

IRISH PEACE TREATY IS RATIFIED

OIL PROPERTY SOLD FOR MILLION AND HALF

SUPREME COUNCIL PLANS TO TAKE UP REPARATIONS PAY

ATMOSPHERE IS SOMEWHAT CLEARED BY ACTION OF FRIDAY.

FIRST DAY'S SESSION CONSIDERED A SUCCESS

Must Now Satisfy Demands Of France and Belgium As To Payments.

CANNES, FRANCE, Jan. 7.—The allies supreme council are planned to begin consideration of the question of Germany's war reparations today in an atmosphere somewhat cleared by yesterday's decision to get together with Russia and Germany in an international financial and economic conference.

The air of pessimism notwithstanding, the council was largely dissipated by the successful results of the first day's session.

The Belgian delegation has announced that it will insist on Belgium's priority to 2,500,000,000 gold marks of the German reparations.

This is regarded as an important obstacle to the British plan while the French are opposed to a moratorium for Germany, but it is French are inclined to agree to a reduction in the cash payments, provided the difference is made up by delivery of reparations in kind.

The British plan to reduce the total payment due this year from two billion gold marks to \$500,000,000, which would be paid in 2,000,000,000 gold marks.

At this rate it will take five years to pay off any prior claims by the British.

France will have to wait that long before receiving any cash at all.

It is anticipated that the British delegates in their deliberations will discuss the scheme for an international economic conference with the Germans and Russians which endeavor to find some common ground in regard to reparations that will satisfy both the French and the Belgians.

Meanwhile British premier, Lord Curzon, British foreign secretary, and Foreign Minister della Torretta of Italy have been conferring regarding the treaty at Cannes.

The conference will be held at Cannes, France, and the Turkish nationalists.

Consider Turkish Problem. The allies are considering the Angora treaty was gone into further detail in the afternoon when the foreign ministers and delegates held a general discussion.

Mr. Franklin Bouillon, who negotiated the treaty for France, will arrive at Cannes tomorrow and confer with the ministers on the provisions of the agreement.

It was indicated today that the greatest difficulty to be put forth to dispose of the Angora question by Tuesday and if possible conclude the supreme council's work by Wednesday morning.

A tremendous impetus, it is generally conceded, was given the conference by yesterday's session.

Many of the delegates attribute the quick results of yesterday's meeting to the example set by the Washington conference.

It was noted that the British delegation was presented and accepted with the same suddenness and speed as the proposals of the Secretary of State Hughes at the armament gathering.

The question of reparations will occupy almost the entire day of the conference Monday and the delegates are hopeful that a decision will be reached on this question also at the end of one day's session.

The experts this forenoon began discussion as to how the first billion marks paid by Germany last August should be divided.

FRENCH PRESS COMMENTS ON ACTION OF THE COUNCIL

By Associated Press.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—Disappointment and relief were the mildest emotions argued in France by the first day's developments at the supreme council conference in Cannes.

Judging from the press comment, L'Esclair, which is generally credited with representing Premier Briand, says:

"Mr. Lloyd George has spoken. He leads the way and the representatives of the allies follow as a subject follows the hypnotist. As he had announced, he subordinated the question of reparations to that of the reconstruction of Europe so that Germany can find in Russia the money she needs to pay."

A great financial and economic conference is to be called at Turin or Genoa, where the French premier may exchange views on the reconstruction of Europe with Lenin and Dr. Wirth. Meanwhile the inhabitants of our so-called liberated regions continue to live in their huts."

The first results at Cannes are frankly bad. Lloyd George wins easily all along the line.

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NIGHT AND DAY BANK LOSS NOT AS HEAVY AS EARLY ESTIMATE

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 7.—A. O. Meininger, missing cashier of the Night and Day bank, which closed its doors yesterday when the state director of finance, J. C. Hughes, took charge of the bank due to an apparent shortage of \$66,000, was seen in St. Charles Wednesday and Thursday, according to John Grothe, chief deputy sheriff of St. Charles county. An automobile abandoned by Meininger at that place is being held by him. Deputy Grothe announced.

Grothe said he was told by Meininger aboard a train at St. Charles for Kansas City.

Meininger's speculations from the bank funds probably covered a period of years, according to Director of Finance Hughes, who said the examiner found that no large sums had been taken from the bank at any one time.

Mr. Hughes said he believed that the assets of the bank were much more favorable to depositors than it appeared early yesterday.

He said a considerable amount of assets, which had been known yesterday, were discovered and that he felt hopeful last night of safeguarding depositors of serious loss.

During his stay in St. Charles, the \$100,000 capital and the \$24,000 surplus was wiped out but branded as "unauthorized" a report circulated among the creditors.

Hughes said that if it is found the Night and Day bank is not involved in the case, it will be reorganized and possible to reorganize the bank and have it taken over by some other concern.

J. Coombs, secretary-treasurer of Typographical Union No. 8 and of the Trades Union Educational League here, today announced that the two organizations had \$25,000 deposited in the bank.

Circuit Attorney Side today issued a statement saying:

"I am convinced that criminal charges will be preferred against others as well as Cashier Meininger when an investigation is completed."

MEXICO CONTINUES COLLECTION OF \$8 AT BORDER POINTS

NOGALES, ARIZ., Jan. 7.—Mexican immigration officials at Nogales, Sonora, across the international boundary from here, yesterday received instructions from Mexico to collect \$8 more on each day's crossing.

During the past four months all Americans except those residing within 40 miles of the border have been required to pay \$10 to the Mexican consul in the United States, then have a passport vised also at the end of one day's crossing.

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ANOTHER PRISONER TO GAIN FREEDOM

Will Be Released Because Women Served on Grand Jury Indicting.

WACO, TEXAS, Jan. 7.—Leonard White of Cameron, who is on a state convict farm in Bowie county, was released today by Judge R. J. Murray as soon as he arrives here. The penitentiary authorities did not receive the writ in time to reach Waco for the hearing set him for 10 o'clock this morning.

White was convicted here for criminal assault in February, 1921, and given five years in the state penitentiary.

His attorneys applied for a writ of habeas corpus, seeking his release on the ground that the state jury that killed him was composed of two women and ten men when the constitution requires twelve men. Judge Murray heard the case in chambers and announced his decision, but will not enter the order until White appears in court.

PALESTINE PRISONERS TO BE RELEASED IN NIGHT FIERE

PALESTINE, TEXAS, Jan. 7.—Fire last night almost completely destroyed the stocks of Welmers jewelry store, Elliott brothers' tailor shop and Tashburn and Son, tobacco dealers. The building suffered considerable damage.

JAPS DEMAND LESS OF ARMS

First picture of the great Tokyo mass meeting where the Japanese people demanded less armament. Adherents of all political faiths gathered at this meeting in Hibaya Park, Tokyo, as evidence of their faith in the Washington arms conference. Many such meetings were held in Japan.

Other matters on the program are the appointment of a high commissioner for Danzig and ratification of the agreement between the Germans and Poles concerning the status of the free city of Danzig.

The council will take up the question of the white slave traffic and the establishment of a consular commission to report to the council.

The council will examine anew the proposition of the Swedish and Norwegian governments for a plan of conciliation between the states, which was rejected at the last assembly.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 7.—Notices of a 25-per cent reduction in working force in the locomotive department and a 50 per cent reduction in the force employed in the car department of the New York Central railroad shops at West Albany was posted yesterday.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—Officials of the Church of Zion at Zion City were charged with kidnapping and mistreating Miss Manville, said to be from her a confession that she had violated the church laws, in an affidavit made today by the Rev. Thomas S. Nelson of the Anti-Zionist Grace mission.

In the affidavit it was charged that the girl, Miss Gertrude Ge Manville, secretary to the Rev. F. Devona, an apostle of Zion, is now held in custody undergoing "the worst kind of third degree" and that she is "bordering on madness from the mistreatment."

Devona and his wife came to Zion City a year ago and later he engaged Miss Manville to be his secretary. Four months ago he became an apostle of the Zionist church. At that time, he says, he refused to sign certain documents, the best of which were given to the Rev. W. Wilbur Glen Voliva, general overseer.

The British view is that the situation is so delicate that it would be difficult for the British and American delegations to intervene at the instance of the Chinese without Japan joining in the request.

This, it was announced, the Japanese told the Chinese last night they were unwilling to do, although they said they had no objection to the Chinese asking mediation.

The Chinese delegation shortly before noon received an invitation from Mr. Balfour for a conference late in the day. The delegation said it had not received any reply from Secretary Hughes to its request and did not believe that Mr. Hughes would be present at the conference with the British delegation.

DOCTOR RATHENAU NOT INVITED AND IS DISAPPOINTED

By Associated Press.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—Dr. Walter Rathenau, who has been in Paris as representative of Germany in the negotiations relative to the reparations problem, left for Berlin at 7 o'clock last night. He was disappointed at not having been asked to use of characteristics of aircraft other than lighter-than-air machines, and that the question of restricting aircraft in war in his opinion should be left open for a future conference.

After the adoption of the anti-gas resolution, the armament committee took up the report of its subcommittee on aircraft limitation, but reached no conclusion on that matter. The aircraft discussion will be continued Monday.

On the question of aircraft, the subcommittee reported that it was impossible to limit the aircraft in use of characteristics of aircraft other than lighter-than-air machines, and that the question of restricting aircraft in war in his opinion should be left open for a future conference.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—President Harding today invited a number of republican leaders in congress and several others prominent in the conduct of administrative affairs to a dinner tonight at the white house, at which it is understood the legislative situation and governmental affairs generally will be discussed.

Those invited included five members of the senate, seven of the house, Secretary Weeks, Attorney General Daugherty, and John T. Quinn, chairman of the republican national committee.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—A police guard met United States Prohibition Commissioner Roy D. Hayes at the Pennsylvania station this morning on his arrival from Washington, as a result of threats of death.

During his stay in Chicago, Mr. Hayes will be kept under constant guard by police and a guard of prohibition agents. He will remain until Monday and will personally lead in a cleanup of the city.

DELEGATION IS INVITED TO VISIT FORT WORTH

FORT WORTH, Jan. 7.—Alabama farm bureau delegation numbering 40 persons, now visiting at College Station after attending the farm bureau convention at Dallas, was today telegraphed an invitation by the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock show management to be the guests of Fort Worth next week.

ASK EXPLANATION OF THE SEIZURE OF BAPTIST PROPERTY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The state department has instructed the American embassy at Mexico City to request from the Mexican government an explanation of seizure by the municipality of Saitillo of the property of the foreign mission board of the Southern Baptist convention, concerning which protest had been made to the department by Senator Harris of Georgia. The seizure included the property operated by the mission board as a girls' school.

