

CHEER AND FLYING FLAGS GREET LOS' FLIERS ON ARRIVAL IN MATTICE

spontaneously have the letters with them and they'll read them to your face."

Hinton flushed and seemed taken aback.

"There must be some mistake," he said. "The letters must have been exaggerated."

"Now, you rat," said Farrell, as the reading of the letter was concluded, "what have you to say to that?"

"There must be some mistake, Steve," pleaded Hinton. "Come with me and I'll put you on the right track; let's talk the thing over."

"I've had enough of you," Farrell replied, seeming to increase in anger, "and I have a notion to punch your dirty head off." Farrell thereupon threw off the mackinac coat he was wearing and started threateningly toward Hinton, but the correspondents stepped between them.

Hinton, who showed no signs of a desire to quarrel with Farrell, continued almost to implore him to go with him, "so that I can explain," but Farrell, who certainly showed no evidence of the fatigue with which reports had credited him, was in a militant mood, repeated that Hinton "had not played the gentleman," and had "double-crossed the party."

The correspondents, believing it was all over for the time at least, stepped aside to hurry to the telegraph office. As they reached the door of the cabin Farrell shifted his feet and leaped at the other officer.

Stars and Stripes—fluttered above the correspondents' car and the post office. The group of Indians in town since Tom Marks became famous and taught them all how to be interviewed joined in the welcome as the navy men shuffled in through the snow.

To-day was cold and the trail was at its best. The balloonists broke camp at Skunk Island early this morning and were reported at noon to be only fifteen miles down the Missinabi River. Indian runners, apparently dizzy with excitement, were running up and down the home stretch all morning eager to be the first to sight the party.

Early in the forenoon Bob MacShue, a Cree Indian in spite of his name, trotted up to the railway station with the news that the travellers were on their way and that soon they would be in town. He said he had spent part of the morning with them and that they had a fine collection of dogs, two caribou in which they were taking turns as passengers and some of the best grub he ever ate.

The roar of telegraph instruments that followed his remarks startled him first, but he grew to like it and would have stayed around all morning if he hadn't got a job helping to prepare for the reception that lasted until late tonight.

FATTED PIG, FAVORITE DISH OF LIEUT. KLOOR, WAITS IN HIS HOME

CROWLEY, La., Jan. 11.—Louis A. Kloor, father of Lieut. Kloor, one of the three naval balloonists whose arrival at Mattice, Ontario, was announced to-day, closed his grocery store soon after he received the news and killed a fatted young pig, which will be prepared for the fets to welcome the young officer to his home.

"It is what he likes best," Mr. Kloor stated, "and we want to give him a real 'homefoks' feast when he gets through with the necessary formalities and is able to come to us. The weather is cold now and the pig will be about right when he comes."

Mrs. Kloor, who says she "hardly slept" since the news of the lost balloon was first received, to-day actively participated in the plans for the homecoming.

Lieut. Kloor, who was a student at the Tulane University when the war broke out, joined the navy and was sent to the naval airplane station at Pensacola and was later transferred to the balloon division.

FLYER'S WIFE UPSET BY FIST FIGHT TALE

Mrs. Hinton Seeks Seclusion, Although Not Believing Husband Was in Fracas.

Mrs. Walter Hinton of 325 Beach 145th street, Neponsit, and Mrs. Stephen A. Farrell of 1701 Woodbine street, Glendale, Queens, wives of two of the American naval balloonists, declared last night that it was "absolutely unbelievable" that their husbands should have had a fist fight in a cabin near Mattice because of statements in Lieut. Hinton's letter to his wife.

"I cannot believe it is true," Mrs. Hinton said.

She was finally convinced, however, that there was some basis for the story, and she became so upset that she retired into the bedroom of her home, refusing to make any statement. Lieut. Peter Talbot, a friend of Lieut. Hinton, was at the Hinton home at the time. He tried to induce Mrs. Hinton to make some statement about the trouble, but she replied:

"I have nothing to say until I hear from my husband."

"After what those men have endured," Mrs. Farrell said, "I cannot believe that they will be anything but brothers for the rest of their lives. No one of them deserves any more credit than the others."

