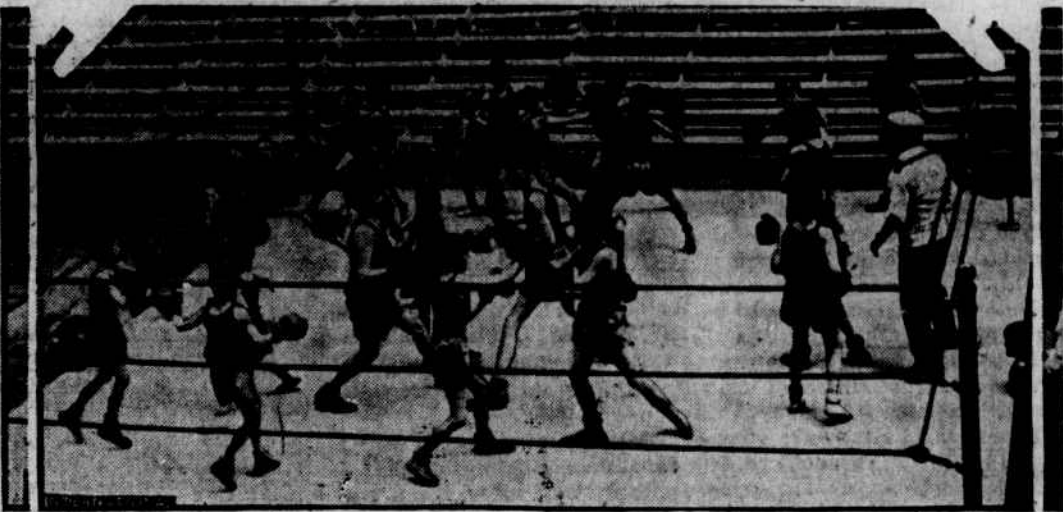


### Sons of Naval Academy Officers Learn to Box



Sons of officers stationed at the Annapolis Naval academy mixing it up in a battle royal. These boys are members of "Spike" Webb's boxing class. Webb is boxing coach of the academy and former coach for the American Olympic team.

## False Security Nips Smugglers

### Officials Ignore Border and Center Efforts on Inland Trails.

No effort is made on the part of United States immigration and customs authorities to guard the crossing points of the Rio Grande as a means of preventing, or at least lessening, the carrying on of a nefarious traffic between the two countries. In fact, aliens and smugglers are permitted to cross at will. The effort to apprehend them is made, and usually successfully accomplished, after they are well on this side of the river and headed, perhaps, toward some interior city. It is declared by government officials on the border that thousands of men would be required to enforce an effective patrol of the American bank of the Rio Grande. It is pointed out that at one time just prior to the World War there were 50,000 United States soldiers forming a cordon from the mouth of the river to El Paso and that despite the vigilance of these troops unlawful crossing of the international boundary stream was freely done.

It is in the territory back from the river a few miles that the mounted immigration inspectors, in co-operation with state rangers and local peace officers, operate so successfully that it is estimated that less than 5 per cent of the aliens who smuggle across the river get outside of the deadline and on their way to freedom. In the lower Rio Grande border district, which extends from the mouth of the river to Rio Grande City, 125 miles, the border patrol consists of only twenty-five men. Although these men are scattered over a territory larger in area than the average state, they can be assembled at any point in the district within a few hours.

**Roads Well Guarded.**  
When a party of illegal aliens, liquor runners or other kinds of smugglers land on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande they may feel, and probably are temporarily secure from molestation by officers so long as they do not attempt to go into the interior. The roads and trails leading back from the river are constantly guarded by officers who shift around from place to place. The uncertainty of where one or more of these officers may be on any day or even a particular hour of the day adds to the hazards of the smuggler who may be seeking to get through the danger line. Not long ago word came to the immigration chief in charge of the district that forty aliens had been seen in the chaparral back from the river near Rio Grande city. In two hours a force of twelve mounted inspectors was assembled and on the trail of the fugitives. They were rounded up and later deported.

Smuggling liquor from Mexico into Texas has become such a hazardous vocation that it is believed that comparatively little of the wet goods get beyond the border towns. Constant watch is kept by prohibition enforcement officers and rangers on the roads leading north from the border. It is almost a daily experience for an automobile traveler to come upon a painted canvas sign stretched across the road reading, "Stop! U. S. Officers." These signs are usually placed just beyond a sharp curve and there is no escape from search.