COUNCIL OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS MEETS ON JANUARY TENTH

DISCUSSION TO DEFINE NATIONALITIES TO FEATURE SESSION.

MANDATES WILL NOT BE ON THE PROGRAM

High Commissioner For Danzig and Agreement Are Subjects For Consideration.

By Associated Press.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—The council of the league of nations will meet in Geneva January 10, as scheduled by the secretary of the league, the Associated Press is informed, whether or not the allied supreme council has finished its work at Cannes.

The meeting will be presided over by Paul Hymans of Belgium. Its agenda calls for a discussion to define the nationalities under populations of Africa, Oceania and the Pacific islands under the B and C mandates, but mandates will not come up for discussion as a reply from the United States government to the query sent after the meeting of the last general assembly asking America's collaboration has not yet been received.

Other matters on the program are the appointment of a high commissioner for Danzig and ratification of the agreement between the Germans and Poles concerning the status of the free city of Danzig.

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REDUCES FORCE IN CAR AND LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENTS

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CHARGES OFFICIALS OF ZION HOLDING A WOMAN IN PRISON

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ENGLAND AND U. S. AWAITING A JOINT PLEA TO MEDIATE

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Arthur J. Balfour and Secretary Hughes, it was said today by a British spokesman, probably will await a joint request from the Chinese and Japanese delegates to mediate the Santung dispute before stepping into the breach caused yesterday when the conversations between the two groups came to an end after failing to agree on terms of payment for the Kiau Chow-Tsintan Fu railways.

Messrs. Hughes and Balfour, the spokesman said, however, likely would agree to meet the Chinese delegation in response to its request made late yesterday. They thus would receive the Chinese report on the situation.

The British view is that the situation is so delicate that it would be difficult for the British and American delegations to intervene at the instance of the Chinese without Japan joining in the request.

This, it was announced, the Japanese told the Chinese last night they were unwilling to do, although they said they had no objection to the Chinese asking mediation.

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WACO, TEXAS, Jan. 7.—Rev. James D. McLaughlin, superintendent of the Freshyrite home and school for girls at Itasca, Ill. county, died there suddenly this morning of heart failure.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW TO BE HELD FIRST WEEK NEXT MARCH

LOCAL DEALERS FIX DATES FOR ANNUAL EXHIBIT OF CARS.

INVITE COLORADO-GULF ASSOCIATION HERE

Organization Asked to Hold Its Annual Meeting in Wichita Falls.

Setting of the first week in March as a date for the annual automobile show and a vote to invite directors of the Colorado to Gulf Falls for their annual meeting in March, featured the semi-monthly session of the Wichita Falls Automobile Dealers association held Friday night.

A general discussion of plans for the big auto exhibit, the first of which proved to be a highlight of last year's spring style show, took up the greater portion of the Friday evening session.

At 11 o'clock of this city and E. E. Jeff of the Advertising Sales company gave short talks relating to the show and proposed tentative plans to be followed.

A round-table discussion in which all dealers took part closed the meeting, and although no definite results came of these, a number of points were brought up for future consideration.

Captain Bernard McManhan, field director of the Colorado to Gulf Falls association, was present as a guest of the dealers and gave a report on the work of his organization during the past year. He also outlined plans to be followed during 1922.

The vote to make efforts for bringing the highway association meeting for 1922 to Wichita Falls, was taken and passed following Captain McManhan's address.

THE PEOPLE ARE NOT TO BE MISLED. They have read the treaty; they have read documents Two and Three. They are simply shocked that the people who represent the nation should be so misled.

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DAIL EIREANN GIVES APPROVAL TO PLAN FOR IRISH FREE STATE, VOTE WAS 64 FOR, 57 AGAINST

DUBLIN, Jan. 7.—The dail eireann tonight voted for ratification of the treaty creating the Irish free state. The vote was 64 to 57.

Arthur Griffith made the final argument for the treaty. He began speaking at 7:30 o'clock. His speech was frequently interrupted by applause.

DUBLIN, Jan. 7.—At the beginning of today's session of the dail eireann, Speaker John MacNeill read a motion prepared by himself calling upon the dail to affirm that Ireland is a sovereign state, deriving its authority from the will of the people and that the treaty provide that all of Ireland's international relations must be governed by this status.

It is expected the motion will be passed. The motion was read by Harry Boland, who was expected to be some time in the afternoon.

Speaker MacNeill's ruling yesterday refusing to let the house be diverted from the treaty was recalled in hand announced. It was believed, a clear cut vote on the peace pact.

Mr. Boland's resignation as chief executive stood postponed until the decision is taken, which was expected to be some time in the afternoon.

It is the consensus of opinion here that the dail's dramatic resignation, tendering his resignation, has left the situation regarding the vote on the treaty unchanged.

Supreme and Anxiety. Acute anxiety and nervousness over the chances for peace prevailed in Ireland today as the result of Mr. Boland's resignation.

Few among the Irish people are willing to doubt the sincerity of his action, but the general regard for him does not prevent many expressions of regret at his course.

In the view of supporters of the treaty the action was seriously imperilled the chances for peace.

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THE HOLD-UP THAT HELD

By Selden L. Haynes

A Bandit in Plying His Trade Sometimes Carries Off More Than He Intends, and David Rodgers, Only an Amateur in the Business, Found Himself in Possession of an Extra Heart

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THE car was running quietly and evenly, and Nancy Dart, who was driving a little party of friends home from the theatre, found herself thinking some queer thoughts as she watched her headlights spread a carpet of light along the suburban road, and half listened to the chatter of voices behind her. The play had been a little different from the usual run of things and had stirred some depths of her nature which were usually placid.

She was the only daughter of a prosperous and contented family, and was not supposed to have either troubles or troublesome ideas. If any one had asked her she would have said that she was quite contented with her life. But suddenly, as she automatically steered her car around a curve, she knew that she wanted something different to happen, something which would satisfy this new feeling in her heart. She was almost around the long curve when she awoke from this half reverie with a jump, sounding the horn and throwing out the clutch and pressing hard on the brake with almost a single motion.

A car was standing nearly all the way across the road, and when the screaming brakes brought her machine to a stand the front wheels were against the fender of the silent car before her. It was as narrow an escape as she had ever had in all her driving, and for an instant the fear she had not had time to feel almost sickened her. Then the blood flew to her face, and she began to be angry instead of afraid. What sort of an idiot had left a car here in such a place, and why didn't he come and get it?

Her hand started toward the button of the horn, but stopped with a jerk as something came before her eyes, and a voice said softly, "Would you mind not blowing that horn just now?" The something happened to be a small but extremely ugly revolver, and the sight of it so paralyzed her and everybody else in the car that for a moment she sat with her hand still raised without doing a thing.

Then the anger which was still rising, and the imperiousness of a young woman who had always had her own way got the best of her. She reached up and pushed the ugly muzzle to one side, and fairly snapped out at the apparition behind the gun, "All right, I won't blow the horn, but what do you mean sticking a gun in my face, and you mean sticking a gun in the road? If it is yours get it out of there. I want to go on."

Even as she spoke she realized that she was talking to somebody whose features she could not see, for a handkerchief was drawn across the man's face in quite the approved fashion. Not until then did she really understand what had happened. Held up!

The others in the car, they were all just girls like herself, huddled together with frightened squeals, as they, too, realized the situation. It was up to Nancy to deal with this, as with every other predicament they found themselves in when she was along. That was what leadership meant.

But just at this minute Nancy was not doing any leading. Of course if she had been a heroine in a book, or on a stage, she would have at once done something startling, and carried the whole thing off magnificently. But the simple truth was that she was just plain scared after that first outburst of anger, and didn't know what to do. The man behind the mask apparently did know, however, and took command at once. "Nobody is going to hurt any of you if you behave yourselves," he said sternly. "Just keep your hands in sight, please, and sit perfectly still."

The girls froze to statues under the quiet menace of the words. They could not see, but what they heard was plenty. "Now put your hands straight out in front of you, quickly," went on the voice, and before they knew it the five pairs of hands were stretched out toward the man who spoke. As quick as a flash his hands shot out and stripped the rings from the nearest set of fingers, and repeated the process so swiftly that nobody had a chance to move, even if they had dared to.

It was all over in a moment. The hold-up artist stepped down from the running board and spoke sharply to Nancy at the wheel. "Back up and run around the end of that car. There is plenty of room in the ditch."

For a moment she was tempted to disobey, but reason took command, and without a word she shifted the gears, slipped easily around in a shallow ditch, and sped away toward home, while her companions broke out into excited and angry sobbing behind her. Her own rings were gone, and they were fine ones, too, and she loved them quite as much as the other girls loved theirs. But she was not thinking of the rings just then.

IT WAS queer. She kept assuring herself that she was so mad she could hardly see to run the car. But all the time she was conscious of a sort of feeling of elation which she could not describe. She had been wishing for something to happen. Well, it had happened, all right. But it was not just the hold-up she meant. There was something else which she did not recognize now, but knew she would some day.

For a week the unusual hold-up was the chief topic of conversation wherever the girls concerned gathered. The police had been notified, of course, and after searching for clues, confessed themselves helpless to solve the mystery. Possibly the bandit would try it again, and then they could catch him. But that he did not do. There were no more incidents like the strange one of that night. Other things came up for people to talk about, and except for the girls who mourned the loss of their rings when they happened to remember them, the mystery was forgotten.

Forgotten by everybody but Nancy Dart. She found that she could not put the thing out of her thoughts. The loss of the rings did not so much matter, and she might have forgotten that. Nobody had been hurt, or even greatly frightened. On the face of things she had come out of what might have been a very trying experience rather easily. But somehow she could not get away from it. There was always that same feeling, which she had not recognized before, and did not recognize now, of something behind the whole thing which was of vast importance to her, but just how she could not tell. It made her a little restless and preoccup-

ped sometimes, so that her family and friends wondered. But for the most part she did manage to keep it to herself. Time went on, and after a couple of months Nancy was able to go about as usual without exciting any comment, and without being asked continually to tell the story of her adventure.

But one evening at a fairly large social gathering she found herself talking to a new man, who had just been introduced by the hostess, and realized that the queer mental state was back again.

There was not the slightest reason for it that she could see. The man's name was David Rodgers, and all she knew about him was that he was in business in a neighboring city, and happened to be here on a visit. He looked like any well-dressed man might look, and he talked easily enough, as they danced and afterward walked a little on the porch. There was absolutely nothing about him which should have stirred her, and he gave no sign of being in any way disturbed himself. But she could not rid herself of the feeling.

