MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS

The Ship That Never Came Back and the Fatal "20"

By CHARLES KINGSTON

The sin which has been found out carries its own punishment with it, and the punishment may be greater than anyone imagines, though it seldom so overwhelming as in the case of the shipowner who received a life sentence at the Old Bailey during a period when the mercantile marine was honeycombed with fraud.

Wilson—I think that was the name of the culprit—was a man of considerable means and position, but the substantial profits derived from conveying cargo from Liverpool to the Mediterranean ports did not satisfy him. He was anxious to build up a great fortune for his only son, a handsome man in the early twenties, who had learnt seamanship on one of his father's boats.

A Floating Death-trap

Wilson's get-rich-quick idea was not original; it was to buy an unseaworthy ship, patch it up, and, having insured it heavily, send it off on a voyage from which it was not likely to return.

As his reputation stood high in the shipping world, neither the vendors of the vessel nor the captain he engaged suspected his little plot. To cut the story short, a month after the ship left Liverpool it was recorded at Lloyd's as having been lost with all hands on board.

The insurance money, a very large sum—was paid, and Wilson, who had been living quietly at his house in Liverpool, proceeded to London to look up his son, from whom he had not heard for some time. The young man, liberally supplied with cash by his father, preferred the metropolis, and the indulgent parent humored him in every way.

His Sin Had Found Him Out

When he reached London Wilson drove to his son's flat in the West End, and was informed by a servant that the young man had not been home for seven weeks. Not in the least alarmed, the father sought out one of the boy's boon companions, only to be told by him that young Wilson had not been seen anywhere for several weeks.

The successful swindler, who had gained a fortune by the murder of a score of seamen, became alarmed when the day ended and there was no news of his son. He did not sleep that night, and he was trembling when he engaged a detective to search for him. Within a few days this detective reported that young Wilson had gone to sea in the very ship which his father had sent to the depth of the sea.

Son's Oath of Vengeance

The young man, suddenly tired of London, had gone to the captain in charge of his father's latest acquisition, and had begged to be taken on board. When Wilson realized that he had murdered his own son he let fall a few words which gave a clue to the mystery. They came to the ears of an official of the insurance company which had been defrauded, and the wheels were set in motion.

Happily for us it is very rarely that we hear of ships being converted into death traps so that their owners, by a mere incendiary companion, may benefit. Crime is by no means rife in our Mercantile Marine, and we may be proud that Great Britain is almost free from it.

Of the dramas of the sea there is, indeed, and it would be possible to write a hundred without exhausting the twentieth part of the subject.

In the early nineties a young man in Paris heard for the first time of a serious wrong done to his parents by a certain lawyer. Immediately he resolved to avenge his father and mother.

Across the Atlantic

Some hint of this reached the lawyer's ears. A few days before the date which had been chosen for his downfall, a friend, of course for his association, he booked a passage by a liner going to New York. So, when the young man called at his lawyer's office, he learned that he had just departed for Cherbourg en route.

He followed him by the next train, went on board the ship within a few hours of his quarry, travelling incognito so that no one might see him, for the man he intended to murder.

On the first night on the two men met in one of the different saloons. The lawyer, who had been living for years and more on stolen money, was luxurious surroundings and talked cheerfully and vaingloriously throughout the meal.

A Sleepless Night

He believed that he had every reason to be happy and contented. He was one of the staff of which knows nothing and cares nothing for the misery and ruin he has caused. He had heard that the man who had sent his parents to their graves was dead, and he had chosen this moment for his visit to Paris to make a final effort to induce his victim to sign a document which would transfer the ownership of the business to his name.

The young man had decided that he would not do anything of the kind. He was not a business man, and he had chosen this method of dealing with the matter because he was sure that the lawyer would be ruined if he did not get the signature he had come for.

The lawyer recalled his sleepless night, and decided that at £10 the exchange would be cheap.

