

ARE MADE RICH BY SEA EXPLOIT

Three American Heroes Get \$25,000 and Thanks of British Salvage Court.

THEY SAVE DESERTED VESSEL

Deed is Hailed as One of the Most Courageous in British Maritime History—Stick to Seagoing Tug After Tug Quits.

London.—Three American sea heroes sailed for home recently with \$25,000 and the formal thanks of a British salvage court as their reward for one of the most courageous exploits in British maritime history. They are Bob Ferguson of San Francisco and Tom Welch and John Smith of the U. S. A.

By a sudden impulse they pledged themselves to stand by one another and the seagoing tug Vigilant of New York. Battling one of the fiercest gales the Atlantic ever has known, the trio refused all aid and brought their doughty but sadly punished craft safe into Cardiff.

Had Rough Trip at Sea.

Ferguson told his story to a United Press reporter as he left the salvage court hearing, a man of independent means.

"We ran into a rough patch of weather soon after leaving New York October 13," he said. "It made us dodge into Halifax for a day, but we reached St. John's on the 17th. That very afternoon we sailed again, with Captain Ince and a crew of sixteen. I was second officer.

"We had dirty weather from the start. But as the days passed our coal

grew lighter and we rolled more and more. Four days this lasted. Then, 800 miles off the Irish coast, Captain Ince wireless for help. Queenstown replied that a patrol boat was coming, but she never did find us. Meanwhile we put out distress signals and sighted a vessel about two miles off. She never even hesitated.

"On Sunday, the 28th, we ran into the fiercest gale I have ever experienced in all my years of seafaring. Captain Ince was afraid we would turn turtle, so he signaled the Holland-American liner Ryndam for help and gave the order to abandon ship.

Gave Him the Big Laugh.

"I didn't want to quit, so I went below to get volunteers to save the tug. There I found the crew dressed in their shore clothes, with life-preservers under their coats.

"They gave me the big laugh—thought I was kidding. I passed them up and went into the engine room. There was Welch, getting ready to leave.

"I looked him straight in the eye. 'Welch,' I said, 'you told me yesterday you were no barroom sailor. Now's your chance to prove it.' He didn't say anything, just stuck out his hand, and we shook. Then we got Smith and the three of us told the captain we were going to stick.

"The Ryndam came tumbling along. Captain Ince and the rest went off in a boat, still calling us fools, and the last we saw of the liner passengers were at her rails giving us a last cheer.

"Welch went down to the engines. Smith took care of the fires and I took the bridge. We had no food; I just chewed tobacco. At last we sighted the Scotch vessel, Flying Fox, which sent us six men to repair a breakdown in our steering gear. After that it was comparatively easy to reach Cardiff."

Ferguson made just as hard a fight for his salvage. The ship's owners wanted to give him \$1,000 and an inscribed gold watch and \$500 to each of the seamen. Ferguson replied, "nothing doing," and fought his case in court.

He received \$12,500 and Welch and Smith \$6,500 each.

TAKES UP SISTER'S WORK



Vida Milholland, the young sister of Inez Milholland Boissac, who died on the suffrage battle line in California, has volunteered to take up the work that her sister made the final sacrifice for.

SWISS WELCOMES YARROWDALE CREW

AMERICANS SAY THEY WERE TREATED BADLY BY GERMANS—HAD SOUP ONCE DAILY.

ONE IN PARTY IS HELD

Yankens Convinced That the Raider Which Sank Their Vessel Was "Ritz of Bremen," Which They Describe as a New Boat.

Zurich.—Laden with cigars, cigarettes and food showered upon them by the hospitable Swiss, 59 of the now historic Yarrowdale prisoners arrived in Zurich. They arrived at the German frontier at Lindau, after a continuous trip of 52 hours from the prison camp at Brandenburgh.

The sailors, although emaciated from their imprisonment and serious lack of food since their arrival in Germany on December 31, are in fair condition and confident that with a normal amount of food they will soon be themselves again.

The party was met here by United States Consul-General Keene, who greeted them briefly and asked them not to forget that they were Americans and not to bring discredit on America by yielding to an understandable temptation to "kick over the traces."

