China's Yellow Sea Spanned by Fliers in Six-Hour Flight

America's Air Magellans Out of Land During Entire Trip; Royally Feted at Shanghai.

Told By LOWELL THOMAS.
(Copyright, 1924.)

"When the 'Chicago' encountered difficulty in getting off the glassy water of Kagoshima bay, and when Smith signaled the rest of us to push right on to China, we headed the 'New Orleans' and 'Boston' straight across the open sea, and for six solid hours flew entirely out of sight of land. This was our longest sea journey up until this time," says Erik Nelsen, who was the only one of the world fliers familiar with the China coast. As a sailor before the mast Erik had spent weeks idling in these waters over which he now flew in a few hours.

"With the shores of beautiful Japan and the cone of Sakuralima rapidly melting into the sky behind us, I am sure the thoughts of all of us were on what an interesting time we had passed in the land of the mikado, of what a relief Japan had been after coming down from the edge of the Arctic of the honors that had been heaped upon us, and of the brilliant people we had met. It was all so wonderful that we were in a bit of a daze.

Conducive to Thinking.

"But my thoughts, as we clipped off mile after mile and hour after hour of open sea between Japan and China, were of the days of long, long ago. In fact it seemed as though it must have been in another life, on some other planet, that I was a sailor on a tramp windjammer. My! What a difference there is between a barque that takes from one to two years to sail round the world, and an aerial cruiser like the 'New Orleans' that makes the circuit of the globe in less than three weeks' flying time. In a little more than 10 years I not only had seen this miracle, but had taken part in it.

"And as we flew on and on toward China, my engine was running so smoothly that the ship seemed to be flying itself, and I dropped into a reverie, and seemed to see dozens of giant planes passing me in the sky with passengers making week-end trips between Shanghai and San Francisco, just as they do between Paris and London now, and it seemed to me that the airplane was destined to be the agency that would bring the races of the world into such intimate contact with each other that they would no more feel inclined to wage wars than the people of Oregon feel like fighting the inhabitants of Georgia or Florida.

Planes Stimulate Japan.

"If our flight helps to hasten this era all of us will be repaid a million times over for our efforts. Just what significance it will have to our fellow countrymen we do not know. But one thing we do know, and that is that it has done more to stimulate enthusiasm for aviation in Japan than any other event in the history of that country.

"The Japanese had made little progress in the air. The more conservative leaders in both army and navy, just as in every other country, treated aviation as something merely in the experimental stage. But when they saw us land on their island after having flown all the way across the Pacific and when they realized that their country was merely one of 28 countries we were to visit on our flight, they seemed to wake up to the possibilities of aviation with greater speed than they awoke when Commodore Perry and his American fleet opened the doors of Japan to the commerce of the world just a little over a half century ago. They put in orders for the building of fleets of airplanes and for the construction of airships twice the size of the Shenandoah and ZR-3, of which we are so proud.

Destroyers Guard Path.

"Part of the time while speeding across the Yellow sea I did nothing but think and let Jack take the wheel. We often relieved each other like that. Nor is there a more ideal place in the world to think than in the cockpit of a plane as you race across the sky at 70, or 100, or 150 miles an hour. If the sky is clear and you are high enough from the earth not to be interested in the affairs of the world below, and if your motor is singing a melody of power that is one long rythmical harmony to your ears, you and your plane seem to merge into one. The swiftness of your flight seems to blow the cobwebs from your brain and you can do more clear thinking in two hours than you can do in two days in a crowded city.

"We had left Kagoshima bay at 8:25 in the morning. A half hour later we had reached the open sea. Our flight had been across the water at the place where the Yellow and China seas merge into one. One hour off the coast we passed over the Ford, which was the first of the string of destroyers strung all the way across to China to be on hand in case of engine trouble. We passed nine other destroyers besides the Ford, and when 40 miles off the China coast we could tell that we were approaching the mouth of a great river. Most of the way the sea had been a deep blue. Then it changed to green and we knew that it was much shallower. But as we neared the mainland of Asia it all of a sudden turned a muddy brown.

