### DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD: DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.



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see results, had to earn them. He real

"Finding enough work to do?" Par-

He knew the pattern weaving under

Now that Lanstron was the organ

When he alighted from the plane he

### SYNOPSIS.

ized in practice the truth of Partow's At their home on the frontier between the frowns and Gray's Martia Galiand and the frowns and Gray's Martia Galiand and the frowns and Gray's Martia Galiand and the frowns and Gray's are capital to can the the frowns and the from the frowns in the lise of the from the frowns in the fragment of the from the from the the for the from the from the the the for the from the from the the the for the from the follow of the the the follow of the frowns from the follow of the the follow of the frowns from the for the the the follow of the frowns from the from the frowns he will not win. On the march the the follow of the frowns from the for the frowns he will not win. On the march the follow of the frowns from the for the frowns he will not win. On the march the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the frowns frowns he will not win. On the march the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the from the follow of the from the follow of the follow of the follow of the follow of the from the follow of t saying that there was nothing he had ever learned but what could be of setvice to him as an officer.

## CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Then impulse broke through the restraint that seemed to characterize the Lanstron of thirty-five. The Lanstron of twenty-five, who had met grip of the wheel as he rose from the thoughtfully. catastrophe because he was "woolaeroplane station on the Sunday morngathering," asserted himself. He put ing after Marta's return home for a his hand on Stransky's shoulder. It flight to La Tir. was a strong though slim hand that looked as if it had been trained to do the work of two hands in the process garden from an overlooking window. of its owner's own transformation. Every detail of the staff map, ravines, der his breath. Thus the old sergeant had seen a genroads, buildings, battery positions, was eral monstrate with a brave veteran who and been guilty of bad conduct in Africa. The old colonel gasped at such a subversion of the dignity of rank. boundary between the two nations lay. He saw the army going to the devil. The line was drawn in his brain. But young Dellarme, watching with eager curiosity, was sensible of no familiarity in the act. It all depended izer of the aviation corps his own on how such a thing was done, he was flights were rare. Mostly they were "I hear very well-at times. Tell me" thinking

"We all have minutes when we are more or less anarchists," said Lan- she was absent on her journey around fight?" stron in the human appeal of one man the world they had corresponded. Her to another. "But we don't want to be letters, so revealing of herself and her ever been in our time," Lanstron rejudged by one of those minutes. 1 got peculiar angles of observation, formed plied. a hand mashed up for a mistake that a bundle sacredly preserved. Her took only a second. Think this over mother's joking reference about her his stoop was unchanged, but the tonight before you act. Then, if you are of the same opinion, go to the col- dier often recurred to him. There, he sometimes thought, was the real obonel and tell him so. Come, why not?" "All right, sir, you're so decent stacle to his great desire.

about it!" grumbled Stransky, taking his place in the ranks.

Hep-hep-hep! The regiment started on its way, with Grandfather Fragini keeping at his grandson's side.

"Makes me feel young again, but it's nerves would twitch as the telltale of darned solemn beside the Hussars, his sensitiveness; and this was somewith their horses' bits a-jingling. Times | thing he would conceal from others no have certainly changed-officers' matter how conscious he was of it himhands in their pockets, saying 'if you self. He found the Galland veranda don't mind' to a man that's insulted deserted. In response to his ring a the flag! Kicking ain't good enough maid came to the open door. Her for that traitor! Ought to hang him- face was sad, with a beauty that had

that the world thinks she ought to be | anger. In laughing mockery, in mill- | word-"you wanted him here for your called Maggie." . .

path of the first terrace, Lanstron fol- a wound but from the hurt of its den?" lowed it past the rear of the house to source. It was as if he had learned by His look pleaded for patience, while the old tower. Long ago the moat that the signal of its loss that he had a he tried to smile, which was rather difsurrounded the castle had been filled deeper hold on her than he had isal- ficult in face of her attitude. in. The green of rows of grape vines ized. lay against the background of a mat of ivy on the ancient stone walls, which 'had been cut away from the loopholes of fellowship. "A big bone! If you're way as to make my temptation clear, I set with window glass. The door was half a friend you'll give me the very open, showing a room that had been marrow of it."

