

Cross Words and the Puzzle

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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FENWAY looked at the little blue sign with its brilliant orange-colored lettering hanging so bravely out over the city sidewalk and the single word "Coffee" lured him in for a cup.

He felt the need of something anyway as, not an hour before, he and the one girl had had very cross words—so cross, in fact, that Fenway wondered what it had really all been about.

Once inside he sat down to a cozy table in the bow window and waited for the waitress to clear away the remnants left by the previous occupant.

It was folded back to the daily crossword puzzle and only a few desultory words had been filled in.

"Perhaps if I can solve this puzzle," thought Fenway, "I can solve the human cross-word puzzle, too. This one has a reward of \$100 for a correct solution and I suppose the human one has a reward beyond the price of rubies—if one can solve it."

And while sipping a large cup of coffee Fenway amused himself putting in the somewhat staggering words of the cross-word puzzle.

Fenway felt particularly brilliant after finishing the last word, and he decided to send in the solution.

He called the waitress and got from her pen, ink and envelope and realizing that her curiosity was getting the better of her looked up with an engaging smile.

"I'm trying my luck for this prize," he informed her, "and if I win it you shall have ten dollars."

"Oh, sir, I hope you do win," laughed the young girl. "The young lady who left the paper tries those puzzles a lot but always leaves them half finished. She has a room upstairs," she added.

"Then I must share my prize with still another," laughed Fenway, "and that only leaves me about \$80." He glanced boyishly up at the amused girl. "I suppose you think I'm kidding, don't you? Just wait and see."

"Not at all," laughed the girl, "only when do I get the ten?" Fenway glanced at the paper. "One week from today. You'll see me coming in here with a 'hundred dollar look' and you and that young lady who was kind enough to leave her paper will separate me from most of it."

And as Fenway left the coffee shop he realized that he had spent a rather enjoyable half hour and also that some one more than passing fair had arrived at the door about the same time as himself.

Fenway held back the door that she might make her exit and the smile of thanks he got made the entire world a more glorious place in which to solve cross-word puzzles.

Meantime the waitress whom he had just left was making frantic signs to him from the window. Being of a somewhat intuitive nature and reading the signs aright Fenway realized that she was imparting to him the fact that the young lady for whom he had held the door open and the one who had left the newspaper on the table were one and the same.

Fenway smiled his interest in the good news and determined that he would win that prize by hook or crook in order that he might present his small bonus to both girls.

The week passed without the world being set on fire because a cross-word puzzle had been solved and with no further effort on Fenway's part he found that he had actually won the prize. Even if he hadn't, so keen was he to become acquainted with the girl of the sunny smile and to preserve the happy little waitress from disappointment, he would have managed in some way to convey the idea that his was the lucky name in the paper.

He was relieved that he had not to resort to underhand methods, and one week from the day he was there drinking that excellent coffee Fenway again entered the room and turned toward the table at which he had sat. It was already occupied.

She and no other was comfortably ensconced in the low chair that Fenway had hoped to occupy himself. There was, however, a second chair at the table.

The little waitress, right on the job where romance was budding, stepped straight up to Fenway.

"I told Miss Carter all about you and the cross-word puzzle—and I don't think she'll be annoyed if I introduce you."

That sunny smile that had been lingering in Fenway's heart greeted him. He knew now that that all the cross words from the other girl would never bother him again.

"Here, Little Miss," he called to the hastily retreating girl who had shown him the way to a happy solution of one of life's problems—the love game—"put this right into that pocket-book of yours and don't dare look at it until tomorrow morning." And Fenway pressed something papery into her hand.

Then he sat down comfortably beside the sunshine girl.

"I've such heaps of things to tell you," he said.

"Start right in," laughed the girl. "I'm all ears."

"Not quite," said Fenway, gazing happily at eyes and lips and cheeks and golden hair—"not just all ears." The girl blushed softly and most happily.

My Favorite Stories

by Irvin S. Cobb

Two With a Swedish Background

PERSONALLY, I do not know a great many persons of Swedish birth. But those Swedes I have met struck me, nearly always, as being unusually keen-witted. Nevertheless, it is customary among after-dinner speakers, when telling a yarn purporting to deal with slow thinking, to make the central character of it a Swede, and preferably a Swede farmer.

