

# SAVED FROM ARABS BY NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER



"I did not know then, though I learned afterward, that they had seen but one white man before. That man never has come out of the desert. He was slain as a sacrifice. It looked as though I was about to share his fate.

"The chief addressed me in Arabic, and I was surprised when I answered him in the same tongue.

"We must kill you," he said, "but there is no hurry. We shall wait."

"As though acting on the suggestion, the thirty black fiends squatted in a semi-circle about me and fell slowly and deliberately to sharpening their knives.

"There is no hurry," the chief said again. "We must do so before the coming of day, that is all."

"Then in a flash it came back to me that I had heard from men of our own tribe that the Aneza were sun worshippers, and that it was the greatest of all religious crimes among them to commit murder when the sun—their god—was in the ascendency. Like a shot it came to me that if I could delay the execution until sunrise my life would be saved. But how?

"The hope seemed futile. I wondered what time it was. I knew it was after midnight. As I lay on my blankets, watching those hideous black faces that were doubly black and grotesque in the weird flame of the torches, I began to work my hand slowly toward my pocket where I kept my watch. I got it out and dropped my eyes to the face. In the gloom I could make out the hands pointing to 2 o'clock. It was nearly three hours to sunrise. There was not the ghost of a chance of holding them off until then.

"But, just the same, I kept trying to figure it out in my mind—to devise some plan to that end. And meanwhile I began to witness the services that were to precede my death. Squatting there with their black legs crossed that grim semi-circle of fiends began to rock slowly back and forth from the hips, humming a strange, uncanny, minor monotone. Out in front the big chief led them. It was the Aneza sacrifice prelude, so to speak. And I was to be the sacrifice.

"I tell you, it got into my nerves. I don't think I am a natural coward, but half rhythmically, keeping time, as it were, to the beating chant of those voices and the sway and swing of the black bodies, I heard my teeth begin to click.

"I glanced over my shoulder to the other flap of the tent. As I did so the Arab chief seemed to divine my thought, for at a motion of his hand, the semi-circle moved forward a couple of feet closer and, squatting again, went on with the gruesome ceremonies. There was no chance of escape by flight, that was certain.

"But never for a moment did I stop thinking; struggling to drag an idea out of the confusion in my brain. And all the time the Aneza went on whetting the knives and crooning and swaying.

"Half an hour, then an hour went by. I counted the minutes, for I knew they measured the time left me yet to live. And then, suddenly, I turned cold. My heart leaped and something filled my throat. It was the idea I had been combing my brain for, and it was a chance, ever so faint, perhaps, but still a chance.

"Across the tent, not ten feet distant, was my trunk with my stereopticon lantern, and my slides—slides I had made of New York city, of the Metropolitan tower and Broadway, and all the other sights of home. Could I but—I must! Speaking in Arab, I addressed the chief. Before the time came to make the sacrifice I had something to show them—something the like of which they had never seen. Would they like to see it?

"Breathless, I awaited the answer. There was silence; then it came. The chief would like to see. I pointed to the trunk. They brought it to me. I unpacked the lantern and set it up, the long knives were following me not two inches away from the light. The side of the tent was the screen. I lighted the lantern and dropped in the first slide. Across the circle of light floated in color the great Metropolitan tower. As I did so the muttering murmur of the death prelude wavered and died out.

"There was a silence; then sharp words of mystery, or wonder, or fear. Working swiftly, I killed the exterior of the tower and shot into its place a view of its interior, then another and another. I followed with pictures from its top—pictures of the river, of Broadway below, of motor cars tearing along with no visible means of locomotion, of the loom of giant skyscrapers in the distance, of huge bridges across the East River, of steamboats and liners running out of the harbor, of Miss Liberty on Bedloe's Island and of the marvelous tangle of Coney Island.

"The death prelude was forgotten. The fear gave place to an ever-growing wonder. The semi-circle leaned forward, a mass of peering, crowding black heads and black shoulders;

caught, lost, enmeshed in the spell of the old magic lantern.