Yangtze Divides China.

"This indicated to us that we were approaching the delta of one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yangtze Kiang, a river longer than the distance from San Francisco to New York. The Yangtze Kiang is the Mississippi of China and divides the country into two parts. Tens of millions of people live on its shores, and millions actually live their entire lives on its broad expanse in house-boats, sampans, and junks. Among the cities on its banks are Shanghai, about the size of Philadelphia; Nanking, nearly as large as Boston; Hahkow, which is as large as St. Louis and New Orleans combined; Soochow, in the delta, about the size of Detroit, and a score of others all over 100,000 in population.

"As we flew across the mouth of the river and drew near Shanghai we were amazed at the number of Chinese water craft under us. The river seemed jammed with tens of thousands of junks, sampans, and steamers. I had seek nothing like this on my previous visit to China, long years before. But we found, when he came down, that the harbormaster had held up all traffic in the river for hours. Just in one bunch there were over 250 boats loaded with fish, and they did not represent one hundredth of 1 per cent of all that vast mass of water craft. The harbormaster didn't know just how much space we would require, so he had cleared several miles in order that we would be sure not to repeat the experience of D'Oisy, the French airman, who only a few days before had crashed on the outskirts of Shanghai.

"Our American friends had worried greatly for fear that in coming down in the harbor we would smash up on a sampan or junk. Captain Eisler had spent sleepless nights thinking about it. That was the main subject of conversation, and every one seemed much relieved to see us arrive without crashing.

Change Motor Exhausts.

"On our way across the Yellow sea the exhaust pipe on the right hand side of my engine had gotten so hot that the rubber had all burned off the ignition wires. If we had been obliged to fly an hour or two longer we might have had serious trouble and plunged into the sea. During our brief stay in Shanghai we had new exhaust stacks, short open ones, put on all the planes.

"We had been having trouble with the long ones cracking, getting strained, and burning out the exhaust gaskets. I succeeded in arranging with a machine shop in a Chinese shipyard to work night and day making the short stacks and from then on we had no more trouble.

"Immediately after the reception on the boat we rowed back to our planes and went to work. In doing so we disappointed people ashore who had arranged an even more elaborate reception. We learned afterwards that the reserve militia, on horseback and in full regalia, were waiting on dress parade to receive us. But it was long after dark when we finished our work. Of course we much disliked disappointing people, but I am afraid this occurred in many cities.

Great Reception at Hotel.

"When we finally left the ships we were taken to the Hotel Astor, and on entering the lobby, had it not been for the Chinese attendants and the throngs of smartly dressed people from all over the world, we might have thought ourselves in a New York, Paris or London hotel. After we had dressed and dined, cars whisked us through the streets to a charity ball which we were told had been postponed in order that it might coincide with our arrival. It was held in the home of some merchant prince. But it was more of a palace than a mere house.

"Upon entering we were asked to stand in front of some massive double doors for a moment. We were standing there innocently, when suddenly they swung open, and we nearly dropped through the floor with fright. There we were facing a great throng of people in evening dress. Some one behind us gave a gentle shove to prevent us from running away. As we entered through an aisle the orchestra burst forth, and little girls in sweet little dresses walked in front of us strewing roses and singing. I felt like a burglar caught with the goods. We were told later that our expressions when the doors swung open were very amusing.

Stunning Evening Gowns.

"We had never seen such a brilliant affair. The women wore stunning evening gowns, dazzling jewels, and diamond tiaras. The men were dressed in the uniforms of a dozen different nations."

Next day Smith and Arnold arrived, and again the reception committee, the foreign colony, and vast throngs of Chinese were out on the Yangtze Kiang to meet them. The second day the boys worked on the planes until after dark and when "Les" and Leigh resurmed to the hotel they had on their greasy unionalls. The native footmen at the door of the Astor ordered them around to the tradesmen's entrance.

