

The Finding of Jasper Holt

BY
Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "Marcia Schuyler", "Phoebe Deane",
"The Obsession of Victoria Gracen", etc.

It had not been a pleasant task. Scathlin was a foul mouthed, foul souled companion for any man to tie to, and his personal habits were anything but attractive. Time and again Holt had almost turned from his task with disgust, resolved to let his rights and all go rather than be tied to the creature another hour. Yet he had stuck to him; and now, after these many days of cunning and craftiness, of trickeries too numerous to mention, of attempted escape on Scathlin's part; after taking side trips to funerals of Scathlin's relatives who never had existed, except in imagination; visits to business men who were supposed to be bounding Scathlin to his death and yet who were never found—after all this they were on their way back to Hawk valley! Scathlin had come to the end of his money and his wits, and had been compelled to accept the escort and financial aid of Holt back to the place from which he had started, because he did not dare to do anything else. This he did both on his own account and for the sake of his employers, who would not hesitate to leave him in the lurch to save themselves, and who had warned him above all things not to let Holt suspect his mission with those papers to the eastern syndicate. Besides, there was always the hope that he might yet escape and make his way back in time to present those papers to the man whom Harrington had said would pay him a big reward for bringing them. Harrington and his men could not have done it without suspicion, but the plan was that Scathlin should profess to have found something valuable to the syndicate and be willing to sell it at a good price.

It was no wonder that Scathlin's eyes had a hunted look, and his bad old face under its stubby growth was almost pitifully desperate as he looked at the fresh face of the sweet young girl, and for the moment forgot his misery, gloating over her beauty, while Holt seemed to be engaged with the sunset view. But Holt caught the gleam in his victim's eye and his heart burned hotly within him. He could have crushed the creature then and there for the insolence of his gaze. He could have crushed him like vermin and felt no sin. All the man in him roused to resent the evil look.

"Scathlin!" His tone was cutting with command and the old man turned cringing and met the steely glance of his captor, then impatient and trembling with anger began to look again out of the window; again the crimson wrath surged up his leathery neck and sufficed his coarse features.

The girl, half aware of what had been going on, turned and took it all in a frightened color flickering up into her cheeks. Her eyes, growing large with vague horror, met Holt's stately gaze, saw it change and soften reassuringly, as if he were holding out a leathery hand, and wished her to understand she need not fear. The girl, with one fleeting look of gratitude toward the young man, turned back again to her window as if nothing had happened. In fact no onlooker would have suspected that anything at all had happened, and yet really a little drama had been enacted—and all the actors understood it as thoroughly as if it had been spoken. But one word only had been audible, and the girl wasn't sure she had heard that right.

The dusk dropped down and the train sped on over the plains.

And now the sunset stains grew deeper and blended into gold and crimson and lifted the gray into clear opal spaces of luminous beauty, spreading the canopy of color far along horizon of the plain. It was a thing to make one look in awe, to hush evil thoughts and bring a holiness to hearts. Something of its calm and strength crept into the girl's expression as she watched it, and once she half turned to see if Holt was watching too. But Holt was sitting facing the other way and could see only the fading trails of glory in the sky as it sped away from his gaze, though he had caught the reflection of wonder from her face, and averted his own eyes as if from too holy a sight. Those who knew Holt, or thought they knew him, would have laughed loud and long at such an idea of him, but it was true. The girl felt it as she turned safely back to her sunset.

Scathlin was not enjoying the view. He was looking furtively on every side to see if there could be by any chance a good place where he might risk throwing out that cursed wallet and hope never to find it again. If only there would be a station—or he could risk dropping it out of the window near some water tank or something. But the plain slid by, a level monotony, broken only by the rose and emerald and gold of the setting sun. Scathlin grew more and more desperate. It was growing dark, and he dared not find it again, or where someone else might find it—and yet! They were tearing Hawk valley. The morning would bring them within the ranges of Holt's man—that hand of trained and devoted outlaws who were as relentless in their justice as they were