The sailors said that they were convinced that the raider which sank their vessel was the "Ritz of Bremen." They describe her as a brand new vessel of about 3,000 tons, capable of 18 knots, equipped with one funnel, two masts, one false funnel, four torpedo tubes, seven rapid firing guns and a wheelhouse which was hidden by side of the ship.

The funnels had a device by which the stripes could be changed at will, and the ship's doors were so constructed as to cut off all light when they were open.

During their stay in Germany, they reported, they had subsisted on one allowance of soup daily and had made their long journey to the border on one such "meal." There was hardly one of them who, they declared, had not felt the fist of a German camp guard, and the squad of five soldiers which brought them to the border had exercised the privilege of abusing them up to the last possible moment.

The men tell of the terrible sufferings they underwent during a period of severe cold weather in Germany, due partly to lack of fuel, but more to the absence of the shoes and clothing which they had lost. Since their entrance into Switzerland at Roschach, they say, they have been royally treated.

The party includes all the Americans detained, except one seaman named Puleat, of a French-Canadian family, claiming to have been born in Massachusetts, who was held in Brandenburgh. They were accompanied by one Brazilian and one Spaniard.

Cummins is Angry.

Washington.—Senator Cummins, Republican, one of the 12 men who failed to sign the Senate manifesto favoring passage of the armed neutrality bill, declared in the Senate that "any man in the Senate or out of it, of high or low degree, who said he conspired to defeat the bill 'deliberately falsifies'."

Mrs. Catt is Rebuked.

New York.—Members of the Women's Peace Party said that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, chairman of the National Women's Suffrage party, was not re-elected an honorary vice chairman of the peace party because she had offered President Wilson the services of the suffragists of the country in case of war.

Bought Their Promotions.

Chicago.—Eight police lieutenants admitted to Chief of Police Schuetzler and State's Attorney Hoyne that they each paid \$300 for promotion to their positions. They said they believe the money went to former Chief of Police Healey, who is under indictment for graft.

H. C. of Patriotism.

New York.—Flag dealers say that the great demand for "Old Glory" since the beginning of Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare has caused a temporary shortage of supply and increased prices 25 per cent. Flag factories are working night and day shifts.

To Farm Vacant Lots.

Chicago.—In an effort to help combat the high cost of foodstuffs, the City Council of Evanston, Ill., has appropriated \$300,000 for the cultivation of vacant lots in the city.

Salaries in Shelby.

Nashville, Tenn.—Governor Rye signed a bill abolishing the fee system in Shelby county, the largest in the state, which includes Memphis, and placing the county officials on salaries from \$4,000 to \$6,500.

Here's a "Baby" U-Boat.

New York.—Officers of the Dutch freighter Boomberg in from Wales, told of meeting a "baby" German submarine, so small that there was hardly deck space on which to stand.

Fletcher on the Job.

Guadalajara.—The new American ambassador, Henry P. Fletcher, presented his credentials to General Carranza, and after the formal ceremony had a long conference with the first chief. The ambassador was escorted to the palace by a troop of cavalry.

Censure For the Twelve.

Nashville, Tenn.—The state Senate adopted a resolution censuring the minority in the national Senate that defeated the armed neutrality bill.

RUNAWAY HAS ROYAL BLOOD

Amy Mitting, Thirteen Years Old, of Portland, Ore., Shows Mania for Disappearing.

Portland, Ore.—"The Little Bird Girl of the Woods" is the nickname given by friends who have offered a home to Amy Mitting, thirteen years old, of this city, reputed to be of noble blood and who shows a strange mania for running away from home.

To hide herself from the eyes of the world Amy recently left her home and was found three days later with her pet dog hiding in the basement of a church. Following this adventure the girl ran away again and took up her abode in a cemetery. She was discovered in this retreat, and the home-finding department of the juvenile court stepped in to befriend her.

The girl's mother declares she is a descendant of royal English and Russian families, but because of her morganatic marriage to John Mitting, an employee in a sawmill, she has been disowned by her relatives.