clased in by a ceiling of boards from the walls to the circular stairway that thetically than philosophically. ran aloft from the dungeons. On the floor of flags were cheap rugs. A number of seed and nursery catalogues were piled on a round table covered veranda.

with a brown cloth. "Hello!" Lanetron called softly. "Hello!" he called louder and yet louder.

tow would ask with a chuckle when Receiving no answer, he retraced his Marta, grown restless with impatience, they met in these days; for he had steps and seated himself on the second suggested to Lanstron that they stroll from the bedchamber he descended the made Lanstron both chief of intelliterrace in a secluded spot in the in the garden, and they took the path gence and chief aerostatic officer. shadow of the first terrace wall, where past the house toward the castle Young Colonel Lanstron's was the duty he could see anyone coming up the tower, stopping in an arbor with high height and about three feet broad. of gaining the secrets of the Gray main flight of steps from the road. hedges on either side around a statue which seemed to lead on indefinitely staff and keeping those of the Brown When Marta walked she usually came of Mercury.

and organizing up-to-the-moment effifrom town by that way. At length the ciency in the new forces of the air. sound of a slow step from another di-He had remarked truly enough that rection broke on his ear. Some one the ifjury to his left hand served as was approaching along the path that tent though deaf! I have proved him their faces, a better reminder against the folly of ran at his feet. Around the corner of to be a man of most sensitive hearing. wool-gathering than a string, even a the wall, in his workman's Sunday I didn't let him know that he was dislarge red string, tied around his fin- clothes of black, but wearing his old covered. You brought him here-you, ger. Thanks to skillful surgery, the straw hat, appeared Feller, the garfingers, incapable of spreading much, dener. He paused to examine a rose

> "He is a spy?" she asked. a bright light, Marta!" He found words ing recognition was exchanged be coming with difficulty in face of the hollow wood, which was followed, as pain and disillusion of her set look.

exclaimed. "A spy on what-on my "You look the good workman in his ing?'

There was no trace of anger in her tone. It was that of one mortally hurt. Anger would have been easier to bear than the measuring, penetrating wonhorrible part. Those eyes would have confused Partow himself with the

"We are nearer to it than we have steady, welling intensity of their gaze. She did not see how his left hand was twitching and how he stilled its move-The hat still shaded Feller's face,

girlish resolution not to marry a sol- branch in his hand shook. "Honest?" he exclaimed. "Oh, the

chance of it! The chance of it!" "Gustave!" Lanstron's voice, still low, came in a gust of sympathy, and



Proceeding leisurely along the main eyes came not from the sheer hurt of war game does he serve in our gar-

"Not altogether in the garden; part-"Yes, I have a bone to pick with ly in the tower," he replied. "You are you," she said, recovering a grim sort to be in the whole secret and in such a hope. First, I think you ought to see the setting. Let us go in." "I am ready!" he answered more pa-

Impelled by a curiosity that Lanstron's manner accentuated, she entered the room. Apparently Lanstron "There's not time now; after lunchson, when mother is taking her nap," was familiar with the premises. Passshe concluded as they came to the last ing through the sitting room into the room adjoining, where Feller stored step and saw Mrs. Galland on the his tools, he opened a door that gave Ater luncheon Mrs. Galland kept baton to the circular stone steps leading tling with her nods until nature was down into the dungeon tunnel.

"I think we had better have a light," he said, and when he had fetched one steps, asking her to follow.

They were in a passage six feet in into clammy darkness. The dewy walls sparkled in fantastic and ghostly "It was you, Lanny, who recommendiridescence under the rays from the lantern. The dank air lay moist against ed Feller to us as a gardener, compe-

> "This is far enough." He paused and raised the lantern. With its light full in her face, she blinked. "There, at the height of your chin!"