careless of their lives. No mercy was to be expected from their hands if once he fell among them. He shivered as a tall shaft of bare tree, dead and stark, stood out in the distance against the clear gold of the sunset line. It was on such a tree he had seen a cattle thief hang, ghastly against the sky, as he rode by once just at nightfall. It might easily be his fate before another sunset. If he could not get away in the night all chance of escape before they reached Hawk valley was gone, for well he knew Jasper Holt's men were set at intervals along the way, sentinels ready to head him off. And what treatment could he expect from either Jasper Holt or his men with that incriminating wallet in his pocket? He had been a fool to take up with Harrington's offer. Money or no money, it wasn't worth the risk. He was getting to be an old man and not so ready to face death as when his blood was hot and his hand steady. He had not even any weapons of defense, thanks to his grim captor who had disarmed him while he slept, the first night of their journey together. There had never been any open recognition of the fact between them, save that one glance as Scathlin put his hand to the pocket where it had been and was not. He had charged with his eyes in one look of helpless fury, and Holt's clear gray eyes had met his unflinchingly in acknowledgment. That had been all, but Scathlin knew then that there was nothing for him but to evade Holt and get away if possible. He would stand no chance in an open conflict, and his captor was untiringly vigilant. He glanced again at the stern face opposite him, wondering what would be the fate to which he was surely, swiftly hastening. States' prison? Or would they take the law into their own hands? He knew what that might mean only too well, and again the desperate look passed over his face with Hate and Murder looking dimly from his eyes. How he would like to spring at that slim brown throat opposite him and throttle the life from the young fellow. Only a kid—a mere kid—and yet he had withstood many, and had power to crush Scathlin in spite of all his boasted cunning. The look of a serpent crept into the little gleaming eyes of the old man as he noticed the quick glance his companion cast at the girl across the aisle; and his own eyes followed filled with hate. Yes, he would like to drive his fat, hairy fingers into the white throat of the girl before the eyes of her gallant defender if only he had Holt helpless! But instead, here was he, helpless himself! And he must find a way to escape before morning, or else get rid of that wallet in some safe way. Surely, surely Holt would be off his guard sometimes for a little space. He had scarcely slept a wink for four days; how could he endure it much longer?

But Scathlin's cogitations were cut short by the entrance of the conductor at last and he turned to watch the girl as she spoke to him.

"I was to have had a section reserved for me," she was saying to the conductor. "My brother-in-law, Mr. James Harrington, of Hawk valley, arranged for it, and telegraphed me that it was all right. See, I have the telegram. But the porter said I must come in here until I saw you because I had no ticket for the Pullman."

"She held out the yellow envelope and the conductor looked at it."

"Your brother's name is Harrington? You are going to Hawk valley?"

He looked at her sharply. "Well, just wait a few minutes till I go through the next car and then I'll see to it. It ought to be all right."

He bustled on his way attending to his passengers and the girl sat back again to wait.

At the name "Harrington" Scathlin had turned with a start and looked toward the girl; but even in the act he caught the narrow gleam of Holt's half closed eyes, and remembering, turned back again to his window while his thoughts went pounding into new channels. He had made a mistake, of course, to let Holt see that he had heard, so he kept his eyes toward the window until it grew quite dark. But he had a plan at last. In another minute he got upon his feet, yawning, and declared his intention of getting a drink of water from the cooler at the other end of the car.

"Good idea!" said Holt, rising and following his captive down the aisle lazily.

Scathlin reached the cooler first and took his drink, while Holt stood waiting for the cup and let Scathlin go back to his seat alone, apparently not noticing him. Scathlin settled back in his seat with one eye on Holt, and one eye on the girl.

Holt stood drinking in a leisurely way, apparently interested in looking through the glass of the door into the next car, though he was fully aware that Scathlin was fumbling in the inner pocket of his bachel shirt. He lingered, hoping that the old man would do something which would make him more certain of what he already believed to be true, and saw Scathlin finally, after repeated fumbling under

the shirt, draw forth a small dark object that, in the one swift glimpse Holt had of it, looked like his own leather wallet in search of which he had come this long, hard journey. Anxious to see what Scathlin's next move was to be, he remained quietly standing and still apparently looking through the car door, though not a move of Scathlin's was lost upon him. To his amazement he suddenly saw Scathlin bend forward and pick up something from the car floor, then lean toward the girl in the opposite seat and put the object in her lap, at the same time speaking to her. Had the man picked up something the girl had dropped, or was he—? Preposterous! The fellow wouldn't dare, with a strange girl. She was smiling and looking down at the thing in her lap and seemed to be thanking him. She had probably dropped her handkerchief or pocketbook and Scathlin had picked it up. Holt sauntered leisurely back to his seat and found Scathlin fumbling with his shoe lace. He studied him narrowly and fancied that he detected a look of cunning satisfaction on the stubby old face, yet was puzzled to know what caused it. Had the scoundrel dared to give those papers to the girl when he stood in full view? It seemed incredible—and yet? If he had, Holt's hands were pretty well tied and he had two to watch instead of one. He didn't like the idea of shadowing this beautiful young woman.