In the meantime Smith and Nelson were busy with naval officers figuring out the best way to "take-off" from Shanghai and arranging for several destroyers to drop down the coast and prepare a special landing place where they could refuel, because they knew it was going to be extremely difficult to get out of the Yangtze Kiang without hitting sampans or junks even though they only carried a light load of gas and oil.

Erik and Jack had an exceedingly narrow escape on the morning of May 7, when attempting to "takeoff." The traffic on the river was so great that the harbormaster had not been able to clear a very wide stretch. The first time the three planes attempted to get into the air they couldn't make it, nearly collided with Chinese craft, turned and taxied back, and then made a second attempt. The Chicago and Boston succeeded in getting off, but Erik and Jack went sailing up the Yangtze Kiang at 60 miles an hour, dodging sampans, freighters, ocean liners and junks. The other boys watched them with their hearts in their mouths fully expecting to see the New Orleans have a headon collision, but were immensely relieved to see her just clear the mast of a junk.

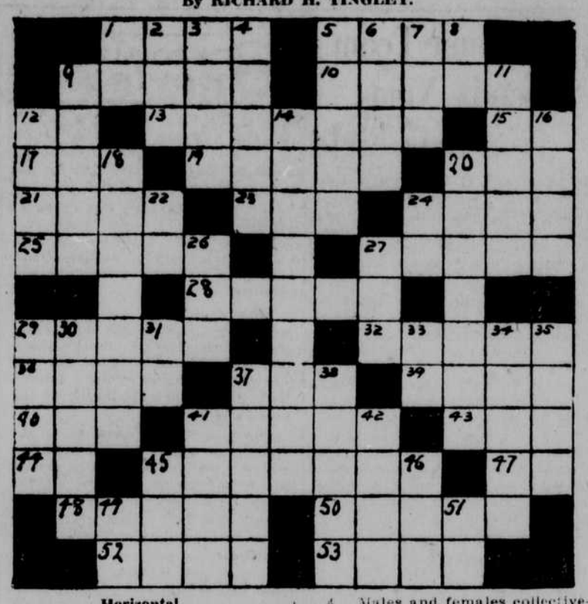
With only enough gasoline to carry them a short way down the China coast they flew from 7:50 until 12:20, when they descended near a destroyer in Tchimkoem bay. This body of water turned out to be not nearly as well protected from the open sea as it looked on the map. Huge rollers were coming in, but the planes simply had to descend, because they were nearly out of fuel. Their take-off through the rollers was another one of those episodes of the trip when they didn't know whether they were going to make it or not.

Experiences of this kind were almost an every day occurrence with them by now. On every flight they were always facing death, flying in all sorts of weather, never knowing just what the country was going to be like up ahead, and realizing that if anything went wrong and if the motor forced them to land immediately they were almost certain to crash.

Read the next installment of the thrilling story of the round-the-world flight in The Omaha Bee tomorrow.

The Daily Cross Word Puzzle

By RICHARD H. TINGLEY.



Horizontal.

1. Greasy substances.
5. In this manner.
8. Small boat.
10. To protect a criminal.
12. Pertaining to (suffix).
13. Character of woven fabric.
15. The sun god.
17. A suffix meaning footed.
19. Distributions.
20. To dress flax.
21. Grand.
23. Underhanded.
24. Small trench gun.
25. Denominations.
27. Refuses to support his political pary.
28. A test.
29. A fabric.
32. The choicest part.
36. Space occupied by person or thing.
37. Fitting.
39. Again.
40. Compound of atoms.
41. A variety of moth.
43. To go (Scottish).
44. Personal pronoun.
45. Gift.
47. Transportation line (abbr.).
48. Less thoroughly cooked.
50. Mutilates.
52. Pedal digits.
53. Vehicle on runners.

Vertical.

