The Aztec Mystery

A Thrilling Story of the Old West

BY MURRAY LEINSTER

SYNOPSIS.

Sonny Holman, believing he is the rightful owner of the Aztec mine, holds up the mine's payrolls. Janet Laurier, who holds legal title to the Aztec, tries to stop his activities.

Rustlers run off some cattle and Sonny, riding in pursuit, is cornered by Janet's mine guards. He escapes, but his horse is shot. Janet has the horse doctored and pleads with Holman to leave the country. Tilford, mine manager, apparently falls in with her plan but in reality schemes to deliver Janet over to a cattlerost named Garcia.

Janet finds Sonny. Just as Garcia's men are closing in. They take refuge in a cave. Meanwhile, a search party has been organized and Tilford is made to go along and find the way.

CHAPTER XXI.

There were stampings and the scuffings of hoofs all about in the gray morning. Tilford looked scared. "I tell you," he protested nervously, "Miss Laurier insisted on it. The Lorse would take her to Holman's hangout. The guards were to pick up her trail and follow it. But it wasn't until after she'd left that the Aztec came in and said Garcia was wise and would be waiting to intercept her. I paid him a hundred dollars for a description of the way to Garcia's place. And I called you at once."

"The mischief's done now," said Thompson grimly. "He probably swooped down on her, shot the horse she was riding, and rode away leaving your gunmen to twiddle their thumbs! And that was last night!"

He swung into the saddle. Tilford had to be helped into his.

"Now try to find those landmarks!" snapped Thompson angrily. "You've got light now! If a white woman's fallen into Garcia's hand through you, by God I'll kill you myself!"

Tilford, shivering, rode to a post beside Thompson. There was no breaking of camp. The men simply had ridden until their horses could go no further in darkness, and had flung themselves down to rest until daylight. Now they rode on grimly to revenge Janet, since they were sure they no longer could save her.

Tilford had called the Circle plan to trap Sonny Holman, and added that a Mexican had just told him that Garcia had gotten wind of the plan and would be lying in wait to carry Janet off. He swore that he had been told the way to Garcia's stronghold, and would lead the riders to the spot if only Thompson could raise them. But—he had not lared!

To rescue Janet would mean Garcia or some of his gang captured alive, and Tilford's association with them revealed. It would mean the discovery of her pistol, with the firing pin filed away, which Tilford had given her. To rescue Janet alive would mean that Tilford's past crookedness would be revealed by those of Garcia's gang who surrendered whose surrenders would be accepted. But if Janet were found dead—why there would be no quarter for Garcia or any of his men. The range riders would shoot them down mercilessly without giving them an opportunity to speak or pray. So it was necessary that Janet should not be rescued alive lest she tell what she had learned, or Garcia or his followers tell what they knew.

And so Tilford had led the rescue party far from the actual hiding place of Garcia. He led them blindly about the hills until he was certain that Janet was dead. And now he oriented himself and led them straight for the spot where Garcia should be found. They would wipe out Garcia's gang. A set of enemies would be eliminated. Sonny Holman, doubtless, had been slaughtered by Garcia before this, Tilford would be again supreme, with nothing to fear, and no one to interfere with his thorough looting of the Aztec.

So the second cavalcade of horsemen rode away from their smoldering fires at daybreak.

But there had been three camps in the hills, and the third was the camp of Garcia's men, where ready saddled horses waited for sleepy men to drink their black coffee generously laced with aguardiente. They filed out of the narrow cleft that guarded their stronghold while the gray mists still held in the valley bottoms. A muffled, softly moving cavalcade, they filed out in the dimness and rode to where the first rays of the morning sunlight struck them. There they dismounted to wait, smoking and soaking in the sunlight warmth.

