THE CORONA MAVERICK

Published Every Week in The Heart of New Mexico, 6666 Feet Above Sea Level; Among The Pines

Vol. 2 No. 9 Corona, New Mexico, June 1, 1923 Subscription Price $1.50 per Year

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Out of the pocket, into position, release the shutter and the picture is yours.

That's the Kodak way. It's simple and sure and leads to pictures you'll be proud to show.

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Corona New Mexico

The Thrice-A-Week New York World

And The Maverick both for 1 year, for

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Cooked Meat 30c a pound

Fresh home baked Cakes and Pies in stock.

Corona Meat Market

W. G. Chancey, Prop.

Clara Phillips Back In U. S.

Clara Phillips, alleged hammer murderess of Los Angeles recently captured in Honduras passed through El Paso this week in custody of Los Angeles officers. She was tired and nervous according to reports from El Paso newspapers.

Mrs Phillips protests her innocence and insists that Peggy Caffee, a woman friend who was with her on the night of the murder of Mrs Alberta Meadows, wielded the hammer.

Mrs Phillips was taken to Los Angeles instead of direct to San Quentin prison as was originally planned.

Big Rock Crusher In Operation

The big rock crusher newly installed at Gallinas station started operation this week with a full crew of men. A new steam shovel recently installed takes the place of approximately 60 men.

Work of overhauling and installing new machinery was started about two months ago.

Fate Of Capital City Bank To Be Known Tuesday

Santa Fe, N.M., May 31.—It will be known Monday or Tuesday whether the Capital City bank of Santa Fe, closed by the bank examiner last Monday, is going to be able to reopen. State Bank Examiner Gregg said the report would be made on the condition of the bank to the directors the first of the week, and it appears that the bank is not in shape to reopen application for a receivership will be made at once.

No estimate has been given by the examiner or his assistants as to what losses will be or what percent depositors will be able to salvage. Meanwhile rumors of plans for a reorganization are thick.

The report that all State funds were protected was not entirely accurate. It was learned today that Clerk J D Sena of the state supreme court had deposited $1,500 of the court's "cost funds" in the bank without security and will be liable on his personal bond for the amount.

—El Paso Times

Nick Russel wishes to announce to his customers that he will be in town all next week prepared to do shoe repairing at his new building across the railroad tracks.

Forest Fire Sweeps West Slope Of Mountains

Approximately 640 acres of pine and spruce timber, a strip nearly 3 miles long, was burned on the west slope of the Gallinas mountains by a forest fire which raged from Friday evening of last week until late Saturday night.

The fire was supposed to have been started by lightning during a thunder storm which broke over the mountains late Friday afternoon. The fire was not discovered until Saturday morning. Ranger J. H. Mims was in Corona when word was brought to him. He immediately gathered all the available men in town and drove to the fire district where a strong northwest wind was rapidly spreading the flames among the pine and spruce.

A force of 50 men battled the flames until late Saturday night before word was brought to town that the fire was under control.

Corona Ball Team Comes To The Front

The local baseball team went to Duran last Sunday to play the second game of the season with Duran, Corona was again victorious with a score of 16 and 11. It was a fast game up until the sixth inning when Duran put an imported pitcher in the box for one inning during which time Corona ran in ten scores.

Corona line up was as follows: Baker c; O. Fox p; M. Jolly 1b G. Fox 2b; Irwin 3b, Frame ss; Thompson rf, B. Jolly cf, Will lf.

The return game with Grand Quivera will be played here Sunday afternoon. Local fans are urged to turn out in full force and back up this local team.

Three wagon loads of negroes passed thru Corona Friday en route from Oklahoma to El Paso Texas. Negroes being about as scarce as the proverbial hens teeth in this section of New Mexico the little calvacade attracted quite a bit of attention.

Carrizozo base ball player's defeated a team from Vaughn at Carrizozo in a hard fought game last Sunday. Score 10 and 6.

Don Downing left Thursday morning for Alamogordo after spending a few days here with his father O. M. Downing.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

No matter how much money you have, the old-time moralists tell us, you can only get so much out of life. But if you have oodles of money you can get it so much quicker and easier.

The Russians, it seems, got $160,000,000 from the British during the war, and the British would probably like to sell their chances of getting the money back for next to nothing.

Special Clubbing Offer

On

The Maverick

And any magazine you want

We can quote you a clubbing price that will save you money

Forest fires were reported raging about 20 miles north of Alamogordo Wednesday. A force of over 100 men fought the flames.

Our Motto

"Treat 'em Ruff"

"The Pine Burr"

Tourists

Ice Cream 'n' Ever'thing

Mae Atkinson ..... H. A. Stuart

Trade With Us, We Treat You Right

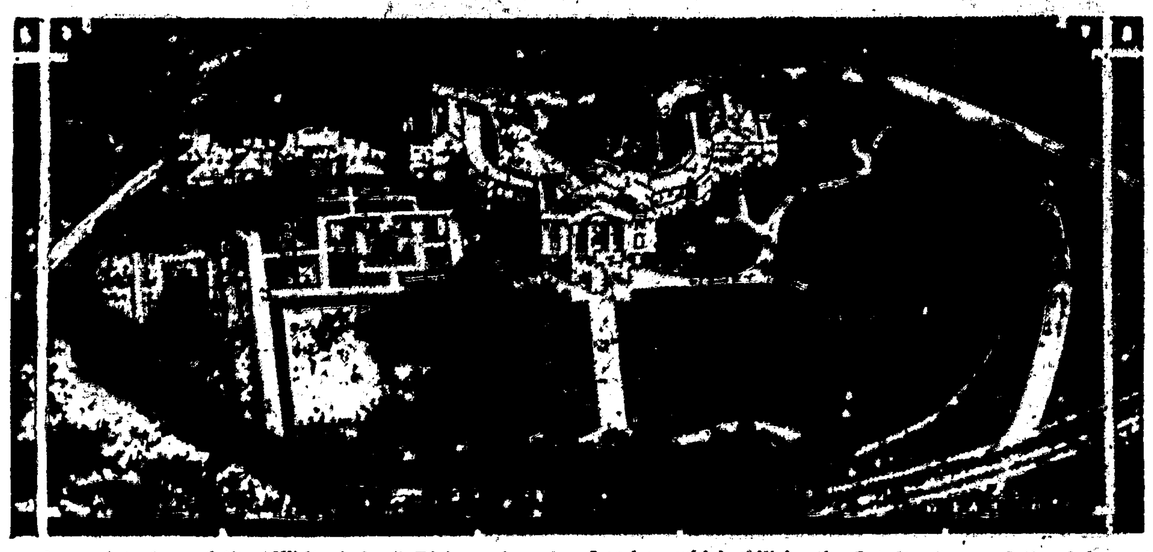
Groceries, Dry goods, Fruits and Vegetables

W. A. McCLELEN

What Water and Flames Did to Hot Springs, Ark.

Photograph shows the corner where a disastrous fire broke out and added to the heavy toll of damage when Hot Springs, Ark., was swept by flood due to a cloudburst. Note the wreckage of automobiles which were borne along like boats on the crest of the flood as it swept through the principal business streets.

Aerial View of the Duke of York's London Home

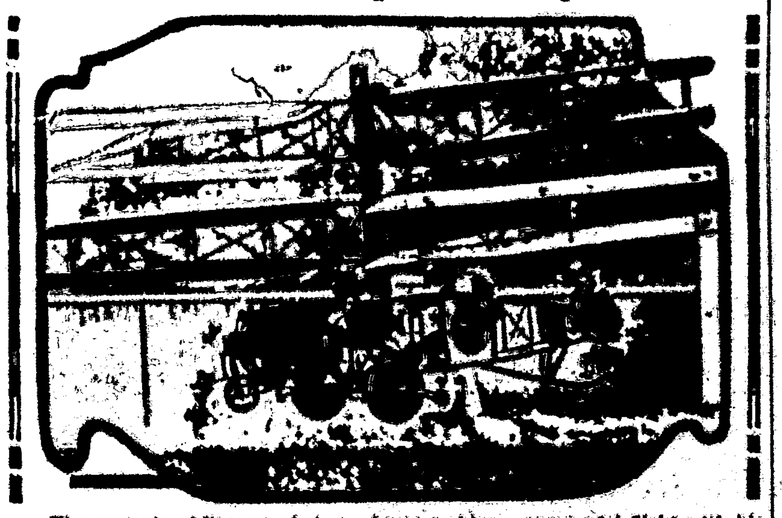


An aerial view of the "White lodge," Richmond park, London, which will be the London home of the duke and duchess of York.

Three Ambassadors on Same Boat

The United States diplomatic service abroad was well represented on the arrival of the S. S. George Washington in New York the other day. Three United States ambassadors arrived. The photograph shows, left to right—Cyrus E. Woods, former ambassador to Spain and now transferred to Japan; Col. George Harvey, ambassador to Great Britain, and Alanson B. Houghton, ambassador to Germany.

Pescarra Helicopter Really Flies



The marquis of Pescarra is here shown making a successful flight with his helicopter at Issy las Molineaux, France.

Hirohito and His Intended Bride

© International.

His Imperial Highness Hirohito, the prince regent of Japan, who is the crown prince, will marry next November the Princess Nagako Kuni. Both are shown in this picture wearing European dress.

TO REFOREST FRANCE

Charles Lathrop Pack (at right), as president of the American Tree association, presenting a shipment of millions of tree seeds, the gift of the association, to Charles Barret (left), the new consul general for France at New York, on the S. S. Lafayette, aboard which they were taken to France.

OUTDOORS CHAMPION

Here is pretty Miss Gladys Jonet of Eagle River, Wis., who has become the national "outdoor girl" champion, being accorded this title by judges at the National Travel and Outdoor Life exposition in Chicago. She formerly was the champion of her native state.

Evening Things Up.

Howell—Do you believe a woman should smoke?

Powell—Sure thing; it gives a man a chance to get back at her when Christmas comes, by giving her the same kind of cigars she used to give him.

A Paragon, Let Her Tell It.

"What is your aim, your ambition?"

"To be as good as the fellow my wife says she could have married if it hadn't been for me."

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUTS AID POLICE

What has been termed "One of the most dramatic phases of co-operation between the scout and the public in the whole history of scouting," has become an everyday reality, and more than 20,000 boy scouts of Greater New York now have opportunity to become official guardians of public safety. The new plan of co-operation is called "Boy Scout Safety Service" and has been inaugurated by the safety commission of the New York police department and the Boy Scouts of America.

The duty of the scouts will be to lend direct aid to the police officers in the protection of life and in carrying out the city's safety program. Before being enrolled a scout must pledge himself to work faithfully in promoting the objects of the service. He will then be officially designated as a boy scout safety aide and will be entitled to wear a button bearing the words to that effect.

At the public schools the scout troops will form special safety patrols and will have definite beats in all streets in the neighborhood of the school. The scouts will see that the children are safely escorted across the street at dismissal time and started on their way home. The scouts will also supervise playground activities during recesses. They will act as aides to the school nurse when need arises, and be prepared to render first aid in emergencies. Another duty will be to correct, wherever possible, all unsafe conditions; removing dangerous broken glass, boards with nails protruding, banana skins, etc., will come under this work. All accidents, hazards, such as dangling wires, unguarded manholes, bad holes in the pavement, open cellarways, and loose overhanging objects are to be reported to the property owners or police.

The boy scout safety service has the firm backing of the deputy commissioner of safety, the police commissioner, the superintendent of education and the boy scout organization.

SCOUTS HONOR SOLDIER DEAD

Scouts of Orange county, Cal., on side of memorial drive which they are planting with trees and shrubs in memory of the men who gave their lives in the World war. Thousands of poppies planted last winter are now making their appearance. Each week a group of boys work on the site under the direction of the county forester. Already more than 300 scouts have participated. So that the memorial may still be beautiful in centuries to come, many small oaks have been planted.

BOY SCOUTS' TREE CENSUS

Gloverville, N. Y., boy scouts gave a demonstration of the way boy scouts can combine fun and thought for others, when on a recent tour of the city they noted all trees with dangerous limbs and reported their findings to the highway department officials.

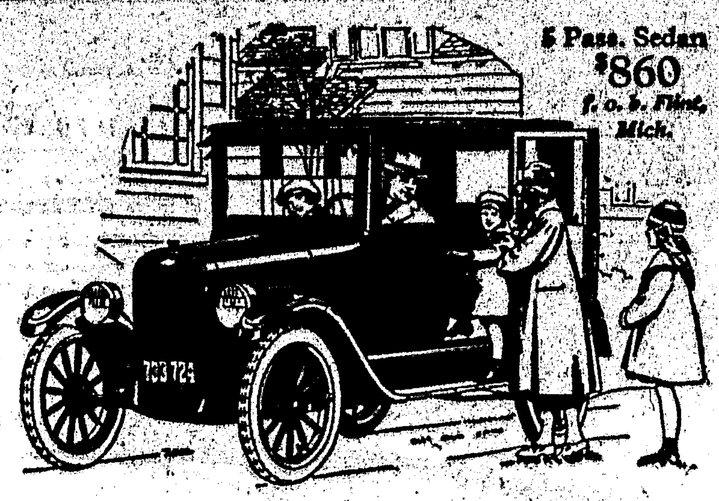
SCOUTS' POLICY: "GOOD TURN"

The scout policy of doing a good turn daily and an insurance policy were appropriately linked together when Troop 25, Tampa, Fla., discovered a valuable insurance record which had been dropped from a passing auto and promptly returned the document to the owner.

"PARLOR SCOUT" NOT IN IT

Boy scouts and "the parlor pioneer" don't pair off at all. You can see that by the following:

On Mother's range I learned to cook;
I hate to breathe the outside air—
It makes my tonsils sore;
I passed my Scout-pace round a chair
Three hundred times or more.
I am a busy feller!
I got my swimming from a book—
My tracking in the cellar!
I am a husky parlor Scout,
A reg'lar guy, you bet!
But when it rains, I don't go out—
You see—I might get wet.
—Frontier Scout.



5 Pass. Sedan $860 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The All-Year Car for Every Family

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet is leading in the great shift of public demand to closed cars because this company has the world's largest facilities for manufacturing high-grade closed bodies and is therefore able to offer sedans, coupés and sedanettes at prices within easy reach of the average American family.

Six large body plants adjoining Chevrolet assembly plants enable us to make prompt deliveries of the much wanted closed cars.

As soon as you realize that your transportation requirements demand the year 'round, all-weather closed car, see Chevrolet first and learn how fully we can meet your requirements at the lowest cost obtainable in a modern, high-grade closed automobile.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Two-Pass. Roadster	$510	Five-Pass. Sedan	$860
Five-Pass. Touring	525	Light Delivery	510
Two-Pass. Utility Coupe	680	Commercial Chassis	425
Four-Pass. Sedanette	850	Utility Express Truck Chassis	575

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere

Chevrolet Motor Company
Division of General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Mailing Coins.

To send a small coin through the mail, use a narrow strip of adhesive plaster to fasten it to the paper. It will arrive at its destination safely.—Designer Magazine.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

As Queens Do.

Hugh—Gladys is a queen!

Harry—I'll say! She sure takes the jack!

Reasonable Request.

In one of the mining regions there is a district attorney who is "there" on native oratory, but considerably lacking in education. While prosecuting a big case at one time, he finished up his argument in flowery style, and then, leaning across the rail he made this plea:

"All I asts of you, gentlemen of the jury, now that you are about to retire, is to mete out justice as she deserves to be met!"

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

The Difficulty.

"Does the doctor hold out any hope of your Uncle Dob's getting well?" asked an acquaintance.

"Oh, yes!" replied Zeke Sawney of Straddle Ridge. "He says that in a month or so Uncle Dob will be ready to whip his weight in wildcats? The dickens of it is, when he gets well whur are we going to get the wildcats?"—Kansas City Star.

World War Medals.

A bill is to be introduced at the next session of the New York state legislature to award World war service medals to officers of draft boards. There is a feeling in the "military establishment," however, that the awarding of war decorations "has gone about as far as possible without, through making such dispositions so general, lessening their significance."

