DEEDS of a DARE DEVIL ROVER



NEW YORK.—Salute Ransford D. Bucknam Pasha! Once more the international limelight plays on the doughty American. Now he emerges from the obscurity of his recent years in troubled Turkey and is revealed as the head strategist of the Ottoman fleet in the sea battles with the Greeks.

Rover and adventurer all his life, boy captain of a whaleback on the great lakes, later commander of vessels plying between New York, Boston and Baltimore, chief navigator of big steamships on the Pacific ocean, Bucknam became a firm favorite of the cruel and fickle Abdul Hamid who made him admiral of the Turkish navy. But being a Yankee from Bucksport, and when Abdul was overthrown, refused to accept the ultimatum from the new Sultan, Mohammed V., that he swear allegiance to the Ottoman flag and become a subject of Abdul's successor.

Bucknam Pasha was ace-high with the young Turks and also strong with the old Abdul Hamid supporters, but he quit the Turkish service rather than become a Turkish subject. But his restless, constructive mind was not to be curbed, and it has just become known that he is now a sort of John D. Rockefeller and William C. Whitney in Constantinople. He obtained concessions in oil lands as well as in street railway routes, and his friends in New York have learned that he has begun to pile up a big fortune.

It was to Bucknam, now an oil magnate and a traffic expert, that the Turks turned when the Greeks began to threaten the Dardanelles with their squadron. When the Ottomans made a desperate and dashing sortie and in attacking and driving off the Greeks followed a tactical plan of unusual skill, the Greeks were astonished. Only when their spies inside Constantinople reported, did the besiegers understand what had happened. It was Bucknam Pasha, the down east Yankee, who drew up the elaborate plan! During the battle he watched and advised by wireless from the heights behind Fort Kum Kaleh.

American Brain Won Out.

Bucknam couldn't keep out of it. He owed much to his Turkish friends, even though under a new regime. And although not in active command, it was an American brain that furnished the strategy of what Turks hailed as a brilliant naval achievement.

But Bucknam doesn't need any three-sheet advertising on the billboards of the world. He is forty-nine years old, hard as steel and shrewd as a storekeeper at the four corners in his native state. He is short, broad as he is long, undershot jaw—a regular human bulldog. It was lucky fate for him that Mohammed V. tried to force him to give up his American citizenship. Otherwise he might not have had the opportunity to develop as the chief explorer of some of the most valuable petroleum resources of the Ottomans.

Bucknam has the rights in three important oil centers in European and Asiatic Turkey. His opportunity is a wonderful one, because Turkey has in the past imported 400,000,000 gallons of oil from Russia, Roumania and America every year. Bucknam's Anglo-American syndicate owns enough oil land to supply not only the wants of Turkey but to export large quantities to foreign countries. An important source of his supply is the region of Meriofito, a port near Rodosto on the European shore of the Sea of Marmora. He has negotiated the exploitation of 50,000 acres of this oil land by a British company capitalized at $1,000,000. Bucknam Pasha also controls 100,000 acres of oil-producing territory near the northeast shore of Lake Van in Eastern Asia Minor, and another 15,000 acres about 80 miles south of Trebizond, the chief Turkish port of the Black Sea. The oil found on the Bucknam possessions excels the Russian product as a fine paraffine oil, and also is three to five days nearer the European markets.

This is the new phase of an amazing career that Bucknam has now entered. His life has been replete with bold adventure that finally took him into strange service in a strange country. His exploits began young.

Early Fondness for the Ocean.

When Bucknam's father died at sea the lad was fourteen and his old grandfather gave him the choice between farming and the seafaring life. Young Bucknam had an instinctive love for the old ocean, a love that helped him to pick up the knowledge of a ship with little effort. His first venture was made on the great lakes as cabin boy aboard a schooner, of which the captain was also the owner. The captain's wife took a fancy to the youngster, and ultimately they adopted him.

When he was sixteen Bucknam sailed from New York as quartermaster of a schooner bound for the Pacific. At Manila the captain and mates died of cholerra and Bucknam went before a special board to be examined for a master's certificate, as he was the only remaining member of the crew who had studied navigation. He passed the test trimphantly and was made a captain at seventeen. He brought the ship home.

Early in the "nineties" Bucknam was in command of a steamship that sailed from Tampico for New York laden with hemp and silver. Twenty-four hours out of Tampico he struck a sunken wreck and smashed his propeller. With the aid of a tug he got the vessel into Key West.