Garcia rested his bulk upon a stony seat and beamed. He had Sonny Holman and Janet Laurier practically his prisoners. They were cooped fast in Sonny's hangout. Indeed, perhaps they ha. been blasted out by now. One of the men left behind was a daring and a skillful man with dynamite. Garcia grunted comfortably as he recalled that the whole surplus stock of dynamite was in that man's saddlebags. But it was not important enough to be an annoyance. Garcia beamed as he recalled that Tilford had been thoroughly scared and reminded of his future position in the scheme of things—an underling, to be sneered at and beaten if he were insolent.

Such things were balm to Garcia's soul, but the fullest of contentment came to him only when he saw a long, thick cloud of dust arise at the edge of Moleville and creep slowly toward the hills.

It was the ore train of ten monster wagons, each pulled by many mules, moving at a snail's pace for the trail through the mountains and the railroad at Leftover. There was a fortune in the ore wagons, and it was coming to Garcia.

There was a fortune in the wagon train, indeed. The Aztec had a thick vein of quartz to work—six inches everywhere, and some places slightly more—and what quartz was gold bearing was also free milling ore. That meant that the quartz rock, crushed to a powder, would yield up its particles of precious metal as amalgam or even as gold dust with here and there a grain large enough to be felt with the fingers. Anybody could pound the best ore from the Aztec and get a part of the gold content, and so the ore was a highly marketable commodity. Garcia, in fact, had a primitive stamp in his stronghold and sometimes extracted the choicest ore for himself.

But besides the simple fact of ready convertibility into cash, the operation of the Aztec Mine made a still more profitable thing out of the ore as it came from the shaft mouth. For practical reasons, in order to take out a six-inch vein of quartz, it was necessary to make at least a four-foot tunnel, and where the ore wagons ran, a full six-foot height. That meant the hauling to the surface of a vast amount of worthless rock, and in practice the mixture of a good percentage of utterly useless stone with the quartz itself. To ship waste rock in any proportion twenty miles in ore wagons before a railroad could take the quartz ore to a modern smelter was wasteful. To sort out the rock, separators had been installed at the mine.

They crushed the bulk stone from the shaft and tunnels and whirled the mixture until the lighter rock could be cast aside. And it had even proved possible to carry the process to a point where it approximated a desert rat's dry panning so that only the high grade ore and a very little nonauriferous quartz remained to be carted by mule wagon to Leftover and the railroad. The stamps to crush the stone and the agitators that sifted off the worthless rock had been put in as economies for the mine owner, but they had been boons to Garcia. The ore that the wagon train carried was high grade ore, free milling ore, ore that could be sold readily across the border or somewhat wastefully powdered and washed by Garcia's own followers, with granular gold and gold dust as the product. And Garcia sat and beamingly watched something like forty thousand dollars worth of that ore marching at a snail's pace toward him through the alkali dust of the valley floor.

The crimson sun detached itself from the mountain tops and floated free in the sky, losing its ruddy color as it sailed upward. Its paling beams searched among canyons and valleys and began to warm rocks that were cold from the mountain night. And some of those still golden rays struck upon Sonny Holman and turned him to a figure of bronze as he rode out o. the blocked canyon, with Janet behind him and three led horses trailing behind their mounts.

Sonny rode stiffly. Broken ribs from a shattered timber oor are not disabling injuries, but they can be agonizing ones when a had has to ride. "Those fellers we left tied up," he observed, "they sure talked free. An' they sure are scared of Garcia."

He winced a little as a sudden movement hurt him. Janet did not answer. Her face was clouded and bewildered, as if she had had news that bewildered and frightened her. Sonny swept the tumbled mass of hills and valleys all about him with his eyes.

"Smoke yonder." He nodded to where slender gray columns rose thin to the sky. "Not Garcia's. Not your gang either, Janet."

"What are you going to do? Take me to them?"

"Tired of my company so soon?" he queried. "I rek'n not, Janet. I don't know who they are. Six fellers wouldn't make four fires to rest by. It might be somebody huntin' you, of course. Hm."

(To be continued.)

Advice to a Young Farmer

Build your house upon a rise,
Make friends with your arms and thighs.

Dig your spring below a pine,
Plant a morning-glory vine.

