

# TUCKER IN THE TOILS

## SECRETARY OF UNCLE SAM OIL COMPANY INDICTED.

### ARRESTED AT KANSAS CITY

#### Cherryvale Man Charged With Using Mails to Defraud—Arraigned in Federal Court at Topeka and Held in Bonds of \$1,000.

Topeka, Kan., April 10.—Following his indictment on the charge of using the mails to defraud, returned by the federal grand jury, H. H. Tucker, Jr., of Cherryvale, Kan., secretary and promoter of the Uncle Sam Oil company, who was arrested in Kansas City, was arraigned in the United States district court here. Judge Pollock fixed Tucker's bond at \$15,000, and at 3 o'clock he left for Kansas City, in company with an officer of the court, to secure bail.

It is charged in the indictment that Tucker has sold about \$1,200,000 (cash value) in stock in the Uncle Sam company, with a par value of over \$10,000,000; that the sum of about \$20,000 already paid in dividends was taken from the receipts of stock sales and not from the earnings of the company, and that while this was going on Tucker was using the mails to accomplish the sale of more stock; also that the assets of the company are now \$150,000 less than the money received from the sale of the stock.

Tucker said that he entertained no fears in regard to the criminal charges against him. He said the company had 2,600 stockholders in Kansas, 1,400 in Missouri, 500 each in Oklahoma and Nebraska and 700 each in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana.

At a meeting of the directors of the Uncle Sam Oil company at Kansas City, which was attended by Tucker and the attorneys for the company, it was decided to call a meeting of the stockholders of the company within the next ten days and explain to them the exact condition of the company's affairs. If the stockholders decide that they want to take the business of the company into their own hands, Tucker and the directors will interpose no objection.

## CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS

### Features of the Day's Trading and Closing Quotations.

Chicago, April 9.—Realizing sales had a weakening effect today on the wheat market, the May delivery closing at a net decline of 1/8c. Corn is up 1/4c. Oats are off 1/4c. Provisions show a gain of 12 1/2@17 1/2c.

**Closing prices:**  
Wheat—May, 76 1/2@76 3/4; July, 78 1/2@79; Sept., 80 1/4@80 1/2.  
Corn—May, 46c; July, 46 1/2@46 3/4.  
Oats—May, 42 1/2c; July, 38 1/2c.  
Pork—May, \$16.92 1/2; July, \$16.10.  
Lard—May, \$8.75; July, \$8.87 1/2.  
Ribs—May, \$8.55; July, \$8.75.  
Chicago Cash Prices—No. 2 hard 35 1/2@78c; No. 3 corn, 43 1/4@44 1/4c; No. 3 white oats, 41@41 1/2c.

## LEGAL NOON.

### A Time That Seems to Vary in the Different States.

The courts of several states have dealt with an odd question, none of them agreeing upon a similar answer. When is it legally noon? Fire insurance policies expire at noon, and the word is admitted to mean exactly 12 o'clock midday. But standard time has not been adopted in all communities. Many small towns cling to sun time, which may be from a few minutes to nearly an hour earlier than standard. In one state a fire occurred at two minutes past noon, sun time, and the insurance company held that the policy had expired before the fire. Sun time is used in that town, but the insured sued the company, holding that local customs did not rule the policy and that he was entitled to his insurance. The state courts sustained him. In another state a similar contention was taken to the courts and just the opposite decision given. Several conflicting precedents have been established in state courts, and it is said the question can only be decided for good and all when a case has been carried into the United States courts and passed upon by the supreme court. —New York Press.

## Influenza.

Influenza derives its name from an Italian word meaning influence. It was thus entitled by the Italians in the seventeenth century because they attributed the disease to the influence of the stars. A very common belief is that influenza is a comparatively modern disease, disassociated from a general class by latter day medical men, but this is far from being the case, for the illness has been mentioned by ancient writers as far back as the fourteenth century, there being records of its appearance in France in 1311 and 1403.

# The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

remained alone until the moment that Eve, either by request or by accident, had found her there. The facts resolved themselves into one question: What use had Lillian made of those solitary moments? Without deviation, Loder's mind turned toward one answer. Lillian was not the woman to lose an opportunity, whether the space at her command was long or short.