Up to late last night neither Mrs. Farrell nor Mrs. Hinton had received any word from their husbands.

"You know their first duty," said Mrs. Farrell, "is to communicate with the Rockaway station and make their official report to the Navy Department. After that is done I suppose we shall hear from them. I expect they will reach home Thursday."

"I am the happiest woman in the world to-night, and my prayer has been answered. I never lose confidence, you know. I know my husband, and he knows me. That is the reason I did not worry. As I said on Christmas Eve I would not have given up hope for their return until next spring. The children have never given up hope, either. Mr. Farrell has taught us all not to worry, but to be cool, level-headed and quiet."

"Unless Mr. Farrell expressly requests that I meet him at the air station on his return I shall await his home coming here."

The fight between Lieut. Hinton and Lieut. Farrell was the exclusive topic of conversation among the officers at Rockaway Point last night. During the day the whole post fairly rang with joy because the three aeronauts were safe, but as the reports of the fight began to come in the atmosphere changed. Opposing factions developed quickly, and many officers refused to discuss the affair. But an air of restraint and trouble marked the Officers' Club at the post last night.

LA GUARDIA TO PAY CITY FOR TELEGRAMS

Checks Up Record to Get Personal Messages.

F. H. La Guardia, President of the Board of Aldermen, started inspection into the records of the Comptroller's office yesterday to check up on personal and political telegrams alleged by Comptroller Charles L. Craig to have been sent by Mr. La Guardia and charged by him to the city. The purpose of the check up, Mr. La Guardia said, is to give him the information upon which to make payment for personal messages, which, he added, he always had intended to do.

The investigation is under supervision of William O'Connor, Mr. La Guardia's legislative secretary, who called at the Comptroller's office armed with a written order from Mr. La Guardia after the Comptroller, according to the Aldermanic President, had refused Mr. O'Connor access to the records without such a permit.

STEAL \$25,000 IN GEMS.

Handits Enter Store and Lock Watchman in Room.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 11.—Three armed men to-day entered a jewelry store located in the business district of McKeesport, near here, snatched a tray of diamonds valued at \$25,000 and escaped in an automobile.

The handits forced the owner, Mrs. Ella Mendel, to crawl under a counter and locked a watchman in a room.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL BANK SAVINGS

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ASSETS \$216,000,000

'GOD WAS WITH US,' WOLF CRY LULLED AIRMEN TO SLEEP

KLOOR'S MESSAGE

Continued from First Page.

time the weather was 20 to 30 degrees below zero.

We are 200 miles from the nearest railroad station, Mattice, and as soon as suitable clothes are made for us to stand the climate we are going to start by dog from here and walk to that point.

This will probably be Monday, December 27, dad's birthday. It will take about four days to go from Mattice to New York. I should be in New York again January 10, my twenty-third birthday. I have planned to see you then, but you know now why that was impossible.

It makes me feel very sad to think this incident in my life will cause you so much worry and distress during the holidays, when instead of enjoying yourself you were sad, dejected and believed me dead, and if you can realize how near we were to death and how miraculously we were snatched from death you would forget it all, so pray for me and give thanks to God for my return home. Just as soon as it is possible after I get back to my station and get everything cleared up officially I will come home on leave.

The station had probably given us up for lost and sent all my belongings home. If so, please arrange to send them back to Rockaway as soon as you can, and send me any mail that may have been forwarded to you. When I get to New York I will write you a long letter and give you all the news. I don't think of me. I am safe and in good health. With lots of love to you and all the kids and all of my friends at home. (Signed) Your Boy LEO KLOOR. One letter was postmarked Mattice, Ontario, January 3.)

LIEUT. KLOOR HERO OF SEVERAL AIR MISHAPS

Fell 3,000 Feet Into Jamaica Bay From Blimp C-10.

Lieut. Louis A. Kloor, who acted as pilot of the ballooning, has had his share of mishaps in the air service. He was pilot of the blimp C-10 when it fell 3,000 feet into Jamaica Bay last July before the eyes of thousands who were watching the yacht races. The C-10 was wrecked on the rocks off Baren Island, but her crew got off with a thorough ducking.

