





## Plaid for Style-Wise College Girl

By CHERRIE NICHOLAS



PLAIDS to the right, plaids to the left, plaids everywhere in the autumn style pageant, did one ever see so many plaids as are flaunting their gay colors and bold patterns throughout fashion's realm this season? Plaids in alluring lightweight woollens, in smart rayon weaves, stunning tulle plaids and knitted plaids, too, they are all among "those present" in the early fall collections with very special emphasis given them in the much-feared showings of campus fashions.

Evidently, according to the fall style program, the college girl is supposed to dine, to dance, to play golf and tennis, to motor, to study and even to sleep in plaids. Not fiction but fact, this about sleeping in plaids, for one of the smartest items to enroll in a college wardrobe is a sleeping and lounging pajama outfit of gay plaid. The most practical are made of smart cotton prints which are styled with summery-designed stripes, which are made delightfully feminine, with such dainty details as collar and cuffs of scalloped white organdie pinned with the plaid, together with a wide sash of the plaid material which ties gypsy fashion in a big romantic bow at one side.

A leading question put up to the college girl is as to whether she will have her frock, suit or ensemble of all-plaid "alone by itself" or shall it be partly of plaid and partly of a weave in solid color. Either or both is the answer, for the advance showings present as convincing arguments in favor of one as the other. An outstanding fashion is the dress which is tailored of all-plaid to not a frill or furletow to mar its sophisticated simplicity. You see the idea illustrated to the right in the picture. The girl seated is also wearing a frock of this type, in brown and light beige, made in shirtwaist fashion. The buttons are

of brown braided leather.

The plaid for the dress on the standing figure to the right is in red, white and blue and it is one of those fashionable thin woven weaves which is delightfully lightweight and therefore pleasing to wear in the classroom. A bright blue belt and scarf enter attractively into the color scheme. As a matter of fact the two-piece dress tailored of plaid is not only a college girl favorite, for whether you go to school, to office or summer about town during the shopping hours a plaid frock is the thing this season which interprets chic at its smartest.

Tremendously clever things are being done with plaid plus plain. Such as the topping of a black velvet skirt with a striking plaid jacket such as is shown in the foreground of the group. The plaid wool jacket is in black, green and white with black calf belt. The modish belt is of green dretty and, of course, in answer to the demand of present-day millinery fashion, it needs must sport a dashing little feather. The blouse, which you cannot see in the picture, is of matching green dretty. An assortment of black velvet adds the finishing touch to this ensemble.

In the charming autumn costume pictured to the left above the order is reversed in that the skirt is plaid and the jacket is in the solid color. Here a dark brown velvet jacket surrounds a skirt in plaided brown, green and beige. The neck-line blouse is of green jersey. The color combination for this costume is noteworthy since it is typical of the newest trends. There is a disposition on the part of designers to combine any number of rich autumn colors working out effects which favor of the picturesque Alpine costumes even to the soft felt hats with their adoucious little quills and feathers.

And have you seen the perfectly stunning velvet and corduroy prints done in bold plaids and checks? No college girl once glimpsing them will not be able to resist this temptation.

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## "BUTCHER BOY BACK" IS MUCH IN FAVOR

Possibly you have never thought of your butcher as a very stylish person. Now we have Mainbocher's "the butcher boy back." It's a loose back gath-er with a shallow shoulder yoke. The front of this jacket is tailored whichever it happens to be, is belted. Belted front and unbelted backs are regarded with favor by all who have seen this new arrangement. It adds an extra flipp to the two-piece costume, which, as you know, one of the season's latest pets. Since so many women find difficulty in wearing belted, the partially belted idea is a life saver.

Tunics have a long way to go before they catch up to their reputation. We've been hearing about tunics consistently, but that's as far as one can truthfully say the idea has gone. Sleeve on the structure counts, and endorsement of the haute couture, there is every reason to see the tunic coming in vogue at last.

## Collars This Fall to Be Worn Close to the Throat

Fall collars are something to watch. Most of them snug fairly close to the throat, big pilgrim collars, high roll collars and wide revers all being seen. Sleeve on the structure counts, and endorsement of the haute couture, there is every reason to see the tunic coming in vogue at last.

Hostly Shades

Hostly colors that will be most important for street wear this fall are dusky browns, taupe tones, smoke and shades in gray. These colors are replacing the French and British, naturally.

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## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

## The Steamship Fire No Shooting Santa Claus You Need Not Read Billions and Billions

Officers of the Morro Castle suggest that "reds" set fire to the ship. Perhaps they did. "Reds" are notorious wicked. On the other hand, "reds" might be a convenient and profitable excuse.

Havana reports 26 Cubans arrested for plotting to destroy the life of Mr. Caffery, United States ambassador to Cuba. Of course, they were "reds." This seems to be the "reds" busy season.

But, when you read about "wicked reds" setting fire to the Morro Castle for the pleasure of burning people, remember that while nothing may be too wicked for "wicked reds," it is also the fact that owners of the Morro Castle would be free from all damage suits if it could be proved that the ship was set on fire.

A distinguished gentleman, former cabinet member, asked what he thought about this fall's elections, replied, "As you know well, you can't read the 'Clash' news without finding President Roosevelt is the national Santa Claus."

Maine's election indicates that "shots" aimed at "Santa Claus" will be for the present. The Republican state of Maine re-elected a Democratic governor and also, went wet by a big vote. And Maine was the first state to pass a prohibition law passed 80 years ago, in 1854.

New York's Supreme court, Appellate division, decides that it is not necessary to be able to read or write in order to vote, a sound decision. Abraham Lincoln's mother couldn't read. She would have voted wisely. Shakespeare's mother probably couldn't read, his wife and daughter certainly could not.

More important, the ballot is given to the ordinary citizen not to let him show how learned a person he is, but to let him put down his assents and dissent to the things of the world as he sees them.

The government will refund one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four million dollars worth of government bonds, and rejoice that it will pay only 34 per cent interest. Why issue more debt-bonds when plain-folk money would be exactly as good? Neither is worth more than the paper. It is printed on, except for the government's signature.

During the 12 years for which the new government debt obligations will tax taxpayers will have to pay in interest unnecessarily \$600,000,000, compounding the interest, \$838,590,361.

Furthermore, the government will have to refund this issue altogether \$1,300,000,000 of indebtedness and will presumably issue flat bonds bearing at least 34 per cent interest. This foolishness will cost United States taxpayers in the 12 years following the issue \$2,000,943,696. Two thousand ninety-three million dollars!

