

CREW OF S. S. ROOSEVELT GIVEN A ROUSING WELCOME BY THE PEOPLE OF PLYMOUTH

Plymouth, England, Jan. 31.—Traditional British reserve went by the boards when the storm-battered liner President Roosevelt entered Plymouth Sound at 10 o'clock this morning, carrying 25 members of the crew of the British freighter Antiope, whose lives the crew of the Roosevelt saved after a four days' battle in mid-ocean. The whistles and sirens of hundreds of ships and factories greeted the men whose valor has focussed the eyes of the world on Captain Fried and his crew. Their work of mercy succeeded though it cost the lives of two rescuers.

"Well done," was the signal hoisted on two tenders which steamed out to meet the Roosevelt, coming in with empty davits, indicating the position of the lifeboats which had been battered to pieces in the cruel sea through which the Roosevelt's men sought to reach the Antiope crew clinging to the sinking freighter.

Captain Fried responded to the signal with flags which spelled out "Thank you."

All manner of craft in the great naval harbor bore crowds which shouted their welcome. It was an ovation to heroism, pure and unselfish heroism of the sort the Allies had displayed shoulder to shoulder in the Great War. The tenders were crowded with notables representing the King and the Admiralty, but all made way for a little woman weeping with joy who was the first person to cross the lowered bridge to the deck of the Roosevelt. It was Mrs. Harry Rose, wife of the Antiope's captain.

She rushed into the arms of her husband and collapsed; the strain had been too great. Her husband carried her to a seat and soothed her until she regained her composure.

Shortly afterwards they were walking the deck with entwined arms and the crowd rushed from the tender to welcome the survivors and congratulate the Roosevelt's crew.

Mrs. Rose lives at Stockton-on-Peas. She had her first intimation of the peril in which her husband was, when she went to a library in her home town to consult Lloyd's list. Then she saw "Antiope in distress."

For nearly five days she neither slept nor ate, and prayed constantly for the success of the efforts of the rescue parties.

"How can I ever thank you enough for giving me back my husband?" she exclaimed, tearfully when she was introduced to Captain Fried, who replied:

"I did what any sailor would do; it was just my luck to be there. Any other ship would have done the same."

The Lord Mayor of Plymouth, Captain Goldsmith of H. M. S. Douglas, representing the Admiralty, Commander Holcombe, representing the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, Captain Humphries, the King's Harbor Master, Captain J. King, representing the Board of Trade and Ralph C. Busser, the United States Consul, made up the official delegation which greeted Captain Fried.

The Lord Mayor of Plymouth congratulated the Roosevelt's captain on a deed "that will go down in history as unequalled in the records of the seas," and expressed profound sorrow at the loss of two lives.

"This heroic rescue," he said, "will make closer the relations between the two great maritime nations, and English speaking people."

"All mourn the gallant dead who gave up their lives for humanity. Their unselfishness will never be forgotten. Their names will live forever, as well as the gallant deeds of the President Roosevelt's captain and crew."

Captain Fried replied on behalf of his officers and men:

"We merely did our duty. Any other ship able to cope with such an emergency would have done the same."

APPLES DON'T COUNT

Grandpa had come to visit his little grandson. Wishing to find out how the boy was getting on at school, he asked:

"If I had ten apples and I gave you two more, how many would you have altogether?"

"I don't know, grandpa," replied the young hopeful; "we always do our sums in beans."

BOMBSHELL DROPS INTO CAMP OF WEBBER HEIRS

(Ernest T. Jenkins in Boston Traveller.)

The trifling sum of \$130,000,000 supposed to be reposing in a Holland safety deposit vault for the heirs of Anneke Webber Jans Bogardus who, it is claimed was of Dutch royal blood, was reduced to a mere zero today when word was received here from a Dutch law firm that as far as they can learn no such fund exists.

A Bombshell.

The letter which comes like a bombshell to the Webber claimants, was received by Atty. Morris Klinor of the Old South building, asked some time ago by Mrs. Jennie M. Osborne of Brockton and other heirs to investigate the Holland matter.

Wesley W. Webber of Wollaston, leader of the Boston kin of Anneke Webber plus her two names by marriage, has yet to hear from P. van Peski, a noted Rotterdam, Holland, attorney, and legal advisor to the chamber of commerce of that city. Van Peski is now at work to see if the heirs in this country have a legal claim upon the moneys supposed to be tied up here. Until a definite statement is received from the Rotterdam counsellor, Wesley Webber and others state they will remain convinced of the justice of their claims.

While the Boston, state and New England family associations of Webber and Jans and Bogardus were discussing the astounding news from The Netherlands other members of the family are in New Jersey conferring with relatives there over various legal documents which have been unearthed in relation to their claims of \$6,000,000,000 in New York city real estate. They state this huge legacy is theirs through the 250-year-old will of Anneke Webber Jans Bogardus.

Anneke, at sweet 16, the family legends say, eloped with Roeloffson Jans, a Dutch farmer boy, and to escape the wrath of the royal family, fled to New York city, which then abounded in cabbage fields and was called New Amsterdam. Anneke was eventually forgiven, the family genealogy records continue, and she received lands which have now become vast properties.