> She noted a metal button painted gray, set at the side of one of the stones of the wall, which looked unreal. She struck the stone with ber knuckles and it gave out the sound of an eche, by a little laugh from Lanstron. Pressing the button, a panel door flew open, revealing a telephone mouthpiece and receiver set in the recess.

"Like a detective play!" were the first words that sprang to her lips. "Well?" As she faced around her eyes glittered in the lantern rays. Well, have you any other little tricks to show me? Are you a sleight-of-hand artist, too, Lanny? Are you going to take a machine gun out of your hat? "That is the whole bag," he an swered. "I thought you'd rather see it than have it described to you." "Having seen it, let us go!" she said. in a manner that implied further reck-

oning to come. "If out of a thousand possible sources one source succeeds, then the cost and pains of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are more than repaid," he was saying urgently, the soldier uppermost in him. "Some of the best service we have had has been absurd in its simplicity and its audacity. In time of war more than one battle preparation, you can never remove the element of chance. An hour gained in a machine. I keep thinking, what if information about your enemy's plans war comes and some error of mine let may turn the tide in your favor. A the enemy know where to strike the Chinese peasant spy, because he hapblow of victory; or if there were infor- pened to be intoxicated, was able to



Pet Cat, Saved From Chloroform, Tries Suicide

EW YORK .- It is little wonder that Minnie, the pet cat at the Staten N Island ferry house in Manhattan, attempted to commit suicide. For two days she had more than any cat could bear without being driven to dis-



Four of her most intimate cat friends who had long been her companions were taken from her, and she was left to bemoan her lot alone. Minnie had a narrow escape herself, and it was only because of the tears of strong-hearted men around the ferry house that she was allowed to remain behind when the others

Minnle's history is interesting. The story of how she escaped being chloroformed along with her assoclates is equally interesting. For more than twelve years she has been a

familiar character around the ferry house. It is known that she is the mother of at least 397 cats. Frank Wolf, who has charge of the restaurant in the ferry house, has kept track of them, and has the number of each litter written on the wall. Consequently, it is safe to say, as a friend of Minnie remarked, that more than half the cats around the Battery can claim her as kin and break her will in a pinch.

For some time there has been a complaint against the large number of cats around the ferry house. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was notified and asked to remove some of the felines. A wagon from that institution backed up there, and there was a wild scamper to round up the cats. All of them were taken after an interesting chase. Minnie was the last to fall into the hands of the society agents.

"You don't dare take her away," cried Mr. Wolf, as he dropped a plate beans on the counter and hurried after the agent.

Three other men, one from the candy stand, one from the boller room, and the third a relief man in ticket chopping, followed in his wake. They lost no time convincing the agent that Minnie "really belonged," and that they would answer for her if he would leave her behind. They were willing to put up a one-thousand-dollar peace bond for her.

Minnie was left behind. Late in the afternoon she became disconsolate and deliberately dived off the ferry slip into the bay, intent upon drowning herself. But "Larry" Hanlon, acting superintendent of ferries, saw her, and fished her out with a long pole.

Minnie is now kept inside the candy stand until she overcomes her sulcide mania.

## He Met a Charming Girl From His Old Home Town

NDIANAPOLIS .- He is a fellow who lixes to talk about his "old home town." It is just a little town, but he knows everybody there and enjoys talking about his old friends and neighbors. The result is that all of his business associates in Indianapolis

are familiar with names and scenes in his "old home town."

The other day a rather comely woman of middle years met him in UIUI front of the courthouse. He is seen and known in that neighborhood. She asked if he was the real estate agent who had promised to meet her there.

"No, I'm not a real estate man," he replied politely, "but I know most of the boys and may be able to find

him for you. I will go and bring him to you in a minute or two." "Never mind, thank you," she said with a friendly smile. "I'll just wait.

I'm used to waiting for real estate men. They're always late. There was one, Doug Chalmers, in my old home town at Taskerburg. He was always late.

