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British Favor Increases in China's Tariffs

Merchants Also Ask Government to Resume Control of Hankow Concession

London.—A plea that the British Government should resume its control of the Hankow concession handed over by the Chinese Nationalists last February under the Chen-O'Malley agreement was made in a letter to The Times, signed by the representatives of all the chief British business organizations trading in China.

The signatories also express the opinion that "until Chinese Nationalism is able to furnish more evidence of constructive and administrative capacity than it has so far given, the safeguards under which British trade hitherto has been conducted ought not to be further weakened." The safeguards represented by concessions "ought, for the time being, to be maintained."

The signatories also name certain other safeguards which ought not, in their opinion, to be abandoned yet, namely, "extra-territoriality, foreign administration of customs and rights, and facilities hitherto recognized in respect of the sale and purchase of goods in the interior, and of the river, rail and coastal carrying trade."

The abandonment of these safeguards and rights would be more dangerous to British trade than the boycott.

On the other hand, they favor increases in import tariffs, provided they apply all round and not only to British goods. They also support the recommendations of the extraterritoriality commission presided over by Sir John Strachan, and Shanghai Chinese share in foreign administrative responsibilities "as the municipal council of the international settlement has already done."

A representative of The Christian Science Monitor understands that Whitehall's opinion is definitely against the merchants' proposal to take back the Hankow concession—a move which, it considers, would be both undesirable and impracticable.

No landing of British marines at Hankow occurred during the week-end as far as is known here. But should such a temporary measure become necessary they would be withdrawn, it is learned, as the Chinese restored order.



PERHAPS SHE DID
Reggie: Do you like boneless fish, Miss Sharpe?
Miss S.: I don't think I have ever shown you any unfriendliness, Mr. Sapp.

The Example

Instead of states going to war to make out along the same line for an international ordering of the world. We shouldn't find that difficulties melt away merely by organizing for order. But we shall find that they can be settled peacefully, that the waste of war can be eliminated on the constructive things—Des Moines Register.

Wife: Gosh, gosh, gosh. I really believe if you spent a Sunday at home I should die. Hubby: It's no use talking like that, my dear; you can't kill me.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

ISSUE No. 48-27

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

In a moment Ivan himself was standing at her side, his countenance clouded in sympathy for her. She was ever amazed at this man. He was tall and locked slender; but she knew the iron in those long, easily flowing muscles. There was a darkness, a foreign look in his handsome face that fascinated her even as it estranged her, something Oriental and mysterious that she could not exactly trace or analyze.

He had come out of Russia at the beginning of the revolution, and was hailed at once as a new master of the violin. Before that time he was widely known in the theatre of Petrograd and the Russian court, but he had not cared to seek laurels abroad.

"My dear girl!" he told her, his thin face lighting. He took her hand, bowed, and touched it to his lips. Then they took seats, side by side, on the big divan. His voice streamed on, comforting, cheering not only with his carefully chosen though swift-flowing words, but by exquisite modulation of its tones.

"I suppose you'll never forgive me," he said at last, in a more quiet hour.

"I don't see how I owe you anything but gratitude."

"You know what I mean. You remember—that morning after the trouble. You remember that when Peter awakened from his drunken sleep and could not remember the fight on the deck at all, he wanted to stay and fight the thing through the courts? It was I, you remember—of course with your help—who induced him to flee. And his flight has ended by that."

"I don't see how it can be held against you, in the least degree," Dorothy assured him earnestly. "You were kind—generous—wonderful all the way through." Her voice dropped a tone. "Besides, this is no worse—better, in fact—that he should die doing a decent thing—going to the help of a sinking ship—than to die in the prison on Elbert street!"

"There would have been some way out! Life imprisonment, at the worst."

"Life imprisonment! No, Ivan—not for Peter. Liberty was always a passion with him—with all his race, for that matter—and he'd rather be dead than in prison. I've got that consolation at least."

"How amazed I am that this should come from the North when we both supposed he was in South America."

She looked at him quickly. There was no doubt about the genuineness of this amazement. He saw her look of surprise and turned quickly in explanation. "He took such a chance, Dorothy! I had a perfect course laid out for him—one that no one could have followed—but up there, in American territory, he was in hourly risk of arrest! It frightens me to think of the risk he ran—"

"But there is no risk now!" she told him grimly. "He's past all that—"

"Yes. Perhaps it's for the best. Try not to mourn too much, little girl."

