

GIRL LEAPS FROM AIRPLANE TWO THOUSAND FEET TO DEATH; SUICIDE CAREFULLY PLANNED

New York, Nov. 14.—The grand gesture which a futile life had failed to provide was found in death late yesterday by a young woman who leaped from the cabin of a passenger plane while it was flying at 2,000 feet altitude near Curtiss Airport, L. I.

The girl tentatively identified as Ruth Rockwell, Crestwood, N. Y., from papers in her possession left behind in the cabin of the plane an unaddressed note of farewell in which she expressed the desire to explore the uncertainties beyond life rather than to continue a useless existence.

"I want to fly and fly high" was her instruction to Pilot Edward Booth as she paid \$5 for a ticket and stepped into his plane at the field.

Booth nosed the plane upward to an altitude of 1,500 feet, and turned to see if his passenger was satisfied. She signified that he should go higher.

At 2,000 feet Booth felt the plane lurch slightly as if he had hit an air pocket. He looked around to find the door to the passenger cabin open and to catch a glimpse of the girl's body hurtling through the space below.

Booth immediately brought his plane to earth at the airport and reported to officials. The body was found about a mile from the airport.

Note Told Story

In the cabin of the plane was the note which told the story of a disillusioned girl. It had been placed in a stamped envelope unaddressed and at the top sheet of the first page was the following name and address:

"Ruth Rockwell, 31 Avondale Road, Brooks Farms, Crestwood, N. Y."

There was no salutation. It read as follows:

"Most people end their lives because something sad had happened to them. I end mine because it seems not only futile, but wrong to go on existing. I blame no one and feel that I have no enemies. I will probably be considered insane, as anyone taking their life is supposed to be slightly insane.

"I would like to send my regards to Miss Sheers in Drew Seminary at Cornell, N. Y. My cheque for \$175 in the suitcase in the close at home may help to pay my funeral expenses. I am very happy now.

"I am wondering if the newspapers will decide to devote any space to me? I am wondering if I will find anything, think of the past as I whirl through space, as it is said a drowning man does when struggling in the water. I am wondering if I will find anything. If so, what?

Sought Harmony

"Everything has always been discord when I long so much for harmony. Maybe yet I will find it maybe sweet music.

"If I find any sort of life or corresponding time after death I will try to communicate with my immediate relatives at 9 o'clock some evening for a while.

"During my lifetime I think my one fault was deception. I have lied repeatedly about small things but unfortunately I forget what these small things were.

"I have no guilty conscience whatsoever, I feel."

The note, unsigned, ended with this last, self-justifying sentence.

A MILKMAN IN QUEBEC TO PAY A FINE

Quebec, Nov. 14.—Milkmen who still run foul of Quebec's rules and regulations regarding the degree of purity of milk which they sell are still being severely dealt with by the city authorities. Yesterday a milkman who had been charged only a week ago with selling impure milk, and who had been remanded for a week, on probation was mulcted of \$75 and costs when it was proved that his milk, instead of improving, had shown a higher amount of bacteria.

Two fines were imposed one of \$50 for not having his stables ventilated and \$25 for selling infected milk.

YOUNG APPLE TREES

The grace of God is caught in this frail tree,
Its pattern scored my sun and wind and bird,

Its natural fingers pointing secretly
To that truth said without a single word.

We can deny the gardener's artifice
Or that we knew until the final hour
How curled in every leaf is heavenly bliss,

How perfect is the most imperfect flower.

We know upon the moment's revelation—
As chirp and quiver nourish that fine sense—

The bloom's excess, the seed's supreme elation,
Knowing the one Godlike munificence
Of fruit, how on the branch's subtle horn

The crimson teeming apple will be born!

—PARKER TYLER.

MONEY DIVERS IN HONOLULU FOLLOW UNWRITTEN RULES; EACH GROUP HAS A BOSS

New York.—Maybe it is not a business, only a form of professional begging, this work of the Honolulu harbor "water rats" who frolic in the sea and persuade tourists and homecomers to toss them a coin that they may show their agility in catching it before it disappears in the water. It is not a usual business, certainly, says Genfreed E. Allen, writing in Asia magazine, but it is as highly organized as a business should be. And it is bread and butter—or, to use local terms, fish and poi—to those who ply the trade.

Time was when the sons of many of Honolulu's prominent families slipped away from home to earn a little extra money by diving for it. But, whether that practice was stopped by the prominent families or by those who took it upon themselves to professionalize the sport, it no longer is carried on. The diving boys belong to definite gangs and in the harbor waters it is distinctly understood that non-members had better swim elsewhere.

Unwritten Rules.