In her will, the claimants say, she gave Trinity Church a double 99-year

lease. The heirs claim the land on which Trinity Church stands, and the sites of the Singer and new Stock Exchange buildings.

More Reports Awaited.

Returning to the Holland bad news, Atty. Klinor said he has the foreign department of the National Shawmut Bank and the United States consul in Holland at work on the matter and is awaiting their reports.

The letter which stated the Holland fund does not exist, came from Leader, Plunkett & Leader, English solicitors and international law agents of Amsterdam, and read:

"We are in possession of your letter re the alleged will of one Neisgen Seleyna, widow of Henry Coch, and beg to reply as follows:

"We are not aware of a fund of such a nature as you state and doubt very much whether this is not one of the legendary estates of which there are two or three current in Holland. There is an estate of about 120 or 130 years old which was made into a fund. This was the Teylor estate of Haarlem and there are still a few cases of heirs claiming the whole or a share of this estate; all in vain, however.

"For your information we are willing to state that there is no 'Bank of Holland' in this country. The Bank of Issue for The Netherlands is called 'The Netherlands Bank' and dates only from 1813, before which date there were a number of smaller banks who issued their own currency.

"We doubt the whole story about such a fund, as the writer, who was British vice-consul for 12 years in this city, would have certainly heard of such a fund if extant. It is quite out of the question that anywhere in this country there is a fund amounting to the figure you mention. It certainly would be known and possess real property, of at least some building in which the executors exercise their function.

"The certificate of the consul of the United States of 1868 is of no value whatever, as it only states that someone else has found the original last will. If this were the case a small fee would have produced an official copy so that such a certificate would have been unnecessary. We suggest someone had their own ends to serve in obtaining such a certificate.

"No lawyer of standing in this country would undertake such a case on any basis whatsoever, as it would only be extracting money from their clients pockets with false prospects, and we sincerely recommend you to inform your 300 possible claimants that it would be a waste of money to pay any further expenses in this matter. Yours truly,

"Leader, Blunkett & Leader,
"By E. J. Labarre."

The letter, dated July 15, 1868, upon which the claimants base their claim for the Holland money, reads:

"I, Charles Mueller, U. S. consul for Amsterdam and the dependencies thereof, do hereby certify that Edward B. Humphreys, now sojourning here, has found the original last will of Neisgen Seleyna, widow of Hendricks Coch, as on record at the Palace of Justice in this city. Witness my hand and seal of office at Amsterdam the day and year above written."

Calls Move 'Foolish'

Atty. Klinor said he understands the Seleyna will was made in 1610 and the now famed Anneke was a descendant. "I think this letter ought to shatter their idea that there is money in Holland," Klinor declared. "I think it is foolish for anyone to spend any more money on the Dutch matter."

"On the New York properties there may be some merit," he continued. "I am going to New York to look up some deeds and titles. If there is anything to it, Samuel Untermyer will handle it. If our investigation holds up in New York we think we have a good chance to win."

Atty. Klinor declared that Trinity church has held its own and other properties adversely for 17 years; or in other words, without lease; the original double 99-year lease having expired 17 years ago. He said the law reads that if they hold such a property 20 years without lease, it automatically gives them valid title to it and that therefore the heirs must press their claims within the next three years.

DESPERATION

"My stars," cried a gasping young bride,
"This pie crust's too thick and too wide,
But book says, 'Roll out'
But my pencils not stout
And the flat iron breaks it," she sighed.

WHAT MAKES THE FACE OF THE MODERN GIRL HARD; IS IT SPORT, GUM OR MAKEUP?

(By Elsie McCormick in New York World)

A few weeks ago Mr. Alfred Uruga of London laid down his multi-colored ballette long enough to remark that the modern girl's face has become harder than a long ton of anthracite. Being a famous portrait painter as well as President of the Society of Miniaturists, Mr. Praga doubtless knows a thing or two about faces. This staid sea-biscuit look, he claims, occurs because girls insist on playing games that were intended only for men—because they'd rather hit a ball than go to one, and because, when they do dance, they use steps that make the building jump like a whale having its tonsils out.

"All the modern games and amusements leave their mark on facial expression to such an extent that I can tell whether a girl is a motorist, a sportswoman or a dancer," says Mr. Praga. "Girls of today are, in fact, developing the motoring face, the dancing face and the sports face. The effect of this overindulgence in sports creates a hard type of countenance that no amount of lipstick or other aids to complexion will overcome."

"Among the hundreds of girls I see every year, I very rarely come across one with a fresh, youthful face. When I do, its possessor is generally a young girl just from school who has not participated in these strenuous recreations."

Other Authorities Scoff at Theory

Of course it is true that some sports can change the expression. A lady caressed in the countenance by a hockey-stick will probably never look quite the same again. The same is true of the young woman motorist who shows an undue fondness for scaling telegraph poles. But nevertheless the idea that a lady's recreation can be read in her lineaments is heartily scouted by various American authorities in the field of modern portraiture.

