Winning Essays in Home Lighting Contest Named

15,000 Children Enter Competition; Inez McRoberts, 3713 North 24th St., Gets First Prize.

Girls won the first five local major prizes offered by the Omaha Electrical league and lighting educational committee in the local Better Home lighting essay contest. The first boy to win a prize was seventh from the head of the list.

Inez McRoberts, 3713 North Twenty-fourth street, won the first prize, a $300 scholarship. She is 11 years old and is in the seventh grade.

The other four leading prizes ranged from $100 to $20.

The judges in deciding the winners did not know the names of the writers. Each essay turned in was given a number and graded according to number.

The first boy to win was Cecil Wickstrum, 1907 Wirt street. He won the seventh prize of $5.

The public is invited to attend the awarding of the prizes to the 226 winners at a mass meeting to be held at 10:30 a. m., Friday, January 2, at the Brandeis theater. At this time all of the individual prizes and school prizes will be awarded. The prizes total $2,000 in value.

Both the local and the national essay contest opened on October 7 and closed November 14. More than 15,000 school children took part in the contest, that many primers having been distributed. The children in Omaha finished and submitted 5,112 essays. The contest was open to all school children above 10 years of age.

The Omaha committee has sent to New York 25 of the best essays in the Omaha contest. These are to be submitted in the national essay contest. The first prize of the national essay contest is a $15,000 model electric home.

Model Home Completed.

A model of this home has been constructed by the Benson & Garrett company under the supervision of the Omaha Electrical league here. This home is located at 661 North Fifty-sixth street. It will be thoroughly furnished and guides will explain all the new electrical equipment and lighting in the home. This home will be open January 3.

The Omaha contest was under the direction of a sponsoring committee. This committee consisted of Mayor James C. Dahlman, C. G. Powell, J. H. Beveridge, Rev. James Ahearn, W. R. Watson, Ballard Dunn, Neal Jones and A. D. Barber.

The work of carrying on the essay contest was under the direction of the development committee of the Omaha Electrical league, with K. P. Goewey of the Nebraska Power company as chairman. The regional headquarters of the campaign was also located in Omaha, with Glen A. Walker as director for the states of Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Iowa.

A. D. Barber of the Western Electric company, George Johnston of the Midwest Electric company, City Electrician Israel Lovett and all executives of the Omaha Electrical league worked closely with Mr. Goewey in making the campaign a success.

Schools Get Flags.

Silk flags will be awarded to 14 Omaha schools. When the contest opened a silk flag was offered to the school having the largest number of essays written in proportion to its enrollment.

Competition was so keen that 14 schools turned in 100 per cent. A $50 flag will be presented to each of the following 14 schools: Webster, Kellom, St. Wenceslas, St. Patrick, Benson, Central, Sacred Heart, Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Jungmann, Benson Junior High, Corrigan, Bancroft, Edward Rosewater, Castelar and Lincoln.

Omaha was the center of the national essay contest. Special attention was given to it here because the national campaign was the idea of J. E. Davidson, general manager and vice president of the Nebraska Power company. Mr. Davidson consulted with leading educators of the country and received their endorsement and then launched the national campaign during the early part of this year. He was the directing force in the campaign from that time until it closed.

Better Vision Is Aim.

Mr. Davidson is now first vice president of the National Electric Light association, and will be national president next year. This will be the first time this office has been held by an Omahan.

"The purpose of this essay contest and the better home lighting campaign was to interest the American people in proper and better home lighting in order to check the spreading of poor vision among the youth of the country," Mr. Davidson said.

The Omaha committee feels that Inez McRoberts has an excellent opportunity of winning the first national prize. Her originality and literary effort shows in a clear manner the very interesting way in which she choose the various electric light fixtures. Pictures of these fixtures were carefully pasted by her in the primmer, and she told in her original way how she surveyed the lighting situation in the home of her parents and two neighbors.

Following are the prize-winning pupils:

First Prize—Inez McRoberts, 3713 North Twenty-fourth street.

Second Prize—Bernice Nestlebush, 2104 Maple street.

Third Prize—Mary Fogarty, 1816 Wirt street.

Fourth Prize—Joan Aurelia Pellegrin, 2120 Binney street.

Fifth Prize—Judith Anne Iwersen, 2218 Evans street.