One of the most difficult forms of smuggling to be contended with is that of narcotics. There are no means of knowing how much contraband opium and other injurious drugs are brought into this country by unlawful means. It is the theory of border customs authorities that a far reach-

than aliens of other nationalities. United States immigration authorities do not attempt to estimate the number of Chinese who elude their vigilance and set up a residence in this country in the course of a year.

In the matter of smuggling of merchandise and articles upon which there is a high duty, it is believed by commercial interests in border towns that not as much of this is done as was the case in former times. Smuggling in the earlier days was regarded as more or less legitimate. Some of the large fortunes of families that now are held in high respect both in Texas and Mexico had their origin in smuggling operations. In those days the nefarious trade consisted largely in smuggling silks, diamonds and other gems and a variety of articles and goods upon which the United States imposed high import duties. Cattle smuggling was also a profitable business.

### KEMAL ON PEDESTAL



General view during the ceremonies in Angora attending the dedication of the Turkish Victory statue—a gigantic piece of work, having as its central figure an equestrian figure of Kemal Pasha.

### Paine Not Mercenary

Thomas Paine was editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine for 18 months. His salary was \$250 a year. Moncreu Conway has said that probably no person ever before or since has provided so much good literary work for such meager compensation.

### German Envoy and Wife Arrive



The new German ambassador to the United States, Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm von Prittwitz und Gaffron, and his wife, snapped shortly after they arrived in Washington.

## FLAPPER GRANDMA AT THE WHEEL

(By D. J. Walsh.)

WITH her beautifully coiffed white hair, her slim, erect figure and fashionable clothes she is one of the youngest in our crowd as to fun and energy, and because she is eighty years young and so full of "pep," we call her our flapper.

Natalie and her grandmother are real chums which is a pretty good thing for Natalie, who needs a real chum. Spoiled beyond all reason when she was younger, as she neared maturity her parents, realizing their error, began to surround her with just as unreasonable restrictions and inhibitions, and of course there was war.

Things would have been much worse, but about two years ago her grandmother broke up her home and came to live with her son's family. She acted as a sort of buffer between the girl and her parents, pouring oil on the troubled domestic waters, and with her tact and sympathy winning the rebellious girl's confidence.

They go about together a great deal, and though the older woman must often long to stay quietly at home, she never says so. Natalie is tremendously proud of her and loves to take her around. "Why, grandma," she will exclaim, "if you would just get your face lifted you would not look a day over fifty!"

"And lose that face eighty years of real living has given to me? I'm afraid I cannot do that, dear. I am used to this face; I have lived with it a long time. Did you ever see a 'lifted' face that had any more expression than a wax doll?"

Natalie was twenty last summer, when Travers Stanton came into her life. He was good looking, and had a soft caressing way with women that made the girls rave over him, and caused the men to grind out muttered curses.

Natalie's father disliked Stanton instinctively and peremptorily forbade her having anything to do with him. Of course Stanton immediately became very intriguing to the willful girl's fancy, though before that she had scarcely noticed him.

For the first time her grandmother remonstrated with Natalie. Hitherto she had regarded her romantic escapades with amused sympathy, but her experience warned that Stanton was a different proposition from the young sheiks who had swarmed around the girl.

This man was much older, subtle, and she felt, dangerous. She tried to warn Natalie, with the result that the infatuated girl shut her, too, from her confidence.

Grandma was in despair. She disliked to betray Natalie to her parents and she was convinced that her darling was in danger. She was persuaded that she was meeting Stanton clandestinely, and she had not lived eighty years for nothing.

One evening she sat in her room, trying to decide on some plan of action that would open the girl's eyes. Natalie's parents had gone for a motor ride and she and her granddaughter were alone in the house. As she sat musing she heard an automobile stop in front of the house and heard Natalie run downstairs. She reached a window in time to see her getting into a closed car, and in the faint light she recognized Stanton.

For an instant she stood rigid, overcome by an overwhelming sense of danger, then with a swift prayer for help she hurried down the stairs. In the garage stood a small runabout, which she and Natalie used frequently, and which Natalie had coaxed her into learning to drive.

"Just think," she urged, "of learning to drive at eighty, and besides, who knows but something might happen that you would have to drive!"

It was happening now, grandma thought grimly, as she backed the little car out and started it in the direction taken by the other one. The closed car was out of sight, but she took the direction, knowing it was the only paved road leading to the country.

She was not nervous. The thought of danger to Natalie swallowed up all sense of personal danger or even possibility of failure. Of course, she would catch them. She must!

Finally, her straining eyes caught a red beam far ahead, and that precision on which she had always relied, told her it was quarry. She increased the speed and seemed getting closer, when the light disappeared.