NATURALLY enough Nancy Dart had not lived to be twenty-two years old without having some experience in the line of love affairs. And she was not without some feeling to guide her when she asked herself whether this might be what was called love at first sight. But she could not find a single one of the symptoms commonly supposed to indicate that malady. No explanation she could think of, and she thought of a good many, seemed to fit the case at all, and she was forced to go home at the end of the evening without being any wiser.

David Rodgers had not done anything to help her solve the mystery. Like a hundred young men she had met before, he had been pleasant enough, but he had apparently said nothing without regret, and without any looking forward to tomorrow. She would probably never see him again.

But that proved to be a mistaken notion. Not that he did any of the things a smitten youth is supposed to do, such as sending around an armful of flowers, and following that up with other approaches to a call. The average man hardly seems to realize that he might just as well wear his intentions written out on a bulletin board around his neck as to go to see a new woman acquaintance in the wake of a huge bunch of roses. He knows, and she knows, that he is coming around to see if she will "do." If that had been what happened in this case Nancy would have known exactly what to do, as every other girl knows. But there were no roses, no candy, and no call. Just another puzzling circumstance.

One afternoon, about a week after the encounter at the party, Nancy took her car and drove alone into the country, without knowing why or where she was going. It was a brilliant day, and the sunning seemed to quiet her restlessness and to promise peace. Suddenly a horn sounded behind her, and she pulled to one side to let another car pass on the narrow road. It shot by, ran for a little way, and then to her astonishment pulled up almost squarely across the road. She managed to stop in time and indignantly leaned around the windshield to ask what the other driver meant by such actions, when her voice died in her throat. The other driver was David Rodgers, and there was a queer set look on his face as he got out and came toward her. She had a fleeting wonder about what he was going to say, but even the wildest imagination would not have told her. What he did say was, "Would you mind not blowing that horn just now?"

Nancy could not have blown the horn, or done anything else, at that minute. She was too dazed and bewildered. The scene on the night of her hold-up had flashed before her eyes, and she was just beginning to understand that it was reproduced here in the bright sunlight. The words were the same as those the mysterious man had spoken in her car, the voice was the same. But the man—why, this was the David Rodgers she had met at Mary Hollis' party. She had danced with him and talked with him, and since then had wondered a little about him. What on earth did it mean?

And with that she found her voice and demanded as he came closer, "What do you mean by stopping this way? Don't you know I might have run into you and smashed us both up? Haven't you any sense at all?" But the excited words seemed to have no effect on Rodgers at all. He simply walked a little closer and said, "Will you please drive your car slowly after me a little way and be ready to stop when I do," and without waiting to hear her answer turned away and started his own car.

Nancy intended as she shifted her gears viciously to do nothing of the kind, but to shoot past him as quickly as she could. Nevertheless she found herself driving along behind, and when he drew up under some trees by the roadside, came to a stop, shut off her engine and waited.

HE CAME toward her without hurry, but with the same set look on his face, and as he came Nancy found her mind racing with the sudden knowledge which she had not been willing to have before. This was the man who had held up her car that night. And with equal suddenness there came another certainty, that she didn't want him to tell her why. There was no time to ask herself why, no time to do anything but try to help him. So she broke into quick speech before he could open his mouth again. "Well," she said, "I certainly am surprised to see you way out here on this road. I supposed you had gone back home again and forgotten all about us by this time. But probably you had to come back to pay your party call, and this is on your way home. Isn't this a heavenly day, though, and don't you love to drive?" Before the stillness of his face, as he waited before her, the feverish talk died. Whatever was coming she couldn't stop it.

Without any preamble David Rodgers went straight at his story. "You know, of course," he said, "that I am the man who held up your car? No, you needn't answer," as he tried to speak. "I meant you to know it, and that is why I stopped you as I did just now. Why you don't know is why I did it, and what it did to me, and that is what you are going to hear now."



Oddly enough Nancy found herself trembling a little. She was not frightened, she assured herself scornfully, though it was lonely here. She didn't care what his old reasons were, she wanted to go on and get away from him. Just the same she could not seem to move a muscle, but could only look at him with eyes that in spite of herself, showed something of fright.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," he said quickly, misunderstanding what he saw. "You are not in any danger now. I only want to tell you some things and then I will go." He waited a moment and then plunged ahead.

"My name is really David Rodgers and I do live in Bradford, just as Mrs. Hollis said. That part of it is all true. But while she got a notion that the world wasn't treating me exactly right, I couldn't seem to make enough money to live the way I wanted to, and I set out to help myself. A good many of us who were in the army get these wild notions in our heads nowadays, and it is a good deal easier to be reckless than it used to be. The papers were full of these hold-up stories, and the idea came to me that it would be an easy way of getting money if a fellow were only clever enough."

HIS voice was running on in a dogged sort of monotone, and in spite of the things he was saying, Nancy had a feeling wish that she could stop him and tell him he needn't say any more. But she could not find a word to say.

"I laughed at the notion at first," he went on, "but it kept coming back, and just then I happened to want some money badly. So I took my car and went out to a rather lonely place I knew of on the road. I hid my car behind some trees and waited till a big car came along and jumped out in front of it with my gun on the driver. I had not thought to put on any old clothes or to make myself seem like a criminal. All I did was to put a handkerchief over my face. Maybe that made a difference, I don't know. Anyhow, the people in the car had" said a word, just gave up their money as I told them to, and when I let them go, drove away as fast as they could. Of course, there was a lot of talk, and the police were put on the track. But by the time they had reached a police station I was back in town, by another road driving leisurely around as I was accustomed to do. Nobody ever suspected for a minute that I had anything to do with it.

"That was the beginning of it. I found after a while that most people would not stop unless they had to, so I took to putting my car across the road. Of course, it was taking a big chance, but I was more reckless now than ever, and somehow I got away with it for a good while.

"Always before that night I had let the women in the cars alone, just demanded money and took what was handed out. It is surprising how easily men give up their money when they are looking at a gun. When I saw your car full of girls I was just about to tell you to drive on when you turned on me, and that made me want to go through with it. So I took the rings and disappeared."

For a minute Rodgers stopped and drew a long breath, as though he was glad that the women in the cars alone, just demanded money and took what was handed out. It is surprising how easily men give up their money when they are looking at a gun. When I saw your car full of girls I was just about to tell you to drive on when you turned on me, and that made me want to go through with it. So I took the rings and disappeared."

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Nancy had been living over in her thoughts while he talked of her feelings that night, and at his last words the blood quickly rushed to her face. Luckily, she thought, he was looking down now, as though he was ashamed to meet her eyes. But he had hit on the thing that had bothered her so much. She had been looking for something, and she had had the feeling that she had found it. But what it was she did not know.

"Oh, well," Rodgers went on, "I thought I would never see you again and it didn't matter to me anyhow. If I found out who you were, but they told me something else, too," and now he was looking at her squarely enough. "They told me that you did not seem very anxious to have me caught, for there was mighty little real information in what you told the police. That set me thinking."

"I was tired of the game by this time, and realized besides that it was only a question of time before I would be caught, and the idea of prison did not appeal to me. So I quit it while the quitting was good." As he said this the first shadow of a smile which had crossed his face lighted his eyes for a moment, but there was no answering gleam from the girl. So he went doggedly on.

"After I knew your name the rest was easy enough. I have known Mrs. Hollis a long time, and she quickly invited me to her party after I had been to see her. And there I found you. And since I found you I haven't been able to get you out of my head, and I don't suppose I ever will. But I had to tell you all this and give you a chance to think it over before I did anything else. The rings were mailed to you this morning, and you will find them waiting for you when you get home. If you want to give me up to the police you know where to find me. I am not going to run away." And without another word, or giving Nancy a chance to say anything, he turned and walked to his car, started it and drove away without once looking back.

He left behind him a much startled and bewildered young woman. The whole thing seemed so unreal to her that she sat still in her car for a long time trying to get herself adjusted to the story she had just heard. After a little the anger which was always near the surface with her began to rise.

"I will drive straight to the police station and start them after him," she declared, and stepped viciously on the starter. But after a bit she abandoned the engine again. Somehow she could not quite see herself sending this man to jail. Of course, he deserved it, and she never wanted to see him again. But how could she send a man to prison who had talked to her as he had. Her cheeks crimsoned as she remembered his eyes, and this time she started the car quickly, to get away from that memory as much as anything else.

WHEN she drove into the garage at home she was still without any plan. Sure enough, there was a package for her, and when she opened it there were all the rings which had been taken that night. She could send back their property to the other girls and they need not be any wiser about the man who had taken them. That was easy. But what was she going to do about the man himself?

She did not find out that day, nor all through a restless night, and another day brought no further light. "What did the man mean," she stormed to herself, "leaving the thing this way. How was she to know what to do? Why didn't he stay and finish the thing with her?"

A week of this turmoil and she could stand no longer. She knew his address and sent him a curt note:

Mr. Rodgers—Please be at the place you know of tomorrow afternoon at 3.

NANCY DART.

Surely that did not pledge her to any-

thing, but she felt she must find out more about him.

He was there, waiting under the trees when she drove up and stopped, and came quickly toward her. His face was not set now, but there was a little eager light in it which oddly confused her more than his former sternness.

"I did not know what you could possibly want with me," he began, "but here I am. I have been expecting every day to have the police call on me with a warrant."

To her own amazement, no less than his, Nancy suddenly exploded. "You knew perfectly well that I wouldn't do anything of the sort, didn't you? I suppose you were counting on that all the time." Now since she hadn't known herself a minute before, and consequently had never given a thought to what David might know, that was rather an astonishing attack.

He almost stammered as he tried to answer. "But I didn't know anything of the kind. Why should I? Why should you let me off when I had confessed the whole thing? I won't say I am sorry you did, but I really was not presumptuous enough to think you would."

THE words stopped as he looked at her. Nancy did not seem to be paying much attention to what he was saying, but sat idly turning one of her recovered rings on her finger and half smiling to herself. Her little burst had cleared her mental atmosphere entirely, and she knew now exactly where she stood. It would be a long while before the young man waiting humbly before her should know it, too, but she was not worrying about that now. Where she had been confused and uncertain before, she was now completely mistress of herself, and in entire command of the situation.

"I am sure, Mr. Rodgers," she said, "I am not interested in what you thought about me, but it did seem that it might be fairer to tell you myself that I had decided to pay no further attention to the affair, so long as you have agreed to do no more roaming around the country with a handkerchief over your face."

And with that she reached for her gear lever as though she would drive on. "But I say, Miss Dart," spluttered the astonished man, "you must not go off like that without giving me a chance to explain to you a little more." Poor fellow, he had been the one to command in the other interviews, but there was nothing commanding about him now.

"Well," she said, "what other explanation have you to offer now?" and she leaned back in her seat and looked at him with eyes sparkling a little with mischief. The hold-up never had seemed very real to her, and it seemed less so than ever now as she looked at him.