For instance, there is the classic of the Wisconsin politician who, in the Presidential campaign of eleven years ago, toured the back districts of his native state to electorator for his party. In a remote neighborhood he came upon a tall Scandinavian sitting on a log in a clearing. The stranger hauled up his team and greeted the resident, who replied with a nod.

The politician explained that he was sounding out the sentiment in the district.

"What do you think about Wilson?" he asked.

"Aye don't know," drawled the other. "Well, how about Roosevelt?" "Aye don't know."

"Maybe you like Taft?" The alien shook his tawny head, dumbly.

"Well, now, look here then, you must have some opinion," said the visitor. "You and your neighbors must have talked things over among yourselves. Who do you think has the best show?"

The simple Swede gave this question lengthy consideration. Then, with a faint tinge of expression, he said: "Aye tank Ringling Brothers got the best show."

Then there is the time-honored yarn of the Swede farmhand up in Minnesota who, on the witness stand, was called upon by the attorney for the railroad to furnish details touching on the tragic death of a companion.

"Aye tell you," he answered. "Me and Ole, we bane walkin' on railroad track. Train come by and aye yump off track. By and by, when train is gone, aye don't see Ole any more. So aye walk on and pretty soon aye see one of Ole's arms on one side of the track and both Ole's legs on other side of the track. And then pretty soon again aye see Ole's head, but Ole's body is not there. So aye stop and say to myself, 'By Jupyter, something must a' happened to Ole!'"

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WHAT IT COSTS TO GOVERN US

By PROF. M. H. HUNTER, Dept. of Economics, Univ. of Illinois

Use of Inheritance Taxes by States

IN 1926 the states received \$90,632,000 from a tax on inheritance, or about one-fourteenth of the total receipts from taxes.

Since Pennsylvania adopted an inheritance tax in 1896, the states have placed some reliance for revenue upon the transfer of property at death. At present there are but three states, Florida, Alabama and Nevada, which do not make some use of inheritance taxes.

There is no uniformity in the use of the inheritance tax among the different states. In general, however, the rates increase as the benefaction increases and as relationship becomes more remote. Usually three relatives are noted: Direct, such as husband, wife, children; collateral, such as uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins; and strangers in blood, or no relation to the deceased.

The federal government has been responsible for the tendency to greater uniformity in state inheritance tax rates. Under the present federal estate tax, a credit of 80 per cent of the tax due is allowed for inheritance taxes paid to a state. Many states have increased their rates so as to take full advantage of this credit provision.

In the state of New York direct heirs receive an exemption from tax of \$5,000, while the rates range from 1 per cent to 4 per cent, the latter applying to bequests in excess of \$100,000. To all others the exemption is \$500, with progressive rates 1 per cent to 8 per cent. In addition there is an estate tax applicable to that part of the estate in excess of \$1,000,000 with rates ranging from 1/4 of 1 per cent to 10 per cent.

In Wisconsin the maximum rate applicable to direct heirs is 8 per cent, while the maximum upon strangers reaches 40 per cent, a rate as high as is found in any state. An exemption of \$500 is allowed strangers, while \$2,000 is allowed direct heirs, except a widow, who is allowed \$15,000.

Illinois allows an exemption of \$20,000 to each direct heir, but levies rates ranging from 2 per cent to 14 per cent upon bequests. The exemption to strangers is \$100, while the rates range from 10 per cent to 30 per cent.

One difficulty, with the increase in rates, has been evasion by making gifts before death. Many states, therefore, make the inheritance tax rates applicable to all gifts made in contemplation of death.

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America is the most prosperous nation in the world today because of the use of printers' ink as a trustworthy salesman of products.

Bell's School News

Route 3, Apex, March 2.—The Parent-Teacher Association of Bell's School held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday evening, February 19th. After the business was completed, the principal, F. M. Biggerstaff, gave a lecture on Air, illustrated by a dozen or so experiments with scientific apparatus. Then the science teacher, Miss Guinn, gave an account of some of the astounding discoveries and inventions made during the past few months. The purpose of the program was not only to present such facts, to the patrons, but also to give them an idea of the work being done in the high school.