Unwritten rules limit strictly the territory in which the two main gangs may work. Boys from Kakaako district meet the ships as they come in and follow them as far as Pier 10. Boys from Palama district dive for coins west of Pier 10, although they may carry baggage—a side line of many of the diving boys—as far east as Pier 8. Enforcement of the rules by the boys has led to a decrease in the number of Palama divers, to accord with changes in the berthing of the bigger passenger ships on the Kakaako side of Pier 10. Although the harbor is not now divided evenly, as it was when the rules were first formulated, the Palama boys have made no effort to go to the new piers, which are out of their territory.

One boy is the "boss" of each group. Queries concerning just how he is chosen and what he does yield little more than a smile and a shrug from the diving boys, for their rules are guarded from outsiders. It is generally believed, however, that he set-

ties quarrels between the groups and among his own boys, direct and regulates activities and sees that all goes well. The divers share their proceeds with him.

"They all look like young boys when seen splashing so merrily in the harbor, yet an investigation made not very long ago by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, welfare workers, steamship officials and harbor authorities revealed the fact that some of these "boys" had been in the business 15 years or more. When they "retire," as they call it, most of them follow the sea; if they do not work on a ship, at least they frequent the waterfront as stevedores or dock employees.

Business Handed Down.

Just as in the old-time guild system, the business was passed from father to son, so the business of diving for coins is passed from older brother to younger. There always has been a Pung in the water, it is said. The Pungs, belonging to a family of no small athletic fame in Honolulu, desert the waterfront as soon as they approach manhood, but there is always another little Pung coming along. A record day will bring each boy \$5 or \$6, but there is often a lapse of several days when there are no profits at all. When the divers were permitted to go out to quarantine to meet the ships, they sometimes made as much as \$10 as a result of the longer period around the vessel.

These diving boys know their business and they know their customers. Only a few boys—those most in need of money—will turn out for the sailing of an inter-island vessel, whose passengers will be mostly business men going to another island for a stay of a few days. Little money is forthcoming from these boats. The ships from the Orient and Australia also net little. Ships from the mainland of the United States, especially de luxe liners, attract on each trip a good proportion of the boys. But let a luxurious round-the-world liner come in, especially if it is on the first lap of its journey, and watch the "water rats" turn out.

interior interests tourists. Some of the saints whose portraits adorn the walls wear silver haloes nailed to their painted heads.

SOME THOUGHTS REGARDING THE CAGED ANIMALS

New York Sun)

"Much must be sacrificed for science, the study of which demands concrete material for experimentation," remarked the student. "A man killed by a poisonous snake may not have lived long enough to warn his fellow man or intelligent enough to give an exact description of the snake.

"The scientists can determine, however, what snake or any other animal possesses a death-resulting fluid. If nobody else besides the scientist knows what the difference in appearance is between such ominous dangers and harmless creatures, who shall be blamed for the increase in mortality not only among hunters and country folk but among innocent children?

"While it may not be entirely comfortable for the animals, who, like dogs and cats, can be made to accustom themselves to the environment, it is merciful these sense of safety to the public at large to cage animals in such a way that they may be seen at leisure.

"In the early years parents find it convenient to amuse children by reading about the 'nice ole woolly bear,' &c. Pictures are shown at meals to keep them at the table. It is an intense delight for the kiddies to see the real 'wooly bear' at the zoo, but for the main part it educates them to a point where they learn to substitute caution for a childlike credulity and who will grow up with the knowledge of what the 'story jungles' contain.

"Hunters are not generally condemned for killing animals for food, clothing, decorative purposes and pleasure. Is it cruel to cage a few animals away from the hunter's gun and from devouring human beings?

"In the last analysis—is not man caged within iron conventionalities? Is not law the gamekeeper?"

THE POET'S AUTUMN

When Autumn leaves are red and brown
And golden are the stocks
I love to wander forth from town
Abandoning my books.

But presently I shall return
To cosy fireside eyes,
Content the midnight oil to burn
At home—when Autumn leaves.

—From London Punch.

SARAJEVO, WHERE WORLD WAR STARTED HAS EASTERN FLAVOR; VARIETY OF COSTUMES SEEN

A Yugoslav city where veiled and trousered women ride in electric cars and oriental carpets are washed in streams will be visited by King Alexander, who is making a tour of inspection in the province of Bosnia, former Austro-Hungarian territory, but now a part of the Serb, Croat and Slovene State. The city is Sarajevo in the eastern mountains of Bosnia.

"This city of more than 66,000 inhabitants is known by name to more people than could locate it off hand as the town where the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand occurred before the World War" says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "A visitor finds it one of the most 'eastern' of Western cities.