Have your bedroom face the dawn,
Have windows with no curtains on.

Though fields lie ready cleared a score,
Cut thickets down and make one more.

Sleep an hour in the sun,
Talk to your cows when milking's done.

By all that's good, be much alone,
Use no man's plowshare but your own.

Plow as soon as hylas peep,
Mow before the crickets cheep.

Never hope to rise in life
Until you have brought home your wife.

Never trust your corn to grow
Before you have a son or so.

There is no rain to match a mother,
Sons and seeds help on each other.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin in The Commonweal.

Running An Old Sport

In the ancient great Greek athletic contest at Olympia the first event was always a foot race, called the stade race, according to Science Service. It was a dash the length of the stadium and was about twice the length of the 100-meter dash of the modern Olympics.

The Greeks regarded the stade race as the oldest contest of the Olympics, and Professor Waited W. Hyde of the University of Pennsylvania, who has studied ancient Greek athletics, found that the stade race was continued throughout the long series of Olympiads of ancient Greece. Three other races were usual at the national games of Greece, although many varieties of foot races were developed from time to time.

There was the diaulus, or double race, that requires the runners to go from one end of the stadium to the other and back again. This race corresponded roughly to the quarter mile of modern athletic contests.

The Greeks also had a long race, or dolichus, probably an outgrowth of the practice of sending messages by swift runners. This ranged in length from less than a mile to about three miles. Just as the marathon today is a test of endurance rather than fleetness, so the long races of the ancient Olympiads were for the demonstration of physical fitness rather than speed.

"I am more and more convinced that my husband married me for my money." "Then you have the consolation of knowing he's not so stupid as he looks."

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Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

I heard a good Kipling story recently about a fancy dress ball where every one had to wear a costume supposed to represent the title of a book by a well-known living author. One young lady turned up disguised as an automatic lighter—you know, one of those contraptions that never work when you haven't a match. Nobody could guess the answer, so finally, Kipling himself, being present, asked the young lady for a light—on the mystery.

"Why, Mr. Kipling," she purred. "You ought to know it, for it is one of your own books!"

Kipling gave it up.

"The Light That Failed," cried the girl triumphantly.

* * * *

Peeps at celebrities from behind the "movie" camera—by Charles Peden, noted cameraman in "Newsreel Man":

"Calvin Coolidge is about the best movietone subject among public men in America. You can get him to do anything."

"President Hoover is very human and sincere, but he finds it difficult to put over a speech. He can't speak six words without looking at his notes."

* * *

Among the kings:

"Most of the kings make good newsreel subjects. Alfonso, late of Spain, is the best."

"King George has made several voluntary interviews but his doctor forbids him to stand bareheaded for any length of time. This interferes with an effective personality shot."

* * *

Some More. "King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, insists that all film shots of him be made from a distance. It is said that he feels his short stature does not make him seem very imposing or regal on the screen."

"Newsreel men who photograph Emperor Hirohito, of Japan, must wear formal afternoon dress with cutaway and striped trouses, and must back away bowing from his presence. Hirohito is the only man in the world who demands this."

Among European statesmen, Mussolini is the "best performer" declares Peden. "He can always be depended on to deliver a vigorous speech extemporaneously, and pictorially he is ideal."

Ramsay MacDonald is known to newsreel men particularly "as the first English cabinet minister to admit them to that Holy of Holies, the Cabinet Chamber at 10 Downing St."

"Lloyd George is a good subject, but he would rather tell the microphone about his ducks than about politics."

"President von Hindenburg, of Germany, is a poor speaker, no doubt owing to his age, and is most at ease before the camera when surrounded by children."

* * *

'Mahatma Gandhi is a tough old bird. He thinks he is a pretty hot subject, but he is testy and cranky to deal with."

"Thomas Edison was the only inventor who ever did a really good performance for the movies."

"The Prince of Wales is rather shy before the microphone, but he ranks as one of the most popular newsreel subjects."