Occasionally.

All four of the members of a quartet are unalterably convinced that the other three cannot sing, and sometimes they are right about it.—Kansas City Star.

Overheard by W. M.

Madge—"See that man? He's a phrenologist." Mame—"Heavens! What a lot of religions there are!"

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

THE ANTISEPTIC, HEALING POWDER FOR THE FEET

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

MAKES TIGHT OR NEW SHOES FEEL EASY

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from excessive dancing or walking, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath and enjoy the the bliss of foot without an ache.

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll Sent Free. Address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

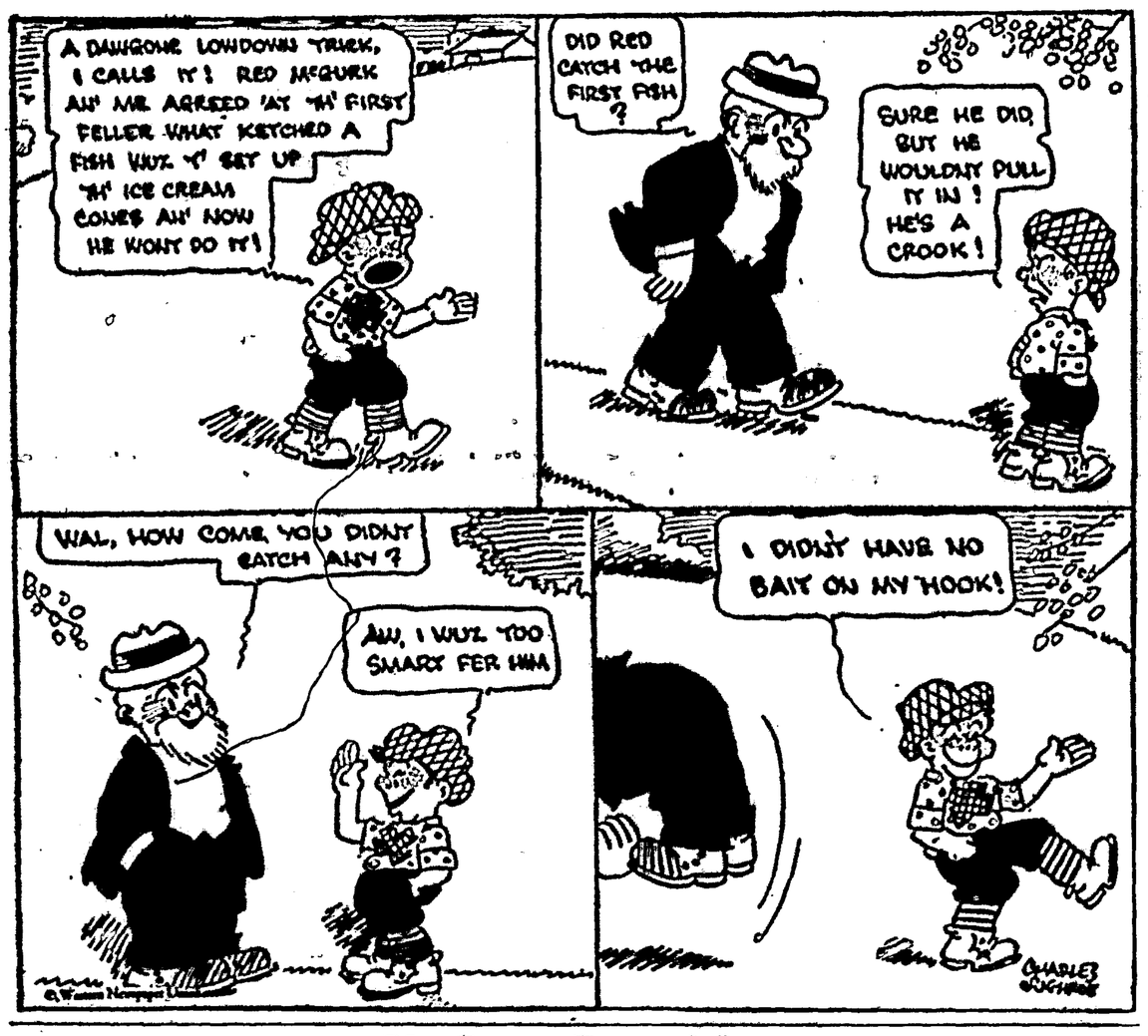
Also in Canada, West ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

OUR COMIC SECTION

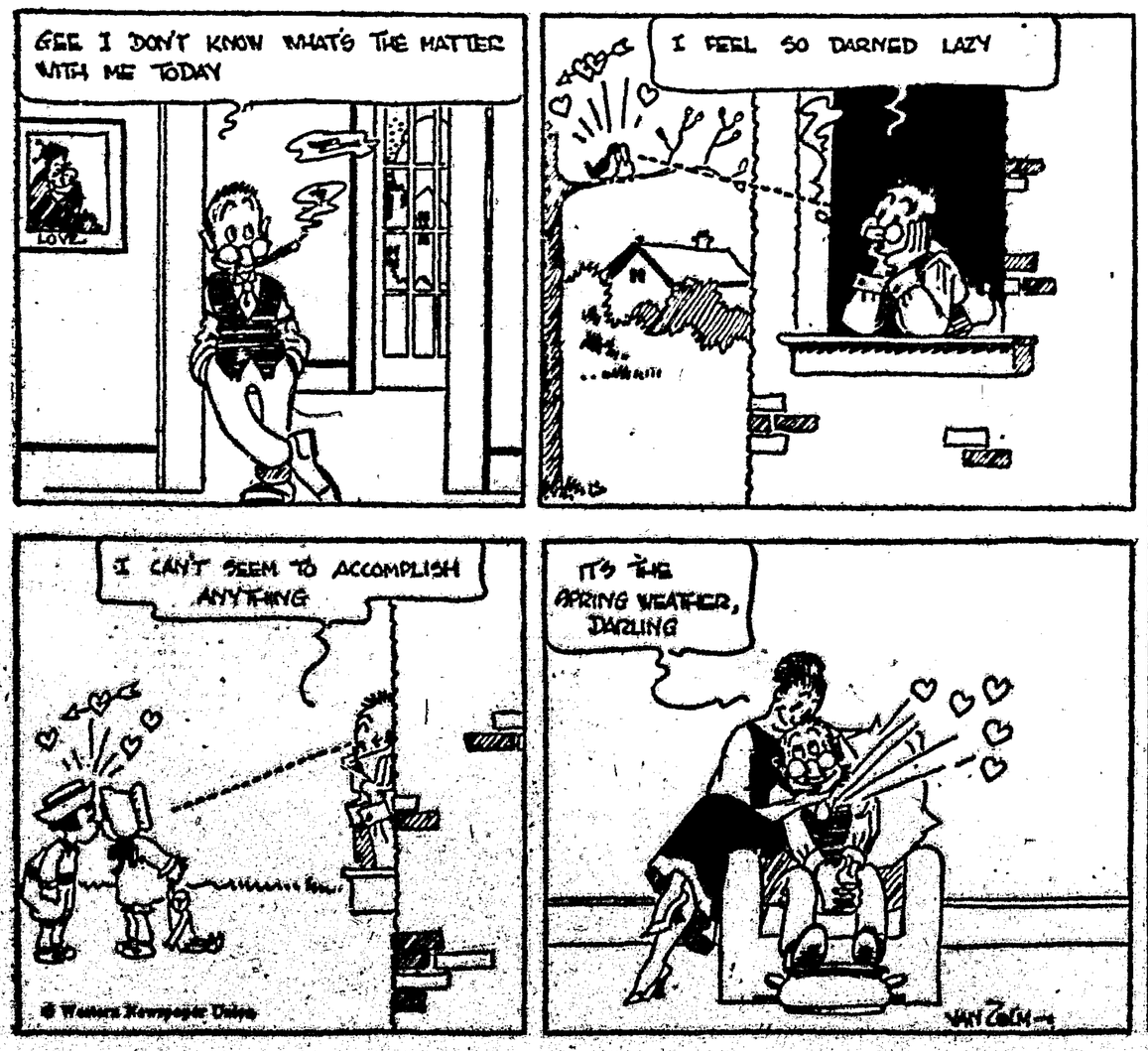
When the Dandelions Are in Blossom

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

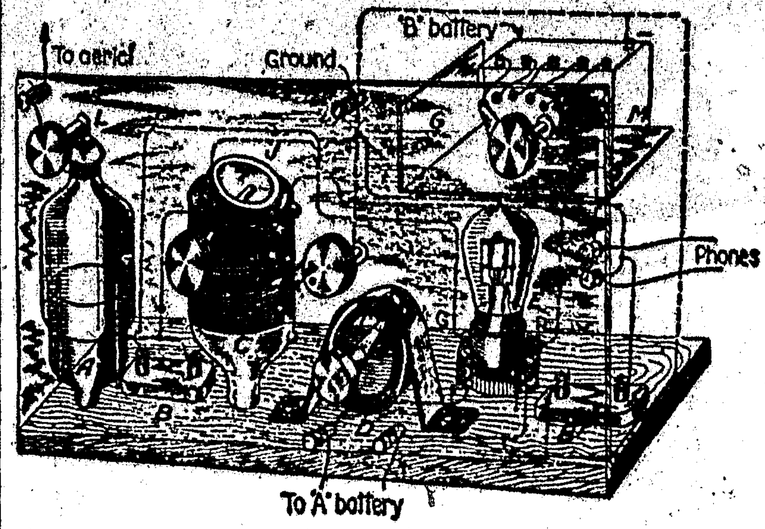
When Slicker Meets Slicker



Oh, Sweet Patootie!



THE BOTTLE REGENERATIVE RECEIVER



The Complete V. T. Regenerative Bottle Set. It Can Be Constructed by Amateurs.

To make this set, procure a wooden base, two inches thick by six inches wide, and of sufficient length to mount all the instruments.

The variable condenser is composed of two bottles, one slightly smaller in diameter than the other. Cut the bottom off the larger of the two, and coat the inside with tin-foil. Coat the outside of the smaller bottle with tin-foil, and at equal distances around the bottle paste four strips of waxed paper to keep the two sheets of tin-foil from touching each other. The smaller bottle is mounted by drilling a hole through the base, and sealing the neck of the bottle in it with insulating compound. The larger bottle is slipped over this, and is raised and lowered by means of a cord fastened to its neck, the upper end of which passes over a roller in the top of the cabinet. At the end of the roller is fastened a knob and dial, and by turning this the capacity of the condenser is varied.

The stator of the vario-coupler is composed of a bottle from which the bottom has been cut off. It is fastened in the base the same as the smaller bottle of the variable condenser. The rotor is a section cut off a smaller bottle, which will just rotate within the stator. Holes are drilled in the sides of the stator and rotor in such a position that a rod can be passed through them, which is used to turn the rotor.

The rheostat is composed of a section about one inch long, cut from the same bottle as the rotor of the vario-coupler. This is wound with resistance wire as is shown in the diagram. Cut a circular piece of wood which just fits inside the rheostat. In the center of this bore a hole, and pass a rod through it which carries an arm making contact with the resistance wire. This rod also passes through the panel and carries on the end a knob and pointer.

The instruments are mounted in a cabinet, the front of which is made of a piece of window glass, drilled for the various switches, etc. A switch is used to vary the amount of inductance in the primary of the vario-coupler.

In the upper right hand corner of the cabinet is fastened a small box that contains the "B" battery, which is controlled by a switch mounted on the panel.

Besides the instruments above described, a vacuum tube, a socket, and two fixed condensers are used in the circuit.

The hook-up is also given herewith.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

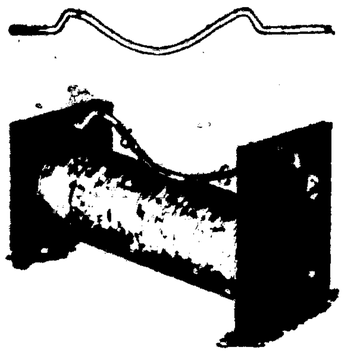
Tuning-Coil Slider Gives Fine Results

A tuning-coil slider which will appeal to many and one that will come within the ability and means of the amateur was recently worked out. It gives fine results and is made on novel lines.

A wire helix takes the place of the ordinary coil slider, over which it has several outstanding merits.

First—It is cheap and simple as compared with the assemblage of rods, standards, springs, contacts, etc., involved in ordinary slider construction.

Second—It produces its shifting of the contact point by a rubbing contact parallel with the turns of the wire, instead of across them, so that it avoids the common tendency to drop in between two adjacent turns; it is possessed of a smooth movement instead of a chattering movement, and does not wear off copper particles which short the adjacent turns.



Wire Replaces Rod and Slider.

Third—The fact that it works by rotation permits operation by a neat rotating rod on one end, of any desired type.

The contact is a straight-line traverse, parallel to the axis of the cylinder, along which line the insulation of the wire must be removed in the usual manner.

Mount through holes in the coil end plates so that the helix is somewhat sprung against the coil, making good contact. The straight ends should be of appreciable length, in relation to the helical portion, to facilitate this springing. The helix should be about 300 degrees—five-sixths of one turn. One-eighth inch diameter brass wire is about right for four-inch length of the wound portion of a coil. For longer coils, heavier wire is better.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

Telegraph Key for Radio Transmission

The accompanying illustration shows a good method of converting an ordinary telegraph or light wireless key into a regular heavy duty, easily operated, wireless key. This has been used on 500 watts continually for some time with satisfaction. This key is not tiresome to operate, as it was before it was changed.

To make the key, first remove the lever and file off both contacts, to present more surface for the dimes to rest upon. File both sides of the dimes and then solder them in their usual places. It requires a little perseverance to make them solder well and rest evenly. However, it is worth the trouble. When the contacts have been soldered on properly, the extension arm is put in position. This consists of a piece of square metal, about ¼ inch by ¼ inch by 2 inches; which dimensions work best. One can vary the length to suit individual taste. A piece of the aluminum sounder arm can be used for this part of the lever. Two holes are drilled in the piece, one to fasten it on the lever, the other for the knob. One small bolt at C is enough as there is not much strain at this point. At C, also, is fastened an ordinary telegraphic key spring, wound with larger diameter loops. This makes the spring weaker and the action of the key more resilient. No way of adjusting the spring has been provided as one can stretch it until he gets the right tension and then leave it alone. Under the knob is a hard rubber or fiber disk, about two inches in diameter, on which to rest the fingers. This key will handle heavy currents and by moving the spring from A to C and the addition of the arm, it becomes easy to operate without making as many mistakes as before. The whole key should be mounted on a neat, wooden base to prevent the arm from hitting the table.

Heavy Duty Key Made From a Telegraph Key.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

A Definition of Radio.

An engineer gives as a definition of radio "A system of communication whereby intelligence is transmitted with the speed of light in all directions, for any desired distance without the aid of any artificial medium, by the propagation and detection of electrical disturbances in space."

The Difference.

The difference between a radio receiver and one appointed by the court is that the radio receiver broadens your business while the other generally winds it up.

To Have Radio Concert Hall.

In Prescott, Ariz., one of the hotels is to have a "radio concert hall." All who care to come are invited.

THE RADIO SOUND-MARK

BROADCASTING stations are rapidly identified with the slogans or other distinguishing sounds with which they open their programs. The Atlanta Journal uses the "bong, bong, bong" of a big gong; the Louisville station plays a few bars of "My Old Kentucky Home"; the Atlanta and West Point railroad station, in Georgia, blows four blasts on a locomotive whistle; the Davenport (Ia.) station begins with "Out Where the West Begins"; another station identifies itself with, "Out Where the Corn Grows Tall"; some of the broadcasters sound a signal on a telegraph key.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

After EVERY Meal

give your digestion a "kick" with WRIGLEY'S.

Sound teeth, a good appetite and proper digestion mean MUCH to your health.

WRIGLEY'S is a helper in all this work—a pleasant, beneficial pick-me-up.