1. Musical note.
2. An emmet.
3. Nailed end to end.
4. Males and females collectively.
5. Truthfully.
6. Belonging to her.
7. Sevicceableness.
8. Chemical symbol for selenium.
9. To call
11. To apply a special process to.
12. Imitates.
14. Charm's (poss.).
16. Sums up.
18. Choice of words.
20. Slow ringing of a bell.
22. Our smallest coin (aabr.).
24. Toward.
26. Salt.
27. Secondary.
29. Neat.
30. Lover.
31. Long meter (abbr.).
33. Musical note.
34. Pulls apart.
35. Water pitcher.
37. Supports.
38. Abounds.
41. Growing timber.
42. Pertaining to fish fins; the opposite of dorsal.
45. For.
46. To fasten.
49. A preposition.
51. Physican (abbr.).

The solution will appear tomorrow.

Solution of yesterday's puzzle will appear at an early date.

Bank in Minneapolis Is Destroyed by Fire

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 25.—Fire today destroyed the two-story building occupied by the Marquette National bank and the Marquette Trust company, in the downtown section. The loss was estimated at $60,000. Four vaults protected $1,025,000 in securities and bank records. Two firemen were injured.

Too much sugar will prevent ice cream from freezing quickly

Mussolini Asks Fascist Leaders For Confidence

Italian Premier Characterizes "Fairy Tales" Attributed to Him as Absurd; Declares Himself on Elections.

By Associated Press.

Rome, Dec. 25.—Premier Mussolini has made a declaration to the various facist deputies regarding reports in circulation on his recent election announcement, according to the Messaggero.

"You who know me," said Mussolini, "realize the absurdity of certain fairy tales attributed to me, for which I am not responsible. It is not my habit to make compromises with anyone. I do not need to make a compromise with Signor Salandra, who has not quit the majority. Who else? With Giolitti? I have spoken with him once only, when during the discussion of the present electoral law he asked whether I supported a quorum of 50 or 25, and I replied in favor of 25. I proposed electoral reform on my own initiative. It is not connected with any aims suggested in more or less bad faith by my adversaries. It is part of a plan of reform which I have in mind and which I intend to carry out from time to time independently of the dreams of my adversaries.

Choose Suitable Moment.

"It was necessary to announce suddenly what has been called Saturday's 'thunderbolt' because of the secrecy maintained previously, but that does not mean that it was not profoundly considered. I even forecasted it some time ago. It will be approved whether the Aventine opposition comes in or not, and election will be carried out under me, though it was impossible to do that immediately. I shall choose a suitable moment, taking into account the conditions of the country.

"I shall also study more closely the parliamentary majority and acquaint myself better with the deputies individually. There are fascisti who think like liberals; there are undisciplined facisti, and others moved by personal considerations.

Election Date Not Fixed.

"Elections will be called when I think best; the idea that this will be at onse is unfounded. Be sure that fascistom will be victorious in the new elertions, but whether before or after them. I shall continue tranquilly to carry out my plan. If this is considered a thunderbolt, there will be others from time to time. I have long had under consideration a precise plan; I know what I shall do from today through the whole year of 1925. The present chamber has still work to do. The press law will be discussed the beginning of January.

"It does not interest me what the Aventine opposition does or does not. If these deputies do not desire to ballot for the election there are other ways to know the will of the country.

"The Matteotti trial will take place. I have nothing to fear; justice shall take its course. I have no need to propose amnesty to the king regarding the Matteotti crime, much less bargain for it. Therefore I have faith and shall take no notice of the false reports circulated by my enemies."

CLAIMS OF GRAND DUKE CRITICIZED

New York, Dec. 25.—Prince Sergei Romanovovsky, duke of Leuchtenberg, nephew of the queen of Italy, cousin of the Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril and of the late Tsar Nicholas of Russia, came here today on the Italian ship Duilio for a two-month visit with Ernesto Fabrio of New York.

Critisizing the Grand Duke Cyril for his pretentions to the Russian throne, Prince Romanovsky said his cousin's claims were without foundation.

"The Grand Duke Cyril was on the side of te Kerensky government, which opened the doors of Russia to the bolsheviks," he said. "He is basing his claim on tradition. Tradition alone these days has nothing to do with government. The man who conquers or overthrows the soviet regime should be the one appointed tsar of all the Russias. And it will take unprecedented courage for a man to put Russia on its feet again."