So convinced was he that, reaching Trafalgar square, he stopped and hailed a hansom.

"Cadogan gardens!" he called. "No. 33."

The moments seemed very few before the cab drew up beside the curb and he caught his second glimpse of the enameled door with its silver fittings. Instantly he pressed the bell the door was opened by Lillian's discreet, deferential manservant.

"Is Lady Astrupp at home?" he asked.

The man looked thoughtful. "Her ladyship lunched at home, sir"—he began cautiously.

But Loder interrupted him. "Ask her to see me," he said laconically.

The servant expressed no surprise. His only comment was to throw the door wide.

"If you'll wait in the white room, sir," he said, "I'll inform her ladyship." Chilcote was evidently a frequent and a favored visitor.

In this manner Loder for the second time entered the house so unfamiliar—and yet so familiar in all that it suggested. Entering the drawing room, he had leisure to look about him. It was a beautiful room, large and lofty. Luxury was evident on every hand, but it was not the luxury that palls or offends. Each object was graceful and possessed its own intrinsic value. The atmosphere was too effeminate to appeal to him, but he acknowledged the taste and artistic delicacy it conveyed. Almost at the moment of acknowledgment the door opened to admit Lillian.

"I thought it would be you," she said enigmatically.

Loder came forward. "You expected me?" he said guardedly. A sudden conviction filled him that it was not the evidence of her eyes, but something at once subtler and more definite that prompted her recognition of him.

She smiled. "Why should I expect you? On the contrary, I'm waiting to know why you're here?"

He was silent for an instant. Then he answered in her own light tone. "As far as that goes," he said, "let's make it my duty call—having dined with you. I'm an old fashioned person."

For a full second she surveyed him amusedly. Then at last she spoke. "My dear Jack"—she laid particular stress on the name—"I never imagined you punctilious. I should have thought bohemian would have been more the word."

Loder felt disconcerted and annoyed. Either, like himself, she was fishing for information or she was deliberately playing with him. In his perplexity he glanced across the room toward the fireplace.

Lillian saw the look. "Won't you sit down?" she said, indicating the couch. "I promise not to make you smoke. I shan't even ask you to take off your gloves!"

Loder made no movement. His mind was unpleasantly upset. It was nearly a fortnight since he had seen Lillian, and in the interval her attitude had changed, and the change puzzled him. It might mean the philosophy of a woman who, knowing herself without adequate weapons, withdraws from a combat that has proved fruitless, or it might imply the merely catlike desire to toy with a certainty. He looked quickly at the delicate face, the green eyes somewhat obliquely set, the unreliable mouth, and instantly he inclined to the latter theory. The conviction that she possessed the telegram filled him suddenly, and with it came the desire to put his belief to the test—to know beyond question whether her smiling unconcern meant naivete or mere entertainment.

"When you first came into the room," he said quietly, "you said 'I thought it would be you.' Why did you say that?"

Again she smiled—the smile that might be malicious or might be merely amused. "Oh," she answered at last, "I only meant that though I had been told Jack Chilcote wanted me, it wasn't Jack Chilcote I expected to see!"

After her statement there was a pause. Loder's position was difficult. Instinctively convinced that, strong in the possession of her proof, she was enjoying his tantalized discomfort, he yet craved the actual evidence that should set his suspicions to rest. Acting upon the desire, he made a new beginning.

"Do you know why I came?" he asked.

Lillian looked up innocently. "It's so hard to be certain of anything in this world," she said. "But one is always at liberty to guess."

Again he was perplexed. Her attitude was not quite the attitude of one who controls the game, and yet—He looked at her with a puzzled scrutiny. Women for him had always spelled the

incomprehensible. He was at his best, his strongest, his surest, in the presence of men. Feeling his disadvantage, yet determined to gain his end, he made a last attempt.

"How did you amuse yourself at Grosvenor square this morning before Eve came to you?" he asked. The effort was awkwardly blunt, but it was direct.

Lillian was buttoning her glove. She did not raise her head as he spoke, but her fingers paused in their task. For a second she remained motionless; then she looked up slowly.

