

WEALTHY YOUTH TRAVELS AS HOBO

Only by Continual Wandering Could St. Louis Man Evade Insane Asylums.

NOW SEEKS FORTUNE

Heir to Millions Works as Dishwasher, Engine Oiler, Roustabout, Sailor, Soldier, in Last Nine Years.

St. Louis, Mo.—Frederick VanBlarcom, who is suing in the probate court to regain his freedom and control over the income of his inheritance of several million dollars, has told the story of his activities for the last nine years, when he was either in private or public sanitariums or a fugitive from them. The story includes wanderings over half the world, when, as a hobo, dish washer in a restaurant, fireman, engine room oiler on deep-water ships, roustabout, sailor in the United States navy, and sergeant in the British expeditionary forces, he attempted to keep secret his identity in an effort to prevent his return to asylums.

VanBlarcom was born June 20, 1885, with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. He was the only son and heir of Jacob C. VanBlarcom, president of the Tennessee Central railroad. The boy had everything in his childhood that millions could buy. The elder VanBlarcom died in August, 1908. The estate was left to his widow, who died last March, and has never been finally settled.

Paved His Own Way.

"When my father died in 1908 I was twenty-three years old and attending Washington university," VanBlarcom said. "I immediately left college and attended a business school. I pressed clothes and did bookkeeping at night to earn my way, as I had been left only \$1,000 as an immediate bequest from my father. From that time until my mother's death I received no money from her, and when I was adjudged of unsound mind last year my estate amounted to \$14,500, which I had accumulated through my own efforts."

VanBlarcom's life has been one of almost continuous travel since he left the business college and began work



As a Roustabout With a Circus.

In a car shop in 1910. He then worked as an advertising solicitor for a publishing company, but contracted influenza and was an invalid at home until 1912, when he was forcibly taken to an asylum. He escaped early in 1913 and began his adventures again.

Covered Much Territory.

VanBlarcom walked to Crystal City, Mo., where he worked as a day laborer, later firing an engine to earn his way to Memphis, Tenn. From there he went to Eldorado, Ill., where he secured a job as a roustabout with a circus. He then "hoboed" through several cities to Chicago, where he worked as a deck hand on a lake steamer. He enlisted in the navy at Indianapolis and was sent to Mare Island, Cal., and then to the Philippines.

His identity was discovered there and he deserted and went to Honolulu, where he shipped as a seaman on a British mail steamer. He left the ship at Vancouver, Canada, and beat his way to St. Louis, where he was again placed in an asylum. He was arrested for desertion and sent to a naval hospital at Washington, but escaped and reached New York city, where he shipped as a seaman on a British vessel. He enlisted in London, was sent to France, wounded during a battle in the front line trenches, and later was invalided back to the United States, where, after several confinements in asylums and sanitariums, he finally began his legal battle to regain his fortune.

Boy Went to School in Stolen Cars.

Detroit, Mich.—The theft of eight automobiles to take him to and from school is charged against James Muller, seventeen years old. It is alleged that he stole a car to take him from Detroit to a nearby town, where he was finishing his course in high school. He would abandon it there. When he wished to return to Detroit he would steal another car for the return trip.

Admits Killing Brother.

Galesville, Tex.—Beatty Morrell is in jail after confessing that he killed his brother eight years ago. Morrell quarreled with his brother over a girl and shot him at the gate to their home, police say he told them.

Forged Parole to Escape Prison Camp.

Montgomery, Ala.—C. E. Leon, serving a term in the prison camp here for forgery, secured a ten-day parole by erasing the name of another convict on a pass and substituting his own.

FOX HOUND GOES ON BRANDY SPREE

Sneaks Out to Secret Cache and Comes Home With Beautiful Jag.

Charlottesville, Va.—J. A. Dunn, a well-known farmer and fox hunter of this section, was out on a chase Saturday. The next day one of his valued hounds left home of its own accord, returning late in the evening.

Mr. Dunn observed that the dog was acting peculiarly. He thought the animal had been poisoned and examined its eyes for symptoms. About this time he got a whiff of the dog's breath and detected a strong odor of apple brandy on it. Mr. Dunn took the animal



Begun to Show Signs of a Jag.

mal in the house and gave it some milk to drink. Then it stretched out by the stove. It did not remain there long before it began to show signs of a jag, which would have been the delight of an old toper. The hound the next day acted as though it had a very bad headache.