12

Opportunity Calls from CANADA

Visit Canada this summer—see for yourself the opportunities which Canada offers to both labor and capital—rich, fertile, virgin prairie land, near railways and towns, at $15 to $30 an acre—long terms if desired. Wheat crops last year the biggest in history; dairying and hogs pay well; mixed farming rapidly increasing.

Homeseekers' Rates on Canadian Railroads

If you wish to look over the country with a view to taking up land get an order from the nearest Canadian Government Agent for special rates on Canadian railroads. Make this your summer outing—Canada welcomes tourists—no passports required—have a great trip and see with your own eyes the opportunities that await you.

For full information, with free booklets and maps, write

W. V. BENNETT
Desk W
360 Peter's Trust Bldg.
Omaha, Neb.

Authorized Canadian Gov't Agt.

Headaches
Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Slightly Misquoted.

"Mother!" Bessie rushed breathlessly into the parlor, where mother was entertaining. "Mother! I learned such a pretty poem in school today."

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, in spite of her embarrassment.

"Well, it goes like this: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green plaster—'"

The rest was lost in the burst of laughter that followed.

Has Other Uses.

Rub—Watson has quit golf.

Dub—Well, I saw him changing a tire yesterday and he still speaks the language.—New York Sun.

Instant relief from CORNS without risk of infection

Safety! You can end the pain of corns in one minute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will do it, for they remove the cause—friction-pressure, and heal the irritation. Thus you avoid infection from cutting your corns or using corrosive acids. Thin, antiseptic, waterproof. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Made in the laboratories of The Scholl Mfg. Co., makers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances, Arch Supports, etc.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Cuticura Soap
—The Healthy—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

New Mexico State Items

Fred Stein, section foreman of the Santa Fe Railway at Kenna, N. M., was shot and killed in a pasture near his home. George Slade, of Kenna later surrendered to officers and is being held on a charge of murder. No cause for the crime has been advanced.

"The state highway on the New Mexico side between El Paso and Las Cruces is a public road, but not a race course," said C. F. Knight, chairman of the board of commissioners of Dona Ana county in announcing that orders have been issued to L. F. Walker, county traffic officer to arrest all violators of the speed law.

Charles Stein who was stabbed at Albuquerque in a quarrel with his stepfather, is expected to recover according to physicians. Joseph E. Tiehoff, the assailant, declared "It all seems like a dream. All I can remember is some officers coming and of some doctor fixing my head." Tiehoff had been cut on the head in the fight.

Speeding through the ether at over a mile a minute, Frank Quinn, of the state highway department, made the first trip ever taken by airplane from Santa Fe, Santa Fe county, to Tierra Amarilla county seat of Rio Arriba. He flew with Yerex, the air king, leaving Santa Fe at 3:20 p. m. and arriving at Tierra Amarilla at 5:00 p. m., all done in 90 minutes.

Mrs Tom Margason, of Roswell, who was injured in the airplane accident in which Earl Evans of El Paso was killed, died at Hope, N. M. R. I. Slaughter, Jr., of Roswell, the third person in the airplane, which fell 800 feet near Pinon, N. M., was not seriously injured. Evans was driving the airplane and the party was en route from Roswell to El Paso.

Will Titsworth was slightly wounded on the main street of Capitan, N. M., by Miss Bessie Hurt, 16-year-old daughter of Robert S. Hurt, who was killed near Capitan early this year. Miss Hurt fired three shots from a revolver, only one shot taking effect in the right arm. Titsworth, Hunter Hobbs and Tom Siner, are now under bond awaiting trial at Carrizozo for the murder of Hurt.

Santiago Romero, Pueblo Indian, charged with the murder of Bernardo Fragua on May 4, at the Jemez Indian reservation, waived preliminary hearing before the United States Commissioner of Albuquerque and was ordered committed to the state penitentiary without bond to await the action of the Federal grand jury. Romero is charged with having killed Fragua after he found the latter with his wife.

Stockholders of the New Mexico Fluorspar Corporation, recently organized at Hot Springs with a capitalization of $20,000 at the first meeting in Derry selected these officers for the year: President, Benjamin A. Larkin, of Derry, vice president and general manager, H. D. Hill, of Hot Springs, secretary treasurer, Dr. A. C. White, of Hot Springs; directors, the three executive officers and Jose T. Duran and H. A. Wolford.

Steve Petroff, who has been sought in connection with the shooting to death of Walter W. Heyman, a rancher living about seven miles south of Albuquerque and seriously wounding Mrs. Heyman, was captured by George Franklin, county traffic officer. Petroff, according to Sheriff Felipe Zamora, admitted shooting Heyman. According to his purported confession, he said, "I'm glad I killed Heyman, but I am sorry I shot the woman."

Four persons were killed and another is not expected to live as the result of an automobile overturning on the highway between Santa Rosa and Fort Sumner. The machine which was being operated by Ignacio Sena, aged 32, of Fort Sumner, overturned and pinned Sena, his three young children and wife underneath. Sena and his three children were instantly killed, while his wife is now in a critical condition at Fort Sumner and is not expected to live. Ignacio Sena was the son of George Sena of Santa Fe.

Actual construction is to be started on the Rio Grande Eastern Railroad, thirteen miles long, from San Felipe on the A. T. & S. F. to the Hagen coal mines in southeastern Sandoval county, soon, Dr. J. J. De Prasilin, New Orleans, president of the company, announced recently.

Salvidor Esperas, 6 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lu's Esperas of Gibson, N. M., was run over and killed by an automobile recently. Joe G. Fajardo was arrested but was released after witnesses testified the accident was unavoidable.

William A. Sutherland announced in Las Cruces on returning from Dallas, Tex., where he bought machinery, that a four stand 80-saw cotton gin will be built at Vado this season. The gin is modern in every respect, and has extra cleaners to give first class samples. It will have the largest capacity of any gin in the valley.

The annual commencement ball held at the School of Mines at Socorro, was one of the gayest affairs ever held at the school. The big ball room was filled to overflowing and a large crowd attended from out of the city.

WILLIAM P. HOLADAY

William P. Holiday is the man who will succeed "Uncle Joe" Cannon in congress next fall.

CONFERENCE IS SPLIT

QUESTION OF REPARATIONS IS CAUSE OF DIFFERENCES

GREEKS SAY TURKS HAVE VIOLATED TREATY AND WAR NOW LOOMS

Lausanne.—If Turkey insists on war to settle the question of the indemnity she claims is due from Greece, then Greece will accept the gage of battle, M. Alexandris, the Greek foreign minister told the foreign correspondents here.

The Turks have given no indication of an intention to recede from their reparation demands, and M. Alexandris' declaration that Greece was resolved not to pay 1 cent of indemnity brought increased pessimism in conference circles.

The Greek foreign minister denied that he had come to Lausanne in a belligerent mood, but said the Greek army had been reorganized since the overthrow of Constantine and now was well equipped and able to take care of itself.

M. Alexandris added that he would like the American people to realize Greece's position, especially that, although Greece had numerous provocations which would reasonably justify her in reopening the war with Turkey, she had ignored them all, because she was sincerely desirous of peace.

The seizure by the Turks of the impoverished refugees' funds in the banks of Constantinople, continued the foreign minister, and the abominable treatment of Greek prisoners of war, recently arrived from Asia Minor, constituted such provocations.

The Greeks and Turks had signed a separate convention at Lausanne in January for the compulsory exchange of populations, with the distinct provision that it should be inoperative before May 1, yet the Turks have sent an additional 70,000 refugees since the signature of the convention, in gross violation of its terms.

The allies, as well as Greece, had protested, but Turkey sent still another boatload of 3,000. The latest provocation, according to M. Alexandris, was the steady dispatch of Turkish troops into eastern Thrace, violating the Mudania armistice.

"I have just received a telegram from Athens," he added, "that on Saturday 7,000 additional troops crossed the straits as reinforcements to the Turkish army already mobilized in Thrace."

With reference to possible war, M. Alexandris said: "Turkey seems to feel that Greece was beaten in the war and therefore owes an indemnity. But this is a grave error, as Greece was merely beaten in battle in Asia Minor, and hostilities were suspended by an armistice which Greece is trying to transform into peace. But if the Turks propose to resume the war to obtain an indemnity then Greece accepts the challenge.

"My government has determined to retire from the conference when the indemnity question comes up in a plenary session, if Turkey insists upon an unjust position or any effort is made to force Greece to accept this position."

Negotiations Unsuccessful

Washington. — Pessimistic reports have been received from American officials in China as to the probability of successful negotiations between the Chinese government and bandit leaders for the release of American and other foreign hostages held by the brigands. As a result, concern was felt in government circles but the State Department was not swayed from the conviction that the only practical means of dealing with this situation was through the Peking diplomatic council.

Chinese Troops Clash With Bandits.

Shanghai.—Panic seized the bandits of Paotzuku as Chinese government troops launched a determined advance against the outlaws in an effort to break up their communications and force an issue in the international problem revolving about the kidnaping of foreigners from the Shanghai-Peking express May 6. Troops are engaged in breaking up all the bandits' lines of communications in an effort to isolate the band that is holding the foreigners.

RESIGNATION IS NOT ACCEPTED

PRESIDENT MILLERAND REFUSES TO LET POINCARE AND CABINET RESIGN

FRENCH PREMIER QUITS

MINISTERS WITHDRAW WHEN PROSECUTION OF COMMUNISTS IS VOTED DOWN

Paris.—Premier Poincare and his colleagues in the cabinet submitted their resignations to President Millerand, but the president declined to accept them.

The action of the ministers was the outcome of the refusal of the Senate to proceed with the trial of Marcel Cachin and other Communists charged with illegal acts against the French republic. M. Poincare informed the correspondents he interpreted the vote in the Senate as proof of want of confidence in the cabinet, which made it impossible for the ministry to act against Communist plots.

The ministry remains in office. President Millerand holding that the vote of the Senate was purely judicial and without political effect.

Immediately after the meeting of the Senate, M. Poincare called a council of ministers. A brief discussion took place and then the premier and his colleagues proceeded to Elysee palace to place their resignations in the hands of the president.

The Senate, sitting as a high court in secret session, voted relative to the trial of Communists on the following points:

First: Can the court declare itself competent or incompetent? Second: Should the question of competency be referred to a committee? Third: Is the court competent?

The Senate voted in the affirmative on the first question and in the negative on the last two questions, the final vote being 143 to 101.

The senate's vote was a complete surprise. While it was known that several senators disapproved of the use of the high court, heretofore reserved for outstanding figures such as Gen. Boulanger, Caillaux and Malvy, to try politicians of the caliber of Cachin and his associates, who, it was held, could be dealt with more cheaply and less elaborately by ordinary courts, it was not believed that a majority of the senators took this view.

No one was more surprised than the ministers, who, after the chamber rose, went home to prepare to attend a reception at Elysee palace in honor of Pasteur. When M. Colrat learned of the vote in the senate he hastened to the foreign office, where M. Poincare was still working, and told him that, having, as minister of justice, urged the trial of Cachin before the high court, the senate's vote amounted to a disapproval of him, and he was bound to resign.

M. Poincare replied in his opinion the senate's decision involved the entire cabinet, it having jointly undertaken to repress communist activities. He added that he was about to summon the ministers to decide upon the course to adopt. After a brief discussion the ministers indorsed the premier's view, and he went to Elysee and handed President Millerand the joint resignation of the cabinet.

President Millerand argued that it was understood that the senate was sitting in a judicial capacity, and that its votes must be considered in the light of rulings from the bench, and ought not to be considered as votes of confidence or censure of the government's general policy. He therefore declined to accept the resignations.

Seven Busts Are Unveiled

New York.—Busts of Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Alexander Hamilton, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee and Frances Elizabeth Willard were unveiled a few days ago in the hall of fame of New York university, bringing the total number of busts in the hall to thirteen. Elaborate ceremonies, culminating in a procession to the hall of fame, were held at the university. Each bust, except that of Grant, was unveiled by a direct descendant of the honored person.

Crops Damaged in Cloud Burst

Clinton, Okla.—Damage to crops amounting to millions of dollars is believed to have resulted from a series of virtual cloudbursts that descended on western Oklahoma a few days ago. All rivers in the district flooded the low lands and thousands of acres are under water.

Clara Phillips' Story Doubted.

Los Angeles.—Clara Phillips' "own" story of her escape from the county jail here last December, in which she said Jesse Carsen, under arrest with her at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, saved the bars of her cell and was the only person to assist her, was regarded by local officials as a "trap" to mislead them in their investigation of her getaway. The opinion was expressed at the district attorney's office that Mrs. Phillips is attempting to shield others who aided her.

BALDWIN APPOINTED

NEW PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND IRON TRADE GRADUATE

LABOR PARTY OPPOSED SELECTION OF LORD CURZON TO SUCCEED BONAR LAW

London.—Stanley Baldwin, chancellor of the exchequer, is the British prime minister in succession to Andrew Bonar Law. Having followed the constitutional practice and ascertained the views of the Conservative leaders through the medium of his secretary, Lord Stamfordham, the king offered the vacant premiership to Mr. Baldwin, who accepted.

That a man comparatively new to politics thus comes to the first position in the nation's councils, passing over well tried and experienced statesmen like the Marquis Curzon and the Earl of Balfour, indicates the change which has taken place on the political stage with the rise for the first time in the country's history of the Labor party to the position of his majesty's opposition in Parliament.

Of necessity the Labor party is not represented in the House of Lords, unless the presence of peers like Lord Haldane, who has great sympathy with the Labor party, and is looked on as one of the certain ministers should the Labor party within the near future be in a position to form a government, may be said to give Labor a slight standing in the lords.

It was this fact of nonrepresentation of Labor in the Lords which ruled Curzon out as a possible prime minister in the opinion of the majority of the Conservative leaders. The present opposition in the House of Commons is the most energetic and vigorous parliament has had in many years and it was felt necessary that the first minister of state must be in the Commons to meet the attacks of this opposition.

The new prime minister, like his predecessor, has graduated from trade, and, also like Mr. Bonar Law, from the iron trade. Neither of these men was trained for politics, but adopted politics after a successful commercial career. This also is a departure to some extent from British traditions, the statesmen in the past being, to a very large extent, recruited from the ranks of the aristocracy or the legal profession.

This fact insures for the new premier the support and confidence of the commercial and financial world, which will be a great asset for him. In accordance with custom, the members of the cabinet now will formally tender their resignations, and Mr. Baldwin will proceed to appoint a new ministry. The general belief is that for the most part the present ministers will be re-appointed, but this is by no means certain.

Mr. Baldwin is a close friend of Mr. Bonar Law, and if Lord Curzon, as is expected, remains secretary for foreign affairs, it is unlikely that there will be any radical change in policy, but there is undoubtedly a general hope that without the handicap of ill-health, from which Mr. Bonar Law suffered, the new prime minister may infuse more vigor into the government policy, particularly with regard to the Ruhr.

Morale of Captives Low.

Washington.—An official dispatch received from Pekin by the state department a few days ago said the morale of the prisoners held by the Chinese bandits was "becoming lower." The message indicated that none of the captives had been put to death, despite the threat of the brigands' leaders to kill two of them if their terms were not complied with by the Chinese government. The cablegram sent by Jacob Gould Schurman, the American minister, stated that the bandits were "showing indications of a desire to negotiate."

Britain Sends Warships to Russia

London.—Preparations are in progress at Chatham and Portsmouth for the immediate dispatch of light cruisers and mine sweepers to Russian waters, according to the Daily Herald (labor organ), which specifies four cruisers and seven sweepers which have thus been detailed for Russian northern waters. It also asserts that there have been significant movements of British warships in the Mediterranean this week toward the Dardanelles, "possibly en route to the Black Sea."

Tornado Sweeps Kansas.

Greensburg, Kan.—One person was near death, more than a score were suffering from injuries and more than 100 were homeless as the result of a tornado which struck Greensburg. Damage was estimated at $150,000. The tornado, which swept from the southeast to the northwest thru the outskirts of the town, destroyed seventeen houses and damaged more than a score of others.

