

MAKES FORTUNE BY SMUGGLING

Swedish "Rubber Baron" Tells How He Profited by Trading on Frontier.

WAS CLERK BEFORE THE WAR

Made His First Money Dealing in Russian Rubles—Then Engages in Smuggling Rubber From Finland and Gets Rich Quickly.

Stockholm, Sweden.—"You want to know what people smuggle? Go up the river then, and you will soon find out. They smuggle nearly everything, so it is rather difficult to answer the question offhand." So said a custom house officer at Haparanda, the little Swedish town on the frontier of Finland, to Herbert Ericson, a Swedish writer, who went up the Tornea valley to investigate the smuggling stories.

"While I was waiting for the Over-Tornea train to start, a motorcycle chugged into the station yard," said Ericson.

"That is one of our rubber barons," remarked an acquaintance to me. A rubber baron, in Haparanda talk, is a man who suddenly gets rich on smuggling rubber in from Finland. I was in luck, for the baron—Karlsson I will call him—traveled north in my compartment. He was a pleasant fellow. He did not remind me of the smart speculators I had met in Norway. He even looked embarrassed when I began to talk about smuggling.

Clerk Before the War.

"Presently he told me that at the outbreak of the war he had been a clerk in one of Norway's coast towns. He had earned his money in rubles.

"It is not generally known that many hundred Swedes have made big fortunes out of rubles. It happened like this: After the occupation of Poland and other regions of Russia, the Germans found that the population refused to take marks in payment for such supplies as were paid for. The people demanded rubles, and rubles the Germans did not have. The only way of getting them was through Sweden. The Russian government permitted no more than 500 to be taken out of the government by each traveler, but with the incentive of a good reward smugglers were not lacking. The Haparanda agents bought up these rubles and sent them down to Germany by sales.

"When the Germans had bought all the rubles they wanted Karlsson tried to smuggle drugs to Finland. That failed absolutely. He met with a disaster at the outset. His first consign-

DOUBLE OF CZAR'S DAUGHTER



Mrs. Ariadne Roomanov, wife of Kerensky's secretary, experienced an unusual surprise when she arrived in Tokyo. She is the double of Tatiana, daughter of the former czar, who was reported on her way to America. Mrs. Roomanov was offered an entire wing of the imperial palace at Tokyo for her accommodation while in the Japanese capital, it being the belief that she really was the daughter of the czar.

IS AS FATAL AS WAR

Tuberculosis Kills as Many as Fall From Bullets.

Dr. Livingstone Farrand Appeals to People to Enter Battle Against Disease.

New York.—Mortality from tuberculosis among the civilian population and in the armies of all the countries engaged in the war has at least approximated the total number of soldiers killed in battle, according to Dr. Livingstone Farrand, director of the American commission for the prevention of tuberculosis in France.

"That the people of America throw themselves into the winning of the war against tuberculosis with the same zeal with which they have hurled themselves against the Hun is the burden of an appeal made by Doctor Farrand on the eve of his return to France.

ment of several kilos of acetylsalicylic acid and 100 clinical thermometers was seized by the Swedish customs authorities and a heavy fine was imposed.

"So he got into touch with some Finnish merchants who, for a price, guaranteed to have a large quantity of rubber rings on the Swedish side of the river at a certain minute on a certain day.

"Entering into relations with a firm in Stockholm and finding that he could make many thousand kroner profit thereby, Karlsson told the Finns to go ahead. One night he went to Mattila, where the rubber was to be ready. Mattila is a tiny station on the Haparanda-Over-Tornea stretch of railway, and almost on the bank of the river.

"When he arrived there was no sign of a Russian custom house officer across stream. The revolution has altered matters. The Cossacks who used to patrol the Russian shore had disappeared. The new guards appointed by the revolutionaries found it more interesting to stay in Tornea. Karlsson picked up the rubber. This was only the first of a chain of such transactions he managed with financial success.

LIFE IS SAVED BY HANDKERCHIEF

Aviator, Stranded in No Man's Land, Faces Fire of Friend and Foe.

WAVED SIGNAL TO FRENCH

By Fast Running Sergeant Baughman Reaches Comrades in Safety—Is Rewarded With Military Medal by the French.