Mr. Dunn thinks the dog located the booze the day of the fox chase and kept it to himself, slipping back the next day. He is watching him closely, in the hope that he will lead him to the cache.

GIRL'S NERVE STOPS THEFT

Bookkeeper Grapples With Thief and Holds on Until Foreman Comes to Assistance.

Attleboro, Mass.—Thanks to the courage and determination of Mrs. Amelia Mitchell, a bookkeeper, a series of petty breaks is at an end and Joseph Morgera, nineteen years old, is back in Concord reformatory, serving time for larceny.

Mrs. Mitchell is employed by the R. M. McDonald company, manufacturing jewelers. Young Morgera entered the office and made respectful application for a job. Mrs. Mitchell went to call a foreman. Returning sooner than she was expected, she surprised the visitor taking possession of \$200 in an unlocked safe.

She immediately grappled with the thief, a young man much larger than herself. Despite his desperate attempts to shake her off she clung to him until Irving Hodges, a foreman, came to her aid and subdued young Morgera.

According to the police the boy has admitted stealing money from the waiting room of the Rhode Island hospital in Providence and to entering or attempting to enter three office buildings here.

One of the offices was that of Judge Ralph E. Estes, who tried him and sent him to the reformatory.

Five Bullets. This Old Actor's Last "Hand"

New York.—Once upon a time there was a collic dog that did tricks in the circus. He walked on his hind legs and on his fore paws for applause.

One day he got lost. He went hungry and grew thin. The other day he wandered into a schoolroom at Jamaica and, suddenly finding himself in the presence of spectators, this old trouper immediately began hopping on his hind legs and on his fore paws, expecting—appliance.

He got five bullets from a policeman's pistol. Somebody had yelled "Mad dog!"

SAVES HER SEVEN CHILDREN

Mother Makes Four Trips Into Burning House to Rescue Boys and Girls in Bed.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. Mary Hoiler saved her seven children from suffocation by making four trips into her burning home. She was barefooted, and had to travel through three inches of snow outside the house.

The woman was awakened by the roaring of flames. She saved three of the children in the first trip. She took them to a barn and wrapped them in blankets to keep them from freezing. Then went back and rescued the others.

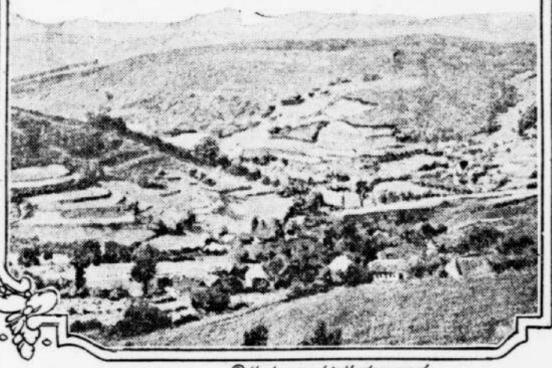
Returns From Prison and Kills Wife.

Rochester, N. Y.—George Boyke, sixty-two years old, shot and killed his wife with a shotgun a few days after he had been released from serving a six-year term in prison for beating her. He committed suicide after killing his wife.

Kills Self in Fight Over 15 Cents.

Cleatton, Ky.—In a quarrel over the possession of 15 cents, Claude Gunn committed suicide after shooting and slightly wounding William Myers, with whom he was arguing.

Liechtenstein, Tiny and Contented



Farm Lands of Liechtenstein.

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

It is a contented people indeed, who, when their monarch would abdicate and make them free, insist that he still remain their ruler. Such an attempted abdication and the refusal to accept it occurred recently in Liechtenstein, one of Europe's tiniest independent states.

Liechtenstein is tucked away in the eastern Alps south of Lake Constance along the upper Rhine, where that stream runs in a deep valley between Switzerland and Austria. Before the World War, Austria was something more than a neighbor. The little domain had a customs and postal agreement with the larger state and in a very limited sense therefore functioned as a part of it. But it had its own hereditary ruler, Prince Johan II, its own little duly elected parliament of 15 members, and its own high courts and lesser governmental machinery.

There was another tie with Austria, though in a way it was only accidental. Prince Johan owned extensive estates in Austria and by virtue of their ownership sat in the Austrian upper house. But Johan also owned large estates in Germany. In fact the aggregate acreage of his estates in various countries amounted to fifty times the area of land of which he was monarch with its 42 square miles, its greatest length of 15 miles and its greatest width of 6.