Why insist on issuing flat bonds when you can just as well issue fiat money?

The mother of Thomas J. Mooney, sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin prison, but to be released if Upton Sinclair is elected governor, died recently. Now it is proposed to take her body, embalmed, of course, to San Quentin prison, that her son may look once more upon her face. The warden does not think he can "permit such a thing." He ought to permit it.

On Long Island the mother of three children took poison, as many mothers do. Unfortunately, this suicide was unusual because the mother, after taking poison, stood on her front porch screaming that she was sorry she had taken it. It was too late. She was dead when her husband arrived.

Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, considered by those that ordinarily think little of labor leaders, "an absolutely honest and very able man," says capital and labor should join to control the world. They might buy a movie theater in fifty-fifty, but after they got the red mouse in the trap it would go on squealing about the prisoners of starvation.

That little mouse has not had so much fun before in all its life, or at least not since Lenin died.

Gregory said, "Go West, young man." Wall Street young men and old are going north to Toronto, where they find a new gold rush most profitable. It is not a rush to reach remote mines, only a rush to the Toronto Stock exchange, where new gold and silver stocks are pouring out every minute. "Wall Street houses" discuss with their own cold, cruel country, are opening branch offices rapidly.

Discovery of the fact that Germany is secretly having submarines built in foreign countries, the kind that would sink French and English merchant ships and warships very nicely, displeases the French and British, naturally.

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WNU Service.

## Weather Records Show Extremes in Seasons

Dry years are nothing new in the experience of many parts of this country. The total rainfall for 1934 cannot yet be determined, of course, but a study of weather records indicates that there have been other dry years.

The longest American weather record, as shown by the World Weather Records of the Smithsonian Institution, is that for Charleston, S. C., which has been kept for 198 years. The mean rainfall up to 1925 was 48.42 inches, but with a spread of slightly more than 45 inches—from a year's total of 68.78 inches in 1765 to 29 inches in 1829.

Records have been kept in Boston for 116 years. The average was 41.50 inches; the wettest year being 1930, with a fall of 59.35 inches, and the driest 1822, with 27.20 inches. Burlington, Vt., with a mean of 32.49 inches, had 49.44 inches in 1933 but 20.90 inches in 1881.

Records for Detroit show a low of 21.06 inches in 1880 and a remarkable high of 71.19 inches in 1855. Detroit with a mean of 42.8 inches had a maximum of 22.96 inches in 1909 and a minimum of 7.75 in 1911. Chicago, with a mean of 33.03 inches, ranged from 45.83 inches in 1888 to 24.52 inches in 1901.

Other means and extremes are: Cheyenne, Wyo., mean from 1871 to 1922, 14.01 inches; maximum, 28.28 inches in 1905; minimum, 5.04 inches in 1876.

Helena, Mont., mean for 43 years, 18.40 inches; maximum of 30.94 inches in 1881; minimum of 6.71 inches in 1889.

Bismarck, S. D., mean of 17.4 inches from 1875 to 1922; maximum of 30.92 inches in 1876; minimum of 11.03 inches in 1880.

Omaha, Neb., mean of 28.88 inches,

1871 to 1922; maximum of 48.92 inches in 1888, and minimum of 16.49 inches in 1910.

North Platte, Neb., mean of 18.57 inches from 1875 to 1922; maximum of 27.70 inches in 1915, and minimum of 10.70 inches in 1910.

Though the extremes of dryness and wetness are often great, a study of the weather records does not reveal any definite long-term trend indicating a change in climate—Literary Digest.

Travel Fatalities

A recent estimate by the Department of Commerce of civil air transportation showed that airplanes flew about 70,472,000 miles with a total loss of 398 lives; this is equivalent to one fatality for every 177,500 miles of flying. The American Automobile association estimates that the average car travels about 6,700 miles a year. The number of auto accident fatalities in 1928 was 24,932 and the number of passenger cars registered was 21,379,125. This figures out at about one fatality for every 6,000,000 miles traveled by automobile.

Aluminum to Follow Iron

Manikind has progressed through the Stone and Bronze ages and is now in the Iron age, according to Prof. Colin Clark of Columbia university. There is more aluminum than iron in the earth's crust, he says, and aluminum is lighter and can be made just as strong as steel for most purposes.

Railroads, he predicts, will lighten their load by using this metal, and speed up trains to 100 miles an hour to compete with the growing air traffic. Transatlantic boats will be replaced by planes and operate at higher speeds, while buildings will be constructed with heavy walls and be dismantled almost entirely of glass and light metal. The prediction is that we will be well into the new age in another ten years—Pathfinder Magazine.

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## Stock Exchange Deals Center at "Money Desk"

On the floor of the stock exchange is an institution called the "money desk." About noon each day members of the exchange begin to gather around this desk. John T. Flynn writes, in *Collier's Weekly*, a few of them represent large New York banks with money to lend. The others are looking for credit. Around that time the banks know how much they have to lend and the brokers are beginning to know what accommodations they will need. Over that money desk flow countless millions of dollars. It is by this mechanism that the New York banks have their pipe lines running into the exchange, with their agents there to manage the spigots.

Of course, brokers' loans are also made by banks directly outside the exchange, but this is the chief method.

Travel Fatalities

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# The Romance of Ship Figureheads



A Gigantic Image of Andrew Jackson

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

LONG the eastern seaboard, and particularly in New England, there's rejoicing among some of the old salts who are survivors of the days when "ships of wood with men of iron" sailed the seven seas. For yachtsmen are reviving the custom of placing carved figureheads on the prows of their boats and once more these symbolical adornments are nosing into the wind as white-sailed vessels skip along over the blue waves of the Atlantic.

Time was when the art of carving ships' figureheads gave employment to many skilled workmen. In Boston alone there were no less than six firms engaged almost exclusively in supplying such emblems. That was in the old days of the great windjammers, when the swift Yankee clipper ships were the greyhounds of the ocean. In those days elaborately carved and gaily painted figures of angels and cherubs, beautiful women in flowing robes, generals in uniform, Indians in feathered war-bonnets and fringed garb, stern statesmen, kings and queens and gods and goddesses were set beneath the bowsprits as emblems of a tradition that had endured since first men went down to the sea in ships.

