

TREBIZOND THREATENED BY THE RUSSIANS



This is a view of Trebizond, the Turkish port on the Black sea toward which the Russians have been pressing since the capture of Erzerum.

IN THE DAYS OF '49

Texan Recalls Experiences in California Gold Rush.

Found Indians Friendly Crossing the Plains—First Strike Was Handful of "Dirt" Containing \$200 Worth of Gold.

Fort Worth, Tex.—One of the few "Forty-Niners" who are still living is C. R. Post of this city, now ninety years old. He crossed the Great Divide to California, starting from St. Louis when it was a town of 8,000 or 10,000. He was one of a party of 400 who went west in the search for gold, most of them being Illinoisans, Post's former home being in Sangamon county. The party on leaving St. Louis had 100 oxen to draw the wagons, but Post found this method of traveling too slow, and so, with a few companions and four oxen, he set out ahead and beat the rest of the party to California by a month.

Post is still vigorous and takes great interest in business and church affairs. In September he returned from a visit to San Francisco, where he had been in its early days and had seen some of its thrilling events.

On his visit to San Francisco Post was able to find the site of the old boarding house where he stayed more than a half century ago, now part of Plymouth square.

The journey across the great plains was not accomplished without great hardship. Often they ran short of food, and frequently there was insufficient grass for the cattle. On the way they caught up with one party that had been reduced to such straits that its members became cannibals and actually ate one of their number.

While modern novels and the movies depict the Forty-Niners as having been attacked by Indians, their women stolen, men scalped and killed, Post says he found the Indians exceptionally friendly all the way across, although their party was a small one. Even the Sioux were hospitable.

After reaching Humboldt river the party followed the stream until it disappeared under a desert, to reappear after a stretch of many miles. Post's party took two days to cross the desert, two of the oxen dying on the trip. But, once across, there was the river again, cool and refreshing, and Post recalls how he stood on its banks for ten minutes contemplating it as the

HEAD OF AVIATION CORPS



Lieut. Col. Samuel Reber, head of the aviation corps of the army, and the aero branch itself, is under the probe of the war department following the charges of Senator Robinson of Arkansas that the aviation service was "contemptibly inefficient." Senator Robinson charged favoritism in promotion, that Colonel Reber had tried to get congress to buy autos "as accessories to airplanes" and that he is attempting to hide from his superiors the condition of affairs in the aviation corps.

most beautiful sight he had ever seen, before quenching his thirst.

Post was one of the fortunates who found gold. He located near Downeyville, and soon after beginning his hunt he dug his spade behind a rock in a shallow stream and drew it forth laden with "pay dirt" containing \$200 worth of gold.

Later Post engaged in the lumber trade, as San Francisco was paying sky-high prices for building material. He sawed trees into lumber and made big money at it. In 1852 he left San Francisco for St. Louis, via the isthmus of Panama, and crossed the isthmus along a mountain trail used for several centuries.

While every western town and mining camp was largely given over to gambling and drinking, Post says he has never taken a drink in his life, and that he gambled but ten cents. This was in 1852 in San Francisco, when he loaned a man in a dance hall that amount and lost.

HOOKED EAR SAVES LIFE

Wires Broke Withrow's Fall From Semaphore After He Had Been Snared.

Redding, Cal.—W. T. Withrow, assistant signal supervisor for the Southern Pacific on this division, considers that his life was saved by his ear. While repairing a semaphore at Cottonwood Withrow fell 30 feet, but when within eight feet of the ground he caught in some wires, his ear being "hooked" and his body thrown upon the wires, which broke his fall. Otherwise Withrow would have been killed in all probability, he says.

BRAIN FOOD FAILS

Diet to Overcome Drowsiness in Classes Given Up.

Hungry Girl Students Raid Sweets Shops—"Feeds" Off the Campus Blast Professors' Dreams of More Intellectual College.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—When Vassar professors got together recently to discuss the reason for pretty drooping heads and eyelids that just wouldn't stay open during afternoon classes, they reached the conclusion that the girls ate too much for luncheon. Since something had to be done to improve scholarship, they decided to attack the evil at its base—the field of supplies. The edict went forth. Thereafter, it was announced a week ago, luncheon was to consist of one course, with soup sometimes thrown in for good measure. Potatoes went first, in the belief that the absence of spuds would increase the list of honor students. 'Twas not to be. So all side dishes vanished next, followed by sweets. That was the last straw.

Corned beef and cabbage was the first day's menu. When the second day's luncheon loomed the girls faced salmon salad. The third day offered slices of meat, olives and cubes of cheese. And then—aye! and then—the following day the tables were decorated with a large, lone dish of stewed oysters.

The girls decided they had had enough brain food. The one and only topic of conversation at the luncheon table as long as the luncheon lasted was the luncheon. Pickles began disappearing from nearby shops and the proprietors suddenly saw visions of much bloated bank accounts. The girls went to the housekeepers and protested.

