

SAVE STOWAWAYS FROM ICY WATERS

Five Young Men Who Came From Germany Dive Off Ship in Effort to Land.

New York—Shortly after the United American line steamer Euden arrived in quarantine last night recently five young men were seen stowing away on board into the swirling current in an attempt to reach shore. The Euden, a freighter, left Hamburg with a general cargo for this port. There were no passengers, but it was said the five stowaways were found at different times during the early part of the voyage hidden in various parts of hold and bunks.

Their actions in attempting to escape at the same time was taken as evidence that they had talked the matter over during the days when they had been forced to "pay" for their passage by working in engine room, deck and galley. That all were rescued was due to the fact that three, in their haste to get away in the darkness, swam toward the Brooklyn shore instead of heading for Staten Island, and so came into the course of the police boat making one of its nightly patrols toward the Narrows. The pair, who headed in the right direction, got within a few yards of shore, when their strength gave out and they were rescued by some men who happened to be on a night shift on the pier at Staten Island.

Quartermaster Beats Splash.

The first that was known on the Euden that the five contemplated a concerted swim was when a quartermaster, while on rounds, saw a figure climb to the deck and fall into the water. The quartermaster ran to the rail in time to see a figure swimming away into the darkness. As he looked after there came another splash and he was in time to see two other men climbing to the deck and diving into the water. Then came a splash and the quartermaster ran forward, shouting lustily, "Man overboard." By the time the crew was aroused the five had been swallowed up into the night.

The quartermaster reported the escape to the captain who immediately directed the ship's radio operator to send out a call for help. Coupled with his call for help he loudly repeated that five men had gone overboard and that there was immediate work for rescuers. Shore stations picked up the message and soon it was being repeated "all up and down the line." One of those who heard the call was the radio man of the police boat Manhattan, in charge of Sergeant Davis Byrne of Harbor A, which was patrolling near the Narrows, a mile away.

Byrne immediately swung his boat about and started at top speed back toward the quarantine anchorage. The Manhattan headed its course near the Euden, and then, not seeing any of the fugitives, ran around inshore, and in the darkness failed to discover the two who were heading toward the Staten Island docks. Then Byrne ordered the vessel off-shore, and as the swing about, probably a quarter of a mile from the anchored freighter, the lookout peered up the three stowaways. They were swimming close together and headed offshore. As the Manhattan raced toward them the trio set up a sail for help. They had had enough.

Are Revived in Hospital.

The trio found by the police boat had lost their long life preserver. Unconscious, suffering from cramps, exposure and too much sea water, they were rescued on the quarantine dock and revived. All five were taken to Marine hospital and turned over to the immigration authorities at Ellis Island for deportation.

After working for hours over the five at the hospital, they were revived sufficiently to give their names, through an interpreter, though they steadfastly declined to reveal information about themselves. They gave their names as Adolph Mehe, Joseph Schreiber, Bruno Schreiber, Kerk Gottder and Paul Harold.

His Name Is Jaw Breaker.

Henry, Pa.—Spino Pappantantales, Milton Creek, applicant for papers in the office of the clerk of courts of Northumberland county, says it's the longest name in existence. It's the longest ever to grace a court record here, according to Edward Brennan, clerk.

Germany Increases Relief.

Berlin—The number of unemployed in receipt of relief in Germany increased in January from 85,000 persons to 144,000, according to an official announcement.

Faithful Dog Gives His Life for Baby

Van Nuys, Calif.—A dog owned by V. A. Sastian lost its life while searching a burning barn for its master's baby, safe in the house at the time. The dog had been taught to search for the child when asked, "Where is baby?" Some one asked that question while the flames were destroying the barn and the dog dashed into the burning building.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE GREAT HEARTED

ONLY the great hearted can be true friends.

All along the shadowed ways of life the great-hearted are constantly sending out sunlight and cheer, which beams of inferior natures can never know or bestow.

To do good, without having their motives suspected, is their grand intention. They seek no praise.

They move about with the quiet of summer breezes, leaving in their trail the delicious scent of gardens and the peace of tranquil skies.

In the happiness they give to others, they find a gratification rich beyond price. If but once in your life you should be fortunate enough to meet a great-hearted man or woman, the remembrance of it will linger in your mind until the end of your days.