But when steam and steel replaced wind and wood, they took away much of the romance of the old seafaring days and with it the traditional figurehead. Today they are ("O tempora! O mores!") "landlubbers" in that you are more likely to find them in museums or set up on pedestals on private estates or in public parks than you are to find them in their proper place at the bow of a sea-going vessel. They are also "collectors' items" in that they represent examples of so-called "American primitives" or "American folk art," shirring that distinction with such things as cigar store Indians and cast iron deer and dogs for lawn ornaments. (Incidentally, when those artisans who carved ships' figureheads were thrown out of work at the end of the clipper era, they turned their talents to carving wooden Indians for the traditional sign of the tobacco store and this helped keep their art alive for many years.) As collectors' items they frequently have a value attached to them greater than their makers ever could have dreamed they would have and as relics some of them have had more romantic histories than ever they had while they were voyaging on the waters of the world.

One of the most romantic is that of the figure of Andrew Jackson which once adorned the bow of the U. S. S. Constitution, the frigate affectionately known to all Americans as "Old Ironsides," and it was just a hundred years ago, in 1894, that this figurehead was the center of a bitter political row. "Old Ironsides" had no less than six different figureheads during her long and honorable career, but the Jackson figure had by far the most interesting history.

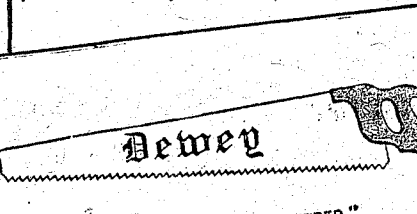
Built in 1797, the Constitution bore first a bust of Hercules, typifying the strength of union and the power of the new nation and carved by the Skillings brothers of Boston, renowned makers of ships' figureheads. But when, under the command of Commodore Richard Preble, "Old Ironsides" sailed into the harbor of Tripoli to attempt the conquest of the Barbary pirates, the figure of Hercules suffered severely from the effect of hostile shots and it was replaced by a figure of Neptune, said to have been taken from the wreck of a vessel in the Mediterranean.

During the second administration of Andrew Jackson, the Constitution was sent to the Charles Town navy yard near Boston to be rebuilt and reconsecrated. At that time the dispute over the United States Bank was at its height and when the "solid men of Boston" heard that Jackson had signed the order for removing its deposits to state banks, they were furious. Their anger was increased when they learned that L. S. Beecher, a famous Boston carver, had been commissioned to make a full-length statue of Jackson as a figurehead for "Old Ironsides." They tried to get Beecher to cease work on the figure but he refused and feeling became so intense that his half-carved block of wood was removed to the navy yard where he finished his work under the protection of a guard of marines.

The Whigs raised a terrific uproar over the matter, saying that no living man save perhaps James Madison, the father of the United States Constitution, should be accorded the honor of having his image adorn the ship named for that document and some of the sailors around Boston declared that placing an effigy of a landsman on



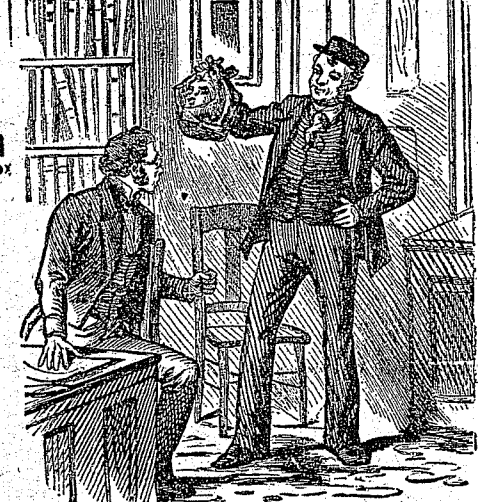
Tecumseh, "The God of 25"



Dewey

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

Capt. Dewey's Card



The Head Restored

the old frigate was an insult to her. Despite all the objections, the Jackson figurehead was put in place. But that didn't end the matter.

One dark, rainy night a sailor from Cape Cod named Samuel Dewey (whose grandson was destined for future fame as the "Hero of Manila Bay") rowed out to where the Constitution was riding at anchor between two other ships. Scrambling up over her bow, he set to work to saw off the head of the offending figurehead. But, because he was in a hurry and the light was so poor, he made his cut just beneath "Old Hickory's" nose and not at the neck as he had planned. But he succeeded in making his escape with the head and the Whigs were jubilant while the Democrats in turn raised a terrible uproar over the "outrage" that had been perpetrated.

Dewey next went to Washington where, after exhibiting it to the leading Whigs, he carried it tied up in a cloth to the Navy department where he sought an interview with Mahlon Dickerson, secretary of the navy. Then, according to a contemporary account, he was admitted to Dickerson's office, with the following result:

"Have I the honor of addressing the secretary of the navy?" asked the chunky sailor.

"You have, and as I am very busy, I will thank you to be brief," answered the secretary.

"Mr. Secretary, I am the man who removed the figurehead, and I have brought it here to restore it," said Captain Dewey.

"You are the man who had the audacity to disfigure 'Old Ironsides'?" asked the secretary, in an angry tone.

"Yes, sir; I took the responsibility."

"I'll have you arrested!" said the secretary, reaching out for the bell to summon a messenger.

"Stop, Mr. Secretary!" answered the resolute sailor. "You, as a lawyer, know that there is no statute against defacing a ship of war, and all you can do is to sue me for trespass, and that in the county where the offense was committed. If you desire it, I will go back to Middlesex county, Massachusetts, and stand my trial."

"You are right," said the secretary, after a moment's reflection; "and now tell me how you took away the head."

Dewey told the story, and Dickerson asked him to wait until he had stepped over to the White House and showed the head to the President.

When President Jackson heard the story and saw the head, he burst into loud laughter.

"Why, that is the most infernal image I ever saw," said he. "The fellow did right! Give him a kick and my compliments and tell him to saw it off again."

