

## OUTCAST YOUTH MADE VICTIMS IN PETTY GRAFT

Glassford Assails Sheriffs  
Collecting Fees at  
Lads' Expense.

This is the third in a series of articles by former Police Chief Pelham D. Glassford who has been touring the states of the south and southeast studying the problem created by hundreds of thousands of wandering boys in this country.

**BY GEN. P. D. GLASSFORD.**  
ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 27.—We drove on to Atlanta over a highway which parallels the southern railroad. Each passing train bore witness to the number of transients beating their way. Whether headed north or south, each carried its quota.

One can get a better idea of the volume of this traffic when the freight is under way.

Then the unwanted passengers feel free to expose themselves; no railroad "dick" or local "bull" can jerk them from speeding cars.

There they are, crowded at the door of the box car, sitting tight on the floor of the flat, or a line of heads bobbing over the side of the "gondola."

But let the train begin to slow down for a stop, and they disappear as if by magic.

**Evil-Smelling Petty Graft**

In these southern states the railroads carry the burden of the homeless and destitute transient traffic.

Traveling "on the thumb" as the boys call hitch-hiking is difficult. Motorists hesitate to give a stranger a lift over these long stretches of lonely roads.

A number of the states have harsh laws penalizing the road biker who "thumbs" the passing motorist for a hitch.

And then there always is the chance that the local jail or chain gang may not be full up, and the local sheriff or police official not averse to a little profit.

This petty graft, this exploitation of poor outcasts, is so evil-smelling that I find it hard to believe. I have no means of proving it, and I don't know how general the practice is, but repeatedly I have been told of it by men on the road. One intelligent young machinist gave me details of his experience.

**Keeps His "Hotel" Full**

He was from Michigan (I withhold names of those arrested), where his last job was with the Ford airplane plant. He and all other single men had been dropped a year and a half ago. Wandering from one mill town to another in search of a job, he was arrested by a deputy while passing through a town in the West Virginia panhandle.

The jail, empty at the time of his arrest in the early afternoon, by nightfall was crowded to capacity with transients. They got nothing to eat until morning, when they were fed coffee and a plate of beans. Then each one in turn signed some sort of acceptance of parole, and got his discharge.

Day after day, according to my informant, this procedure goes on. The sheriff draws 65 cents a day for each prisoner. Charging 5 cents of this to his expenses, and giving his deputy a small cut, he has no difficulty in keeping his "hotel" profitably full.

**Hopefulness Still Exists**

At one point, where the Southern's right-of-way comes close to the road, a freight train lay on a siding.

In the half-light I could see figures at the door of the nearest box-car. I stopped and walked toward it.

As I approached, a number of its occupants scurried off into the darkness and hid; others, resigned and indifferent even to a railway policeman, awaited my approach.

Shortly, however, satisfied that I was friendly, those who had run away returned. There were twenty-two men and boys in this one car, most of them of high school and college age. One lad who looked to be not over 14 claimed to be 17.

Through the grime that covered these vagrants, it was an easy matter to recognize intelligence, determination, resourcefulness and a cheerful acceptance of their rough existence.

## Freighter Reaches N. Y. Harbor After Thrilling Feat in Rescuing British Ship

22 Survivors Line Rail as Gotham Gives Ovation to Heroic Skipper.

**BY OTIS PEABODY SWIFT**  
United Press Staff Correspondent

New York, Jan. 27.—Storm-battered, listing to port, her No. 3 lifeboat empty, the 12,000-ton freighter American Merchant steamed through the Narrows late Thursday, the Union Jack flying at her forepeak and the twenty-two survivors of the British steamer Exeter City lining her rail.

They had been rescued by the American Merchant in mid-ocean last Friday, after a night of terror, when a fifty-foot wave overwhelmed their 1,800-ton craft, carried away the bridge, chardhouse, and foreward superstructure like matchwood, and swept Captain E. D. Legg and three men of the watch to death in the racing waves.