It was assumed that the ship would have to be dry docked before she would be fit for sea again. But Bucknam balked at the expense. So he shifted all his cargo into the forward compartments, thus elevating the stern. He managed to get the propeller out of water and then went ahead with his repairs.

It is said that Bucknam was the first man to put a propeller on a ship without drydocking her.

Devised New Lake Steamer.

Shortly before the world's fair at Chicago, in 1893, Bucknam went to that city and built the whaleback Columbus. In 1897 he went to the island of Naos at Panama, and it was there that he met W. H. Ledbetter, formerly an officer in the United States navy. Bucknam and Ledbetter became great chums. This friendship has lasted, for Ledbetter also became a Turkish admiral through the favor of Bucknam, and quit the service with Bucknam and joined him in the latter's oil ventures.

About 1900 Bucknam was transferred from Naos to the City of Pekin, then the Pacific Steamship company's new trans-Pacific liner. It was not long afterward that he as engaged by the Cramps of Philadelphia in order to superintend the trial runs of new battleships and cruisers.

The Cramps directed him to deliver the Philadelphia-built cruiser Medjidieh to Turkey in 1904. Bucknam was to stay three months in Constantinople in order to train the crew. It was the Fourth of July when the Medjidieh arrived in the Golden Horn, and the new comer, fired with patriotic ardor, began to set off firecrackers and fireworks on board the new warship. The Turks were aghast and there was excitement in the city.

Won Admiration of Sultan.

Bucknam was summoned into the imperial presence of the gray old wolf in the Yildiz Kiosk. Abdul was so impressed by the bluff and jovial sailor that he asked him to enter his service as naval adviser at a huge salary.

His popularity with the sultan increased to such an extent that he was made a pasha and a vice-admiral, and the sultan conferred on him the Order of Osmanlieh and a distinguished service medal.

Bucknam distinguished himself at the time a bomb intended for the sultan was exploded near Yildiz Kiosk. It was the sutlan's habit to go every Friday from his palace to the Hamidich mosque, about a thousand yards from the palace. Diplomats and other privileged visitors view the procession from a terrace under the palace windows and the rest of the route is filled with troops. Just as the sultan was leaving the mosque there was a terrible explosion. Scores of men were killed or injured. Bucknam was uninjured, though a man at his right fell dead with his head crushed.

The sultan stepped back into the mosque when he heard the explosion and the irregular firing in the air was begun by the panic-stricken soldiers, but in a few minutes came out again and tottered toward his carriage.

First to Monarch's Aid.

Bucknam drew his sword and rushing to the side of the despot stood ready to repel any attack. The American was the first to reach the frightened monarch's side and directed the soldiers in drawing lines and pressing back the rabble. Sword in hand, Bucknam walked beside the carriage all the way back to Yildiz.

"When the sultan reached the safety of his palace," said Bucknam, in describing the event later, "he became much more agitated than he had been immediately after the explosion. I told him of my observation, and added that in my opinion the bomb or infernal machine had been buried underground.

"Afterward the palace people and the commission which was appointed to investigate the affair maintained that the explosive must have been brought in one of the carriages, but it was naturally their policy to take this view, as nothing could have been buried beforehand in the palace grounds without the connivance of somebody in the palace, or at least without gross carelessness on the part of the palace guards."

Today Bucknam can be seen daily in the Club de Constantinople, and save that he wears a fez, looks little altered since the days he was known around New York. Invariably can he be found at noon each day in the club, seated before a cocktail which he himself invented, and which is known all over Turkey as the "Bucknam Cocktail."—New York World.

TWO REALLY GOOD STORIES

Congressman Comes to the Front With Humorous Anecdotes Which He Avers Are True.

An out-of-town minister stopped at a home in Bardstown, Ky., to remain over night with a neighbor of Representative Ben Johnson, who now steps up to the plate and tells about it.

The weather was bad the morning after the visitor got there and he decided to stay another night. It looked a trifle threatening the next day and the minister said he thought Providence had intended that he remain there in their hospitable midst for one more night. So that evening when they held family prayer, the host offered this supplication:

"O Lord, we pray thee that we may have a bright and propitious day tomorrow that the good brother may continue his journey."