Natalie had laughingly told her it was called "Peter's Paradise Road." She would find them there.

She drove on till she came to the turn, yea, there in the distance was a red tail light, and it had stopped. The next moment it had winked out. This road was rough, and grandma had hard work driving. She had put out her light and with the motor running almost noiselessly, crept along till she caught the faint outline of the other car about three hundred feet ahead. Then she steered to the roadside and switched off her lights.

For a few moments grandma sat rubbing her cramped hands, and debating how to proceed. Then she slipped from the car and crept toward the other one. The ground was rough and she stumbled frequently and twice she fell, but got up and went on, but when near the other car fell headlong. She lay quiet a moment and when she tried to rise found to her dismay that her ankle would not bear her weight.

It was plain she could not walk, neither could she remain there so, though every movement hurt her sorely, she crawled on hands and knees toward the other car. She could always laugh at herself, and even in her pain and anxiety she smiled at the thought that perhaps she was stalking the wrong car.

But as she came closer she knew that she was not. She heard Natalie's voice and it was raised angrily. "I tell you I want you to drive back onto the main road and take me home at once. How dare you bring me here?"

The man laughed softly and said something, but grandma could not catch the words. Then Natalie spoke shrilly: "If you dare to touch me I'll scream!"

He laughed. "Scream your pretty head off. Who do you think will hear you? Do you think you are going to make a fool out of me, stringing me along and letting me blow myself on you? Now be nice! Oh! you would, would you? Well, I hate to be rough, but—" There was a muffled scream, and grandma opened the car door.

"Come Natalie, I have the little car here, let us go home!" With a sob of relief the terrified girl sprang out and the baffled Stanton, without a word, started his motor. Grandma held onto the door for a moment.

"A word to you young man. If you are not out of this town by tomorrow night, Natalie's father shall learn of this, and if he does—Lord help you. I know you are a villain; I don't think you are a fool!"

It was a contrite and humble girl who almost carried her grandmother to the runabout. Grandma sat white and suffering in her seat, but she uttered no reproaches. She never preached, but Natalie would have welcomed a tirade rather than that look of suffering. Her parents had reached home before them, and they were astounded when grandma limped in on Natalie's arm.

"Why mother, whatever is the matter? How did you hurt yourself?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I was silly enough to try to do the Charleston! At my age, too!" lied grandma gallantly. "Poor Natalie is heartbroken; she blames herself." As she saw them turn to the distressed girl, "I think we flappers have both learned a lesson!"

And with her arms around her grandmother Natalie whispered in her ear: "Oh, granny darling, I promise you that I have!"

### Prehistoric Medicine

Tubes of soft soapstone used by a prehistoric Indian shaman, or medicine man, to heal the sick have been unearthed near San Diego, Calif., says Science. First blowing clouds of smoke through these tubes over the body of a patient, the medicine man pretended he could see into the body. The patient was told he had been bewitched by an enemy who had injected into his body a magical substance which changed into a toad, snake, rock or other object. Having located the object, the shaman pretended to pluck it out, producing as evidence, by slight-of-hand, the offending substance.

### Resourceful Alligator

The Indians on the banks of the Orinoco assert that previously to an alligator going in search of prey it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveler being somewhat incredulous on this point, to convince himself, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about 17 feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about 60 or 70 pounds.

### "One Way Windows"

By adding to glass extremely thin films of gold, an English inventor, S. Cowper Cowley, has found a means of making "one-way windows," says Popular Science Monthly. They are said to be transparent and of a pleasing greenish color to a person looking out, but one trying to look in sees only an opaque burnished gold panel.

## On a Chinese River



Chinese Boatmen at Lunch.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE river at Shanghai is full of houseboats—so full that they could cross dry-shod—but few there are among foreigners who ever inquire where these houseboats go or whether one can be acquired for a song in the proper key. Suffice it to say that prior to the present condition of civil war houseboats could be acquired, not, perhaps, for a song but for a few notes, and thereby several days of delightful adventure might be secured.

It is no trouble at all to secure a most admirable cook and a most painstaking coolie in this land of housekeeper's delight. A number one boy can pick them like ripe apples from a tree. And such food! Legs of frogs and breasts of guinea and pheasants and caviar and sweet potatoes and pancake zuzette and wonderful things in bottles on the ice. And all for a very moderate sum, less than the hotel charges for the same period, and doubtless plenty left over for the number one boy himself.

In the tangle of boats at the Shanghai quay the one you hire is sure to be five or six boats from shore, and to reach it it is necessary to "walk a plank." One is glad not to fall in, for the river at Shanghai is very, very dirty. However, there is scarcely space to fall.