Sixth Prize to Twenty-fifth, Inclusive—Levine Louwerse, 1404 South Tenth street; Cecil Wickstrum, 1907 Wirt street; Virginia Linder, 1623 North Sixty-sixth street; Cecilia Teresa Kelly, 2407 North Eighteenth street; Grace Ellis MacDue, 1412 North Twenty-fourth street; Jack Thompson Hall, 2435 Manderson street; Dorothy Lunette Barber, 2621 North Fortieth street; Lawrence J. Abts, 4004 South Twenty-fourth street; Mildred Hrbek, 1820 O street; Sophia Bruggeman, 4207 South Eleventh street; Susan Hosier, 3723 North Eighteenth street; Alice Marcella Hackenberg, 1477 Emmet street; Martin Wickett, 2445 Browne street; Rachel Beatrice Brown, 1920 Binney street; Bertha Stricker, 1428 North Forty-first avenue; Helen Marie LaBrie, 3811 Franklin street; Dorothy Marine Braun, 701 Dorcas street; Bernice Velora Culton, 4725 South Twentieth street; Erma Nelson, 2510 Emmett street; John Jacob Weber, 4822 North Thirtieth street.

Twenty-sixth Prize to Fiftieth, Inclusive—Bernice Burwell, 6505 Wirt street; Emily Kubilius, 2418 Sixty-first street; Eleanor Amelia Needham, 4362 Mason street; Clifford James Wilson, 2615 Binney street; Marguerite Couch, 4216 Erskine street; Mary Lupton, 3142 South Sixteenth street; Margaret Feral, 1462 South Fifteenth street; Agnes Reynek, 1312 Atlas street; Marjorie Sniffer, 3903 North Seventeenth street; Catherine Morrissey, 2106 Locust street; Irene Schneider, 3428 North Sixty-seventh avenue; William Waldo Scott, 2102 Spencer street; Alice Jane Owen, 2027 Spencer street; Emily Hall, 2425 Manderson street; Christine M. Forsi, 1726 South Ninth street; Mary Eileen McKernan, 4520 South Eighteenth street; Margaret Mary Klausner, 2345 South Thirty-fifth street; Agnes Foral, 1462 South Fifteenth street; Mildred Anna VanHaven, 2107 South Thirty-ninth street; Audrey Jane Strayer, 3811 North Fifty-third street; Marie Falcone, 2517 North Twentieth street; Martha Cook, 6339 Spencer street; Charles Lavering, 2554 Manderson street; Eileen Merten, 1616 Wirt street; Clare Kinney, 2629 Cass street.

Honorable Mention—Twenty-five medals (watch fobs) for boys: Paul E. Gustafson, 2624 North Nineteenth street; Howard Peterson, 2715 North Sixty-third street; John Burke, 1811 Evans street; Paul Johnson, 1920 Emmet street; Eugene Gradwell, 6241 Decatur street; Fred Hamilton, Seventy-eighth street and Keystone drive; Marshall Walter Saup, 2576 Evans street; Charles Spalek, 1706 South Eleventh street; Frederick Seely, 5012 Izard street; Eddie Evans, 2919 Douglas street; Delmer Franklin Campbell, 1909 South Second street; John Hoenig, 139 North Thirty-eighth street; William Hackenberg, 1477 Emmet street; Carl Wiseman, Keystone park; Robert Macfie Sharp, 2601 Emmet street; Thomas W. Deakin, 4602 Fontenelle boulevard; Byron Haver, 2516 North Sixty-first street; Stanley Prindle, 4928½ South Nineteenth street; Alfred Dennell, 4515 South Twenty-sixth street; Edward O'Hearn, 3824 North Sixty-first street; Robert Rasmussen, 2512 North Sixty-sixth avenue; Taylor Waldron, 120 North Forty-third street; Edward Swotek, 1510 Willis avenue; Joe Aubrey Neal, 6338 Spencer street; Lester Ptacek, 3916 North Fifty-fourth street.