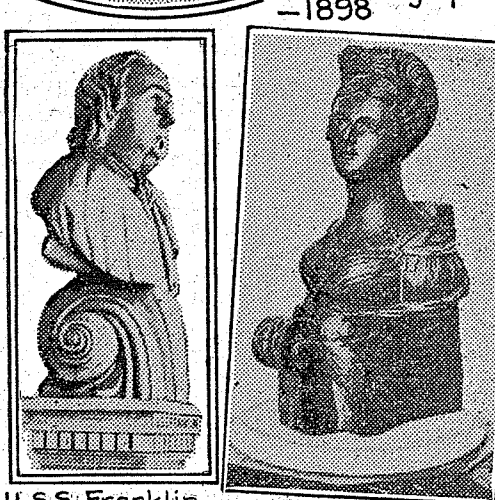
When the Whigs came into power later, Dewey is said to have been rewarded with the appointment of a postmastership in a small Virginia town and to the end of his days he enjoyed the distinction of having been "the man who cut off Old Hickory's head." To add to that distinction he had printed on his visiting cards a picture of a hand-saw under which were the words: "I came; I saw; I conquered!"

The subsequent history of the Jackson figurehead is shrouded with mystery. According to one account, the head was restored and fastened on with an unusually large bolt to prevent a repetition of Dewey's feat. This figure, it is said, graced the ship for 40 years and had a narrow escape from another "outrage" at the beginning of the Civil war. Southern sympathizers planned to seize it as a sort of mascot for their cause, but were foiled by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler who marched the Eighth Massachusetts regiment to Annapolis and had "Old Ironsides" towed down Chesapeake bay to the protection of the guns at Fortress Monroe. After the Civil war, the figurehead was presented to the United States Naval academy at Annapolis and is preserved there today.

Another story is that a new figurehead of



U.S.S. Olympia - 1898



U.S.S. Franklin, - 1815

Figure-Head of the Caroline

Jackson was made for the Constitution after Dewey had decapitated him and that it is this replica which now stands on the academy grounds. The head which Dewey carried away, according to this version, did not turn up, despite the rewards that were offered for it, until many years later and this original, which sold a few years ago for \$15,000, is now in the possession of a private collector.

The Andrew Jackson figurehead, whether the original or a replica, is not the only famous one at the Naval academy in Annapolis. Even richer in tradition is that of a scowling Indian chieftain—"Old Tecumseh," the "God of 25," which stands in front of Bancroft hall. This figurehead originally graced the bow of a ship-of-the-line, the Delaware, built in the navy yard at Norfolk, Va., in 1817 and was supposed to be a likeness of Tamanend, the most famous of chiefs of the Delaware Indians. (He was also known as Tammany, and as such became the patron god of the New York political society.)

At the beginning of the Civil war the Delaware was out of commission at the Norfolk navy yard. When the navy yard was destroyed in 1861 she was scuttled and burned, but after the close of the war what remained of her hull was sold to wreckers, who raised and broke her up for copper in 1866-67 and the figurehead was sent to the Naval academy, where after occupying several sites finally in 1900 was placed on a pedestal facing Bancroft hall.

Gradually the tradition of "Tamanend's" mysterious power of imparting knowledge was established. Also by this time he had been renamed "Tecumseh" by the midwives and had become the "God of 25" (the passing mark at the academy). Later his powers were increased and he was charged with gaining victories for the navy teams. As the regiment of midshipmen departs for the big games each platoon gives a "left-handed salute" to him that the Navy may win that day. Another ceremony is centered around "Tecumseh." When the final examinations are concluded the graduating class gathers before him to read its class history and pay final homage to his steadfast aid.

In more recent years the ravages of time were threatening "Old Tecumseh," so a movement, sponsored by the class of 1891, was put under way to replace the wooden figure with an exact replica in bronze. This was done about five years ago but even though the midshipmen now toss their pennies before a bronze "Old Tecumseh" as they pass Bancroft hall and invoke his aid in the imminent quiz, the original wooden figurehead is still carefully preserved at Annapolis.

It has distinguished company in one of Grecian design which once graced the British ship Macedonian until that vessel was captured by Stephen Decatur, while in command of the U. S. S. United States during the War of 1812, one of a bust of Benjamin Franklin, which adorned the U. S. S. Franklin, launched in 1815, and another, taken from the Spanish Don Antonio de Ulloa, destroyed by Dewey at the battle of Manila Bay. Dewey's flagship at that battle, the Olympia, had an interesting figurehead. It was a bronze-winged goddess of victory, holding aloft an eagle, and it was designed by the famous sculptor, Augustus Saint Gaudens.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Historical society has a notable collection of ships' figureheads, one of the most famous being a bust only 19 inches high. It is a smiling woman, wearing a coronet and is supposed to be a portrait bust of Queen Caroline of England, since it was the figurehead of the steamer, the Caroline, which was built in the early part of the Nineteenth century. During the Upper Canadian rebellion of 1837, the Caroline was said to have been in the service of the rebels and one night she was towed from her moorings in the Niagara river, set on fire and set adrift. The charred timbers of the ship floated over Niagara falls, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. But by some strange quirk of fate the smiling face of Queen Caroline survived the perils of both fire and water and was found comparatively uninjured in the lower Niagara river near Lewiston.

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Let Our Motto Be  
**GOOD HEALTH**  
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive  
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College of Medicine.

## SCHOOL LIFE A HEALTH ADVENTURE

SCHOOL in the minds of children and parents of children is a health adventure for all. During the summer, children are usually in a good state of health. They spend most of the time out of doors and so store up sunshine. Outside of a few digestive disturbances, caused by sunburn or bad water on some camping trip or overeating of picnic food, they have been quite generally free of ailments since early last spring.

Now how will they stand the fall and winter, housed as they will be for hours a day with some forty other children coming from as many different family environments? Will they be exposed to some disease, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, or measles? Will there be an epidemic of colds? Will some child in the room show signs of tuberculosis, making you uneasy for the health of your own?

Particularly is school a health adventure for the child of five or six years who is entering for the first time this new life of education, and who has never before been in close contact with other individuals than his own family group and his neighboring playmates. It is a critical time for this little John or little Mary. Every one gets accustomed to the invisible bacteria in one's own home. When a child starts school, he or she has an established community of bacterial life in the covering layers of the nose and throat that is much like the bacterial life in the covering layers of the nose and throat of the other members of the family. Now he enters another germ world completely. Each child transfers the germs from his own body through hands, pencils, coughing, sneezing, loud talking and shouting, to the nose and throat of other children. The school and recreation places become clearing houses for the exchange of the bacterial flora of the upper respiratory passages.

If your child has had tonsillitis, adenoids, or chronic sore throat, he or she will carefully collect, preserve and grow all the newly acquired germs from the forty or more other children. If your child, on the other hand, has a nose and throat that are perfectly normal, these organs will function so as to tend to destroy most of the new invisible visitors. As a result there will very soon be established a different kind of bacterial flora in the nose and throat which is harmless to the child. Your physician can determine whether your child's nose and throat are normal. Abnormal and diseased tonsils and adenoids should be corrected before a child starts school.