Cynics or even mere economists may find in Johan's extensive land holdings a reason for his high place in the affections of his people. Without seriously feeling the drain on his large income he has virtually "run" Liechtenstein from his private purse so that only the most nominal taxation is known in the little land.

Three-quarters of a century ago the inhabitants petitioned for an entertainment fund and the prince granted a subsidy, perhaps with a smile. It was used thereafter to decorate and illuminate Vaduz, the Paris of Liechtenstein, when he visited there.

Overlooked by Bismarck. In the Austro-Prussian war back in the eighteen-sixties Liechtenstein cast her lot with her ally, Austria. Her entire population bravely said good-by to her soldier boys, and the entire standing army of four score men marched off to battle. But they arrived after the war was over.

When it came to making peace terms Bismarck nodded, for once, and little Liechtenstein was completely forgotten. It was just as well, or she might not have retained her freedom. But, apparently, she is determined not to be ignored again.

Her army marched home again, stacked their muskets and hung their leather helmets, the bugler's trumpet and the captain's sword in the ancient castle of Vaduz, where they remain today. The citizenry informed the prince they wanted no more of war. He abolished military service, and since then "disarmament" has been complete in Liechtenstein, though, technically, the country has been at war with Prussia since 1866.

Not only are there virtually no taxes in Liechtenstein, but the country has no public debt. A small levy is made for keeping up the dikes lest the Rhine overflows her fields in springtime. Customs and the ready generosity of her monarch keep her treasury filled.

This quaint, but electric-lighted nation, with its roadside shrines and modern typewriters, is somewhat smaller than the District of Columbia. It is elongated, as if by pressure of its neighbor nations, Austria and Switzerland, suggesting Mark Twain's complaint about another land where, he said, "people had to sleep with their knees pulled up because they couldn't stretch out without a passport."

Travelers Pass It By. Two fiends of the Roman empire, Schellenberg and Vaduz, make up the latter day Liechtenstein. Both came into possession of the Liechtenstein family while their previous overlords were financially embarrassed. Many travelers passed through the little state, within a sight of the Vaduz castle mounted on its white cliff pedestal, for the route to Davos lies that way. But hardly any of the travelers stopped. When Robert Shackleton visited there not many

years ago he was welcomed as the first American to set foot in the country. Yet Liechtenstein, small as it is, is larger than the oft visited Monaco or the much written about Marino. Its peasants are simple, studious, shrewd folk, intensely proud of their "bright stone of the Alps." There are good schools, even to kindergartens, and the abundant water power makes electricity available to the humblest residents of Vaduz or the smaller towns.

Cattle raising and agriculture are two industries. The stalwart men are not to be misjudged by the fact that nearly all of them wear earrings, a custom which probably found its way up from Italy.

The people of Liechtenstein speak German, but it is a German bereft of much of its harshness and containing many romance words. Only a very few of the ten thousand inhabitants are more than moderately well-to-do. There are scarcely any servants. Most of the members of parliament saw their own wood and do their own "chores." Hardly ever is an indigent person seen, and crime is reduced to a minimum.

Farms in the Rhine Valley. Most of the villages of Liechtenstein, well built and scrupulously clean, are to be found in the Rhine valley. On the valley floor are farms and gardens and meadows, while up the hillsides extend vineyards and orchards and pasture lands. Farther back rise the Liechtenstein Alps from whose slopes and peaks one may survey nearly the whole of the little principality and look far off into Switzerland to the west.

In the matter of governmental machinery little Liechtenstein is completely fitted out with a nearly up-to-the-minute model. Of the fifteen members of parliament the prince names three and the remainder are elected. In the election every man over twenty-four years of age votes and proportional representation is practiced. A governor sits as the prince's representative and about him is grouped his little cabinet whose members bear such high sounding names as secretary of state, chancellor of the exchequer, chief justice, state engineer, and eminently fitting in mountainous Liechtenstein—director of forests. And as a last word in modern government, their council chamber is fitted up with a long-distance telephone so that their monarch can sit in Vienna, or Munich, or Berlin, or Paris, and still have a princely finger in the political pie.