Honorable Mention—Twenty-five medals (ribbon pendants) for girls: Agnes Winans, 2533 South Seventh street; Jean Murphy, 201 South Thirty-sixth street; Marie A. Pavlik, 5602 South Nineteenth street; Mary Distefano, 1413 South Fourteenth street; Marie Bogard, 524 North Thirty-third street; Florence Agnes Wrabets, 4931 North Twenty-first street; Adeline Howley, 2327 South Twenty-third street; Carroll Hannigan, 2211 Miami street; Kathleen Spencer, 2011 Maple street; Eleanor Horkey, 5410 South Nineteenth street; Josephine Julia Larsen, 1017 Arbor street; Alice R. Kreesk, 1708 South Twelfth street; Gene Marie Vana, 5014 South Twenty-third street; Winifred Hasley, 5716 North Twenty-second street; Ethel Alice Charron, 5102 North Thirty-sixth street; Katherine Mary Edghill, 2812 North Nineteenth avenue; Anna Tixa, 2512 Pinkney street; Mary Florence Mitchell, 132 North Fortieth street; Frances Eleanor Gilbreath, 4235 Patrick avenue; Marjorie Graves, 6647 Bedford avenue; Catherin Reilly, 2719 South Twentieth street; Bernice Keiser, 2057 North Sixteenth avenue; Frances Vondra, 5221 South Twenty-second street; Helen Michelle, 1722 South Seventeenth street; Marian W. Finkenson, 6628 Emile street.

"Better Home Lighting Essay," pencil awarded next 140 best essays: Jemetta McCaffrey, 4325 Binney street; Lucile Kundy, 4709½ South Twentieth street; Marie Andra, 2232 South Twelfth street; Mildred Vaska, 1707 South Eleventh street; Ruth Olsen, 2501 South Thirtieth street; Robert Southard, 2301 T street; Gertrude E. Miller, 203 Haskell street; Marjorie L. Heckman, 1810 Manderson street; Sally Williams, 212 South Thirty-fourth street; Stazie Chytil, 5123 South Nineteenth street; Kathleen Elizabeth Eaton, 2018 Binney street; Lucile Jensen, 3148 North Fifty-ninth street; Jane Harmon, 2411 Emmet street; Eileen O'Reilly, 2887 Crown Point avenue; Leo Brennan, 4325 South Twenty-fifth street; Josephine Cecelia Buhon, 2107 North Eighteenth street; Margaret Sobizyk, 3002 Vinton street; Junior Johndrean, 3025 Webster street; Eileen Draney, 2919 Pacific street.

Jack Watherston, 4312 Wakeley street; Niamoa Flesher, 3619 North Sixty-fourth street; Bertha Edith Nielson, 5211 North Eleventh street; Ethel Ingram, 2402 South Thirty-third street; Mary Norris, 1938 South Tenth street; Georgia Nelson, 2333 South Twenty-fourth street; Juanita Allen, 2521 South Twenty-first street; Josephine Helen Kelly, 2104 Davenport street; Edna See, 119 North Fifteenth street; Wanda Julawick, 4433 South Thirty-second street; Edwardia Seller, 2311 North Twenty-fifth avenue; Ida Wienzvek, 2222 Miami street; Mary Jane Mercer, 4220 Cuming street; Marion Wacek, 2524 North Fiftieth street; Clare M. Fitzgerald, 2808 North Fiftieth street; Sarah Goodbinder, 2445 Pinkney street.

Marie Winans, 2533 South Seventh street; Patricia Ellen Buckley, 2509 North Forty-ninth street; Helen Wear, 2434 Dodge street; Leona Charron, 5102 North Thirty-sixth street; Ruth Krcal, 1701 South Ninth street; Lillian Lucile Cenk, 5128 South Eighteenth street; Frances Humphrey, Fifty-second and Bedford avenue; Mariel Russell, 2552 Fowler avenue; Elaine Halbe, 5101 North Thirtieth street; Mae Averill Larson, 2737 Meredith avenue; Nova Pearl Harrow, 2824 North Fifty-fifth street; Georgia Kroupa, 4113 South Ninth street; Marguerite Price, 2232 Lake street; Katherine Buscardo, 4553 Davenport street; Delima Bee Young, 4910 North Thirty-eighth street; Elma Margaret Hansen, 4602 Redman avenue; Leona Beryle Upchurch, 4622 South Twenty-second street; Henrietta M. Timmins, 2920 Fort street.

Leola Parcell, 7055 Wirt street; Doris Monaghan, 2583 Manderson street; Elsie Foucek, 2861 Cass street; Marie J. Sabata, 1960 South Eleventh street; Janice Miller, Sixtieth and Western; Irene Schea, 965 North Twenty-sixth street; Leora Culver, 5140 Bedford avenue; Edith Epstein, 980 North Twenty-sixth street; Marvin Renford, 4572 Parnam street; Elizabeth Rose McNicholas, 1028 North Forty-first street; Maude Louise Fowler, 4002 Seward street; Catherine Walsh, 722 South Thirty-eighth avenue; Olga Byba, 2724 P street; Amelia Jacoby, 2409 G street; Eleanor Lynch, 2302 South Twelfth street; Carrie Belle Gossard, 6614 Emmet street; Marjorie Munroe, 2704 North Sixtieth street; Bessie Baker, 2819 North Twenty-first street; Mary Loraine Laird, 4916 North Twenty-sixth avenue; Beatrice Martin, 208 North Thirty-fifth avenue; Pearl Marcus, 2444 Grant street.

