Medal for Meritorious Service.

CHIEF GUNNER GENGE SANK A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

Quite a pleasant function was performed at the Penitentiary this morning at 9 o'clock, when superintendent Parsons, at the request of Secretary G. Grindling Harris, of the Imperial Shipping Federation, Ltd., presented to Warden Lambert Genge, the silver medal awarded him for meritorious conduct, while serving in the Great War on board the S.S. Highland Heather. Such bravery and devotion to duty as displayed by ex-Gunner Genge, for which he received the well merited distinction, could hardly go unnoticed. During the war the S.S. Highland Heather, a cargo boat, was engaged carrying foodstuffs from South America for ports in Italy and France. The ship carried only a six inch gun, which was operated by Lambert Genge, the Chief Gunner, three naval men, and six others of the ship's crew. It was while the ship was out from Genoa to Gibraltar, that one evening just before sunset, she was attacked by two German submarines, one on each quarter. Genge who was by the gun at the hour of attack with other members of the crew, quickly grasped the situation, and when he was given the range at 1,100 yards, he adjusted the sights in an instant, and with perfect aim from over the port quarter a direct hit on the conning tower was made and the submarine sank immediately. From the time the submarine was first sighted until she had received her fatal blow, was scarcily a minute. In the meantime the second submarine had submerged, but although her periscope was seen later she gave no trouble. A short while ago Warden Genge gave the above facts to Supt. Parsons to look into, and find out if there could not be some small recognition for such gallant services. The Superintendent took up the matter immediately and forwarded the full particulars to Mr. G. Grinling Harris, the District Secretary of the Imperial Shipping Federation, Ltd. A prompt reply was received and the pleasing information contained therein, as published below, reads for itself:

Billiter Buliding,
32 Billiter Street,
London, E.C.3,
30th April, 1923.

Alex. A. Parsons, Esq., J.P.,
Superintendent's Office,
Penitentiary,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter of the 12th instant, and have pleasure in enclosing the silver medal awarded to Mr. Lambert Genge for meritorious service while serving as Chief Gunner in the S.S. Highland Heather. I also enclose the Master's account of the occurrence for your information, and shall be obliged if you will present the medal to Mr. Genge. Kindly acknowledge receipt.

Yours very truly,
G. GRINLING HARRIS,
District Secretary.

Copy

S. S. Highland Heather,
Lying at Santos,
July 9th, 1916.

Re submarine: We were attacked by two, one on each quarter, their idea being, I suppose, that if I turned my stern to one, I should be broadside to the other and expose for torpedoing. The attack took place at 7.05 p.m., two gunners were at the time on duty and the gun loaded and ready, all but the firing tube, and I think everyone on the ship saw the submarine at the same time. They were a quarter of a mile away the second gunner gave the range 1,100 yards and the chief gunner fired the shot from the vessel on the port quarter. I myself saw from the boat deck the effect. The submarine was hit clean amidships on the conning tower, there was a flash of black smoke and the submarine seemed to burst in two and sink immediately. The other submerged at the same time and I turned my stern to where I saw it last; he made his appearance again (but only periscope) about two miles away when he submerged finally and I did not see him any more. There was a proper naval enquiry held at Gibraltar and they saw six or seven witnesses and I told them they could have more called if required, but they answered in the negative. There is absolutely no doubt of our having sunk her.

Yours faithfully
(Signed) A. E. TWINING.

During the presentation this morning the Superintendent and staff heartily congratulated Genge for his gallantry and expressed the hope that he would be spared many years to enjoy his distinction. Warden Genge accepted the medal and in a suitable and brief reply thanked Supt. Parsons and co-workers for the very kind remarks bestowed upon him. Warden Genge is a son of Isaac Genge, of Deadman's Cove, Straits of Bell Isle. He has rendered yeoman service to His Majesty's Penitentiary since June last; he has performed his work faithfully and well, and is held in the highest esteem by Supt. Parsons and fellow Wardens. Ex-Gunner Genge received his early training in gunnery, when he joined the Naval Reserve, in 1912, on board the old Calypso. When the war broke out he left here with a Contingent of Naval Reservists for Halifax, where he joined the H.M.S. Niobe, which ship was engaged in patrolling the American coast. He returned to St. John's and embarked for overseas, when he went to Portsmouth and entered the school for gunnery. Here he obtained a thorough knowledge off all guns. He passed a most creditable examination winning a Chief Gunner's Certificate. Genge was then ordered to take command of the gunnery on the S.S. Highland Heather. His devotion to duty was the means of saving the whole crew and the ship, with its most valuable cargo of supplies.

