of frequent attacks of hysteria. In 1914 he enlisted in the military supply train as a camion driver. He soon deserted, however, and, having also been accused of theft, was transferred after arrest to an African

battalion. He asked to be sent to the front and behaved creditably there for a while, obtaining two citations for bravery. But once more he deserted. He was again arrested and was put into the non-combatant forces.

Three Times a Deserter.
He deserted a third time and was thrown out of the army. In November, 1920, he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for burglary, but was soon released under the general amnesty. Since then it is estimated that he has committed 35 robberies, 23 of them involving house-breaking.

He operated almost exclusively between noon and 1 p. m., when most of the apartment house concierges are at meals. He was always stylishly dressed and carried his tools in a small bag something like a brief case. He stole only articles of little weight and high value.

Leuz was caught a few weeks ago through the vigilance of a concierge. She saw a young man with a limp enter the house, but asked no questions, mistaking him for the son of the owner. Presently he came out again, bag in hand. She halted him.

"You don't know whom you are talking to," he said contemptuously. But she insisted on an explanation.

"I am a wounded soldier," he went on, more ingratiatingly. "I just stepped in here to rearrange my brace. I didn't think it was necessary to ring at your office."

Trapped by Janitress.
He then limped away and entered a neighboring house. The janitress became suspicious and followed him. She told the other concierge to go for a policeman while she detained the stranger.

"Here is a thousand franc note for you," the latter said, becoming alarmed.

The concierge refused it. "Have pity on me," he pleaded, "I have a sick mother."

The second concierge appeared with the officer, who arrested Serge. At the police station they found that he carried a complete burglar's kit. He confessed and even furnished the police with a full list of his robberies.

He valued the articles which he had stolen at 2,000,000 francs, but said that he had realized very little on those he sold through stolen goods receivers.

At his trial it was brought out that he had had a passion for stealing since early youth. He had robbed his schoolmates. He had been arrested four times before the war for theft, and seven times in all before the two concierges trapped him.

Leuz made the claim that he committed his crimes while under the influence of drugs. But the physicians who examined him declared him to be completely responsible.

FUNERALS TOO COSTLY



As the cost of living has soared beyond the incomes of the poor and middle-class Germans, so the cost of death has increased. To hold a funeral for even a tiny baby costs more than \$30,000 marks, so these middle-class Berliners, like hundreds of others, were forced to carry their child to the cemetery themselves.

\$1,200,000 Building Is Sold by Radio Phone

New York.—A \$1,200,000 real estate deal was completed by radio, after E. Clifford Potter, cruising in the Mediterranean aboard the Adriatic, had "sat in" with his colleagues in discussions of the deal in this city. By the long-distance wireless transaction, the seven-story office building at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street, was sold to the Amri Realty company.

German Woman Lawyer.

Munich.—Dr. Maria Otto, a native of Wuerzburg, recently appeared in the Munich courts as the first woman lawyer ever to practice in Germany. Miss Otto received the training for her role as the fatherland's first Portia in schools at Wuerzburg, Leipzig, Berlin and Munich. She has been employed by a well-known law firm here for the last four years.

Dies Watching Friend's Funeral.

Decatur, Ind.—While reclining on a couch and watching the funeral cortege of his friend of many years, Henry Hockeyer, former county commissioner, pass, Herman Frankpe, sixty-five, taken ill a few days ago, suffered a heart attack and died.

Colleen Moore



Unlike many leading ladies of the screen, charming Colleen Moore, the "movie" star, has never been on the speaking stage. She was born in Port Huron, Mich., and was educated in the convent of the Holy Name in Tampa, Fla. Miss Moore at various times has lived in a number of other cities. In private life, she admits being a plain person, with no hobbies, but a tremendous ambition to make good. Many of her admirers agree with one accord that her ambition has been realized. This is one of her latest pictures.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

BAD BREEDING

Silver and gold are not the only coin; virtue, too, passes current all the world over.—Euripides.

