

Central American Nations Sign New Peace Treaties

Pact, 11 Conventions and Three Protocols Approved at Closing Session of Washington Meet.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The Central American conference, which began December 4 at the invitation of President Harding, was concluded today in the Hall of the Americas of the Pan-American Union, with Secretary Hughes presiding and the plenipotentiaries of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica expressing gratification over its success.

A treaty of peace and amity, 11 conventions and three protocols designed to insure the maintenance of internal and international peace among the Central American republics, were signed at the final plenary session, which was attended by members of the diplomatic corps and high officials of the United States.

Costa Rica refrained from signing a convention establishing free trade among the other four republics, and the United States agreed to join the other five in the establishment of commissions of inquiry and an international arbitration tribunal.

Desire to Promote Peace

Secretary Hughes, who acted as chairman of the conference and of its committee of the whole, through which the actual negotiations were conducted, replying to the expressions of gratification and thanks of the Central American plenipotentiaries, voiced "our earnest desire to promote the general interests of peace in this hemisphere and to aid you in finding a solution of your own problems to your own proper advantage." The secretary also announced after the signing of the agreements that Guatemala and Honduras had decided to submit their boundary disputes of long standing to the president of the United States for arbitration.

The five delegations were headed by Francisco Sanchez Latour of Guatemala; Francisco Martinez Suarez of El Salvador; Albert Ucles of Honduras; Amiliano Chamorro of Nicaragua; and Alfredo Gonzalez Flores of Costa Rica. The treaty they signed recognizes the maintenance of peace as the first duty of their governments, declares the violent or illegal alteration of the constitutional organization in any of the republics a menace to all, and pledges each not to recognize any government resulting from a revolution.

Each signatory also agrees not to intervene in the internal affairs of any other, nor to permit the organization within its territory, of a revolutionary movement directed against any recognized government. Secret treaties are barred and five republics agree to seek constitutional reforms prohibiting the reelection of presidents or vice presidents.

Differences arising between the republics which lack sufficient gravity to warrant arbitration, are to be considered by commissions of inquiry authorized in one of the conventions to facilitate settlement through impartial consideration.

In furtherance of the peace policy, a convention limiting armaments for five years, was signed, Guatemala being allotted an army of 5,200 men; El Salvador, 4,200; Honduras and Nicaragua, 2,500 each; and Costa Rica, 2,000. Acquisition of warships is prohibited and use of aircraft in time of war is limited to 10 for each nation. Exportation of munitions from one country to another among the five also is forbidden, and provision is made for the development of national guard organizations with the aid of foreign officers, if desired.

Held for Trial.
Joe Uhlenbrook, alleged forger, who wanted to be a detective, was bound over to district court yesterday under \$10,000 bond.

The Magnificent Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Synopsis.
An accidental meeting renews in Meriwether Lewis, secretary of Thomas Jefferson, the sorrow having come to ask of the hand of Theodosia Burr, only to learn that she had just become Mrs. Alton. The despair of the young aide and news of the Louisiana Purchase make Mr. Jefferson decide to let Lewis go on his expedition into the unexplored west. Meanwhile the conspiracy to form an empire in the west is set on foot by Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States, and father of Theodosia. He is assisted by the Spanish and English ministers, and the latter offers money for the cause on condition that he get Lewis to abandon his explorations beyond the Mississippi and come over to their side. By guiding the truth Burr plans to make Theodosia the reason why Lewis is to be fought. Believing she can help him to a high place among men, she agrees. Fulfilling the first time to accompany her mission, Burr tells her she must try again and use a woman's weapons. At Pittsburgh a boy—George Shannon—joins Lewis' party and becomes the captain's personal aide. There also Theodosia joins to renew her attack. At the falls of the Ohio Lewis is joined by William Clark, his immediate superior, and he immediately makes Clark an equal partner in the undertaking. Held up by the Spanish at camp near St. Louis until the spring, when the Louisiana purchase is duly confirmed, Burr before they are ready to proceed, the Burrs come to St. Louis. Alone with Theodosia Lewis loses control of himself and kisses her. Appalled by the sacrilege, he forces himself to go on an expedition. On the way a letter from her appears mysteriously. After a night's struggle Lewis again casts his lot with his country.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

It was late in October, more than five months out from St. Louis, when Mr. Jefferson's "discovery" for the "Discovery of the West" arrived in the Mandan Indian country.

The path of the Missouri led thus far, but here ended all the trails of trading or traveling men. Therefore Lewis and Clark found white men located here before them—all from the Assiniboin country, and all excited and anxious over this wholly unexpected arrival of white strangers in their own trading limits. Big White, chief of the Mandans, welcomed the new party as friends, and they decided to winter there.

