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AN IDEAL PERSONAGE

He Became Unpleasant on Acquaintance By SAMUEL E. BRANT

I grew up under the influence of tales of western life. The desperado of the plains was to me a fascinating person, and the wicked he was the more I admired him. It is a curious psychological fact that wickedness is attractive because it is wicked.

I brought up in Coconino county at a small town from which I proposed to make an observation tour through the surrounding country. I found the region much as it has been depicted in theatricals, barring the stage effects. I got into a little play of my own, and it came very near being a tragedy.

I was riding through the country one day when I met a man on horseback, of whom I asked the way. He was a quiet looking, quiet spoken young fellow and cheerfully gave me the directions I asked for. We were about to part when I noticed him looking at me critically. He seemed to be taking note of my height, weight, the color of my hair and eyes and the shape of my face.

Never in my life have I felt so contemptible. I had submitted to his will without resistance, and now I was riding away armed to the teeth, while he possessed one small pistol that I had brought from the east and considered a plaything in Arizona without making any attempt to regain my own. Was it my being unarmed to the ways of the region I was in, or the domination of a superior will, or a feeling that my man could kill me as quick with my tiny revolver as with all the various weapons he had transferred to me? I don't know myself, but I suspect I was deterred from putting up a fight by all these reasons.

I rode on as mild mannered a man as the one I had met, but with weapons innumerable. What the fellow wanted with my clothes, why he had given me his arms, was to me an insoluble mystery. But it didn't require a long time to find out. After awhile I met several men riding on the road together. They were chatting and paid no attention to me till I came very near them. Then one of them looked at me and started. We made the usual salute of strangers meeting in a new country, and I thought no more of the encounter. But I had not gone fifty feet before I heard a sharp command from behind:

"Hands up!" I put my hands above my head and waited. The men who had passed me returned and relieved me of my armament. "Dead easy, wasn't it?" said one of them to the others.

"You bet, I never thought he'd be taken without blood spilling." "My friends," said I, "will you kindly inform me what all this means?" "And will you kindly inform us what you mean by being thus taken unaware?" "I wonder if you don't think I'm some one else."

WITHIN AN HOUR I was in jail in a small town built on the bank of a stream. The sheriff told my captors that I—or, rather, the man I had been mistaken for—was full of tricks and was doubtless now engaged in playing one of them. He would call the vigilance committee together and have me tried and hanged as soon as it could be reached. Meanwhile he thought I'd be safe in the stone jail back of his house. If I tried to escape he would save the committee the trouble. I heard him say this. Indeed, he intended that I should.

He soon left the place, and I gave myself over to thoughts of no pleasant character. If I made no effort to get out and away when the committee arrived I had every chance of being hanged. And yet I was appalled by his threat, but not so much so as to prevent my looking about for a loophole.

The jail was an old stone smoke-house, with a door made of iron bars. It was getting dusk when I saw a girl somewhere between fifteen and seventeen years old come out of the back door of the jailer's house and take up an armful of firewood. I called to her. She dropped the wood and came to the door of the jail.

"What d'ye want?" she asked. "Have you any feeling?" I asked. Instead of replying she stood looking at me, silent, and I went on. I told her my story as I have told it here and asked her if she could and would find a way to aid me to escape, assuring her that if she did not I would be surely hanged by mistake. I saw sympathy welling up in her eyes and had hope.

"I can't. Pop's gone to get the committee, and maw she's gone over to Aunt Sarah's. Pop he's got the key o' this door with him."

"How long will they be gone?" "Maw she told me to get supper and have it ready at 8 o'clock. Reckon she and pop'll be home by then."

"Is there any one else in the house?" "No." There was a good hour in which to act. I asked the girl if there was a crowbar in the house. She didn't remember any such implement, but she thought one of the bars intended for the door of the jail was in the wood house. I asked her to get it for me. She started to do so, and it occurred to me that she would suffer by aiding me, and I called her back to ask her what they would do with her if they knew she had helped me to escape. She said she didn't know, but she wasn't afraid of her pop, though everybody else was. He wouldn't hurt her. Then she went on and brought me the bar.

I worked half an hour with it, prying and bending the bars of the gate near the lock, and at last succeeded in loosening the bolt from the catch. There was also a chain as an auxiliary, but with a thick bar six feet long I got a big leverage on it and broke it. Then I was free. The next question was what I should do to get away from the locality. Of course I would be followed.

"Got any horses here?" I asked the girl. "Yes." "A horse won't do. I would have to keep on open ground, where I would be seen and his hoofs would leave tracks." "There's a boat. You might drop down the creek. Pop keeps a blood-hound in the barn to track folks with; he can't get the scent if you go by water."

"The very thing. No; that won't do either. The boat would be missed. But I'll take to the creek. How can I get out of here and do it without leaving tracks or scent?" "I kin carry you."

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ASKS MORE TIME Huerta Government Make Request from Washington. WILSON ACCEDES TO APPEAL

Postpones the Delivery to Congress of His Message on the Mexican Situation—What President Wilson Will Demand of General Huerta in Regard to American Citizens.

WASHINGTON—At about 10 o'clock in the morning an official message was received from the Huerta government asking President Wilson to delay his message to congress for another twenty-four hours. It was taken under consideration at a conference between the president and Secretary Bryan.

Within a short time it was announced that the president had postponed delivery of his Mexican message to congress. Ban on Shipment of Arms. The message makes it plain that no faction or government in Mexico will be allowed to receive munitions of war from the United States.

Having thus offered safety to Americans and having closed the door for future shipments of munitions of war the President will follow a policy of non-interference leaving the Mexicans to struggle between themselves and work out their own salvation. Will Demand Protection. With the announcement of this new policy, however, will come sharp demand upon the Huerta government and all the revolutionary leaders in Mexico to safeguard American life and property.

President Wilson outlined this new program at a conference at the White House with twenty-one members of the foreign relations committee of the two houses of congress. Lind Acknowledges Failure. The entire new program was of course contingent upon the belief that all chance of Huerta accepting the president's mediation proposals had disappeared. When President Wilson was conferring with the members of congress, he had practically given up hope and a message received from John Lind, the president's special envoy, after the conference had adjourned, practically acknowledged the failure of his mission.

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LEGAL NOTICE. State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, October Term, A. D. 1913. Frances C. Colby vs. Lynn M. Colby. In Chancery. No. 6341. The requisite affidavit having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, notice is therefore hereby given to the said Lynn M. Colby, defendant aforesaid, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, on the First Monday of October, A. D. 1913, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk. Waukegan, Illinois, August 5th, A. D. 1913. WILLIAM E. CLOYER, Complainant's Solicitor. 705 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Chicago, Ill. 24-6-67

Highland Park Mail Service Mails close as follows: 7:13 a. m. for all points north; 8:48 a. m. for all points except local north; 11:49 a. m. for all points north; 12:35 p. m. for all points except local north; 2:13 p. m. for all points south, and Highwood; 3:01 p. m. for all points north except Highwood; 5:42 p. m. for all points; 6:30 p. m. for all points. Sunday: 5:46 p. m. for all points. Y. W. C. A. Activities Sunday 4:45 p. m. informal and social hour; Monday 7:30-9:30 p. m. fortnightly chaffing dish club; Tuesday 3:30-5:30 Junior gymnastic dancing; 7:30-9:30 Senior gymnastic dancing; Wednesday, 7:30-9:30 p. m. special gymnastic dancing and English class; Thursday 4:30-5:30 High school gymnastic dancing; Friday 3:30-5:30 Camp Fire Girls (two groups); Saturday 10 a. m.-5 p. m. Woman's Exchange.

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