"We're starving," they said. "We've got to have more to eat or—"

The ultimatum was carried out last week. When through with the meals provided by the college the girls sought bake shops and lunch counters. The "off-the-campus tea rooms" were swamped with fair diners every noon. Candy stores ordered unusually large quantities from the manufacturers. The girls came in more sleepy than ever.

Authorities of the college decided to ease up a bit. The experiment, which was supposed to last a month at least, was cut short recently, when Miss Eleanor Leslie, president of the senior class, announced that the old order of hearty luncheons would be restored immediately.

When the new... floated over the campus it caused an outburst of rejoicing almost unprecedented. Today the tables were decorated with potatoes and the little sweets that tickle the palate. The shopkeepers wept bitterly as their balloons of hope were punctured.

But, it was learned from authorita-

CORPSE SPEAKS TO THEM

"Say! What Do You Want?" Supposed Dead Man Demands of Coroner's Assistants.

Omaha, Neb.—Coroner's assistants were preparing to place Sam Larson in the "dead basket" and carry him away to the undertaking parlors. A telephone report had informed the officials that Sam was dead. Suddenly the "corpse" stirred and then sat up. "Say, what do you fellows want?" "It" demanded in an aggrieved tone. "Sam was sent to the charity organization instead of to the undertaker's."

When nothing was seen of Sam, who is seventy-five years old, for several days, an investigation was made. He was found unconscious and it was believed that he was dead.

WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN

Woman While Celebrating One Hundredth Anniversary Declares She is Willing to Go.

St. Louis.—Mrs. Macle Reine Tachen Fusz has celebrated her one hundredth birthday by an after-dinner speech to 50 of her descendants and near relatives.

"I know it must have been an evidence of divine grace to have been permitted to live to such an age," said Mrs. Fusz. "However I feel that I would really prefer to be in heaven, for all the friends of my girlhood and young womanhood days are there."

Mrs. Fusz gets up at six o'clock to attend mass.

live sources, the persons responsible for the limited diet have not given up the plan.

MAN OBJECTS TO A BATH

Ran Away From Poor Farm Because It Was First Scrub in 20 Years.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Man's constitutional right not to take a bath has been raised in the case of D. W. Dodson, who ran away from the poor farm near Charleston because he was put in a tub and scrubbed.

Dodson entered the institution of his own accord, but stayed there only a short time, returning to Underwood. He alleges that he was forced to take a bath and that he was scrubbed with a stiff brush, and asserts that "it was enough to kill anyone to be soused in water this time of year, especially when one has not had a bath in more than twenty years."

SHE TAKES THE PRIZE



Miss Louise Delano, daughter of Frederick A. Delano of the federal reserve board, carried off first prize for costume at the Beaux Arts ball given in Washington by the capital's "smart set" for the relief of families of French artists, who have been killed or wounded in the war. Much money was lavished on costumes and the ball was brilliant. Miss Delano wore a costume of the 18th century. She is noted for her beauty.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Smithsonian Scientist Finds Bees Can Smell

WASHINGTON.—Experiments with 5,500 honey bees recently completed by Dr. N. E. McIndoo of the Smithsonian institution have led him to the conclusion that bees can smell and taste. The two senses are combined so closely that the scientist says they cannot be separated.



In testing the senses of these insects the following substances were the most important ones used: Vinegar, lime sulphur, kerosene, carbolic acid, formic acid, oil of peppermint, quinine and strychnine and various other salts mixed with cane sugar and honey.

The experiments show that bees like honey best of all foods, and that they are able to distinguish the differences between various kinds of honey. Doctor McIndoo also discovered that bees don't like oil of peppermint.

Doctor McIndoo's tests during four years convince him that the sense of smell of the bee is much keener than that of man, and that it serves him as a sense of smell and taste combined.

The department of agriculture also has been interesting itself in bees and is pointing out to beekeepers their needs, especially during the long flowerless winters.

The investigators of the department found, for instance, that fully 10 per cent of the colonies of bees in the country are lost each winter from starvation, cold and similar causes. One of the principal reasons for trouble is that the owners of colonies are not willing to allow their tiny laborers to retain a sufficient supply of the honey they have gathered to feed them even on a low ration, or in lieu of this to supply sugar sirup.

Another trouble is that the owners fail to make any provision for solving the temperature problem, assuming that the bees can manage to get through the winter's cold without trouble.

Plant Explorer Brings Specimens From Asia

FROM wanderings and explorations in the remote provinces of China, up into Tibet, across the stretches of the Gobi desert, into Russian Turkestan, across the Altai mountains, and through the virgin forests of the upper Yalu and Tumen rivers, Frank N. Meyer, plant explorer for the department of agriculture, has returned to Washington, bearing with him, in the form of hundreds of specimens carefully assorted, labeled and classified, new and strange plants, seeds, leaves, roots and cuttings that may, after thorough investigation and exhaustive tests, prove of incalculable value to the farmers, fruit growers and gardeners of the United States.