"You do not seem to understand at all what I have done," he began. "I cannot understand you at all. Don't you realize that I am really a criminal, even if I have not been caught and sentenced? But you sit there and seem to be actually laughing at me. I wish you would get out of that car and walk a little ways with me so I can talk better."

But Nancy only shook her head with that same faint smile. "No," she said, "we can talk well enough here, if there is anything else to say."

"All right," said David quickly, "if you will have it here," and he leaned over closer to her. "You ought to know that I did not stop my criminal career just because I was afraid. I stopped because when I looked at you that night something happened to me. I fell in love with you, if you must know, and that is why I could not see anything but you. I had told you the whole story, I know perfectly well that I have no right at all to tell you this, and I do not expect a thing from you, but you would have me tell you, and there it is. I don't know what you are going to do with me, but I do know that I am going to love you all the rest of my life."

Nancy may have seemed calm enough to his eye, but behind that placid face there was really a good deal of consternation. She

was not quite so much in command of the situation as she had thought. When she told him to go on and talk she had half guessed at his feeling and could not resist the temptation to try to make him tell it. But she had never expected this direct sort of an attack. He was still the hold-up man even if he had reformed! She did not know just what to do, so she took refuge in the usual feminine evasion.

"I am sure you do not realize just what you are saying," she said sweetly, "and I am equally sure that I ought not to listen to you. Probably you are entirely mistaken in your feeling. At any rate I do not care to discuss it. Please let me drive on." And with that she started her car and actually drove away, leaving poor David watching her hopefully till her car disappeared around a curve.

HE MIGHT not have been quite so hopeful if he could have seen her face as she went slowly homeward. For Nancy began to realize now what she had not been willing to admit to herself before, that the something which she had felt had happened to her on the night of the hold-up had been actually an attack on her heart. Not that she would ever let David know it, well not for a long time, anyhow, but just the same she was glad he had felt the same way about it. And that was as far as she left herself go. Nancy soon came to realize, however, that it was going to be difficult to handle her hold-up man. He developed a genius for appearing where she was, and soon her friends began to smile significantly.

"I wish you would stay away from me," she stormed at him once, when he calmly appropriated her at a dance and swung her away from the crowd.

"Are you sure you do?" he asked quietly, looking down at her, and though she said she was sure she knew in her heart that she was nothing of the kind. But David could not manage to bring her to any more discussion of himself and his feeling. When ever he began it she simply slipped away and left him, and it began to look as though he was never going to get any further.

Then the old reckless came to his aid. And one evening at another party at the very same house where he had first been properly introduced to her, David danced Nancy out through a conveniently open door to the porch, and then without a word caught her arm and hurried her down the steps to where his car was waiting. Still without a word he literally lifted her into the seat, and before she actually knew what was happening they were flying along the road.

"It won't do you any good to fuss," he said with the same sternness she remembered so well. "We are going to have this thing out once for all. You can call this another hold-up if you like, but I will not be put off any longer."

THERE was silence for a little while, and then he drew up and stopped under some trees she recognized. Nancy tried to storm at him and demand that she be taken back again, but somehow the words would not come. David turned toward her. "You know very well I love you," he said, "and I want you to marry me as quickly as you can. For heaven's sake, look at me and tell me whether you love me or not. I can't bear this suspense any longer."

He leaned over toward her and Nancy tried for a moment to shrink away from him, but somehow her eyes found themselves lifting toward his, and at what he saw there David suddenly grew bold and gathered her in his arms.

After a while, a good while it was, too, when they were driving back much more slowly than they had come out Nancy looked up at him and laughed. "Well, David," she said, "I have heard of a good many hold-ups, but I never heard of one before that 'held' as long as this one."

"No," he answered, "nor of one that is going to go on 'holding' forever," and drove on with Nancy contentedly resting against his shoulder.

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The Price of Freedom

IRISH lawyers tell this story of Lord Morris, once lord chief justice of Ireland and before that recorder of Galway.

The last case on the list on one occasion, a dispute over a few shillings, was argued before Morris at great length and with much warmth. Lord Morris was anxious to get back to Dublin, where the courts were in full swing and where he held important briefs. Moreover, the Dublin train was scheduled to start within a few minutes. The recorder looked at his watch, but the wrangle did not seem to be approaching an end. At last he said to the opposing solicitors:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but I must catch a train. Here is the sum in dispute."

And throwing down the silver, he vanished from the court.

Apprehensive

A CLEVER and charming young matron of Philadelphia is always displeased by the utterance in her presence of what she holds to be an unpleasant truth.

On one occasion she entered her husband's apartment with this query:

"Ralph, dear, how do you like the new way I've done my hair?"

"Well, my dear," began Ralph, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, Ralph!" commanded the wife. "Stop right where you are! When you begin like that I don't want to hear you!"

A Well-Known Speaker

A GENTLEMAN attached to one of Uncle Sam's scientific bureaus at Washington was one of many bored listeners to a wily speech delivered by a politician on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of a building to house the bureau mentioned.

Finally a neighboring sufferer turned to the scientist and said:

"Do you know the speaker?"

"I do," said the scientist. "He speaks under many aliases, but his name is Thomas Bok."

SCIENCE TELLS US —



By *René Bache*

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Soft Foods, Poor Teeth

THE Public Health Service declares that we owe our tooth troubles to insufficient chewing. Notwithstanding all that expert dentistry can do our teeth are getting steadily worse—i. e., more subject to decay—with every generation.

It is because of our addiction to soft foods, some of which (like hash) are pre-chewed before they appear on the table. Cereals, mashed potatoes, pies, puddings and most other things we eat require little or no chewing.

Nature has provided us for chewing purposes with a remarkably efficient set of tools, adapted for the use of an omnivorous animal. It comprises twelve chisel teeth, eight sharp instruments with two points apiece (the so-called "bicuspids") and twelve "molars" for grinding. We cut our food into small pieces with the chisels and double-pointed teeth, and the tongue thereupon carries it back in the mouth, where it is ground fine by the molars.

But it is a law of nature that an organ or structure degenerates if not used, and this is exactly what has happened to our teeth, because we do not use them enough. Examination of many skulls in the National Museum shows clearly the inferiority of the teeth of modern white races as compared with those of ancient times, or with those of the present who continue to live under primitive conditions. The Eskimos afford an interesting example. Living under primitive conditions and subsisting upon the coarsest of foods, they are compelled to make

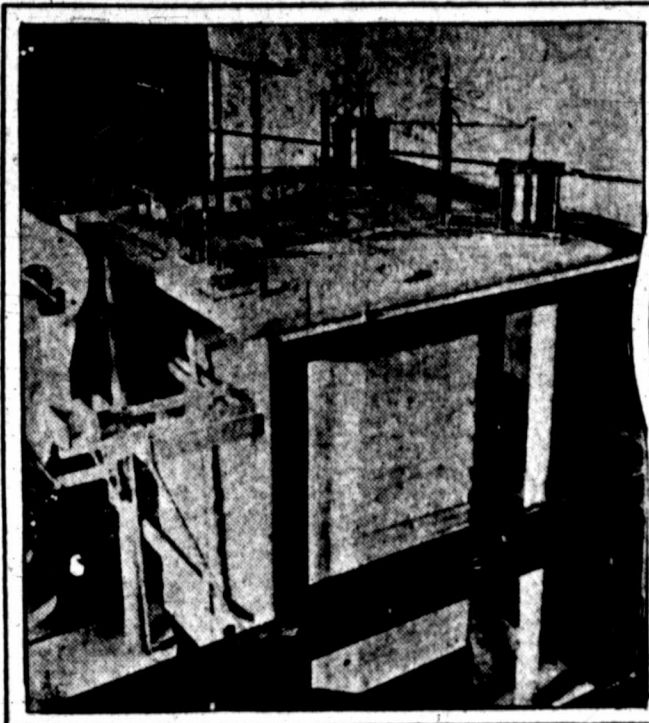
utmost possible use of their teeth, even employing them as tools for rendering seal-hide and moose-skin strings pliable.

Thus it comes about that the Eskimos have noticeably large and strong teeth, with heavy bony structures supporting them. A dentist would starve to death for lack of patients in Greenland or Arctic Alaska.

A visit to the zoo will convince anybody that the teeth of wild animals are always specially adapted for the work they have to do. The lion and tiger eat nothing but meat, hence their long fang teeth and scissor-like molars for biting and tearing. The elephant, which eats grass and tender shoots of trees, has big double corrugated molars that rub back and forth like a grinding machine.

Always there is adaptation to use. Where use ceases the instrument tends to go out of commission. If for a series of generations we were to live wholly upon soups and patent breakfast foods we might find ourselves without any teeth worth mentioning.

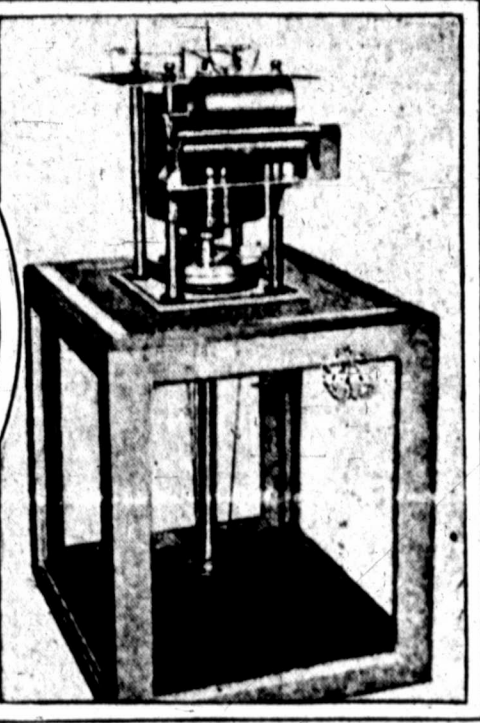
Milk contains much calcium for bone-making. The Public Health Service says that after infancy the diet of every child should include a glass of milk with each meal, and in addition there should be other sources of mineral salts, such as green vegetables, fruits and plenty of pure water. Whole-grained breads, hardtack, baked potatoes with their jackets on, fresh apples and other foods that require chewing will do much to insure good teeth.