"Editors concede that the late Sir Conan Doyle was the smoothest and pleasantest speaker they had ever heard on the screen, while lovable Sir James Barrie's voice was the poorest."

* * *

"George Bernard Shaw was a hard man to win over" says Peden. "Ever averse to movies he resisted for a long time all solicitations to perform. It was only after he had witnessed a movietone of Mussolini that he agreed to pose and then he insisted upon directing the making of the subject. "I can do better than he' was his characteristic observation concerning Il Duce's film. He made the subject at his cottage in Codicote, England, and after seeing his speaking likeness in the projection room later, he cried, 'Wonderful! You may release that to the entire world!'"

* * * *

On his trip around the world — which he made in company with the young Marquis of Clydesale, Scotland's "Fighting Marquis" — Eddie Eagan, amateur heavyweight boxing champion, a gentleman, and a Rhodes scholar from Yale, was entertained at Delhi, India, by Field Marshal Sir William Birdwood.

"Know all about you Eagan," said the Field Marshal when Eddie was introduced to him. "My nephew wrote me."

* * * *

For the life of him, Eagan couldn't recall Sir William's nephew, and, embarrassed, stammered out some "clumsy generalism."

"You ought to remember him," said the Field Marshal. "You knocked him out in one round at Oxford."

"You must find it inconvenient in traveling to have to apologize for the people whom you have knocked out," added Lady Birdwood, who (chuckles Eagan in "Fighting for Fun"—a book worthy of its writer and his splendid record), "enjoyed my discomfiture immensely."

* * * *

Ouida (Mlle. Louise de la Ramee), the Victorian novelist, whose "best

Lowest Price in 15 Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Among the Shan Hills of Burma

We were scrambling and pushing through the scrub jungle in search of the promised view. Branches of leafless trees and the twisted snaky stems of dry creepers sprawled across the track; our feet crunched sharply on the huge teak leaves, brown and brittle. But every here and there an early creeper splashed a trail of vivid green across the brown, and many of the forest trees were glossy with the dark shining green of new leaves. From the barren looking ground there sprang in sudden glory lovely peach-pink lilies on their tall pale stalks. Mingled with the clear bird calls was the shrilling of cicadas from the lower hill slopes, and now and again came the oft-repeated confidential "tauk too" of the big spotted tree lizard peculiar to Burma.

Then, without previous warning of the change, we came suddenly on an outcrop of black rocks, great boulders flung down on the edge of the height and putting out into space. Here, spread out in dreamy loveliness below us, and stretching far away into a dim and infinite distance lay the wide wooded valley, trees here and there with blue cloud shadows, blurred and soft. On either side it sloped upward to a ridge of hills, while beyond again rose other hills, spur upon wooded spur, with hidden valleys between, till the haze of distance merged them in the sky.

The sun was bright and hot, drawing delicious scents from the semitropical jungle but a cool wind, sharply sweet, blew straight across the eastern hills. Far below us the curling mountain road wound itself snakelike round the curves of the hill, varying in color with the strata of the earth, now deeply red now brown. Along it one or two climbing cars crawled slowly, like wandering beetles. A mile or two further up—whence we had come—it reached the pine belt and became stony and white, with a thick covering of the red needles on either side. There the whole air was fragrant with the scent of them, hot and sweet, bringing with it memories of a cool and temperate land.

Canadians Walk More

Old as it is, the adage "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" seems to hold true today, because they are not riding, people are walking and that seems to be helping the leather and shoe industry. According to an industrial report there has been an increase of 10 per cent in the output of the leather footwear industry in Canada for the first quarter of the current year as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

During the first quarter of this year 4,390,813 pairs of boots and shoes were produced in Canada against 3,991,810 pairs during the corresponding period of 1931.

Wifey (brightly)—"Guess I had better order a few going-away gowns."

Hubby (gloomily)—"No, my dear, I can't afford to take you anywhere this summer."

Wifey—"All right, then, I'll just order a few staying-at-home gowns."