Hazel Molgard, Route 4, South Omaha; Ruthella Schorle, 4808 North Forty-second street; Theophilia Kubilius, 2216 North Sixty-first street; Josephine Neffino, 1325 South Twenty-second street; Helen E. Clarkson, 1806 Emmet street; Ernest Stefan, 4319 Saratoga street; Kathryn Marsh, 1520 Monroe street; Helen Clare Schneider, 2736 Redick avenue; Beatrice Silverman, 832 South Twenty-first street; Edward Barakat, 214 South Thirteenth street; Mary Eleanor McCall, 4108 Parnam street; Irene Johnson, 2364 Cass street; John Morgan Gepson, 4236 Grant street; Doris Mae Haney, 1623 Jefferson street; Hazelle Iverson, 5128 Pinkney street; Elizabeth Hamilton, 2511 Lake street; Nora Pat Dugdale, 4032 Seward street.

Natalie E. White, 702 South Twenty-seventh street; Albert E. Koch, Route 1, Prairie Center; Donald Nelson, 4315 Seward street; June Pennington, 4115 Charles street; Sophia Olem, 4503 South Thirty-third street; Florence Casey, 2620 Davenport street; Norman Leroy Derry, 4524 Charles street; Helen Henshaw, 1308 North Forty-second street; Mary Marguerite Pinto, 3208 Oak street; Margaret Flannery, 2491 North Forty-seventh avenue; Mildred Guggenmos, 2848 Cass street; Helen Calhoun, 2590 Pratt street; Ruth Vera Behrens, 4420 Underwood street; Mary Louise Festner, 2591 Manderson street; Madeline Edren, 3323 North Thirtieth street; Mildred Krazskow, 1522 North Fortieth street.

Fern Linder, 4832 Seward street; Warren Stevens, 3913 North Eighteenth street; Virginia Allen, 2820 Bristol street; Edward Rice, 1944 Otto street; Earl Nelsen, 2510 Emmet street; Robert Filling, 2207 Pinkney street; Virginia Jones, Carter Lake club; Leo Joseph Semones, 3401 North Sixteenth street; Rosanna Wacker, 4006 South Twenty-fourth street; Helen Cecelia Doll, 3161 Miami street; Dorothy Loringer, 4119 North Twenty-fifth street; Ethel Kenny, 1826 Pinkney street; Marie Mollmer, 2817 North Fifteenth street; Katherine Carey, 3224 North Nineteenth street; Jack Graham, 1828 Binney street; Rose Rita O'Neill, 3233 Manderson street; Charles William Merriman, 1302 South Sixth street; Anna Cerveny, 5205 South Twentieth street.

Marie Simon, 5622 South Forty-seventh street; Peter Holdorf, 6846 Binney street; Evelyn Cox, 1919 North Twenty-ninth street; Florence Dowd, 3012 Decatur street; Edward Wachtler, 3115 Webster street; Marie T. Rosenz, 1615 Binney street; John O'Donnell, 2119 Maple street; Mary Elizabeth Clevenger, 3016 Pinkney street; Genevieve Marie Schneckenberger, 2229 Locust street; Alice Wear, 2923 North Thirty-third street; Laura Barnes, 2528 North Twenty-fourth street; Ronald Barton, 2227 Evans street; Howard Williams Smith, 2422 Manderson street; Pearl Dansky, 2608 Pinkney street; Gertrude Bradford, 2817 Pratt street.

Inez McRoberts' prize-winning essay follows:

THE FAIRY OF GOOD EYESIGHT.

The wind shrieked and the rain beat wildly on the window pane as I sat before the cheerful fireplace in the living room, reading by its ruddy glow.

"I think you are very cruel to abuse me so," came a cross little voice from the mantel.

I was so startled that I jumped to my feet, dropping my book, only to see a fairy scarcely six inches high sitting on the clock, looking very angry.

"Where did you come from?" I gasped.

"I didn't come," she replied indignantly. "I've been with you all your life.

"Who are you, then?" I asked in sheer astonishment.

