

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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APOLLO.

Synopsis.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative oil spinner—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinner, Miss Higlesby-Browne into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, learns of it by letter, makes a hurry-up trip to the Panama Canal and catches the steamer. She demands her aunt. "Another lunatic!" yells the captain.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

This, then, was Miss Violet Higlesby-Browne. I saw a grim, bony, stocky shape, in a companion costume to my aunt's. Around the edges of her cork helmet her short iron-gray hair visibly bristled. She had a massive head, and a seamed and rugged countenance which did its best to live down the humiliation of a ridiculous little nose with no bridge.

But what riveted my eyes was the deadly glare with which hers were turned on me. I saw that not only was she as certain of my identity as though she had guided me from my first tottering steps, but that in a flash she had grasped my motives, aims and purposes, and meant once for all to face, out-general and defeat me with great slaughter.

So she announced to the company with deliberation: "The Young Person is mad!"

It nettled me extremely.

"Mad!" I flung back at her. "Because I wish to save my poor aunt from such a situation as this? It would be charitable to infer madness in those who have led her into it!"

When I reviewed this speech afterward I realized that it was not, under the circumstances, the best calculated to win me friends.

"Jane!" said Miss Higlesby-Browne in deep and awful tones, "the time has come to prove your strength!"

Aunt Jane proved it by uttering a shrill yelp, and clutching her hair with a reckless disregard of its having originally been that of a total stranger. So severe were her shrieks and struggles that it was with difficulty that she was borne below in the arms of two strong men.

I had seen Aunt Jane in hysterics before—she had them that time about the convict. I was not frightened, but I hurried after her—neck and neck with Miss Browne. It was fifteen minutes before Aunt Jane came to, and then she would only moan. I bathed her head, and held her hand, and did all the regulation things under the baleful eye of Miss Browne, who steadfastly refused to go away, but sat glaring like a gorgon who sees her prey about to be snatched from her.

In the midst of my ministrations I awoke suddenly to a rhythmic heave and throb which pervaded the ship. Dropping Aunt Jane's hand I rushed on deck. There lay the various pieces of my baggage, and in the distance the boat with the two brown rowers was skipping shoreward over the ripples. As for the Rufus Smith, she was under way, and heading out of the roadstead for the open sea.

I dashed aft to the captain, who stood issuing orders in the voice of an aggrieved foghorn.

"Captain!" I cried, "wait; turn around! You must put my aunt and me ashore!"

He whirled on me, showing a crimson angry face. "Turn around, is it, turn around?" he shouted. "Do you suppose I can loaf about the harbor here a-waitin' on your aunt's fish? You come aboard without me askin'. Now you can go along with the rest. This here ship has got her course set for Frisco, pickin' up Leeward island on the way, and anybody that ain't goin' in that direction is welcome to jump overboard."

That is how I happened to go to Leeward island.

CHAPTER II.

Apollo and Some Others.

The Rufus Smith, tramp freighter, had been chartered to convey the Harding-Browne expedition to Leeward island, which lies about three hundred miles west of Panama, and could be picked up by the freighter in her course. She was a little dingy boat with such small accommodations that I cannot imagine where the majority of her passengers stowed themselves away. My aunt and Miss Brown had a stateroom between them the size of a packing-box, and somebody turned out and resigned another to me. I retired there to dress for dinner. In the haste of my departure from San Francisco I had not brought a trunk, so the best I was able to produce in the way of a crusher for Miss

Higlesby-Browne and her fellow-passengers was a cool little white gown, which would shine at least by contrast with Miss Browne's severely utilitarian costume. White is becoming to my hair, which narrow-minded persons term red, but which has been known to cause the more discriminating to draw heavily on the dictionary for adjectives. My face is small and heart-shaped, with features strictly for use and not for ornament, but fortunately inconspicuous. As for my eyes, I think tawny quite the nicest word, though Aunt Jane calls them hazel and I have even heard whispers of green.

Five minutes after the gong sounded I walked into the cabin. Miss Browne, Captain Watkins of the freighter, and half a dozen men were already at the table. I slid unobtrusively into the one vacant place, fortunately remote from the captain, who glared at me savagely, as though still embittered by the recollection of my aunt's fits.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Browne in icy tones, "Miss Virginia Harding."

Two of the men rose, the others stared and ducked. Except for Miss Browne and the captain, I had received on coming aboard only the most blurred impression of my fellow-voyagers. I remembered them merely as a composite of khaki and cork helmets and astounded staring faces. But I felt that as the abettors of Miss Browne's hostile and sinister atmosphere enveloped them all.