Fast Mail Train Derailed

Denver.—Fireman W. T. Tanner of McCook, Neb., was killed instantly and H. M. Armstrong, baggage clerk, was perhaps fatally injured when Burlington fast mail train No. 2, bound to Chicago from Denver, crashed into the ditch at a point two miles east of Benkelman, Neb., 200 miles east of Denver. No passengers were injured. Three cars left the track and plunged with the engine and tender. The eight other cars in the train kept to the rails and all aboard are safe.

DR. GEORGE S. RICE

Dr. George S. Rice, chief technologist of the United States bureau of mines, was selected by Secretary of the Interior Work to visit Europe and make a study of mines and mine safety methods and to gather information as to more efficient methods to operate coal mines.

'HUNGER STRIKE' STAGED IN RUHR

FRENCH POLICE CLASH WITH STRIKING MINERS AT DORTMUND

FIVE WORKMEN KILLED

THREAT IS MADE TO SPREAD STRIKE THROUGHOUT RHINELAND

Dortmund.—Five persons were killed, including one woman and one child, and from sixty to eighty persons were wounded in conflicts between striking workmen and the police, according to the casualty lists issued by both the workers and the police.

The Dortmund police and citizenry have formed a self-protective force against the riotous elements. This force is being armed with clubs as firearms are forbidden by the French. The German police say the strikers are organized into units, each of 500 men and are well supplied with automatic pistols.

Many thousands of strikers attended mass meetings in Dortmund, Bochum and other towns in the mining district and passed resolutions to use every effort to extend the strike throughout the Ruhr and the Rhineland. It is estimated that 00,000 men have quit work in the Dortmund district.

Most of these are coal miners who went on strike, but they have been joined by workmen from two big iron and steel plants. The strikers are demanding a 50 per cent increase in wages because of the high cost of living and the depreciation in the value of the mark.

Speakers at the meeting here said the men were on a "hunger strike." They cited prices to show that the cost of living had doubled in the last five days.

German officials describe the strikers as communists, but the leaders say the workers include men of all parties. The Berlin government is declared to be greatly concerned over the strike and to have sent observers here to make a report on the movement. A number of the newspapers blame the agitation on "foreigners." One of them charges that the French have encouraged the strike. The Dortmund railroad men in a statement describe the strike as "more political than economic."

Brussels—The Belgian cabinet has decided to keep the present conscripts in the army four months after the expiration of their terms of military service and to call several additional classes to the colors. This action is intended to provide both for the reinforcement of the Ruhr occupation forces and to fight the railroad men's strike. The government, it is stated, is determined to carry out the dismissals of strikers on an increasing scale instead of reinstalling those already dismissed, as the unions have demanded.

America's War Bill Exceeds Billion

Washington.—America's bill of war claims against Germany amounts to $1,479,004,313.02, as it has been presented to the mixed claims commission for settlement. The United States government itself is the largest claimant, asking for $306,113,000, while the smallest of the 12,416 claims filed with the commission is for $1.

Manville Loses $21,000 Note Suit.

New York.—A Supreme Court jury awarded Dr. Alonzo E. Austin $21,000, with interest, in his suit against Charles B. Manville, aged asbestos manufacturer, based on notes which Dr. Austin claimed to have signed to accommodate Manville. Manville's counter claim for $80,000 based on an allegation that Mr. Austin induced him to invest in worthless oil stocks with the aid of a "black art" practitioner, who turned out at the trial to be a spiritualist medium, was denied.

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS

Published by
U. S. BUREAU OF MARKETS
Washington, D. C.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Prices reported: Florida Spaulding Rose potatoes mostly $7 to $8.50 per barrel, firm at $9.50 in Boston. South Carolina Cobblers, $6 to $8 in city markets, $6.00 f. o. b. Georgia Cobblers, $8.50 to $9 in Boston. Texas and Alabama sacked Bliss Triumphs, $4.50 to $5 per 100 pounds reaching $5.75 in Kansas City. New York round whites, $1.05 to $1.85 in eastern cities; northern round whites, 90c to $1 in Chicago, $1.15 to $1.50 other markets, 80c to 85c in producing sections. Maine Green Mountains, $1.90 to $2 in Boston. South Carolina Wakefield cabbage, $1.50 to $1.75 per barrel crate. Virginia Wakefields, $3 to $3.75. Alabama and Mississippi pointed stock, $3 to $4. Alabama flat, $2.75 to $3.75. Texas yellow Bermuda onions, $2.50 to $3 per standard crate in city markets, $2.20 f. o. b. shipping points. California Bermudas, $3.75 to $3.25. Virginia and North Carolina strawberries mostly ordinary condition, 8c to 15c quart boxes, 18c to 20c in New York City. Maryland berries, 11c to 22c. Tennessee Klondikes, $1.40 to $2 per 24-quart crate at shipping points, $2 to $3 in consuming markets, $4.50 to $5 in Buffalo and Minneapolis. Arkansas Klondikes, $2.50 to $4.50 in markets of the middle West. Kentucky Klondikes, $2.75 to $3 in Chicago. Illinois berries, $3 to $3.25.

Live Stock and Meats.

Chicago prices: Hogs, top, $7.55; bulk of sales, $7.10 to $7.50; medium and good beef steers, $8.85 to $10.85; butcher cows and heifers, $5.10 to $10; feeder steers, $6.75 to $8.50; light and medium weight veal calves, $8.25 to $11.50; fat lambs, $12.50 to $15; spring lambs, $15.50 to $17.25; yearlings, $8.75 to $13.50; fat ewes, $4.25 to $7.50.

Prices good grade meats: Beef, $15.50 to $17.50; veal, $17 to $18; lamb, $27 to $31; mutton, $16 to $20; light pork loins, $18 to $20; heavy loins, $12 to $16.

Hay.

Best grades of timothy and clover mixed hays continue generally scarce and firm. Poor grades continue in slow demand with some accumulation reported at Chicago. Pittsburgh market also developing weaker tone. Quoted: No. 1 timothy, New York, $26.50; Philadelphia, $23; Pittsburgh, $21.50 Cincinnati, $21.50; Chicago, $23. Minneapolis, $18; St. Louis, $20; Memphis, $24.

No. 1 alfalfa, Memphis, $33.

No. 1 prairie, St. Louis, $26; Minneapolis, $16.

Feed.

Markets weak; transactions small. Transit offerings light. Quoted: Bran, $25; middlings, $27.50; flour middlings, $30; rye middlings, $27.50, Minneapolis; gluten feed, $37.15, Chicago; 36 per cent cottonseed meal, $38 Memphis, $38 Atlanta; 32 per cent linseed meal, $41 Minneapolis, $40 Buffalo; white hominy feed, $32.50 St. Louis, $34 Chicago.

Dairy Products.

Butter markets unsettled. Closing prices 92 score butter: New York, 41c; Philadelphia, 42c; Boston, 42c; Chicago, 39½c.

Prices at Wisconsin primary cheese markets: Twins, 23½c; daisies, 23¾c; double daisies, 23½c; Young Americas, 24c; Longhorns, 24c; Square Prints, 24¾c.

Grain.

Prices in Chicago cash market: No. 2 red winter wheat, $1.30; No. 2 hard winter wheat, $1.22; No. 2 mixed corn, 32c; No. 2 yellow corn, 33c; No. 3 white oats, 45c.

Average farm prices: No. 2 mixed corn in central Iowa, 68½c; No. 2 hard winter wheat in central Kansas, $1.05; No. 1 dark northern wheat in central North Dakota, $1.04.

Closing future prices: Chicago July wheat, $1.17½; Chicago July corn, 70¾c; Kansas City July wheat, $1.10; Minneapolis July wheat, $1.20⅝; Winnipeg May wheat, $1.20¼.

Cotton.

Spot cotton prices advanced 155 points during the week. New York May future contracts advanced 195 points.

Spot cotton closed at 27.42c per lb. New York May futures at 28.20c.

DENVER LIVE STOCK MARKET

Cattle.

A large packer took eighteen head of veal calves averaging 197 pounds, at $14, and twenty-two head running 164 pounds at $13.70. Singles and small lots sold at $12.50 down to $8, going almost exclusively to the large packers.

The top price for cows was $7.25, which took a carload of thirty-nine head, weighing 1,000 pounds, bought by a large packer. Small lots sold at $6.50 down to $5.75, going to small killers and city butchers.

Two carloads of heifers, averaging 749 and 520 pounds, and totaling fifty-seven head went to small packers at $8.35. Singles and small lots were taken by killers at $8 and $7.35. Mixed cattle sold at a top price of $8.75 for thirty head, averaging 780 pounds, and were taken by a large packer. Other sales were at $8 for stock running sixty pounds heavier.

Hogs.

The top price was $7.25 paid for seventy-eight head of fancy stock, tipping the scales just below 200 pounds. The bulk of sales was in half-dime steps from the top down to $7, with the large end at $7.20, nearly half a dozen carloads selling at that figure. A few small lots of fair killing material were picked up at prices ranging down to $6. Packer sows sold at $5.50.

A new top price in killing pigs was made when an out-of-town packer took three head averaging 123 pounds at $7. Others sold at $6.50 and $6.75. Stock pigs weighing 60 to 120 pounds were put into new hands in considerable volume at $5.50 and $5.25, a few selling as low as $4.

Sheep.

Quotations on good quality spring lambs range from $15 to $15.25 and it was the opinion of salesmen that something strictly choice would possibly bring $15.50. Fair lambs are selling from $14.75 to $15. Clipped lambs of good quality are listed at $13.50 to $13.75, with a fair grade from $12 to $13.50.

Ewes were scarce and the market was quiet. Demand is good at prices ranging from $6.50 to $7.50 for the fair to choice clipped ewes.

METAL MARKET

(Colorado settlement prices)

Silver, American	59¾
Silver, London	46¾
Lead	7.25
Copper, per lb.	.16@.17
Zinc	6.65
Tungsten, per unit	9.00@10.00

Hay and Grain

Timothy, No. 1, ton	$24.50
Timothy, No. 2, ton	21.50
South Park, No. 1, ton	24.50
South Park, No. 2, ton	22.00
Second bottom, No. 1, ton	18.50
Second bottom, No. 2, ton	16.00
Alfalfa, ton	22.00
Straw, ton	7.00
Oats, per cwt.	1.67
Corn, No. 2 yellow, per cwt.	1.65
Wheat, No. 1, per bushel	.96 to .96

DENVER SUGAR QUOTATIONS
Manufacturers' Quotations

Beet	$16.75
Cane	16.90

Wholesale Quotations.

Beet	$11.60
Cane	11.80

The Joy of Living

By Sidney Gowing

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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LADY DIANA

SYNOPSIS.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythea Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Aimee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, meets a young man who laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two ride on his motorcycle, the "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Aimee sets out for Jervaulx. She forces Georgina to impersonate her at Jervaulx, and she goes on a holiday. Aimee again meets Billy. He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives hers as Amy Snookes, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage. While Aimee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized, and the famous Lambe emeralds are stolen. Aimee escapes. Police decide the thieves are "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," who travel on a motorcycle. Billy, who has shadowed Aimee to Jervaulx, follows the thieves. He is knocked out, but emerges from the fight with the Lambe emeralds. He meets Aimee, with the police in pursuit. In a secure hiding place, a cave among the crag pits, Aimee tells him the whole story. He urges her that she make a frank confession to her father, but on reflection both realize Aimee's good name has been compromised. Assuring Aimee he has a plan to save her, Billy leaves her in the cave and, proceeding to Jervaulx, restores the emeralds to the astounded Lady Erythea. Billy tells a story that satisfies the police, refuses a reward and accepts a chauffeur's job from Lady Erythea. Aimee gets the place of parlor maid at Jervaulx. Alexander thinks he recognizes Aimee as "Calamity Kate." Georgina divulges Aimee's identity. Hearing her story, Alexander consents to keep the secret. Alexander finds himself very much in love with Georgina.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"What was that? A dog?" he said confusedly.

Georgina, pink to the ears, had risen to her feet; her eyes shone somewhat viciously.

"It sounded to me more like a cat!" she said in acid tones, and walked away down the path.

Mr. Lambe followed her.

When they were out of sight, the parlor maid emerged from the little arbor, her face crimson, her shoulders shaking, a handkerchief pressed to her streaming eyes.

"Poor old Georgie!" she gasped. "I couldn't help it. I should have burst in another minute."

She squeezed the handkerchief and controlled her emotion.

"They'll have a jolly old tangle to unpick, too, when Aunt knows!" she said thoughtfully.

"No use stopping here. I suppose I'd better finish my dusting."

Aimee made a circuitous journey to the deserted drawing room, and dusted with the energy of a high-power machine. The room was not much the better for it. She was only just in time, for the housekeeper appeared, and after some sour comments, stood by her while she did a good deal of the work over again. Then Aimee was marshaled into the library, to dust that.

The library overlooked the path leading to the garage. It was some forty minutes later that Aimee caught sight of the chauffeur approaching. She flung down her duster and ran to the window, giving a cautious whistle, as a poacher who calls his dog.

Billy made sure that the coast was clear, and came to her window. He looked at her and laughed joyously.

"The clouds have rolled by, partner!" he said.

"What has happened? Have you been Alexander?"

"Sure. Just had a pow-wow with him in the garage."

"What did he say to you?" asked Aimee quickly.

Billy eyed her thoughtfully.

"Never you mind. The game's square. The padre's all wool and a yard wide. You're all right now. Unless—"

"But the police! Suppose they trace us and come back here?"

"They may not. I b'lieve I see a way through it. And I've all the time on, this evening. You sit tight."

"But if they come here!"

"Then they'll get me," said Billy, "but they won't get you; you're safe from the cops, anyhow. I promise you that."

Aimee leaned out of the window, with flushed cheeks, and caught his hands in hers.

"Billy," she said breathlessly, "how good you've been to me. How good you've been! I want—"

"I'd be flayed alive for you!" said Billy suddenly. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do—and I've done nothing, yet. You've got the grit of twenty." He held her hands tight in his. "Aimee—"

"Oh! Look out!" exclaimed Aimee, darting back. There was a heavy step on the gravel and Mr. Tarbeaux came round the corner. Billy walked briskly forward.

Mr. Tarbeaux bent a suspicious and searching eye upon him.

CHAPTER XVII

Complications.

"Either you are working too hard, Alexander," said Lady Erythea, inspecting her nephew through her lorgnette, as they rose from the luncheon table, "or the burglary has been a greater shock to your nerves than I should have suspected. I do not like to see you wearing that pallid and constrained expression. Your sister will be quite concerned about you. She arrives, you remember, by the evening train."

"Diana!" said Mr. Lambe. "I had quite forgotten that she was due here."

Georgina started slightly, and looked perturbed.

"She is coming," said Lady Erythea, "to investigate the Jervaulx ghost. Certainly, she might have done it before. But I believe she has only recently become a member of the Psychical Research society. She is quite enthusiastic about it—so far as Diana can be enthusiastic about anything. Indeed, her letter is so technical as to be unintelligible to me."

"I did not know there was a ghost here," said Georgina, wide-eyed.

"I should not like to say that there is. But it is a tradition in the family, and has been well vouched for. I have never seen it. Diana seems to imply," added Lady Erythea a little acidly, "that only those who are advanced, and in tune with the infinite, see such things. If she thinks she is more spiritual than I, she is welcome to try. She will discover nothing whatever." Lady Erythea turned to her nephew. "Bertrand de Jussac is coming also."

"De Jussac?" cried Alexander, staring at her.

"Yes. You know him, I think."

"I have met him, of course," said Mr. Lambe dryly. "I should have thought this was the last house that so frivolous a person would wish to visit. Why is he coming? Surely he is not interested in the ghost?"

"In the ghost—no," said Lady Erythea, with a faint yet serene smile, "but possibly his interest may arise. I approve him. A young man of excellent standing and irreproachable descent."

"Descent is the word," said Mr. Lambe rather curtly, and left the room.

"How long is—Diana going to stay here?" Georgina asked anxiously.