The next meeting, to be held one month from the above date, will be used for election of officers for next year.

Several new members have been added to the organization this year, and our dues to the state association have been paid. Some of the work done this year includes furnishing the school stage with modern equipment, making a loan to the school sufficient to complete payment on the piano at the teacherage, and building up a nice fund to be used for school improvements.

Mr. G. J. Griffin of the Chatham Hardware Company visited the school this week and looked over the new stage equipment. He seemed well pleased with his space on the advertising curtain.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of one of our patrons, Mrs. C. B. Knowles. Mrs. Knowles died Thursday, February 28th, and was buried at Durham the next day.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Dossit Bowling will keep the teacherage here next year. Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Scott, now in charge, resigned some weeks ago and are planning to move just as soon as school is out.

A commencement program has been planned by the teachers to consist of a music recital, a high school play, and an evening of miscellaneous exercises by the elementary grades.

Moncure News

Mr. R. W. Hunt of Dunn was in town last Saturday to see W. W. Stedman in the interest of real estate.

The play entitled, "Tea for Tom," given by the senior class last Friday evening, in the school auditorium, was enjoyed very much by the large crowd present. The proceeds amounted to \$41.00.

The following are the members of the senior class this year: Misses Eleanor Ketchie, Lois Ray, Mozelle Cotton, Luciele Wicker, Clairene Mims, Garrett Wicker, Hayes Harrington, George Carr, Bruce Johnson, and Ralph Crutchfield.

Rev. Offie Squire of Buies Creek, the pastor of the Baptist church, preached two good sermons yesterday, especially the one at the evening service.

Mr. R. S. Clark of Siler City was in town one day last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish of Durham spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mims. Mrs. Mims spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Parrish at Durham.

The Epworth League met at seven o'clock last Sunday evening with Miss Lois, the president, in the choir. Miss Dorothy Lambeth, the secretary, was also present. The junior department had charge of the program with Miss Cornelia Stedman, leader, who presented the lesson, "Keep on and Don't Give Up," in an interesting way. During the program several songs were sung in which all leaguers took part. The meeting closed with a short prayer by Mr. A. B. Clegg.

There will be services at the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:30 o'clock by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Dailey.

Brown's Chapel News

The Hopedale string band was with us again Sunday afternoon. After a musical program, Pastor Dailey preached on the subject of "The Value of Music in Divine Worship." We had a large crowd and many welcome visitors. A freewill offering of \$7.85 was given the band.

The wonders of the radio multiply. The writer heard over the radio of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Whitaker a very fine sermon Sunday from the First Baptist church of Raleigh. Dr. Tucker preached on four words from Hebrews: "But we see Jesus."

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Luterloh are the proud parents of their first boy, which was born March 2.

Kimbloton News

C. A. Durham of near Pittsboro spent the week-end at Siler City and made a visit at Brewer-Russell Monday morning.

Troy Ferguson and son of Raleigh spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. A. V. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Utley and Mrs. Nick Buie and three children spent Sunday at Mr. A. V. Ferguson's.

J. A. Johnson is able to be up after being sick a week with flu. Jay Burke and family of Sutphin Springs spent Sunday with Mrs. J. E. Burke.

Albert Barrs, 10-year-old boy of Istock, Eng., suffered a broken leg in a football game, but hobbled into his classroom and remained until school was dismissed.

The Grace Period

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

THE grace period allowed for the payment of your premium will expire on the 13th of April, 1929. In case of nonpayment during this period, THIS POLICY WILL LAPSE—

Martin Noble regarded the printed slip of paper that had come in his morning mail with an expression of grim amusement. He read it through and his eyes lingered on the words in large black letters across the bottom of the slip:

"IMPORTANT—LAST NOTICE" "Well, let her lapse," he said half aloud, and let the slip drop into the waste-paper basket at his side. He reached for another letter but did not open it. His eyes were still absently focused on the expanse of gray-blue sky. He recalled unimportant details of the transaction eight years ago when he first took out the life insurance. He was twenty-four years old then and, though his salary was unusually good for a young man of his age, a fifty thousand dollar life insurance policy seemed large. Taking it out at all was, of course, a token of his mental derangement at the time. Payment of the large premiums had been a pleasure at first—going without things for himself so that he might pay them for her. He tried not to think of the girl to whom he had been engaged for one brief year. Then after she had returned the ring and the letters he had gone on with the payments, still thinking vaguely that there might be a reconciliation.