How to get the boat out of its tangle is a problem. Coolies work and sweat with hawsers and lines and poles. Great cannon balls of coiled rope drop between the stern of one boat and the bow of the next to prevent chafing, and before long you find yourself being towed slowly but smoothly upstream perhaps in the wake of a Chinese hotel boat—a houseboat which is not rented to one well-to-do family, but which takes single passengers for a consideration and boards and lodges them during the trip.

The river is very wide at Shanghai, and harbor craft literally by the thousand swarm about. A bronzed Butcherpud, her bumboat piled high with peanuts and ling nuts, sings a strange little song at your side and sells her wares to people a little less poor than herself.

### Food Is Tempting and Cheap.

China is certainly the home of the delicatessen idea. The cramped house space, teeming with children who did not have the grace or the luck to die, has made cooking or a near approach to the family table well-nigh impossible, and everywhere savory little messes cooked over charcoal are sold at an incredible cheapness, and small bowls of steaming delicacies are always being carried through the streets for morning or evening consumption. The river is no exception. Cook boats are everywhere and the principal object of sale is always food.

A barge loaded with wool passes, with one leaking bale. Little handfuls of the precious commodity begin to dot the crowded waters, and instantly half a dozen small boats, poled by women and girls, screaming with excitement, dart from under your prow, shoot skillfully between the houseboats, and give chase to the desirable bits. Small children with long picks or skillets like butterfly nets on poles fish the treasure-trove from the water, swearing volubly as other boats and other treasure-seekers intercept a desirable morsel.

The water carefully squeezed out, the floats and jetsam are laid out to dry on the little decks. Each of the women and children risks life in this frenzied dart among the stream craft after a few cents' worth of wool.

Presently water space is not at quite such a premium, and one begins to meet large boats, shaped like

Noah's ark, swinging downstream. They are sagging with vegetable strange to Western eyes—great broad-diagonal things in green and white, like a Bakst stage setting. They are going with the current, but are hastened in their progress by a strange-looking bent oar which resembles the winning half of a wishbone. The oar is usually operated by three willing workers, one of them almost always a tireless woman.

A baby, of two, or three, or four, often shows a shaven crown on the deck; but the fact that she is several times a mother does not exempt a woman from taking her trick at the oar in China, and one wonders how long a vacation she gets when the baby actually arrives.

### River Scenes Above the City.

As soon as the first few bridges are passed one begins to meet the stately junka coming down under full, picturesque patched sails. Their ensler locomotion gives crew and passengers more time to gaze and to perform various domestic duties on deck. Women wash vegetables in the dirty river water or stitch diligently on garments of Peking blue. Always there is a hobbled chicken or duck and almost always a mongrel in a bark his warning at night. Usually there is a clump of Chinese lilacs growing in a blue bowl.

As twilight begins to fall, your boat commences to pass between long lines of upriver boats, not rich enough to be towed, tied up for the night on the banks. Everybody is eating a supper of rice, but no one is too busy to part at strangers with succulent, dripping chopsticks. These boats seem more prosperous. The decks are being swabbed; boy babies wear large, loose silver rings about their necks, and little bright queues braided in red stand out as a Sis Hopkins halo around their chubby brows faces.

The darkness deepens. The water thumps at the bows. The sounds die away; the villages darken; the boats moored on the banks become quiet and you tuck yourselves away in your berths.

### Pretty Girls of Soochow.

The towed houseboat arrives at Soochow in the morning and is moored up in the moat, outside and underneath the thousand-year-old walls. The ancient barricades look down peacefully enough. The battlements are pierced with loopholes, through which green trees grow and long strands of creepers veil the walls. Here and there are crumbling watchtowers.

Breakfast over, one finds beaver waiting by the riverside, two for each of the closed chairs in which one sits comfortably, looking out in three directions.

The girls of Soochow are lovely. They are also Cordelia-voiced. The most famous "sing-song" girls in China come from Soochow, and those of them who have had the misfortune to have been born elsewhere claim Soochow for their nativity.

The beauty of the women is matched by the brains of the men, for in the palmy days of Chinese civilization the examining halls of Soochow sent more honor men to Peking than did those of any other Chinese city. The examination halls are in ruins, of course, together with the civil service system. Silly sheep now occupy the narrow stalls where scholars once pondered the Confucian classics.

Boston ivy appropriately drapes the age-gnarled trees, and the tabernacle erected in honor of famous scholars of the past are, many of them, so old that they cannot be deciphered, the character is known only to the scholars.