Each time Amy has been found she has begged not to be sent home again, declaring she would be beaten. Her mother says her daughter is never ill-treated.



BUGLES HAVE BLOWN

BUGLES have blown—and it's form, men, form! The trumpets have answered—it's storm men, storm!

Up to the ramparts, salute and ride!
Over the wall in a living tide!
Up the wall and over!
Summer forgetting the clover,
Bees the honey and birds the flower—
This the moment and this the hour
When bugles are bees—Oh, follow
Their ringing blast through the hollow,
Up the passage, and through the wall—
Bugles have blown, bugles have blown,
To boats, men, one and all!
Drums, drums, drums—don't you hear
them beat!
Trumpets to answer them down the street!
Swinging platoons in marching order.
The call comes up from border to border
Out of the lane and alley,
Come, with the world to rally!
Come to the music that calls you over—
Up the wall and rampart over—
Leaving the bees to honey and clover,
Leaving the sweethearts to reply
Unto the kiss of your twinkling eye.
Leaving the little one, leaving the mother,
Leaving linked in the ranks of each other—
Up the passage and through the wall—
Bugles have blown, bugles have blown—
To boats, men, one and all!

—Adapted from Folger McKinnay, in the Sun, Baltimore

WOMEN ACTIVE ARMY AIDS

Thousands to Fill Non-Combatant Posts for British at Home and in France.

London.—According to the Express, the military authorities are developing a scheme under which women will be substituted for men in non-combatant posts in the army both in Great Britain and France, such as cooking, canteen work, bookkeeping and clerical work, thereby releasing thousands of men.

The Express says already 30,000 women are employed in army work as cooks, waitresses, motor drivers and similar occupations, but the new scheme will open vacancies for many thousands more.

IS DEAD AT AGE OF 105

Missouri Man Left 200 Descendants—His Sons Are Now All Old Men.

Springfield, Mo.—Jacob W. Hartley is dead at his home in Webster county, near here, aged one hundred and five years.

He had lived in the Sand Springs neighborhood, where he died, for seventy-five years. When the Civil war broke out Hartley was then too old

Old Man on Snow Shoes.

Oroville, Cal.—Supervisor Charles W. Hendel of Plumas county passed through this city the other day on his way to attend a meeting of the board in Quincy. He is ninety-seven years of age and made the trip from La Porte to Strawberry Valley on snow shoes and was in a runaway accident on a stage sled between Forbestown and Robinson Mills. He is the oldest supervisor in California.

Fortune From Cheap Land.

Pomeroy, Wash.—Dr. John Gilbert of this city has been handed a check for \$2,517.22 for his share of the Marquis wheat crop, grown on 70 acres of land, for which he paid \$10 an acre two years ago. The land, before he purchased it, was used to graze sheep.

to enlist and each of his four surviving sons is past seventy-five years old. He is survived by more than 200 direct descendants. He was an exponent of the simple life. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicants. Until his one hundredth year he was still active in the management of his farm, but had been blind the last five years of his life.

Today's Sneezer.

Lots of men think they are deep because they have that sort of voice.

WEATHER SIGNALS ON LOCOMOTIVES

Hutchison, Kan.—Weather signal flags are being carried on locomotives of the Anthony & Northern Railway company. Weather bulletins are wired to all conductors every morning, and the flags are then hoisted on the front of the engines.

"The farmers along our line appreciate this service," President Byers said, "and they are learning to watch for our trains to see what the weather forecast is. The flags also have proved to be an aid to our track gangs."

WOLVES ATTACK WOUNDED

Germans and Russians Suspend Hostilities to Kill Off Pack of Animals.

Petrograd.—A wolf hunt in which both Russian and German soldiers joined is described in correspondence from the Polish front. Parties of Russian and German scouts met recently and were hotly engaged in a skirmish when a large pack of wolves dashed in and attacked the wounded. Hostilities were at once suspended and Germans and Russians instinctively attacked the pack, killing about 50 of the wolves. After the hunt the soldiers separated, each party returning unmolested to its own trenches.

