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NOTED BIG GAME HUNTER AND EXPLORER PASSES AWAY

Paul J. Rainey, noted explorer and big game hunter, whose name is familiar to Halifax film audiences through his big game pictures being shown here, died of a stroke of paralysis aboard the British ship Saxon, en route from Southampton to Cape Town.

He was bound for the ranch which he has carved out of the heart of the jungle near Nairobi, British East Africa. His body was buried at sea.

Although he made extensive explorations and valuable scientific discoveries in the Arctic, bringing back many of the first captive specimens of animal life in Polar regions, Rainey probably will be best remembered as the first big game hunter of the tropics whose exploits were preserved in motion pictures.

He got his first taste of adventure in unknown regions near the North Pole. Then he turned to the tropics and, after the British Government felt called upon to restrict his killings of lions and tigers, he accepted a commission with the British forces, later to become official photographer for the Red Cross in France during the World War.

Rainey was born in Cleveland, Ohio on Sept. 18, 46 years ago, and for many years had been a director of W. J. Rainey, Inc. a \$10,000,000 coal and coke distributing concern founded by his father, W. J. Rainey.

In 1910 he went into the Arctic with Harry Whitney on the Boethic on an expedition which netted valuable living trophies and was termed highly successful. A year later he sailed into deepest Africa. Soon reports trickled from his camps, to be corroborated later by moving pictures of hunting forays in which Rainey killed as many as five lions in three days. He killed twenty-seven lions from a single camp near Kapiti—pre-

serving the skins to be mounted for museums in San Francisco and in England.

From then until 1916, his career was a successive round of hunting and exploration tours, through British Africa mostly, and in India, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford having joined one such expedition he headed. Finally, the British Government decreed he must not kill more than six lions in one district of East Africa.

After the war Rainey established a ranch, where he intended making his future home, in the heart of what had been his most happy hunting grounds the tropical zoo near Nairobi, which still is looked upon as the most densely populated by ferocious jungle beasts of any region in the world. He was bound for this ranch when he died. He was not married.

He operated a 30,000-acre cotton plantation near New Albany, Mass., and maintained on it one of the finest hunting preserves in the South. In addition to his plant interests, he was the principal stockholder in the Bank of New Albany and various industrial interests there.

Mr. Rainey also owned several thousand acres of land near New Orleans, which he maintained as a duck-hunting ground. He was President of the National Fox-hound Club, and was to have been host at the annual meeting of the club this year. He also was active in various field trial clubs.

For a number of years he owned one of the finest racing stables in the United States, and his horses competed in a number of major racing events in that country and in England. He also was noted as a polo player, and was a member of the American team which won the first international victory for the United States against the British players.

SEVEN SKIPPERS KILLED THEMSELVES ON ONE SHIP

Brooklyn, Sept. 27—Beyond the bare news of the death of Capt. H. H. Davies, of the British tank steamer Suwanee, who jumped from his vessel in mid-ocean on Aug. 22, 1922, there lay the strange story of a supposedly haunted ship which lost all of her seven skippers by self-destruction at the end of voyages which commenced on the thirteenth of the month.

In the case of Capt. Davies, self-destruction was apparently the result of a semi-mad condition brought on by the death of his son on the deck of the Suwanee two years before. The boy's life had been crushed out by a falling beam and the captain had shown signs of failing mentality from that time on, although his fits of melancholy and spasms of uncontrollable rage had been confined to widely separated intervals.

Finally he appeared on deck on the morning of Aug. 29, clad only in his trousers, and moved dazedly toward the rail. Before any one could stop him he jumped overboard and, although a boat was immediately lowered and the body was recovered in record time, he was found to have drowned.

Chief officer, Padgell, of the Suwanee, reported to the port officers at Paulsboro, N. J., where the tanker put in for a cargo of lubricating oil, that "The captain was laying on his face in the water and had 'made no effort to swim or save himself. It was just as if he had determined to drown and it was impossible for us to revive him. Maybe it was his son's death that did it—or maybe it was the curse of this suicide ship!'"

Pressed for details in connection with his last utterance, Padgell declared that "there is something radically wrong with the Suwanee. I know it, and there is not a man in the crew that has not felt it during this voyage. It is nothing tangible. It is nothing you can put your finger on. But it is just as if there were a ghost aboard that made every man who took charge of the tanker take his own life for some reason or other."

"The curse of the ship goes back almost to the time when she was launched, for Capt. Richards, the first man who took her out, blew out his brains before he had been out of port two months."

"Since then we have had six other captains and Capt. Davies made the seventh who committed suicide. None of them left anything behind to show why he did it, but I guess it is because the Suwanee bears a curse of some kind, for she certainly seems to be hoodooed. Seven captains in 14 years and all of them died by their career."

own hands! It is a brave man who takes this steamer out from now on, for the next one who signs up as commander signs his own death warrant at the same time."

GIRL POET IS TRYING TO FEED STARVED SOULS

Made Rich by Oil is Giving Money Away by an Unusual Plan.

New York, Sept. 27—How does it feel to be a poet, with scarce any worldly possessions save the necessary attic and an inkwell and awake one morning the owner of a California acre and an oil well?

A New York poet, Muriel Strode, can answer this question, for hers is the oil well, not one oil well, but two, and a third on the way, capable of gushing 45,000 barrels of oil daily!

Miss Strode has been called America's "feminine Walt Whitman." After 17 years of struggle she has achieved not only literary distinction, but sudden wealth. For five months she has been cashing enormous checks—and giving the money away. The checks are for oil discovered in Long Beach, Calif., on lots she bought 17 years ago for \$1000, and for which she took three years to pay.

In her beautiful Riverside Drive apartment, she said simply:

"I think God gave me the oil well because He thought I handled the dollars pretty carefully and could disburse the income all right."

Her methods of disbursing her ever-increasing income promise to be unusual. Her desire is to feed souls that are starved for beauty. Beauty, in its largest sense, is her cult. She says:

"I would like to play big sister to all the beauty-starved individuals in the world. I have no desire to engage in charitable enterprises. I hate the word charity. I do not try to reach the persons that are down and out. Those are for the institutions provided by the taxpayers. I can't carry that kind of burden."

"But I can dispense beauty and thereby give joy and peace and deliverance. I can release from drudgery those who have longed to do something they were never able to do. I can give away little luxuries forever denied."

He that is loudly praised will also be clamorously censured.

To do nothing and get something forms many a boy's ideal of a manly career.

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