

The Best Sailor In the World

That is what A. J. Villiers, writing in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune calls the winner of the great Australian-to-England grain race of the surviving wind-jammers on each occasion he has sailed in it since the war, veteran of the Cape Horners, former commodore of the Erikson line. Captain Ruben de Cloux of Aland, Finland. At the age of 45 he has been 25 years at sea, 15 of them in command of Cape Horn sail. In the grain race this year nine of the other masters had been trained under his command. Each and all of them strained to defeat him, but in spite of the fact that some had better ships than the big four-masted, he sailed, none lowered his colors.

He sailed the former nitrate trader, Parma, against a fleet of twenty ships, and brought in his charge, with the biggest cargo of them all, at the head of the fleet, defeating the others by from four hours to forty-seven days. It was a hard race. The Cape Horn gales were bad and the Roaring Forties savage. The Parma was damaged and lost sails; the Melbourne was out; the Hougoumont dismasted, the C. B. Pedersen forced to run for Panama in distress, unable to round Cape Horn. In the South Atlantic and off the pitch of the Horn was ice; and in the North Atlantic too much calm. It was a warring voyage, with no master knowing how things fared with the other ships; well satisfied to be still ahead in his own. The Parma's time of 101 days was far from being a record; some of the ships were more than 130 days.

Now the Captain is at home, waiting while the wind ships get ready to spread their wings once more for the grain race of 1933—waiting and watching them go, as yet undecided whether he will sail again.

The ancestors of the De Cloux family of the Aland Islands came to Sweden from Belgium in 1632, to be armor makers to the King of Sweden. There were three brothers in the first migration; one of those settled in Aland in 1662, thus founding that branch of the family.

This branch kept the Belgian name, but nothing else Belgian. They quickly became Swedes—long-lived, strong-faced and sturdy. The Captain's father owned a farm which consisted of some thirty islands in the Aland group, most of them small. He had been a sailor and ran a small steamer to Stockholm. He was also a pilot, representing in his person that extraordinary combination of shipowner-shipmaster-pilot-farmer peculiar to these Viking islands. His powerboat had to sail to the different fields of his farm.

So it was natural that the attention of the youthful Ruben, born in such surroundings in 1884, should turn early toward the water. In 1888, when he was four years old, he first began to take an active interest in boating, at seven he owned a small boat and very nearly lost his life in it; at ten he made his first voyage in a commercial sailing ship in Baltic waters.

During this first voyage he was cook of a small cutter trading to Abo to Stockholm. It was the practice to employ boy cooks in these vessels because the boys were cheap and cooking was of little importance. The small boy would cook what he could, and if he did not quickly learn how to dish up palatable pea soup sharp on eight bells he received a good hiding. This was a remarkably efficient way of teaching boys to cook, but it was a tough school.

"I used to like being at sea then," says the Captain, "but not now"—with a grin that does not show any displeasure at his present surroundings. After that he had to go to school for a while, to his intense disgust. While there he endeavored wholeheartedly to learn as little as he could, and as soon as possible was back at sea again. This time it was in a deep-water ship—he joined the bark Wolf, of about a thousand tons, for a voyage that lasted five years. After that there was no more schooling, except the navigation academies, and these he taught the young man; then he wanted to know. After he left the Wolf he took both his second mate and first mate's certificates and sailed as mate in a deep-sea bark called the Ocean. The Ocean was a very wet and uncomfortable vessel, and was wrecked to the north of Scotland, several of her crew losing their lives.

Escaping from this shipwreck with the loss of his entire belongings, De Cloux made his way to Mariehamn. Here he was married—his second shipwreck in a year, he says with a smile. He left deepwater ships for a while then and with his young bride set off across Siberia under a two-year contract with a salmon-fishing outfit in Kamchatka. This was their honeymoon trip.

Early in 1915 he shipped in the four-masted bark Lawhill, belonging to Mariehamn, as mate, and sailed in this ship as chief mate then until 1917, when the Lawhill sailed into Brest through the mine fields and the submarine zones while steamers were being taken across the Atlantic in well-herded convoys. The Lawhill so amazed the authorities of Brest by her audacity that no pilot came out to board her until she was nearly in. When she was safe in the port they would not allow her to go to sea again. The French took her over as a store ship and sent down all the yards.

Again Captain de Cloux was without a berth. But during the war it was easy for sailors to find employment, and he soon became master of an American deep-sea tug based on Bordeaux, engaged in salvage work in the Bay of Biscay—difficult and dangerous work at that time. There are still some medals in France for the captain if he ever goes to collect them. After the Armistice he took the Lawhill over (she had been sold to the Erikson flag while laid up in Brest, and he was appointed to the command) and sailed her as master until 1921.

The captain then bought the big German training ship Herzogin Cecilie

for Erikson. She is a big four-masted bark with accommodations for ninety cadets. Captain de Cloux commanded her from 1921 until the end of 1929 in the Chilean and Australian trades with conspicuous success.

After the grain race of 1929 (it was on the outward voyage that the ship had been thrown on her beam ends off the north of Scotland) the Captain decided to retire. His wife had been suggesting this for some time. He had a small farm at a place called Godby, about thirty miles from Mariehamn. It was a pleasant place with chickens, one cow, a small forest, some fields and an excellent garden—just such a place as every Cape Horn master has in his dreams. The Captain was 45 then, and had been over thirty years at sea. He had a son and a daughter whom he scarcely knew. They were both in their teens.

He stayed at Godby about a year, in the course of which he bought the Danish four-masted bark Viking in Copenhagen for Erikson and sailed her to Mariehamn. Then he took command of the little bark Plus, in the Baltic firewood trade, and so fell in love with the little vessel that—well here he is suggesting this for some time. He had a small farm at a place called Godby, about thirty miles from Mariehamn. It was a pleasant place with chickens, one cow, a small forest, some fields and an excellent garden—just such a place as every Cape Horn master has in his dreams. The Captain was 45 then, and had been over thirty years at sea. He had a son and a daughter whom he scarcely knew. They were both in their teens.

The Skerry Fence (Lofoten Islands)

The Skerry Fence is that fantastic hundred and fifty miles outer line of jagged rocks and peaks known as Lofoten, which lies within the Arctic Circle off the coast of Norway. The deep sounds between the islands are dangerous passages for the uninitiated, and a boat plunges dizzily until a wave lifts it up and carries it into harbor. Rust is one of the largest of the island group which surrounds a high table rock called Vedoy, a veritable tenement house of sea bird life.

A sound, like the clapping of many hands, or the voices of many people, drowns the chug-chug of the motorboat as it approaches the rock. For a moment it is veiled with a film of wings as the birds take the air, wheeling and soaring in thousands. From a distance the rock looks like a beehive and the birds like a swarm of bees, so densely do they crowd it. The scene is familiar only to the island fishermen who inhabit the gay red colored huts, but to the visitor it is a source of never failing entertainment. Each bird has its own particular manner of flight and household arrangements! The gulls, looking like society ladies in their striking black and white plumage, with the razor-bills as their cavaliers, have families of chicks who are anxious to get to the water. The father and mother bird look superior, as if they were only going to take a sea bath for the sake of the children. But the guillemot is no match with the puffin in flight, once he rises from his peculiar crawling swim on land. The sunlight glints on the metallic plumage, white shirt front and yellow bill, as it moves, with scarcely a sign of motion, in a most businesslike way. Flying shapes, with wide-spread wings and necks strained forward, encircle the cliffs untiringly, or skim low with pinpoints smiling the tide with steady stroke.

With the approach of night a hush falls on the bird world, and the flying tumult ceases, as each finds its unseen home on the rocky ledges of Vedoy.

Italians To Follow Northern Route in Spring
Berlin.—General Italo Balbo, Italian Minister of Aviation, disclosed in a recent interview that the mass flight of twenty Italian planes to Chicago next spring will follow the northern air route taken by Captain Wolfgang von Gronau, German round-the-world flyer.

Captain von Gronau, who had a long conference with General Balbo, a visitor here, made stops in Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and at the cities of Montreal, Ottawa, Detroit and Chicago when he began his world flight which ended last month.

The newspaper "Zwoelfuhr Blatt", said General Balbo, who led an Italian air squadron across the South Atlantic two years ago, would "start" the 20 planes off from Italy and that General Aldo Pellegrini would be in command. The Chicago flight was expected to take two months, with eleven stops en route.

Crossroads
Goodbye, dear friend. Some day, I guess not when, These pleasant hours shall know a glad rebirth; The world is wide, yet we shall meet again, For there are many crossroads on this earth.

And Death may not deny us time and place; No skies between shall make our hope the woe; The more the teeming stars, the vast-er space, The more the crossroads of the universe.

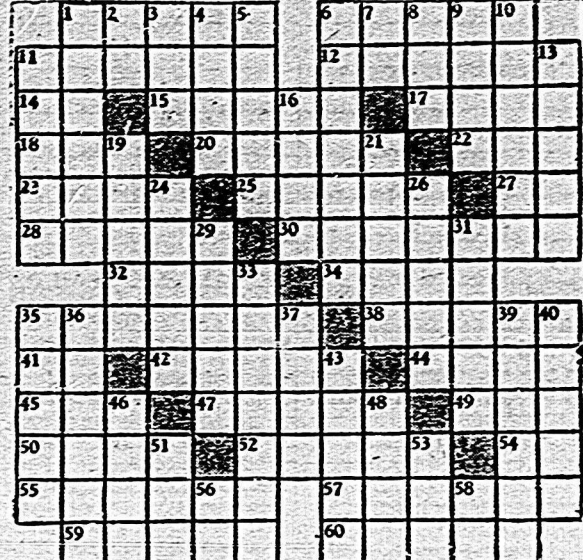
—Arthur Guiterman in the New York Times.

Forest Soil Natural Reservoir
Usefulness of forests as natural reservoirs for feeding underground water supplies and regulating rainfall run-off and stream flow is shown by tests conducted by the Forest Service. Virgin forest soil at the depth of one inch absorbed forty-six times as much water a minute as soil at the same depth in adjacent fields.

"Why should a man want anything better than to sit at home and build a palace for her personality?"—Maurice Chevalier.

"Unless capitalism improves and settles the appalling problem of unemployment, there will be a new form of government in twenty-five years"—Lady Astor.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Horizontal | 44—Certain | 11—Pertaining to apples |
| 1—To enter | 45—To figure wrongly | 13—Strechore |
| 6—Color | 47—To molt | 16—Beggd |
| 11—Essence | 49—To sink | 19—Devoutness |
| 12—Joined | 50—Barren | 21—Ankle bone |
| 14—Article | 52—Shrub | 24—Soars |
| 15—To slide | 54—Symbol of tamarisk | 26—Enjoys |
| 17—Colloquial: to anger | 57—To quote | 29—Tests |
| 18—Brim | 57—Has come up from | 31—Group |
| 20—Outcome | 58—Strained | 33—Voitary of art |
| 22—Point | 60—Clans | 35—Stain |
| 23—Egyptian goddess | | 36—Tower |
| 25—Wild | Vertical | 37—Oriental weight |
| 27—On account of | 1—To oust | 39—Speaks |
| 28—Imposture | 2—Conjunction | 40—Daughter of Lear |
| 30—To charm | 3—Curve | 43—Icelandic collections |
| 32—To grow weary | 4—Covering | 46—Maure |
| 34—Nobleman | 5—To stunt | 48—Withered |
| 35—Master of diction | 6—Gowned | 51—Low haunt |
| 38—Spanish title | 7—Fronoun | 53—To tear |
| 39—Spanish letter | 8—To prevent | 56—Like |
| 41—Greek letter | 9—To issue | 58—Thoroughfare (abbr.) |
| 42—Bristles | 10—Gusto | |

So They Say

"The deflation of commodities seems almost at an end. Hard work begins to fill up the gaps. The fingers of a new dawn stretch their tips above the horizon."—Thomas W. Lamont.

"Remember the fact that conditions make Presidents rather than that Presidents make conditions."—Roger W. Babson.

"When the stage curtain goes I've lost my identity."—Lenore Ulric.

"The world will be saved if it is powerless, faithless, than to be called humorless."—Aldous Huxley.

"Sometimes one pays most for the things one gets for nothing."—Albert Einstein.

"Science has left man trying and man is losing his breath behind to keep up to it."—Joseph Caillaux.

"History shows us that ways when civilization gets very materialistic, it crashes."—Hugh Walpole.

"You cannot tell what the scientists will do in the next year except that they are bound to make a mess of it."—A. G. Wells.

"The literature of the Soviet Union is progressing much more in width than in depth."—Maxim Gorky.

"Wages won't govern living standards; it is a matter of value."—Henry Ford.

"In criticism, as well as in acclamation, dissipation is needed."—Leon Trotsky.

"It is an old adage that being informed is often better than being armed."—Guglielmo Marconi.

"The greatest fundamental influences in our lives are romance and religion."—Cecil B. De Mille.

"I am confident that the mere feeling that lies within us will bring better days for us all."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Every little individual gesture of good-will and understanding between one people and another is a gesture of righteousness."—John Drinkwater.

"Travel, work and life, they never bore me."—Mary Garden.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

1. SWAN 2. USE 3. OPERA
4. LALO 5. SEA 6. RISE
7. ATE 8. CHARM 9. NOR
10. WES 11. SUET 12. AS 13. TO
14. RAWER 15. GNAME
16. ALIAS 17. BAY 18. ORA
19. PORT 20. HOG 21. MOIL
22. TIE 23. CAB 24. PENCE
25. DRUG 26. DRAZ
27. RA 28. EM 29. FUEL 30. AM
31. AC 32. BALMS 33. IRE
34. PHILLOSOPHICAL
35. TYPE 36. KEY 37. DEIB

Rail Line Shows Profit After Employees Buy It

Sydney, N.S.—The value of co-operation was emphasized when Cape Breton Tramways, Ltd., announced a 10 per cent. salary increase effective immediately.

Owned by its employees, the system is one of the few tram lines on the continent showing a profit. But it was not always outstanding. For years it kept up with the best—or worst—of them in the money-losing business.

It was just about a year ago that the employees, facing unemployment when the Cape Breton Electric Company went into liquidation, pooled their savings and bought the rolling stock and operating rights of the company. There were thirty-three in the group.

Man's actions here are of infinite moment to him and never die or end at all; man with his little life, reaches upwards high as heaven, down as low as hell, and in his three score years of time holds an eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden.—Carlyle.

Paris.—The Paris police force of 15,000 men has had five killed and 5,691 injured in two years, but the prefecture says that twenty-nine policemen are hurt trying to control traffic to every ten wounded while preserving the peace.

Owl Laffs

1933 holds for us many unseen things. Just what the year delivers to us will depend to a great extent upon what we put into our efforts. Business is slowly and steadily improving. Let's all look up, lift up and have faith and confidence. 1933 is bound to be a good year for all of us if we only devote ourselves to right living, clear thinking, hard work and thrift.

Customer—"I hear my son William has owed you for a suit for three years."
Tailor—"Yes, sir; have you called to settle the account?"
Customer—"No, I'd like a suit myself on the same terms."

Of course women have greater endurance. Who ever saw a man who could stand at a telephone and talk for an hour?

Forty Years Of Man Hunting

Detective Yarns Mild Declares One of Scotland Yard's Big Four

It is not only in detective stories that some small detail leads to the undoing of a criminal. That it happens in real life as well we may learn from no less an authority than ex-Superintendent A. F. Neil, a member of the original "Big Four" of Scotland Yard. In his memoirs, "Forty Years of Man-Hunting," he quotes the case of a burglar when over £3,000 in money was taken and the only clues to the intruders were an empty safe, a large quantity of plaster from the ceiling which they had broken through—and a cufflink. Mr. Neil put it on his desk and thought no more about it. Three weeks later a man was brought to the station for causing a disturbance in a music hall. He was in his shirt sleeves, as he had thrown his coat at the constable. He was just about to put on his coat, which had been brought along by another officer, when he noticed that one of his cuffs was minus a sleeve-link.

I compared the one he had intact with the corresponding one in my possession—they made the pair. I at once decided that he was one at least of the gang who had broken into the office safe some three weeks previously, so I there and then charged him. He was dumfounded. And, having been double-crossed by his confederates, he gave the whole show away. The gang was rounded up and most of the money recovered.

The Steel Filings. Here is another instance, which shows in addition the thorough methods of the police. A man was arrested for safe-breaking in the Midlands. The dust in the turned-up portion of his trousers was examined. Although he was a steel worker, the experts were still able to show that certain steel filings found there were filings he had made in breaking open the safe.

Frequently the police have daring and acute brains to fight against. One afternoon Mr. Neil, from the cover of a porch, saw a man wrench a padlock from the door of a wine cellar and substitute a new one. A note to his station brought a number of plainclothesmen along, and they awaited developments. Soon up drove a horse van, which were four men, all wearing leather aprons and blue cloth shiny peak hats. To any passing people they were just ordinary workmen of some firm. They had stage-managed the business with a daring and simplicity that made all our eyes meet in an honest look of admiration for their audacity. The man whom I had seen first, jumped down and went to the padlock. That was the signal for us to act! Pushing the man back into the van, with a plainclothesman driving, we all galloped back through Newington Butts to the station, where I placed them in the cells.

The gang had been more successful in their earlier coups, and Mr. Neil tells us that in four days he traced over two thousand pounds' worth of stolen wine, spirits and liquors.

Another gang found an ingenious way of robbing a traveller of his skip or basket, in which he carried several thousand pounds' worth of gold watches and other jewellery. He used to leave it in the cloakroom at King's Cross over the week-end, and one Monday morning he was staggered to find the basket empty. This was what happened: one of the criminals, a very small chap, got into an almost similar basket, and was deposited inside about the same time as the traveller left the skip. In the dead of night the man inside the basket got out, changed the labels, let himself out by the latch, and on Monday morning at nine-thirty claimed his basket—which in actuality was the one belonging to the Jeweller.

He would probably never have been caught if the receiver to whom the goods were sold had not betrayed them.

Knocked Out. Mr. Neil graduated in a hard school. He records many thrilling fights. One night he followed a brutal murderer into the Surrey Canal district. He cornered him on a barge, and in the stand-up fight that followed was knocked into the water. Scrambling out, he thought of the handcuffs that dangled from his wrist. Clenching the steel grip in his left hand, he says:

I waited for the bull rush that I knew was certain to come. It came! With the full weight of my body behind the blow I shot out my left fist, in which I had the steel "grip" clenched. With a welcome thud which jarred the whole of my frame it contacted full on his jaw, and down he went with a grunt on the muddy towing path, his arms and legs flung apart—"out to the wide." I slipped on the vacant grip to his right wrist—he was my prisoner.

During his forty years' war against criminals Mr. Neil has had more than his fair share of adventures—the first job of work he did on going to his beat as a young constable was to stop

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two bolting horses attached to a heavy dray! His stories of every day happenings in a detective's life are as exciting as anything Edgar Wallace ever invented.

Philatelists Protest Profusion of Stamps

Paris.—Professional and amateur stamp collectors from all parts of the world are sending protests to the International Postal Union against the printing of too many commemorative stamps.

They point out that to be of any value collections must be complete and must contain each of a series. Stamps, in fact, are a source of considerable revenue for Governments since there are millions of collectors.

Some of the commemorative issues are on sale only for a day and stamp collectors pay an annual tribute of about £1,000,000 to the various Governments in Europe alone. Next year, for example, the Russian Government will publish nine commemorative issues. The stamps will be issued to mark the fifteenth anniversary of the creation of the Red Army, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Karl Marx, the murder of the 26 Communists at Bakur, the murder of Urutsky, the foundation of the Order of the Red Banner, and so on. This sort of thing costs collectors money.

Italy, too, has been guilty of keeping the stamp printing presses running and has followed the series of 20 stamps to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the march on Rome.

Another attractive issue is a series issued in Latvia illustrating the conquest of the air from military to the present day flying liners.

The United States, with the Washington bi-centennial series and the Olympic Games Stamps, has also taken toll of the collectors' pockets. G. Britain, however, has issued no new stamps since 1929.

"Accordion" Street Car To Be Used in Germany

Germany, country of music and progressive engineering, has now combined the two and built an "accordion" street car. It may not produce any music, but it is so flexible that it can twist and wriggle around corners like a lizard. The interior continues assuming new shapes as the car swings around a curve. At time its rear end may be out of view, because it is still behind the corner. This is made possible by dividing the car into three sections, which are closely coupled and connected by accordion bellows. The interior creates an impression of one car. The wheels are mechanically steered so that the screeching in the curves is said to be avoided. Both the driver and conductor are provided with seats. Radio fans, moreover, were pleased to learn that this electric car is fitted with a device which will keep it from disturbing the reception of their sets.

"The difficulty of choosing men especially capable for the tasks assigned is one of the curses of the democratic system."—Benito Mussolini.

My advice is to consult the lives of other men, as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation.

Reduce Fat Safely

Here is the fat reducing news for which you have waited. Chew one piece of LACEY'S MEDICATED REDUCING GUM after each meal and lose pounds after pounds of unsightly fat. The safest, most convenient method you have ever heard of. Imported from England. Success where all other methods have failed. Thousands have benefited. Mrs. G. of Toronto writes: "I shall continue to take Lacey's regularly, it has rid me of 15 lbs. excess fat in three weeks and improved my health."

LACEY'S does not contain Thyroid or other harmful drugs and is not habit-forming. It is a combination of recognized anti-fat ingredients in a pleasant chewing gum form—APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL DOCTORS. Aids digestion and improves health. Sold and recommended by all drug and department stores—only the LACEY'S supply. To reduce SAFELY—ask your dealer for LACEY'S REDUCING GUM. If you do not have your drugist please remit to LACEY'S, P.O. Box 286, Va. cover, R.O. (Mailed postpaid).

CORRECTION
In a previous insertion of this advertisement a typographical error made the weight reduction in the testimonial read 15 lbs. instead of 15 and as the result of a typesetting error in this issue, the cost of a week's supply appeared to be 5c instead of 75c.

+ Do You Know? +



That these two fluffy bits of things are the offspring of one of the fiercest of North American birds, the Great Horned Owl! Throughout the north the Great Horned Owl lives in heavily forested and unsettled areas and is one of the greatest enemies of grouse and other game birds. If food supplies are reduced it moves southward and is noted for its destructive raids on poultry.—Canadian National Railway.