The chief salesman of a certain firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible row coming from the salesman's office. "Who is that shouting?" asked the manager. "That's Mr. Hill talking to Edinburgh," replied the secretary. "Then tell him to use the telephone!"

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½ lb. packages or sliced from the famous 5 lb. loaf. Look for the name "Kraft" as the only positive identification of the genuine.

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ISSUE No. 33—'32

Sunday School Lesson

Lesson IX—Gifts for Building the Tabernacle — Exodus 35: 20-36. Golden Text—Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase. Proverbs 3: 9.

ANALYSIS

I. THE SPIRIT OF GIVING, vs. 21.

II. THE GIFTS OF THE PEOPLE, vs. 22-26.

III. THE GIFTS OF THE RULERS, vs. 27-29.

INTRODUCTION—The tabernacle was a place of worship erected by a people who were wandering in the desert. In its architecture, although elaborate in its details, resembled the simple architecture generally to be found in the desert. It was a tent of oblong shape, with a flat upper surface; it was made of curtains or hangings which were held by cords and tentpins. Like the tents of modern Bedouins, it comprised two compartments, divided each from the other by hangings. The one compartment was a place for the lay worshipers, the other a grotto or holy place within which was an inner shrine or holy of holies. Only the priests had admittance to the holy place, and only the high priest could enter the holy of holies. "Let them make me a sanctuary," said God; "that I may dwell among them," v. 8. "We may observe," says Driver, "that by one of its principal names, the dwelling the tabernacle expresses, in a sensible form, the truth of God's presence in the midst of his people; by another of its principal names, the fact of meeting, it gives expression to the truth that God is not only himself with his people, but that he reveals himself to them; by its third name, the test of witness or testimony, it reminded the Israelites that in the Decalogue (the Ten Commandments) inscribed on the tablets in the Ark, it contained an everpresent witness to the claims of God and the duty of man.

I. THE SPIRIT OF GIVING, vs. 21.

People living in the desert are usually very poor. The building of the tabernacle for the Israelites was a heavy undertaking. It could be carried through only by the co-operation, and especially the liberality, of all the people. The eager spirit with which they gave was wonderful. "Their heart stirred them up," or more properly, "exalted them"; their contributions were made in a spontaneous mood of religious enthusiasm and exaltation. Further, their spirit was made willing; they did not give grumblingly or grudgingly, but willingly and cheerfully.

II. THE GIFTS OF THE PEOPLE, VS. 22-26.

The common people brought their offering, in kind—metals, fabrics and hides. The principle of the tabernacle, was all its appointments and furnishings, was that material forms expressed spiritual ideas; everything had symbolical significance. So the gold, which was contributed in the form of ornaments for personal attire—bracelets, earrings, rings, v. 22, was melted down and used for making those vessels and parts of the sanctury that were nearest to God. The other metals, the silver and brass or more properly bronze, were used for those parts, and vessels which were farther off from the Divine Presence, and hence less important, v. 24. The shittim wood, or rather the acacia, which was found in the Sinaitic peninsula, was used for making staves to support the sides of the tent and for building the ark. Among their possessions the Israelites had various cloths; they gave these also. Evidently there was not enough of these various cloths on hand. So the women who had technical skill in such matters ("whose heart stirred them up in wisdom") set to work to spin more fine linens and coarse goat-hair material, vs. 25, 26.

III. THE GIFTS OF THE RULERS, VS. 27-29.

Like most people of the desert the Israelites had a simple, patriarchial system of government. Their rulers were the heads of families and chiefs of tribes. These rulers did not consider themselves exempt from the general call to sacrifice. They brought precious stones, notably the onyx. These were to be set as ornaments in a vestment of the high priest known as the ephod. The ephod was an elaborate waistcoat in the front of which was a so-called breastplate, or pouch, in which were the Urim and Thummim by which decisions were received from God. The onyx stones, each of which was engraved with the names of six of the tribes of Israel, were fixed on the top of two shoulder straps holding the ephod (28: 9-12), while twelve precious stones, arranged in rows of four each, were fastened in front of the pouch of the ephod, 28: 17-21. The rulers brought also oil—olive oil for the light which was lit every evening in the sanctuary, and olive oil mixed with fragrant spices such as myrrh, cinnamon, sweet-smelling cane and cassia. This mixture was used for anointing the priests to their holy office. Further, they contributed the aromatic spices which were burned on the altar of incense. These offerings, both of the common people and of the rulers, were all given freely.