"I am the Fairy of Good Eyesight. You have all but murdered me and I can stand it no longer!" she sobbed.

"I—I beg your pardon, but I do not understand."

"You have abused me nearly all your life by reading in poor light. You have both of my enemies at your home—Mr. Gloom and Mr. Glare—the weakening cousins. Soon you shall pay the penalty for weakening me by wearing glasses. In order to keep me well and strong you must have sufficient light and proper shading.

"In this room your ceiling fixture has three 50-watt bulbs, but there," said the fairy, "is a light which is not properly shaded because I can see the bright filament. You should have a piano lamp beside the piano, while bracket fixtures with soft rose shades would make the room more beautiful.

"Come, let us go through the rest of the house and I will show you some more mistakes."

As I stood by the mantel, the fairy sprang lightly to my shoulder and we proceeded. As we entered the dining room she smiled.

"It is my greatest pleasure to come here for the evening meal. The two 100-watt bulbs under that old shade dead the table with a soft glow while the golden candelabra and bracket fixtures with 25-watt bulbs make the room more beautiful.

"When we reached the kitchen she sighed as though it were a hopeless task to procure proper lighting in our home.

"You should have bracket fixtures with 50-watt bulbs enclosed in dense milk-white shades over the sink and stove so that you won't be in your own light. Then your ceiling fixture should have a 100-watt clear bulb."

Next was the vestibule.

"It is well lighted," she said, "because your ceiling fixture has three 50-watt bulbs and you have bracket fixtures on each side of the mirror."

As we slowly wound our way up the massive stairs, she began to sing a lilting melody, but as we entered the bedroom her spirits fell and she began to grumble.

"There should be a reading lamp with a 50-watt bulb near the head of the bed, candles on the dresser and bracket fixtures with 25-watt bulbs on each side of the dressing table, besides the central fixture with a 100-watt bulb."

In the bathroom the fairy said critically, "Do you expect to see in that mirror with one 25-watt bulb at the side? Why, only half of your face will be lighted. There should be a 50-watt bulb on each side."

Then we looked around the outside of the house.

"You have lanterns with 50-watt bulbs at the main entrance, but you should have a fixture at the rear entrance."

With these words she vanished from my shoulder. The next morning I had an electrician from the Nebraska Power company put proper lighting in my home to protect my Fairy of Good Eyesight.

It can be stated on the highest and absolutely unimpeachable authority that there will be no war between the nations of Europe as to which shall be the first to pay its war debts to the United States.—Detroit Free Press.

Girls Win Major Essay Prizes

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Smooth, White Skin That Defies Weather

During the coming months of biting winds and intense cold, you who would keep your skins smooth, white and velvety, should turn your attention to mercolized wax. Nothing else will so effectively prevent or remove a chapped, roughened or discolored surface. By gradually absorbing the weather-beaten cuticle, the complexion is kept in perfect condition, and even the beauty of expression appears more pronounced. If your skin be coarse, blotchy, pimply, freckled, sallow or overred, why not shed it? One ounce of ordinary mercolized wax, to be had at any druggist's, will completely transform the most unsightly complexion in a few days. Use the wax nightly, like cold cream, washing it off mornings.

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Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Otis Skinner Tells Own Tale in His Own Way

Adds Delightful Volume to the Annals of American Stage in Form of Autobiography.

"FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS: RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE ON THE STAGE," by Otis Skinner; the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis, publishers.

This merriest of mummers, most wholesome of men, most dependable of friends, as well as most capable of actors, has added to the swelling tide of autobiography a delightful volume. He has extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice, but tells in the way his intimates are familiar with, some outstanding incidents of a very busy life. Along with these go kindly commentary on people of the stage and bits of anecdotes that make the whole seem like a chat with the gifted author, rather than a more or less formal book.

As might have been expected, the work is dedicated to "M. D. S," which means Maude Durbin Skinner, the one-time charming young actress, who gave up a career on the stage to become the wife and mother, the companion and homemaker for Otis Skinner. And the jacket and the frontispiece bear the reproduction of George Luks' painting of Mr. Skinner in the character of Phillippe Brideau, in "The Honor of the Family," a role to which the star has given so much of his attention, and which he prizes as one of his most satisfactory creations.

Skinner's Long and Busy Record.

How many play-goers can remember the good old days of the theater days of Janauscheck, Lotta, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Edwin Booth, Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Ada Rehan? Few of our present-day play-goers realize that the career of Otis Skinner is closely and affectionately interwoven with the stage lives of these great players of another day.