Simplicity Marks Christmas Day at National Capital

Cabinet Members Follow Lead of President and Mrs. Coolidge in Quiet Observance of Day.

Washington, Dec. 25.—The simplicity that attends observance of Christmas in rural Vermont marked the day at the White House and in a measure pervaded the entire life of the capital.

Whether by design or not, observance of the holiday throughout Washington partook of the quiet and simple manner of celebration of President and Mrs. Coolidge partly through the inherited custom of their Vermont forebears and partly because of the recent vacancy in the family circle.

Cabinet members remaining in the city for the holiday observed the festival with members of their families, and those of high and low degree in official and private life followed much the same plan. There were few of the receptions and parties that once marked the day in the capital.

President at Desk.

Mr. Coolidge refused to permit the holiday to interfere entirely with his routine. He and Mrs. Coolidge, although late in retiring last night because of the Christmas carol service on the north lawn of the White House and the buffet supper they served to the singers afterward in the state dining room, arose and had breakfast at the usual hour.

Nine o'clock saw the president in his office, but a clear desk greeted him and so he wandered through the executive offices seeking among the desks the overnight accumulation of mail. Finding this, he sorted it out, taking with him a few letters that appeared most likely to be addressed to his personal attention, and then taking a seat beside the policemen's desk in the main lobby read the morning newspapers.

Stearns Only Guests.

Returning to the executive mansion he spent an hour with Mrs. Coolidge and John, his son, and the White House's only Christmas guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns of Boston, and then the entire party drove to the First Congregational church, for the union Christmas day services, held under the auspices of the Washington federation of churches. Ministers representing the leading Protestant denominations of the city participated in these services and a sermon entitled "The Abiding Joy of the Shepherds," was preached by the Rev. Charles Wood of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant.

Again before luncheon Mr. Coolidge visited his office and finding there Rudolph Forster, White House executive clerk, went over a few matters with him. Late in the afternoon he went out for a long walk in the sharp air of a partly cloudy day.

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns were the only guests at the Christmas dinner tonight, at which the place of prominence was given to a monster turkey, raised on a government reclamation project in Wyoming and sent to the White House by the Lions club of Riverton, Wyo. The government departments, which closed Wednesday noon, will re-open tomorrow, but congress will not reconvene until next Monday.

NEW HEARING FOR ALLEGED GUNMAN

Butte, Mont., Dec. 25.—Federal Judge George M. Bourquin yesterday dismissed the jury which heard the case of John O'Leary, who was tried on a charge of attempted murder for emptying two pistols on a group of prohibition agents in a courtroom where he had appeared for sentence following his conviction for violation of the prohibition law.

The end of the trial came after the jury had deliberated nearly 20 hours and reported that no verdict was possible. The defense plea of insanity and "split personality" was discredited by Judge Bourquin in his address from the bench before the jury retired.

When O'Leary arose in federal court on May 21 to hear his sentence in the liquor case, he drew his weapons and fired at random 12 shots, none of which took serious effect. O'Leary himself was wounded by the last shot he fired.

Judge Bourquin set the case for retrial at the Helena term of court.

In the World of Radio

NATIONAL PROGRAMS

Program for December 26.
(Courtesy of Radio Digest.)
By Associated Press.

KFNF, Shenandoah (266), 12:25, concert; 7:30, accordian contest.

WSB, Atlanta Journal (429) 8.9 Hawaiian trouper; 10:45 Radiowits.

WEEI, Boston (303) 6 Big Brother club; 6:45 concert; 7:15 chat; 7:30 concert; 8 WEAF program.

WGR, Buffalo (319) 7 concert; 9:30 dance.

KYW, Chicago 536) 6:35 Uncle Bob; 7 concert; 7:30 program; 8 speeches; 9 midnight revue; 11-2:30 revue, organist.

WGN, Chicago Tribune (370) 6 organ; 6:30 concert; 8 classical; 10 jazz.

WLS, Chicago (345) 6:30 organ; 7-9:30 entertainers, music, farm program; 10 music, entertainers.