Facing the Future

By Pierre-Etienne Flandin, Former French Finance Minister in a Radio Speech From Paris.

For a long time nations believed that they could remain isolated from each other and become immune against the contagion of the world crisis. Experience has proved the contrary, and it is to be hoped that they will now agree to look straight at the results. . . .

It is useless to believe that a miracle, with a magic stroke of the wand, will re-establish prosperity. We shall not be able to get out of the crisis except by employing efficient remedies.

To speak of international peace and co-operation while restricting in a thousand ways the free circulation of goods of capital and of individuals, is about the same as if one boasted of the liberty of people who are kept imprisoned.

The Lausanne conference has made European opinion stage a great step forward. It will be continued by a committee which will study the question of the restoration of the countries of Central Europe and by an economic conference which must resolve the problem of the reduction of the external indebtedness of certain nations and the more general problem of international economic relations.

However preoccupied American opinion may be with its own internal problems, I trust that it will associate itself with this work which is indispensable for the restoration of the world's business.

Germany' Security

By Kurt Von Schleicher, German Minister of Defence, in a Radio Speech.

I did not think it possible that after all the bitter, sad post-war experiences there should still be Germans who believe our small army is sufficient for the protection of our frontiers.

The naked truth is that no other European nation has so little of that security for which, paradoxically enough, the world's strongest military power keeps on calling. Stresemann characterized this attitude of our eastern neighbor as hypocrisy, and I believe there are few Germans who do not agree.

The other way for Germany to obtain security is by transforming—not expanding—her army so that it will guarantee a certain degree of security; and with reference to the final German declaration at Geneva, I do not want to leave the slightest doubt that we are going to choose this way if full security and parity are denied us in the future.

Azore Islands to Observe 500th Anniversary

Lisbon.—The five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Azores will be celebrated this month when the President of Portugal and some of the ministers visit the islands.

The presidential party will be conveyed by several Portugal warships and will arrive at the island of Santa Maria around the middle of August in celebration of the founding.

Women Sewing Again Embroidery Comes Back

Those old-fashioned girls who are clever with their needles and like doing embroidery work need no longer feel ashamed of themselves. They are not behind the times, after all, but right in the swim—a Modern Embroidery Exhibition is now open at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London.

There is a distinct revival of all sorts of arts and crafts at the moment, and needlework is possibly the most popular of the lot. It is in a way a revulsion against the sameness of the old machine production, and it is already having its effect commercially by making industry pay more attention to variety and beauty of design.

But no matter how good a machine product may be, there are always people who prefer something which is hand-made. And as a visit to this exhibition will show, we are finding out new possibilities in needlework.

Not that the old work wasn't good. Even when they were merely trying to turn out something useful, our grandmothers often got on to a good thing. This was especially the case in the villages, and some of the old shawls, smocks, and other articles still preserved in country cottages are really beautiful pieces of work.

This is being realized now, and the village women of to-day are reviving these old crafts, with the encouragement of the rural institutes. There are about 5,000 village institutes which are interested in this movement, and county hand-work exhibitions are now being arranged, to prepare the way for a great national display of country crafts to be held in London in November.

The old craft of smocking will be one of those in evidence at these exhibitions. Smocks themselves are creeping back into favor—a number of women are realizing that they make very attractive overalls—and this process will be accelerated by the work of the institutes and the interest it will arouse. But smocking does not stop at smocks—it is being applied successfully to a number of other garments as well.