Washington.—Flight Sergeant James H. Baughman of Washington, who was transferred from the Lafayette escadrille to the Paris Air Defense squadron, has been reported a prisoner in unofficial advice to his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Baughman, president of the Dixie Agricultural company of Washington. Sergeant Baughman joined the Lafayette escadrille in 1917 when he was eighteen years old and won the Military medal, the highest French honor to noncommissioned men.

The incident that earned the sergeant the medal was described in a letter he wrote recently. Paying tribute to the wonderful spirit of his French comrades, Sergeant Baughman said:

"We had been sent out to patrol back of the German lines and to attack anything enemy we saw. Having incendiary balls in my gun, I was prepared to attack a German 'sausage' or observatory balloon. Just as I was beginning the descent to attack, I saw a Boche airplane going in the direction of our lines to do photographic work. I put on full speed and signaled to the other planes to follow. They evidently did not see my signal, for they didn't go down with me. When I got 100 meters from the Boche I started firing. The enemy replied by turning loose both guns at me. I must have got him, however, with the first blast, for when I pulled up to make another dive he was silent.

"Then something happened that would make the goddest man on earth cuss, and as I am not one of the best, you can imagine that I left little unsaid. My motor stopped absolutely dead. There was only one thing for me to do and that was to dive, lose the Boche and try to volplane to the French lines. As I went past the German machine it immediately came down and, putting some nice steel very close to him, I did all the acrobatics I had ever learned. When I had finished I found that I had come down from 10,000 to 1,000 feet and there was no Boche in sight.

"I then looked around for a place to land. I saw a fairly good place off to the right and made it. I then stepped out of the machine—right on the face

of a dead German. It took me a minute to realize what was happening and I awoke to the sound of bullets whizzing past my head. That didn't disturb me much, because I was wondering why somebody hadn't buried the German. Looking around, however, all I could see was dead Germans. It suddenly dawned on me that I was in No Man's Land. Of all the places there are to land in France and Germany I had to land between the two.

"Then I realized what a predicament I was in and began to think up some way to get out of it. The thought came to me that if I was nearer the German lines than to the French, I had better get rid of those incendiary balls in my pocket, for if the Germans catch you with them you are shot at once. I climbed back into my machine to the tune of bullets and took out a load of over 300 cartridges, threw them on the ground and then removed my compass and altimeter.

"The first thing I struck was a grave, unfinished, with two of the enemy in it. I eased myself down into it, lifted up one of the Germans and put the cartridges beneath him. I started walking back to my machine. As I got near it the Boche lines started their mitrailleurs and rifles at me, and the French, unaware that I was one of them, also opened up. I had to walk 500 feet between the lines and it was so close with all that fire concentrated in my direction. One bullet passed so close to my face that I really felt the wind. I decided that I'd have to go to one of the lines, enemy or friend, but just then I heard a machine overhead. I looked up and saw white puffs breaking out all around it.

"On the way the fire got so hot I had to fall face down, and I didn't move for, I guess, five minutes. There being no good reason for my being shot like a dog, I yanked out my handkerchief and waved it at the French lines.

"They finally got it, after ten minutes of waving, and I saw a French officer beckoning me from a bit of woods. If there ever has been a faster 50-yard sprint I never heard of it. I ran so fast that I ran right into the officer, and very nearly knocked his revolver out of his hand. I showed him my identification card and then started cursing him for shooting at me. He had been taking potshots at me out there. He apologized, saying that he could only see my head, because his position was slightly lower than No Man's Land.

"They took me up to the divisional general, and I reported that I had seen more than 300 dead Germans and only two Frenchmen. It made him so happy that he gave me a dinner, and complimented me for being a good soldier."

fering from it is planned through 1,500 local societies of the National Tuberculosis association.

Karlsson has meticulously taken the goods so smuggled to the Swedish customs authorities, to be assessed for duty. Quantities of tin, flour and linseed oil have similarly come over the river for many months past. Tin gives the Finns an advantage. I found one case where a druggist had come to grief by taking delivery of and paying heavily for a thousand kilos of a cheap alloy. The flour smuggling seems to indicate that the Finns engaged must be blackguards of a particularly obnoxious type, for they ship flour out of their land while they know that tens of thousands of their fellow countrymen are nearly starving and that their government is sending out commissions full of piteous appeals to other lands, America included, to spare them a little flour. It seems curious that these commissions could not have tarried a week at the frontier and organized a guard to put a stop to the drain of flour there."