WMAQ Chicago News (447.5) 6 organ; 6:30 orchestra; 8 Wide-Awake club; 8:30 musical geography; 9 chair.

WHK, Cleveland (283) 7 concert.

WFAA Dallas News (476) 8:30 classical orchestra.

WOC, Davenport (484(7:20 educational lecture; 8 musical.

WHO, Des Moines (526) 7:30 banjo, mandolin, guitar, vocal.

WWJ, Detroit News (513) 6 News orchestra, vocal post.

WBAP, Fort Worth Star Telegram (476) 7:30 program; 9:30 concert.

KNX, Hollywood (337) 8 music; 10 features; 12 orchestra.

WOS, Jefferson City (330.9 8 address; 8:15 radio conversation; 8:30 fiddlin'.

WDAF Kansas City Star (411) 6-7 School of the Air; 8-9:30 popular program; 11:45-1 Nighthawk frolic.

KFI, Los Angeles (469) 8:45 organ; 10 girls' jazz band; 11 soprano; 12 vocal recital.

WHAS, Louisville Times (400) 7:30 concert.

WMC, Memphis Commercial Appeal (500) 8 bedtime; 8:30 concert; 11 midnight frolic.

WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul (417) 6 sports; 7:30 lecture; 8 announced.

WOR, Newark (405) 6:15 sports.

WEAF, New York (492) 6:30 stories; 7 Happiness candy boys; 7:30 music; 8 orchestra.

WHN, New York (360) 6 orchestra; 8:30 dance; 9 fashion chats; 9:30 music; 10:30 revue.

WJY, New York (405) 6:30 orchestra; 7:15 tenor; 7:30 talk; 8:30 orchestra.

WJZ, New York (455) 6 Savarin ensemble; 7:10 pianist; 7:30 ballet music; 8:30 talk; 9 trio; 9:30 orchestra.

KGO, Oakland (312) 6 orchestra; 7:30 girls' half hour.

WOAW, Omaha (526) 6 Uncle Ross; 6:20 musical; 7:15 sports; 8 Merry Musical Maids; 9:30 orchestra.

WDAR, Philadelphia (395) 6:30 talk; 7 play; 8 recital; 9:05 orchestra; 10 concert.

WOO, Philadelphia (509) 6:30 orchestra; 7:25 concert; 8:30 orchestra; 9:30 orchestra.

KGW, Portland Oregonian (492) 7 Aunt Nell; 9 Hoot Owls.

KPO, San Francisco (422) 7:30 orchestra.

WGY, Schenectady (380) 6:45 health talk; 6:55 musical; 8:30 instrumental.

KFOA, Seattle (455) 8 concert; 8:45 program; 10:30 concert.

WBZ, Springfield (337) 6:10 story; 6:15 lecture; 6:30 University Extension course; 9 concert; 10:30 orchestra.

KSD, St. Louis Post Dispatch (546) 8 soprano, pianist.

WCAP, Washington (469) 6:30 announced; 7 science news talk; 7:15 announced; 7:45 dialect stories; 8 orchestra; 9 dance.

WOAW PROGRAM

Friday, December 26.

6 P. M.—World-Herald "Uncle Ross" Story Hour, conducted by Doris Claire Secord.

6:20 P. M.—Musicale by Harry Brader, violinist-conductor, and Frank Strawn, pianist, of Rialto Symphony orchestra.

7 P. M.—To be announced.

7:15 P. M.—Current sport events, by Ivan L. Gaddis, sports editor of the Omaha Daily News.

Auspices Hannan-Van Brunt company, Ford dealers.

9 P. M.—Merry Musical Maids of Hotel Fontenelle.

Popular number, "Mean Cicero Blues" ..... Billy Baskette

"Around the Christmas Tree," arranged by ..... Tobina

Popular number, "Rose Marie" ..... from Rose Marie" ..... Orchestra.

Cello solo, "Danny Boy," old Irish song ..... Maia Meermann.

Popular number, "Tallahassee" ..... Bannister, Gould and Walters ..... Orchestra.