Just then the conductor returned and spoke to the girl.

"Well, your berth's reserved for you all right, but it was in the name of Harrington. It's Section 7, in the next car. This your baggage? Come this way and I'll show you."

The girl followed the conductor, with a half hesitating glance toward Scathlin, who was engaged with his shoes. Holt noticed she held her handbag clasped tightly, as if she were afraid it might be taken from her. When she was gone the night settled down unpleasantly about them and Scathlin, apparently worn out, snored as he had not dared to do for a week. But Holt sat up and studied his problem. He could not afford to take any chances on sleep that night; moreover his heart was in a tumult. This girl was coming to Hawk Valley to visit the Harringtons. She was a sister of Mrs. Harrington, the handsomest woman, the best dressed woman, the most influential woman in all that valley. Would he ever see the girl? Sometimes, from afar perhaps—and a bitter look swept over his face.

Scathlin slept on, with his coarse lower jaw down dropped, and all his unpleasant features relaxed. He was no charming picture to look upon. Holt noticed that there was no longer that furtive grasp of one hand upon his breast which had been since their journey together had begun. Scathlin's horny hands, with their grasping look of cunning, were lying idly by his side, and Scathlin himself was enjoying a well earned rest, his heavily shod feet sprawled out under Holt's seat.

The night droned on; the train sped on its way through the darkness, and still Holt sat wide awake and thinking.

"I can't quite dope things out," he said to himself as he settled back in a new position.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Jean Grayson had followed her bustling conductor into the sleeper with a sense of deep relief. She had been frankly frightened since the rough old tramp looking creature across the aisle had landed a worn looking wallet surreptitiously in her lap and asked if he hadn't heard her say she was going to Mr. Harrington at Hawk Valley, and would she be so good as to give that case of important papers to him and not let anyone else know she had it?

She had accepted the trust because she did not know what else to do; and, after all, it seemed a simple enough request. The man had explained that he had to go off in another direction at the next stop and could not deliver the goods himself, and it was most important that it get to her brother at once. There did not seem to be any good reason why she should refuse, and yet it had frightened her, and she wished with all her heart that she had gone with the conductor to see about the sleeper and not stayed here to have this dirty old leather case put into her keeping by that dirty old man. She did not know what to do with it. She hated to put it in her dear little new handbag, and she restrained her well cut nose from a shrinking sniff as she hastily put it out of sight.

She had sat looking out of the darkened window with her heart in a tumult as the tall young man with the fine eyes and the air of reckless assurance came back to his seat. What had he to do with the old fellow? Could he be his son? No, never! But did he know about the important papers? Could he have put the old man up to giving them to her, so that, under some pretense or other, he himself might speak to her? She did not dare to look his way lest he should presume upon the old man's speaking. This, her first western trip, was a fearful thing to her, although she reveled in the joy of it.

Yet, when she arose to follow the conductor and gave one swift comprehensive glance toward the opposite seat, she saw a respectful pair of gray eyes looking interestedly at her, with nothing presumptuous in them, and she instantly felt that there was no need to fear that young man. He might be dressed like a cowboy, but he had eyes like a gentleman.

Miss Grayson was tired, for she had come a long journey, stopping a day

on the way with relatives who had taken her sight seeing and kept her going every minute, so that she was glad to creep into her berth as soon as the porter had made it up.

She shrank in dislike from the leather case in her handbag, and after some hesitation took it out and wrapped it in a leaf from a magazine she had brought with her. She could not bear to have the thing in with her nice fresh handkerchiefs and dainty little articles. It seemed contaminating. She had a half impulse to throw it away or lose it; and then her conscience reproached her loudly for so dishonorable a thought. The papers might be valuable, of course, and in that case her brother would have just cause to blame her if she did not bring them. At the same time she hated the thought of carrying around anything that had been in the possession of that repulsive looking man.