The Rathfarnham seismograph showing the concrete base on which the delicate instrument is superimposed



Rev. William O'Leary, S. J., the man who perfected the new seismograph. He has a gift for inventing devices, among which a clock that cannot go wrong



The improved seismograph at Rathfarnham differs slightly from this illustration

Perfects the Seismograph

IN ALL probability the United States has never heard of Father O'Leary or of his seismograph at Rathfarnham. Rathfarnham is a picturesque village on the outskirts of Dublin. It boasts three second-rate golf courses, the usual R. I. C. barracks, a large school for girls and a number of "pubs" out of all proportion to its size. For Rathfarnham is just outside the three-mile limit, which means that the thirsty citizenry of Dublin are "travelers" within the meaning of the law by the time their tram or other vehicle has reached the village and so entitled to be served with alcoholic refreshments on a Sunday morning when the metropolitan cafes are still hors du combat.

Rathfarnham village would, in a word, have no claim on the attention of the American public if it were not for Father O'Leary, S. J. I could achieve literary completeness by going on to say that Father O'Leary would have no claim on your attention if it were not for his seismograph, but it would not be entirely accurate.

Father O'Leary is much more interesting than what he would probably call his machine *ex deo*, the seismograph. He is always inventing things. Because earthquake machines have to be regulated with accuracy he invented a clock that cannot go wrong. At present his chief trouble is that the earthquakes happen along in a most irregular way, often at most inconvenient times.

A machine for producing earthquakes for experimental purposes, as required, would obviously be a handy thing and if Father O'Leary wants such a machine he will go ahead and invent the thing.

A seismograph is a machine for recording (also up to a point) and measuring (also up to a point) earthquakes, eruptions and other movements of the earth's crust. Dynamic laws so operate that such a movement, wherever it occurs, is communicated in some degree, to every other portion of the earth's crust. The further away the less palpable is the shock. An earthquake in Chile is not felt by men walking in the village street of Rathfarnham, but it is felt by the seismograph because its susceptibility to earth movement is so delicate that it can feel and record an infinitesimal jar.

This extreme sensibility is arrived at by devising an apparatus which combines a maximum of topheaviness with perfect balancing. The principle is found in the rockers of the world, which respond to the slightest touch yet cannot be dislodged, however much force the touch exerts. All but the application is very different in each case. And there is no doubt whatever that O'Leary's much higher sensibility to earth motion and a smaller margin of interference by exterior influences have been reached than is the case with any other instrument.

The Rathfarnham instrument consists of a mass of metal weighing about two tons standing on a steel pendulum shaft, the whole being suspended by wires attached to the lower end of the shaft to a supporting plane or table about two-thirds of the way up to the top of the pendulum head from a table.

It is so delicate that if it is blown on it will react and the motion be recorded. Obviously, however, if the initial swing given to the inverted pendulum were allowed to work itself out the instrument would be incapacitated from further accurate recording until it had again come to rest. Accordingly the apparatus is fitted with dampers, which act on the principle of the glycerine-filled recoil cylinders fitted to field guns. In this way each single motion of the earth produces a single corresponding sway of the pendulum, which returns at once to plumb and does away again except in response to another impulse. The third and last part of the apparatus is that which transfers from the suspended mass to the

recording paper the impulse already transferred from the earth to the seismograph. Naturally the actual movement of the suspended mass is infinitesimally small and any amount of friction occurring between it and the paper would result in its being lost. The whole of the recording structure is accordingly made of the lightest possible material, mostly straws reinforced with oiled silk binding at the ends to prevent splitting, and the actual pen consists of a glass tube drawn to the fineness of a hair through which an infinitesimal quantity of ink is automatically siphoned. One drop of ink lasts a week. There are two pens, one recording motions of the North and South and the other motions East and West. They are so balanced that they lie on the paper a hundred times more lightly than a feather. The paper is rolled by clockwork on a drum which has, of course, no actual connection with the seismograph itself. When the instrument is working the recording paper is marked off in seconds, so that the exact duration of each earth shake can be measured at a glance.

When an earthquake occurs it communicates itself to the seismograph by two distinct kinds of motion—first a series of short, sharp vibrations and later a much more pronounced but less regular swaying. The time which elapses between the commencement of the first type of motion and the second indicates the distance of the place where the quake has occurred from the recording instrument. It is also possible to tell whether the quake has occurred in a general line North and South of the instrument or in a general line East and West, but it is not possible to ascertain from the

record whether the shock has come from North or South or from East or West. But the world's earthquake zones—the "faults" in the earth's crust—are very well known to the seismologists and they can generally tell within a thousand miles or so the probable location of the shake. Quite often, however, there will be two or even more shakes in progress in different parts of the world at the same time and then the task of reading the instrument becomes complicated to a degree.

Aquatic Dollbabies

THE nursery ought to find delight in a new kind of plaything patented by Matti Wainola, a resident of Los Angeles. It is a hollow glass ball filled with water and containing one or two quaint little dolls, so weighted as to make them preserve an upright posture under all circumstances. Their lower ends (containing the weights) are hemispherical in form, so that when the ball is pushed along the floor by a forked handle, rolling as it goes, they constantly twirl, dodge about and gyrate. The fork of the handle is pivoted to pegs on opposite sides of the ball, thereby enabling the latter to roll wheel fashion. The water serves the purpose of holding the dolls in place to a certain extent, preventing them from moving too rapidly.

The same invention in another form is disc-shaped, likewise of glass and filled with water and may contain a mechanically jointed figure mounted on a leaden wheel. It is operated in the same way, with a forked handle to push it, the figure bending its knees and body up and down.

Power From the Sun

INVENTIONS for utilizing the rays of the sun for the production of power are always interesting, and one that has been newly patented by Walter J. Harvey, of Toronto, Canada, is sufficiently novel to be well worth describing.

A bank of reflectors, composed of hundreds of small mirrors set in a frame, is suspended from an overhead trolley track, the latter being circular in form, but only about two-thirds of a circle. By an electrical arrangement and clockwork mechanism connected therewith, the great compound reflector is caused to travel slowly around the circle, its rate being so governed as to make it face the sun at all hours of the day.

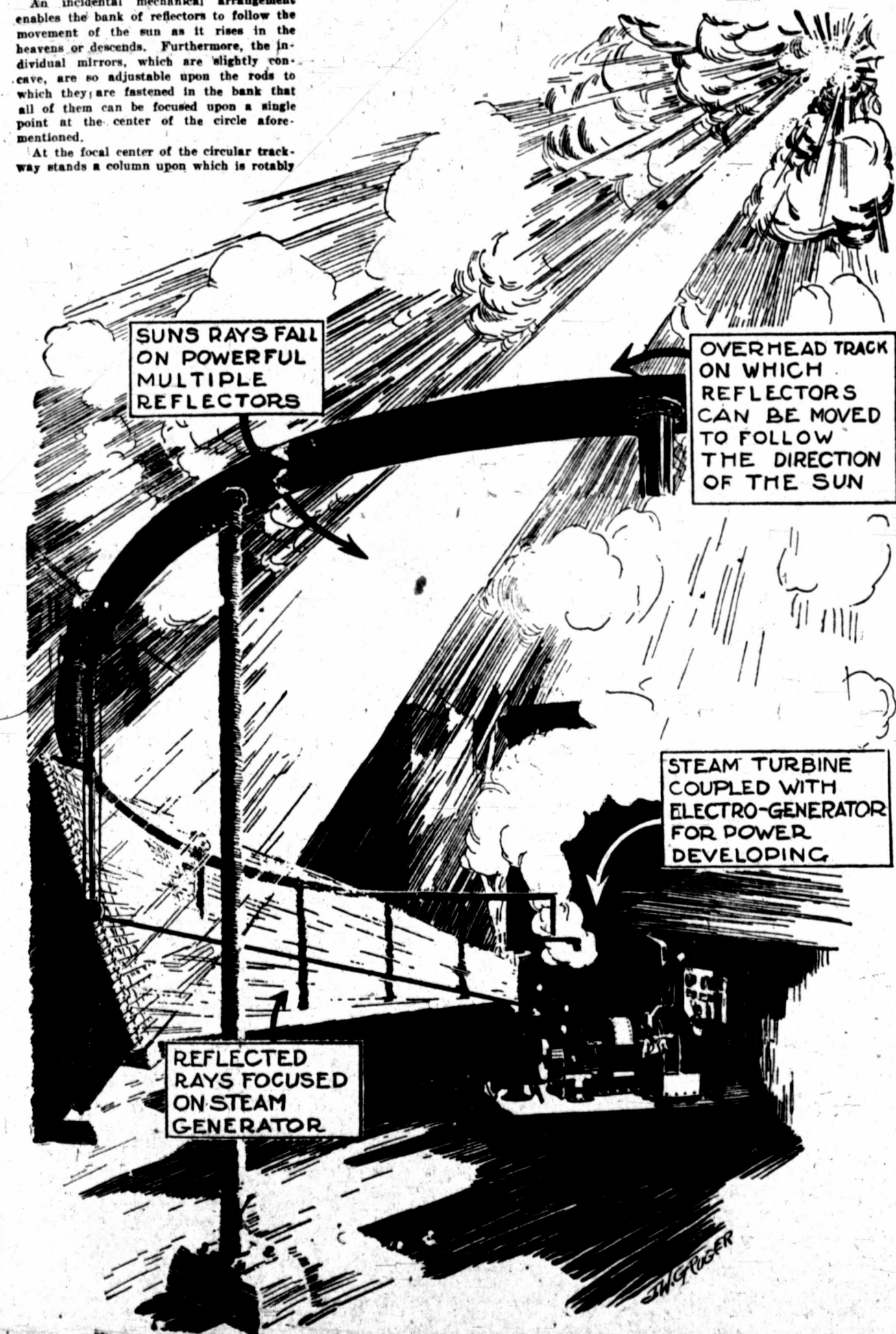
An incidental mechanical arrangement enables the bank of reflectors to follow the movement of the sun as it rises in the heavens or descends. Furthermore, the individual mirrors, which are slightly concave, are so adjustable upon the rods to which they are fastened in the bank that all of them can be focused upon a single point at the center of the circle aforementioned.

At the focal center of the circular trackway stands a column upon which is rotably

mounted a steam generator, to which water is fed from below by a pipe leading upward through the column. A steam pipe is connected by a rotatable joint to the top of the generator and the steam generated by the concentrated sun's rays is conveyed to a turbine.

The steam turbine is coupled to an electro-generator, to produce power which may be transmitted whithersoever is desired.

The insulated casing of the generator is connected by rods with the frame that carries the bank of mirrors, so that, as the latter moves around the circle in following the sun, the generator is turned on its pivot and maintains a constant relation with the great reflector. The whole affair is operated by electricity.