IT IS always a temptation for those who discuss matters of politeness and etiquette to become arbitrary and to say that those who do thus-and-thus are ill bred, and that those who do so-and-so are well bred. Such a list would be bound to be unfair and could be interesting largely in giving the point of view of the one who wrote it. In matters of superficial etiquette we should not sit in judgment on others, especially in a land like ours where family and racial traditions vary so extensively. But there are some things that remain the same the world over—little acts that might be regarded as earmarks of bad breeding that were just as reprehensible a thousand years ago as they are today. Among them are these things:

To permit oneself openly to "cut" a one-time acquaintance save for the most grievous offense. You would be justified in cutting the man who has robbed your safe or attempted your life or kidnapped your child or eloped with your wife, but just because Mr. A. has blackballed you in the club to which you hoped to belong, or because Mrs. B. has complained to the dog-catcher that your pet is going around unmuzzled, or because those C children throw putty balls at your front windows, is no reason why you should cut any of the A's, B's or C's.

To reveal any information of a confidential nature that has been revealed to you by anyone while a guest in your house. There is a law of hospitality that would prevent you from doing that whether you lived on this side of the world or the other; whether you lived a thousand years ago or a thousand years hence.

To reveal any derogatory information concerning any one that you have acquired through a purely professional relationship. The priest regards it as his religious duty to keep secrets that he hears in the confessional, no less so does the doctor keep a sealed mouth concerning his patients. It seems almost as much a matter of principle for the trained nurse or the seamstress who by chance learns something of a confidential nature concerning those who employ her to refrain from spreading the information broadcast.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE FLYING HOUR

SOME folks think of Tomorrow, And some of Yesterday With all the joy and sorrow That lingered on the way, But in this world of foment My task is finding how To seize the passing moment, And make the best of Now. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



BETTY'S DREAM

"YOU are going to sleep in the four-poster I had when I was married," said Aunt Polly, opening the door to her guest room and holding the candle so Betty could see, "and this silk quilt is made from pieces of my dresses and those of many of my friends when we were all young and danced as gayly as you do, my dear, though I dare say you think Uncle Peter and I are too old-fashioned to ever have danced."

"Oh, no, indeed!" answered Betty, as she looked at the pretty bits of silk in the quilt. "I can almost see



"You Are Going to Sleep in the Four-Poster."

you in this flowered gown dancing the minuet. Did Uncle Peter wear a satin vest?"

"He did, my dear, and the very vest is in that drawer—the bottom one. Look at it, if you like."

Betty was looking at the big bed. "How ever am I to get up there?" she asked. Her nose was on a level with the billowy height.

For answer Aunt Polly drew a small, two-stepped ladder from under the frilly ruffles of the bed.

"Good-night, dear," said Aunt Polly. "Be sure you pull that silk quilt over you. I hope you sleep well."

"How can I help sleeping in this wonderful roomful of old-fashioned things?" replied Betty.

First, she peeked at the wonderful satin vest, then she opened the folded quilt and looked long at the bits of silks. "Oh, you wonderful old-fashioned things!" she said aloud. "How beautiful you are!"

"Old-fashioned, indeed!" said a

voice near Betty's ear, and she felt a tug and heard a rustling sound, which turned her completely over, she was so astonished.

The silk quilt seemed to have lifted from the bed, and all the bits of gayly flowered silks and the plain ones as well were old-fashioned gowns—the styles were in the days of hoopskirts.

One flowered silk gown that seemed to be more aristocratic than the others was rustling with indignation. "To think I am called old-fashioned when I was brought over from France for my lady to wear at the big ball! I am the latest style from abroad."

"Was, my dear—was," said a shimmering gown of silver and blue that changed as it moved and the candle light fell upon it. Betty thought she blew out the light, but as she turned her eyes from the beautiful dresses she saw it lighted, standing on the old dressing-table.

The soft, silvery blue dress tried to smooth matters over. "Why should we get angry because we are called old-fashioned?" it said.

"You were very beautiful that night of the big ball, and your flowers are as bright as the night you danced the minuet."

This seemed to calm the flowered dress, and it sighed as it said:

"Oh, that was a wonderful dance! I wonder what became of the spinet that made such wonderful music that night?"