Several times within the eight years he had thought of letting the policy lapse. But each time he had gone on with it.

But now he had honestly forgotten to send in his last premium. Of course, with his present income the payment of it meant no sacrifices, still there were other ways to invest the money, the benefits of which he might reap himself. "Better let it lapse," he muttered again—and then looked up somewhat surprised to see his secretary, Mary Bennet, standing at the other side of the desk.

"Are you ready for dictation?" she suggested rather demurely.

"I hope you noticed the nonpayment notice from the insurance people," she said, searching through the pile of letters.

"It's in the waste-paper basket," said Martin Noble. "I'm going to let it lapse."

"But, Mr. Noble," gasped Mary. "You can't possibly—"

"Why shouldn't I let it lapse if I want to?" he asked, watching the color mount in her cheeks as he looked at her. "I can buy F. P. stock with the premiums—and that will be some good when I want to retire. It isn't as if those Dawson cousins would care about a paltry fifty thousand."

"But—but you might marry," exclaimed Mary.

Martin shook his head sadly and watched Mary's face to see the reaction. He was surprised to realize what enjoyment he got out of the play of expression on Mary's pretty young face. A quick little "Oh" of surprise escaped from Mary's unpainted lips, then she took her accustomed seat at the side of her employer's desk, and precisely opened her note book.

Martin meanwhile stooped and drew the important notice from his waste basket. He passed it mechanically to Mary. "Tell them that owing to a clerical error the payment of the premium was overlooked. Make out the check and leave it with the letter for me to sign." Martin watched for the reaction on Mary's face but Mary was simply looking intently at her notebook.

After an hour of rapid dictation Mary rose to go. She paused at the door.

"I hope, Mr. Noble," she said shyly "that—that I didn't seem to be intruding in your personal affairs."

Martin looked up and smiled, and surprised himself almost as much as he did Mary when he said, "Let's have luncheon together. It's a depressing sort of day—no lunch alone."

At luncheon Mary had the temerity to ask Martin to come to see her at home some time—she said she thought he might like to meet her brothers. There were two of them in the city college and they knew all sorts of amusing songs and stunts.

That night Martin Noble had a long conference with himself. In the morning when Mary Bennet appeared for his dictation he had difficulty in assuming his usual impersonal manner toward her.

"I'm thinking of making a change in that policy of mine," he said. "You might write and ask them what term is necessary for changing the name of the beneficiary. I don't know a thing about insurance."

"Shall I give them the name of the beneficiary?" asked Mary, narrowly regarding the long points of her pen nibs.

"Perhaps I had better get the beneficiary's consent first," said Martin. Mary's blue eyes opened in a sort of childish bewilderment.

"I mean—that I want to marry you—Mary," he said. The pencil dropped from Mary's hand as he took it in his own and drew her to him.

"But don't let's ever talk about the insurance," said Mary.