Barbara La Marr Adventuress Again.

MILADY OF "THREE MUSKETEERS" THE ANTOINETTE OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

Barbara La Marr, who played Milady with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," brings another famous adventuress of literature to the screen in the great Rex Ingram production for Metro of "The Prisoner of Zenda," now at the Nickel Theatre. Miss La Marr is cast as Antoinette de Mauban, the companion in crime of Black Michael, Rupert of Hentzau and the other conspirators against his majesty the king of Ruritania.

Although Miss La Marr was a child of the stage, having made her debut at the age of seven, her first big success in motion pictures came, not as an actress, but as a writer. She had played as a young girl in stock companies and had gone out in a dancing act of her own in vaudeville, meanwhile writing stories for the screen. These stories were so successful that she signed a contract to write a series of pictures for Fox stars.

She became a screen recruit in the cast of "Harriet and the Piper," with Anita Stewart. Later she appeared with Douglas Fairbanks, Harry Carey and Katherine MacDonald.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" was adapted by Mary O'Hara from Anthony Hope's novel. Edward Rose wrote the stage version.

Crisp hearts of lettuce and sliced grapefruit make a dainty spring salad. Serve with French dressing seasoned with paprika.

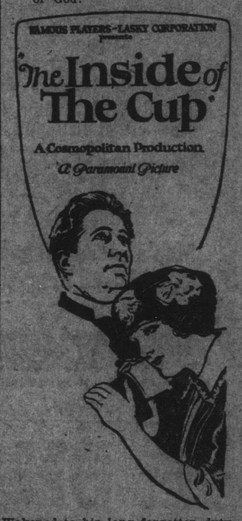
Digby's Passengers Outward.

The following have booked passage by S.S. Digby sailing to-morrow for Boston and Halifax:—Miss E. Rose, Miss B. Chafe, Miss E. Abbott, Mrs. F. J. Jardine, Mrs. E. Russell, Miss M. Westcott, Miss E. Nicholl, Miss K. Bolger, Mrs. J. T. Martin, Sister M. Agnes, Lady Cashin, Mrs. Walsh, Miss M. Walsh, Miss A. Skeans, Miss K. Malcon, Miss A. Sears, Mr. J. Badcock, Mrs. M. A. White, Mrs. Coady, Miss B. Neville, Mrs. Costello, Miss Wood, Miss M. French, Miss A. Dewar, Mr. H. Cook, J. Rossiter, Master C. Cook, Mr. H. Cook, Rev. J. R. Cook, Mrs. and Miss Sacrey, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stock, Mrs. W Thistle, Miss P. Kennedy, Mrs. Newbury, Mr. H. R. Peckham, Mr. C. Pike, Mr. F. H. Wood, Mr. H. Bergman, Mrs. Driscoll, Miss A. Driscoll, Mr. N. House, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cook, Master A. Cook, Mr. B. Stafford, Mr. J. White, Mr. F. Delaney, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. A. Tracey, Mr. H. Snow, Mr. E. Baker, Mr. M. Morgan, Mrs. Pike and five children, Mr. C. E. Benjamin, Dr. and Mrs. Riggs, Miss E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Shedd.

"The Inside of The Cup."

AN UNRHYMED REVIEW BY C. K. U.

Oh, look ye, scoffers all, inside the cup
And behold the shams and hypocrisies
It reveals to your unaccustomed gaze!
Rich churchmen of predatory instincts
Rule as despots, suavely cruel—
Each makes mockery of the House of God!



Wakened to his long forgotten duty,
The Rector, fearless and most resentful,
Scathingly grills the pillars of his church
In words that sear and burn most damnably!
Then love—sweet love, enters, while dark vengeance
O'ertakes him who had defied God and man!

"The Inside of the Cup," like gold rings true.
Don't fail to see it—you'll enjoy the view.
At the Majestic Theatre to-day.

Cured by Illness.

BLIND MAN RECOVERS SIGHT WHILE AT SEA.