Along some sections of this front hungry wolves have been particularly bold this winter, constituting a real danger to outposts of both armies, and repeatedly the combatants have had to send hunting parties against the common enemy. While at this sort of work sniping is suspended by a sort of tacit agreement.

Coal Sent by Mail.

Baker, Ore.—To relieve the serious coal famine here dealers have ordered the mine at Rock Springs, Wyo., to send a shipment by parcel post. The order was received and the coal started by mail, but a snowstorm stopped the mail trains. The postage on coal from Rock Springs to Baker is \$83 a ton.

Flood Furnace to Get Holiday.

Attalia, Ala.—Tiring of school, pupils turned on the water from a faucet in the basement of the high school building here. The basement was soon flooded. The furnace fires were extinguished and the superintendent was forced to declare a holiday. Some of the older boys may be prosecuted.

Many Brazilian products could be used in making paper. The cellulose from sugarcane and the crushed stalks and trunks of the banana plant are among them.

CALLED OUT OF TOWN

By JOAN BUGBY.

Jack Newton took down the telephone receiver as the bell rang sharply. "Hello," he called.

"Hello, Jackie!" came his sister's voice. "Are you in a very good humor today?"

He knew what was coming, so he was prepared. "Not very," he answered.

"Oh, pshaw! Well, anyway, I'm going to take a chance. This is Saturday and I know you are not going to be in the office."

"Well?"

"Get tickets for the matinee, won't you?"

"I had planned to go fishing."

"I just thought so, that's why I'm heading you off. Now be clever, Jack, and say yes. It's the best show of the season."

Jack knew it and began to soften. "I don't know, sis, I'll see."

"That's the spirit, big brother. You'll think me some day for saving your life. It's too cold to fish. You'll get pneumonia. And Jackie—" she paused.

"What is it?"

"Get three."

He smelled a mouse. "Why?"

"Flo Van Buren's here."

He exploded. "I thought there was a nigger in the woodpile!"

She was accustomed to his roaring. "All right, Jackie. We'll be at your office at two. And do be in an amiable mood. Flo is dying to meet you."

"I'm not going to spoil a perfectly good Saturday afternoon trying to entertain a fool girl," he declared to himself. "I'll get the tickets and leave them here, but I'm going fishing."

Which he did.

He went home after lunch, changed his clothes for all the old things he could find in the attic, rubber boots and all, and went out the back way across lots, down the road and across country to the river. No one saw him except Susan, the second maid, who, looking out of her own window, saw him leave the yard.

"If those tramps don't stay away from this place," she said, "I'm going to ask Mr. Newton to get a dog."

In the meantime Claire and her guest went to Jack's office promptly at two. On the table was a note with two tickets inclosed. "Sorry, not to be with you, but was called out of town on business. Have a good time, Jack."

"The beast!" cried Claire. "Well, we'll go to the theater, anyway, by ourselves. I guess we'd better hurry. What time is it?"

Flo pulled back her cuff to look at her watch. "Why, I—it isn't here! I haven't got it. It's gone!"

"Florence?"

"Yes, sir, I've lost it! And dad gave it to me when I graduated."

Claire looked her distress. "Oh, I'm so sorry, dear. It was the handsomest one I've ever seen."

Claire called up the house. "It that you, Susan? Will you look and see if Miss Van Buren left her watch there? Look all around, everywhere, I'll wait."

In five minutes Susan returned. "No, Miss Claire, I don't see it. I was just thinking, I saw a tramp leave the house a while ago and I'll bet he stole it."

Claire screamed. "What's wrong?" cried Flo.

"It's gone—stolen! Susan says a tramp took it. I'm going to call up the police." Which she did.

Jack Newton, sitting peacefully by a bridge and puffing at his pipe, heard the clatter of hoofs. Looking up he saw three black uniformed gentlemen in black helmets riding his way and evidently interested in him.

"Brown had turned down, old gray suit and red sweater. It's him," said one, riding quite close.

"Yes, it's me," answered Jack, "and I wish you'd shut up and go away. You're scaring all the fish."

"You're the fish we're after, my man," answered the other. "Stand up! We're going to search you."