To turn the current of her thought he took his violin—a marvelous thing of shell-like mahogany—from its case, and standing beside the window, he began to play.

He was telling her of his love—a love that would go through fire or water, triumph or disgrace. It was a love that glorified her, but yet it some way appalled her, too.

It was not the kind of love that Peter had given her—tender, almost fatherly, a tolerant, protective love and yet strong with that eternal strength of the Anglo-Saxon. Peter had been bitterly jealous at last, but it had taken many little indiscretions—harmless, truly, but yet doubtless intolerable from his point of view—to make him so. She would not dare play thus with Ivan! His jealousy would be like a firebrand, his hate like a dagger blade.

CHAPTER III.

PETER'S RESCUE

When Peter Newhall was hurried into that awful sea he had no shadow of a dream but that this was his last conscious instant. There was no battling those mountainous waves, and the jagged edges of the cruel rocks would destroy him in a moment. Yet, as always in the last degree of crisis, the instant was one of marvelous clarity of thought.

Not merely the physical body strengthened and gathers reserve in a crisis. The mental powers are likewise enhanced, encompassing a whole world in one glance, the breadth of many years in an instant. "It's the end," Peter told himself in one flash of blinding light.

In that instant he thought of Dorothy. Her image was just as plain, just as vivid in that eerie gray dawn as if he had just left her side. The enchanted hours that he had spent with her passed in instantaneous review before him—those hours before Ivan had ever appeared with his heavenly music, before the world had come to be too much with him and with her, the wife at his side. In that terrible instant his heart cried out to her as it had never done in the fullness of their happiness. She was his own, his wife, the woman that God had given him, and he wanted her beyond any reach of words or thought.

There was an abiding quality of strength in him yet—for all these last months of debauchery—and his last impulse was in prayer for her. He wanted her destiny to be serene; his last breath of vivid consciousness before he felt the first, shattering impact of the body against the crags was given to her, wholly and without reservation.

The first blow against the crag almost knocked him unconscious; thereafter the struggle in that tempestuous sea was like a gray dream. Instinctively he threshed about in the water to save the killing impact on his head, but he was only partially able to break the force of the blow. The knife edge of the crag sliced down across his face, gouging and tearing as it went, and through the inner passages to his ears he heard her jawbone crack apart. Again the waves caught him, lifting him high, and again he was sped forward swift as a dolphin dashing through green water.

Half-conscious, he waited for the

shattering blow that would mean the end.

But it did not come. The wave spent itself; then, as it rolled back, dropped him on the gray, smooth rocks that were lifted above the water. In that dim instant he saw the gray line of the shore not a hundred feet beyond.

The waves had carried him, as if by miracle, through a gap in the reefs. Instantly a fighting spirit welled back in him: if he could hold on, keep consciousness a moment more, he might easily be washed ashore.

The waves caught him again, lifted him up, and he fought hard against them to avoid the full power of the shattering blow when they laid him down. He was fifty feet nearer now, and as the wave went out, he struggled ahead to avoid being inundated by the next wave. And almost at once he was staggering on the shore, saved as if by miracle, in the icy, brightening dawn.

Still in his half-dream he shook the salt from his eyes and looked about him. It did not surprise him that a ship should be lying just without the reefs, tugging at her strong anchor chain, or that closer view should reveal a stout dory manned with a full crew that had evidently been launched in an attempt to rescue drowning men. At first no reasonable explanation for her presence occurred to him: it was simply part of the miracle that had borne him alive through the reefs.

Yes in a moment he had guessed the truth; that this was a wandering trader who had answered the same appeal for help that had sped the Jupiter to her destruction.

The ship they had come to save was beyond the reach of help. She was a small auxiliary schooner; the dawn showed part of her stern and her broken, oating masts where she had gone down. Of the Jupiter there was nothing whatever to be seen.

He did not believe his rescue could be accomplished for some moments at least, so he took the only possible course to keep the blood moving in his veins—he got to his feet and struggled up and down the shore. The fact that

the exercise caused a more active flow from his wounds could not be taken into consideration: it was better to risk death from loss of blood than to die swiftly and surely from freezing. But already the men in the dory had seen him and were trying to push into the little cove between the reefs. Still he ran back and forth, only half-conscious.

Blind, rugged men had gathered about him and were ministering to him when the last of his dim consciousness departed. When he opened his eyes he was on a clean bank, and a little group of men—none of whom he could ever remember seeing before—were waiting about him.