As she settled herself to sleep and drew around her the folds of the soft silk Pullman robe that had been her mother's parting surprise, loving thoughts of those she had left behind her filled her mind. All the little tender words, looks and acts of loving sacrifice that she might be well fitted out for this journey, came flocking to be recognized, until unbidden tears filled her eyes. This silken robe was an extravagance, she knew, and would be paid for by many a denial on the part of father and mother, but it represented their great love for her. A thought of what they would have felt about her being accosted by that rough man and asked to carry that package for him came to trouble her, yet what other possible thing was there for her to do but to accept it? It certainly could not be dynamite or an infernal machine. Her mother would have thought of something of that nature the first thing—or infection, perhaps smallpox or something equally horrible. That was possible, of course. But still, the man looked healthy enough.

Her father? Yes, her father would undoubtedly have approved of her taking the package. Her father was one who never thought of himself when anything in the shape of duty demanded attention, and he had brought her up with the same feeling. Anyway, now that she had taken it and agreed to deliver it, there seemed nothing more to be done but to keep her word, and it was a simple enough affair, of course, and, after all, quite reasonable. Why should it bother her so?

Nevertheless, it mingled with her dreaming thoughts as she drifted off to sleep, and a kind of assurance with regard to it came as she remembered the steady, clear eyes of the younger man.

Softly in her silken wrapping she lay and slept while the monotonous hum of the rushing train only lulled her to deeper slumber.

Suddenly, in the midst of the commonplace sounds of the journey there came a grinding, grating shriek as of strong metal hard pressed and unable to withstand. A crash, a jolt, then terrible confusion. The very foundations of the earth seemed upshaken, the cars pitching, writhing, tossing, and at last settling uncertainly in strange positions, while the night was filled with horrid sounds too varying to analyze. Cries of women and children! Groans of men in mortal agony; breaking glass and splintering timbers; rending of metal in reluctant, discordant clang! And below, rising menacingly to threaten all, came the lurid glare of flame, the wild, exultant crackle of fire that knows its opportunity and power; the desperate hysterical clamor of those who have discovered it, and the mad, brave shouts of those who would attempt to conquer it.

Jean Grayson awoke in dazed bewilderment. For a moment the noise seemed a part of her dream; her strange, huddled position on the wood at the foot of her berth a figment of her imagination. But almost at once the cold breath from the broken window brought her to her senses. An accident! It had come then! The thing which her mother had feared and tried to provide against. She was in a railroad accident all alone and out in the wilds of the west where she was utterly unacquainted with anyone! It was characteristic of Jean that, when she realized her plight, she thought first of how her mother would take the news, and not of how she herself would bear the experience, or whether it meant life and death to herself. That she must get out of danger and let her mother know of her safety was her instant impulse, and from that moment her senses were keenly on the alert for every detail.

(Continued Next Week.)

ALLEGED BOOZE RUNNER AND WOMAN ARRESTED

Lincoln, Neb., May 17.—Al Bush, former soldier, who lives at Sherman, Ia., is under arrest here, where Al Simpson, a department store clerk of Omaha, on a charge of booze running. Bush's car successfully passed the booze testers at Nebraska City, but when State Agent Hyers examined it he found the imprint of a hammerhead on a board in the bottom of the auto, and when he took the board up he found 71 pints of whisky. Bush claims he bought it in Nebraska. The girl talked freely after she had been informed by the officers that Bush had a wife and children there, where he was in business. She said Bush posed as a single man, and told all the details of their wanderings from the time he came and got her at Omaha and took her to various points in Iowa.

A resolution petitioning congress to have a federal law by which the Churches of Christ in America.

The Hard-Up British M. P.

From the Indianapolis News.

Members of congress who are inclined to complain that \$7,500 a year is not enough to live on comfortably in these parlous times should consider the case of the British member of parliament. Members of the house of commons receive approximately \$2,000 annually. That is not enough, generally speaking, according to one member who complains to a London newspaper. In his case, he says, the \$2,000 is enough because he has a 7 shillings 6 pence flat in Canning town, and owing to the shortage of housing facilities cannot get a better one. For members whose homes are outside London the case is sadder. He says:

They have either to break up their homes and come to live in London, where living is ruinous in cost for anyone who has not got a house, or else they have to keep two homes going. They are between the devil and the deep sea. In either case the member has to keep in close touch with his electors, otherwise he is not doing his duty, so that no matter how he is situated he has to spend a lot of money on railway traveling. Add the cost of railway travel to the tremendously increased cost of living, to the possibility of having to break up a home, to the fact that one home in London at the moment costs as much as two homes would have cost before the war—and you have a situation that simply defies argument.