"I alone, I believe, remembered the present. My murderers were too engrossed, too astounded by what they saw, to remember. But I prayed only that the pictures would hold out; that the spell would not fail. It was a trying time. Afterward I found I had bitten half through my lip, but at the time I felt nothing. I dared not pass to glance at my watch, but still I held them there as the minutes dragged to hours.

"At last the final picture went into the lantern. For a desperate instant I felt my heart go down. What could I do? Would they remember if I repeated? Would they? But before I could complete the thought in through the canvas entrance of the tent there stole a thin, golden thread. It crept across the floor and rested on the face of the black chief. It was the sun!

"With a short cry the chief jumped to his feet. The others followed, talking excitedly. For a moment they glanced at me, but I sprang to the flap of the tent and tore it back.

"The day!" I shrieked in Arab, and at the cry they fled pell-mell from the tent and beyond the camp to their homes.

The Rev. Mr. Hanks stopped and smiled.

"When they were gone," he said, "I sat down on the ground and cried."

### HUMOR OF BAD WRITING.

Sheridan's writing was a scandal to his school and puzzled the town. He once wrote a "pass" to Drury Lane, and the doorknocker stopped its bearer and immediately pronounced it to be a forgery, because he could decipher it! To make matters worse, Sheridan was also uncertain in his spelling. A "which," a "where," and a "whether" in his hands, for instance, were as often as not deprived of their "aiches," and a "thing" was to him always a "think" and nothing more.

The atrocious writing of celebrities recalls the claim once made on behalf of Baron Bramwell that he wrote three hands: "One which he alone could read, another which his clerk could read and he couldn't, and a third which nobody could read," and the last-named was his usual style.

Lord Curzon, when a young man at college, once found his bad handwriting stand him in good stead. Writing two letters, one to a relative, the other to a chum, he enclosed them in the wrong envelopes. It chanced that in the second letter he had made some uncomplimentary reference to his relative, and on discovering the mistake he had made he waited developments with anxiety. There presently came a letter from the uncle. "I have tried to decipher your epistle," it ran, "but your writing is so atrocious that I cannot make head or tail of it. However, I guess the drift of it to be that you need some money, you rogue, so I enclose a check."

Bad handwriting is not always a handicap in life. The late Lord Goschen once said that his father attributed the foundations of his fortune to the fact that he was obliged to found a firm because he wrote such a bad hand that no one would take him for a clerk. Of Goschen himself, Mr. Arthur Elliot records that "his handwriting got steadily worse, and in his latter years he might have spent as he chose. At length his script became unrecognizable, even by himself. He could not, when speaking in parliament, make out what it was that he had put on paper, and he thus came in later days to abandon almost entirely his old practice of making notes."

Professor Blackie had a peculiar "fast." An elderly compositor on the Scotsman, however, knew nearly all about the professor. One night there was a particularly difficult manuscript from the professor. It was put before the expert, with an inquiry as to whether or not he could set it. "I could not do that," said the veteran from Inverary; "but if I'd ma pipes here I could play her."—Tit-Bits.

### AMBER AS A MEDICINE.

The ancients employed amber as a medicine and it is still prescribed by physicians in France, Germany and Italy. Several chemists in Paris keep it constantly in stock. It has been worn by ladies and children from time immemorial as an amulet, sometimes carved into "amphorae," and has been pronounced of service, either taken internally or worn around the neck. Callistratus gave the name of chryselektroton to amber of a clear golden color, which, worn around the neck cured ague, ground up with honey and rose oil it was a specific for deafness and with Attic honey for dimness of sight. But to come to more recent times, Perera says in the third edition of his "Materia Medica," published in 1853, that amber was not even then employed as a medicine in this country, but that "it was formerly used in chronic catarrhs, amenorrhoea, hysteria, etc., and was given either in the form of a powder, in doses of ten grains to a drachm, or in that of a tincture, a formula for both of which is contained in some of the European formularies.—Family Doctor.