One of them, he guessed presently, was acting as ship's doctor: his hands were scrubbed till the skin was pink, he wore a white apron, and his look was very businesslike. He was talking quietly with two of the ship's officers as he sterilized a set of villainous-looking surgeon's tools.

Their conversation drifted faintly to Peter's ears. "Dis is quite a feller in your cap, Bill," one of the sailors was saying in the good-humored, subdued voice that is the peculiar characteristic of a certain great breed of seafarers.

(To be continued.)

London's Gossip

The Prince of Wales is well known as a devotee of sport and outdoor exercise, but few know how conscientiously he maintains his schedule. Practically every morning when in London he starts his early day by running twice around Buckingham Palace Gardens. Clad in a white sweater and shorts, his only companion is his small Cairn terrier, and the two return to the Prince's apartments in St. James's Palace before most Londoners are awake.

A reader, looking over a file of the Monthly Review for February, 1751, came across the following review: "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church-yard. 4to. Dodsley, 6d. Seven pages. The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity." Gray's little gem went through four editions in two months and it in a short time. The publication of the "Elegy" was mainly due to Horace Walpole, who was Gray's most intimate friend. Gray sent it to Walpole in June, 1750, and through his realization of its outstanding excellence its publication came about.

England has book lovers and book collectors of all ranks, but few of them can have been more industrious than former King Manoel of Portugal who sought sanctuary here in 1910 and has made the country his permanent home. He is now preparing a catalogue of 2000 pages of his collection of early Portuguese books, mostly dating 1489-1600, generally rated to be the finest in the world.

Piccadilly, London's most famous boulevard, is itself again. For three months it was closed for road repairs to the extraordinary dislocation of business in that quarter. Amibusses had to make a long detour past Buckingham Palace, and the distance from Bond Street to Hyde Park Corner by any public street conveyance was almost trebled. Stores lost vast sums in dealings temporarily removed from their reach. Congratulations are being showered on the engineers who managed to finish the repaving in 10 days less than the contract time.

So successful has proved the first Cecil House for the accommodation of London women in search of a decent night's shelter at a low price that premises for a second have now been secured near King's Cross. The first one, named after its founder, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, was opened by the Lord Mayor early this year in Devonshire Street, off Theobalds Rd., Holborn. It provides 44 beds for the homeless at a charge of 1s. each per night.

A new and shortened route between East and West London to relieve the Strand and Fleet Street is contemplated by the London County Council as part of the scheme already commenced for turning the present exiguous Lambeth bridge over the Thames near the House of Commons into a spacious thoroughfare. Sir Percy Simmonds points out that it will relieve Westminster Bridge and its approaches, and maintain an alternative route between the neighborhood of Victoria and the Tower. That route, he adds, is "the most direct, and avoids streets in West London and the city already congested with traffic."

Two actors who were very jealous of each other met in a hostelry. They exchanged frigid nods. "How are you getting along?" asked one, presently. "Pretty well," replied the other. "Still keeping alive." The first man eyed his rival steadily for a second and then asked, casually, "What's your motive?"



Hagenbeck to Have Branch in Nashua

Hamburg, Ger.—Heinrich Hagenbeck, one of the Hagenbeck brothers, owners of the celebrated zoo which bears their name, is to go to America at the end of the year "on business."

Although the particulars were not disclosed, it is rumored that the Hagenbecks intend to remove their animals, which are known throughout the world, to Nashua, N.H., where the Hagenbeck Brothers Company, Inc., carry on business.

Hamburg residents view the reported closing down of one of the sights of the city as a national loss. It has been urged in scientific circles that the state take over the enterprise in behalf of the Nation.

Nashua, N.H.—John T. Benson, American representative of Hagenbeck Brothers, said recently that the company is now to remove its headquarters from Oltona, a suburb of Hamburg, to the company's property in Hudson, near this city.

"Plans have been completed," he explained, "to ship wild animals for the American and South American business of the company direct to Nashua, N.H., for distribution from the Hudson wild animal farm," he said. "Beyond that there is to be no change affecting our business."

"The Djuksa everything," said their paddles finely shaped with designs known among a few Djuksa artists as a prospective member of the tribe's wood-carver.

"Of course, is, can be hunted carefully for a self. But having prospective bride to know what is in the work that country is."

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PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST

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