"Two days—but it is possible she may be persuaded to prolong her visit," said her ladyship placidly.

"What is the Vicomte de Jussac like?"

"D'Artagnan—in the flesh. With a touch, perhaps, of Porthos. The type which it is a good woman's mission to reform. But this is outside your province, Aimee," she said abruptly, and laid a hand on the girl's shoulder. "Go, my dear child, and get your cousin away from his books. Take him for a drive and some fresh air."

Georgina left the room obediently. But instead of seeking Alexander, she hunted, with an agitated face, for Aimee.

"Hullo! What's the trouble now?" exclaimed Aimee. "I say, Georgie, dear, I'm beastly sorry about being in the arbor. I couldn't help—"

"Oh, never mind that now!" broke in Georgina distractedly. "A much worse thing's happened. I know how it would be. Lady Diana Lambe is coming; she'll be here in an hour or two."

Rapidly she repeated the news concerning the two expected guests. Aimee received it with consternation.

"Cold Lambe!" she exclaimed. "Coming here? As if I hadn't enough to bear without that! It's the worst news yet."

"Wh-what did you call her?"

"It's what everybody calls her in London—Cold Lambe. It fits her like a glove. A beautiful, frigid beast!"

"Aimee! She knows you, doesn't she?"

"Of course. She lives in town. She's the only one of the Lambes I do know. And Diana hates me, and—well, I've never pretended to like her, either. She's perfectly pitiless; she'll give me away like a shot, and flatten me out. She'll be all over it!"

"Let us hope," said Georgina breathlessly, "that Monsieur de Jussac will—er—distract her attention; keep her occupied. Lady Erythea says—"

Aimee sat on the bed and exploded with laughter.

"That aunt of mine is incorrigible!" she gasped. "I tell you it's perfect rot. You might as well try to melt an iceberg fresh from the Pole. This French vicomte won't stand the slightest chance."

"Do you know him, too?"

"I've heard of him. They say he's rather a—a rip. I expect that means he's a good sort. But Diana—heaven preserve us! Well, she probably won't know me in this rig, but she'll know you're the wrong horse. And then—zizz! boom!—up we all go in the air! You and Billy, and me—and Alexander!"

Georgina sat down and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Aimee," she said faintly, "the burglary, and all the rest of it, has upset me. I don't feel well. I—I have headache, and I can't come down to dinner. I shall go to bed."

"What a trump you are!" said Aimee, kissing her with intense affection. "It's the very thing. I'm so sorry, Georgie. It'll be beastly dull for you in bed, dear."

"I shall like a little dullness," said Georgina pathetically, as she left the room, "it will be restful. Goodby, dear. You will have to keep out of Diana's way as best you can."

"I'll take jolly good care I do," murmured Aimee fervently, as she put her cap straight. "Even Billy can't help this time!"

CHAPTER XVIII

"Cold Lambe!"

Lady Diana might have been the original of that tedious young woman who was described by the poet as "divinely tall and most divinely fair." She was without doubt strikingly beautiful, a type of the large and very pale blonde. But an atmosphere of frigidity surrounded her, which many people found repellent.

"My dear aunt," she said calmly, entering the drawing room and kissing Lady Erythea, "so good of you to have me for this flying visit. Alexander, how are you?" She touched her brother's cheek with her lips.

"You will have a clear field for your investigations, my dear," said Lady Erythea, "and I hope the advances you have made in psychic science will—ah—bring you to terms with the ghost. But I doubt it. By the way, your cousin Aimee is here, as I told you. But she is unwell and is keeping her room. I am rather anxious about her. Incidentally, we shall have another guest; I expect Monsieur de Jussac today."

Alexander left the room.

"Monsieur de Jussac!" exclaimed Diana. She paused. Lady Erythea watched her somewhat keenly. "What brings him here?" said Diana.

"He is very anxious," said Lady Erythea glibly, "to examine the Lambe collection of armor. We have a suit of mail which is believed to have been captured at Crecy; there is a tradition that it belonged to one of the De Jussac family."

Lady Diana looked incredulous.

"And I understand he is interested in psychic matters, and anxious to improve his knowledge."

"That is something in his favor," said Diana with suspicion.

"I expect that is his car," said Lady Erythea.

A rakish automobile of semi-racing type was observed sweeping along the park drive. The Vicomte de Jussac had motored direct from town.

A minute later he presented himself. Bertrand de Jussac was tall, and for his age, rather full-bodied. His complexion was healthily ruddy, he had a little black mustache and a jolly, roving dark eye. In spite of his very material appearance, he had undoubtedly the bel air. He raised Lady Erythea's skinny fingers to his lips.

"Enchanted, dear lady, to pay homage to you sur vos terres. How very amiable of you to invite me!"

Lady Erythea bestowed on him the smile she reserved for elder sons. "Charmed to have you. You know my niece, surely?"

Bertrand's little start of surprise was admirably done. He bent low over Diana's hand, but refrained from kissing it.

"But this is delightful!" exclaimed Bertrand. "You told me in town, Lady

Exploded With Laughter.

Diana, that you were interested in the ghost. Happy ghost! I, too, am developing rapidly an interest in the psychic. I hope—"

"I thought it was armor that attracted you here," said Diana frigidly.

"Helas, mademoiselle," said Bertrand, allowing his dark eyes to meet her pale blue ones, "there are weapons against which armor is of no avail."

"With your bent for ancient history, Diana," interrupted her aunt, "you should know more of the Lambe armor than I do. Why not show it to Monsieur de Jussac, so that he may commence his studies. You will find most of it in the hall."

"I think Monsieur de Jussac had better pursue his own investigations, for I shall be fully occupied with mine," said Diana, "and for the present I will retire to my room, if you will excuse me, Aunt."

She glided majestically through the doorway.

The Vicomte's eyes followed Diana's departure.

"Adorable blonde!" he mused. "The invincible phlegme brittanique. But it is the icy, inaccessible peak that spurs the courage of the mountaineer!"

He sat down and made himself particularly pleasant to Lady Erythea.

* * * * * * *

When the party of four assembled for dinner, Lady Erythea was amiable and resplendent in purple, Diana frigid and ethereal in pale yellow, while Alexander at first wore the air of the Jackdaw of Rheims molting under the abbot's curse. But Bertrand de Jussac, looking like a revived D'Artagnan in evening dress, contrived to chase heaviness away.

His merry, infectious laugh and quick sallies uplifted the spirits of the others. He made a deeper impression than ever on Diana Lambe, and with the usual perversity that seized her when in mixed company, she felt it due to herself to become the more openly hostile.

"I do not understand how you can defend the spirit of the age," she said coldly, in answer to a sally that made even Alexander smile. "The days of chivalry are dead. What romance can one attach to the modern young man? But in the days of heraldry, when men were splendid in helm and gorget and camail—ah, then," she exclaimed, with a rare touch of enthusiasm, "romance flourished indeed—"

"Talking of mail," said Lady Erythea blandly, "the ghost always appears in a complete suit of it, though his coming is noiseless as a breath of mist. I regret to tell you, Vicomte, that he came to a bad end through a romantic passion."

"Why regret?" protested Bertrand. "I will wager 'twas worth it."

"Because he was reputed—or disreputed—to be an ancestor of yours: a De Jussac taken as hostage by Sir Piers Lambe—after a most gallant resistance," said Lady Erythea smiling. "While here he engaged the affections of a daughter of the house, and being discovered, was permitted to don his armor and debate the matter with Sir Piers. His end was—tragic."

"No end can be wholly tragic, if reached by the path of a great passion. To every rose its thorn. I applaud him!" Bertrand raised his glass. "To you, nameless ancestor!" He replaced the glass appreciatively, and Mr. Tarbeaux refilled it. "Touching this ancestor, Lady Diana—"

But his hostess had given the signal, the ladies rose, and the two men were left alone—a custom that still lingered at Jervaulx. De Jussac did not find Mr. Lambe a very exhilarating companion, but Alexander, though drinking only water, kept him at the table an unconscionable time. When eventually they reached the drawing room Alexander departed at once to his library, and Bertrand found that Diana had retired.

"I must apologize for my niece, Vicomte, but she has gone to her room; to achieve the proper psychic attitude, or whatever she calls it, for her inquiries as to this absurd ghost," said Lady Erythea. "She can, of course, do nothing tonight. And as it is late, and you will not wish to sit up talking to an old woman—"

"Most spirituelle of hostesses," protested the Vicomte, "I should like to sit and talk to you all night, if you will allow me—"

Diana put her head inside the door. "I told you, Aunt," she said, "that my stupid maid lost herself at the terminus, and I cannot retire unattended. May I have yours?"

"My own incumbrance has been away for two days," said her aunt, "but we have a parlor maid who really attends to one's hair very soothingly; she did mine last night." Lady Erythea pressed the bell.

The butler appeared. "Tarbeaux, you will tell Snooks to attend Lady Diana in her room."

"Very good, m' lady."

Mr. Tarbeaux found Aimee on her way upstairs to bed, and gave her the order. Aimee was astonished, and secretly panic-stricken.

"This has absolutely finished it!" she reflected. "I might as well bolt at once." Suddenly she came to a resolution. "But—I'd better go. I shall run against her sooner or later. And anyhow she'll be alone. Di's such a fool she may not know me."

Aimee reached the bedchamber, where Lady Diana had just arrived. She scarcely glanced at the parlor maid, and donning a light wrap, seated herself before the mirror.

"Take down my hair," she said curtly, "and if your fingers are cold, warm them first at the fire. I abhor being touched by cold fingers."

Aimee's fingers itched to warm themselves by a totally different method. But she held them to the fire, and then set about her task. She had hardly commenced when Diana's pale blue eyes, catching sight of her in the mirror, opened in a stare of amazement.

"Who did they say you were?" she said in a grating voice.

"S-Snooks, m' lady," said Aimee, dropping a curtsey.

"Snooks! You are Aimee Scroope! Don't deny it!" said Diana fiercely. "Don't attempt to deceive me. I should know you in a thousand. What is the meaning of this—masquerade?"

Aimee surrendered.

"Yes, Di—it's me! For goodness' sake don't shout." For once Aimee lost her head. "Aunt doesn't know I'm here, you see. Don't give me away. I'll try and explain—"

"I don't want your explanation. You will explain to Aunt!" rasped Diana. "I can see by your manner there is something more in this than mere folly! I've had my suspicions, from what Aunt has said—"

"Di," exclaimed Aimee imploringly, "there's no use trying to hide it now—

"Who Did They Say You Were?"

I'm in trouble—real trouble. If you give me away now you'll get me into a fearful row with Dad. You don't want to do that, do you? It—it will simply finish him!"

"Very likely! It is high time he knew the truth about you. I know a little more of your character than he does, Aimee. His absurd leniency to you up till now—"

She moved swiftly between Aimee and the door, and pressed the bell.

"Let me out!" said Aimee, rather white and her eyes gleaming. "Get away from that door!" She strode toward Diana.

"I shall not!"

There was a knock at the door. Diana opened it, and the housekeeper appeared.

"Was that your ladyship's bell?"

"Yes!" said Diana. "Ask Lady Erythea to come here immediately. Do you hear? Immediately!"

CHAPTER XIX

Arms and the Man.

The housekeeper looked bewildered. Diana's wrath agitated her. Aimee was standing quietly in the middle of the room, her hands behind her.

"I dare not disturb her ladyship now that she has retired for the night and her room is locked," said the housekeeper; "my orders are strict. May I suggest that you see her yourself, my lady? If there is anything else I can do—"

Diana paused, and appeared to reflect.

"No," she said curtly. "You can go." When the housekeeper had left the room, Diana turned to Aimee.

"You will come with me now—to Aunt!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Aimee defiantly. "Go and speak to her yourself, if you want to. Rouse her out of bed now, and tell her all you know. I shall get it hot; I'm used to that—but there's one consolation, she'll jolly well flatten you out, too!"

Again Diana hesitated. She saw herself roaring accusations into the ear-trumpet of an infuriated aunt newly aroused from slumber.

"I am tired, and I do not wish for a scene at this time of night," she said, fixing Aimee with a malignant eye. "On consideration, I shall leave this affair till the morning. And now—you may go."

She stood away from the door.

"Won't you be decent about it, Di?" said Aimee imploringly. "I don't care for myself, but it's going to be awful for Dad. I—I—if you'd only let me tell you—"

"I have no desire to listen to a discreditable story, at which, no doubt, I could give a very good guess. As for your father, he must face the consequences of having allowed you to behave as you do. I have no more to say," replied Diana with cold disdain.

Aimee's eyes blazed at her.

"You utter beast, Di!" she said, and flung out of the room.

For half-an hour Aimee mused upon the situation, and mentally pronounced it hopeless. The dreary bedroom became impossible to her. She opened the door; the house was in darkness; everyone, apparently, had retired. Aimee made her way to Georgina's bedroom door, and rapped stealthily for some time, for the door was locked. It seemed impossible to arouse Georgina, and after a lengthy effort Aimee desisted. Lady Erythea's room was next door, and even the deaf hear when they are not wanted to.

Finally, Aimee crept down into the hall, where the suits of armor loomed grimly in the half-light, a silent, threatening host. It was impossible to get out of the house. All conceivable outlets were secured, since the burglary. Aimee passed through the paneled dining hall. The darkness got on her nerves. She switched on a single electric light, and looked round her hopelessly.

"Two or three more days, and I believe Billy would have pulled me through," she said dully. "I know he would. Now, it's all up. I'm done. And I can't get to Billy."

Aimee dropped into an armchair, buried her face in her hands, and began to cry. She cried like a child that has hurt itself.

A large figure stole into the room with a remarkably noiseless step. It was the Vicomte de Jussac. He started as he caught sight of the forlorn figure in the chair, and stared in surprise. The spectacle of a damsel in distress at once roused generous sentiments in the beau sabreur.

He crossed the room and seated himself on the arm of the chair.

"Away, dull care," murmured Bertrand. "Such eyes as those—I cannot see them but I am sure they are adorable—were never made for weeping. Tell me your sorrow, ma petite," he said gently; "it shall be swept away!"

"I'm in awful trouble!" sobbed Aimee.

"Alas! But let me help you. Here am I, a big, gross fellow, but very capable, sent by the gods to aid you. It is what I am for!"

Aimee dropped her hands and stared at him, startled.

"Are you Monsieur de Jussac?" she stammered.

"Infinitely at your service, mademoiselle."

Aimee's eyes searched his face. It was rather closer to hers than appeared necessary, but it was undoubtedly sympathetic.

"Tell me!" he murmured.

Aimee hesitated.

"Well, I will tell you. I've got to tell somebody, or I shall go mad!" said Aimee with a rush. "Anyway they'll know it tomorrow. I'm not the parlor maid. I'm Aimee Scroope—Lady Erythea's niece."

"Hein!" exclaimed the Vicomte. He rose to his feet, staring at her, and twisted his mustache—a habit in moments of bewilderment.

Aimee plunged into her tale breathlessly. She made it brief; it was also very jumbled. But the thread managed to unravel itself. Before she finished, Bertrand turned away. His shoulders quivered and shook, the back of his neck was crimson.

"You're laughing!" cried Aimee accusingly.

"But no!" gasped the Vicomte, choking. "It is grief. Grief and sympathy—for you—mademoiselle."

"You are laughing!" said Aimee stepping in front of him. "Go on then—laugh! If you can laugh at that, you're—you're all right! Billy says—" She checked herself, and suddenly began to laugh, too; a very rainbow of laughter and tears. "But what's to be done? It's the finish!"

Bertrand turned and caught her by the hands.

"We shall find a way!" he cried. "Courage! Bah! but that is an imbecile remark. If you had not courage you would not be here. Who should betray you?"

"Diana." Aimee told him of the encounter in the bedroom.

"It cannot be! She has a heart. Under that icily exquisite exterior, a warm heart beats. It must be softened."

"A heart? Di? She's a—" Aimee stopped just in time. "I'm afraid it's quite hopeless. I only told you because I was in despair."