Great hearts often dwell in lowly places.

Sometimes they are found in frail bodies, poorly clad, but there is about them a radiance of spirit brighter than a thousand stars and clear as the hearing of the noonday sun.

Great hearts blow to flame the spark that blazes with love; they espouse Truth and Mercy; they sing from morn till night of kindness and good will, when their days are lonely and their tables are bare.

They are neither silent nor neglectful when the ill and the discouraged need cheer or sympathy.

Meek or lowly, they are the ministering angels from heaven, carrying to the suffering "good tidings of great joy."

From idle slumbers they call youth and point the way to honor and fame; from the valley of gloom they bid the despondent to look up to the glorious heavens; from the dire of sin they lift up the fallen, seeking no reward, but the joy that is theirs from doing good.

They sin as we all sin, but unlike most of us, they are charitable toward mankind, prayerful, watchful, faithful.

When the citizens in the belfry chant their evening hymns, no souls on earth are more sorely peaceful than the great-hearted; when at the setting sun of their life the streams of light grow dim in the golden west, and the somber shadows fall all about them, no souls on earth are happier than they or more eager to go.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHAT DIES?

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHAT dies? Most certainly the pine.

Will never die—descendants brave maintain the old majestic line—
The very oak above the grave speaks Nature's continuity.
What dies? Not, certainly, the tree.

What dies? The bud, the rose, the seed.

Each has its time and has its turn. One reads his garden but to read of life's ephemerality to learn.

That every springtime will disclose. What dies? Not, certainly, the rose.

What dies? The sun will fade, the stars.

Come out, and then the stars will fade—
But still the midnight has its Mars. The day will have its light and shade.
The sun again when night is done. What dies? Not, certainly, the sun.

What dies? The river finds the sea, the sea the sky, the sky the hill—
The hill shall give us presently. The river from the mountain rill. With star and sun again to gleam.

What dies? Not, certainly, the stream.

What dies? Shall only one thing die?—
God's mind in human minds expressed? Shall tree and rose live on, and I? Expire, this spark within my breast? Is death the end of all the plan?

What dies? Not, certainly, the man!

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Popular Tour.

Approximately 800,000 automobiles toured the historic battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., last year. Cars from every state in the union were found touring the 22 miles of ground highways.

ONCE IS ENOUGH



The Goblins' Circle

THE GOBLINS' CIRCLE

ONCE in a far-off land there lived a band of Goblins, and once every year on a night when the moon was full these Goblins held a dance in the Goblin Circle.

The Goblin Circle was a round, bare spot in the middle of the woods and on a particular night, called Goblins' Night by the magic people, at the full of the moon, any one who entered this circle other than the Goblins was instantly changed from his own shape to that of a little Goblin.

All the Fairies and the Elves and the Pixies and Gnomes and other magic folk on Goblins' Night kept far away from Goblin Circle, for none of them wished to become a Goblin.

Now not far away from Goblin Circle lived a lazy fellow named Tim. He did not help his mother, who was a widow, as he should, but instead lay under a tree in the shade all day



All the Goblins Fall Upon Him.

while his mother worked in the fields or tended the sheep.

But as soon as it was near five Tim was sly enough, for he was always hungry, but if he was asked to bring in some wood or drive a pail of water Tim was so slow that his mother often did it herself rather than wait for the slow Tim to bring it.

On one bright moonlight night Tim was coming along the road by the woods when he saw through the trees hundreds of little dancing figures. These were the Goblins dancing in the Circle and their red caps could be plainly seen as they bobbed about in the moonlight.

"Now, what is that?" thought Tim, as he stopped whistling and looked closer. "It looks like those funny

YOUR HAND

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

THE FINGER NAILS

THE subject of the finger nails and their indications has been touched upon, but is continued because there is much that can be gained from a detailed study of these horny protections for the tips of the fingers. In fact, in ancient times certain soothsayers professed to be able to read a person's entire past, present and future from a study of the finger nails.