Whistles of harbor craft shrieked welcome as the American Merchant plowed upstream to Pier 87. High on the American Merchant's bridge, holding the course beside a Sandy Hook pilot, stood Captain Giles Stedman, 36-year-old skipper and hero of the sea epic, pausing a moment to smile and wave as he saw his three sisters, Alice and Mary Stedman of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs. Louis Muth of Westchester, standing in the wheelhouse of the mayor's reception craft, the Macon.

**Cheers From Leviathan**

Beside them were members of the mayor's reception committee, sent down the bay to receive him. He smiled and waved again, as the American Merchant was warped into her pier, the crew of the monster liner Leviathan, at the next dock, manned the rail and cheered.

But his face had been grave as earlier, at quarantine, he had met forty-seven newspaper men, newsreel and camera men, and told them the story of the rescue. A slim, erect vital figure, he stood wrapped in his blue watch officer's coat, his cap, peaked with golden oak leaves of his rank, cocked over one eye, his shoulders square beneath the four gold bars he has won in the merchant service.

Methodically, in measured voice, deprecating and courteous, he unfolded the dramatic story of the ocean rescue, one of the most efficiently executed in recent years.

**Struck by Huge Wave**

It was 10:33 p. m. last Thursday when the great wave, rolling out of the darkness of a mid-ocean storm, struck the thirty-two-year-old Exeter City square abeam. Ten days out from Fowey, Cornwall, loaded deep with a cargo of china clay for Portland, Me., and Boston, she had fought her way westward against heavy seas and west by southwesterly winds.

Her crew, all men of Bristol, England, were below, turned in for the night, except the bridge watch of four and the boiler room watch of the tiny oil burner.

Estimated at fifty feet in height, the great wave struck like a battleship's broadside. It was dawn be-



Captain Giles Chester Stedman

fore Radioman Victor Lothian could rig an emergency radio and send out an SOS.

Seven days out from London, where she sailed on Friday the 13th, the S. S. American Merchant, heard that call, turned to answer, came on the floundering derelict at 9 a. m. Mountainous seas were running gouts of hall sweeping the racing whitecaps.

Standing off 150 feet from the stern of the plunging wreck, shouting orders down the wind by megaphone, officers of the American Merchant dumped ten tons of oil on the water, watched the Exeter City dump seventy-five tons, shot a life line across her bows, lowered No. 3 lifeboat, empty, since it

was carrying two twenty-two were carried over in one boat load; unable to salvage the boat once the men had been taken aboard, Stedman cut her adrift, "expended one life boat" in the formal language of the sea.

Unabated, the storm raged while the American Merchant waited.

Later, he was assigned to Harvard university nautical school, where he studied navigation.

During the World War, he served as a petty officer aboard a transport transferring after the armistice to the merchant service.

Mountainous Wave Dooms English Craft, Striking in Night.

hove to, finally, in the face of the gale, she turned and steamed toward New York, leaving the Exeter City, down by the head, still afloat. She was reported afloat as late as Thursday.

"Every one in the old United States Lines considered Giles above the finest navigator in the service," George White, formerly London manager for the lines and now with the Emergency Unemployment Relief, declared today.

"The very highest type of American merchant officer," continued White, who has known Captain Stedman some ten years. "Polished, well read, assured, retiring—I wasn't surprised to hear of the City of Exeter rescue—it's just what I would have expected of him."

A wide variety of others feel the same way about it, from Captain Harold A. Cunningham, former master of the Leviathan, whose first officer he was, to the clerks of the Negus Nautical Instrument Company and passengers who have crossed with him.

**Friends of Aviators**

Trans-Atlantic aviators have a particular fondness for Captain Stedman. He is a close friend of Colonel Clarence Chamberlin, to whom he lent his navigating talent when he plotted the latter's course from New York to Germany.

The captain also plotted the course of the French plane Yellow Bird for its flight from Old Orchard, Me., to Spain in 1929, and against his will will outlined a route for Mrs. Frances Wilson Grayson.

Born in West Quincy, Mass., the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stedman, he enlisted in the navy after being graduated from high school in June, 1914.

Later, he was assigned to Harvard university nautical school, where he studied navigation.