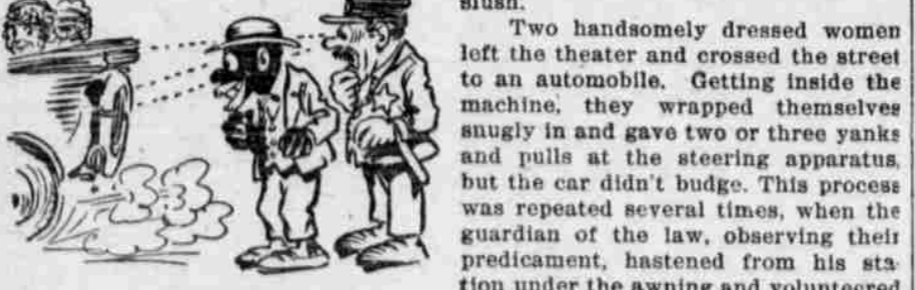
Startling as have been the adventures of other explorers of the earth's uncharted and unmapped regions, none of these have been of more interest than have befallen Mr. Meyer in his wanderings about the unknown regions that lie above and back of China. Indeed, his fourth and latest trip was cut short and he was forced to abandon his prearranged program because his bearers were strongly disinclined to enter the wilds of a hitherto unpenetrated portion of Tibet in the face of declarations by Tibetans that should they proceed they would most certainly be boiled alive in oil.

In search of plants of immediate economic importance to agriculture Mr. Meyer has traversed the fertile plains and the immense stretches of the steppes of eastern Siberia and has penetrated the jungles and the deserts where grow the rudimentary and as yet unused wild plants that may by cultivation be adapted to the use of man. Among his discoveries is the wild peach of China, believed by present-day scientists and botanists to be the parent stock. A wild pear is another discovery of this quiet Hollander on Uncle Sam's pay roll. This wild pear, sturdy, hardy and strongly resistant to diseases such as prove almost insuperable obstacles in the way of fruit growers, is to be used in tests and investigations as grafting stock, in the hope that it may be found the solution of the problem of eradicating pear blight and other tree diseases that for years have wrought havoc in American orchards. A hitherto unknown variety of chestnut, strongly resistant to the deadly chestnut blight that has killed thousands of trees in eastern United States was another of Mr. Meyer's discoveries.

Varieties of wild grapes and wild plums that may prove invaluable to American horticulturists are also among the discoveries of this scout of science, who has brought back with him cuttings and roots and seeds to be tested at the various experiment stations of the department of agriculture.

Story of the Auto, the Copper and the Negro

DURING the icy downpour of sleet that engulfed Washington on a recent day, one of Major Pullman's finest stood beneath the awning at the entrance to Keith's theater incased in his water-proof cape and watched the pedestrians floundering about in the slush.



Two handsomely dressed women left the theater and crossed the street to an automobile. Getting inside the machine, they wrapped themselves snugly in and gave two or three yanks and pulls at the steering apparatus, but the car didn't budge. This process was repeated several times, when the guardian of the law, observing their predicament, hastened from his station under the awning and volunteered assistance. The cop gave the iron starting handle a twirl or two, but there was no visible sign of life in the car. He tried it again, and then again and again. Gradually a crowd of sympathetic eyewitnesses gathered and offered advice. The "cop" gave his cap to a newboy to hold and then he tried it again. For some strange reason the car refused to move. Evidently the carburetor was sick or some other ailment peculiar to automobiles had seized the machine.

"Let me get a trial at dis car, boss," said a dusky son of toil, showing his way through the little circle. No one objected and, taking a firm grip on the handle, the darkey ran it around a couple of times. A pause for breath and he tried it again. The response was instantaneous, and as the motor commenced to work everybody laughed. The ladies expressed their thanks, the crowd dissolved, and the "cop" wended his weary way back up Fifteenth street to Keith's.

What the policeman had to say about automobiles as he strode along was confidential, but it was a comment which deserves to go down as "concise and peppery."

Bomb Scare Interrupted the Senatorial Labors

THE senate office building one afternoon recently was humming with the rapid workings of legislative machinery. But just as Senator Blank turned to Senator Dash and inquired "How many cards" a page entered in haste to whisper in the senatorial ear.

The senator gasped and, arising hastily and wrapping his senatorial dignity about him, took the shortest route to the door. He was followed by others, as the rumor spread that a German spy had been found in the garret and was about to drop a bomb down the elevator shaft.

But it was all wrong, Von Reventlow, it was all wrong. He wasn't a German, anyway; he was an Italian named Volpe Tommagua, and he didn't have any bomb, and he was caught by a policeman and taken where he belonged—to St. Elizabeth's, which is the Washington name for Matteawan.

N. R.—Senator Dash ultimately took three cards, but he didn't better.

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Belligerent. "Hard to get along with, isn't he?" "Oh, yes. He is as quarrelsome as a pacifist."

DRINK LOTS OF WATER TO FLUSH THE KIDNEYS

Eat Less Meat and Take Salts for Backache or Bladder Trouble—Neutralize Acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

Snore. "I sleep like a log." "With the saw going through it?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never grope or sicken.—Adv.

A Sign. "Is your sister at home, Bobbie?" "I think she is; I heard her say she wasn't expecting you."—Judge.