"A De Jussac never despairs! Especially when there is a charming little lady to be rescued from the Philistines. The difficulty must be overcome at any cost. Ah!" he exclaimed, coming near to her. "I believe I have it! Listen—"

"Oh!" said Aimee with a gasp. She had become conscious that they were not alone.

Alexander stood before them, in a black dressing gown, a candle in his hand. He only needed bell and book to be the very image of an abbot in the act of pronouncing excommunication. De Jussac started violently, and frowned. Alexander took no notice of him; his eyes were fixed on Aimee.

"Yes," gasped Diana. Don't—speak so loud, Aime—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ideal Revenge.

It was the morning after the heavy snow, and he drove into a downtown garage to have chains put on the rear wheels of his car. A negro was doing the work. A companion stepped up to him and told about being stuck in the snow, and asking a passing truck driver for help, and of being told by the driver to "dig his way out." "Dig yo' way out! Hot boy! Dat's good. Gee, man, how I'd aspire to meet dat fellow on a desert and he wid his tongue out pantin' fer a drop of gasoline. Dig yo' way out!"—Detroit News.

You seldom find the fault-finder serving on any of the committees which are doing the work.

Matrimonial Adventures

Driftwood

BY

Courtney Ryley Cooper

Author of "The Cross-Cut," "The White Desert," "Dear Folks at Home," "The Eagle's Eye," etc.

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COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Courtney Ryley Cooper, author, lecturer, circus man and expert on jungle animals, began life as a clown in a small circus. Mr. Cooper says that he ran away from home for the first time to join the Buffalo Bill Wild West show at the age of five, and that after that, regularly two or three times a year, the rest of the Cooper family spent most of its time dragging him home whenever a circus came to his town, Kansas City. When he was fifteen he made the final breakaway, becoming a clown at the magnificent salary of five dollars a week. After about five years of this he began to mix the circus business with that of the newspaper and left the "white tops" to become a reporter for the Kansas City Star. He then successively was a special writer for the Star, the Chicago Tribune, the New York World and the Denver Post, when he again went back to the circus to become press agent of the Sells-Floto circus, and personal representative for Col. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill." Later still he became general manager of the Sells-Floto circus.

Following this he turned his attention to telling the rest of the world what he had learned of the land of the sawdust ring and his stories and articles began to appear in all the large magazines of the United States.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

It was six fifteen o'clock. In the kitchen the last touches had been given a meal which was a bit more extravagant than was customary in the household of Mr. and Mrs. John Carrington. The silver candlesticks were on the dining room table instead of the usual glass ones; the service had been polished with extra care that morning. At the side of each of the two plates was a sprig of orange blossoms, which had arrived special delivery, from California, that morning. Just beyond the French doors leading to the living room was a large basket of roses. It was thus every year.

In the fireplace of the living room, the flames leaped in blue and green and violet colorings, the offgivings of driftwood, sending their colorations into the big comfortable shadowy room and upon the woman who sat, just within the range of warmth, gazing into the flames. Mrs. John Carrington was waiting for her husband to come home to dinner in honor of their tenth anniversary.

Not that there was any doubt as to the time or manner of his arrival. Mr. and Mrs. John Carrington had a reputation—they were known as the happiest married couple of all their set—a set, incidentally, which included every worthwhile name in the directory. In five minutes, Mrs. Carrington knew, there would sound the throbbing of a familiar engine from down the street and the squeaking of brake-bands which always announced the homecoming of the best husband in town. John never failed, just as he never failed to telephone her precisely at eleven o'clock each morning, just as he never failed to remember her birthday or to send the biggest basket of roses which he could afford, on their anniversary. Just as he never failed to take her to the theater on Thursday night, to the Country club for the Friday night dances, or—but the list is too long. John was the ideal husband. He never failed in anything.

Nor did she. For Medaine Carrington also had her place in the matrimonial sun. Even her enemies admitted that she was a perfect wife. The serenity of the Carrington home was something which could not be denied. Everyone knew of it, everyone spoke of it. John Carrington and his wife never had even quarreled!

Yet, as Mrs. Carrington watched the fire, it seemed that an expression, almost of utter fear, was in her eyes; the tapping of a shoe upon the soft rug gave evidence of nervousness, the quick knitting of her hands emphasized it. Now and then she turned her head toward the window—as though fearful of his coming, yet anxious that he be here. Then she would resume her former position, her eyes fraught with presentiment, gazing into the big fireplace where the driftwood crackled and the flames leaped and scurried in vagrant colorings. The minutes passed.

A car stopped protestingly. A step sounded. The door opened. She turned with her usual smile.

"How are you, Dearest?"

"Same as usual, Sweetheart." He was hanging up his hat and overcoat. A moment more and he came behind her, to lay his hands on her shoulders for an instant. "How's my Sweetheart tonight?"

"Happy as always, John." She turned and kissed him lightly. "You were a dear to send me those roses. You never forget, John."

He straightened proudly.

"Why should I? Pretty fire."

"Yes—driftwood. I've been sitting here watching it, while I waited for you."

For a moment he, too, looked into the blaze.

"Beautiful. Driftwood, eh? Rather hard to get isn't it?"

She smiled.

"Yes—but then, this is our anniversary."

"That's right. That's right. I suppose the dinner's waiting?"

It was a useless question—asked merely for the sound of it. John knew that dinner was ready. It always was ready. The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Carrington was one in which nothing ever was awry. He went on:

"Yes, of course, it's waiting. Just a moment, Sweetheart, until I tidy up a bit and I'll be with you. Only a moment—"

He hurried up the stairs, while again the gaze of Medaine Carrington sought the flames, the gaze of one whose mind is peopled with anguish. But in a moment more, it had vanished. John was beside her, bowing in mock overpoliteness, and offering his arm in an extravagant invitation to the table.

"Many congratulations today," he said as they seated themselves. "Four or five of the boys dropped in to tell me their troubles, and incidentally to say how much they envied us. Strange what a few little numbers will do, isn't it?"

"Marvelous." Her self-possession had returned; with him before her she was again the usual Medaine Carrington. "This is the tenth year, without a quarrel."

John laughed.

"And our idea may spread. Bentley's married you know—just last week. Came into the office today. Told him all about our system, and how it's worked out. 'All that you need for happiness, Bent,' I said, 'is to learn to count to a hundred.' Then, I went on and told how it had worked with us, how we simply schooled ourselves into the habit of counting to a hundred before we said an unkind word, how, if one of us was nervous or irritable, it became the duty of the other to hold in, and the wonderful result that we've attained. After all, dearest, it's all very simple, isn't it?"

"Extremely so." For just an instant her eyes clouded—only to brighten again. "I've never seen prettier roses than the ones you sent today, John."

"That's what you're always good enough to say. By the way, this roast is done to a turn. I never tasted better."

The meal progressed to a perfect conclusion—as it always did. Once more, they were before the driftwood flame. She took his hand in hers.

"After all, it's remarkable that two persons could go through ten years of married life without a quarrel, isn't it, John?"

He nodded. Then:

"Yes—in a way. Then again, all that is necessary is common sense."

"I suppose so. But haven't there been times when I have tried you terribly, when I've made you so angry that you couldn't hold your temper?"

"No, not once, dearest. One simply couldn't lose his temper with you."

"There—you mustn't say that. Besides, the main point, I suppose, is the fact that it's been accomplished. Ten years of married life, without even a quarrel!"

She rose then, and moved slowly into the shadows. Again her hands knitted unconsciously. An expression, as of acute pain came into her eyes. John did not see—he was gazing into the flames and watching the colorings as they came and went.

"Ten years without a quarrel! It's something to be proud of, something to boast about to your friends and—"

"Yes, I suppose so."

There was something in her tone which caused him to look up quickly, to glance toward her as though she had uttered a desecration. The flickering of the fireplace caught her features, to display them as singularly pale, singularly drawn and indicative of suffering. He half rose—but she motioned him back.

"Please sit there, John. I've—something to tell you."

"Why, dearest? You seem so—"

"Don't—please." She gripped the back of a chair as though for support. "I—want to say it as quickly as possible. I'm going away, John." The voice was faint.

He was silent for a moment. At last:

"Well, if you feel that you should—of course, it would be better from a financial point if you waited a while, but if you really want to—"

"I don't mean that way, John. I'm not coming back."

"Not—" He stared at her in nonplussed fashion for a long time before he rose. "Why Medaine—I I don't—!"

"I didn't think you'd understand."

"Not coming back? Why—"

"Not coming back, John," she repeated, and this time the voice bore a certain note of harshness. "We're through!"

"Medaine!"

"Please!" She motioned him back. "I know what I'm doing. I'm perfectly clear and sane. I've simply put up with you as long as I can stand it, and now I'm going away. You've become unbearable to me, and when a thing like that happens, the best thing to do is to get away. So I'm going."

She said it with more coolness than ever, and with an incisiveness that cut deep. There was the slightest twitching of John's fingers—then he turned away, and for a long moment was silent. At last, as though eased in mind, he moved again to his chair.

"You're tired, sweetheart. Tired out—nervous. Don't worry. Everything'll be all right. If you'll just tell me what's wrong, we'll find a way to remedy it. Nothing in the world that can't be remedied, you know—"

"Except this. I'm tired of you, John. Sick of you."

"Sick? Tired?" He again faced her. "Sick of—" Then for a long time he was silent again. "There, sweetheart, don't mind me. Of course you're tired. Ill, too. We'll talk it over in the morning—"

"There isn't going to be any morning, John. At least, not with you." She laughed. "Ten years is enough. I want someone else now."

"You?" He was on his feet in an instant, his fingers stretching wide, his brow working convulsively. "You, Medaine?"

"Exactly what I said."

"A man?"

"You don't suppose it would be anyone else?

"But Medaine—"

"And I have your permission to go?" It seemed that there was a little sarcasm in her tone. "Of course, you know, I'd do nothing without your permission. I want to be frank with you, you know. You've supported me for ten years. You've given me everything in the world I could ask for, you've supplied me with all the money that anyone in my circumstances could wish for, and you've really made it possible for me to have the money to do what I wanted to do when the time came, and so I really should ask your permission. Especially when another man is involved."

"Do you mean—" coldness had come into his voice, "that you're going to take the money that you've saved as my wife to go to some other man?"

"I've said nothing like that, John. Merely frankness and fairness to let you know."

"Who is he?"

"A friend of yours. We needn't mention names."

"No?" There were no long pauses between John Carrington's words now. The whiteness of his cheeks, the lack of color in his lips, turning them ghastly blue in the light of the driftwood, the glazed yet flaming appearance of his eyes all gave evidence that temper had gone beyond control. "No? We needn't mention names. That's what you say, Mrs. John Carrington, but I've a different idea!"

"Your privilege! But the information won't come from me."

"I don't expect it. I can find out for myself, without the necessity of running down any lies which you might tell me. I'll find out—"

"I expect you to."

"I will!" John Carrington, the perfect husband, swung past his chair to face her, his hands gripped, the muscles of his jaws bulging as his teeth gritted. "Don't worry for an instant about that end of it! I'll find out."

"And then?" A peculiar glint had come into her eyes. "When you've found out? Murder, I suppose?"

"Murder?" he laughed at her. "Murder, over you? Over a woman who has no more sense of honor than to do the thing you've done? Murder? Hardly! Merely the satisfaction of knowing the kind of a person that would take up with a conscienceless woman. Nothing more."

"Very good excuses, John."

"For what?"

"The lack of backbone enough to even face a man who could steal your own wife from you. You wouldn't even have the strength to face him."

"No?" His hands worked as with a sudden spasm. "When I face somebody, it will be for stealing something—do you understand what I mean? When I face a man it will be because he's taken something from me that's worth while, and not ridded me of a blank featured incubus, a thing that's hung onto me like a leech, given into me at every twist and turn merely that she could rob me, someone so sweet and gushing that she's sickening, that herself hasn't any more strength than to take the word of the first man who flatters her and who is willing to run away with him simply because he tells her any mass of lies that happens to come into his head! That's when I'll face a thief, when he's stolen something—do you understand that?

"And as for you—" he nodded toward the doorway—"you can go when and where you choose, and the sooner the better. I thought you were a woman when I married you. I've found out in the ten years that we've been living together that you're merely a spineless, resistless, shapeless mass of human putty. I didn't expect a thing like this—but I should have known that it would come. It was the only end possible, the only thing possible—from a person like you. Resistance? You haven't any? Strength of character? It doesn't exist. Spineless? It's the only word I can think of for you—the only—"

Then he halted, gasping. A warm, impulsive little form was close to him, her arms tight about his neck, her lips seeking his, and kissing him again and again.

"Oh, John, you're wonderful!" came all in a breath, "just simply wonderful! I—"

He strove to push her away, and failing, merely gasped the more. For she was talking again, her words streaming excitedly, delightedly.

"That's just what I've thought about you, John—what you've said about me—that you were spineless, resistless. But you're not, are you, John? You're—"

"Please—" He strove to break from her, but she held him tight, and a sudden pleading happiness in her tone.

"I don't have to go away now, John. My 'other man' has come to me. Don't you understand, dearest—don't you understand?"

"Huh?" It was the only word he could utter, as he stood there staring at her, his arms flat at his sides, his lips open, his expression one of combined anger, dismay and wonderment. The soft arms tightened still more about his neck.

"Kiss me, John—please!"

"Hardly."

"But don't you understand? I was just trying to make you say the things you did say—it was the only way I could think to do it. Don't you see? I didn't know any other way in the world to make you quarrel with me, to forget that eternal counting to a hundred before you'd ever answer, to—to—John, please—won't you kiss me? I don't love anyone in the world but you. I swear it—nobody in the world, John. Don't you see? I—I—" Then the tears came—"I just couldn't stand it any—any more."

"Stand it—stand what?"

"Why—why, everything, John. You just can't endure things forever without salt and pepper. It isn't natural. It—it just got on my nerves until I thought I'd go crazy. I—"

"What's the—" Frank amazement was his now. "I don't understand you—can't make you out, Medaine. Salt and pepper—"

"Just what I mean, John. Put your arms around me, won't you please? Please, John?" She caught a hand and raised it to her shoulder, where it hung a moment, then dropped limply. But he did not resist her now, as he had done a moment before. "Tell me, John—is this the first time you've ever thought me spineless?"

He shook his head, saying silently what he would not say in words. It seemed to please her. She kissed him.

"And haven't you wondered often how on earth you ever married me? Haven't you wondered if I really had enough spirit to even have a quarrel with a tradesman? Haven't you, John? I've thought that about you—wondered how on earth you managed to transact your business, how you ever got the backbone even to discharge an employee. You've never shown it at home. I've tried to nettle you, anger you—and all you did was count to a hundred."

"That was our bargain." He said it somewhat grudgingly.

"Just the trouble—just what hurt me, that you'd stay by a silly bargain like that. John," she looked at him quickly, "during the time we've been married, have you really been happy?"

"I?" he paused. His lips pressed tight for an instant. Then: "If you want the frank truth—I haven't."

"Why?"

Again a pause. Then:

"Oh, never mind."

"But I want to know. Is it for the same reason that I haven't been happy—because everything has been just the same, just the regular monotony of sugar, sugar, sugar all the time and over a bit of bitter-sweet? Is that the reason, John? And I have been unhappy, John. I've known every minute what you were going to do. I know the minute you were going to leave home, the minute you would telephone me, the minute you'd get here at night, and what you'd talk about at the dinner table. I know to a dot what you'd do and say and how you'd act. And, John—a woman may say she wants that, but she doesn't. She wants a husband who'll be good to her most of the time, but who now and then—well, who won't. We can't be superhuman, John. It isn't in us. You've been on time to dinner for ten years. I haven't even had the excitement of scolding you for being late. I—" Then, as if with an inspiration, she looked at him—"John, did you ever notice how an electrical storm clears the air? And how sultry it has been beforehand? We've never even had the chance to know how beautiful things can be after the clouds have gone. We've had nothing but sunshine—until it's blinded us and we haven't been able to see anything!"