Paris Models

"The variety of costumes on a Sarajevo street ranges from Parisian models to those of the Arabian Nights" the bulletin continues. "The minarets of forty-odd mosques overshadow Christian churches. Modern shops contrast with the booths in the bazaars and only a few blocks separate spruce twentieth-century buildings from venerable Moslem structures with Moorish arches and latticed windows. All this is in a city only 700 miles from Paris!

"The bazaars of Sarajevo are famous throughout the Balkans. They comprise numerous streets which wind around a central square. Silversmiths, coppersmiths, saddle and harness makers, greengrocers and makers of turned up toed leather sandals occupy booths, sometimes two storied when a vendor of other merchandise sits above. Gayly striped awnings shade the rows of booths and kavanas, as they call the coffee houses where tired Moslems and alert Bosnians gossip

and smoke and sip coffee. Vendors of lemonade and sugared baker squash and crisp honey cakes wend their ways among the shoppers as they cry their wares.

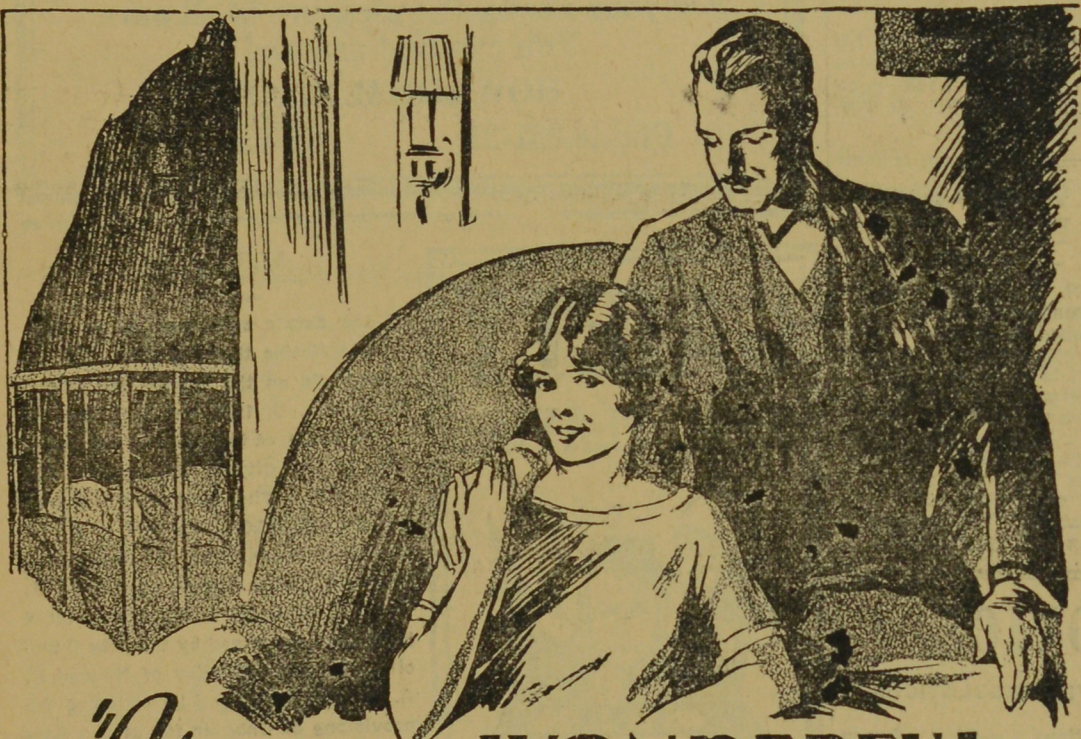
"Mohammedan women flit through the streets like ghosts in their heavy veils, black when they are old, and colored for maidens and young matrons. The Bosnian women are resplendent in square scarves which they wear on their heads in a way to display the heavy fringe or bright flowered design. Snowy blouses with wide sleeves partly hidden by little bolero jackets and below these voluminous trousers make the women look like animated sailboats on windy days. The headgear of the men include everything—fezzes, clipped astrakhan caps, fedoras and even derbies!

Electric Lights on Old Mosque

"The Miljaca River divides Sarajevo into two parts. Numerous bridges span its width and along its sides run ancient walls built to minimize the ravages of the river when melting mountain snows increase its normally sluggish flow. High mountains are on all sides.

"The Begova Džamija, the third greatest mosque in all Islam is one of Sarajevo's prominent buildings. Painted walls, marble steps, oriental carpets and illuminated Koran texts give it a wholly Eastern atmosphere somewhat at variance with the electric lights at its front.

"When Sarajevo was under Turkish rule, Christian churches had to be built under walls or hidden behind thick fences, so the sight of them would not offend zealous Moslems. The old Serbian church, built in 1530 is a good example. It is built in back of a thick wall in an unobtrusive position and its quaint, rather Byzantine



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