### JUST MEANNESS.

"I wish I had Rockefeller's money."

"Would the possession of Rockefeller's money, make you happy?"

"I don't know. I was thinking how unhappy I would make Rockefeller."

### HIS CLASS.

"If the dachshund were the king of dogs, what kind of a class would he be in?"

"I suppose, a sort of squatter sovereignty."

## INTERURBAN CARS CRASH, MANY HURT

### Big Coaches Collide Head-on at Curve in Road.

### MISTAKE OR ORDERS IGNORED

#### Most Seriously Hurt Are Rushed to Hospital, While Less Severely Injured Are Conveyed to Their Homes.

(Western Newspaper Union, Special News Service.)

Massillon.—More than a score of persons were injured, several probably fatally, when two interurban cars on the Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co. running between this city and Canton, collided head-on on a curve four miles east of here. The most seriously hurt are James Killen, 601 Highland-st, this city, who suffered a fractured hip, internal injuries and scalp wound, and Miss Hilda Karrer of Enterprise, a suburb, who is suffering from a broken leg, internal injuries and minor bruises. Killen is in the Massillon City hospital and Miss Karrer at her home.

Other passengers of both cars were injured. Six of these are in the hospital. All the ambulances in Massillon and Canton, together with a corps of doctors, were summoned to the scene. The most seriously hurt were rushed to the hospital, while the less severely injured were brought here or taken to their homes in Canton on special cars sent out from this city.

Passengers say that the car bound from Canton to Massillon passed one car Canton-bound at a switch just east of where the accident occurred, and that their car, in charge of Motorman Jacob Biddle and Conductor Fred Rayot, started out on the main track.

A few yards from the switch another east-bound car flashed around the curve. There was a grinding of brakes, the motormen leaped from the vestibules, and then came a grinding crash. Passengers were tossed about on the cars. Women and men, panic-stricken, crushed and bleeding, made a vain effort to rush from the cars. A few seconds later the wreck settled and the work of rescue by those uninjured was begun.

The list of injured follows: James Killen, Massillon, leg broken, internal injuries; Hilda Karrer, Enterprise, leg broken, internal injuries, scalp wounds; Motorman Beckley, Canal Dover, crushed; unknown man, seriously injured, taken to Canton.

The less seriously injured were: John J. Rhine, Massillon, injuries to head and scalp; Conductor Roney, hurt internally; Hugh Kelley, Massillon, scalp injured; C. Slayman, Massillon, arm broken, injured internally; John Jogerst, Massillon, cut about body, hurt internally; Mrs. Alvin Murphy, Canton, severely cut and bruised. All except Miss Karrer and the unknown man are at the Massillon hospital.

Others injured who were taken to their homes are: Anthony Fink, Massillon, cut about the face, hurt in the neck; Horace Graybill, Massillon, bruises about the body and face; Joseph Steiner, Navarre, cut about the face by flying glass; Miss Martha Obenbuser, West Brookfield, cut by flying glass; Miss Mary Obenbuser, West Brookfield, severely cut about the face and body. More than a score of other passengers were more or less slightly injured.

### Say They're Victims of Fate.

Gallon.—Members of the Baker family, farmers living just south of this city, assert they are victims of fate. A year ago Orange Baker, a prominent stock dealer, was found murdered in his buggy near Vernon Junction. Three weeks ago Mrs. Baker, a sister-in-law of Orange, was found dead in bed with a bullet in her temple. Thursday morning Milford Baker was kicked to death by a mule. He leaves a wife and one child.

### Phone Girls Heroines of Fire.

Creston.—The heroism of two telephone operators, one of whom was nearly burned to death, saved this village from complete destruction by fire when flames consumed six store buildings, representing a quarter of the business section of the town. The cause of the blaze is not known. The loss will reach \$50,000.

### Solon Sues for Brother's Death.

Newark.—Congressman William A. Ashbrook has filed suit in common pleas court in this city for \$10,000 damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. for the killing of his brother, Byron B. Ashbrook, at Pataskala.