Ben Johnson tells still another one about a preacher. This one was colored. He got into embarrasment in the little Kentucky town where he had been living, in consequence of some chicken thefts that led to a warrant being made out for his arrest. He beat it away from there and went to a village in Johnson's district, where he got a temporary pulpit. Just as he was about to announce his text on the day of his initial address there he saw a man in the rear of the church whom he thought he recognized as an officer of the town he had recently left.

He hesitated a moment, but said to the congregation:

"Brothers and Sisters: I had calculated to talk to y'all this mawnin' 'bout th' resurrection, but since stepping into the pulpit I done decided to preach from the Fo'th chaptah of Hezekiah: "If thou seest me and think thou knowest me, say nothing; and verily I will see you later.'"

Wilde Is Among the Great Dead.

"Wilde's grave," writes a Paris correspondent, "is in the newer section of Pere la Chaise, and, though no monument marks it, I found it with little difficulty. There is a flat slab upon the grave, and this is surrounded by a chain, connecting four short posts, one at each corner. Upon the surface of the flat stone some one probably with the shaft of an umbrella had scratched the words, 'De Profundis. Oscar Wilde.' Oscar Wilde lies where he would have chosen to lie—among intellectual and spiritual Titans. But a few steps away are the ashes of Moliere; near by, Alphonse Daudet; Rachel, the world's greatest tragic actress; Alfred De Musset, the composer; Balzac, the novelist. In the same section those unhappy lovers of history, Abelard and Heloise, are locked forever as they both desired in the same tomb.

Pocket "Wireless."

The latest development in wireless telegraphy was shown recently at the Imperial College, South Kensington, England, by the Marconi company. It took the form of a "pocket wireless." In four little knapsacks all necessary apparatus can be stored, and if a party were lost in a wilderness help could be easily summoned. At present the apparatus can only send messages within an area of fifteen miles, but it is expected that in time this range will be greatly increased.

Social Forms and Entertainments



A Budget of Queries.

Please answer the following questions for me at your earliest convenience:

In sending a wedding present, to whom should it be addressed? In meeting a bride and groom, not special friends, what should one say by way of congratulations? A reception is given for a new minister by one of the societies. If one cannot attend is a response necessary?

In passing around at a wedding what should one say to both bride and groom? If the bride fails to introduce the groom, what is necessary? —Miss Inquisitive.

Letters to be answered through the department are printed just as fast as space permits, and those inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply are answered immediately.

A wedding gift is always addressed to the bride.

Congratulations are extended to a bridegroom and best wishes to the bride. A public reception given by a church society does not require a personal response or a card. If a bride fails to introduce her husband just speak to him just the same, as under the circumstances she is quite excusable, and do not flatter yourself that "he" would remember your name for one minute. I am glad you enjoy the department, and it is kind of you to say so.

In Accepting Invitations.

Will you kindly give me an outline of accepting invitations to social entertainments, such as teas, receptions, etc., also the color and size of paper to use.—Margaret.

A cream-colored unruled paper of good quality, plain or adorned with monogram, crest or street and home number with envelopes to fit exactly is always in good form.

The wording of an acceptance depends much upon the way an invitation is framed. If very formal and in the third person, the reply, either an acceptance or a regret, is written in the same manner. If informal, the return reply is written in an informal manner.

For a Surprise Party.

I have a sister who will be eleven this month. I want to have a surprise party. What would you advise us to do for amusement? Have to have it in the evening. What hour should it start, and what would you have for refreshments? I thought fourteen would be the oldest and nine the youngest. Would that be proper?

Would it be right for mother or me to write the invitations, and how would you word them?—M. E. G.

It will be perfectly proper for your mother to extend the invitations by writing informal little notes. I should have the hours from seven to ten. Not a moment later for young people of that age. Certainly include the nine-year-old. She or he will soon be 'leven. I should have a lovely big birthday cake, with ice cream, and if you like, cocoa and sandwiches, with nuts and candy. Why not have a peanut hunt? Carry lemons on a fork. Have a nail-pounding contest for the girls and a button-sewing contest for the boys. You will have no end of a good time.

Valentine Linen Shower.

I wish to give a Valentine shower on the 14th. Please tell me how to word the linen. What shall I have and how shall I decorate? I had thought of using cardboard hearts.—A. C.

For the invitations use your visiting card, with "Linen Shower for Mrs. B——," with day, date and hour written on it. Inclose in envelope to fit exactly and send by post.