During the World War, he served as a petty officer aboard a transport transferring after the armistice to the merchant service.

**Gets Gold Medal**

Assigned to the President Harding as second officer, he was chief officer aboard her when she rescued the crew of the American freighter a mid-Atlantic gale in October, 1925.

In 1931, he received the gold medal from the treasury department for his work in directing this rescue.

Transferred to the Leviathan as navigator, he became the big vessel's chief officer in April, 1930. In March, 1931, he was given the bridge of the American Merchant.

When ashore, he lives with his sisters, Alice and Mary, in the Wollaston section of Quincy.

## THREE HURT IN TRIPLE CRACKUP ON NORTH SIDE

Four Others Are Injured in Automobile Accidents in City.

Three persons were injured and three automobiles were damaged in a triple collision early today at Thirty-eighth and Ruckle streets.

Bingham Booker, 23, of 34 East Forty-second street, driver of one of the cars, and Guy Marlett, 30, of 1728 North Capitol avenue and Miss Julia Rodocker, 30, were taken to Methodist hospital after the crash.

William O'Connor, 25, of 1423 North Pennsylvania street, whose car was sideswiped in the accident, was not injured.

Marlett's car, in which Miss Rodocker was riding, was going west on Thirty-eighth street, and Booker's car was traveling south on Ruckle street.

**None Badly Injured**

Hospital physicians said none is in serious condition.

Mary Grossholtz, 38, of Southport, was arrested on charge of operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor, after he is alleged to have struck a safety light at Madison avenue and Bell railroad.

Mrs. Eletha Goodyear, 38, of 2804 Gale street, was taken to city hospital for treatment of head cuts received Thursday when she was struck by a Brightwood street car as it turned at Pennsylvania and Maryland streets.

**Woman Severely Hurt**

Severe injuries were received by Miss Gladys Baines, 28, of 921 Cedar street, when a truck in which she was a passenger, turned over in the 1800 block, Woodlawn avenue, early Thursday night after striking a parked car. Driver of the truck, Ray Westra, 29, of 327 Christian street, suffered a wrenching shoulder.

Evidently becoming confused by traffic, Mrs. Mary Quackenbush, 40, of 402 North Meridian street was struck by an automobile Thursday

night at Massachusetts avenue and Michigan street. She was taken to city hospital when she was unable to give police her address.

The automobile was driven by Earl Dickinson, 39, of 1210 Hoefgen street, who was not held.

Do you want a modern rooming house? If you have a truck to trade, see Times Want ads, or call Swap Bureau, Riley 5551.

## How Old?



He doesn't look a day over fifty.

And feels like forty.

**At the age of 62**

That's the happy state of health and pep a man enjoys when he gives his vital organs a little stimulant!

When your system is stagnant and you feel sluggish, headache, half-alive—don't waste money on patent medicines. Stimulate the liver and bowels. Use a famous physician's prescription every drug store keeps. Just ask them for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsi.

This appetizing syrup is made from fresh laxative herbs, active senna and ginger pepsi. One dose will clear up almost any case of headache, biliousness, constipation. But if you want to keep in fine

shape, feel fit the year 'round, take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsi every few days. You'll eat better, sleep better and feel better in every way. You will never need to take another laxative.

Give the children a little of this delicious syrup two or three times a week. A gentle, natural stimulant that makes them eat and keeps the bowels from clogging. And saves them from so many sick spells and colds.

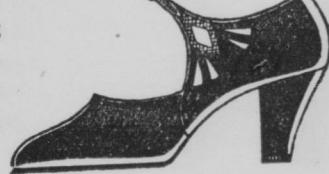
Have a sound stomach, active liver and strong bowel muscles that expel every bit of waste and poison every day! Just keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsi on hand; take a spoonful every now and then. See if you don't feel new vigor in every way. Syrup pepsi isn't expensive.

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Just Arrived! Another shipment of Selby Arch Preserver Shoes. Were priced to \$12.50; while this sale lasts,

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2,400 Pairs New WINTER SHOES

Black and Brown Suedes, Black and Brown Kids, Satins, Patents, Pumps, Straps and Ties.

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