Vocal solo, "Ave Maria" ..... Schubert ..... Marjorie Schobel.

Selections from "The Fortune Teller" ..... V. Herbert ..... Orchestra.

9 to 10:15 P. M.—Roseland orchestra.

A Wife's Confessional

by Adele Garrison

The Startling Story Which Marion Told Madge.

Marion halted as soon as we were well within the bounds of the Durkee garden.

"I can tell you about it now, Auntie Madge," she said with a dignity that rebuked my mental censure of her a few minutes before. "I wouldn't have let Junior get down on that damp ground and get his clothes all muddy just for a game."

I put my arm around her and drew her tightly to me, for I saw that with intuition uncannily like her mother's Marion had guessed my astonishment at her apparently heedless prank, and was grieved by my doubt of her.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," I begged, for I would no more have pretended that I had not doubted her, than I would have offered such a subterfuge to her clear-eyed mother. "For a second or two I did think that the woods had suddenly turned your brain, but I might have known that you always have a good reason for everything you do."

"Oh! Auntie Madge! Not always!" she protested flushing.

"But this time, I did truly. I was terribly frightened," she lowered her voice cautiously so that Junior, already absorbed in the antics of Mrs. Durkee's pet cat, could not hear her of the cat and drew her a few paces of the cast and drew her a few paces away from him.

"You Can Tell Me."

"Now you can tell me about it," I said reassuringly. "He cannot possibly hear you."

"I told Junior we were hiding from Indians and pirates," she said, "but we really were hiding from a man who spoke to us and frightened me, he looked at me so queerly. And he tried to find us, too."

I felt my throat constrict with an old fear, one which always comes to me at the hint of anything unusual near my little lad. I suppose that until he is a graybeard, I shall have that tense dread of anything harming him, born of that awful time when Grace Draper was instrumental in having him stolen from me, and save for Hugh Grantland would have succeeded in her purpose of having him killed.

"A man spoke to you," I repeated when I could speak. "What sort of man, what did he say?"

Marion frowned a bit in a palpable effort to visualize the appearance of the man who had frightened her.

"He—he was dressed roughly, like a tramp, and he had a beard," she said. "But I don't think, if he were shaved and clean—he was pretty dirty—he would be a bad-looking man at all. He was about as tall as — as—Uncle Dicky—yes — that would be his size, but he weighs more than Uncle Dicky, I'm sure."

Despite my vague terror, I could not help smiling at the pretty earnestness of the child in her endeavor to get every detail of the man's appearance exactly right. Then a sudden thought sent the smile from my lips.

What had Edith Fairfax said about a tramp having been seen in the woodland upon the day when Mother Graham had her mysterious fall there? I quickly reviewed my telephone conversation with her when she had summoned me to my mother-in-law's bedside. Yes, she had said that, and had added the information that a roughly dressed man had been making inquiries, which showed that he thought our family still lived next door to the Durkees.

Suddenly I felt all the sensations of a fog closing in upon me, and I spoke to Marion with sudden peremptoriness.

"Never mind what he looked like," I said. "What did he say—and did he touch either of you?"

"He couldn't," Marion replied, answering the second question first, because he was on one side of the brook back there, and we were on the other. You know, it winds in back of those trees."

I nodded, impatiently, and she went on.

A Stranger's Inquiry.

"He said first: 'Hello, Kids, do you live around here?' and then he didn't wait for an answer, but went on: 'Do you know an old lady named Graham'?"

I started. Then there was a connection after all, but Marion was continuing her story, and I concentrated my attention upon her.

"I wouldn't have answered him at all," Marion said, "for Mother has told me never to talk to strangers and to get away from anybody who tries to talk to me as fast as I could, but Junior piped up right away: 'You bet your boots I know her. She's my granzie.'

"The man gave a little jump at that, and started toward us. 'Oh! ho, so you're her grandson, are you?' Then he said a bad word there, Auntie Madge," Marion interpolated with a little flush. "He put his hand to his chin and stroked it as if he were thinking.