Being thus in the camp of the enemy, I sat down in silence and devoted myself to my soup. The majority of my companions did likewise—audibly. But presently I heard a voice at my left:

"I say, what a jolly good sailor you seem to be—pity your aunt's not!"

I looked up and saw Apollo sitting beside me. Or rather, shall I say a young man who might have walked out of an advertisement for a ready-



"What Will She Do if She Meets a Cannibal and He Tries to Eat Her?"

made clothing house, so ideal and impossible was his beauty. He was very tall—I had to tilt my chin quite painfully to look up at him—and from the loose collar of his silk shirt his throat rose like a column. His skin was a beautiful clear pink and white just tinged with tan—like a meringue that has been in the oven for two minutes exactly. He had a straight, chiseled profile and his hair was thick and chestnut and wavy and he had clear sea-gray eyes. To give him at once his full name and titles, he was the Honorable Cuthbert Patrick Ruthmore Vane, of High Staunton Manor, Kent, England. But as I was ignorant of this, I can truthfully say that his looks stunned me purely on their own merits.

Outwardly calm, I replied, "Yes, it's too bad, but then who ever dreamed that Aunt Jane would go adventuring at her time of life? I thought nobody over the age of thirteen, and then boys, ever went treasure-hunting."

"Ah, but lads of thirteen couldn't well come such a distance on their own, you know," returned Apollo, with the kindest air of making allowance for the female intellect.

I hurriedly turned the subject.

"I really can't imagine Aunt Jane on a desert island. What will she do if she meets a cannibal and he tries to eat her?"

"Oh, really, now," argued the paragon earnestly, "I'm quite sure there's no danger of that, don't you know? I believe there are no natives at all on the island, or else quite tame ones, I forget which, and there are four of us

chaps, with no end of revolvers and things. Mr. Shaw—sitting opposite Miss Browne, you know—is rather running things, so if you feel nervous you should talk to him. Was with the South Polar expedition and all that—knows no end about this sort of thing—wouldn't for a moment think of letting ladies run the risk of being eaten."

I peeped around Apollo for a glimpse of the experienced Mr. Shaw. I saw a strong-featured, weather-beaten profile, the face of a man somewhere in his thirties, and looking, from this side view at least, not only stern but grim.

I made up my mind at once that the backbone of the party, and inevitably the leader in its projected villainies, whatever they might be, was this rugged-looking Mr. Shaw. You couldn't fancy him as the misled follower of anybody, even the terrific Violet.

As it seemed an unpropitious moment for taking counsel with Mr. Shaw about cannibals, I tried another tack with the beautiful youth at my side.

"How did you like Panama? I fancy the old town is very picturesque."

"Oh, rather!" assented Mr. Vane. "At least, that is what those painter chaps call it—met a couple of 'em at the hotel. Beastly little narrow streets and houses in a shocking state and all that. I like to see property kept up, myself."

"I am afraid," I said severely, "that you are a phillistine!"

He blinked a little. "Ah—quite so!" he murmured, recovering himself gallantly. "One of those chaps that backed Goliath against David, what?"

From this conversational impasse we were rescued by the interposition of the gentleman opposite, whose small twinkling eyes had been taking me in with intentness.

"I did some fittin' about that little burg on my own hook," he informed us, "and what I got to say is, it needs wakin' up. I might have took a hand in it myself, if I hadn't have met up with Miss Browne and your aunt. Yes, sir, I had a sleek little proposition or two up my sleeve. Backed by some of the biggest capital in the U. S. A.—in fact, there's a bunch of fellers up there in God's country that's pretty sore on old H. H. for passin' things up this way. Keep the wires hummin' for two-three days, till they see I wasn't to be switched, and then the Old Man himself—no use mentionin' names, but I guess you know who I mean—Wall Street would, quick enough, anyway—the Old Man himself threatened to put his yacht in commission and come down to find out what sort of little game H. H. was playin' on him. But I done like Br'er Rabbit—jest lay low, Hamilton H. Tubbs knows a good thing when he sees it about as quick as the next one—and he knows enough to keep mum about it, too!"

Three or four rough-looking men, of whom one, a certain Captain Magnus, belonged to our party and the rest to the ship, continued vigorously to hack their way through the meal with clattering knives and forks. Of other sounds there was none. Such gloom weighed heavily on the genial spirit of Mr. Tubbs, and he lightened it by rising to propose a toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to her now unfortunately laid low by the pang of mal de mer—our friend and bony dear, Miss Harding!"

This was bewildering, for neither by friend nor foe could Aunt Jane be called upon. Later in the light of Mr. Tubbs's passion for classical allusion, I decided to translate it bona dea, and consider the family complimented. At the moment I sat stunned, but Miss Browne, with greater self-possession, majestically inclined her head and said:

"In the name of our absent friend, I thank you."