One of the chief scouters is Mr. Arnold Genthe, maker of subtly lighted photographs that emphasize the spirit rather than feature. We found Mr. Genthe in the artistic confusion of his sky-lighted studio, which tops a pensive brown building on Fifth avenue. A Buddha, with bronze snails on its head, spread beneficent hands over the melee, and a greenish Aphrodite stood on a shelf and beamed as well as anybody can beam without a head. Stacked on the chairs were artistic photographs of absent-minded young ladies who suddenly recollected that they had left their teddy-bears at home and were leaping over ditches in praiseworthy haste to recover their lingerie.

"Of course it is true that the American girl's face is changing," said Mr. Genthe, after he had cleared a space for us and our note-book, "and it is also true that in many cases her expression seems to have congealed into hardness. But are sports to blame for this? No, a triple-distilled and very potent no!"

"Do you know why so many American girls have a face as hard as the crockery of a railroad lunch-counter? The answer is chewing gum! Human beings were not meant to be ruminating animals, and when they try it there is some kind of rebellion of nature. The muscles of the jaws become unduly enlarged and if the lady is one of the open-shop adherents who chews with her mouth ajar, she can be sure that her lips will acquire an ugly line which even paint can't erase. This chewing habit is especially disastrous to young children, who begin it while their bones are still pliable."

"Of course there is no proper way to chew gum any more than there is a proper way to use a toothpick. My only hope is that some day every subway car will be supplied with an orchestra leader, who will wave a baton so as to get everybody chewing in unison. Then at least we will be spared the nerve and eye strain of observing those who are out of step with the majority."

"Another reason why so many modern faces seem hard is because their owners cover them with a set mask of cosmetics. This is the fault, of course, of the moving pictures. Being a young art, the cinema naturally has cast-iron traditions. Older arts become more flexible and tolerant, but the younger ones are always dogmatic and narrow as new religions. Now, it has become a moving picture tradition that every young woman has a face as white as a pastry cook's and a mouth as black as a plate of caviar. To me, all these young women can register with their lips is the thought that they have just been eating blackberry pie."

"The other day a moving-picture

star of considerable magnitude came to me to be photographed. I was amazed to find that she was really beautiful—that she had sparkle and a flow of changing expressions. I hadn't seen her before except in the pictures, and of course no personality is glittering enough to shine through the seven veils of powder with which she coated her face. Now, the same tradition is being transferred to the audience. It is small wonder that so many modern faces seem hard and expressionless."

Sports an Aid to Beauty

"But Mr. Praga to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not lay any blame on sports. Instead, it is really sports that have changed the contour of the modern girl's face for the better. A tennis racquet and a double chin seldom dwell together under the same roof-tree. A golf stick and a moon-face are thoroughly incompatible; a chunky neck and a pair of ballet slippers are almost never found in the same boudoir."

MOTOR CAR THIEVES HAVE BEEN BUSY

Halifax, Feb. 3.—It is believed that the ring of motor car thieves which has been practicing in the New England States, and selling their wares in the Maritime Provinces, has been broken, according to information given to The Morning Chronicle yesterday. It is understood that a man is being held in Richibucto, N. B., by the authorities, who was one of the ring leaders of the gang, operating now for over a year, and that he has offered to reveal the identity of others. This is of particular interest to certain places and people in Nova Scotia, who have been under suspicion of not only aiding directly in this nefarious practice but in purchasing certain cars at unreasonable prices relative to the markets, have known that they were accomplices after the fact.

One town has been known for some time to harbor a representative of the gang, but up until recently it was difficult to trace the identity of the men involved. It appears however, that with the proverbial freedom of a dog with a rope, they got caught within the meshes of the law when they stole a car of the Governor of Vermont and sold it in New Brunswick.

There are some cars, procured through such means and sold by this gang, known to be in use in these Provinces at present.

THE RED BALLOON.

He was a happy little lad
Bright eyed with joy and romping
play,

But as I watched his eyes grew sad
His laughter was no longer gay,
And through his sobs I heard him
say:

"It's gone up there; it's gone so
soon,
I only got it just today!"

He'd lost his lovely red balloon.

I said to him: "Now that's too bad
But dry your tears, and I will pay
For other toys to make you glad
For other things with which to play"
But still his thoughts were far away
He gazed off toward the distant
moon.

Nothing his sorrow could allay
He'd lost his lovely red balloon.

A tragedy this child had had,
"A trifle nothing more," we'd say
"Why should it make him look so
sad?"

But do you think that you'd be gay
If all your joy had sailed away?
Yet this had happened all too soon
His castles now in ruin lay,
He'd lost his lovely red balloon.

L'Envoi.

You grown-ups will look wise and
say:

"A little thing—forgotten soon."
Perhaps—but life had come his way,
He'd lost his lovely red balloon.

ANNA RUSSELL.

Molly—Daddy what is the mid
night sun?

Daddy—Better ask your brother,
my dear. He's qualifying for the
title.

"He kissed me, and I told him to
tell no one.

"And what did he do?"
"Why, it wasn't two minutes be-
fore he repeated it."

Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE
ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY