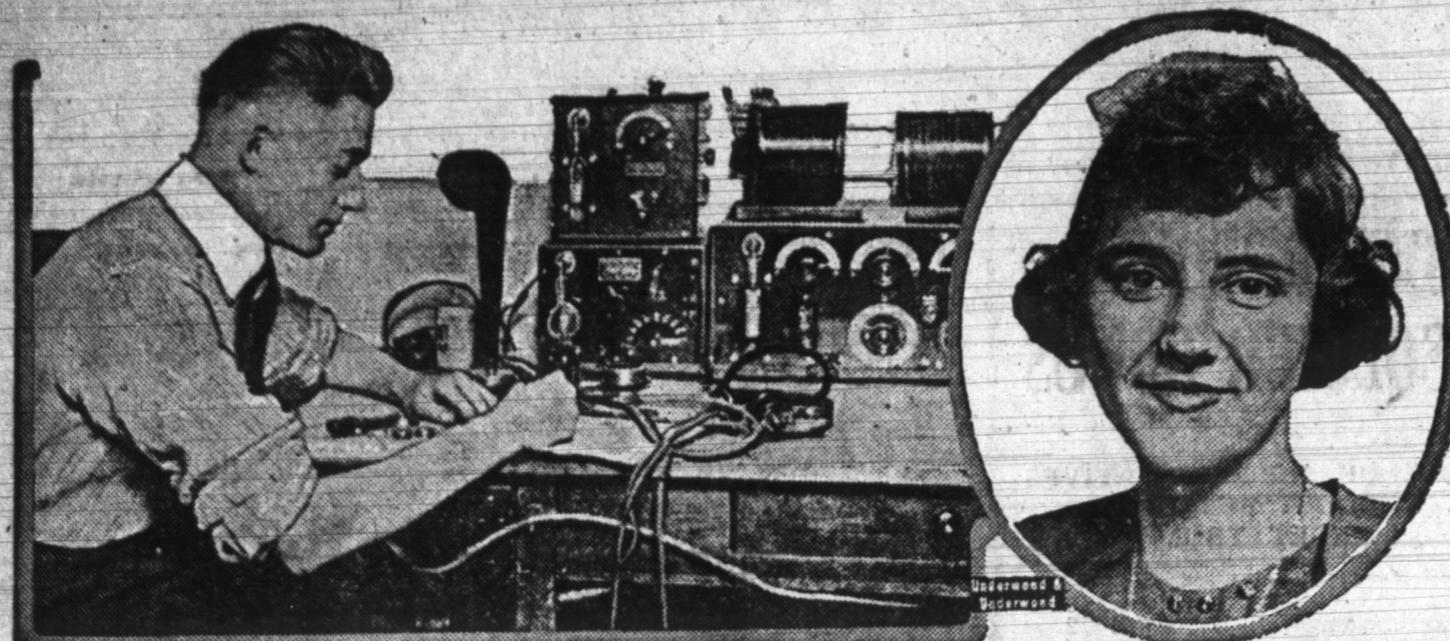


FOUND HIS LONG-LOST SISTER BY WIRELESS



Lester Archer, son of Mrs. Dorothy Archer of Toledo, O., with his wireless set with which he found his sister, Cleo, aged seventeen, for whom he and his mother had been searching for 13 years. No trace could be found of the girl shortly after she had been placed in a children's home near Lima, O., until one of many wireless appeals sent out by Lester located her on a farm near Rockford, O. Cleo is shown at the right.

Magic of Law Puts Millions in 9 Pockets

Forgotten Poor Cousins Share in Estate of Wealthy Oil Man.

MILLIONAIRE LEFT NO WILL

Wealth Comes to Aged People Whose Lives Have Been Largely Filled With Hardships—Hunt for Heirs Is Difficult.

Wheaton, Ill.—Satisfied smiles spread over nine faces in the corridors of the red courthouse here recently, for nine persons, whose lives had been largely filled with hardships, knew that within a few weeks they would be rich. Rich is the only applicable word—wealth to these people had been nothing but a dream.

Judge S. L. Rathje of the DuPage county court had just indicated that five of the nine were legal heirs to the \$3,000,000 estate of William P. Cowan, former president of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, who died at his Wheaton country home in the summer of 1918. The other four were husbands and wives of the heirs.

Nine to Share \$2,500,000.

With the establishment of heirship by the five relatives of the wealthy oil man the total number of heirs who will receive a share of the estate is nine. After expenses have been deducted, according to attorneys, the estate will total more than \$2,500,000.

Each of the nine heirs will receive something like \$200,000 when the inheritance taxes are paid.

Three of the heirs are more than seventy years of age, one is ninety, the youngest is forty-four years old.

None of them remember personally the man whose death brought them this benefaction. But two ever saw him. They look upon their inheritance as some vague dream of paradise.

The heirs who established their claims are:

William Saxton, seventy-two years old, Eagle, Mich.

Walter Saxton, seventy-two years old, Waucauta, Mich.

Charles Saxton, sixty-eight years old, Elsie, Mich.

Mrs. Caroline Saxton Hart, fifty-eight years old, Grand Ledge, Mich.

Mrs. R. B. Colby, forty-four years old, Cadillac, Mich.

William and Walter Saxton are twins. William is married and his wife was in Wheaton with him. Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Hart had their husbands along, too.

Other Cowan Heirs.

The other heirs who have established sufficient evidence of relationship to Mr. Cowan to win an indication of equity from Judge Rathje are:

Judson Phelps, ninety years old, Detroit, Mich.

Henry B. Stillwell, seventy years old, Gloversville, N. Y.

William G. Stillwell, seventy-two years old, Springfield, Mass.

Heirs at law of Mrs. Helen Shadolt, Plymouth, N. Y., who was ninety-five years old when she died a few weeks ago.

All of the heirs are cousins—first, second, or third. No nearer kin could be found by Alfred C. Hoy, public administrator of DuPage county.

The day's hearing before Judge Rathje did not close the case. A few more depositions must be taken, a few more weeks must elapse before the jurist can enter a decree. But the Saxton boys are happy.

When in 1918 it was learned that Mr. Cowan, a successful business man and one of the rich residents of the Chicago Golf club colony at Wheaton, had died and left no will, Wheaton wondered. Then it was announced that there were no heirs in this state. Mrs. Cowan's death had preceded her husband's, and there were no children and no brothers or sisters.

Public Administrator Hoy took immediate charge of the estate and appointed Charles W. Hadley and George Thoma his attorneys. Mr. Hadley is state's attorney of DuPage county and has a weakness for flaring tea.

Nine attorneys presented him with a new one in court.

For more than a year the only relatives Mr. Hoy could locate were the Stillwell boys, Judson Phelps, and Mrs. Shadolt.

A few months ago one of the Saxton boys, Walter, read a newspaper article which referred to Mr. Cowan's death and his estate. A few days later the Saxton claim was entered.

The Saxtons claimed to be the children of two daughters of Peter Cowan, Cayuga county, N. Y., the grandfather of William P. Cowan.

Their claim was established by a marriage license, census reports, old typewritten, and testimony. One of the twins saw Mr. Cowan when he was three years old. Another Saxton said he was born in the Cowan home. But further than that they had no personal recollection of their wealthy relative.

Views on Liquor.

Walter and William Saxton are interested in airplanes, but they don't

believe they will spend much of their fortune on the aircraft.

"You can get a drink of red eye or an airplane ride for \$25," said Walter. "I believe the airplane ride would be the best. You can get the same results from either one. They'll both kill you."

Walter and Mr. Hart have been sextons in different cemeteries ever since they can remember.

"We been burlin' 'em fast as they'd die," said Mr. Hart. "But I reckon we'll retire now. Maybe not though."

Mrs. Colby isn't sure what she'll do with her money. Neither is Mrs. Charles Saxton sure what she will do with her husband's, but Elsie, Mich., is going to have some thrills, she said.

"I guess we could all go in the moving picture business," said Mrs. Caroline Hart. (She doesn't like to be called Carrie.) "But maybe we'll all retire now."

"Pretty hard to quit work," said William Saxton, "we've been working so long. Gee, I'm kinda glad we heard about it, though. No, I ain't got no daughters for any one to marry."

Mrs. Charles Saxton said she had two daughters, but thought they could take care of themselves.

Meantime 11 lawyers, who have been in the litigation, were conferring in the judge's chambers on a tombstone to be erected over Mr. Cowan's grave.

"I hope them lawyers leaves us some of the money," said Walter.

THEY ARE JAZZ MAD IN LONDON

Night Club Fever Sets in as Gay Life Is Resumed.

ENGLISH LEARN TO DANCE

Shortage of Eligible Young Men Puts Crimp in Dancing Aspirations of Many English Girls—Resort to "Paid Escort."

London.—"Making a night of it" became almost a lost art in England during the late war. The owl and the Briton were scarcely on speaking terms.

In the first place, it wasn't patriotic to "stay out at night." Then there was the absence of lights, the shortage of taxis, the ban on dancing and—the Gothicas. So nights were spent in bed, and the only time a Londoner saw the sun rise was when he got up early to work in his allotment.

London, once the gayest of cities, became a silent tomb of somber grays and deep shadows after nine o'clock at night. I can remember when it was actually a penal offense to strike a match in the street. But those who only saw it in wartime wouldn't know the old place now!

The grays are purples now and the lights are bright and red, and in Piccadilly Circus they have four electric signs that flash on and off.

London has acquired the night club fever. From 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. has become the recognized space of time for worshiping at the shrine of Terpsichore.

How the Night Is Spent.

"Are you dancing tonight?" no longer means are you going to spend the hours between dinner time and midnight at a hall or club. It means are you going to Rector's, to the Grafton galleries or to Brett's, picking up your party somewhere about midnight and never thinking of going home until the milkman's horse has got his second wind and the pink finish of a London dawn colors the cold night mists.

Then, and not till then, does one turn homeward in a private car, if one has one, or a taxi, if one can get one, with perhaps a brief halt at the nearest coffee stall for a cup of muddy fluid which tastes like nectar at that hour, but which, taken six hours later, would spoil one's whole day. But such is night life in a big city!

The night clubs of London are a peace product. They range from the ultra-exclusive ones of Bond street to the frankly democratic and even more so ones of Leicester square and Charing Cross road—clubs to suit the taste and deplete the pocketbook of every one.

London has its closing hour, and that is ten o'clock. At none of the

clubs or dance halls is any form of intoxicating liquor sold openly. Ostensibly one does it on pink lemonade and elder cup—unless one has a large hip pocket or knows the proprietor.

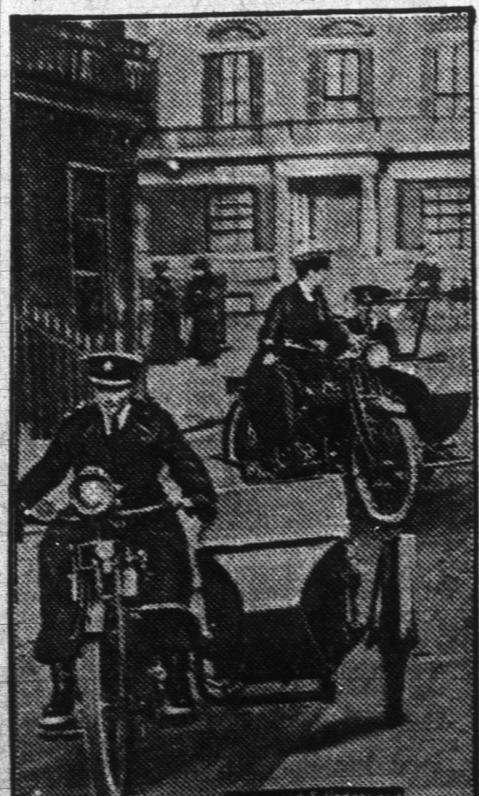
Every place in London which dispenses jazz music and French pastry during the wee sma' hours is a "club." In most of them membership consists merely of filling in a form at the door. Many, however, are sure enough clubs, where only members and their guests may dance. Of the former class, Rector's, on Tottenham court road, is unquestionably the most popular. Needless to say, it has an American orchestra; all the dance clubs have bands that are either American or good imitations of American musicians.

Rector's draws the theatrical crowd, folks from behind the footlights—as well as those who have been to a "show" and are out to make a night of it. It charges \$5 a ticket, or \$7.50 for a couple, which includes a light, very light, "buffet supper."

London is jazz mad; they are learning to dance over here, and when an Englishman dances he likes to get plenty of exercise. Woe to the slow or tender of foot when the band strikes up a fast one-step.

The shortage of eligible young men has, of course, put a severe crimp in the dancing aspirations of many English girls. This has led to the "paid escort," usually an amiable youth with enchanted feet and suave ballroom manners and a rented dress suit.

WOMEN MOTOR COPS



Some of the squad of London women motorcycle police starting off on duty. These policewomen did such fine work that the machines, which they run themselves, were given them so they might do greater work.

Old Testament

History In the Southwest



SUMMIT OF MOUNT WHITNEY

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

LL the world seems to be turning topsy-turvy. Just as if the great war had not made changes enough to satisfy the most pronounced feeling of what we call "unrest," all sorts of people are breaking into the limelight with all sorts of iconoclasms. Hardly a day passes without some iconoclast getting on the first page.

For example, there's that German astronomer and scientist Prof. Albert Einstein, with his theory of "relativity." This "relativity" theory is so wonderful that only twelve men in all the world are able to understand it, it is stated. No wonder, it knocks all established theories into a cocked hat. The professor holds, it is generally understood, that our ideas of time and space are all wrong and that Newton should turn over in his grave and guess again at the law of gravitation.

Then there's Marconi, the Italian who is so busy in the world of wireless telegraphy. He comes forward with the statement that Mars or Venus or some other planet is running in signals on his wireless and is trying to say "Hello, Earth! Let's have a little talk!"

And now jumps into the spotlight L. B. Larsen of Portland, Ore., author and theologian, who says—well, anyway, his discoveries are calculated to shake our faith in the Bible, which nowadays is about the only thing a man can really tie to. But first a few facts by way of preliminary, as a sort of shock-absorber.

In the State of California, on the Pacific, is the Cabrillo national monument. It was created October 14, 1913, by proclamation of President Wilson, under the act for the preservation of American antiquities approved June 8, 1906. All regular, you see; here's a fact by way of preliminary, as a sort of shock-absorber.

Cabrillo national monument was dedicated by the United States to the people because it is believed to be on the identical spot first sighted by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo September 28, 1542.

On his voyage of discovery of the Pacific coast, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, first of Europeans to see the Pacific, gazed on it from a high peak of the Isthmus of Panama in 1513. Cabrillo was the first of Europeans to see California from that same Pacific. To be sure, Hernando de Alcoton explored the mouth of the Colorado in 1540 or thereabouts and Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was exploring Arizona and New Mexico about the same time—he may even have got as far as Kansas—but Cabrillo national monument is a sort of Pacific ocean Columbus' Watertown.

Noah, says Mr. Larsen, landed on a California mountain, after the flood. Strangely enough he makes no mention of the mighty Paul Bunyan. Of course, it is possible that he never heard of him, being an author and theologian, and not a lumberjack. Now, this boss logger of all boss loggers, Paul Bunyan, is the very fellow who got out the timbers for Noah's ark. Maybe he caused the flood. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post used Paul to bolster up a piece of fiction only the other day, and spoke of him thus:

"The contract, as everyone knows, called for the delivery of gopher wood. But old Bunyan was something of a shipbuilder himself and he knew gopher timbers would never do. So he searched the whole world over and finally decided that Oregon fir was best suited for Noah's purpose."

"At that time, as you will remember, the Cascade mountains and the Sierra Nevadas formed the unbroken western shore of an inland sea that extended eastward to the Rockies. Bunyan discovered that the level of this inland sea was much higher than the level of the Pacific ocean, so he set the Big Swede to work digging a ditch through the Cascades. The Big Swede, as loggers know, is Bunyan's foreman and has charge of all the log drives.

"When the ditch was finished—today folks call it the Columbia river—Bunyan was ready with his logs. It took the best of his white-water boys to handle that drive, for the rush of water from the inland sea carried the logs out to the ocean in a great hurry and created such a tide that they had hardly time to gather the logs into a raft before they found themselves in Noah's home port.

And now this L. B. Larsen of Port-



land, Ore., author and theologian, throws all this interesting past into the discard as modern and unimportant. Of the Cabrillo national monument he says "pooh, pooh," and of the cliff-dwellings "tut, tut."

This American Southwest, says L. B. Larsen of Portland, Ore., author and theologian—and he doesn't care who knows it—is the Biblical land of the Children of Israel, and the history of the Old Testament took place right there.

And what's more, Mr. Larsen of Portland, Ore., has written a book to furnish proof that what he says is the truth. The title of the book is "The Key to the Bible and Heaven."

Mr. Larsen says, by way of starter, that Adam and Eve were the original Argonauts and the progenitors of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West. The Garden of Eden was in the present State of Missouri.

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The writer also clears up a moot question, in that he has fixed definitely the ground covered in that time-honored phrase, from Dan to Beersheba. He says it represents the distance on a crow's line from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, to the Colorado river.

Notwithstanding the fact that L. B. Larsen, author and theologian, lives in Portland, Ore., and should therefore be more interested in Crater Lake and Mount Rainier National parks than in Sequoia and Grand Canyon National parks, Californians will doubtless hasten to deny that his book is "just some more Southern California literature," concocted with the idea of increasing the tourist traffic. To this denial other parts of the country will probably say, "Ha, ha," for the ingenuity and persistence of the Golden state booster is a household word in America.

zens. In 1898 the commonwealth erected a tablet on the spot where this first school was located. In 1895, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the school, a big public celebration took place, with prominent men present. And it is expected that the same will occur in 1945, the three hundredth anniversary. —Christian Science Monitor.

Never carry away a plate from the table on which are two knives nor a saucer with two spoons.

TOWN'S FIRST FREE SCHOOL

Dedham, Mass., Very Properly Celebrates Its Founding Nearly Three Centuries Ago.

In celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the starting of a public school in Dedham, Mass., held by many to have been the first one on the continent, the schools of the town held special exercises. The free school commemo-