"Oh," she said sweetly, "so I was right in my guess? You did come to find out whether I sat in the morning room with my hands in my lap or wandered about in search of entertainment?"

Loder colored with annoyance and apprehension. Every look, every tone, of Lillian's was distasteful to him. No microscope could have revealed her more fully to him than did his own eyesight. But it was not the moment for personal antipathies; there were other interests than his own at stake. With new resolution he returned her glance.

"Then I must still ask my first question. Why did you say, 'I thought it would be you?'" His gaze was direct—so direct that it disconcerted her. She laughed a little uneasily.

"Because I knew."

"How did you know?"

"Because"—she began; then again she laughed. "Because," she added quickly, as if moved by a fresh impulse, "Jack Chilcote made it very obvious to any one who was in his morning room at 12 o'clock today that it would be you and not he who would be found filling his place this afternoon. It's all very well to talk about honor, but when one walks into an empty room and sees a telegram as long as a letter open on a bureau—"

But her sentence was never finished. Loder had heard what he came to hear. Any confession she might have to offer was of no moment in his eyes.

"My dear girl," he broke in brusquely. "don't trouble. I should make a most unsatisfactory father confessor."

He spoke quickly. His color was still high, but not of annoyance. His suspense was transformed into unpleasant certainty, but the exchange left him surer of himself. His perplexity had dropped to a quiet sense of self reliance. His paramount desire was for solitude in which to prepare for the task that lay before him—the most congenial task the world possessed—the unraveling of Chilcote's tangled skeins. Looking into Lillian's eyes, he smiled. "Goodbye," he said, holding out his hand. "I think we've finished—for today."

She slowly extended her fingers. Her expression and attitude were slightly puzzled—a puzzlement that was either spontaneous or singularly well assumed. As their hands touched she smiled again.

"Will you drop in at the Arcadian tonight?" she asked. "It's the dramatized version of 'Other Men's Shoes'! The temptation to make you see it was too irresistible—as you know."

There was a pause while she waited for his answer, her head inclined to one side, her green eyes gleaming.

Loder, conscious of her regard, hesitated for a moment. Then his face cleared. "Right!" he said slowly. "The Arcadian tonight!"

## South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, April 9.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000; slow to shade lower; native steers, \$6.00@5.85; cows and heifers, \$2.75@4.75; western steers, \$3.25@5.25; Texas steers, \$3.00@4.25; canners, \$2.25@3.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.25; calves, \$3.00@6.50; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.80@4.35. Hogs—Receipts, 11,000; shade to 5c lower; heavy, \$6.30@6.37 1/2; mixed, \$6.32 1/2@6.35; light, \$6.30@6.37 1/2; pigs, \$5.50@6.25; bulk of sales, \$6.30@6.35. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000; steady to stronger; yearlings, \$6.25@7.00; wethers, \$6.00@6.50; ewes, \$5.00@5.85; lambs, \$7.25@8.25.

## Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 9.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; steady; common to best steers, \$4.40@6.75; heifers, \$2.75@5.25; cows, \$3.50@5.00; bulls, \$3.30@4.40; calves, \$2.50@7.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@5.10. Hogs—Receipts, 13,000; 10@15c higher; choice heavy shippers, \$6.65@6.70; choice light, \$6.65@6.70; light butchers, \$6.65@6.70; packing, \$6.30@6.65; pigs, \$5.40@6.20; bulk of sales, \$6.60@6.67 1/2. Sheep—Receipts, 14,900; strong, lambs slow; sheep, \$4.25@6.65; yearlings, \$5.35@7.60; lambs, \$6.00@8.50.

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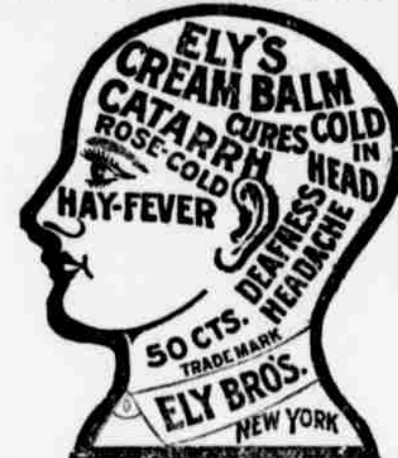
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