Mr. Skinner made his professional debut at the Philadelphia museum, October, 1887. His first character was that of "Jim," 'an old negro, in the play of "Woodleigh."

During his first year he had an unusually vigorous experience as a stock actor and when the season ended he had appeared in more than 120 parts, among them "Uncle Tom." He was not 17 years old at the time.

The following season he was in the stock company of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, supporting such stars at Janauschek, Lotta, McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, Fanny Davenport and Ada Cavendish, and gaining vast experience and proficiency.

He then went to New York, making his metropolitan appearance in a spectacular fairy piece called "Enchantment," produced by the Brothers Kiralfy at Niblo's Garden theater.

The season of 1880-1 found him a member of the Boston Theater company. The following three seasons he supported Lawrence Barrett, under whose direction he first rose to the position of leading man.

Augustin Daly then made a contract for his services at Daly's theater, New York, and from 1884 to 1889 he appeared as a leading member of the famous Daly company in the United States and Canada, and for three seasons in the capitals of Europe.

He then appeared as the leading support of Edwin Booth and Helena Modjeska in their joint tour, playing such parts at Laertes, MacDuff, Bassanio, De Mauprat, etc.

During the seasons of 1890-1 and '92 he was the leading man for Margaret Mather, and during the second season Mr. Skinner was manager and co-star.

For the next two years he was associated with Mme. Modjeska in a repertory of Shakespearean and other classic plays and made his first appearance as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Concluding this engagement, his last as a stock actor, he began his stellar career.

What He Has Builded.

Here is a chronological record of Mr. Skinner's activities as a star, manager and producer: "His Grace de Grammont," "The King's Jester," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Romeo and Juliet," 'Lady of Lyons," "Prince Otto," 'On a Balcony," "Lazarre," "Francesco da Rimini," "School for Scandal," "Taming of the Shew," "The Harvester," "The Duel," "The Honor of the Family," 'Your Humble Servant," "Sire," "Kismet," "The Silent Voice," "A Celebrated Case," 'Cock o' the Walk," "Mister Antonio," "Humpty Dumpty," "Pietro," "At the Villa Rose," "Blood and Sand," and his present play, "Sancho Panzo," in which he appears as the genial squire of that adventuresome knight-errant, Don Quixote, hero of Cervantes' immortal work, "Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Flagship Chicago Forced Down in Tropical Lagoon Amid Crocodiles; Gooseflesh on Hungry U. S. Fliers

Told by LOWELL THOMAS.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Owing to the dead calm on the river at Haiphong it took the world fliers three hours to get off the water, and then they couldn't "get on their pontoon step" until they taxied for 10 miles out to where a few ripples were caused by the river running into the gulf of Tongking. Once under way, they turned inland and were off for Tourane, a seaport of French Indo-China half way down the coast to the capital city of Saigon. Miles and miles of flooded rice fields whirled by beneath them. In some were Anamese farmers in curious conical hats. They were plowing, and as the Douglas cruisers roared low over them the water buffalo would gallop across the fields, dragging plow and plowman right through the paddy.

"The farther south we flew the denser became the jungle," says Lowell Smith. "After a time we rarely ever passed a village, merely a few huts now and then along the beach, where the natives exist on cocoanuts and fish. We were flying just off the water, so we got a fairly intimate view of the scenery. One section of this flight was out over the Gulf of Tongking for an hour. Thirty miles off the coast our motor started to overheat. I turned west toward the shore and at 2:28, according to the log, we landed in a lagoon called 'Kuavictor-palms,' filled the radiator with salt water while the Boston and New Orleans circled overhead, and then took off again. But we kept on losing water and couldn't make out just where it was coming from.

Down in the Jungles.

"For another 20 minutes we passed over wild jungle where there wasn't a hope of getting down without crashing. Occasionally we would see a crocodile slide off into a slimy pond of ooze. By now the motor was red hot again and pounding badly, so we were obliged to turn out to sea, all the while vainly scanning the country for a sheltered lagoon where we could make a safe landing. I spotted one three miles inland, so we hopped across the jungle and came down. Nor were we a minute too soon. As we started to glide toward the lagoon everything in the motor seemed to be going to pieces. The original difficulty was the breaking of a connecting rod, which poked a hole through the crank case. Although I knew what had happened, I couldn't tell at what moment the ship might catch fire."