"Here," was the reply which seemed to come from the foot of the bed. "I'm here, friends, but sadly changed. I am really new-fashioned—not the beautiful spinet of the old days, but made into a new and shining desk. Ah, that I, too, might be called old-fashioned with the rest of you!"

Betty saw all the gowns hurry to the footboard and look over. "What is the matter with you?" they asked. "You have lost—"

"Yes," interrupted the spinet desk, "I have lost my soul—the things that made me beautiful—and no longer can I make sweet music. I must be forever silent."

Betty laughed right out loud, it looked so funny, and then to her surprise she saw the sun peeking in through the shutters. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. The black border of the beautiful silk quilt was on the floor at one side of the bed. She pulled it up and laughed at her dream and just then a tap sounded on the door and Aunt Polly's smiling face appeared to Betty's "Come in."

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"What's in a Name?"
By MILDRED MARSHALL
Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

MADELINE

BIBLICAL history is responsible for origin of Madeline. The only possible source of the name is the New Testament story of the tragic figure, Mary Magdalen. Magdalen, it seems, is not a surname, but merely translates into "of Magdala," the village of the scarlet woman's birth, and is regarded as an adjective of place.

So the soft harmony of "Magdalen" was not employed as a proper name at that time, but history records that various institutions, or rescue homes for unfortunate girls, sprang up under the name, until it began to be used as synonymous for fallen women. Writers, artists, and poets, who find fascination in portraying the type of Mary Magdalen, with her luxury, her embroidered robes and flowing hair, and her inevitable tears as a repentant sinner, kept the two names in vogue. But finally the "Mary" was dropped completely and only Magdalen persisted and waxed popular.

Each nation has taken the name Magdalen and placed upon it the stamp of individual spelling. England calls her Madeline, eliminating the "g" for the soft sound; Madeline, Maudlene, and Maun are other English derivations. France prefers Madeleine; Spain and Russia, Madelina. The French also claim the derivations Magdalene, Madlen, Lene, and Lenchen. Maddalena is the Italian version and Lell is Swiss.

Despite the story of Madeline's origin, the poets have chosen her name rather to portray the shyest and most virtuous of maidens, the typical sweetheart to whom young lovers write odes. The best known poem to "Ever Varying Madeline" runs:

Smiling, trowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-love,
Revealing deep and clear are thine,
Of wealthy smiles, but who may know,
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?

Madeline's jewel is the moonstone, that gem so potent for lovers who may read their future in its opalescent depths. If she wears her talismanic stone, Madeline may have her heart's promises. The poppy is her flower, 3 is her mystic number and Saturday her lucky day.

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A swimming bath at Hull, England, has held the same water for months, purity being obtained by a constant process of filtration.

YOUR HAND
How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

LOSS OF MONEY IN THE HAND

AS WE may read by various signs in the hand that the fortunate subject has acquired, or is to acquire, wealth through inheritance or through his or her own exertions, so may we read also, in the hand the loss of wealth, after it has been possessed and enjoyed.

Inspect carefully the finger of Saturn, the middle or ring finger, near the top, for a star. If it appears plainly near the edge of the finger it indicates loss of position and money. See, also, the mount of Saturn, which lies at the base of the same finger. If it bears, near the base or beginning of the mount, a zigzag line, the same loss is indicated.

Naturally, it must be understood that these signs, as so many others in the hand, are not always perfectly clear and well-marked, and great care must be exercised in reading them, in conjunction with the other marks in the hand.

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Although the United States was probably the first country to start construction of armored ships, France put the first vessel of this type into commission, silencing the Russian forts at Kinburn with an ironclad squadron on October 17, 1855.

Report of Death Awakens Love



James Jolly and Jennette Sherwin have just been married in New York, and it's some romance. Jolly first saw Miss Sherwin when she was acting in a London theater. He joined the company to be near her. Then he went into the war and was reported dead. Too late Miss Sherwin realized she loved him. Jolly has spent much time trying to find her and now they are happy.