Discharged from the Army as totally blind, Mr. W. Hibbart Gilson, of Farringdon Street, E.C., recovered his sight while on his way to England from South Africa on the S.S. Diogenes. During the voyage Mr. Gilson became seriously ill, being delirious and unconscious for several days, and when he recovered he found that he could see. Mr. Gilson lost his sight over four years ago, and went to Africa hoping that the climate would bring an improvement. For a short time he did recover the sight of one eye, but went totally blind again, and his friends persuaded him to return to England to consult a specialist. "When I was recovering from my illness in the ship," he explained, "I could see, and as time went on my sight became stronger, and now it seems as good as it has ever been."

"What's in a Name"?

A lady in Hong Kong engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady; "I will call you John."

Next morning, when John came up to get his orders, he smiled all over and, looking inquiringly at his mistress, asked:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"Me no memble all that," said John "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul Landon—I call you Tommy."

Martin: "When a man is in love everything looks different to him."

Egbert: "Yes, it's the same way when he knocks his head against a gas bracket."

THE STAR MOVIE--Newfoundland's Leading Picture House.

BEAUTIFUL CORINNE GRIFFITH
—IN—
"A Woman's Sacrifice"
in Six Parts

The stirring drama of a brave girl who faced her enemies and fought them in the dark, aided by a brave man who was willing to give all and ask nothing. A picture you must like.

THAT INIMITABLE JIMMY AUBREY, IN
"The Tourist"
A RIOT OF LAUGHTER IN TWO ACTS

Miss Olivotti
Sings "MIGHTY LAK A ROSE" and Dances "CAROLINA."
WEDNESDAY—The New York (Miss Olivotti), Newfoundland (Mr. A. Lawrence) Vaudeville Team, in a SINGING and DANCING DUET. And by special request those performers will waltz: "THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."
COMING—A picture dedicated to the Mothers of the world—"HUMAN HEARTS," in nine parts. Particulars later.

Architecture Among Ants.

EXCAVATING JAWS.

The ants' nests may be a mine excavated in the earth by multitudes of jaws. The mouth of the shaft may be hidden, or, when the species has a strong footing, it may be very conspicuous. Sometimes it is surmounted by a heap like the crater of a volcano, or by a turret a few inches high, built of cemented earth; and in some cases the turret is replaced by an elegant vase like the trumpet of a flower. Forel describes an extraordinary case, which he does not profess to understand, where an Indian ant surrounds its vase-like turret with six to eight circular ramparts, the outermost nearly a foot in diameter! In some cases the entrance to the shaft is covered by an earthen dome, or sometimes by a flat roof, which is fastened to the stems of stout grasses. This kind of masonry is only possible when there is rain to moisten the soil. There are all sorts of graduations among the domed nests, some very transient like the huts in China and others very stable, some with an empty interior, and others with rooms and passages communicating with the underground part of the home.

The use of the dome is to conserve the heat of the sun, and in some cases the upper part, which is most crowded, is bent towards the morning sun. Of course, it is simpler to utilize a stone with a suitable cavity beneath it; and that is often done, though rarely in tropical countries, where an under-stone home would become unbearably hot.

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

In steppe country and deserts the ants' home is often excavated in the sand, and may be very extensive. Forel spent hours in studying one in Algiers, and found half a dozen "craters," at intervals of three to ten yards, all connected by an underground passage which ran at a depth of about five feet. But that did not nearly exhaust the underground home, which may have extended over fifty to one hundred square yards. To each crater there corresponded an underground granary; but it was all one vast nest, inhabited by one community. The grains of sand are carried out in the jaws or entangled in special hairs about the mouth.

NESTS IN TREES.

Many of the ants that nest beneath the ground are also found under the bark of old trees or in a decaying stump; and they may use the powdery fragments of wood to build galleries and chambers. Sometimes they have arboreal stables in which they keep their "cows"—the aphides—during the winter. A step farther brings us to those ants which make elaborate tunnels in the hard wood of a tree. There is a little doorway in the bark, a straight passage through the sapwood which they do not injure, and then a labyrinth of passages, up and down and crosswise. The tunnels may become so extensive that the tree gives way in a storm, and the same may happen to the wooden support of a bridge or a hut. These tree-boring ants approach the termites in their industry.

Here may be included those ants that utilize cavities already existing in trees and other plants. Thus some acacies have a body-guard of protective ants inside their hollow thorns; the Imbauba tree holds an army inside its hollow stem; and the tuber of the famous Myrmecodia has an internal maze which looks just as if it had been made for ants to inhabit. In the last case the system of passages and cavities, reminding one of a sponge, turns out to be an absorbing organ developed by the plant itself. But it is tenanted by ants all the same.