### Novelist Files Divorce Suit.

Delaware.—Charging that her husband, Arthur Hoyt Bogue, has not only failed to support her but that he has spent a considerable portion of her earnings from books of which she is the author, Mrs. Lillian Bell Bogue, novelist, filed suit for divorce here. The Bogues were married in Chicago in 1900 and separated in April, 1912.

### Death Follows a Mistake.

Stuebenville.—John Ammond was killed instantly and Amos Steiner was hurt severely by the explosion of dynamite in the clay mine of the Acme Fire Clay works near New Cumberland.

Ammond and Steiner placed a shot in the mine and retained. A shot far back in the mine exploded.

Thinking it was their own, they returned to where they had been working just as the dynamite exploded. It is the Gill hospital it was stated that Steiner may not live.

## STRONG DEFENSE OF HER SEX

### Miss Hulda Nutt Proves by Anecdote That Men Are Just as Foolish as the Women.

"It certainly does make me weary, all these innuendoes in the funny papers about the women. One would think by some of the supposedly facetious jokes that we girls didn't have enough intelligence to keep out of the home for the feeble minded," remarked Hulda Nutt to her sister, Ima, as she pointed to an illustration in the evening paper.

"Now here, for instance, is a rehearsed story about a bridegroom carrying a basket, approaching a narrow creek. He turns to his simple minded bride—I judge she must have married him—and he offers to carry her across the stream. This egotistical male jokesmith has the bride make the innane reply: 'But you can't carry both me and the lunch basket. We would be too heavy. You carry me and I will carry the lunch basket.'

"As a matter of fact that foolish chestnut was first recorded about an old man with a basket of eggs and a commendably humane heart, who, as he boarded the street car, observed that the arched necks and cruelly docked tails of the two decrepit horses in front, bespoke a sadly contrasting prosperity in their remote youth. The old man's tender heart was touched at the pitiful sight, and as he took his seat in the car he gently lifted his basket of eggs out the window and held them there all the way of his journey to make the burden lighter for the poor horses. So you see, Ima," she added with an emphatic nod of her head, "the men are every bit as foolish as the women, if not more so."

## SETTLED THE JUDGE'S DOUBTS

### Naive Statement of Convicted Murderer Removed All Question as to His Guilt.

When Judge Stewart of Vermont presided at the trial of a negro charged with murder of another of his race he admitted afterward to friends that he had serious doubts of the prisoner's guilt until he began to pronounce sentence.

The negro had pleaded not guilty and repeatedly, on being questioned, had asserted with much emphasis, "I didn't do it!" The evidence was not convincing, and the judge was surprised when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. His doubts vanished when, after reminding the negro that he had been tried by a jury of 12 men, etc., he said: "It is my duty to warn you that your days on earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make peace with God."

Just there the negro broke in with the exclamation, "Ah done dat already, Judge, befo' Ah went out ter kill dat nigguh!"

### Many Old People in Berlin.

According to statistics just published Berlin appears to be an extraordinarily healthful place for the aged, who live there in remarkably large numbers. A feature of the figures is the much greater number of old women in proportion to old men, and with every decade above seventy the proportion increases astonishingly. In Berlin the number of men between seventy and eighty is 12,898, while the number of women is 25,204. For Greater Berlin the figures are 20,049 and 37,520 respectively. Of persons between eighty and ninety women are in an enormous majority. For Berlin the figures are 2,036 men and 5,371 women and for Greater Berlin 1,699 men and 7,810 women. Berlin has a large number of nonagenarians, and of these three out of every four are women. In Greater Berlin there are 364 women who have passed their ninetieth birthday, but only 111 men.