If the nails are short, broad rather than long, and the skin grows far up on them, you may read in them a strong personality, but with a tendency toward too much criticism of others. The possessor will seek to dominate and control in circumstances affecting himself and his surroundings. He will be often a person hard to get along with. The type has its good points, of course; among them are order and regularity. If the nails described occur on spatulate fingers—that is, fingers which broaden at the end or tip—and the thumb is short, the owner, man or woman, will have a passion for tidying up, arranging and rearranging his or her surroundings, seeking always to attain the perfection of orderliness.

What They Prove.
Randall—There's no use talking, the movies prove—
Rogers—Prove what?
Randall—There's no use talking.

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYGER
Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Young, jumpy, well groomed, is always saying he is going to do this, or going here or there. When he does, he is always too late to make his sale, or see the person—always blames the trolley or the bus or the train. Never yet has kept a date with you on time. Always apologetic, yet never seems to reform. His mother says she can't ever have the meals hot, "he's never been on time. No alarm clock rouses him of a morning."

IN FACT

The alarm clock has not been made yet that will wake him up. Prescription to Bride to Be: R Set your clocks ahead. Do not lose your head or your time talking to him. Absorb This: Clocks on Socks Are No Substitute for Clocks.

creators I have heard of called Goblins, but I never believed there were such.

Nearer and nearer crept Tim until he was close to the Goblin Circle hidden behind a bush on top of a rock.

The Goblins' antics were so funny that Tim forgot he was hiding, and when one little Goblin stood on the head of another and jumped with a funny twist of his queer little body, Tim laughed out loud and tumbled off the rock right into the Goblin Circle.

The dance stopped and all the Goblins fell upon poor Tim and before he knew what was happening, he was no longer a big lazy Tim; he was a little Goblin just like the others.

As there were no lazy Goblins Tim had to work. They made him jump and dance, they made him roll big rocks and open the doors to their rock houses, and finally when the dance was over they carried him off to their underground homes and set him to work.

Of course, they all worked, too, but to Tim, who had never worked, it seemed there was no time to rest.

How long he stayed with the Goblins he could never tell, but one night when they all came out of the rocks for a dance in the Circle, Tim waited until they were busy hopping and jumping, and he took to his heels and off he ran.

He was almost home before he noticed that he was again the big Tim he had been before he fell into the Goblin Circle, but he was no longer lazy Tim, for, now he has home once more, he felt sure that his lazy habit had something to do with having to work so hard for the Goblins.

He stayed away from the Goblins' Circle, too, for now he believed in the Goblins and he did not wish to be in their power again, but he did not know that it was a year from the time they caught him that the Goblins let him go.

It is only on the full of the moon on Goblins' Night, when the Goblins dance in the magic circle, that any one can escape if he has been unfortunate enough to be caught in the circle and changed into a Goblin.

So if any one is lazy and will not help his mother he better be careful not to wander near the Goblin Circle or he will have to work a whole year as hard as Tim did.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Reads about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky food.

MARTHA

THE names of the sisters of Bethany, Mary and Martha, are closely allied. While Mary signifies bitter, Martha means becoming bitter. Since the sister of the Blessed Virgin bore the same name as her own, both are said to come from Mara (bitter) though some believe that Martha comes from Aramean mar (a lord) often heard as the title of Syrian bishops.

Martha of Bethany, according to legend, demolished a terrible dragon by holding up a cross one time when her family was making a journey through wild country. The Marfa of Russia is of course like the English Martha, Maty and Patty (though by rights, the last named is a diminutive of Patricia and not connected with Martha at all). Indeed, in Russia Martha is considered the true housewifely woman of the Bible, independent of the legend of the dragon.

Martha's equivalent has been a royal name, therefore, many centuries, occurring frequently among the daughters of the earlier caesars. The Martha used in Ireland is only an equivalent for the native Erse Meabh, Meave or Mab, once a great Irish princess, who has since become Queen of the Fairies, and is universally known as Queen Mab. Martha was used for Mor in Scotland. Marthe and Marthon of the south of France and the rarer Marta of Italy and Spain were all from the Provencal dragon-slayer. The name has always had a quaint old-fashioned ring and its popularity will never cease, due no doubt to its Biblical reference.