SUN'S RAYS FALL ON POWERFUL MULTIPLE REFLECTORS

OVERHEAD TRACK ON WHICH REFLECTORS CAN BE MOVED TO FOLLOW THE DIRECTION OF THE SUN

STEAM TURBINE COUPLED WITH ELECTRO-GENERATOR FOR POWER DEVELOPING

REFLECTED RAYS FOCUSED ON STEAM GENERATOR

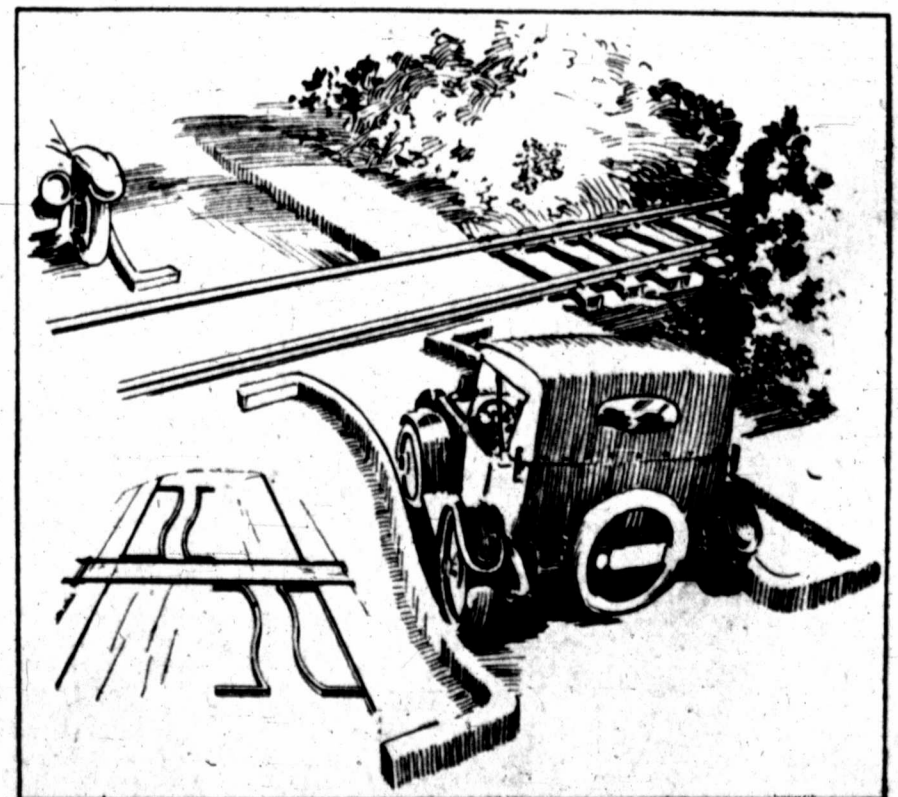
Device for Making Crossings Fool-Proof

MOTORISTS will insist on dashing across railroad tracks without stopping to look and listen and nearly every day one reads in the newspapers of tragedies resulting from such foolishness.

Evidently there is call for the adoption of some expedient that will compel careless automobile drivers to go slow under such circumstances. It may be that an idea suggested by Kenneth W. Carter, of San Antonio, Tex., would, if adopted, accomplish the purpose.

He proposes to establish on each side of a grade crossing a wriggly approach through which vehicles will be obliged to pass, yet compelled, by reason of the narrowness of the passage, to slow down. The approaches in question are to be flanked by curbing of concrete a foot or so high, with wings of curbing extended athwart the roadway in such fashion as to prevent vehicles from straddling the curbs.

A glance at the accompanying drawing will make the scheme much clearer than any verbal description. It shows that a car either going or coming cannot very well get across the railroad track without first passing through the tortuous passageway between the curbs. On the other hand, once across the track, the road on the other side is all clear for the getaway. The inventor of this device asserts that it makes crossings fool-proof.



The Snows hoe rain

Edison Marshall

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My Dear Mr. Bronson: I am informed by the head of your provincial game commission that you can be employed as guide for hunting parties wishing to hunt in the Clearwater, north of Bradbury. I do not wish to hunt game, but I do wish to penetrate that country in search of my fiancée, Harold Lounsbury, whom I have heard, and who disappeared in the Clearwater district six years ago. Will be accompanied by Mr. Lounsbury's uncle, Nippon Grizzly, and I wish you to secure the outfit and a man to cook at once. You will be paid usual outfitting rates for thirty days. We will arrive in Bradbury September twentieth by stage. Yours sincerely,
VIRGINIA TREMONT.

This was the note that brought Mr. Bronson to the brink of Grizzly. In his party were a man named Rutherford, and a woman named Virginia. They worked it together for a season—and then no more could be learned of them or their whereabouts. It was verified that Rutherford had crossed from Canada into the states with the whole season's earnings of gold amounting to a vast sum. Beyond the border he disappeared completely—and the only possible deduction was that he had murdered the elder Bronson and stolen the gold.

The trip from Bradbury to Grizzly river had been an arduous one. On the other side was a cabin which Bronson had erected as part of the cabin he used when trapping. The river, flowing wild, threatened death. But beyond was comfort. Nippon Grizzly, fresh from the office where he had amassed wealth by his wits, was waiting. He demanded of Bill.

"Sure, if you want," answered the woodman, "Bronson's Bill—no lack of courage. As Bill rode into those gray and terrible hills, he was met by a man whose mottled face and eyes were as bright as the sun. He was Nippon Grizzly, Virginia Tremont's first-instant was to call him back, but for a single second he hesitated. Then she pressed forward to the water's brink on Buster, a mount of steel and steel but lacking in the stamens of a horse. She was named throughout the Clearwater.

"Oh, come back," she finally found words to say. "Bill—come back. Oh, why did I ever let you go?" For Bill did not look around. Altered by the sound of her voice, he had obscured the voices on the shore. Again she called, unheeded. Then she lashed her horse with the bridle reins.

The animal strode down into the water. Vesper, his craven soul whimpering within him, had fallen to the last. Nippon Grizzly tried to seize her bridle as she pushed forward.

"Where are you going, you little fool?" he cried, "You told me to go in. The girl turned her head. Her face was white. "You told me to go in," she replied. "Now it's the sporting thing—to follow him." The water splashed about her horse's knees.

Bill Bronson had no realization of the fall might of the stream until he felt it around his body. He swam with his eyes open, full in the current, and with a really incredible speed. And by the mercy of the forest gods almost at once he caught a glimpse of Virginia. The man seemed simply to leap through the water. And in an instant more his arm went about her neck, and he was shouting, "And hang on to me."

He knew this river. They were entering upon a stretch of water that had sometimes plied their way down the river.

Bill was stretched on the floor in the farthest corner of the room. He gave the impression of having dropped with exhaustion and fallen to sleep where he lay.

Bill was a man, and he thought suddenly came to her that she was wholly in his hands. He shielded only by the blankets around her, unarmed and helpless and lost in the forest depths. What did she know of the world? He had been a respect here, but now with her uncle on the other side of the river—

Then Bill stirred in his sleep. She was his. And his first glance was toward her. He flashed her a smile, and she tried feebly to answer it. "How are you?" he asked.

"Awfully lame and sore and tired. Maybe I'll be better soon. And you?"

"A little stiff, not much. I'm hard to damage, Miss Tremont. But I've overdone it. There isn't another word I can say. I've got to dress and go and locate Vesper and Lounsbury."

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"Sure, if you want," answered the woodman, "Bronson's Bill—no lack of courage. As Bill rode into those gray and terrible hills, he was met by a man whose mottled face and eyes were as bright as the sun.

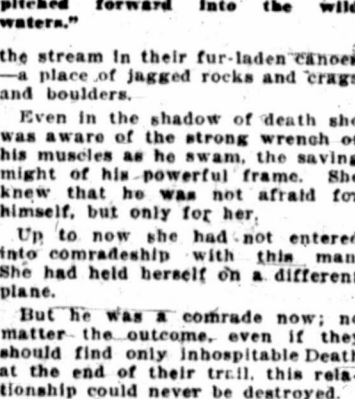
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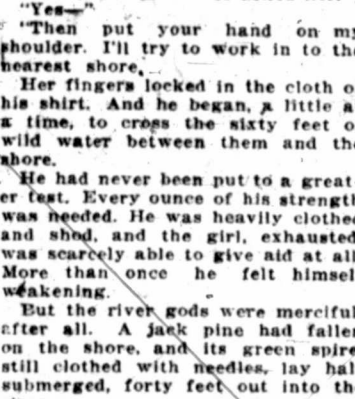
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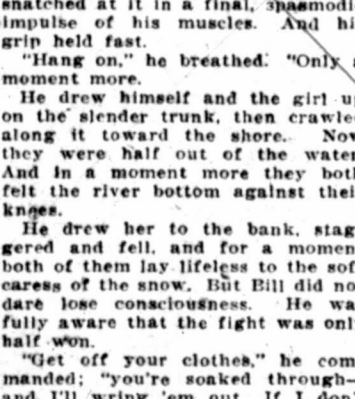
And then Virginia's horse pitched forward into the wild stream.



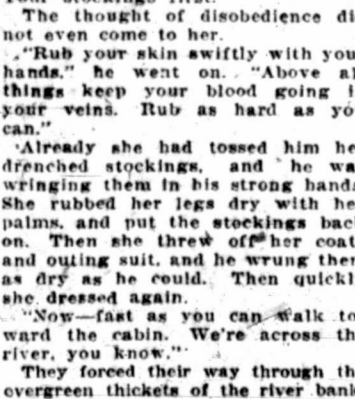
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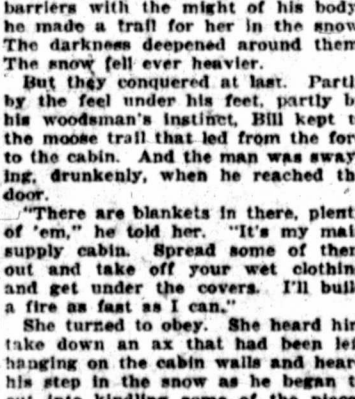
Bill was stretched on the floor in the farthest corner of the room.