Diphtheria can be prevented by vaccination. You should have your child immunized or vaccinated against diphtheria for the following reasons: First, to prevent an illness that terminates fatally about once among every ten or twelve cases of the disease. Diphtheria is a very serious ailment, one of the most serious a child encounters. Diphtheria is avoidable and it is useless to subject your child to this hazard. Second, you should want to protect the other children in the school against getting diphtheria from your child. During the period of sore throat before the actual croup or diphtheria develops, a child spreads thousands of diphtheria germs, and is a serious menace to the health and even the life of his playmates. Third, vaccination will prevent the heart, kidneys or other body organs from damage which may develop as a consequence of the disease. Recovery from diphtheria may leave irreparable damage to vital body organs. Recently Doctor Armstrong of the United States Public Health Service reported that children vaccinated against diphtheria enjoy a resistance to other diseases more than unvaccinated children. It is a protection you should give your child.

Have your dentist see that your child has no decayed or defective teeth that will give trouble during the school year. The dentist can anticipate toothache and can repair the damage before the pain begins. And he can aid in advising diets to make healthier and stronger teeth.

Also see that your child's eyes are not defective. A child does not know whether he has or has not good vision. Children who cannot see the printed line clearly do not recognize bad eyes as the trouble because they have never enjoyed correct vision.

Satisfactory and rapid progress of your child in school will depend more upon his or her state of health than upon the teachers, books or system of instruction. In educating our children we spend a lot of money for buildings and their maintenance and for the teaching staff, only too often forgetting the importance of health in the process. A properly trained school physician who devotes to his duty enough time to locate these children who need help represents a wise investment. He can do a multitude of things that will prevent illness and aid a child in adjusting himself to his school environment.

However, no matter how much health supervision there is in the schools, the health of the child is primarily the responsibility of the parents. Give your John and Mary a good 1924-25 school year by starting them in right.

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## HOW TO SHOOT

By Bob Nichols

Shooting Editor, Field and Stream

ONE of the poorest guns in the world for the beginner in wing-shooting to use is the close shooting full choke gun. In fact, for upland work the close bored gun is a poor gun for anyone to use, except in open plains country where birds frequently rise at 20 to 30 yards, in which case you've got to have a gun that will reach out and get them.

The choke in a shotgun barrel means the degree to which its bore is constricted at the muzzle. The shot charge traveling through a full-choke barrel is suddenly squeezed together just before it reaches the muzzle. The effect is to cause the shot pellets to hang closer together, which results in a pattern of small diameter and maximum density. The construction, or choke, is in the first two or three inches at the muzzle. For this reason never try to make a short barrel by sawing off three or four inches at the muzzle. You will ruin the gun. Thereafter your gun will throw a wide, uneven pattern that can't be relied on. A good gunsmith can frequently turn out a good job of this kind providing the metal in the barrel is not too thin at the point where it is sawed off. His trick will be to start back about an inch or two from where he sawed the barrel, and then bore the barrel out slightly from there down towards the breech. This method is called recess choking, or "jug" choking. The results are apt to be somewhat of a gamble.

Only the good wing shot is capable of doing good work with the full choke gun. The small diameter shot pattern it throws takes close expert holding. And in thickets and brush shooting such a gun is a "pesteration." You can't let your game get too far away or you lose sight of it, and if you shoot at close range you mince the bird and ruin it for the table.

Capt. Ed O. Crossman, the well-known rifle expert, tells the amusing story of the man who went into the hardware store and asked for a "close shooting" gun. Naturally the clerk sold him a full choke gun. Several days later the irate customer barged into the store and demanded his money back—either that or another gun. "This ain't a close shooting gun," he complained. "I shoot at a rabbit at 20 yards and she blows him to pieces. She's a far shooting gun!"

The full choke gun is a very special weapon. Its use is justified only in a few kinds of field sport. And under no circumstances is the full choke the right gun for anyone but an expert shot. Pass shooting on ducks usually calls for all the range one can get out of his gun, and it is here that nothing but the full choke should be considered. But such shooting is not for the novice. In fact I do not believe there is more than one shot in a hundred who is capable of knowing how to lead fast flying ducks at 50 to 60 yards, and even he will have to do a lot of guess work. For the speed of high flying ducks varies. On a calm still day it is one speed. On a windy day with the birds traveling against the wind, it is another. And when they are coming down-wind plus their normal fast flying speed, then it's decidedly something else again. Plying or running game must always be "led" in order to score hits. That is, you've got to shoot ahead of it. Why this is so will be explained in a later article.

The best gun for practically all upland shooting is the one with barrel bored improved cylinder. If a double-barrel gun, make the first barrel improved cylinder and the second modified choke. The gun should be light enough to handle fast, from six to eight and a half pounds, for the faster your gun handles the better you will shoot it. Without hurry or confused haste, one should be able to let off his first shot within half a second after the butt touches the shoulder. When you take longer time your muscles begin to "freeze" into rigidity—the result, you slow up or stop your swing. With a fast handling gun you do not need the longer range of the full choke gun. Your improved cylinder will do the work, and it will teach you to shoot a shotgun the way such a gun should be shot—fast and instinctively.

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## "Airway of Storks" Has Been Accurately Traced

Migration of storks has been studied for years by Germany, Denmark and other European countries and the "airway of the storks" has now been traced. Thousands of storks have been marked and a record kept of their coming and going. Of the 800 ringed storks which left Denmark last August reports of nearly 400 have been received. Leaving Denmark, the storks fly to Germany. Then they make their way to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and across the Bosphorus to Asia-Minor, but it is not yet known whether they fly to Egypt through Palestine or across the Mediterranean. In Egypt they travel down the Nile, past the Great Lakes, eventually reaching Natal or the Cape, where they settle down for a sunny spell. About August 20 the storks leave Denmark and are back by the middle of October.

No White House Ball Room  
There is no ball room, as such, in the White House. The drawing room, known as the East room, where dancing occurs after state receptions and similar functions, is on the main floor,



# Flame of the Border

CHAPTER XI—Continued

But he followed closely at their heels while Marston, Serge, and Rodney Blake walked about the scantily stored front room, looked under counters, in tipping bins and behind doors. They entered the storeroom behind with its stacks of packing cases, barrels, the usual jumble of merchandise and its containers which litter such a place. And here the red left Parks' face. It became waxen, like a moon in fog.