"Taskerburg!" he exclaimed with delight. "That's my old home town and I know Doug very well. How long have you been away from there' "Only a few weeks. I married again and moved up here. I'm one of the Beaver girls from Jackson township."



"Yes, a spy. You can put things in

"Using some man as a pawn; setting him as a spy in the garden where you have been the welcome friend!" she

victorious and she fell fast asleep.

"Now!" exclaimed Marta narrowly.

mother, on Minna, on me, on the flowers, as a part of this monstrous game of trickery and lies that you are play-

Sunday best to a T!" said Lanstron. "Being stone-deaf," returned Feller, with a trace of drollery in his voice, made to La Tir. His visits to Marta -his whisper was quivering with der that found him guilty of such a were his holidays. All the time that eagerness-"shall we fight? Shall we

ment by pressing it against the bench. "You will take Feller with you when you go!" she said, rising."

"Yes, why shouldn't I?"

CHAPTER VI.

A Crisis Within a Crisis.

the Back Hair.

Lanstron dropped his head in a kind of shaking throb of his whole body and raised a face white with appeal. "Marta!" He was speaking to a pro-

file, very sensitive and yet like ivory. "I've no excuse for such an abuse of hospitality except the obsession of a has been decided by a thing that was a loathsome work that some man must trifle in itself. No matter what your do and I was set to do. My God, Marta! I cease to be natural and human. I am mation I might have gained and failed give the Japanese warning in time for to gain that would have given us the Kuroki to make full dispositions for

Lanny, you are the one to explain." "True, he is not deaf!" Lanstron rewere yet serviceable and had a firm bush and Lanstron regarded him plied. As he turned away he looked up, and a glance of definite and unfaltertween the two men. They had the his feet as one knows that of his own garden to themselves. "Gustave!" Lanstron exclaimed un-

"Lanny!" exclaimed the gardener, stitched together in the flowing reality | turning over a branch of the rose bush. of actual vision. No white posts were He seemed unwilling to risk talking necessary to tell him where the openly with Lanstron.

yes, sir, hang and draw him!" umn for a time.

"Hep-hep-hep! It's the brown of the He's all man!"

Then his livening glance swept the her story well and the part that Marta heavens inquiringly. A speck in the had played in it. blue, far away in the realms of atmospheric infinity, kept growing in size until it took the form of the wings with which man flies. The plane volplaned down with steady swiftness, till its racing shadow lay large over the landscape for a few seconds before it rose again with beautiful ease and precision.

"Bully for you, Etzel!" Lanstron thought, as he started back to the aeroplane station. "You belong in the corps, We shall not let you return to your regiment for a while. You've a cool head and you'd charge a church tower if that were the orders."

CHAPTER V.

A Sunday Morning Call. As a boy, Arthur Lanstron had persisted in being an exception to the influences of both heredity and environment. Though his father and both grandfathers were officers who believed theirs to be the true gentleman's profession, he had preferred any kind of mechanical toy to arranging the most gayly painted tin sol diers in formation on the nursery floor; and he would rather read about the wonders of natural history and electricity than the campaigns of Napoleon and Frederick the Great and my Lord Nelson. Left to his own choice, he would miss the parade of the garrison for inspection by an excellency in order to ask questions of a man wiping the oil off his hands with you wait on the veranda?" cotton-waste, who was far more entertaining to him than the most spick-andspan ramrod of a sergeant.

Upon being told one day that he was to go to the military school the follow- mother's skirts its owner, reminded of ing autumn, he broke out in open re- the importance of manners in the bellion

"I don't want to go to the army!" he said "Why?" asked his father, thinking that when the boy had to give his reasons he would soon be argued out of the heresy.