They turned out poor Jack's pockets. And there was the watch! One of the policemen held it up triumphantly. "Here's the watch he stole from the Newton house. Come along with us."

"But I didn't get that watch in the Newton house. I found it there on the bridge."

"Tell that to the judge. Just now shut up and come along."

There was nothing else to do, so Jack went.

He would get no hearing until Monday he knew, so he tried bribery. "Say, bobby, when you telephone to the Newtons that you found the watch, ask Miss Claire to come to the station, will you? I'll see that you get something nice for it."

"All right, I'll see what I can do." So at five o'clock Claire and Flo appeared and were taken to the prisoners' quarters.

"Jack!" screamed Claire.

He grinned. "Did they give you the watch? I found it on the bridge, but they pinched me for a tramp."

"That's where we got out to fix the tire," both explained at once.

"Jack, this is Miss Van Buren. But I'll introduce you better when you're out of this horrid place. You've made a nice mess out of things this afternoon. Now don't you wish you'd gone with us?"

And while Claire went away to hunt up somebody to get her brother released she looked at the girl he had declined to meet and who, after all, he decided, was far and away ahead of anyone he'd ever seen.

"Yes, I wish I had," he said intensely. "It just served me right." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

VALUE OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Only Those Familiar With Freedom of Woods and Fields Enjoy Complete Happiness.

Too many people are merely speaking terms with nature. Too many are unfamiliar with the wonderful advantage of outdoor. Too many court heated comforts. They forget that their ancestors did not know what steam-heated house meant. It is time to broaden our views and to get close in touch with the great health-giving life of the open air.

There died not long ago a naturalist, John Muir, who had lived the better part of his life with nature. He loved the mountains and the natural life of all outdoors. His existence was a happy one. He died amid the surroundings of peace, happily, with a contented heart.

It is only those who know the freedom of the woods and the health-giving tonic of the open air who really enjoy complete happiness.

It is related that a sickly mother, not a great many months ago, carried a sickly baby to Doctor Evans, who looked the boy over and smilingly advised the worried parent to turn her boy loose in the parks, "let him live in the open air," he advised, "it is the only medicine that will do him any good."

This same advice can be applied to day to thousands of cases. On inclement days it is unwise to expose oneself. But when the sun shines and the air is keen and crisp, filled with the germs of life, one is extremely foolish not to take advantage of it.

If parents would only see that their youngsters are warmly clothed, that their shoes are sound and that their little legs are well protected, and then turn them out of doors and tell them to stay there, they would find their doctors' bills growing less and the health of their children growing better. They will also see a glow of rosy health in the young cheeks which is a certain indication of expanding youth, of glowing blood, of the creation of good health.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Feminism.

Feminism is the first attempt since the days of chivalry to think clearly and talk straight on this woman business, to call things by names that shall square with the facts and not with the appearance of the facts. It is woman suffrage with the bark off, for while woman suffrage wants us to change our ways of doing toward women, feminism demands that we change our ways of thinking about women.

Feminism is the crust on the loaf of man's daily bread, and the loafer who knows on which side his bread is buttered will eat crust with crust. It is the lemon on the peach tree in the garden of love, and wise is the man who has sense enough to give that lemonade. It is the lantern of Diogenes to search out and find an honest man, even under his wife's washbasin.

Feminism is the acid test of man's chivalry and of woman's sincerity.—L. Brooke in Pictorial Review.

Indian and Firewater.

The Indian is by no means a stupid fellow and many of them, although not signing the pledge, are in their own way protecting themselves when under the influence of liquor. In Miami, Fla., (among other things a trading post for the Seminoles), the story is current that these Indians always paddle down the Miami river in pairs; that they do their trading, deposit their surplus cash with a certain merchant of tried honesty, and then go off for a debauch, one on the first day and the other the next, the sober fellow refraining from even a drop of "firewater" until his brother has finished his fun. When both have had their day, under the guidance and protection of a sober mate, they reclaim their funds from their merchant depository and paddle away to their homes in the Everglades.—Case and Comment.

Russia Turns to America.