Then she halted—suddenly beaming. A light of understanding had come into the eyes of John Carrington. The tired expression faded, to give way to one which Medaine had not seen in years. Slowly his arms raised and clasped about the form of his wife. He kissed her—slowly, as one who tastes long at a sweet he is loath to leave.

Ten years seemed to have rolled away, ten drab uneventful years which now bore no more importance in retrospect than the flatness of monotonous plains. A soft hand touched his temple and lingered there.

"We've just been driftwood, John."

He nodded and kissed her again. Then, like a streak, he turned from her and bounded up the stairs. Wondering, she heard him fumbling about in an upper room, banging at drawers and uttering strange things under his breath. A grunt. Another. Louder. Then:

"Medaine," came in bellowing tones, yet ones which seemed strangely fraught with happiness, "where in thunder are my pongee shirts?"

In the room below, Medaine smiled—the smile of a woman who has fought and won. She whirled toward the stairs and called snappily, yet with a glint of merriment in her eyes.

"Right where they've always been," came her explosive announcement, "right in the third drawer of the chiffrobe, if you'll only take the time to look for them!"

Five minutes later a caller stepped on the veranda of the Carrington home. It was inevitable that he should glance through the window, to see within the living room two persons sitting before a driftwood blaze, hands together, arms about each others' shoulders, two radiant sweethearts watching the flickering of the flames. The caller sighed in envy.

"They've got the system," he announced to himself as he rang the bell. "Happiest darned couple in town."

PROPOSALS ARE FORMING QUICKLY

BERLIN'S PROPOSALS ON REPARATIONS PROVIDE HYPOTHECATION OF PROPERTY

PLANS GOLD MORTGAGE

SOURCE OF REVENUE WOULD BE GOLD MORTGAGE ON UNENCUMBERED REAL ESTATE

Berlin.—Chancellor Cuno's deliberations with the reichstag leaders and representative of finance and industry are gradually assuming concrete form and in all probability will have sufficiently crystallized to enable the government informally to indicate the character of its forthcoming reparations proposals in the next few days.

Much consolation was had from the offer of the federation of German industrialists to give the requisite guarantees for international loans purposes, it being looked upon as showing the willingness of Germany's business interests to back the government.

The program drafted by the industrialists and their allied financial interests provides for far-flung hypothecation of all productive properties and other economic assets and also contains a demand that the federal railway system be turned over to a private operating company which would guarantee the government a specific return in gold earnings.

The plan conceived by the industrialists provides for specific guarantees for which the leading industrial holdings throughout Germany would be pledged in return for the government's consent to place the federal railways in the hands of a private operation board although title would remain with the government. This is only one of several features of the industrialists' program which are expected to meet sturdy opposition by the socialists.

For the principal source of revenue the program suggests a gold mortgage on all unencumbered real estate, and estimates indicate that this would net 600,000,000 gold marks annually for the first ten years, with the possibility that the sum eventually would amount to 1,000,000,000 gold marks.

Financial experts assume that a gold mortgage levy on land extending over a long number of years would constitute the basis of Germany's reparations assessments.

The program of the industrialists reminds the government of the imperative need of reorganizing all branches of the public services, enhancing production in all lines through added efforts on the part of labor.

While numerous technical details in connection with the mortgaging process and the proposed levies on capital and production remain to be worked out, it is believed that Germany will be able to indicate an offer comprising thirty definitely prescribed annuities in view of capital fixation.

Canadian Resort Burns

Montreal.—One hundred homes in the town of Ste. Agatha, a summer resort, were destroyed by fire a few days ago, according to messages. The town is situated on the Laurentian mountain branch of the Canadian Pacific railway and contains the summer homes of many wealthy Montreal citizens. The damage is estimated at $400,000.

Clara Phillips on Way to California

Tegucigalpa, Honduras. — Notwithstanding a decree issued by the Supreme Court ordering that Clara Phillips be set free, she was turned over to the American deputy sheriffs from California and embarked recently at Puerto Cortez for New Orleans. The petition for the release of Mrs. Phillips was placed before the Supreme Court by her attorney, Salvador Zelaya. It contended that Mrs. Phillips was illegally detained because legal procedure had not been followed in accordance with the treaty, by Franklin E. Morales, the American minister.

French Seize 90,000,000,000 Marks

Essen.—The French authorities have seized ninety billion marks from the Reichsbank at Essen. They took this action because they needed money to pay certain bills, and the Germans refused to furnish it, declaring there was not so much money on hand.

Poland Premier Retires

Warsaw.—President Wojciehowski accepted the resignation of Premier Sikorski, who received a vote of lack of confidence in the diet when the members refused to approve the secret service funds proposed in the government's provisional budget. The president has requested General Sikorski and his ministers to continue in office until the cabinet which he has requested M. Witos to form is ready to assume office.

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POPULARITY OF CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL IS INCREASING

Denver.—The number of public schools in Colorado is decreasing, while the number of pupils enrolled, the average daily attendance and the number of teachers employed are all increasing. Surveys conducted by the State Immigration Department show only 2,884 public schools of all classes in the state at the beginning of 1923, compared with 2,976 last year, while the number of teachers employed this year is 8,745, compared with 8,192 last year. The records of the state superintendent of schools show that the average daily attendance in the public schools for the school years ending June 30, 1922, was 170,420, compared with 167,633 for the preceding years, while the number of pupils enrolled in 1922 was 243,004, compared with 232,757 the preceding year.

The decrease in the number of schools is due to the growing popularity of the consolidated school, which takes the place of two or more smaller schools, and provides better school building and school facilities in general than were previously provided in the smaller schools. County superintendents reported 120 consolidated schools in the state this year, compared with 76 last year.

New York Fire Boat Saves British Ship

New York.—The British freighter Cornish City was saved from destruction after a battle of several hours by the crew of a fireboat. Fire was discovered in the freighter's No. 4 hold shortly after she arrived from Liverpool, via Philadelphia, and anchored off Stapleton, Staten Island. The ship carried a general cargo. The extent of the damage has not been determined. The Cornish City is 400 feet long and registers 5,269 gross tons. She is owned by the St. Just Steamship Company, Ltd., of Bideford, England. She was built in 1919.

32 Bodies Found in Rio Grande

Mexico City.—Thirty-two bodies, believed to be the remains of Italians and other foreigners who were murdered and robbed in attempting to enter the United States clandestinely, have been recovered from the Rio Grande river near Laredo, Texas, according to dispatches from Buevo Laredo. Most of the bodies had been long submerged in the river bed and could not be identified.

"Constitution Best Guide for U. S."

Washington.—The preamble to the constitution is the best chart for the nation's course in a program of education and patriotism and citizenship, President Harding declared before delegates representing fifty educational agencies and organizations to the third annual conference of the National American Council. The President made a plea for the rededication of the people to the aims of their government, which, he said, would furnish the nation "a commanding and dominating national interest."

Operators Shut Down 279 Oil Wells

Tulsa, Okla.—To avoid a further cut in the price of high gravity mid-continent crude oil, eleven of the fourteen operators in the Burbank field of Osage county, Okla., have agreed to shut down and keep closed 279 wells. The action was unanimous and is expected to induce the operators in Tonkawa, Bristow and other major pools of Oklahoma to emulate the example set by the Burbank operators. With the shutdown order effective there are just seventy-two wells in the entire area that can be completed.

Communists Fire on Police

Gelsenkirchen.—Eight persons are dead—seven men and one child—and between seventy and eighty are suffering from wounds due to bitter fighting which broke out in the town between Communists and the defense forces. The trouble had its origin in the seizure by the Communists of police headquarters, in which much destruction was wrought. The members of the defense force who were holding the building, were driven out after hard fighting.

TWO LITTLE DEWDROPS

TWO little drops of dew resting on a rosebush one morning trembled with delight as the rays of Mr. Sun came shimmering through the garden treetops.

"Ah, we shall soon be beautiful," said one; "all the colors of the lovely rainbow will soon be ours. Come, let

Down the Stem Rolled the Vain Little Dewdrop.

us creep out from under this leaf where the sun can fall full upon us."

But the other little dewdrop, trembling, said: "Sister, I am afraid the sun will burn us, for its rays will grow warm, and though for a while we shall be beautiful I am sure we shall soon be destroyed.

"Let us stay under this leaf and help the rosebush to grow. I shall try to find the heart of the rose and nestle close. I am sure I shall live longer there, even if I am not as beautiful as the rays of the sun would make me."

"Oh, fie, sister, why are you so silly?" said the other dewdrop. "I'd rather be beautiful for a little while than let the rose hold me close at heart. She will get all the credit for beauty and no one will ever know about you.

"No, I shall creep down the stem of this rose and catch the rays of the sun and all who see me will say, 'How beautiful!' when they behold me."

Down the stem rolled the vain little dewdrop and soon it was away from the protecting leaf where its sister was trembling.

Soon the warm sun found it and its wish was granted—all the beautiful colors of the rainbow now belonged to the little dewdrop and it was happy.

The other little drop nestled close to the rose leaf and soon it dropped down deep into the very heart of the opening flower and was out of sight, but it sank so deep that the rose grew sweet and a passing bee stopped to tell the rose it was the prettiest and sweetest flower in the garden.

"That is because a little dewdrop nestles in my heart, making me happy," said the rose. "This morning I had two, but one did not stay; it crept down my stem to meet the sun, so that it might grow beautiful with the rainbow colors, but the other stayed with me and I owe to it a duty for its goodness.

"I must grow beautiful and sweet for the dewdrop and myself to repay it, and if as you say, Mr. Bee, I am the prettiest and sweetest flower in the garden this morning, it is because a dewdrop nestles in my heart."

Mr. Bee buzzed away. He did not tell the rose that the little dewdrop that had rolled from under the leaf to meet the sun was no more; he knew that the little dewdrop in the heart of the rose would be sad when it learned the fate of its sister, and because it had chosen so wisely what to do that morning he wished it to be happy.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Pola Negri

Apollonia Chalupez, better known to the lovers of motion pictures as Pola Negri, the "movie" star, was born in Bromberg, Poland. Her father had a good fabric business. He died in 1905, leaving her at the age of six with her mother, who later sent her to school in Warsaw. At the age of ten she decided she wanted to be an actress. At sixteen she made her professional debut in a Warsaw theater. Later she received many offers to enter the "movies" and finally yielded.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

ILLINOIS MEN WIN BONUS

Supreme Court Upholds Act Providing for the Allowance of Fifty Cents Per Day.

The close relation existing between the services of the individual soldier of the World war and the general welfare of the state gives rise to a claim appealing to a universal sense of fairness and justice, declared the opinion of the Supreme court of Illinois in upholding the bonus act of that state. The court was unanimous on the constitutionality of the act and by this decision paves the way for 300,000 ex-service men and women to obtain a state bonus.

The Illinois act provides for the payment of 50 cents per day for each day of service in the army, navy or marine corps. The maximum payment which any veteran may draw is $300. To pay the veterans a bond issue of $55,000,000 has been made and will be sold immediately. Palmer D. Edmunds, chief clerk of the board which passes on the bonus applications, has estimated that payment will begin about July 1, and that the former soldiers will be paid at the rate of approximately 24,000 a month. Applications to the number of 220,000 are already on file with the board.

The case in Supreme court, a "friendly suit" brought by the father of a Legion man of Springfield, Ill., attracted much attention. It was the contention of the attorneys for the appellants that the law violated the constitution by granting extra compensation after public service had been rendered.

The opinion of the court, written by Chief Justice Thompson, and without a dissenting vote, held that the recipients of compensation in the case did not come within this specification of the constitution. They, the opinion said, do not stand in the relation of a public officer, agent, servant or contractor of, or with the state, and "that the section has no application here."

The activity of the American Legion in assisting the securing of the passage of the Illinois act is well known. The organization was called on to write the act and was at all times active in moving toward its passage. On the eve of the election by which the voters of the state approved the bond issue to pay compensation, the organization staged a demonstration throughout the state that won thousands of votes. Under advice of the Legion, the ruling was made by the bonus board that all service should be compensated at the specified rate until 1920. The previous acceptance had been for service actually rendered before the armistice.

USED FLOUR TO 'RAISE DOUGH'

Unique Money-Raising Plan Successfully Carried Out by Waukegan (Ill.) Legion Auxiliary.

By use of a unique funding plan, the American Legion Auxiliary at Waukegan, Ill., has succeeded in providing club-room furniture for the Legion post of that city. Little expense was incurred in the campaign and the ladies were able to deliver a sufficient fund to the members of the Legion to completely equip the clubrooms.

A house-to-house canvass was made by the auxiliary women in the interest of a certain brand of flour. When a Waukegan woman was impressed by the "canvass"—and they usually were—they placed an order for a bag of flour, to be delivered at a future date.

On every barrel of flour sold the workers received $1, the goal being set at $1,000, which it is said was realized within a short time. Incidentally, Waukegan grocers were forced to lay in a large stock of the flour to care for the demands from the result of the solicitation of the workers.

TO THOSE IN OCEAN GRAVES

Special Memorial Services Conducted by Legion in Honor of Victims of Sea Warfare.

Those Americans who perished at sea during the World war were paid fitting tribute on Memorial day by the American Legion. Hundreds of Americans went down as sea victims of the submarine and their unmarked graves were remembered.

On the Ticonderoga alone 213 brave Americans went down, and scores of others perished in a similar manner.

Recognition of the sailor's part in the war was paid by numerous posts of the Legion when the members set adrift barks of flowers in memory of those who perished at sea, now resting in wave-swept graves.

Heavy Load for Legion.

Kenesaw Mountain Landis, supreme arbitrator of organized baseball recently predicted that "within five years many supposedly able-bodied veterans will begin to falter because of shock and exposure suffered in the trenches." And he added: "The American Legion is the only body which is taking an active stand for justice to disabled men, and on the Legion will fall the responsibility of seeing that congress does its duty."

EXPECT BIG CROPS

Conditions in Western Canada Please Farmers.

Seeding Has Been Begun Earlier Than for Many Years, and Soil Is in Perfect Shape.

With weather conditions highly favorable, the farmers of Western Canada, with the exception probably of a portion of Manitoba, have completed seeding from ten to fifteen days earlier than for some years past. In some parts of Manitoba there were floods which delayed seeding, but they have abated, and left the land in good shape for quick work and speedy germination. In Saskatchewan soil conditions for seeding were never better. With a generous quantity of snow, which after melting left needed moisture, and another snowstorm after seeding was finished, there was an ideal condition created. From all parts of Alberta there came the best of reports as to rainfall and snow moisture, leaving the ground in the condition required for the prospects of a good crop.

Spring, as in most other parts of the continent, was backward, but notwithstanding this, as has been said, farmers were able to get on the land earlier than for some years. In fact, seeding was practically commenced about the 12th of April, which to many readers may seem remarkable, when it is known that several hundred miles farther south it was not possible to do spring seeding for several days later. Reports to hand on the 16th of May state that wheat is up above the ground in a great many places, oats are being sown, and corn planted. Farm labor was scarce for awhile, but the demand has fallen off. One feature of the demand for farm help is that farmers are now employing help by the year, at of course smaller wages than those paid for special work. The increasing tendency to employ help by the year is evidence that farmers are not relying solely upon wheat growing, but are going out into other branches, such as dairying, stock raising, etc. The prospects in all portions of Western Canada were never brighter than at present. Information regarding the condition of the crops at any time will be sent on request made to any Canadian government agent.—Advertisement.

Sam's Ghost.

Sam had passed through a harrowing experience. He had seen a ghost. While his audience listened with bulging eyes he related the details of his awful adventure.

"Ah jes' come out of de cow-shed," he said, "an' Ah had a bucket o' milk in mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise by de side of de road an' de ghost rushes out."

"Good heavens!" interrupted one of his listeners. "Did yo' shake with fright, Sam?"

"Ah don't know what Ah shook wid. Ah hain't sayin' for suttin Ah shook at all. But when Ah got home Ah foun' all de milk gone, an' two pounds o' butter in de bucket."

Shaw Corrected.