But none of the three men noticed it.

Serge was too violent with sorrow to notice much of anything, and Rodney Blake was cold to his very vitals for the same reason. Ever since the sound of Darkness' running feet had brought him into the patio at home he had been like a man in a trance. The bottom had fallen out of life for him, but there was in the emptiness a terrible blackness of suspicion. First of the Indians; then of Sonya herself.

He was following Serge and Marston here and now, would follow them some hours longer. Then he knew what he meant to do himself, what campaign of searching he would begin, and his always thin lips drew into a fine line.

As the three men explored among the disorder of the place the proprietor kept close to them, and once when Marston raised the lid of a bin of dry beans the muscles of his right hand rose along the back, exactly as the body of a cat tenses before it leaps. Marston dropped the lid, and the hand relaxed.

"There is nothing here," Serge said in despair.

They went to find the sheriff and see how many men he had sent out, in which directions.

And back at the ranch Lila, who had held her tongue, looked in the face of Myra Little and poured out in a flood all she knew of Sonya and Starr Stone. Myra, who had come as fast as her two good horses and a bouncing buckboard could bring her when she heard the news from a Navajo runner who had passed her place.

"My Lord!" she said aghast. "You think—that maybe she's gone with him? Run off?"

"What else?" said Lila miserably. "She loves him. And Rod Blake has said he'll never give her up to anyone."

"H'm—yes, maybe you're right. She told me of this man—what kind of eyes he had. Blue eyes, wild an' excitable—with pupils that spread easily. I've seen their like—once in a preacher who never should have been one, an' in an outlaw at Laredo. Strange eyes they are, an' strange men who own 'em, an' women can't forget them, ever. Maybe you're right, Lila. He'd take her—an' she'd go—if she loved him."

"She does," said Lila with conviction.

And all among the Bad Lands, in the scattered canyons, along the sagebrush levels, a peculiar thing was happening. From every crag of the lonely land where she had worked for, loved, and befriended them, the Navajos were coming; tall brown men on sorry horses, their long hair bound on their heads beneath their wide-brimmed hats, their turquoise necklaces swinging on their breasts.

They met and spoke in soft clipped voices, parted, and went appointed ways, their dark eyes on the desert's floor, scanning the open book of the world around, a moving network of detection.

It was Hosteen T'so who traced her shod horse to the town, who knew that she had sat some hours in a dry wash over to the east before she went to town, and who followed her step by step back along the circling way which had taken her to that certain spot where Sonya Savarin had looked last upon the desert's familiar face from the security of her saddle. And there Two Fingers stood with Hosteen Nez, holding her lost hat.

The three men looked at each other, nodded, spoke a few low words.

They all saw, too, three long strange marks in the sand—wheel marks soft and wide with indentations in them, a sharply defined mark running between them, beginning a bit before their start, ending a bit before they did.

None of the three had ever seen an airplane closer than the high blue sky above, but they spoke of one now, considering. And they took the sombrero with them, jogging back to their hogans.

Tomorrow they would meet again, these three, and circle wider, asking all others of their tribe they met what they knew of sky ships, telling them which they knew. And only these—the humble ones whom Rodney Blake despised—knew anything of Sonya Savarin and what had become of her.

## CHAPTER XII

The Leopard Changes Spots. Dawn came slowly to the deep-walled room where Sonya sat by the window. The girl was weary from her sleepless vigil. There were dark circles under her eyes, lines in her young face.

But her lips were steady and courageous, her heart the same. Today was to be big with portent; that she knew.

Perhaps it meant death. Perhaps she would never again behold the sunrise, or see the stars wheel in the heavens.

Well, one had but one time to die,

By VINGIE E. ROE

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though she could have wished a more gentle end than would likely come to anyone who fell under El Diablo's displeasure. And that she was there she knew full well; also why. Starr Stone had risked his life each time he saw her when he overstayed his time. Starr Stone who was, who must be, that Number Fifteen, Keenthai—how soft the numeral was in the Spanish—who was El Diablo's ablest lieutenant. The man whom he could neither spare nor wholly trust, now, since he had disobeyed him for a woman.

And those who disobeyed Diablo—Sonya jerked her shoulders up, wet her lips that were dry as ashes.

Twice, they said, had the bandit leader "spread him up," only to take him down again. Starr Stone of the laughing courage who had dared all things in the old days, whose clever brain had been invaluable to El Capitán, who was too valuable to kill, yet who knew too much to live if he did not live for him.

And Sonya Savarin, who knew too much also; who loved Starr Stone and had listened to him in the dusk of many moons; who had stooped and picked up a five-tael can of first-grade opium when a bungling hand had dropped it.

Parks—Quatro, Number Four—the bland keeper of a store on the cross-continent railroad. He had blundered, but he had retrieved his blunder instantly by sending El Diablo's henchmen to destroy the evidence by taking it away—herself that evidence.

Well, once again, one could finish up but once, and she was no one's quitter. If only she might see Starr



"You Are Well Schooled, Senorita," He Sneered.

Stone again, look deep in his blue eyes, renew that soul's covenant which they had made one starlit dusk.

But the senora was here with food on a tray and she was kind and gentle with that tenderness we show to those about to go on long and perilous journeys.

"Eef eet please the Senorita," she said apologetically, "there ees one who would speak weeth you today. Eet ees one whose word ees the law, the master."

"I know," said Sonya, nodding her black head. "I shall be ready, senora. At what hour?"

"I do not know—only that when eet arrive one must be ready."

"Very well," said Sonya, and the woman went away.

Deliberately she drank the coffee, ate the spiced omelette, the little round bits of some hot sweet bread.

And a little later the senora came for her.

She walked down the long dark passage, cool with the night's freshness, and into the great main room of the casa. Here there were many men and a few women, who all seemed waiting to look at her, which they did with thoroughness, in silence. A hard lot they were, for the most part, dark people burned by a tropic sun, their faces reflecting the hazards of the lives they led. There were men here who had burned and raided and shot, who thought no more of killing a human being than of slaughtering a sheep; women who followed them and wore the things they looted. Their eyes were hot and cold at the same time, if one might so describe them, flaming with all the varied lusts of lawless folk, devoid of mercy or compassion.