"It's drilling a few hours a day, then nothing to do," Arthur replied. "All your work waits on war and you don't know that there will ever be any war. It waits on something nobody wants to happen. Now, if you manufacture something, why, you see wool come out cloth, steel come out an automobile. If you build a bridge you see it rising little by little. You're getting rectly and primly uttered; indeed, she your results every day; you see your mistakes and your successes. You're making something, creating something; there's something going on all the while that isn't guesswork. I Lanstron to Minna. think that's what I want to say. You won't order me to be a soldier, will

you ?" The father, loath to dothis, called in of because"-she laid her hand careas-the assistance of an able pleader then, ingly on the child's head and a ma-Eugene Partow, lately become chief of staff of the Browns, who was an old friend of the Lanstron family. Partow turned the balance on the side of filial of a recollection now burning in her effection. He kept watch of the boy, eyes-"when there wasn't much prosis without favoring him with influ-pect of many beautiful things coming to the found Laustron, who wanted to into her life; though I know, of course,

prematurely faded. But it lighted Lanstron watched the marching col- pleasurably in recognition. Her hair was thick and tawny, lying low over the brow; her eyes were a softly infantry that counts in the end," he luminous brown and her full lips sensimused. "I liked that wall-eyed giant. tive and yielding. Lanstron, an intimate of the Galland household, knew

> Some four years previously, when a baby was in prospect for Minna, who wore no wedding ring, Mrs. Galland had been inclined to send the maid to an institution, "where they will take good care of her, my dear. That's what such institutions are for. It is quite scandalous for her and for usnever happened in our family before!"

Marta arched her eyebrows. "We don't know!" she exclaimed softly.

"How can you think such a thing, let alone saying it-you, a Galland!' her mother gasped in indignation.

"That is, if we go far back," said Marta. "At all events, we have no precedent, so let's establish one by keeping her."

"But for her own sake! She will have to live with her shame!" Mrs. Galland objected. "Let her begin afresh in the city. We shall give her a good recommendation, for she is

really an excellent servant. Yes, she will readily find a place among strangers." "Still, she doesn't want to go, and it

would be cruel to send her away." "Cruel! Why, Marta, do you think I would be cruel? Oh, very well, then we will let her stay!"

1.

"Both are away at church, Mrs. Galland ought to be here any minute, but Miss Galland will be later because of her children's class," said Minna. "Will

He was saying that he would stroll in the garden when childish footsteps were heard in the hall, and after a curly head had nestled against the world where the stork had left her,

made a curtesy. Lanstron shook a small hand which must have lately been on intimate terms with sugar or "How do you do, flying soldier man?"

chirruped Clarissa Eileen. It was evident that she held Lanstron in high favor.

"Let me hear you say your name," said Lanstron.

Clarissa Eileen was triumphant. She had been waiting for days, with the revelation when he should make that old request. Now she enunciated it useful!" with every vowel and consonant cor-

repeated it four or five times in proof of complete mastery.

"A pretty name. I've often wondered how you came to give it to her," said "You do like it!" exclaimed Minna

with girlish eagerness. "I gave her the most beautiful name I could think

donna-like radiance stole into her face -"because she might at least have a beautiful name when"-the dull blaze

A Speck in the Blue Far Away. the pocket which concealed his hand

gave a nervous twitch as if it held something alive and distinct from his own being. "The trial wears on you! Do you want to go?"

"No!" Feller shot back irritably "No!" he repeated resolutely. "I don't want to go! I mean to be game-I-" He shifted his gaze from the bush which he still pretended to examine and suddenly broke off with: "Miss Galland is coming!"

Lanstron started toward the steps that Marta was ascending. She moved leisurely, yet with a certain springy energy that suggested that she might have come on the run without being out of breath or seeming to have made an effort.

"Hello, stranger!" she called as she saw him, and quickened her pace. "Hello, pedagogue!" he responded. As they shook hands they swung their arms back and forth like a pair

of romping children for a moment. "We had a grand session of the school this morning, the largest class ever!" she said. "And the points we

scored off you soldiers! You'll find disarmament already in progress when you return to headquarters. We're irresistible, or at least," she added, with a flash of intensity, "we're going to be

some day." "So you put on your war-paint!" "It must be the pollen from the hy-

drangeas!" She flicked her handkerchief from her belt and passed it to him. "Show that you know how to be

He performed the task with deliberate care.