In spite of wistful looks from the beautiful youth as we rose from the table, and the ailurement of a tropic moon, I remained constant to duty and Aunt Jane, and immured myself in her stateroom, where I passed an enlivening evening listening to her moans. She showed a faint returning spark of life when I mentioned Cuthbert Vane, and raised her head to murmur that he was Honorable and she understood though not the heir, still likely to inherit and perhaps after all Providence.

The unspoken end of Aunt Jane's sentence pursued me into dreams in which an unknown gentleman obligingly broke his neck riding to hounds and left Apollo heir to the title and estates.

"I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw. No end—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Has Light of 500 Million Candles. A one-half billion candlepower searchlight, the most powerful in the world, whose rays can be seen for 70 miles, has just been received at San Francisco, where it will be installed on Mount Tamalpais, at the entrance to the Golden Gate.

The light is ten feet high, weighs nearly three tons and has a 60-inch lens. A man standing ten miles from the light could read a newspaper. Ten feet away he would be able to light a cigar by means of it. A citizens' committee of San Francisco is arranging for the searchlight, which will shoot its rays out across the Pacific ocean and give the first indication to incoming steamships that land is near.

W. D. A. Ryan, the illuminating engineer who lighted the Panama Pacific International exposition, first suggested the use of the light to stand as a sentinel at the Golden Gate.

U. S. LAYS BARE PLAN TO DISARM

Secretary Hughes' Proposal Hits Opening Session Like Bombshell.

SUGGESTS NAVAL HOLIDAY

Chief Powers of World Challenged By America to Destroy Great Warships—Concrete Program Is Promulgated.

Washington, D. C.—America's proposal for a radical reduction and strict limitation of naval armament by the chief naval powers which was laid before the arms conference at the opening session by Secretary of State Hughes descended upon the assemblage like a bombshell. Before the delegates scarcely were aware of what was happening, Mr. Hughes, true to his promise, had laid the cards of Uncle Sam's hand face up on the table. The proposal literally amazed the delegates assembled and created a sensation in many parts of the world.

A ten-year naval holiday is the proposal, and the United States, Great Britain and Japan shall scrap sixty-six capital ships, aggregating 1,878,043 tons.

Within three months after the conclusion of an agreement the United States would have eighteen capital ships; Great Britain twenty-two and Japan ten. Tonnage of the three nations, respectively would be 500,650, 604,450 and 290,700.

Ships when twenty years old might be replaced, and the replacement scheme is 500,000 tons for the United States, 500,000 tons for Great Britain and 300,000 tons for Japan.

The United States would scrap thirty capital ships aggregating 834,746 tons; Great Britain, nineteen, aggregating 583,375 tons, and Japan seventeen, aggregating 448,928 tons.

The figures include old ships to be scrapped, ships building or for which material has been assembled.

What America Proposes.

The principal features of the American plan propose:

That for not less than ten years competitive naval building cease as between Great Britain, the United States and Japan.

That all capital ships building or planned to be scrapped, and a few recently placed in the water be destroyed within three months of ratification of the agreement.

That the older ships also be destroyed, reducing the British force to twenty-two battleships, the American to eighteen and the Japanese to ten, each ship to be retained being named.

That during the agreement, no capital craft to be laid down except under a detailed replacement scheme included in the proposal, which would provide for ultimate equality of the British and American fleets and for a Japanese force at 60 per cent. of the strength of either other two.

That all other naval craft be similarly provided for in the same ratio, specific figures for aggregate tonnage in each class being laid down.

That naval aircraft be disregarded in the scaling down processes as a problem incapable of solution owing to the convertibility of commercial aircraft for war purposes.

That no naval building be undertaken in any of the three countries on foreign account during the agreement.

That no capital ships hereafter laid down exceed 35,000 tons.

That the life of a battleship shall be fixed at twenty years, and that ships to be replaced be destroyed before the replacement vessel is more than three months passed completion.

That no battleship replacement whatever be undertaken for ten years from date of the agreement.

That no combat craft be acquired except by construction, and none be so disposed of that it might become part of another navy.

That regulations to govern conversion of merchant craft for war purposes be drawn up, because of the importance of the merchant marine.

"In inverse ratio to the size of naval armaments."

These are features of the sweeping challenge Secretary Hughes presented to the other naval powers. There was complete detail covering every phase of the question, but the essence of the proposal lay in this:

That the United States offered to go far beyond what she asked Great Britain or Japan to do, viewed from the financial losses involved.

The whole American big ship building program is on the stocks, while Great Britain has no capital ships under construction and the Japanese "eight and eight" program is as yet largely on paper.