PHONE COMPANY PUTS BAN ON HUN MESSAGES

Brookfield, Mo.—Complying with the request of the Linn county council of defense, the Bell Telephone company of this city, has issued an order to all patrons of its system prohibiting any other language than English over the telephone lines.

The Habit of Self-Denial

By REV. ED. F. COOK, D. D., Director Missionary Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Luke 9:23.

It requires self-abnegation to follow Christ in the way of everlasting life, and utmost self-denial to enter fully with him into his program for the world.



The self-denial of which the Master speaks in the text is not to be thought of as an impulsive act, or as a spasmodic self-forgetfulness, but rather as a habit of life.

The self-denial to which he refers is more than unselfishness in meeting emergent demands. It is more than liberality in times of special public need; it is in reality a matter of daily practice. The Master no doubt places special emphasis upon "daily" when he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." A self-denial which is less than a fixed principle of life and less than a daily practice cannot usher a man into the comradeship of Christ in service. If ever we follow him truly it is in the way which he here describes.

In the day of our nation's glory and power, with the doors of Christian opportunity wide open in every land, we have failed to enter fully into the Master's plan for his world. Christ has been too largely shut out of the life of the American people through a gradual yielding to the subtle temptations of great prosperity. We have accepted with indifference his great commission and have put forth but meager effort to evangelize the nations. The love of luxury and ease has produced such softness and self-indulgence in the churches of America as renders difficult the response to a challenge which demands heroic self-denial and self-abnegating service.

The American people have, however, been brought by the exigencies of war to the practice of self-denial, self-sacrifice and liberality in giving to an extent unprecedented in our history. Splendid has been the response to the nation's call for men and money. Both are being offered without stint. The moving of the American heart in pity for human suffering, and the new evaluation of physical strength and moral power, have led the American people to pour out their wealth in order to feed the hungry, heal the suffering, comfort the sorrowing, and to equip and protect our soldiers in both moral and physical efficiency. In the awful school of war we are learning lessons of great moral value.

The peril is that after the war we may lapse again into the softness and needless self-indulgence of other days. Weary of self-restraint and self-denial, it will be easy to rush again to the frivolities and pleasures of the world and to the luxuries living to which the American people have become so accustomed.

In such a return to selfishness, self-indulgence and self-love, there are imminent perils to our nation and to the cause of Christ. Against such a peril our people must be protected. This can best be done by keeping before them the Master's great world-program: The enterprise of foreign missions. It alone of all human enterprises carries the full moral equivalent of war. It alone makes a like appeal to that of war—to love, to loyalty, to courage and self-sacrifice. The missionary enterprise alone presents the utmost appeal of love to God and of love to our fellow men. It develops as no other obligation or activity the sense of the Fatherhood of God and the consciousness of the brotherhood of man. If we would preserve in the heart of this nation the finest, the noblest, the best products in human character of this great war, we must make of America a great missionary nation, fired with a passion for worldwide service. To this end the churches of America must be held to a vision of the Master's missionary program for the world. They must be led to see that victory for the allies is but a partial victory and the world-wide peace which the allies demand but a temporary peace, unless we hold the "salient" already driven into heathen darkness, and resolutely drive on to fullest success in the foreign mission enterprise. There is no possible basis of permanent world-peace which does not take account of Christ and his kingdom on earth.

It is of supreme importance, therefore, that we bear with new interest and resolution the Master's challenge to self-denial. Having learned in war through love of country the meaning of willing self-sacrifice, let us now for love of Christ learn the full meaning of following him in sacrificial service.

GIRL CUTS OFF TRESSES SO AS TO BUY W. S. S.

Dayton, O.—Juanita Dowell, eleven, cut off her beautiful chestnut curls to help with the war. She then notified an officer of the National Security league that she wished the hair to be sold in Portland, Ore., and that the money be used in buying War Savings stamps. Gertrude Atherton, the author, made the first bid on the tresses at \$5. The child's explanatory letter is to be sold along with the hair to the highest bidder.

An English scientist claims to have discovered a gas that has the same relation to hydrogen that ozone has to oxygen.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

From the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, D. C., July 8, the following article appears about the motor corps service:

"More than six thousand women now are included in the personnel of the Red Cross motor corps service. As a result of a conference recently held in Washington at the call of the director of the bureau of motor corps service, the motor service in six of the principal cities of the country which previously had been independent in its organization, was amalgamated with the Red Cross corps. This makes the Red Cross motor corps service a thoroughly co-ordinated institution, able to meet the local and inter-local demands for transportation throughout the length and breadth of the land on a nationalized basis.

