

Jingle Bells

(Continued from preceding page)

eyes. He pondered a moment. The train whistled.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor. "Will you let me go free if I tell you where the pearls are?" Julius asked.

I debated. "Say 'yes,' Tom!" urged Maryella. "I must get them back at any cost." "Yes, I'll let you go."

Julius moved toward the platform of the car, which was getting under way. "I'll tell you as soon as I am on the train."

Not quite understanding, I nevertheless ran on beside him and allowed him to mount the first step.

"Now where are they?" I demanded.

The train was moving faster. I could not keep up much longer.

"They are on this train," said Julius, and then seeing the questioning look on my face he added, "I sent them to myself by parcel post. They are in the mail-car."

I dropped back, and the train pulled away. Julius waved at me from the car steps.

CHAPTER XIV. On The Mail-Car

I gazed stupidly at the departing platform.

"Where are the pearls?" asked Maryella, joining me.

"On the train," I explained. "He put 'em in the mail and sent them to himself, parcel post."

"And you let the train go off without you!" she reproached.

"He didn't tell me until it was too late for me to get aboard." I defended my action, or rather inaction as best I could.

While we looked at the receding train it came to a gradual stop. I looked for the cause and noticed a water tank beside the track.

"Good-by," I said, with hastily formed resolution, as I left Maryella and sprinted down the track.

I caught it. No need to go into details of the red spots before my eyes and the dry throat that burned me as I ran. As it pulled out I swung on to the rear platform.

I went into the car and went to the forward end where I could look into the coach ahead.

Yes, Julius was there, finishing up his cigar all unconscious of my presence. I decided it would be just as well not to make a scene on the train, but to follow him to his destination and get the pearls when he claimed them at the post-office.

So I sat where I could see the platform and note when he got off. After all I was redeeming myself for any blunders I had made in the past.

"Tickets," said a voice. The conductor had entered the door just in front of me.

He looked at me suspiciously. My clothing was a trifle nondescript.

"I had only just time enough to catch the train without stopping at the station," I offered.

My short-winded condition bore out my statement.

"All right. I don't care," he replied. "You'll have to pay a little extra, that's all, by settling with me on a cash basis."

While he was asking me where I wanted to go I reach in my pocket for some money.

I found nothing but a hole. Up to that moment I had forgotten that I was wearing Comrade Dreyenfurth's "other" pants.

It's a terrible thing to be without money among strangers. I know of no sensation akin to it.

"I left it in my other clothes," I said weakly.

"Is that so?" said the conductor scornfully eyeing me with a practiced gaze. "Don't try to kid me. You haven't any other clothes."

I was indignant, but what was the use?

"Cough up some money," said the conductor crossly, "or get off." He reached up suggestively for the bell cord which signals to the engineer.

(Concluded Next Week)

Describes Trees in Chicago and Vicinity

Common trees found in the Chicago region are described in one of the botanical leaflets published by Field Museum of Natural History as aids to amateur naturalists who want to be equipped to identify the plant life they encounter on their jaunts into woodlands, dunelands and elsewhere. The leaflet is illustrated with photographs of the trees and closeups of foliage, flowers, fruits and other features.

The author of the pamphlet is J. Francis Macbride of the staff of the museum's department of botany. The American elm, famous because it was under a tree of this species at Cambridge, Mass., that George Washington took command of the revolutionary troops, is the first species treated of in the leaflet. The most famous tree of the Chicago area — the old Blackhawk Treaty Tree at Evanston — is an elm.

Other trees discussed in the publication are the slippery elm, cork elm, cottonwoods or poplars, the willows, black walnut, butternut, hickories, birches and alders, beech, white oak, red oak, American chestnut, wild black cherry, plane tree or sycamore, locusts, tree of heaven, red maple, sugar maple, the ash tree, horse chestnut or buckeye, linden or basswood, catalpa, white pine, spruce, fir, and tamarack or larch.

Fell's Clothing Bandit Denied Parole, Report

Ignace Santos, Chicago, serving a term of from one year to life in Pontiac for his part in the Fell's Clothing company burglary at Highland Park last March, will not be given his freedom at the present session of the pardon and paroles board now being held in Springfield, Ill.