That night the "black sheep" of a certain English family eagerly sought the card-room with £10 he had just received from the French lawyer via a polite chief steward. Happily he was unconscious that, by accepting the money, he had forgotten his own sin.

The Wrong Man

The £10 was lost before midnight. Penniless again, the Englishman sought cabin No. 20, and, flinging himself on the bed, was soon fast asleep. He was breathing gently when, at two in the morning, a tall figure moved like a ghost towards him and plunged a dagger into his heart.

The ship was dark and silent as the tall figure crept out and glided towards the steerage, and the inevitable sensation and terror did not spread over the liner until nearly midday, when one of the stewards opened the door of cabin No. 20 and discovered the tragedy.

It did not require much detective skill to solve this mystery, for it was obvious that revenge and not robbery had been the motive for the crime. The captain and the chief steward guessed at once that the murder of the young Englishman had been brought about by a hideous mistake on the part of the murderer. The French lawyer had been the destined victim.

When he told how he had heard of threats against his life by a young man with an "imaginary grievance," the detection and arrest of the murderer followed as a matter of course. There was no way of escape for the avenger save by suicide, and he disdained that last resort of the coward.

Answers.

Mae: I always lower my voice when I ask hubby for money.
Amy: And raise it if you don't get it, eh?

Otherwise Poor

Amy: "Well, my little man, have you a good place in your class?"
Johnnie: "Yes'm, I sit right near the window."

Wonder how long it will be before "silver" will be classed as an absolute word.

Interesting Historic Ball

LT. GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC IS HOST TO OLD TIME NOTABLES

Standing, Left to Right: Premier Taschereau as D'Aguesseau; Mrs. Reginald McKenna, the Governor's daughter, as Marie Leczinska; Lord Willingdon as Charles I; Lady Willingdon as Queen Henriette Marie; Gov. Perodeau (the Hon.) as Louis XIV. Seated—Miss McKenna as Marie Louise de France; Capt. Ingo Freeman-Thomas (son of Lord Willingdon), as the Duke of Buckingham; Mrs. Freeman-Thomas as the Duchess of Buckingham.

OLD MINES REVIVE—COME INTO THEIR OWN

Mining Discoveries of Early Days Assume Proportions of Value As Boom Progresses

SOME EARLY HISTORY

In view of the large program of mining development being carried out at present in the country contiguous to the Columbia River south of Golden, British Columbia, it is interesting to recall, says the Department of the Interior through its Natural Resources Intelligence Service, that this was the scene of what was perhaps the earliest lead mining enterprise in Canada.

According to E. A. Haggen, editor of the "Mining and Industrial Record", outcroppings of galena in the vicinity of the Spillamacheene River were used to supply lead for the old muzzle loading muskets of the Hudson's Bay Company trappers and hunters.

The fine grained galena ore was reduced to metallic lead by crude methods and moulded into bullets or converted into shot by the simple expedient of dropping the molten metal into cold water. A primitive hearth of ancient type discovered on the property some years ago, Mr. Haggen confirms the story of the past.

Many years later, a group of prospectors from Nova Scotia pushed into the district on completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Golden. These men were the original stakers of many of the lead-zinc-silver claims which after years of intermittent and perversity are beginning to add their quota to Canada's mineral wealth. It is related that Archie McMurdo, while working on his claims in the upper Spillamacheene country, used to periodically disappear to return a few days later with a poke of gold which to square accounts with the storekeeper for his grubstake. McMurdo's secret went with him to the grave.

Another of those old timers, John McRae, staked on the original discovery and had visions of making a fortune out of supplying lead for the ammunition requirements of the local hunters, trappers and prospectors. McRae built a smelting furnace to be fired with charcoal. This was the first smelter in British Columbia. It was dismantled about 1907 and the stone was used to build the piers of a bridge to span the Spillamacheene River. About that time the late Captain Armstrong, well-known skipper in the days of steamboat navigation on the Columbia before the building of the Kootenay Central railroad, tried his luck at lead mining. He and Tom Jones made several shipments of ore to the Pilot Bay and Trail smelters but found that concentration by milling was necessary to make a profitable operation. For that purpose an oil recovery plant was installed—the first application of the principle of flotation to the treating of lead ore in British Columbia.