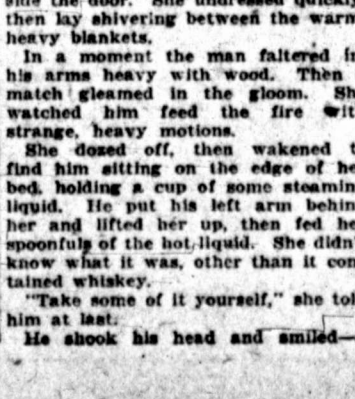
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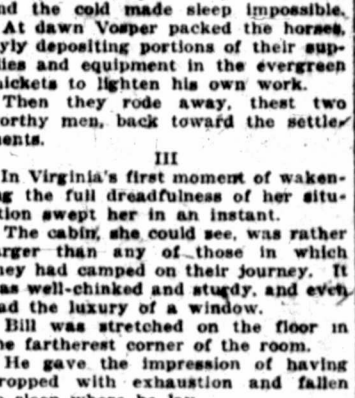
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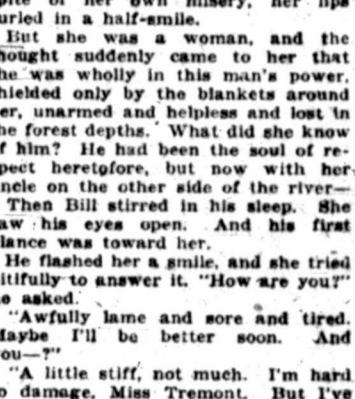
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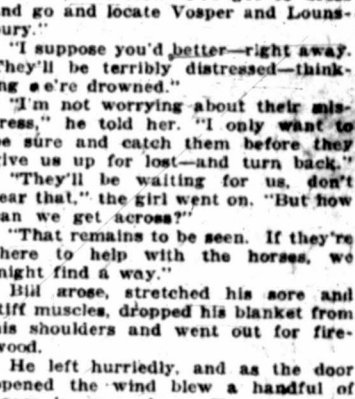
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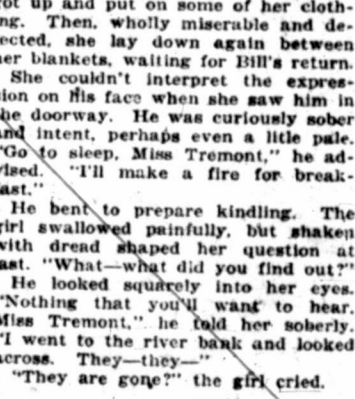
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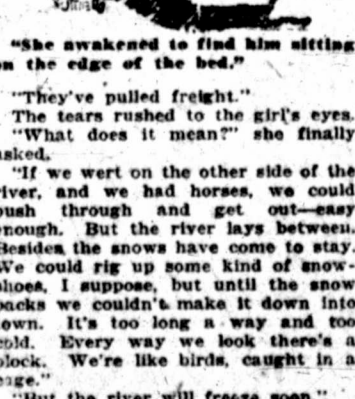
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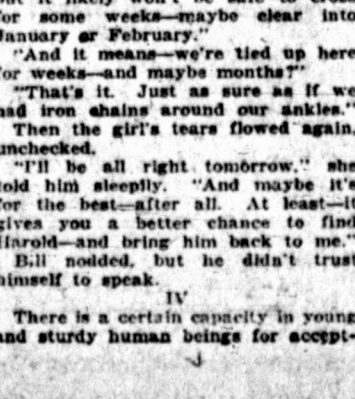
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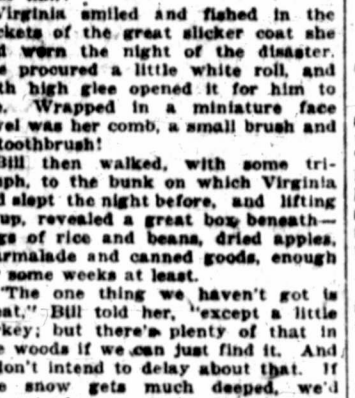
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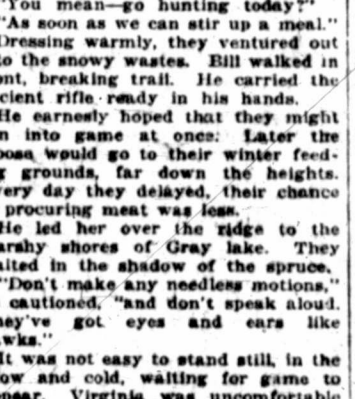
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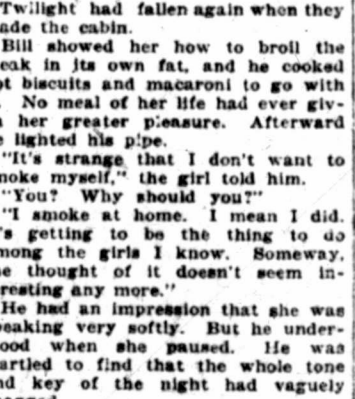
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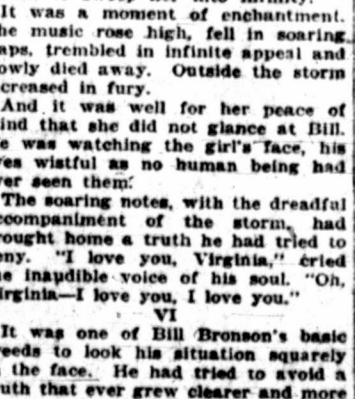
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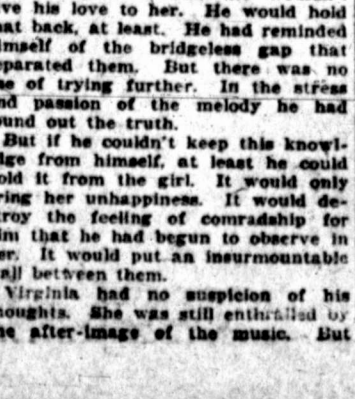
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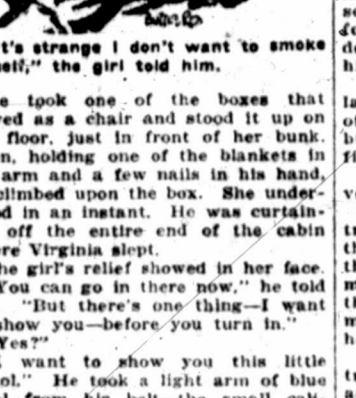
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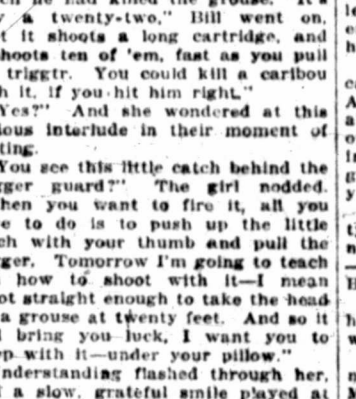
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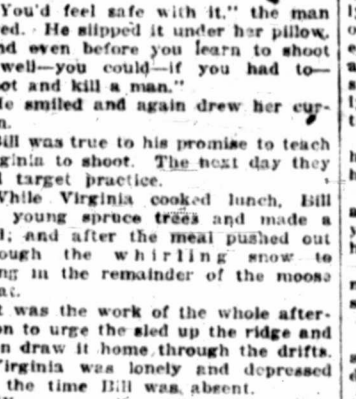
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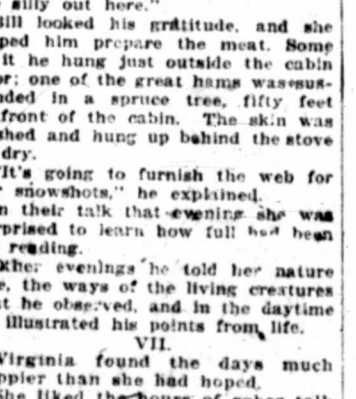
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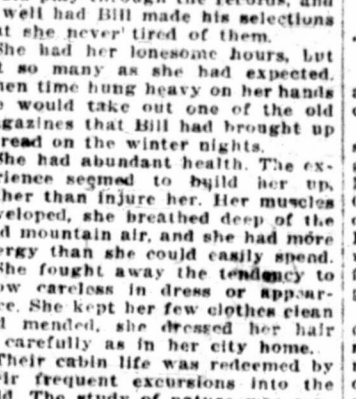
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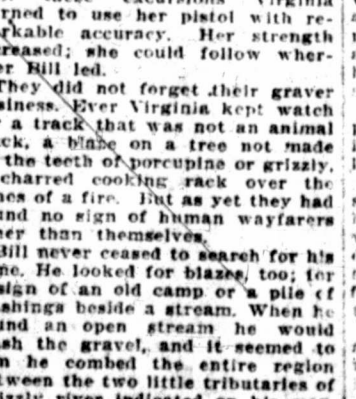
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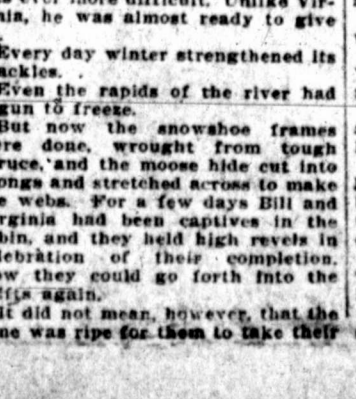
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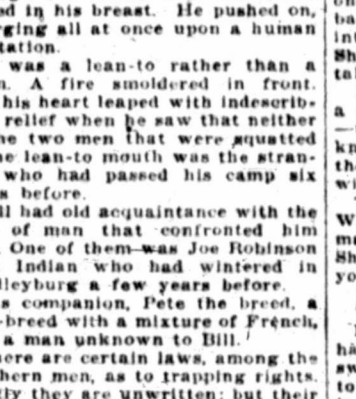
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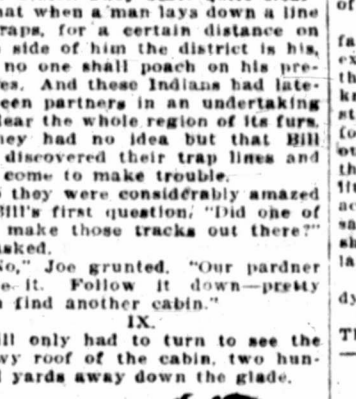
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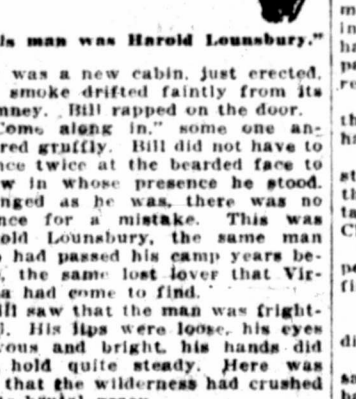
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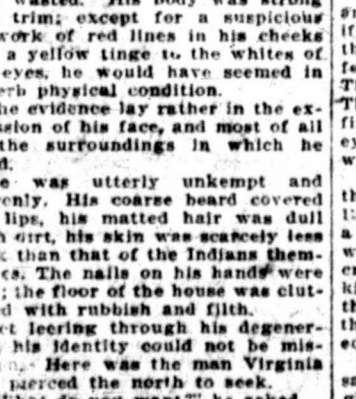
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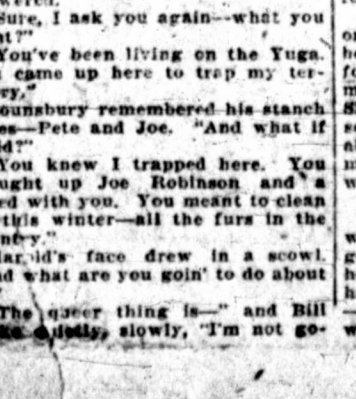
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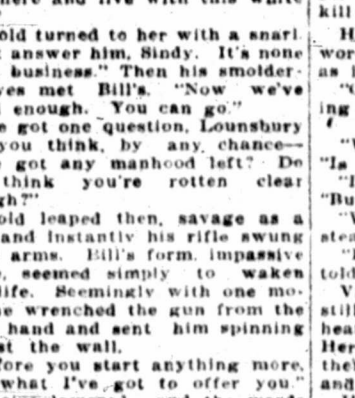
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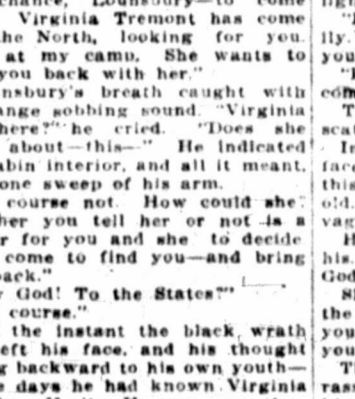
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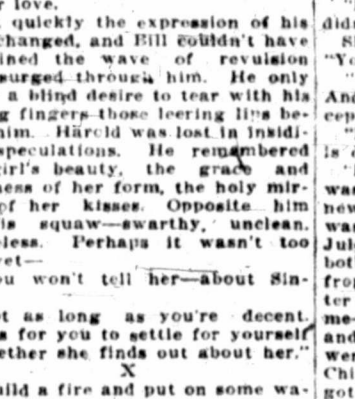
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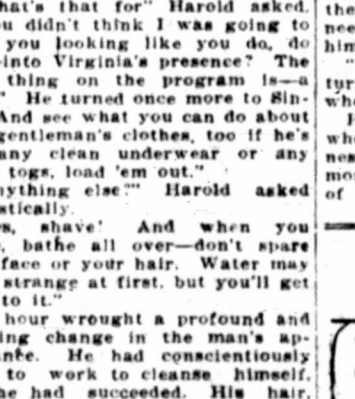
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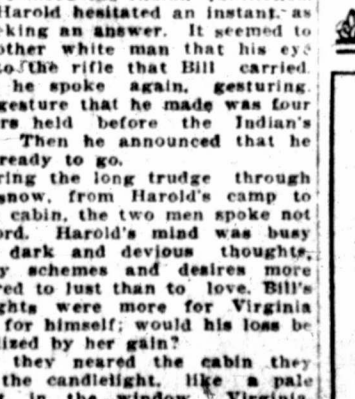
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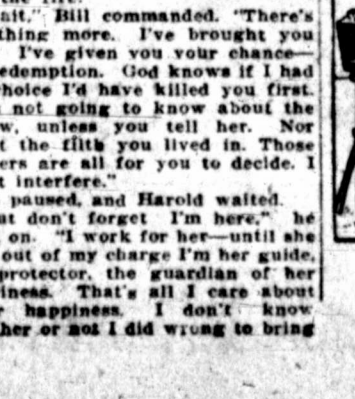
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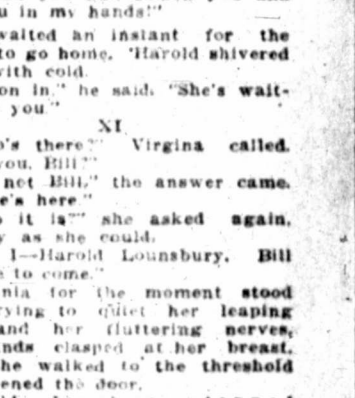
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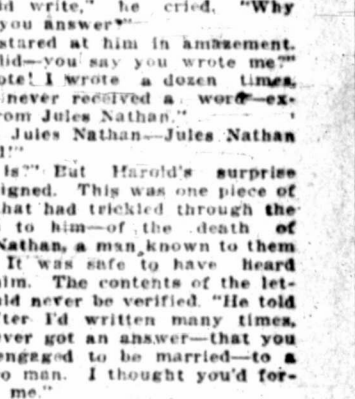
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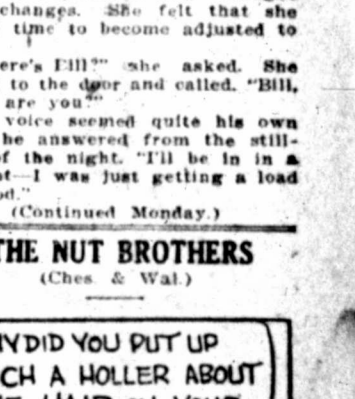
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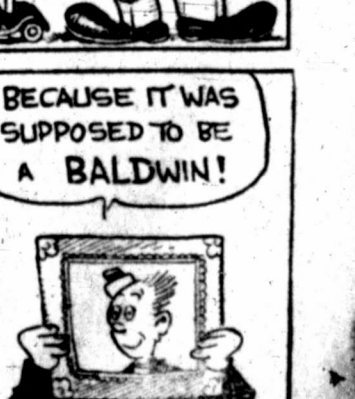
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THE NUT BROTHERS