"Heavens! You even have some on

coming. There you are!" he concluded. | tagion. "Off my hair, tool"

"Very well. I always obey orders."

"I oughtn't to have asked you to do it at all!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of manner as they started up to the house. "But a habit of in one's friends, was uppermost. I forgot. I oughtn't even to have shaken

hands with you!" "Marta! What now, Marts ?"

asked.

He had known her in reproach, in of old used.

victory-if, because I had not done my receiving the Russian attack in force at the Sha-ho. There are many other part, thousands of lives of our soldiers incidents of like nature in history. So At that she turned on him quickly, is is my duty to neglect no possible method, however absurd."

"You do think of that-the lives?" By this time he was at the head of the steps. Standing to one side, he of-"Of those on your side!" she ex fered his hand to assist Marta. But she seemed not to see it. Her aspect "Yes, of those first," he replied was that of downright antagonism.

"However absurd! Yes, it is absurd Feller was here becauce he did not to think that you can make me a party to any of your plans, for-" She broke off abruptly with staring eyes, as if she had seen an apparition.

Lanstron turned and through the door of the toolroom saw Feller enter-Following the path to the tower ing the sitting-room. He was not the

leisurely, they had reached the tower. bent, deferential gardener. His fea-Feller's door was open. Marta looked tures were hard-set, a fighting rage into the room, finding in the neat ar- burning in his eyes, his sinews taut rangement of its furniture a new sig- as if about to spring upon an advernificance. He was absent, for it was sary. When he recognized the intruders he turned limp, his head "On my recommendation you took dropped, hiding his face with his hat

him," Lanstron said. brim, and he steadied himself by rest-'Yes, on yours, Lanny, on a friend's! ing a hand on the table edge.

You"-she put a cold emphasis on the (TO BE CONTINUED.)



MIRROR FOR DAINTY WOMAN OVERSIGHT THAT WAS FATAL May Be Held in the Mouth, Leaving Light-Fingered Gentleman Might Have Got Away With the Coat Both Hands Free to Arrange

But for One Thing.

Deceptive Weights.

the fellow who "knows it all." He will

At last a woman may have both A fellow stole a coat hanging in hands free to arrange her back hair front of a clothing store the other aftas she looks in a mirror. This is made ternoon. But the proprietor was on possible now by the invention of a mir- the job, and before the thief was half ror which can be held in the mouth, a block away he had the police and thus reflecting the back of the head most of the neighbors on his trail. from the main mirror of the dressing The poor fellow who had taken the coat was really coatless before the table.

It is the invention of a Frenchman. crime. And as he ran he struggled into the abstracted article, which fit-Who has given so much thought to the ted him pretty well, all things considelegancies of woman's toilet as the ered. And when he was apprehended. French?

This new mirror is bread, so as to about four blocks from the starting give a good general view sidewise, and, point, he protested his innocence being fixed on a curved bar, stands stoutly. "What d'ye mean I stole the coat?"

well out from the face, so that there is he said. "I've had this coat all sumno strain on the eyes. mer. Why, I ain't had it off my back At the bottom of the curved bar is

for a week!" the "bite," not too large for dainty "You ain't, ain't you?" encered the mouths and covered with batting, so policeman. "An' have you wore that as to be easily held without harming

there coat hanger inside it acrost yer the teeth shoulders all that time?" Even the hygienic side of the use of Saying that the arm of the law this mirror has been considered, for a grasped the iron hook projecting number of thick envelopes just fitting

above the collar, dragged the victim to the corner and chiled the wagon. over the "bite" come with the mirror. your ear and some on your hair; but so that you may lend it to your friend I'll leave it on your hair; it's rather be- and neither she nor you fear any con-Here is a good trick to play upon

Policeman's Badge of Authority. be surprised when shown that he is wrong. "Inflate a large empty paper In equipment the policeman varies from a walking arsenal, such as the bag and the it up air-tight. Place the Jericho policemen, to the clubless pa- bag on the paim of one hand, and into trolman of one or two American cities. the palm of the other hand take such friendship, a habit of liking to believe The club, however, is recognized as a quantity of coin or other metal as the policeman's badge of authority. In | will seem to equal the bag in weight. Darjeeling the policeman carries a If the observer does not know of the reed pole about six feet long. in illusion or suspect it, the paper bag he Seville the night police are armed will be found to weigh ten to twenty with long spears, such as the knights times as much as the metal with

which it was matched

"I know your pa well."