In the meantime the scene had shifted and a grand boom developed in the country further south. With the discovery of the North Star, where horn silver was found, the St. Eugene, Stemwinder and Dibble, The Sweetwater Duchess, was crammed with passengers to Lake Windermere and the country was filled with prospectors. The between Canal Flats and Fort Steele, then the boom town of East Kootenay, Hon. R. Randolph Bruce, now Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, was among those pioneers and was until recently owner of the Paradise mine near Lake Windermere. East Kootenay after years of trials and tribulations emerged as the premier mineral producing district of British Columbia with an output to-day in the neighborhood of $34,000,000 annually. The Sullivan was discovered about 25 years before metallurgical science solved the treatment of its ores and made it the biggest lead-zinc-silver mine in the world. The Trail smelter, which treats concentrates from the Sullivan, as well as other ore or concentrates from scores of other mines, is the biggest non-ferrous metallurgical plant in the British Empire.

But west of the old lead mine at Spillamacheene, Were the labors of John McRae and Captain Armstrong in vain? Was the mine to go down in history as having done no more than supply a few leaden pellets to trappers? Mr. Haggen points out that it is now the scene of extensive work and that considerable ore reserves have been blocked out. No longer is there any doubt as to the metallurgical treatment of the ore, which contains silver as well as lead. Moreover the Spillamacheene ore occurs in barite and since this substance is used as a common base for lead and zinc paints, lithophone, etc., it is also has economic value and a paint industry may arise in conjunction with the mine. The mine is known today as the Giant and it is only one of several scattered along the Columbia valley and east of Golden which are coming to the fore now. The others contain zinc as well as lead and silver, and include the Monarch, second oldest lead mine in British Columbia and the first producer, the Lead-Queen, Ruth-Vermont and Paradise. New capital has come into these ventures and they appear to be on the high road to success.

The story of the Giant is the story of scores of mining properties all over Canada. They are to be found from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Under the old conditions they could not possibly operate. Development never got far enough to talk about ore reserves. Now with the diamond drill to ferret out the ore, efficient underground work with compressed air, cheap hydro-electric power and new metallurgical methods, the old timers are coming to life and many of them will not merely be mines but big mining and metallurgical enterprises which will provide work for thousands of men, and towns throughout the Dominion.

The Flin Flon, staked out a quarter of a century ago and nearly a new a big enough proposition to warrant building 85 miles of railway and the expenditure of $30,000,000 with the opening up of an entire new mineral area in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, is an excellent sample of what is happening all over Canada. There is the Eldorado, a hole in the ground 25 years ago and now the centre of attraction in a rich lead-zinc copper area in the Sudbury basin. And then there is the rejuvenation of the old mines of Nova Scotia, where, so less than fourteen are now reported to be operating, the opening of the antimony mines of New Brunswick, etc. Examples could be quoted from every province. These are indeed days of triumph in mining in Canada and the old time mines will share the glory with the newer discoveries.

FREE FROM GERMS

"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"
"Why, of course not; such grounds are free from

Henry Ford is going to send his friend, Thomas A. Edison, one of the new model cars, but Mr. Edison says he is going to stick to his thirteen-year-old flivver till it rusts away. Can it be that he is trying to make a new Edison record?

Short Wave Length 1928 Seen As Certain to Follow Development of Past Year

Commissioner Caldwell Reviews 1927 and Looks Ahead to Many Improvements

By O. H.

Washington (A. P.)—During 1928 the spotlight of public interest in radio will turn upon the long reaches of the radio spectrum below the broadcasting band. For invention and commercial development these channels form a vast terra incognita, in which pioneers are now exploring and staking their claims.