As they were landing Smith yelled to Arnold, but "Les" couldn't make out what he said. Realizing the danger of the plane bursting into flames, he jerked loose his safety belt, grabbed the fire extinguisher, and the moment they touched the water he bounded over the side and out on the wing. Fortunately they were not on fire. But they were stranded on a lagoon in a remote corner of tropical Indo-China, with a wrecked motor and without food or drinking water—a romantic but none too pleasant situation.

Off for New Motor.

The Boston and New Orleans dove down past them several times. Smith and Arnold signaled that their motor had failed. So the other two cruisers landed alongside, gave them the drinking water they were carrying, promised to get a new motor for them as quickly as possible, and return overland from Tourane, the port 60 miles farther on. Inspection proved that the loss of water had been due to a leaky valve in the pipe lines. But it was hidden under the cowling and this metal nose of the plane had to be taken off before the discovery was made.

The lagoon in which they had come down was full of native fishing nets attached to bamboo poles driven into the muddy bottom. The landing was made alongside one of these. "We always carried a rope," said "Les" Arnold, when he and Flight Commander Smith were describing their adventures to me. "Lassoing one of the poles we hitched our bucking mustang of the skies to it and then took a look around to see what the lagoon was like and where the natives were who owned all the nets. For the first half an hour we never saw a sign of a living thing excepting an occasional bird, or a crocodile slithering into the water with an ominous slunk that brought the gooseflesh out on me in spite of the tropical heat. The lagoon was about half a mile wide and twice that long, formed by the backwater from a small river. Around the edge were long, leaning cocoanut palms, banyan and banana trees and arica palms. Evidently the natives, seeing three huge birds drop down out of the skies, had beat it for the jungle.

Natives Finally Come Out.

"A half hour later a bamboo raft put out from shore. One man's curiosity had overcome his fright. He was followed by another naked native in a dugout who paddled alongside. Although he had black kinky hair, his lips were not thick like a negro's. As he looked us over and rested on his paddle he spat a stream of crimson into the lagoon, and we saw that his teeth were all black and worn off almost down to the gums. Whether they get that way from chewing betel nut, or whether they file them off, we didn't discover. At any rate he seemed worried about our being tied to one of the bamboo stakes holding up his net and tried to take off the rope, jabbering excitedly all the time.

"While he was doing this Lowell and I had gotten out the anchor and ropes so that we could moor properly. To keep this native from untying us we coaxed him up on the pontoons. He was friendly and gullible, so we gave him the 75 pound anchor to hold in his arms just to keep him occupied so that he couldn't untie us. When we were all ready we cast off from the temporary mooring drifted a little farther out into the lagoon and threw the anchor over board.

"Meanwhile the rest of the natives, reassured by the fact that this one man had neither been devoured nor even murdered, came out in more dugouts. Where they all came from was a mystery, because we could see no huts. But from our new location near the middle of the lagoon in the palms that looked like a cross between an oriental temple and a church. Later we discovered that it was in fact a church. The natives proved to be very friendly when they found that no harm was likely to befall them. In fact, they became altogether too chummy.

Wanted to Buy Cigarets.

"They wore no clothing except breech cloths, so we were not afraid to let them stand on the pontoons and inspect the strange monster that had distrubed the tranquility of their remote lagoon. But they swarmed out from shore in such numbers that parking space for their dugout gondolas was soon at a premium. Nor was there even standing room on the pontoons and they were rapidly becoming sumerged. So we shooed them off and then Lowell policed one side of the ship while I guarded the other.

"We hadn't a thing to eat since daybreak, and we only had three thermos bottles partially filled. There was no shade out there on the water, and the heat was intense. As the hours slipped by our thirst increased and we soon used up what water we had.

While debating whether it would be safe for one of us to get in a native dugout and do a bit of exploring ashore a boat came alongside paddled by a hollow-cheeked, melancholy looking person who appeared to be neither native nor European. He had on a white robe and a soiled sun helmet, addressed us in French, and turned out to be a priest, a missionary who lived all alone out here in the jungle. We imagined that he was a native from some other section of Indo-China. All he seemed interested in was whether we would sell him some cigarets. He wanted them, but stipulated that he would pay 2 cents a package for them. Evidently he thought we were aerial cigaret salesmen. Or perhaps he was a bit cracked. Who wouldn't be if he had to spend his life in this tropical jungle?