Have Odd King Somewhere. Some queer citizens of London have been brought to light by a London periodical. After living for 60 years in one room in Upper Berkeley street, Edward Mott has had to move out. He had never been in a train, tram or motor vehicle. But there is another man even stranger. He has spent the last seven years in bed in a hotel. He rises to have a wash now and then. Nobody knows who he is. He pays his bills regularly, and takes his food in his room. And there is not a thing wrong with him. There is another recluse who lives at the Savoy. He does not stay in bed, but he has not left his room for two years, and spends his time reading and painting. No one knows why. And over in Brixton there is a house in which an old man lives whose neighbors have never seen. He orders his food by telephone and even the postman must leave his letters on the step.

Venerable Scottish Relic. The sculptured relic known as the Hilton Cadboll stone has been placed in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities. About a thousand years old, the stone's sculpture is a remarkable testimony to the artistic taste and craftsmanship of the early natives of Scotland. The stone stood for many years near the ruins of a chapel close to the village of Hilton of Cadboll, on the north side of the Moray firth; and it was more recently removed to Invergordon castle. One of the reasons for the proprietor of Invergordon placing it in the care of the authorities was the fact that the sculpture was weathering rapidly in its exposed position.

Erich Raspe, a librarian, who after committing a robbery at Cassel ran away to London in 1775, where he wrote "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," pretending that he had collected and arranged the original manuscript. It was a time when wild and vivid flights of the imagination were mistaken for genius, and there was no effort made to give fiction the semblance of truth, so the adventures were read with avidity, and the word Munchausen became the synonym for palpable falsehood.



"I suppose you get a great deal of pleasure out of your car?" "No, I can't say that I do." "What's the trouble?" "The car's all right, but Monday is mother's day to drive it; on Tuesday, the girls want it; Wednesday, I promised to let the boy have it, and Friday and Saturday it has to go in for repairs. Sunday, if I am very good, they let me drive myself."

Slightly Accommodating. "Your daughter seems to be a strictly modern miss." "She makes some concessions to old-fashioned ideas," said Mr. Dubwaite.

"How is that?" "She occasionally permits me to meet some of the young men she runs around with."

Fluency No Advantage. "Do you speak any foreign language fluently?" "Not fluently," replied Senator Sorghum. "I find it better to slow down the conversation as much as possible, so I can take time to think things over before committing myself."

Hours and Minutes. "Your constituents regard you as the man of the hour, do they not?" "They used to," replied Senator Sorghum. "But at present I'm lucky if they stand for a twenty-minute speech."

Johnny's Raw Joke. Big Sister—Now, Johnny, we're going to have my gentleman friend to dinner and I want you to eat at the second table.

Johnny—I'd just as soon, Pa says he ain't half-baked, anyway.

Personal Property. "I am entitled to my own opinions," remarked the positive man.

"Then," murmured Miss Cayenne, "why scatter them about as if you didn't value them?"



TAKING PRECAUTIONS The Trusting Bride-Elect: Don't you think you'd better engage some plain clothes detectives to see that none of your friends lift any of our wedding presents?

The Happy Man: Sure! And you notify your kid brother that he'll have to give a surety bond before he can act as ring bearer.

Some Little Help. I cannot answer questions deep. But while from such a task I shrink, I can at least a silence keep. And let the real people think.

Good Old Days. "Do you think we are getting back to the good old days?" "There isn't a doubt of it," replied Senator Sorghum. "People are going into print with perfect confidence with the same old anecdotes that made me laugh in early childhood."

Giving Her Time. He—Will you—er—that is, I want to ask— She—Oh, this is so sudden! He—Don't get excited, please. I am making it just as slow as I can.

True, Indeed. Mason—Do you believe in patriotism? Russell—Oh, yes, patriotism is all right, but so many people mix politics with their patriotism.—Answers.

Giving Him Publicity. Ethel—Stella is awfully affectionate at times. Clara—Goodness, yes! She even kisses her husband in public.

Expert Testimony. Ted—Tom claims to be quite a golf player. What do you think? Ned—I'd rather wait until I hear what his caddy says.

Ready to Substitute! She—I'm just going to hug the fire place when we get in the parlor! He—Why do that? I'm a brick!—Wayside Tales.

All-Day Session. "There's a man from Florida I want to talk business to, but I'll have to put it off until tomorrow." "What's the trouble?" "He has just met a chap from California and they're arguing about climate."

Not Uncommon. "I don't see how actors can simulate a laugh so heartily." "Nonsense. Don't we do it every day at funny stories we have heard a dozen times?"

Suspense. "That was a high note the prima donna reached." "It was, indeed," replied the casual patron of grand opera, as he settled back comfortably in his seat. "Now I can breathe easier."

"He has just met a chap from California and they're arguing about climate."