Another craft which the institutes are encouraging is carpentry, which is now being taken up a number of women. Even in the villages women are breaking into what were once purely masculine preserves.

Basket-making is also proving popular, and skin-curing, fur craft, and glove-making all have their adherents. The gloves are made principally from sheep and lamb skins, and the skins of rabbits, moles, and hares are pressed into service by the workers in furs.

"Are you going back to the city?"

"In about a week or so. I have two engagements to break before I go."

Cleaning Reveals Old Architecture

London—A "spring-clean," that has lasted for 10 years, ended here recently when the delicate, carved work of the Henry II Chapel at the east end of Westminster was revealed in all its original beauty.

The chapel has been regarded since its construction, just before the Reformation, as one of the architectural masterpieces of England.

Airports at Nome Thriving

Nome, Alaska—Nome is becoming one of the busiest air terminals of its size in the world. There are eight planes operating out of here this summer. Teller, Deering, Kotzebue, Candle, Wales and Point Barrow, Fairbanks and Anchorage have regular air service.

What New York Is Wearing

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Hamilton May Buy Winter Coal Supply From Wales

Hamilton.—According to a recent statement issued by the Retail Coal Merchants Association, the price of fuel will not be advanced here this winter over the prices in force last winter. A report that the government might increase the duty on American coal following the Imperial Conference, for the purpose of encouraging Canadians to buy the Welsh product, has reached the dealers. If action along this line is taken, the coal men will ask the authorities to arrange for shipments from Wales of more convenient sizes.

Zoo Birds, Free, Always Return

Detroit—Wild fowl raised at the Detroit Zoological Park are free to go and come as they please. The birds fly to near-by swamps during nesting season, but return to the zoo ponds with their broods.

Accidents

We do not get rid of accidents by protesting; they ought not to happen. Let us remember that those laws of nature by which we sometimes suffer are always at work, and for our advantage. The ocean waves carry a thousand ships at the very time they engulf one.

Libraries of Ontario Growing In Popular Favor

The rapid increase in our cities of lending libraries of late years, and the growing appreciation of the service rendered by our public libraries, as evidenced by the demand of the citizens for reading thus offered, make the annual report of public libraries of the province one of great interest. During the year, seven new public libraries were established, six being of the association type, and one former library of this kind having become free. The travelling libraries have been well patronized, residents of small places with no library facilities availing themselves of the opportunity of getting good books at the minimum of expense. Another splendid service rendered during the year was the sending of thirty cases of books—5,890 volumes—to the construction camps of the province. This branch is therefore, playing well its part in Ontario's educational work.

The bringing of reading opportunities to rural communities is engaging the thoughtful attention of the library world today. To this end county library idea has been suggested, to reach even sparsely settled sections county library laws must, however, first be enacted, and a fund provided for library purposes raised, possibly by a tax levy. An increase of the Government grants to assist in the incipient stages of the undertaking might be obtainable.

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Sea Lions Biggest Enemies of Pacific Coast Salmon

Leave the sea lions alone, free to carry on their depredations unchecked, and the British Columbia salmon fishery would suffer seriously, and that's why the Dominion Department of Fisheries sends one of its vessels to the Pearl and Virgin rookeries, west of Rivers Inlet, to carry on a lion hunt for a few days every year.

This year over 1,100 lions and pups were destroyed on these two rookeries when the hunt was carried on by C.G.S. Givenchy in June. Bad weather interfered with operations, especially at the Pearl Rocks, and the lions were very wild and difficult to reach, but, nevertheless, the result of the hunt, will be that the sea lion family won't work as much damage to the salmon fishery in the future as they would otherwise have accomplished.

The purpose of these annual hunts is not the extermination of the sea lions; the hunts have been undertaken for some years but the lions are still numerous—too numerous to suit the salmon men. The purpose sought is not to exterminate the herds but to keep them within something like reasonable limits in numbers and thus to protect the salmon resources, which mean so much to British Columbia and, indeed, to the Dominion. Just how much these resources do mean is indicated by the fact that, in normal times, the value of the production from the British Columbia salmon fishery may be as much as $16,000,000, and even more. The salmon runs are worth too much to allow them to be jeopardized by marauding sea lions.