The British acting consul general at Odessa reports a statement in the Russkoe Slovo (Moscow), to the effect that the Russian minister of agriculture, when introducing his departmental estimates in the duma, stated that the lack of labor was making it self severely felt and that the use of implements and machinery for agricultural purposes in Russia must be largely extended. The department of agriculture, therefore, proposed to give large orders to American firms.

Molybdenum Found in Peru.

The exhibition of some samples of molybdenum ores taken from a newly discovered deposit in southern Peru, reports Commercial Attache William F. Montavon, is exciting considerable interest in Lima. It is claimed by Senor Eduardo S. Arenas, who brought six tons of the ore to Lima, that the mines are the largest known molybdenum deposits in the world. The ore brought to Lima is still in the School of Mines and has not yet been tested.

"Meticulous."

The use of the word "meticulous" in the sense of "particular," may be understood by the following definitions, which we quote in answer to a request for the citation of authorities: Century Dictionary, "timid; over-careful;" New Standard, "over-cautious;" Oxford Concise, "over-scrupulous about minute details." The word is from the Latin "meticulosus," "full of fear," the derivation being from "metus," "fear."

That's Why.

"Myers is a changed man since he bought that place in the country. When he lived in the city he used to be too lazy to hang up the pictures when he moved from one apartment to another, but now he's always pottering about his house and grounds, making some improvement or other." "Maybe he's trying to fix the place up so he can sell it again."

Little Things Count.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SHELLENS, Acting Director Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill. Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union

LESSON FOR MARCH 18

JESUS SAVES FROM SIN.

LESSON TEXT—John 8:12, 31-37. (Read entire chapter.) GOLDEN TEXT—If the Son then shall make you free, ye shall be free.—John 8:32.

Teachers should sketch rapidly chronological way the events in the life of our Lord. (See any good history and show that this lesson belongs to the period of the Galilean ministry. Jesus when he had gone up to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the tabernacle (John 7:1-52). Let us be led to lead our pupils with temperance, careful aim, concentrate all we say upon one definite aim, and pull the trigger, e. g. be sure to get a temperance charge and make a perance application.

I. The Slavery to Sin. Jesus' own references to water (Chs. 4 and 6) and to bread (ch. 6) were clearly outward occurrences; so with reference to light. In the treasury 20) near to Jesus as he spoke were colossal, golden lamp stands which when lighted the people entered with rejoicing. Amid the bluntness of this illumination, Jesus exclaimed: "I am the light of the world. Who that follows me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8:12). Let us be led to lead our pupils with temperance, careful aim, concentrate all we say upon one definite aim, and pull the trigger, e. g. be sure to get a temperance charge and make a perance application.

ii. The Possibility of Freedom. (John 8:31-36). These words were spoken "those which had believed on him," as the result they were to know truth, and the truth should make them free. Knowledge and liberty come by a continuance (abiding) in the word of God (John 14:15; 16:12-13). Many reject Jesus Christ because they do not wish to have their liberty, and so they lose their liberty. A child is a learner; Jesus is the teacher; the entrance examinations to school of Christ are the simple, necessary condition of believing or accepting him as Lord and teacher. Scholars are all the disciples who sit under his instruction. The test of the schooling is to make "free" men, "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. 4:22; Col. 4:12). Christ's school is only in the church and in the Sunday school and Young People's society. It is everywhere, in the home, in the office, at work and play; wherever is trying truly to live according to Christ's will, he is in his school, that school is open both day and night; there are no vacations and no recess. The text book is the Book of the Bible. We need not argue as to the necessity of sin, but realize the fact that all under sin (Rom. 5:12), but being der sin does not necessitate our abiding there, nor is sin necessary to being. This freedom here is from and the love of sin and the cause of the penalty of sin and the bondage of corroding care of sin. It is also freedom, freedom for Christian activity. A knowledge of the Bible is a liberal education, and true liberty to those who are thus educated. As contrasted to that we have the slavery of sin (vv. 34, 36). The drunkard is a slave because he is restrained from doing what he knows ought to do. He cannot even do so freely for his conscience constantly brands him. He is a slave because he is compelled to bear the consequences of sin against his will. The way to escape (v. 36) is through the Son