"I was afraid she wouldn't make it."

Cause and Effect. "What makes Mabel so stuck up?" "Haven't you heard? There's a nuptial company using her photograph as an advertisement."

The KITCHEN CABINET

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I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude To eat so much—but all's so good. —Poep.

SOME MORE GOOD THINGS

Sweet potatoes and yams are delicious stuffed and are easily prepared.



Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.—Bake sweet potatoes until tender. Put potatoes through a ricer, add salt, pepper, cream, brown sugar if needed, beaten egg and top with a spoonful of brown sugar. Place in the oven until nicely browned. Serve with a roast fowl.

Cranberry Frappe.—Dissolve a pint of sugar in one quart of water, boil twenty minutes, add one pint of cranberry juice and pulp put through a sieve and freeze as usual. Serve in sherbet cups.

Cheese Salad.—Grate American cheese and mix with cream to the consistency to roll into small balls; add cayenne, paprika and roll into small balls; place on head lettuce and garnish with chopped celery and hard-cooked eggs. Use either mayonnaise or a boiled dressing.

Ginger Snaps.—Take one cupful each of shortening, molasses, brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger and flour to roll. Roll out very thin after chilling; use no soda or baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven on well-floured baking sheets.

Pop Corn Cookies.—Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add one-half cupful of pulverized sugar and one cupful of finely chopped pop corn mixed with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered sheet, one inch apart. Spread with a spatula dipped in cold water and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Currant Pie.—Put two tablespoonfuls of water into a saucepan with the grated rind and juice of a lemon, one cupful of dried currants, one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of molasses and one one-half cupful of water; bring to the boiling point and boil five minutes. Cool and fill a baked crust, decorate with a meringue or marshmallows and brown in the oven.

Vegetable Dinner.—A good dinner is mashed potato, buttered onion, beets, spinach, carrots and lima beans well buttered. All served on the plate, one will never mind having no meat.

The soft-ball stage of cooking is that commonly used for pan candies. Drop a bit in cold water, and if it can be gathered in the fingers into a soft ball it is ready to remove. Work quickly, or turn off the heat, or the sirup in the kettle will be over-cooked while you are experimenting.

Why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud? Like a swift flying meteor, a fast flying cloud Man passes from life to his death in the grave.

OUT OF THE CASSEROLE Casserole dishes are good for days when one is busy and has no time to watch the cooking of a meal.

Chicken en Casserole.—Cut two chickens as for frying, remove the meat from the bones and put the bones in to a kettle with one quart of cold water with salt and pepper, one clove of garlic and a diced stalk of celery. Simmer until reduced one-half. Fry the chicken and arrange in the casserole; over this put one cupful of cooked rice, pour in the stock and cook an hour and one-half.

Kidneys and Vermicelli.—Split and skin eight or ten sheep's kidneys and cut in slices, saving a few uncut for the top. Cook a few minutes in butter, add two sliced onions and fry. Add a tablespoonful of stock or water, salt and pepper to taste and stew in the casserole until tender. Place cooked vermicelli over the top of the dish and garnish with the whole kidneys. Reheat and serve very hot from the casserole.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—Cook a large cauliflower until tender in boiling salted water, then drain and dry. Divide into flowerets and place in a well-buttered casserole. Cover with well-seasoned white sauce, sprinkle with one-half cupful of bread crumbs and one-half cupful of cheese mixed together and brown in a hot oven.

Duck en Casserole.—Cut one cooked duck in pieces. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and fry the duck in it. Sprinkle with one tablespoonful of flour and brown. Add two cupfuls of stock, one chopped onion, a little parsley, a bay leaf, one teaspoonful of lemon, the same of meat extract and currant jelly, with a few drops of kitchen bouquet.

Buttered Apples.—Peel, core and cut in eighths ten apples, arranging in a baking dish. Add one-half cupful of sugar or honey and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cover the top with bits of butter, cover and bake until the apples are tender. Decorate with marshmallows and brown. Serve with cream.

Sailors' Superstitions. Time was when sailors would not think of sailing without a charm or pocketpiece of some kind to ward off bad luck. Wind beads were a favorite and in nearly every port were maidens to sell them. Tattoos were considered essential for bon voyage, especially the butterfly on the shoulder predominated for good luck. A pig tattooed on the foot was assurance the man would never drown. Sailors used to say not a man is known to have drowned if he possessed this significant charm against fate.



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