PAPER NESTS.

Some very interesting ants' nests are made out of paper, after the wasps' fashion. The papery material seems to be produced from wood-dust and the juice of the mouth. Occasionally there are fibres and minute parts of plants in addition to the particles of crumbling wood; and a kind of ant that habitually makes a papery nest will make one of sand-grains cemented together if it cannot get its usual materials. Inside the nest there is often a velvety growth of a black mould which the ants are fond of eating. Paper nests may hang down for two feet from the branch of a tree, but they are usually nearer six inches. Forel describes big ones from the Brazilian forest that hang down like stalactites, or, when they are covered with pendant threads, like the beard of some great giant among the trees!

TAILOR ANTS.

There are a few ants which utilize in the construction of their nest the fine sticky threads which ooze from the mouths of their larve. The worker takes a grub in its mouth and uses it like a gum-bottle, binding leaves together. In some cases the nest has a delicate web as its basis, but to this there are attached tiny pieces of leaf and lichen and even the minute feathers of a bird. There is an ant's nest in Bavaria that consists of a single flattened chamber, constructed at the fork of a branch; it is so well disguised that only an expert eye can distinguish it from an extension of the lichen. It is perfect camouflage.

NORMAD ANTS.

There are a few ants that nest in holes in the rock and have a domicile that may be called indestructible. What a contrast between that and the state of affairs among the normal ants that are always on the move! In the course of a night, Forel tells us, the whole horde may shift its camp. They utilize the nests of other ants, whom they evict, or a hollow tree, or rotting wood; but inside their temporary shelter there are always found living balls of ants hanging on to one another by their clenched jaws, and inside the ball is the brood! Such a living cradle may be floated across a streamlet without its components losing their grip; and another almost incredible story is the making of a living bridge across which the raiders pass. It has been recently recorded of the Argentine ant that has done so much damage as an intruder in Madeira that it will build a bridge to get across sticky fly-paper or any similar morass.

COMPOSITE NESTS.

In pine forests in Britain and in the States there are often enormous domelike nests—the familiar ant-hills. We measured one which was three feet high and six feet in circumference; but there must be many a great deal larger. When we peer into one, disturbing things a little, we see that the ant-hill is mainly built of the withered twin needles of the pine; but there are many other contributions—pieces of fibre, small twigs, short bits of grass-stem, fragments of resin, and even small snail-shells. Below the loose labyrinth of leaves there is a substantial construction of roughly-built earthwork with rooms and galleries, but the proportion between the loose and the substantial part of the ant-hill varies with the species. As we disturb the routine of the ant-hill we see the hurry-scurry of the worker ants, many of them with a pupa in their mouth, carrying it away to possible safety. The instinct that is dominant is not self-preservation, but children first. These white pupae, popularly and badly called ants' eggs, and, of course, the chrysalid stages between the grub (or larva) and the fully-formed adult (or insect).

In these great ant-hills we have to do with several big families living together in a friendly community. There are often three or four nests in the one hill, but there may be thirty; so that here we are face to face with the transition from a family to a society. The big ant-hill below the pines is a hamlet.—John o' Londondon.

"Some" Orator!

Father had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his six-year-old son.

The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact, and it was with some reluctance, therefore, that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously but severely; he recounted the lad's misdeeds, and explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while sitting by, duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and, incidentally, to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said:

"Mother, isn't father interesting?"

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and for seeding
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Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

A PRAYER.

Lord, let me do my little part
With courage and a willing heart;
Open my eyes that I may see
However dark the day may be
However rough the road I tread
The purpose of the cross I bear.

Lord, let me wake when morn breaks
Undaunted by my old mistakes;
Let me arise as comes the sun
Glad for the task that must be done
Rejoicing I have strength to give
Some beauty to the life I live.

Lord, let me hear the kindly word
The morning son the robin's call
The laughter of the children at their play
Their merry whisperings in the night
My neighbor's greeting at the dawn
Let these shout out the spell of hate.

Lord, let me see the beauty here
The sky above me bright and clear
The smile upon a friendly face
The charm of health and all its grace
The roses blooming everywhere
In spite of hurt and grief and care.

Lord, strengthen me that I may
My faith, though bitterly I weep
Grant me undaunted to remain
Through every storm of care and pain.
Lord, let me do my little part
With courage and a willing heart.