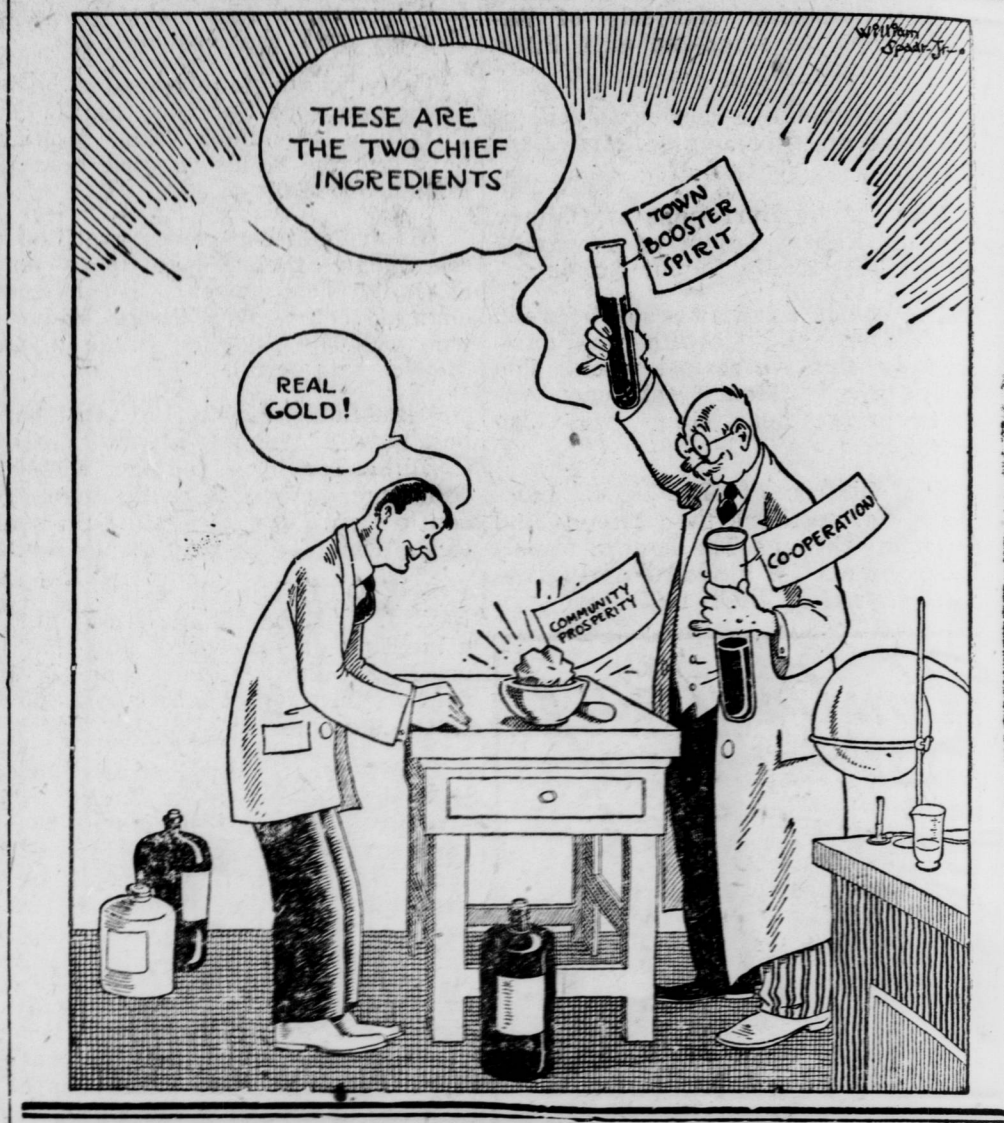
Why Teachers Get Married

Question: "What are glaciers?" Answer: "Guys who fix windows when they are broken." Question: "What is a peninsula?" Answer: "A bird that lives on icebergs." Question: "What is a volcano?" Answer: "A mountain with a hole in the top. If you look down you can see the creator smoking." Question: "Why does a dog hang out its tongue when running?" Answer: "To balance its tail."

Question: "What is steel wool?"

Answer: "The fleece of a hydraulic ram." Question: "What are the Christian nations?" Answer: "Those that use cuss words." Question: "What is etiquette?" Answer: "Saying 'No, thank you' when you mean 'gimme.'"—Bookman-wrap. Astronomers report Mars probably too cold for life, even too cold for Coolidge.

MODERN ALCHEMY



The Red LAMP

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Mystery Story of the Very First Order

It moves at a rapid pace and has a fine vein of humor, but some of the events are so weird as to be absolutely creepy and not explainable on any earthly basis; apparently manifestations from an unseen world.

Thrilling and Fascinating STARTING ON PAGE THREE OF THIS ISSUE