Before November was a week old, the axes were ringing among the cottonwoods. Lewis' men were carrying big logs toward the cleared space shown to them. Trenches were cut, the logs were ended up—taller pickets than any one of that country had ever seen before. A double row of cabins was built inside the stockade.

"What next, Will Clark?" said Meriwether Lewis, when at length, one cold winter morning, they stood within the walls of the completed fortress.

"We are at a blank wall here. We lack a guide that is sure. Two interpreters we have, but no one knows the country. But now—you know our other new interpreter, the sullen chap, Charbonneau—that polyglot scamp with two or three Indian wives."

"It seems that last summer Charbonneau married still another wife—a girl not over sixteen years of age, I should judge. He bought her—she was a slave, a captive brought down

from somewhere up the river by a war-party. She is a pleasant girl, and always smiles. She seems friendly to us—see the moccasins she made for me but now. So far as I can learn that Indian girl is the only human being here who has ever seen the Stony mountains. The girl says that she was taken captive years ago somewhere near the summit of the Stony mountains. Sacajawea and she call herself—the "Bird Woman."

Thus was broached the idea of using her as a guide when they went onward in the spring. When the explorers had their Christmas festivities, two women only were present—the wife of Jussamee, the squawman, and Sacajawea. These two had many presents. The face of Sacajawea was wreathed in smiles. Always her eyes followed the tall form of Meriwether Lewis wherever he went. Her own husband was but her husband, and already she had elected Meriwether Lewis as her deity. When her husband thrashed her, always he thrashed her husband. In her simple child's soul she consecrated herself to the task which he had assigned her. Yes, when the grass came she would take these white men to her own people. If they wanted to see the salt waters far to the west—her people had heard of that—then they should go there also.

During the Christmas merrymaking, Lewis returned to his own quarters, where he had erected a desk at which he sometimes worked, and sat down. At length he spread open the books of his little leather writing-case. Searching for paper, his eye caught sight of a sealed and folded letter among the written and unwritten sheets. In a flash he knew what it was! For one short instant he had a mad impulse to cast the letter into the fire. Then there came over him once more the feeling which oppressed him all his life—that he was a helpless instrument in the hands of fate. He broke the seal—not noting as he did so that it had a number scratched into the wax—and read the letter, which ran thus:

"Sir and Friends—I know not where these presents may find you, or in what case. Once more I keep my promise not to let you go. Once more you shall see my face—see, it is look-

ing up at you from the page! Tell me, do you see me now before you? Do you remember the time you saved me from the cows in the lane at your father's farm, when I was but a child, on my first visit to far-off Virginia? You kissed me then, and dry my tears. You were a boy; I was a child yet younger. Can you forget that time—can you forget what you said?" "I will always be there, Theodosia," you said, "when you are in trouble!"

I believed you then—I believe you now. I still have the same child's faith in you. My mother died while I was young; my father has always been so busy. You know my husband—he his own affairs! But you always were my friend, in so many ways!

It is true that I am laying a secret on your heart—one which you must observe all your life. My letter is for you, and for no other eyes. But now I come once more to you to hold you to your promise. Meriwether Lewis, come back to us! By this time the trail surely is long enough! We are counting absolutely on your return. I heard Mr. Merry tell my father—and I may tell it to you—that on your recent rested all hope of the success of our own cause on the lower Mississippi—for ourselves and for you. If you do not come back to us as early as you can, you condemn us to failure—myself—my life—that of my father—yourself also.

Perhaps your delay may mean even more. Meriwether Lewis, I have to tell you that times are threatening for this republic. Relations between our country and Great Britain are strained to the breaking-point. Mr. Merry says that if our cause on the lower Mississippi shall not prevail, his own country, as soon as it can finish with Napoleon, will come against this republic once more—both on the Great Lakes and at the mouth of the Mississippi. He says that your expedition into the west will split the country, if it goes on. It must be withdrawn, or the gap must be mended by war. You see, then, one of the sure results of this mad folly of Thomas Jefferson.

Go on, therefore, if you would ruin me, my father—your own future! But will you go on if you face possible ruin for your own country by so doing? This I leave for you to say. Surely by now the main object of your expedition will have been accomplished—surely you may return with all practical results of your labors in your hands. Were that not a wiser thing? Does not your duty lie toward the east, and not further

toward the west? There is a limit beyond which not even a forlorn hope is asked to go, when it assails a citadel. Not every general is dishonored, though he does not complete the campaign laid out for him. Expeditions have failed, and will fail, with honor—leaders of men have failed, and will fail, with honor. I do not call it failure for you to return to us and let the expedition go on. There is a limit to what may be asked of a man. There are two of you for Mr. Jefferson; but for us there is only one—that is Captain Lewis. And how shall I say it and not be misunderstood?—there is but one for her whose face you see, I hope, on this page.