In the short wave region we may expect during the year a rush of applications for channels which in its commercial, industrial and economic reverberations will make the recent episodes in the broadcasting band seem mild by comparison. Aside from all other communication demands, it is clear that future aviation progress will depend wholly on those short waves for communication to airplanes in flight.

In the broadcasting band through various methods of synchronizing the carrier frequency of stations we may succeed in multiplying by several times the carrying capacity of existing channels for regional stations. Chain station operation on but three frequencies instead of fifteen now may further economize our channels.

The sideband transmission may give present ten-kilocycle separation nearly in two, further doubling channels. Meanwhile broadcast service in cities during 1928 may see its inevitable transfer to local wire systems, telephone or electric, leaving space to radio to serve open spaces and rural communities.

The year 1927 made radio history in several important respects. A basic law for radio control and regulation was passed by Congress. Television, "seeing by radio," was accomplished and widely demonstrated. The pocket receiving set became a commercial product, merchandised on a large scale. Adequate radio channels have been cleared, reaching into the home. And by international agreement among seventy nations future operations and development in the radio spectrum have been assured and protected from interference.

Housekeeping in The Southern Seas

Furnishing Coral Dwellings—Fish and Fruit Menu Items

Our coral house in the South Seas sounds so idyllic that it might be the creation of some ultra-romantic imagination. Such a mundane word as "housekeeping" probably never enters one's mind in connection with it.

Yet keep house I did, while my husband saw to the plantation.

The house itself was the most practically conceived dwelling for a tropical climate. It was built by a man who had lived in the place for seven years, and this was his third, final and perfect essay in house construction.

The walls of broken coral, mixed with cement and lime, made for coolness, in a climate which, although it is very equable, the temperature remains at about 82 deg. all the year round is sufficiently hot to make this an outstanding consideration. The steeply sloping roof was of natural colored shingle, and we painted the outside walls white, the shutters being a cool green.

Wall Coverings

Our two house servants were clean, efficient and competent, and a native Tahitian acted as boot-boy and scullery maid. The floors in several of the rooms were bare concrete, so that they could be cleaned easily with mops. Chinese straw mats of cheerful colors were all the carpets required. Wood-fibre netting made by the natives was hung like tapestry over the bare concrete walls, and the curious zig-zag designs in dark brown and white were cool and restful to the eye. Striking designs of pineapples, crabs, and other symbols made exotic splashes of color on the divan covers.

Protective Sea

Unfortunately these handicrafts are succumbing slowly to industrial manufacture in Tahiti; but one island of Moorea, which is necessarily protected from civilization by 20 miles of rough sea, remains pretty much as it was 30 or 40 years ago. Needless to say, we used European oil lamps.

Planning Ahead

Food was cooked by the Chinese boy in the kitchen, which was built separately from the house. The only difficulty about catering was that as the boat crossed from Tahiti only twice a week the commissariat had to be planned a week ahead. One boat took the orders and the next delivered them. From Papeete Tahiti I received fresh meat on ice, New Zealand butter, and tinned food.

With this compromise of romance with reality, to fill the larder our meals were easily arranged.

For the seven o'clock breakfast East met West in grape fruit or mango, followed by toast and boiled eggs with coffee from our own plantation.

At Luncheon

Luncheon at 11.30 afforded scope for our Chinese cook. A fish, silver fish, bonito, soused, but mild pickled in vinegar, was a favorite dish. A big, savage fish called barracouta was also delicious, though when stale.

The semi-tropic curse, the mango fives, called it was eaten boiled, and its taste, was reminiscent of a very delicate lobster; while curried shrimps was another alternative for the fish course.