Some day, he modestly hopes, the people of Great Britain can be induced to raise the salary of their representatives to \$3,000 yearly, but he warns against the danger of being exploited by adventurers who would be attracted by such a salary. He suggests two immediate remedies for the situation of the poor M. P., which may bring a smile or a groan to American readers. He hopes that at a very early date the member of parliament will "have a warrant to carry him to London and his constituency"—in other words, mileage—and he wants the privilege of having his correspondence sent free.

When the franking and mileage pies become institutions in Great Britain its final and indisputable claim to democracy will have been established. The British people will profit by looking into the experience of others before accepting all the customs and habits of democracy. Paying their servants real money might be cheaper in the long run. But what a piker is the British member of parliament who only now asks for \$3,000 a year and a little mileage and franking concession in comparison with his American confrere!

Very Prosaic.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.
We were alone. All day long I had waited for his coming. He recited poetry to me softly, and told me that he preferred my dull blonde hair and lavender eyes to a pliant brunette's flashing blue eyes and crimson mouth. We talked about love. Suddenly the lights went out. We were alone. All day long I had waited for his coming. "Don't be alarmed," he said, "I have a match."

Infamously.

From the Washington Star.
"Do you want your hair singed?" asked the polite barber.
"No. I don't want to take a chance. A friend in whose judgment I have some confidence told me I have an ivory dome."

"What difference does that make?"

"He might be wrong. Maybe it's celluloid."

HEROES.

I see them hastening toward the light
Where war's dim watchfires glow;
The stars that burn in Europe's night
Conduct them to the foe.

As when a flower feels the sun
And opens to the sky,
Knowing their dream has just begun,
They hasten forth to die.

Be it the mystery of Love—
Be it the might of Truth—
Some wisdom that we know not of
Controls the heart of youth.

All that philosophy might guess,
These children of the light
In one bright act of death compress,
Then vanish from our sight.

Like meteors on a midnight sky
They break—so clear, so brief—
Their glory lingers on the eye
And leaves no room for grief.

And when to joy old sorrows turn
To spring war's winter long,
Their blood in every heart will burn,
Their life in every song.
—John Jay Chapman.

Rocks Stop Commerce.

From the Detroit News.
Almost \$1,000,000,000 worth of freight passed through the Soo canal during 1918 and the transportation involved amounted to 70,107,618,229 miles. Such statements look two ways: They give a glimpse of the enormous productivity, the colossal wealth of the vast territory tributary to the Great Lakes. The ships that pass the Soo and Detroit bring ores and wheat and meats and dairy products—food and fabrics for clothing and materials for shelter and implements and equipment, in amounts to contribute to the comfort, well being and prosperity of millions of people. That is looking toward the source. And looking toward the outlet we find a great inland waterway carrying a world commerce, but isolated from the world markets by a stretch of tumbling rapids in one river. Is it conceivable that the genius of two great peoples, those of the United States and the Canadian, will not solve this problem and let the cargo carriers of the Great Lakes out to the sea?

Pershing's French.

Frederick Palmer, in Collier's.
Aside from Pershing's chief of staff and his chief aid, Colonel Boyd, probably his other aid, Colonel Collins, was closest to him. Collins had been with him for seven years, in the Philippines and in Mexico, and had a wise head on young shoulders. The general allowed him to go away for a while to fight, but would not be parted from him for long. Boyd spoke French well. Wherever the general went, there was Boyd, whose death from pneumonia after the armistice was a blow to hundreds of officers, who always thought of him as outside the general's door or at his side. The general's own French was sufficient for an ordinary conversation and influenced by the demands of the occasion. He surprised a certain interpreter who was interpreting for him to Petain one day by saying: "I didn't say 'il dit,' but 'en dit'—they say, not he says."

He Won.

From the Dallas News.
"What are those splendid silver cups here?" inquired the man in the jeweler's shop.
"Those, sir, are race cups, to be awarded as prizes," replied the jeweler.
"Well, if that's the case," said the stranger, taking the largest one in his hand, "suppose you race me for this one."
He started off with the jeweler after him, but the stranger won the cup.