What limit is there to the generosity of a man like you—what limit to his desire to pay each duty, to keep each promise that he has made in all his life? Will such a man forget his promise always to kiss away the tears of that companion to whom he has come in rescue? I am in trouble. Tears are in my eyes as I write. Do you forget that promise? Do you wish to make yet happier the woman whom you have so many times made happy—who has cherished so much ambition for you?

Meriwether Lewis, my friend—who would have been my lover—for whom there is no hope, since fate has been so unkindly to me, even in your hopelessness! Will you always see me with tears in my eyes? Do you see me now? I swear tears fall even as I write. And you promised always to kiss my tears away!

Farewell until I see you again. May good fortune attend you always, wherever you go—in whatever direction you may travel—from us or toward us—from me or with me.

Meriwether Lewis sat, his face between his hands, staring down at what he saw. Should he go on, or should he hand over all to William Clark and return—return to keep his promise—return to comfort, as best he might, with the gift of all his life, that face which indeed he had left in tears by an unpardonable act of his own? For a long time—he never knew how long—he sat thus, staring, pondering, but at length with sudden energy he rose and flung open the door. "Will!" he called to his companion.

When William Clark joined his friend, he saw the open letter in Lewis' hand—saw also the distress upon his countenance. "Merne, it's another letter from that woman! I wish I had her here, that I might

wrap her neck!" said William Clark viciously. "Who brought it?" "I don't know. Belongs not her, but me!" This letter asks me to come back to kiss away a woman's tears. Will I was the cause of those tears. I can tell you no more. What I did was a thing execrable, unspeakable—I, your friend, did that!"

William Clark, more genuinely troubled than ever in his life before, was dumb.

"My future is forfeited, Will," went on the same even, dull voice, which Clark could scarcely recognize; "but I have decided to go on through with you."

CHAPTER VII.—Which Way?
"Which way, Will?" asked Meriwether Lewis. "Which is our river here?"

They stood at the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri, and faced one of the first of their greatest problems. It was spring once more. Three weeks ago the ice had run clear, and they had left their winter quarters among the Mandans.

Early in April the great barge, manned by the men, had set out downstream, striving with it the proof of the success of the expedition. It bore many new things, precious things, things unknown to civilization.

As the great barge had started down the river, the two progues which had come so far, joined by cottonwood dugouts, laboriously fabricated during the winter months, had started up the river, manned by thirty-one men. With the pick of the original party, there had come but one woman, the girl Sacajawea, with her little baby, born that winter at the Mandan fortress. Sacajawea now had her place in the camp; she and her infant were the pets of all. She sat in the sunlight, her baby in her lap, by her side an Indian dog, a wolf which Lewis had found abandoned in an Indian encampment, and which had attached itself to him.

"Which way, Sacajawea?" asked Meriwether Lewis. "Which river is this which goes on to the left?"

"Him Ro-shone," replied the girl. "My man call him that. No good! Him—big river!" and she pointed toward the right hand stream.

Meriwether Lewis, who had found the right hand stream, with a full confidence in their guidance, forging onward a little every day, between the high banks of the swift river that came down from the great mountains, April passed, and May.

"Soon we see the mountains!" insisted Sacajawea.

And at last, two months out from the Mandans, Lewis looked westward from a little eminence and saw a low, broken line, white in spots, not to be confused with the lesser eminences of the nearby landscape.

After wasting time by taking a wrong route in disregard to the girl's directions, they came to the great falls of the Missouri. It took the party a full month to make the portage. They were worn to the bone by the hard labor, scorched by the sun, and frozen by the winds. At the cost of greater and greater toil they pushed on up the river above the falls, until presently its course left off to the south again. Sacajawea from time to time pointed out traces of human occupancy. "My people here," said she, and pointed to campfires.

At the Beaver Head, Rocks—well known to all the Indians—they went into camp once more. "Captains make medicine now," said Sacajawea to Charbonneau, her husband. "For once more the captain hesitated."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

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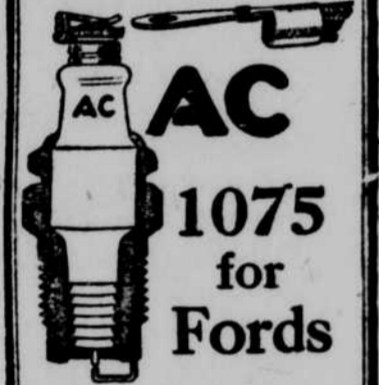
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