Two years ago, accompanied by two other officers, he left the Rockaway air station at 1 o'clock one morning on a balloon test flight and landed at 4 o'clock the next afternoon in the top of a tall pine tree near Millford, Conn. He and his companions were nearly frozen.

Last February he made a flight similar to the one which ended in James Bay, but that time landed safely in Quebec.

NAVY KNOWS FARRELL AS VERY HARD HITTER

Was Heavyweight Champion on Pacific Coast.

Lieut. Stephen A. Farrell has the reputation of a fighter and a hard hitter. Officers and men at the Rockaway Point naval air station, when told last night of the quarrel between him and Hinton, recalled that fifteen or twenty years ago Farrell was heavyweight boxing champion of the navy on the Pacific coast.

The story is told of him that during a trip to Italy which he made during the war some boxing bouts were arranged. Charles L. Craig, by his suggestion for the enlisted men, Farrell was enthusiastic when he heard about it, but when some one told him that hard hitting was to be taboo he grunted "Oh, hell!" and took no further interest.

The next day he arranged for some bouts of his own. Before they were run off, he told the men that the only way to get in shape for war was to go at their boxing hard.

He referred most of the bouts himself and saw to it that there was plenty of action.

It was said at the air station last night that relations between Hinton and Farrell in the course of duty there had not always been amicable. Several men recalled having seen the two officers hotly arguing more than once, and said that they had not been on good terms for a long time.

Lieut. Farrell ended three years' service in the Philippines in 1916, and it has been suggested that the tropical service weakened his resistance to the severities of the Hudson Bay district. His wife does not think so, and says that Lieut. Farrell kept himself in the best of physical condition.

His fourteen-year-old daughter, Emily, who was married yesterday, is ill with scarlet fever.

erly direction, and it was after I persuaded him to change more to the east that we reached the creek known to the Indians as Neoshoas Creek. It was not frozen, and so we followed along its banks all of that day.

"The three of us were in fairly good shape and not particularly hungry. It was not much below freezing, but it seemed particularly cold when we were not walking, and that kept us moving along. At 10 o'clock that night I let my grip go, as it was impeding my progress and I also took off my flying shoes and put on a pair of English boots which I happened to have with me. Hinton and Kloor also threw away their flying boots, having burned them in the fire.

"We travelled about seven or eight miles the second day. We had covered about four or five miles the first afternoon. That night we ate nothing but a bit of moss. We were still in good shape but our morale was as good as could be expected. Of course none of us were over cheerful. We were beginning to think that there was something wrong about the dog bark, and as for the shuck, we were beginning to suspect that it was more or less spectral."

Laughs at Suicide Story.

"Then there is no truth in the story that you were despondent and wanted to kill yourself and give your body to your comrades for food?" Lieut. Farrell was asked.

Farrell threw back his head and laughed. "That's absurd," he said, and went on:

"I don't know why Lieut. Hinton should write such a thing. Maybe he was laboring under a strain and ought to be excused. At all events, I had not the least intention of letting Kloor and Hinton dine off of me. Of course, we were a little blue. Kloor didn't do much talking, but Hinton and I discussed our situation for the next day. We said to each other that the third day would bring us luck, and with that hope I gave us up we tried to get a little sleep. We ate our second pigeon, and I could only sleep a little, taking turns in watching the fire. The next morning we were entering upon our third day. We ate our third pigeon, and afterwards throwing away the cage and putting the remaining bird in Kloor's pocket.

"We were falling into holes and bruising ourselves and getting exhausted. Hinton was very weak. My stomach was bad, and I felt like vomiting, and the others said they felt the same. I had no headache, and was as mentally clear as I am now. We were all beginning to feel pretty blue, however. It was not that we were cold or even hungry, but simply the realization that we were lost, that we had no definite objectives, and that for all we know we might be travelling further and further away from safety. Certainly the country through which we were passing was not such as to inspire cheerfulness.

"There was nothing but ugly jack pine, muskeg, underbrush, bogs and holes and snow. The stillness, too, was oppressive, particularly at night. We feared that we were walking miles and miles that we were getting nowhere. Of course we had a compass, but as we did not know our bearings, did not even know that we were out of the United States, we simply had to zig zag along. We knew not where."