BAILIFF

TAKE YOU

HAT

They talked on for several minutes. She grew tired of waiting for the real estate man and said she had to do some shopping. Being a stranger in town she didn't know much about the stores, she said. He volunteered to go with her. At the shirtwaist counter she proceeded to buy a waist valued at \$5. She looked in her purse and, to her amazement, had only some small change. She had left her other pocketbook at home. Yes, he would lend her \$5 and she would meet him in front of the Traction Terminal building at 3 o'clock and return the money. She lived at ---- North Delaware street, she said. That afternoon he waited. She did not come. Then he went to the North Delaware street address. It was a church.

## Story of Woo's First Shave Didn't Fool Landis

C HICAGO.—The shaving party of a Chinese infant was described to Fed-eral Judge Landis by friends of Woo Pon, a blinking citizen of the new republic, who does not want to return to his native land.

The witnesses said Woo's father, Woo Ging Gong, had issued the invitations one month after Woo was born, in the tenth year of the reign of Kwangsu (1884) at Folsom, Cal.

As the guests crowded around Papa Woo cried, "You're next," in Chinese, and, grabbing his offspring by the ears, carefully shaved all of the baby's head except where the queue ought to grow.

That story, they figured, should be sufficient proof that Woo was a

native-born American. But Judge Landis was thinking of a poem: "For ways that are dark

And tricks that are vain

The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

So he took a hand in the cross-examination.

"Let the bailiff take your hat," said the judge.

Woo Pon, who was on the witness stand, might not understand the language of the lawyers, thought the judge, but surely he would know a common word like that if he had lived for thirty years in the United States. But Woo Pon did not understand.

'What is your Chinese word for 'yes'?" demanded the judge.

Again there was no answer until the interpreter repeated the question. Then Woo Pon said he did not know.

Judge Landis laughed, leaned far over and shook his finger at Woo Pon.

"I don't blame him or his cointrymen for trying to put it over on me. I was in his place I'd do the same thing. But it is my business to keep from being fooled," said the judge. "An order of deportation will be entered. And I suggest that the United States attorney investigate this case in view of that shaving story."

# Suicide Prevented by an Elusive Collar Button

OS ANGELES,-Ralston Wilkes for weeks had not been in good health. Le His distress so preyed upon him that it caused dissension between him and his wife. Mr. Wilkes thought that ill health, an unhappy home, and an angry wife were too great afflictions

for a man to stand, and he notified his most intimate friends that he intended to kill himself.

Such news he forwarded to Mrs. Wilkes, who was in Hollywood, housed by relatives. As soon as she received the alarm she notified the police and the police went to the Wilkes residence, No. 1453 North Coronado street, and questioned the He said he felt very bad inman. deed, that he was consumed by a



fever that the doctors had been unable to break, and was depressed. He could not perspire.

As his threats were not sufficiently active to warrant arrest, the police left him there. The next morning Mr. Wilkes, who is a carpenter, arese early and prepared the poison that was to cause his death.

Then he began to don his best clothes, but his collar button fell and skillfully concealed itself. Wilkes made a determined search, crawling all over the floor and moving the furniture.

Suddenly along his forchead there popped beads of perspiration. Almost at once his whole body was drenched. He felt relieved, and when he had cooled he feit so good that he was singing when the detectives reached there. They had been notified to go to him again, for he had warned his wife by a message that he would be dead by 10 o'clock.

Instead, both went to one of the beaches.