Why not make a big heart of pink crepe paper and put all the parcels in, to be brought in by a small child dressed as Cupid? Of course, on February 14 nothing will ever take the place of heart decorations and place cards. Did you know you could buy these cardboard hearts, all sizes, and at a very small cost? So much time saved. Before this age of keeping special days became general the few of us who always celebrated had to make all our favors.

I should serve heart-shaped sandwiches with a potato salad, ornamented with beet hearts, then heart-shaped ices with small heart-shaped cakes. Request each one to write a valentine to go with her parcel.

Valentine Invitations.

Please give me three or four appropriate sentiments to write on place cards for an informal dinner of four that I want to give on the 14th.—An Appreciative Reader.

I think these quotations will be just what you want:

"Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine."

"Now all nature seems in love,
And birds have drawn their Valentines."

"Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I, a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

"I envy no man wealth or fame,
While you are my true Valentine."

The Kind of Stationery to Use.

I am the secretary of our club and the members have asked me to ask you if it is proper to send out invitations written on plain white linen paper? Is it all right to use colored paper? I received a large box of this as a gift, and though I prefer white, yet I am using this. But is it considered best form to use it or white?—Sarah.

Plain white unruled note paper is correct for invitations, and if your colored stationery is what you used to write to me it is in perfectly good style. Many people like a pale gray or bluish gray paper, and some like a deep cream, but white is always correct.

The Second Anniversary.

Kindly let me know what the second anniversary is.—Marquette.

The second wedding day brings the paper wedding. It may be made a unique and charming affair, as paper lends itself well as a decorative means.

Reply to "Daddy's Girl."

I like your signature, for anyone who is "daddy's" girl is pretty sure to be just the very nicest of a child. From your description I should say that the gods had been unusually favorable to you in giving you not only sunny, golden hair, but a sunny disposition as well. Be thankful that you are good to look upon and a favorite, but when told that this is a fact just say, "Thank you, I am glad you think so." I do not see anything lacking in your wardrobe and think you are very fortunate to have so much.

MADAME MERRI.



For Coupons Out of the Duke's Mixture Sack

Many men are getting untold pleasure out of the *Liggett & Myers* Duke's Mixture sack. One 5c package holds many pipefuls of pure, mild smoking—or, if you please, it will make *many* cigarettes of the good old-fashioned kind that you roll yourself.

Liggett & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Duke's Mixture, made by the *Liggett & Myers* Tobacco Co. at Durham, N. C., is the favorite with cigarette smokers. It's the tobacco that makes "rolling" popular with men who want the true taste of pure, mild, selected tobacco.

We're making this brand the leader of its kind. Pay what you will, you cannot get better granulated tobacco than Duke's Mixture.

You still get the same big one *and a half* ounce sack—enough to make *many* cigarettes—for 5c. And with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers and a present coupon, FREE.

Save the Present Coupons

With the coupons you can get many handsome, desirable presents — articles suitable for men, women, boys and girls. Something for every member of the household.

Special offer for February and March only—

Our new illustrated catalogue of presents will be sent *Free* to anyone who sends us their name and address.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be assorted with tags from HORSE SHOE, J.T., TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, *coupons from* FOUR ROSES (*the tin, double coupon*), PUCK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, *and other tags or coupons issued by us.*

Premium Dept.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

WHY THE MEAL WAS HALTED

Nothing Seriously Wrong, but Old Gentleman Had Some Trouble With the Elusive Onion.

An aged country couple, on the urgent invitation of a grandson who lived in the city, were on for a visit. The grandson's wife was very anxious that the first meal should be one which the aged couple would enjoy after their long ride in the train, and accordingly the table groaned under its burden of good things to eat.

In the course of the repast she noticed several times that the old man seemed to be making little progress with the meal.

"What is the matter, grandfather?" she asked, "don't you like my dinner?"

"No, no, granddaughter," mumbled the old man, "it isn't that. Only I've a pickled onion in my mouth, and I hain't got but one tooth left, so it's harder'n Sam Hill to catch it, it's so lively. Just rest easy a spell till I git a holt on it and I'll be all right!"

When the Peanuts Ran Out.

For two hours an old back countryman, who had never before seen an elephant, had been standing before a row of them in enrapt silence dealing out peanuts one at a time. When the last was gone and no more forthcoming, Jumbo, the largest elephant, reached over and removed the entertainer's hat from his head to the top of a lion's cage nearby.