### Moving Picture Animals.

A jungle of several acres, inhabited by wild animals of all countries, many of which are already well trained for the parts they are to play as motion picture actors, is maintained near Los Angeles by one of the big American film-producing companies. It is intended to extend the acreage and accommodations until the motion picture jungle will form the largest single collection of wild animals in the world, and within it will be, and now are, enacted many stirring scenes. A big elephant named "Toddles" is, for instance, the star performer in a film catalogued as "Lost in the Jungle," in which Toddles, during his wanderings in the forest, finds the heroine lying exhausted on the ground, and, kneeling, lifts her to his back and gallantly carries her to safety. All the animals are so conscientiously trained to do acts for the motion picture camera as are the trained animals of a circus.

### Unpretentious Royal Abode.

King Charles of Roumania has seen many changes, largely effected by himself, in his Balkan kingdom since he arrived there in 1868 after an adventurous journey in disguise from Germany. Notable among them are the changes in his capital and in his own palace. When he made his triumphant entry as the country's new prince the carriage reached a house before which a guard of honor was stationed. "What house is that?" he asked. "That is the palace," replied General Golesti. The prince, thinking he had misunderstood him, said: "Where is the palace?" And the general was so embarrassed that he could only point silently to the one-story building. The principal feature of the view from the windows on one side was a gypsy encampment, with swine wallowing in the main road before the palace!

### Abolition of War.

On one occasion Mr. Mason came in to Mr. Sumner's office and found him engaged in writing an address to be delivered before a peace society. After a little good-natured banter on the part of Mr. Mason and an equally good-natured defense of his views by Mr. Sumner, the former, rising to take his leave, said: "Well, Sumner, you may be right, but I should just as soon think of letting a society for the suppression of thunder and lightning as a society for the suppression of war." From Memoir of Jeremiah Mason, by G. S. Hillard.

## Buckeye Notes

(Western Newspaper Union, Special News Service.)

Conneaut.—Fred F. Smith, prominent business man here and president of the Conneaut chamber of commerce, died suddenly here. Typhoid fever was the cause of death.

Findlay.—Mrs. Esther Prosser of North Baltimore, aged 80, blind for the last 40 years, who was severely burned while cooking, is dead. How the accident occurred is not known.

Bryan.—Lumber sheds owned by J. A. Stine & Son caught fire and burned to the ground. The sheds were filled with lumber. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance.

Zanesville.—Capt. George H. Playford of Zanesville has been elected national commander of the Union Veteran Legion at the national convention here.

Cincinnati.—Dr. Henry A. Smith, aged 81, ex-president of the American Dental association and for 30 years dean of the Ohio Dental College of Surgery, died at his home here. He was a native of Oxford, O., and received his degree at Miami university, Middletown.

Middletown.—Mrs. Walter Gudgeon, the wife of a prominent contractor, attempted to drown herself. Henry Clok saw her jump from a bridge and jumped in after her. Henry Weaver pulled them out.

Alliance.—What is probably the smallest child ever born in Alliance arrived early on Thursday when a three-pound boy was born to Mrs. Lorin Actolia. The child will live.

Zanesville.—Stanley Kearns, an employe of the tube works here, found a sack containing \$2,800 in the road. It had been lost by Wayne Collier of the Pan-American Coal Co., who was on his way to the mines on a motorcycle to pay off the employes.

Youngstown.—As a unit of the Republic Iron & Steel Co. the Mahoning Valley works of the company will cease to exist on Oct. 1. The mills will be closed and 1,200 workmen will be thrown out of employment. Sixteen puddling furnaces and four trains of rolls will be dismantled.

### Bones of Heroes Reinterred.

Put-in-Bow.—Minute guns boomed from militia ships and bells tolled here as the remains of the American and British officers killed in the battle of Lake Erie a century ago were reinterred in the crypt of the new Perry memorial monument.

Fifteen thousand persons stood in silence and with bowed heads while clerical representatives of the United States and Canada read the impressive service of the Episcopal church over the dead.

Columbus.—Bank Superintendent Emory Lattanner has taken charge of and has closed the Bank of Fayette in Fayette, Fulton county, and named Examiner J. A. Holmes to take charge and liquidate its affairs. Examiner Holmes recently was sent to Fayette to make an investigation. He wired Superintendent Lattanner to come personally as he found affairs tangled.