Gen. Leonard Wood will make the commencement address before the students of the University of Pennsylvania next month.

Prince Goes A-Flying.

From the London Telegraph.
In ideal flying weather the prince of Wales spent a full hour in the air the other day, enjoying the wonderful spectacle of the panorama of London. Lady Joan Mulholland clad like the prince of Wales in a fur coat and wearing a pilot's fur helmet and goggles, occupied the front gunner's cockpit. There were eight persons in the machine. The machine took off with the usual ease and steadiness which characterizes the type, and soon reached 2,000 feet, which was the height maintained during the trip. A complete circuit of central London was made, with St. Paul's as the outstanding landmark.

WHEN MAN IS A FAILURE.

From the Office Economist.
The mere fact that a man has failed in business or in other undertakings does not mean very much unless we know what he did after his failure. It's the man behind the failure that will tell results—whether it is the end of the man or just the beginning. If he is made of the stuff that kings he will come back. No man is a failure until he loses heart and gives up trying. There is no such thing as failure in the man who sets his teeth and refuses to quit.

French Girl Surplus.

From the Boston Globe.
The big problem in France at the close of the peace conference will be the 700,000 girls of marriageable age who must live without husbands, according to Chaplain Daniel Courve, lieutenant in the French army and a special representative of the French government lecturing in the United States.

"We have 700,000 girls who will never have the chance to marry," the chaplain said. "In France, before the war, we educated our daughters to marry, and as the father of three daughters I brought them up with that constantly in mind. Their whole life is fitted for it. 'We lost 1,400,000 French soldiers out of our population of 40,000,000. Before the war the population of marriageable men and women almost balanced. Half of our honored dead were married men with families, and the other half were of the age to marry.'"

No Gun Toters.

From the Los Angeles Times.
The west of the woolly novelist is becoming a merrily. The legislature can't tote a gun in Montana! The last legislature placed a ban on shooting-iron. The day when a man dangled seven pounds of artillery over his hip has gone forever. Nobody but forest rangers and peace officers can carry a rifle without a permit, and permits are not to be had merely for the asking. One must go before a judge and prove good character and some worthy warrant for wearing a weapon before the license is obtained. This amounts to the practical disarmament of the Montana cowboy, and the tenderfoot may not even buy a gun to protect himself from the cockroaches. The influence of the peace conference is vast.

America Needs Cables.

From the Seattle Times.
Better cable connections between the United States and Japan were warmly urged at a dinner in Tokyo the other night, held under the auspices of the American-Japan Society. The Viscount Kameko, one of the speakers, endorsed the project on the ground that improved communications would promote closer and more cordial relations between the two countries. He suggested that a route by way of the Aleutian Islands should be given attention by responsible men in America and Japan. This is a matter which, if not attempted by private capital, should be undertaken by the government. The United States should have its own cables running to Asia and Europe. It should have so many of them, as might be necessary to assure prompt interchange of news and views with all the major countries of the world.

Talking Nonsense.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
One of socialism's parrot phrases is that governments in the United States and Western Europe are run by capitalists for the benefit of capital. It is another bird than the parrot that cannot see in the daylight. Socialism was not similarly afflicted it would long ago have perceived what complete nonsense that phrase is. Time was when capital on government decidedly outweighed the influence of labor. The weight is just as decisively in the other scale now, and everybody who can see straight knows it. A further contemporary fact in England is that labor outweighs government itself, and government knows it. When it comes to coercing labor and coercing government with far greater success than government can coerce labor. A powerful combination of unions has been laying down the terms on which basic industries shall operate, and government has been castigated for the best compromise it could make.

In the United States two years ago railroad capital took one position before the government and railroad labor took another. We know which won. As against socialism's silly talk about Wall Street running the country—or Lombard street in England's case—the question is whether another great interest is not able, and quite as selfishly, to impose its arbitrarily will on the country.

Unfaddable Ink to Wilson.

From the Milwaukee Journal.
President Wilson and others at the peace conference may afford numerous cures to the peace treaty with an unfaddable ink patented by Alexander Lichtenberg, New Orleans.

Mr. Lichtenberg received word from the state department that a half pint of his "unfaddable" ink had been forwarded to President Wilson for the purpose of signing the world peace declaration. Mr. Lichtenberg has received information that the government chemists had declared after tests that it is impossible to bleach the ink and that it would last as long as the paper on which it is written.