Where Churches Are Fullest

The larger the community, the smaller the percentage of church attendance, according to a survey by that noted statistician, Roger W. Babson. Thus:

"In incorporated areas and villages under 2,500 population, the churches showed an average attendance of 71 per cent. This dropped to 66 per cent. in villages of 2,500 to 5,000 population. Towns of 5,000 to 10,000 showed an attendance average of only 46 per cent. In the cities of 10,000 to 50,000, the attendance was 42 per cent. Cities of more than 50,000 population could show an average attendance of only 39 per cent.

A much-married man had arranged with his wife that they should spend their holidays separately. On the eve of the wife's departure, she asked fussily, "When does my train go exactly, John?" A trifle tactessly he answered, "In three hours twenty-eight minutes and sixteen seconds."

Writing Good English

To write good, forcible English, which will be read and remembered, requires constant practice and careful thought. The other day Lord Riddell told me a story of a talk he had with President Wilson. I have no permission to use it, but I am sure he will not mind my repeating it for your benefit. He asked the President how it was he had acquired such a fine literary style. He was told that, at an early age, Mr. Wilson pere, who was a great admirer of good English, made his boy read a page or two of the best examples of literature. "Now take a pen," he would say, "and mark every unnecessary word." President Wilson said it was a difficult and weary task, but, in doing it, he began to perceive how exquisite was the workmanship, and so gradually developed a clear and limpid style of his own.

Nobody who aspires to write English can do so without a close study of the Old Testament, Shakespeare, and the Prayer Book. There are many other authors with whose works a writer should make himself intimately acquainted, but these three are the foundation of good literature. Take a few verses from Samuel. You remember how David mourned for his son Absalom, who had driven his father out of Jerusalem. . . .

This is perfect literature for you! You can see the brave Joab and the depressed king, and hear the ringing words of remonstrance. It is a real word-picture. You have not to shut your eyes and hear the sonorous sentences, to bring the whole thing before you.

I will give you another example. You remember the women who were brought before Solomon, each claiming the same child. We are told how the two mourned and lamented over the baby, and then, suddenly, from the oblique narrative the writer drops into the direct narrative.

"And the King said: Bring me a sword." Not: "And the King asked for a sword," but, "And the King said: Bring me a sword." The introduction of direct narrative into oblique narratives gives a lightness and color to the story that otherwise would not be possible. Study these old writers, for they knew all the tricks of the trade.

Words are the journalist's tools. He must learn to use them rightly and to understand their uses. A leader-writer must before everything learn to write good English. When he has done that, his own particular style will develop of itself. Therefore study the best masters.—From "Journalism," Leader-Writing, by H. A. Gwynne.

"Mr. Huggins, you seem to be quite a favorite with the ladies at this hotel. If I give you free room and board will you agree to flirt with all the wall flowers?"

"Not me. I'm no lemon squeezer."

Florence-to-Sea Motor Road Open to Traffic in October

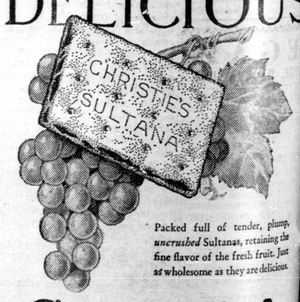
Florence, Italy.—One of the most important public works projects in northern Italy, a fifty-mile highway connecting Florence with the Mediterranean coast, will be opened in October.

Twenty-five of its 32.5 feet of width are reserved for motor traffic and it is crossed at no place by either roads or railways. Its connections with the net work of ordinary roads are made only at stations in the principal towns.

Words

Words are very clumsy things. I like less and less to handle my friends' sacred feelings with them.

DELICIOUS



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MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

One Doctor Leads to Another.