According to word received here after the sending of a letter by State's Attorney A. V. Smith opposing Santos' freedom now, the pardon board will let the matter go over until another date in order to check further on the case.

It was stated in a letter received last week by Col. Smith that parole for Santos was being considered in order that he might be deported to Mexico. Col. Smith asked that the young burglar be allowed to serve a substantial part of his sentence before being turned loose. It is believed that further communication will be held with the local prosecutor before definite action is taken.

The Cotton King's Record

John W. McFarland is the "cotton King" of east Texas. Two bales to the acre is his average yield. His 40 acres yielded 80 bales last year. He credits his success to improved methods of farming, including the intelligent use of commercial fertilizer.

Weeds were kept down and proper soil mulch was maintained by cultivation.

Now the Corncob Is in Diplomacy

While Ambassador Dawes has been introducing his famous underslung

pipe into diplomatic circles in London, Joseph P. Cotton, the Under Secretary of State, has been introducing his corncob pipe into the department.

Thus far, he has always remembered to lay his corncob aside when called to the office of Secretary Stimson.

No wonder there is a tremendous sale of cooling drinks at the ball games, since the spectators not merely obtain refreshment, but a weapon to throw at the umpire.

Patronize The Press Advertisers



JUST PARAGRAPHS

Now what of the woman movement? The publishers of Miss Barrett Willoughby's books announce that "she is flattered when readers of her books address letters to her as 'dear sir.'" Will we ever stamp out that old inferiority complex?

Some people seem fairly hungry for punishment. Roy Chapman Andrews after the suffering described in his recent book on the Gobi Desert might be expected to have had enough of it. But here he is about to start another expedition before the account of his last one is even in print.

R. S. V. P.

"Six Mrs. Greenes" by Lorna Rea Harper and Brothers.

"Six Mrs. Greenes" by Lorna Rea, a first novel, is an extraordinarily fine one. It is in construction, one of those "bag of tricks" novels, yet the trick is an original one. The six Mrs. Greenes are all members of one family, wives of various generations of Greenes whom one of their number takes it into her head to invite to a little dinner party. Then we see each of the Mrs. Greenes in succession in a little sketch which is a novelette in itself and an absorbing character study, with, as climax of each, the arrival of the dinner invitation.

It is one of those horizontal slice of life affairs which are popular now, but in this the knife is so keen and the hand so dextrous that we only wish the slice were thicker than it is.

Of older psychology Mrs. Rea seems to have a particularly subtle grasp, Granny with her failing memory, Aunt Sarah with her quietly philosophical understanding of life. Then the youngest of all, Jessica on her wedding morning, is drawn flawlessly.

In fact in spite of the fact that in Mrs. Rea the publishers "are

confident they have discovered a novelist of the first rank" we have high hopes for her future.

BETTER SO

"The Untold Story" by Mary Desti Horace Liveright

If Mary Desti intended, as she seems to imply, that the writing of "The Untold Story" was to be the last act of friendship to her adorned Isadora Duncan, it seems that she might have achieved a still greater act by not telling it at all. There is almost nothing in it to the credit of the great Isadora, it is decidedly the record of her declining years. And if that strange woman's life had many of the qualities of the meteor, we must note that it kept those qualities in the rapidity of her fall.

It would be cruel to read this book without having read Isadora's own inspiring and really remarkable biography, for in that surely the best of that strange and erratic genius was presented. It is almost as cruel to read it afterward, for here is the worst. The best of Isadora was within her, her aspirations and her art, her outer actions are often far from admirable. And during these last years it is only kind to believe that she must have been a little deranged, perhaps by grief over the death of her two dearly loved children.

The most astonishing thing in the book is the psychology of the writer herself, Mary Desti. Many of her remarks about the friend whom she undoubtedly adored are of such a nature that they would from anyone less simple necessarily be sarcasm. Many of the revelations, in fact the whole book, seems to an unprejudiced outsider, traitorous. Yet the part of the traitor is farthest from this woman's mind, it must simply be that, as is so often the case, blinded by the close proximity of genius, she mistakenly judged every act and work as the rightful property of the world.