(Ches & Wal)

WHY DID YOU PUT UP SUCH A HOLLER ABOUT THE HAIR ON YOUR BAKED APPLE?



BECAUSE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BALDWIN!



BECAUSE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BALDWIN!

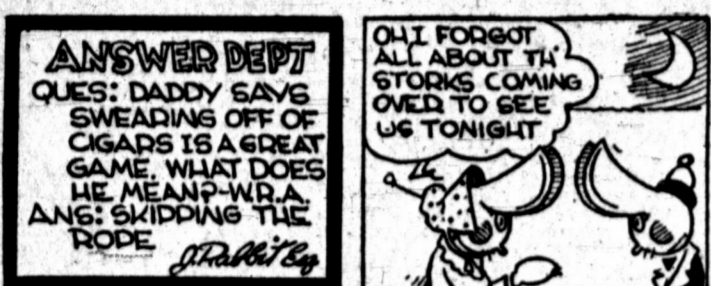
THE TIMES' DAILY PAGE OF LEADING COMIC FEATURES

J. RABBIT, ESQUIRE

BY HOLMAN

CICERO SAPP

BY FRED LOCHER



TOOTS AND CASPER -

Casper "Blows" Himself

BY J. E. MURPHY



SALESMAN SAM

Such Is the Life of a Salesman

BY SWAN

THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY STANLEY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

He Saw It With His Own Eyes

BY BLOSSER



THE AFFAIRS OF JANE

On the Road to Fame!

BY YOUNG

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Moving Pictures at Home

BY ALLMAN



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—By Dok Willard

THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB—



FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF Classified Ad.

PATRONS An accommodation account will be opened for you... PHONE YOUR AD TO 4392

Our collector will present the bill to you... Rates—One cent per word for each insertion...

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Knights of Pythias Meet Tuesday nights at 7:30 o'clock... A. L. FITTS, C. C. JNO. P. MARR, K. R. S.

Wichita Falls Lodge No. 253... W. J. WEBB, Recorder.

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SPECIAL NOTICES. HARTMAN'S Electric Service... PHRENOLOGICAL Keys can be consulted daily for a few days...

LOST AND FOUND. LOST—December 26, silver mesh bag... LOST—English setter, bird dog, black and white spots...

SITUATIONS WANTED. NURSE of hospital experience... EXPERIENCED stenographer wants position... WANTED—Practical nursing...

HELP WANTED—MALE. MEN and women to learn barber... WANTED—Oil well supply man... WANTED—Two dairy hands...

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. WANTED—First-class cook at once... WANTED—Good colored cook... WANTED—To rent...

ROOMS WITH BOARD. ROOM and board for four men... UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT... BUSINESS PLACES FOR RENT...

FINANCIAL. FIRST vendor's lien notes bought... MONEY—Confidential dealing and cash payments... INVESTOR—A ground floor proposition...

AUTOS AND ACCESSORIES. HUGHES BROS., 508 Indiana, will pay cash for your unserviceable... FOR SALE—A real bargain—1921 Marmon roadster...

FOR RENT—Three furnished two-room apartment... FOR RENT—Two modern rooms with garage... FOR RENT—Nice light housekeeping room...

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FOR SALE, TRADE OR LEASE. 150 ACRES land for car or good vacation lot... FOR SALE or Trade—Player piano... WILL TRADE five rooms (furniture complete) for good car...

FOR RENT—Three-room furnished apartment with private bath... FOR RENT—Two-room furnished apartment... FOR RENT—Two-room furnished apartment...

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WANTED TO BUY. We are changing the rules of our classified ad department... IMPROVED CITY PROPERTY. FOR SALE—A fine home just out the city limits...

LEGAL NOTICES. The State of Texas, County of Wichita, Sheriff... SHERIFF'S SALE. The State of Texas, County of Wichita, Sheriff...

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Exhibit Clothes For Young Men Inclined to Jazz

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Clothes set to music, especially created for young men who can't resist the lure of the jazz...

High waist, braids and satin piping are outstanding attractions of the new trousseau...

The coat is natty and is calculated to hypnotize the most exacting of the high-footed youth who revel in jazz...

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VETERAN ENGROSSES LICENSE

LONDON, Dec. 7.—Build-up of his musty workroom, William Hill 75, is engrossing the license that will legalize the marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles...

He is doing the job just as he engrossed the license of Princess Mary's parents years ago—with a score of antique quill pens and special inks...

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IMPORTANT CHANGES IN SCHEDULE FORT WORTH & DENVER CITY RAILWAY COMPANY

Effective January 5, 1922, Train No. 2, now arriving in Wichita Falls 12:55 p. m., now departing 1:15 p. m., will be consolidated with No. 1, which will arrive 2:00 p. m. and depart 2:15 p. m. and No. 4, now arriving 12:55 p. m. and departing 1:20 p. m., will be consolidated with No. 2, which will arrive in Wichita Falls 1:15 p. m. and will serve all stations between Fort Worth and Childress. Train No. 6, now departing 8:00 a. m., will depart 7:15 a. m., arriving Fort Worth 11:45 a. m., instead of 12:45 p. m. as at present. New time at principle points as follows:

Table with columns for Stations, No. 2, No. 6, No. 1, No. 4, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7, No. 8. Rows list stations like Fort Worth, Decatur, Bowie, Wichita Falls, Vernon, Childress, Amarillo, Pecos, Denver.

Time at intermediate stations may be obtained of agents. Riders showing new schedules will be granted and distributed as promptly as possible. W. F. STEINER, General Passenger Agent.