The pearl is most appropriately Martha's jewel, representing, as it does, purity of thought. Its heritage of tears would seem a fitting attribute for Martha. Monday is said to be her lucky day and seven her lucky number.

WHEN YIP TRUBBLED BY DOUBTS THE WELL TO DOUBT YIP TRUBBLING

SILKWORM HAS BUSINESS RIVAL

Chemical Experts Have Found Way to Make Serviceable Tafetas From Spruce Pulp.

New Haven.—A warning to the silkworm that certain chemical compounds, which are his chief business rivals, are inclined to combine against him, and a hint for him to study their modern efficient methods, was given by W. O. Mitscherling of Baltimore, in his address on "Cellulose Silk," before the American Chemical society.

"While the silkworm turns out a high quality product and is justified in a certain pride of skill," Mr. Mitscherling said, "his stubborn refusal to heed the entreaties of the sales department to speed up is playing havoc with his market. The modern woman cannot be bothered to wait for him, and so the spruce tree and the cotton plant are gobbling up the big orders. These producers are willing to stand for the introduction of scientific methods. For instance, cellulose (which is the technical name for spruce pulp and cotton linters) is very reasonable.

Good Silk From Cellulose.

The most recent discovery in artificial silk manufacture is that cellulose and acetic acid combine under the proper chemical circumstances to make a very good silk. One of the most favored efficiency devices of the chemist is the use of what is known as a "catalyst." The catalyst is the efficiency man of chemistry. In the case of the cellulose acetate silks, the pulp or cotton linters and acetic acid naturally combine very slowly. But the presence of sulphuric acid or a zinc salt speeds up the reaction to a great pace. The sulphuric acid or zinc salt, whichever is used, is the catalyst. It does not become a part of the product, but it stirs the cellulose and acetic acid to great activity.

Doctor Mitscherling said that the cellulose acetate, formed after the catalyst has introduced the necessary "punch" into the process, is then dissolved in acetic acid or some other solvent, and discharged through a nozzle containing exceedingly fine holes into water and immediately becomes a fine thread.

Silk Worm Falls Behind.

There are three other processes of making cellulose silk, and last year they were made to produce 3 per cent more taffetas, crape de chine, stockings, etc., than all the silkworms in the world. The total was approximately 23,000,000 pounds.

While Doctor Mitscherling said that cellulose silk will never entirely replace genuine silk, the textile mills are showing less and less patience with the laziness and indifference of the silkworm, and he had better watch his steps or he will soon be losing a nice lot of his business to superior American ingenuity and progress.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"DUNCE"

DURING the middle ages certain theologians were called "schoolmen" because they were taught in the cathedral schools and cloisters founded by Charlemagne and his successors. At first these men were covered and looked up to. Their writings were the court of last resort; their opinions, authoritative. Later, however, their works fell out of favor because the form of their speculations was unattractive and their works were not written in classical Latin.

There were some, though, who still clung to the teachings of the schoolmen in general and to the doctrines of one Duns Scotus, a great teacher of the Franciscan order, in particular. Whenever an adherent of the old learning would seek to bolster up his contentions by referring to the works of Scotus, his opponent would seek to silence him with the rejoinder: "Oh, you are a Dunsman," or, more briefly, "You are a Duns," an epithet of scorn which gradually found its way into the language with the slightly altered spelling "dunce." Thus it is that the name of one of the best known doctors of the church, admitted a keen and sharp-witted teacher, has been turned into a by-word for stupidity and obstinate dullness.

(By the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SORROW

SORROW like some poisoned dart often comes to pierce the heart. But from out the door there grows like a fair and fragrant rose sympathy for others' woes—sympathy to help them bear some too heavy load of care. Whereby we ourselves may gain sure relief from present pain.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Accept No Substitutes for Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

Purely Vegetable Liver Medicine

"Printing is the Inseparable Companion of Achievement"

MANY A GOOD IDEA is spoiled in the printing. Many a good advertising idea does not get that far before the major part of the force of appeal is destroyed.

Because someone thru lack of proper training, is unable to translate the idea into terms of copy, illustration, paper, color and type.

Let us help you interpret your ideas into effective sales, creating booklets, folders, inserts etc.

Rivers Printing Company

Boone Pioneer Printers Since 1888