For the first time in two hours the old man expressed his emotions in words: "You old two-tailed Indian-rubber nuisance you!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "If I knew which end your head was on, I'd slap your face."

Hit the Danger Spot.

A tippler with a very red nose got a day's work as a laborer in a boiler works. The same day he appeared before the surgeon at the hospital with his nose smashed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the surgeon. "How did you manage to get your nose smashed like that?"

"Oh, cried the sufferer, "I put my nose through a hole in the boiler for a sniff of fresh air, and the man outside with the hammer mistook it for a red-hot rivet. And he only hit once —that's all."

Brightening Flower Pots.

Flower pots frequently fade into a dingy color from their original bright and cheerful brick red. They may be easily brightened again by putting ordinary red ochre in water until it is about as thick as paint, then painting the flower pot, which absorbs the color and holds it.

High Cost of Living.

Madam—Were you downtown today, Mary?

Maid—Yes, mum; an' things cost so, mum. I spent $7, mum, an' only got a hat, a pair of shoes, an' some long gloves.—Judge.

Higher Up.

"I suppose you have tried motoring, judge?" he asked.

"No, I have not," replied the judge, "but I have tried a lot of people who have."—Pathfinder.

In order to be a social favorite a man may be a cheerful liar.

Query: Is a bride self-possessed after her father gives her away?

PRIME NECESSITY.



Old Saw—It's money makes the mare go.

Young Buck—And it takes big wads of it to make my automobile go.

Significant.

"Albert, what did your sister say when you told her I was in the parlor waiting," inquired the hopeful young man.

"Nothin'. But she took a ring off one finger an' put it on another."—Lippincott's.

Serious Matter.

Griggs—I saw the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday. Anything serious?

Briggs—I should say so! He wanted to collect his bill.—Boston Evening Transcript.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

Appropriate Connections.

"So Miss Jiggers had an eye to the vaudeville stage."

"Yes, but she got the hook."

Depends.

Belle—Do you think it is unlucky to marry in 1913?

Nell—Sure thing, if he's a poor man.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Doctors disagree—except as to the size of the bill.

It takes more than a soft answer to turn away the book agent.

BUY FOLEY'S USE HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND
STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS
Contains No Opiates Is Safe For Children

IF YOU HAVE no appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find
Tutt's Pills
Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

25 CTS. PISO'S REMEDY 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Distinctive Designs Mark the Latest Fashions in Long Coats



In the two coats pictured, each one in its way is a novel expression of an old-time favorite. In one we may picture it in a grey brocade, accompanying a skirt of fine cloth or charmeuse, that is also grey, but picking up the deeper tone of the chinchilla fur, employed as a decorative detail on both coat and muff. The really refreshing part of the design is the hip-length of the coat. In addition to the bordering of fur, there are introduced three square motifs of Oriental embroidery, worked in with a rather heavy grey cord, the faint parti-coloring of the broderie relieving the monotony of the grey in a quite unobtrusive manner, so characteristic of the taste of the day. The picturesque valve of the Robespierre collar speaks for itself, and it is so fashioned that there is a sufficient spring to allow of the front being mated, and a really cosy warm neck-wrap provided.

Gentle advances are being made under such beguiling auspices as the quasi-Russian shaped coat, which forms the subject of the second illustration. For this, the suggestion of black and white is irresistible, the black velvet design standing in high relief, while the long line of the basque is broken by two lines of white fur.

Then, as a balance, black velvet is used for the under-sleeves and fancifully-shaped yoke, while an improvu note is supplied in a vest of yellow silk, of rather a lurid shade.

Not Customary.

"Etchem has been given the illustrating of the latest Winston Wheezer story." "Gee, that's fine!" "But he isn't at all sure he'll take the job." "Eh? Why not?" "He says it will oblige him to read the story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Choice of Books.

A common book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends.—Ruskin.

Handling Paper Patterns.

Every woman who cuts out from paper patterns knows of the bother in pinning it flat to the cloth. Press a hot iron and smooth the tissue paper pattern over the cloth and it will remain flat without pins.

Gothic Priory Desecrated.

The Gothic priory of Ruscino, caull, France, dating from the year 1000, has been acquired by a butcher, who will use it as a pig-breeding establishment.

When the Heart Is Sore.

I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten today; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high and stretch away to heaven; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer—Thomas de Quincey.

Neighbors Don't.

An uptown girl is learning how to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."

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