If the boat had just come in, it was followed by a joint, or, if the island had been out pig shooting, there would be pork. Wild pig and chicken are excellent, but the latter is tough if it is not previously hung in the leaves of the pandanus tree. Besides this delightful fare we would be eating at luncheon a wide choice of oranges, mangoes, bananas, avocado pears, alligator pears. Most nuts, rather dry, are also to be had now and then. Often cold rice was the same kind as for breakfast. Often cold rice was served, tempered by fruits from the trees. In the afternoon, after the siesta, we would be sitting and swimming, except in March and February, when from noon to 3 the combined efforts of rain and heat had to be borne every afternoon. However, we were only complaining the exigencies of an unfavorable climate.

ning Tower Of Pisa in 1927

as been reported that the Tower of Pisa was being more than ever. Much the fate of the Campanile twenty-five years ago. Many two commissions to examine danger at Pisa," says the Daily Telegraph. report is that the movement the immediate future, no to be feared, but the Tower is slowly increasing its stability the base has gathered and the foundations underground discovered that time the Tower is moved out of the perpendicular. list was less than 13½ feet years are sufficient for watch of years. leaning Tower is a wonders of the world. It is the only building between Italy. After the fall of the St. Mark day, repair nomination Bell, the was Brick, and the Arches at the Tower of Pisa are dates from 1174. Bonnano and William who were the architects Tower to date has been at the accepted theory now er building was begun in the end of the side sank doubt to the underpinning which prevent further centuries later to ediacal accumulations of the Leaning tower is 183 feet high, feet, and a weight of than 14,000 tons. When ning strong the foundation in the declination in the contract the hundred years, the last wrought and the wooden bells in the wooden bells in the and modern.

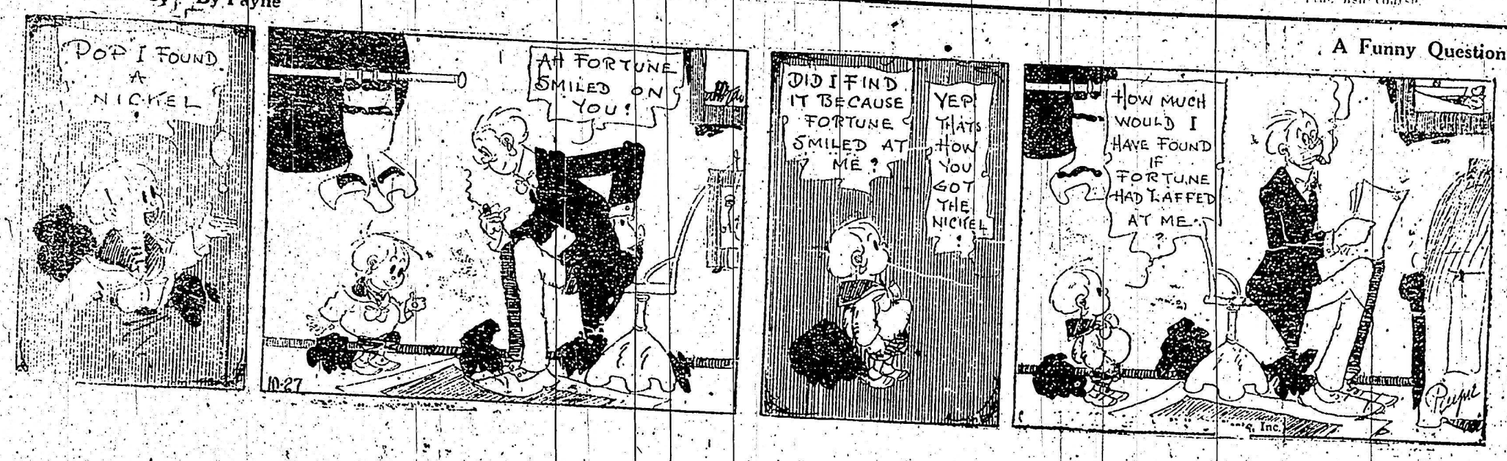
Lloyd George in Optimistic Mood

Interviewer at Lisbon, Says a Peace is Durable

Lisbon dispatch to the detailing a conference between the former Premier and Premier Salazar, he said: "I am going to rest in politics. The right journalists and journalists I have spoken to. I have four years from 1916 as Minister of Prime Minister."

Good luck "will" you may if you haven't

'S MATTER POP—By Payne



A Funny Question