The senora passed before them and out at the door which stood open at the south, Sonya following close behind her with her head up. Here in the stone flagged yard sat her judge. El Capitán Diablo, in a huge chair, behind a long table made of crude slabs and undressed wood set on sections of saplings peeled and weathered. Here too was Manuel, that dapper slim pilot who had brought her across the Border. Manuel, second in power, in value, in ability, to that one whom the master had brought home to answer for his sins.

The sins of lingering too long about that master's business, of doing his bidding less and less eagerly, of that most heinous crime of all, loving a good woman.

El Diablo hated a good woman. Of all things on the earth he feared and hated most a good woman. What power this one might hold against him, what secrets she might know for his undoing, he did not know. What Quince had told her in the softening urge of love he furiously suspected. Evil himself, lost to all standards of loyalty, a double-crosser of double-crossers, he trusted no one, believed in no one.

And now he had the whole thing in his hands, thanks to Quatro: the man who knew his ways and works as none other living knew them; the woman of another world who might wreak his ruin if she chose.

That great structure of blood and raid and contraband which he had built for himself from Mazatlan to New York city stood tottering in the hands of these two—and El Diablo would not have it.

He looked at the slim girl before him, his thick nostrils dilating.

"So," he said, "we meet again, senorita."

"So it would seem," said Sonya Savarin.

A great concourse of people was gathering swiftly in the grove, all standing back at a respectful distance. It was El Diablo's habit to have his judgments witnessed—for their moral effect.

But nowhere was there a tall man with bronze hair and wild blue eyes that shone. The girl looked earnestly around, and El Diablo smiled.

"Not just yet, senorita," he said, "presently. In all good time."

Manuel rose and coming around the table, brought a chair and placed it for her. Sonya nodded but did not sit down. It seemed to her that she was on trial here, as indeed she was, though with the issue a foregone conclusion, and she must take it standing. The injustice, the insult of it all was making a fire in her soul, and she was not afraid.

"I think, sir," she said sharply, suddenly, "that you will answer to my people and my country for this abduction of myself. You cannot hide it long."

"So? You think not? Well, well, has El Diablo lost his cunning?"

He had changed his speech to Spanish, and for a moment Sonya hesitated as to whether or not she should show she understood. Then she decided that he probably knew she did and accepted the issue.

"There comes an end to all things, senor," she said.

"Yes, to life even," the bandit said smoothly, looking at her.

"To life, even," said Sonya calmly.

A little whisper of admiration murmured through the silent crowd. She had courage, the young white woman from beyond the Border. No one had ever met the master so, word for word and eye for eye. The grim shadow of his judgments had always broken down his victims early. This girl stood tall and straight, her hands on the chair back.

"You remember, senorita," El Diablo said, "that once I took my lieutenant from your arms on a dance floor. That should have been a warning. A sufficient warning. Yet you did not heed it."

"Why should I have heeded it?" said Sonya steadily. "Who were you that I should fear you to such an extent? In my country men are free—to dance with whom they choose."

"You saw that Quince feared me."

"Yes. And knew there must be a reason. He is no man's coward."

"Then you should have known the reason to be good."

"I did."

"And tried to find that reason out. I have no doubt?"

"Assuredly."

"And did?"

"No, senor, though I tried hard."

"You shield the man."

"No."

"You lie to me, senorita."

The man straightened in his chair, banged the heavy table with an iron fist.

"And so do you!" flashed Sonya.

"Carramba!" swore Diablo. "You tell me that?"

"You told me that. In my country a man does not speak so to women."

The man who ruled his little world with blood and steel half rose, his dark face purple with a mounting rage. In that wavering second Sonya Savarin was nearer death than she had even been.

Then he sat down again and smiled. That smile was deadly as an adder's grin.

"So," he said, "we shall proceed. And Quince did not tell you that I meet the ships from China at Mazatlan?"

"No, senor."

"Nor that I bring into Mexico and along the Border merchandise of great value?"

"No, senor."

"Nor that that merchandise crosses into the United States by my little gray ships of the sky to be sent to New York on the railroad?"

"No, senor."

"You are well schooled, senorita," he sneered. "I make bold to compliment you both. You did not know that Quince is—or was—my ablest man in both countries? That he knows as much of El Diablo as El Diablo knows about himself? That he can do anything connected with—my business—

from seining the sea at low tide for floats tied to sunken contraband, to flying a plane? You did not know all this?

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Divers See Odd Aquatic Life at Record Depths

Fish New to Science Studied by Observers.

Washington.—Throngs of tourists lined the cliffs along St. Georges harbor, Bermuda, as Dr. William Beebe and Otis Barton, intrepid deep-sea divers, steamed out to sea, there to climb into their steel ball, the bathysphere, and be lowered to record depths in the Atlantic off Nonsuch Island, according to the National Geographic society, sponsor of the expedition.

Already the holders of the record deep-sea dive, Doctor Beebe and his companion, in their first attempt, took the bathysphere to 2,510 feet. Their prior record was 2,200 feet. In this dive, Doctor Beebe reported by telephone that he saw scores of fish new to science. He dictated to his secretary above, thousands of words of description about little known denizens of "a world as strange to Mars." Barton, with the aid of a special, high-powered light, took motion pictures of weird creatures that floated and swam by the thick quartz eyes of the bathysphere.

After an hour at the record depth, during which Doctor Beebe reported the searchlight showed many new forms of life while other creatures could be observed owing to lights they carried on their bodies, the order to haul up was given.

Depths Rich in Fish Life.

Upon emerging, Doctor Beebe said "I have never seen so much material in my life, and new material, too. Much of it is entirely different from that which we observed during previous dives. It is the silliest thing in the world to attempt to describe in a few words, but we saw more fish and larger fish than during any other dive. Every dive convinces me of the futility of trying to get the true idea of deep-sea life through dragging nets. Many deep-sea creatures are such rapid swimmers that they can easily get away from nets. One of the most amazing finds of the day was a flesh-colored fish which I observed at the 2,500-foot level. We observed schools of rare lampanctus, silver hatchet fish, and thousands of tiny squid."

The latest dive, at approximately the same spot as the former record dive, was to 3,023 feet. The bathysphere remained at that level for only five minutes—sufficient time, however, to make possible interesting scientific observations which were dictated by telephone to a stenographer on the barge from which the heavy ball was lowered.