"Until the Americans invented the word 'stunt,'" writes Shaw in his article on Jenner. We Americans can hardly be said to have invented it, Mr. Shaw. The word itself is an old English substantive, but with a different meaning; with its new meaning of feat or performance we appear to have adopted it from the German "stunde." No, we Americans did not invent it.—Boston Transcript.

Perils of Social Life.

Customer—Seems to me that razor is rather dull.

Barber—Mought be, sah. It was to a pahty las' night, sah.—Cornell Widow.

Giggling sounds very foolish, doesn't it, unless it is at what you say to provoke it.

TODAY I AM REAL WELL

So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jamestown N. Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pains in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for inflammation. Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it."—Mrs. ALICE D. DAVIS, 203 W. Second St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Often some slight derangement may cause a general upset condition of the whole system, indicated by such symptoms as nervousness, backache, lack of ambition and general weakness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine for such troubles. In many cases it has removed the cause of the trouble.

Stearns' Electric Paste

Is recognized as the guaranteed exterminator for Rats, Mice, Ants, Cockroaches and Waterbugs.

Don't waste time trying to kill these pests with powders, liquids or any experimental preparations.

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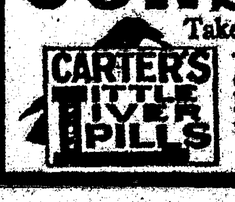
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

CONSTIPATION



Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and Regulate Your Bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature— Brent Good

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

BREAKFAST

And to breakfast with what appetite you have.—Shakespeare.

SOME of the men back from France are full of enthusiasm over the French way of solving the breakfast problem. They like the habit of taking a light breakfast of coffee and rolls on rising and not assembling for a hearty breakfast until the middle of the day. That second breakfast, which is more like our luncheon, is a leisurely meal and quite often it is the first occasion of the day when the entire family gathers together.

There is not much likelihood that we will adopt the continental breakfast, but it is easy to see that we Americans are finding the convenience of having a breakfast that is a moveable feast. That is, we no longer regard it as essential for every one to appear around the breakfast board at once. The time for breakfast should be arranged to suit the convenience of the one who breakfasts and this is quite possible to manage, whether you have many servants or none. If there are guests in your house they will quite likely ask you before retiring for the first night what time you have breakfast in the morning. If they do not ask, you should tell them your breakfast arrangements. A very good thing to do is to tell them that breakfast is served up to a certain time in the morning. If there are some members of your household who arise from necessity or choice at a very early hour, that is no reason why a guest within your walls, who may not be used to so early a rising hour or who perhaps needs more sleep after a journey, should rise at the same time. Moreover, we no longer eat the kind of breakfasts that must be served promptly, as soon as they are ready. Fruit will keep all the morning and cereal, if left in a double boiler and covered on the stove, does not deteriorate. Eggs can be boiled as they are needed and coffee can be left in the percolator for an hour or so without becoming unpalatable, or it is an easy matter to make a fresh brew when the late breakfasters need it.

There is not the slightest discourtesy, then, in taking your breakfast when you find it most convenient, without waiting for others in your family, though of course one should try to make the luncheon hour or dinner hour one that will make it possible for the entire family to sit down at once.

Now, here is another question:

"What is considered the fashionable time to have breakfast?"

Well, whether it is "fashionable" or not to get to one's work on time in the morning, it certainly is something that every one strives to do. If there are children in your family who go to school and those children have breakfast with you, then it is hard to arrange breakfast later than half-past seven or eight. The man or woman who is given to late hours, either in the pursuit of pleasure or because his business begins and ends late in the day, obviously has a later breakfast. Really, there is no "fashionable" time for this first meal of the day. The only thing that can be said is that farmers and farmers' families always have to rise earlier than most city folk, and the latter are regarded as being more fashionable than those of the country. And it may be that they are, but they surely are not a bit more well bred, and that, after all, is the important thing.

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; it's history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

SARAH

SARAH—lately by fashionable consent spelled Sara—is derived from a good old Biblical name and received its right to sturdy religious significance since it first attached to the wife of the patriarch Abraham.

It is derived originally from a verb meaning to fight or to rule and the name of Abraham's spouse Sarai (quarrelsome) was thus converted into Sarah (the princess). If we may judge from the example of the bride of Tobias, the daughters of Sarah were occasionally called by her name and Zare is used as an eastern name. Similarity of sound has led etymologists to derive the term Saracen from the assumption that this race was descended from Sarah, but their belief is not substantiated.

Sara Beauchamp was one of the first famous women to bear the name. Sarrota de Multon, who lived much earlier, was really Sarah, given an Italian translation. Sarah was not popular in England until after the Reformation, when the contraction Sally had enormous vogue. At the same time it was adopted as an equivalent for no less than three Irish names, Sadobm, Sorcha and Sarnid.

France quickly adopted Sarah, but insisted on omitting the final "h" that Biblical translation gave it, evolving from it another equally popular form—Sarotte. Sally and Sallie have greater vogue today in this country than any other derivative; in fact, they outweigh the more formal and uncompromising Sarah in a country which favors contractions and diminutives.

Sarah has never had great vogue among the poets, who have favored the more approachable Sallie and written graceful little ditties to the fluffy young person we all visualize as a typical Sallie.

Sarah's gem is the beryl, which is considered a talisman against misfortune. Ancient lore has it that the beryl has power to make its wearer unconquerable and increases amiability; it also reawakens love in married people. Saturday is Sarah's lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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Language of Russia.

The language spoken by most of the people of Russia is Russian, which is one of the Slavic languages that include Polish, Serbian, Bulgarian, Czechoslovak, etc. It has three chief dialects, Little Russian, White Russian and Great Russian; Little Russian is spoken in the Ukraine, White Russian in several departments of western Russia and Great Russian in the remainder of the country.

What's Number 13?

Doctor—"By a recent rule we are obliged, in order not to alarm the patient, to indicate a disease by a number, not by its name. Your husband is suffering from No. 35. I am honor-bound by my profession to tell you nothing further."—Le (Paris) Journal Amusant.

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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Nervous, long face, tight clothes, fidgety—has ability. But tells you, "You'd be a big help to a feller like me. I need to be steadied. I hate this living by myself. Working all day and no one cares. You've got a better head than anyone I ever knew. I need you and—Gosh—can't you see what I'd be if we had our own little place?

IN FACT

He is always in need of a framework.

Prescription for bride-to-be:

℞ Study concrete reinforcement. Have it always on tap.

Absorb This:

A WIFE FOR NEED IS A WIFE INDEED.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE SECRET

IF YOU would fill your days with sorrow
To pay your bills, beg, steal or borrow,
From Tomorrow;
But if you'd walk the primrose way
Let Yesterday
Your Taxes pay,
And thus I'll warrant you will find
The secret of the Easy Mind.

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are handing your home town a knock every time you send your work out of town. We give you a first class grade of leather and do first class guaranteed work at less than you have to pay elsewhere.

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Spend your money in Corona

Corona Shoe Repair Shop

TOP OF THE EARTH.

Much interest is felt among geographers and travelers in the proposal to scale the world's highest mountain, Everest, in the Himalayas. The difficulties are not minimized, and they are of several sorts. Nobody has climbed to this great height—29,000 feet—except in aviation, and there is no landing for a plane on such a summit. The weather at the top of this distant and difficult pinnacle is most treacherous, and the extreme rarefaction of the air will make an extra supply of oxygen necessary. The country which must be traversed to reach the peak is beset with tribal strife and political machination, and the mountaineer's manila rope may succumb to the breaking-strain before red tape gives way.

Cold Drinks

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Cold drinks, chewing gum cigars and tobacco's

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ATKINSON-SIMPSON CO.
Garage & Blacksmithing
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We also handle a full line of Rock Island Farming Implements, Ford Cars and Tractors. Get our prices and terms.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Otho Lowe left Thursday evening for Santa Rosa where he will accept a position as assistant cashier of the First National Bank. Mr. Lowe has been assistant cashier of the Stockmens State Bank here for the past 18 months during which time he has made a host of friends who regret to see him go.

Miss Lottie Eaton who was injured Friday afternoon of last week when a team she was driving ran away was sufficiently recovered to enable her to leave Wednesday morning for Albuquerque where she will enter school.

Thirsty? Visit the Pine Burr Fountain while in town.

Miss Sallie Mae McCamant came home Wednesday evening from El Paso, Texas where she attended the El Paso School for Girls during the past term.

Miss Josephine Clements came in Wednesday from Capitan where she has been attending school She was accompanied home by her sister Mrs R. I. Boone who will visit her parents here Mr and Mrs G C. Clements for a few days.

Just Received — Fresh shipment of fancy candy.
W A. McClelen

Mr. Walter Rector Jr. and wife are here from Tucumcari. Mr. Rector succeeds Otho Lowe as assistant cashier of the Stockmens State Bank.

Miss Geraldine DuBois arrived Saturday morning from Silver City N M. Miss DuBois is a graduate of the New Mexico State Teachers College of that place.

Pablo Chavez is here from Albuquerque, N M. looking after the R. R. Davis property which was recently awarded to him by court decision.

Mrs J M. Shelton and children left Thursday night for Pastura, N M. where Mr. Shelton is employed as operator.

Miss Ella Melton is back from Albuquerque where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs Floyd Rowland.

Miss Bill Dunne of Sterling City Texas is here this week visiting her grandmother Mrs A W. Colbaugh.

Butler's Ice Cream at the Pine Burr,

E. W. House and Mr Barre drove to Albuquerque Tuesday returning Thursday evening.

For Sale — Baby Chix; Golden Buff, Brown and White Leghorns, Anconas, Black Minoreas, Barred Rocks, R.I. Reds, Buff Orpingtons, and TURKENS. Order now. Season will soon close,
Enoch Crews Seabright, Calif.

Born to Mr. and Mrs J. R. Choate a baby girl Friday morning.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., April 27, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Lewis James Bryan, of Corona, N. M., who, on Oct. 8, 1918, made Forest Homestead Entry, List 3019, No. 044246, for S½SE¼ Section 1, and W½NE¼ Section 12, Township 2 South, Range 11 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Louis DeWolf, U. S. Commissioner, at Cedarvale, N. M., on the 15th day of June, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Earl Kromer, Tom Cox, Jack Martin and Jim Cox, all of Corona, N. M.

JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Notice is hereby given that on the 11th day of May 1923 the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by Howel Jones, its Land Commissioner, made application at the United States Land Office, at Roswell, New Mexco, to select under the act of April 21 1904 (33 State. 211) the following described land, to wit:
NW¼ NE¼, E½ NW¼ NE¼ SW¼, Sec. 14 W½ SE¼ Sec. 22: W½ E½, N½ SW¼ Sec. 27, N½ S½, Sec. 28 E½ SE¼ Sec. 29, W½ NE¼ Sec. 34 Tp. 4 S.R 14 East and E½ NE¼ Sec 3 Tp 5 S. R. 14 East of N M.P.M.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objections to such locations or selections with the local officers for the land district in which the land is suited, to wit: at the land office aforesaid, and to establish their claim, or the mineral character therefore.

Jaffa Miller, Register

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., Notice is hereby given that Leandro Sais of Duran who on March 18th 1919 made Addl. homestead Entry No 040106 for w 1-2 w 1-2 Sec 6 and n 1-2 Sec 7 Township 1 n, Range 15 East, N M P Meridian has filed notice of intention to make 3 year proof to establish claim to the land above described before Louis DeWolf U S Commissioner at Cedarvale on the 7th day of July 1923
Claimant names as witnesses: Librado Valencia, Vidal opez, D Duran and Manuel S Velzaque all of Duran N M
JAFFA MILLER, Register

Help prevent forest fires.

E. F. Davidson
U.S. Commissioner
Office In
The Parlor Barber Shop

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. April 20, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Charley [illegible], N. M. who on July 21, 1919 made Addl Homestead Entry No. 040656 for S½NE 1 4, N½S.E 1-4, S.W 1 4 SE Sec. 10, W½SE1 4, SE 1-4 SW1 4 Section 11, Township 3.S Range 15-E., N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof to establish claim to the land above described before E F Davidson, U.S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M. on the 22nd day of June, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Roy Owen, Frank Sultemeier, Jesus Flores, Adolph Sultemeier all of Corona, N. M.

Jaffa Miller, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 24, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Phillip H. Mariner, of Corona N. M. who on Jan. 21, 1919 made Hd. Appl No. 040564 for S. -2 Sec 28; W 1-2 Sec 27, Township 2 S; Range 12 E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof to establish claim to the land above described before E.F. Davidson U S Commissioner at Corona N.M. on the 19th day of July 1923
Claimant names as witnesses: [illegible] Porter, Claude E. [illegible]orter, John Bernard and Ryberg all of Corona N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 25, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Earl Hicks Kromer of Corona N. M. who on July 6 1921 made Hd, Entry No 049117 for E-1-2 S E 1-4 sec 7, W 1-2 SW 1-4 Sec ownship 2-S, Range 12-E N M P Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year Proof to establish claim to the land above described before E. F. Davidson U S Commissioner at Corona N M on the 18th day of July 1923
Claimant names as witnesses: Charley Bryan, George Z [illegible]ellen, J T J Martin and William Lane all of Corona
JAFFA MILLER, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U.S. Land Office at Roswell N.M
May 28, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Daniel J. Embry of Corona N.M who on September 26, 1919 made Hd. entry act of 2 19 09, No. 046 005 for SE 1-4 SE 1 4, Sec. 1; [illegible] NE1 4. Sec. 12, T.1 S. R. 13E, and SW 1 4 SW 1 4, Sec 6; NW 1 4 Sec. 7, Township 1 S, Range 14 E. N.M P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described before E.F. Davidson U. S. Commissioner at Corona, N. M. on the 2nd day of July 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses Loda L. Argenbright; Andrew N. Golden, Egbert N Crossett Thomas D. Colbaugh all of Corona N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register.

We're now up against the high cost of loafing.

Sometimes all the early bird gets is hungry before breakfast.

Out of sight is not out of mind. Coal is and isn't.

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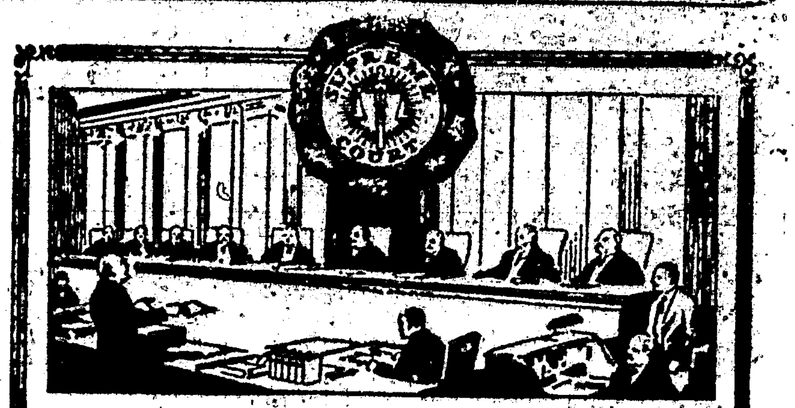

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The head of the judicial branch of government—the Supreme Court—has had from its organization the reputation of being absolutely fair and unbiased in its findings, and its members enjoy the entire confidence and respect of the people of the country.

The interesting story of the Supreme Court is told in one of the series on Our Government being mailed monthly to the people of this community. It is an interesting, brief history of the court and its relation to the other branches of the government.

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All ads will be run and collected for until ordered out.

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The Dead Letter Office has been in existence ever since Ben Franklin started our postal service. Even then people addressed mail to Mr. Ezekiel Smithers, "Atlantic Coast," and expected Ben to know just where Zeke lived.

Perhaps they had Zeke's address in letters up in the garret, maybe a chest full of 'em, but then it was easier to let Ben hunt Zeke. Today people are addressing letters to John Smith, New York, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill., thinking Uncle Sam can locate him, which is just as incomplete as was Zeke's address of yore. The Postoffice Department asks you to put the number and street in the address. It helps you.

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