"It was now on the third day, that I began to lag behind. Hinton suggested that I take off my flying suit, which I did, and he wrapped it around him like a blanket. I had had a bad fall, which shook me up considerably, and I was weak as a result. It was decided that we should halt and rest. We built a fire and warmed ourselves, but we had nothing to eat, and started on the tramp again in the afternoon.

"That night we all felt blue. Hinton suggested we write farewell letters and put them in our pockets, but I said that there was time enough to do that. Hinton, at this time, could hardly hold up his head, and it was the worst night we had. Kloor, however, slept soundly.

The next morning we joshed him and accused him of hogging the fire. But the truth was that we were glad to see the boy get sleep, and didn't awaken him during the whole of the night, for what I mean."

"It did him a power of good, too, and when we started out the fourth morning he was full of pep and cheerful. We were all in a cold during that morning and frequently halted to build fires. Our supply of matches was running low, and I remember with what sorrow we once saw Hinton take two matches to light one fire. Hinton, however, proved a wonder at making fires, and we always let him build them.

"At noon on that day I was in fair shape, but Hinton was badly off. I went out onto the creek, and finding the ice good, we made rapid time. Hinton, who was slightly ahead of Kloor and me, came upon some sleigh tracks, and wonderfully encouraged, we followed them five miles. It was then that we found the Indian.

"The story goes on that Kloor was the first to hear the crackle of the twigs in the bush made by the Indian. He turned quickly, fearing the noise might come from a wild animal.

"Great God, look!" he cried, as he leaped to his feet.

Farrell and Hinton turned to follow his pointing finger. There at the edge of the woods, his face framed by the underbrush, was an Indian—Tom Marks, Hudson Bay Company trapper and guide.

Kloor started toward the thicket. His effort was a sad failure, for the Indian turned and darted into the woods. But Kloor went on, slipping and falling and shouting.

"Hold on! Hold on!" he yelled. "Come back, man! Don't leave us. We're lost!"

The Indian appeared to understand the pleading tone of the officer's voice as proof that he was in trouble. He came back to the open and his face broke into a grin.

Kloor, who is the youngest of the trio and was best able to travel, explained to the guide as best he could that help was needed; needed badly. The Indian took him by the arm and led them to his shack, five miles away.

Tom Marks's squaw was in the shack cooking supper when Tom and the airman arrived. The Indian set them down in front of a roaring fire and filled them with game stew.

"And, boy," remarked Farrell this afternoon, "take it from me, that was some stew. It filled a mighty big gap."

"A Great Trip—But"

Tom's squaw put on her snowshoes and hit the trail for the Hudson Bay Company post, Moose Factory. Immediately J. R. Gaudet, the factor, accompanied by W. C. Crackham, the district manager, Watson Neil and John Beveridge, were rushing through down the trail with the best team of dogs available.

"That night," one of the officers exclaimed, "we slept on a whole of feather mattress, and slept great. We had stuffed ourselves beforehand."

"We wanted to return next day and salvage the balloon," Kloor said, "but Mr. Gaudet said we weren't able to travel. The United States Navy was taking orders from him that day, and we stuck around and ate our heads off. A party of trappers and Indian guides set out that afternoon to search for the balloon, but snow had fallen during the night and our tracks had been obliterated."

After a long rest the officers hit the southern trail for Mattice. They left Moose Factory on December 27. Traveling was good most of the way, but on the first Sunday out the snow began to come down in great masses. The trail was covered to considerable depths in the open country where drifting was possible, and at one time the guides were forced to turn back and wait the end of the storm.

"A great trip," commented Lieut. Farrell as the story was finished, "A great trip, all right. I didn't mind the trip

down from Moose Factory, but those four days in the woods without food or instruments—with starvation right ahead and forests on both sides—yes, it was a great trip, but for me—you know what I mean."

Upon arriving here the airman were met by Lieut. McLaughlin of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He bore official messages for them from Secretary Daniels of the United States Navy Department, and he delivered them, accepted a formal explanation of why the three Americans had been wandering around Canada, and passed them over to the entertainment committee.

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