Doctor Beebe reported that the pressure at the maximum depth was more than 1,300 pounds to the square inch, but the bathysphere, used successfully on many previous deep-sea dives, showed no leakage. It took 2 hours and 45 minutes to make the dive, 2

hours and 41 minutes of which were spent in descending and ascending. The American flag and the flag of the National Geographic society were carried on the cable above the sphere.

As in the former dive, fish and other forms of undersea life, some recognized on the previous dive, and others that were new even to Doctor Beebe and Mr. Barton, flashed into their vision as they peered through the bathysphere windows. In this dark region, nature has provided many of its creatures with lights which glitter around their bodies. Whether these lights are for illumination for the purpose of finding food or attracting mates, is a problem which Doctor Beebe hopes to solve during his diving expeditions.

At 2,750 feet, Doctor Beebe glimpsed "an amazingly large fish" which was about 20 feet long. He said this is probably the largest living thing ever seen in the deep sea. The movements of the huge mass of flesh, he reported, could be followed in the blackness by the luminescence of the thousands of small creatures it disturbed. Fishes and other creatures in the zone near the half-mile depth, the naturalist believes, are larger, more numerous, and more brightly illuminated, than in the shallower regions.

Some Fish Carry Lights.

The bathysphere, which bears the name of the National Geographic society and the New York Zoological so-

## Woman Catches an Eight-Pound Fish

Boston.—It took Mrs. Grace Sherman of Quincy to show fishermen in Boston harbor how to fish. With a tiny line and a small hook Mrs. Sherman caught the largest fish taken off Boston light in years, an 8-pound cod. It required more than half an hour of fighting before it could be brought near enough to be gaffed.

city, is a steel ball 4½ feet in diameter, with a shell 1½ inches thick. It is too small to permit the two explorers to stand erect. Despite their close quarters, they were able to take photographs, and operate searchlights and motion picture cameras. Also inside the bathysphere was apparatus for purifying the air.

While one of the objects of the expedition was to go down a half-mile, it was not solely record depth that Doctor Beebe sought. Before, between, and since the two record dives, he and his aides have made many dives to observe sea life at various depths. During one dive with only a helmet, in only 40 feet of water, Doctor Beebe had just shot a sharp-nosed puffer when a 5-foot shark swooped down on the stunned fish. Doctor Beebe fought off the shark with the iron handle of a net, he held in his hand, and obtained his specimen. Later the same day, he was interrupted in his observations by sharks, barracuda and a green moray eel, but none attacked him. On these shallow dives he collected excellent specimens of beautifully and weirdly colored fish.

## Adolph Menjou and His New Wife



Adolph Menjou, film star, and Verree Teasdale, actress, were married in Los Angeles by Judge James H. Pope. Menjou was recently divorced by Kathryn Carver.

## Alfonso Rejects Reconciliation With Son

Break Caused by Ex-Prince's Wedding to Commoner.

Paris.—The latest attempt to bring about a reconciliation of former King Alfonso of Spain and his eldest son, the former prince of Asturias, has resulted in a total failure.

The young prince, who became estranged from his family a year ago when he married Senorita Sampedra Ochoa, decided recently that he could do more for himself than any would-be peace-makers, and, taking his wife, went to Fontainebleau, the little town outside of Paris where the exiled royal family had made its headquarters.

The prince selected as an auspicious occasion the twenty-first birthday celebration of his younger brother, Don Juan. The former king and queen were busy arranging the birthday festivities.

The young prince, who abdicated his rights to the throne and is now known as the Count Caradonga, took his wife by the arm, swept by the servants

and marched boldly into the house. Expecting to meet his father face to face, he was badly disappointed. Alfonso disappeared into his private apartments and declined to come out. The prince succeeded, however, in seeing his mother and brother.

Some months ago when the prince was ill in a Paris hotel, rumors went out that he was in a critical condition. The former queen heard the reports and motored in from Fontainebleau. A reconciliation took place between mother and son. Despite his son's illness, Alfonso remained adamant.

Since the marriage of the former prince of Asturias to a commoner, Don Juan, third son of the royal family, is now heir to the throne of Spain, or at least whatever hopes the Bourbons have of regaining that throne. A few weeks ago Europe was buzzing with rumors that Don Juan was to be invested with the titular rank of king, but Alfonso promptly disclaimed any intention of relinquishing his rights.

## SHOWS HIS SOUVENIRS



Midshipman Edwin Denby got home to Annapolis, with 800 or so of his buddies, from a summer cruise in European waters, and he is seen here showing his mother, Mrs. Edwin Denby, some of the souvenirs he picked up on the trip. Middy Denby's father was once secretary of the navy.

## Thief's Ears Amputated as 1784 Court Penalty

Sunbury, Pa.—Old records at the Northumberland county courthouse attest to the severity of sentences imposed by the courts during the Republic's infancy. The case of Joe Disberry versus organized society indicates severe sentences were then as now, not infallible in curbing crime.

Joe was the terror of the county, albeit he had a well-defined sense of humor. He wasn't particular about what he stole, but his favorite theft was food, cooked by himself in houses while the occupants were gone.

Finally the patience of authorities was exhausted. This sentence was imposed in September, 1784: "That the said Joseph Disberry receive thirty-nine lashes between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock tomorrow; to stand in the pillory one hour; to have his ears cut off and nailed to the post; to return the property stolen, or the value thereof; remain in prison three months; pay a fine, etc."

Col. Henry Antes, sheriff, saw that the provisions of the sentence were executed.

Court records show that he was convicted four years later of robbing three houses, and sentenced to the penitentiary at Philadelphia.

A few years later he returned to Sunbury, still sticky fingered. While robbing a mill in Union county he fell through a hatchway and suffered fatal injuries.

## Scrap Iron Is in Great Demand for Export Trade

Boston.—Gold is not the only metal which has become of unusual value recently.

At two Chelsea junk yards, large quantities of the humble scrap iron, including worn-out rails, stove plates, discarded machinery, and automobile parts are being gathered and will be loaded on a steamer tied up at the army base in south Boston for shipment to Japan, Italy, Germany and Holland, where scrap iron is in great demand.

Nearly 100,000 tons of scrap iron have been shipped from American ports to foreign countries thus far this year.

## Hurricanes Smooth Sands

Arkansas Pass, Texas.—It is an ill wind that blows no good—even in a hurricane. Winds blown into Texas from hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico have smoothed beach sands between here and Port Isabel, tourists reported.