"When we explained in 'doughboy French' that we had no cigarets for sale he lost all interest in us, refused to get food and water for us, and, mumbling to himself, paddled back to the shore in his dugout. So I got into the boat belonging to the first jungle dweller who had ventured out to 'have a look see.' Back of the little mission church I found a spring, and in spite of the loud protests of the priest who had wanted to buy the cigarets, I filled our bottles. Our friend who had held the anchor for us also brought out a bunch of bananas, and with a heavy knife split two cocoanuts in two so that we could drink the milk.

"About sundown a sampan arrived with three more priests, who came from a neighboring village three and a half miles away. They were more friendly than the first missionary, and when I explained in broken French that we were hungry they said if I would go with them they would give us a supply. Our conversation with them was one of the best comedy touches of the whole trip. Smith, whose outward evidence of mirth is usually limited to a wry smile, laughed until I thought he would wake up all the crocodiles, tigers and rhinos in the jungle. But with a few words of French and a lot of pantomime I got my ideas across to them, and with a plea to Lowell that he abstain from drinking the dirty water which the natives had brought out in the bottoms of their dugouts I paddled off to the village.

Finally Secure Food.

"It was dark when we arrived, and there was something weird and eerie about the thatched huts, flickering lights and naked natives. The priests took me to a spring. But I didn't like the looks of it. We had been warned before leaving Washington about drinking water in the tropics or eating green foods. Finally my hosts brought out a glass of sacramental wine. It tasted great and I begged them to let me have a supply to take back to the lagoon. They protested and explained that it would be sacrilegious to allow any one to drink it excepting in their presence while they went through some sort of ritual. We debated this delicate point for nearly an hour without my winning the argument.

"But in glancing around the little chapel I noticed there wasn't a window in it. The smallest bill I happened to have was $50. No doubt a 'tener' would have accomplished the same purpose. But I put down the $50, told him to buy windows for his church and assured him that surely the Lord would now approve of his letting me have the two bottles of wine. That settled the argument. Labor is so cheap in that remote corner of the tropics that with $50 they could almost build another church.

Crowded Out by Natives.

"Happy over my success and laden with the bottles of sacramental wine, a hunk of stale bread, some boiled rice wrapped up in leaves, and several baked yams that turned out to be inedible, two natives paddled me back to the plane in their dugout. I had been gone three hours and a half!

"Meanwhile Lowell had been havkeeping the aborigines off the plane. In sheer desperation he unhooked the In sheer description he unhooked the Very pistol which each cruiser carried for signal purposes, and fired over the heads of the natives. After doing this a few times he got them trained so that whenever he turned his pocket flash on them they thought he was going to open fire again.

"The evening had been sultry and nearly as hot as the afternoon. So thirsty had Lowell become that he had drunk a few swallows of the water from one of the native dugouts. And that was what brought him down with dysentery a few days later when we got to Rangoon.

"In the meantime the rest of the boys had flown on to Tourane in the Boston and New Orleans and their adventures getting back to us through the jungle with a new motor were even more harrowing than ours."

Read the next installment of the thrilling story of the round-the-world flight in The Omaha Bee tomorrow.

BRYAN EXPLAINS SCIENCE INTEREST

Miami, Fla., Dec. 27.—William J. Bryan said today he had accepted a membership in the Association for the Advancement of Science that he might better keep in touch with that organization's work with relation to evolution.

He said he did not plan to attend a meeting of the association at which an address is to be made on the subject of "Darwin and Bryan."

Referring to the report of his membership check being unsigned, Mr. Bryan said it was an oversight.

Salvation Army to Give Christmas Party Monday

Following its annual custom, a Christmas party will be given by the Salvation Army at 7:30 p. m. Monday.

The distribution of baskets of food and toys was completed Christmas morning. The annual party, which has always been one of the outstanding events of the season for the army workers, is usually attended by more than 500 people.

It's a wonderful commentary on something or other that a congressman has to go to court to find out what congressmen meant when they drew a dry law.—Detroit News.

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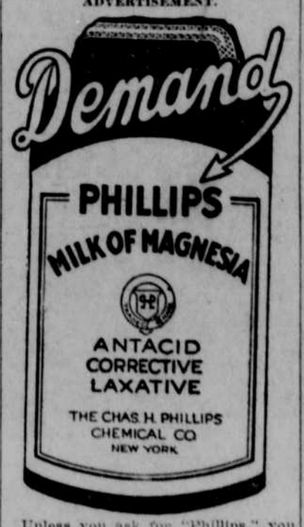

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