The organizations which have become parts of the Red Cross motor corps service are the motor messenger service of Philadelphia, the National Service league motor corps of Atlanta, the National Service league motor corps of New York city and Buffalo, the emergency motor corps of New Orleans, and the emergency drivers of Chicago. All these organizations were represented at the conference by their commanding officers, who now become commanders of the Red Cross motor corps service in their respective cities. The four independent services

added more than six hundred members to the motor corps ranks.

In the comparatively few months during which the national bureau has been in control of the volunteer motor corps of the various cities, important progress has been made in efficacy and uniformity of service. Rules and requirements have been standardized so that those not enthusiastically sincere in their work find no interest in the service. Under the conditions existing a certified driver feels pride in her position.

In conformity with the request of the war department the uniform of khaki and the insignia formerly employed have been discarded. The new regulation uniform of the motor corps is to be of Red Cross Oxford gray. Commanders will wear three silver diamonds, embroidered on their shoulder straps. Captains will wear two silver diamonds, first lieutenants one, and second lieutenants a gilt diamond. Pearl gray tabs on the collar will indicate staff officers. Service stripes will be worn on the sleeves.

The cars of the service are to be distinguished by a white metal pennant, bearing the red cross and the words "Motor Corps." This and the driver's identification card will be sufficient to give the cars the right of way when on official business.

Georgette and Satin Join Forces



Georgette crepe and satin have rivaled one another in afternoon gowns during the present summer, with georgette the choice a little more often than satin. But with summer on the wane, the indications are that satin will outstrip georgette and hold first place in fashion's favor. A lovely gown is shown in the picture, in which these two beautiful materials have joined forces to make a dress of wonderful distinction in which beige colored georgette and black satin are brightened with a beaded passementerie. It is one of the new evolutions that have come along in the train of slip-over garments.

There are several features in this new model that will commend it to the woman who has present need of a new afternoon gown. We have come to the place where it goes without saying that an afternoon gown will do double duty as long as it survives the demands made upon it for both afternoon and evening; for it must take the place of evening gowns. To begin with the most essential of all things, this particular model has beautiful lines. It is cut in an original manner with a narrow yoke and upper portion of the sleeves in one. The body of the gown hangs in straight lines from the yoke, to which it is attached with hemstitching. The lower part of the long flaring sleeve is joined to the upper portion in the same way.

The lower part of the gown shows two wide bands of black satin, one of them set on to an underslip of silk and the other to the georgette of the frock. Where these are joined two narrow bands of beaded trimming, in black and beige, make a very rich and effective finish. The sleeves are banded with this trimming at the hand. The underslip is of beige colored foulard, with a black scroll design in it, but plain foulard or taffeta is as good a choice for a gown that is to do duty for evening wear. The narrow sash is of black satin and loops over at the back, weighted at

the ends with beaded tassels. A hat with black malines brim and black panne velvet crown is noncommittal as to whether it is a summer or winter affair; it belongs to either, and is a fine companion piece for the gown.

Julia Bottomley

From Center of Ball.

There is a best way of winding wool for knitting and that is the way that causes the wool to unwind from the center. To do this roll a piece of stiff paper two and a half inches long by two inches wide into a tube. Measure off about eight inches of wool at the end and begin winding the rest about the tube. When enough has been wound to hold the tube securely tuck the eight-inch loose end completely into one end of the tube. Do not cover this end in further winding, but the other end may be covered. It is best to wind six or eight times in one direction before turning to wind in another direction. When the skein is completely wound tuck the last end well into the ball. Pull out the tube, bringing with it the long loose end for knitting. If many balls are wound at once or if a ball is not to be used immediately it is a good idea to allow the tube to remain in the ball till ready for use.

Darning Tip. When underlaying and darning a sleeve, where you are apt to catch the under side of the sleeve, slip a piece of stiff glazed paper into the sleeve. You can then work freely and feel sure that your needle will not catch through the paper.

Lace in Lingerie. Lace is still much used in fine lingerie, and the finest of real filet is used with charming effect. It wears well, too, and in these days when we try to buy with wisdom, we think a bit about the durability of our lingerie.