Attorney Robert Black of the bank department is now in Fayette and will assist in getting the work of liquidation started. This is the fifth private bank that has ceased business in the state since the last assembly passed a law making them subject to the state inspection law.

Toledo.—A clothing dealer, summoned to the Widell hotel by a man giving the name of A. Mitchell, was assaulted by the stranger after he entered the hotel room, beaten with the butt of a revolver, robbed of \$8 in cash and a watch, and then held prisoner in his room until untied by attendants of the hotel.

The stranger entered the Widell hotel about noon and registered from Pittsburgh. Late in the afternoon he called by telephone the clothing store of Charles Sukolski, on S. St. Clair-st. Sukolski, in answer to the summons that the man wished to purchase some clothing, responded. Hardly had he entered the room than he was confronted with a revolver held by the occupant of the room.

"If you make a holler, I'll blow your head off," Sukolski says the robber told him. Sukolski attempted to defend himself, he says, and received a stunning blow on his head.

East Liverpool.—Unprotected by crib walls, the side of a twelve-foot sewer ditch caved in and buried four men, one of whom was killed and three injured, under several tons of sand at the Morgan Marshall Rubber plant, under construction here. Peter Sheron, 40, married, Slav laborer, was suffocated to death.

Findlay.—The Citizens' party, nominated at the recent primaries at North Baltimore, has just promulgated its party platform. It agrees that all its candidates, except marshal, if elected, will return one-half their salaries to the village treasury, asserting the salaries at present are excessive.

Gallon.—For three days Wesley Sherman, forty, had been missing from his home, diligent search failing to reveal his whereabouts. His body was discovered between a freight car and a grain elevator. His head was washed. It is believed Sherman was struck by the car when it was backed into the warehouse siding.

Bucyrus.—James B. Gornley, president of the First National bank, died here, aged seventy-six years. He entered the banking business here April 1, 1856, and was the assignee of Charles Foster in settling his financial affairs.

Bellefontaine.—Professor Earl E. Finch, thirty-six, dean of Wilberforce university, died at his father's home here following an attack of typhoid fever. He represented the American negro at the race congress in London, England, in 1911.

Akron.—Burglars here looted the home of Ernest C. Duibel, manager of the Remmer Brewing Co. The booty, valued at \$500, consisted of a gold watch, diamond pin-and-stone cups and dinner sets. Costly draperies, imported from Europe, were used by the burglars to tie up bundles of silverware.

## LIME USED TO THAW GROUND

### In a Few Minutes, by New Process, Dirt Can Be Prepared for Trenching Machines.

In describing some difficult sewer construction at West Liberty, Ia., Charles F. Chase, the engineer in charge, gave the following details regarding the use of lime to overcome frost:

The work was carried on through the whole winter, when the ground

was frozen to a depth of four feet, in which state it resisted all efforts of a trenching machine to break through it. The lime was spread over the frozen ground, covering the width of the trench to be opened, and was then broken up into small pieces and covered thickly with straw, hay or manure. Water was then poured on the straw so as to thoroughly black the lime. Hot water was found best and hastened the slacking. The covering retained the heat, which, with the hot water, penetrated the frozen

ground sufficiently to enable the trenching machine to make headway. On another job a covering of old boards with a steam jet was used to hurry up the process. The same process has been successfully employed in Clinton, Ia., where the contractor continued work without interruption throughout the winter.—Engineering News.

Largest Spinach Farm.

What is said to be the largest spinach farm in the country is in the val-

ley of the Colorado river, three miles below Austin, Tex. It contains 500 acres, all in one field. The spinach sells at from three to five dollars a barrel and the proceeds will run from \$50,000 to \$100,000. To provide plenty of laborers a large colony of Mexicans has been established on the farm, and men, women and children are kept constantly employed, summer and winter. Mexican chili peppers have also been successfully grown to the extent of 200 acres, and an equal acre is in cucumbers.—Country Gentleman.