"'Then you must be Richard's boy, or are you Elizabeth's?'" he asked.

LIQUOR AGENTS RAID SALOONS

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 24.—Sixty federal prohibition enforcement agents from New York city invaded New Jersey again today and followed up yesterday's raids by visiting 25 saloons in Newark, in South Orange and in Harrison, N. J. The agents had warrants issued by United States Commissioner Sommers of Newark.

They said they were investigating places listed as suspicious by the Anti-Saloon League of New York.

Capt. John Dillon and Lieut. Edward John Kirk, both of the Weehawken police force, who were indicted by the Hudson county grand jury yesterday on charges of malfeasance in connection with the Weehawken rum scandal, furnished $10,000 bond each today.

The indictment of Captain Dillon and Lieutenant Kirk brought to 11 the total of Weehawken policemen under indictment in connection with charges of aiding rum runners. They were charged with responsibility for disappearance of a truck load of liquor from in front of the Weehawken police station on the night of November 20.

Man Abducts, Then Kills Young Wife Who Divorced Him

Marriage Once Annulled by Bride's Mother Leads Eventually to Two Deaths and Shooting of Two Others.

Randolph, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Two elopements, a divorce and an abduction, in all of which the same girl figured, were disclosed today in connection with a domestic tragedy here yesterday. Peter McLarney, 25, killed his young wife, shot her mother and brother, then killed himself.

Mrs. Grace Anderson, mother-in-law of the slayer, and her son, John, are expected to recover from bullet wounds inflicted by McLarney, while he had them locked in a bathroom after he had taken the life of his wife, Dorothy Anderson McLarney, 22.

McLarney and the girl were sweethearts five years ago. In September, 1920, they eloped to Jamestown, married and kept it a secret. The girl-wife went to Dana Hall, a Massachusetts school, to prepare for Wellesley college, and her husband remained in Randolph.

Romance Fades in Year.

But the secret leaked out, Mrs. Anderson had the marriage annulled because her daughter was under age. By the Christmas school holidays, however, the girl was of age, so she and McLarancy again eloped to Jamestown and again were married by the same clergyman who performed the first ceremony.

Within a year the romance faded. They separated, their baby boy was placed in the care of its maternal grandmother. When a divorce was granted Mrs. McLarney last fall she entered Pratt institute as a student.

McLarney found her in New York several weeks ago. He urged her to remarry him. When she refused, according to authorities, he forcibly removed her to a hotel in New Jersey, kept her there all night and left her the next day, a prisoner in the hotel. He was charged with Mann act violation for that episode, and was out on $2,000 bail pending the action of a federal grand jury at New York.

Shoots Mother-in-Law.

The former Mrs. McLarney came from New York to spend Christmas with her mother. While the young woman was calling at the home of Mrs. William Atchison, McLarney entered and shot his former wife to death. Then he went to the home of his mother-in-law and shot her and her son, after locking himself in the bathroom with them.

Deputy Sheriff Bragg appeared and ordered McLarney to surrender. A shot through the bathroom door was the answer. It started a duel, which ended when Bragg crushed the door and found McLarney dead with a bullet through the head, a pistol in one hand and a stiletto in the other. The coroner filed a certificate of suicide.

The authorities' investigation developed that McLarney used narcotics and recently had an operation for appendicitis.

G. W. SPRINGER DIES AT PARENTS' HOME

George F. Springer, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Springer, died Wednesday evening at the residence, 6509 Wirt street.

Besides his parents he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. C. H. Trivesy and Mr. Harry Gravert and two brothers, Paul and Claude, all of Omaha.

Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 from the home of his sister, Trivesy, 6316 Maple street. Burial will be in Mount Hope cemetery.

Boy, 10, Awarded Two Medals for Painting

New York, Dec. 25.—Two gold medals have been awarded Duncan Campbell, 10-year-old school boy of Brooklyn for his painting of a life-like tiger on a five-foot canvas, submitted in a contest among 8,000 school children. The judges said he was one of the most remarkable children found in 13 years of contests.

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