House Passes Bonus Bill. Jefferson City, Mo.—The Missouri house of representatives passed the soldier bonus bill, in the form the bill passed the senate. Final count showed that only one vote was cast against the measure.

Bandits Make Heavy Haul. St. Louis, Mo.—Two armed men entered the jewelry store of Edward J. Gallant in the downtown section, forced three employees in the rear room and escaped with jewelry valued at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

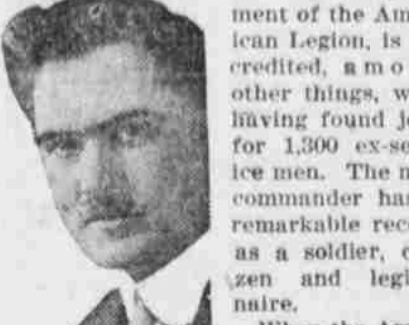
THE AMERICAN LEGION

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

FINDS JOBS FOR LEGION MEN

Minnesota Department Commander Holds Remarkable Record as Soldier, Citizen and Legionnaire.

Dr. A. A. VanDyke, Minneapolis, Minn., newly elected commander of the Minnesota Department of the American Legion, is accredited, among other things, with having found jobs for 1,300 ex-service men. The new commander has a remarkable record as a soldier, citizen and legionnaire.



When the American Legion cause into being, Dr. VanDyke immediately became an active member. He was the first vice commander of St. Paul Post No. 8, which at the time was the largest post in the United States. He has served as chairman of the Ramsey county welfare committee and was a member of the legislative committee instrumental in getting the soldiers' bonus bill before the legislature.

Doctor VanDyke was born in Alexandria, Minn., and was graduated in 1903 from the University of Chicago School of Medicine. He later completed a course in dentistry at University of Minnesota. During the war he enlisted in the signal corps and because of previous training in artillery was sent to the M. O. R. S. camp in New Jersey as instructor.

THE DISABLED ARE FAVORED

Director of the Government Veterans' Bureau Aims to Give the Doubt to Claimants.

Gen. Red Tape, merciless foe of the disabled man, has been almost entirely eliminated through efforts of the American Legion, in its successful campaign for the passage of the Sweet bill—and the efforts of Charles R. Forbes, director of the government veterans' bureau.

Himself a veteran and a Legionnaire, Mr. Forbes has adopted a policy of seeking out the disabled man, instead of letting the disabled man's claim find its way into a pigeon hole via the route of red tape.

The government put an end to divided authority in its dealing with ex-service men with the appointment of Mr. Forbes as head of the veterans' bureau. This bureau dispenses the insurance, looks after hospital care and the difficult task of restoring disabled men to their former earning capacity, or creating them anew through vocational training.

Mr. Forbes' policy in dealing with compensation claims of disabled men and women gives the doubt to the claimant. "No claim," says Mr. Forbes, "shall be disallowed unless the disallowance is imperative, and doubts are to be decided in favor of the disabled man or woman."

HOW TO CURE UNEMPLOYMENT

Secretary of Labor, Writing in Legion Weekly, Tells How Situation May Be Relieved.

Writing in the American Legion Weekly on "Seeking the Cure for Unemployment," James J. Davis, secretary of labor, sums up the cure in a single paragraph as follows:

"Wage earners can help by giving up unreasonable demands, so that employers can afford to start their mills again, or so that buildings can be built—houses, schools, factories, stores. Merchants can help by giving up unreasonable profits, so that more people can afford to buy clothing, furniture, food and general supplies. The landlord can help by lowering unreasonable rents, so that workmen can afford to accept a wage that shall become a living wage as rents are lowered."

Warm Welcome for "Legion" Steamer.

After having clipped ten hours off the record run between New York and Rio de Janeiro, the all-American-manned steamer American Legion, has returned to New York, following her maiden voyage. The vessel, with the majority of its crew members of the Legion, was greeted in every South American port it touched by Legion posts. Along the Platte river from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, the captain reported, launches put out from shore and their owners cracked bottles of wine and champagne over the bow plates of the ship as she slowly made her way up the river. This, he said, was the South American Legionnaires' way of expressing their welcome.

Weak and Worn?

Has summer left you dull, tired; all worn out? Do you have constant backache, with headaches, dizzy spells, sharp, shooting pains, or annoying kidney irregularities? Influenza and grip epidemics have left thousands with weak kidneys and failing strength. Don't wait until serious kidney trouble develops. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. Ora Lewis, 110 Barady St., Falls City, Nebr., says: "My back was weak with a steady ache and I could hardly keep at my household work. I had dizzy spells and black specks before my eyes. My kidneys acted too often. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and a couple boxes corrected the trouble so that I felt better in every way."

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