



Charles A. Smith, star witness against William V. Sawyer, accused of a gigantic booze conspiracy in New York, was confronted by Harry Carroll in court. He was asked if he had married and deserted her twelve years ago. She almost collapsed when he answered "No."

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Miss Nobody

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He furiously threatened to give her away to the civil engineer who was technical boss of the job when, dormitory space being alphabetically allotted, she had been given a cot in one barracks, he in another.
"You'll be sent back to New York by the police," he stormed.
"No," she insisted obstinately. "I won't. You won't tell on me."
For a fortnight Bravo worked with a drill crew. They ascertained that he possessed arithmetic and scrivener faculties. He was put to work as storekeeper in the dynamite shack, a two-room structure built against the stockade which surrounded the mouth of the mountain.
"How do you like your dynamite job?" she asked him the day of his promotion.
"Great," he answered. "I'm used to dynamite by now." He looked meaningfully at her.
No one protested when he surrendered to her. You! the extra room at his disposition for use as sleeping quarters. The rest of the camp seemed to share his liking for the little son-of-a-gun, who took disparaging references to his sissy face and hands so good-naturedly that they lost all their point, and who could beat any one in camp at the after-supper tournaments with the horseshoes.



"If you can't eat meat eat each other. Dog eat dog! Obey this order. The Committee of Spartan Knights."

She managed to outwit Nemesis. She ducked the mandatory shower bath without getting caught. The men joshed unmercifully about Alley, but she grinned, and they finally made the cat mascot of the camp. She managed ablutions several midnights in the locked cook shed, with a kettle of warm water, a chunk of laundry soap and a clean dish cloth.
The night before her removal to the relative comfort and privacy of the collapsible cot in the store shed she overheard a sinister tale, half-whispered into the dark by two drill men.
"Someone in this outfit . . . town girl . . . one hell of a thing to do."
"I'll say."
" . . . named Lily. Kept it to herself a week . . . mailman told me she wrote the whole story out to the minister . . . devil to pay."
"Does she know who done it?"
" . . . she wrote . . . fat guy . . . one of those hobo slobs, I'll bet."
Thus, for the first time, Barbara learned of the submerged hostilities which ruled between the industrious, unionized day laborers who were, in this camp, in the majority, and the hobo element that had and the, attracted by reports of the excellence of the grub provided by Fritz.
Later she saw the enmity come to the surface in brief but sanguinary encounters between men of the two elements.
Into the economic dis-sympathy separating demoralized workman from identically demoralized tramp wedged the matters about Lily, the girl of Sparta, whispered about the camp until, by the increase of telling, it became a Russ folk tale of villainy.
Sparta was in an uproar over the affair. "It was rumored a vigilante committee was forming to seek out and punish the delinquent. The ghost of Judge Lynch haunted the valley."
Barbara asked Bravo to give her details. He looked disturbed, regarded her steadily, and said:
"The engineers don't know it, but there's a volcano in that mountain they're tunneling . . . God, I wish you were safely out of here!"
Warning
"I've never beaten a woman," said Bravo furiously, "but I swear, if you don't do as I say, I'll wallop some common sense into you."
Barbara squared off.
"Start something!" she defied him.
"Look here—"
He whirled as an exclamation of wrath and despair, in Fritz's yodling Teutonic tenor, issued forth from the cook shack. They rushed in. Two men were leaning over the kitchen sink, washing their faces. The water that splashed from their cheeks colored the sink floor red.
Barbara recognized them as the men who had been dispatched that morning to Sparta in the two-wheeled horse cart used for cross-country hauling. They had been sent for an emergency supply of frozen beef. They had come back with battered heads. Fritz waved a frying pan frantically and addressed himself to Bravo as if he could key the mystery for him.
"They snatched my meat—all my meat!"
The distracted cook shoved a sheet of paper into Bravo's hand. He perceived it to be the butcher's voucher for the five sides of beef the men had gone for. He turned it over. On the back of the sheet was scrawled in hand-printed characters:
"No member of Peck's Mountain Camp, West, will leave the enclosure hereafter for any purpose whatsoever. In the South there's one crime always punished by death. You've committed that crime. The next dog among you that ventures out of the kennels will get his! Don't come to Sparta for your supplies. If you can't eat meat, eat each other. Dog eat dog! OBEY THIS ORDER!"
"The Committee of Spartan Knights."
Bravo stood silent a moment, then left and proceeded rapidly to the office of the engineer in charge.
Pettingill was distinctly annoyed. Bravo stood in the living room of the small square cottage assigned in upper camp to the engineer and his wife. A few minutes' conversation with Pettingill convinced Bravo that he was a man with no capacity for dealing with human problems.
When the drills ran into a stratum of yellow clay in the heart of the mountain, Pettingill knew what to do.
Now that events had probed to a stratum of yellow in the hearts of men, the engineer was helpless—and very much annoyed. His first suggestion when Bravo had stated the facts was that he phone at once to the local police.
"No," said Bravo decisively. "We've got to handle this thing ourselves."
There was a third man in the room—a tubby little chap whose eyes, imbedded in folds of fat, didn't quite open wide. His small feet at the end of short legs didn't quite touch the floor. His pudgy ecclesiastical hands didn't quite clasp over his prominent vest.
The Rev. William Partridge, rector of the little church in Sparta, hoisted himself out of the deep fireside chair and buttoned his coat.
"If you can keep the men from leaving camp," he said, fumbling with his gloves, "we may be able to avert trouble. I can only say, about the whole affair, that we must all deeply regret that the railroad company ever brought these hoboes into the country."
"Only one of them is guilty," suggested Bravo.
"I fear," said the rector, with his Sunday school sigh, "that they're all godless vagrants—wolves on the outskirts of civilization."
"I'm one of them, you know," retorted Bravo.
"Permit me to doubt that," interrupted Pettingill. "I should take you for a man of education; of college education, I might say. But that has nothing to do with the present matter. This poor girl Lily—"
"Regrettable," sighed the rector. "Most regrettable!"
"I must inform you," said Bravo, "that all sorts of regrettable things are happening all the time. And we'll have cause for great regret if we don't take prompt steps to avert trouble."
"I believe in the efficacy of prayer," said Mr. Partridge.
"And I know the efficacy of sin," answered Bravo. "It's true, isn't it, that Lily is dying?"
Pettingill rose impatiently.
"The efficacy of prayer! The efficacy of sin!" He blew his nose vehemently. "Consider for a moment, gentlemen, the efficacy of tunnels."
"But don't you know—"
"All I know is that the affairs of some unfortunate girl known as Lily have, for some not very cogent reason, threatened the successful termination of my work on the tunnel!"
A wave of disgust swept over Bravo. Had they assembled, then, to squabble over their various pet theories? Of what use were the pastor's theology and the engineer's science to meet the brewing storm of elemental passions? He perceived clearly that the burden of decision would be his.
The pastor departed with melancholy mien. When he was gone, Pettingill said:
"I dare say we've all exaggerated the situation a bit, eh? I don't imagine there'll be any trouble."
"There'll be serious trouble," said Bravo. "I'm going back to camp. I'll get the men together. They've got to stay away from Sparta. They must stay in camp. Mr. Partridge will exhort his knights to stay at home. They'll disregard him." His voice rose.
"I tell you, sir, if the two factions get together, there'll be bloodshed. That's what we've got to prepare for!"
"Prepare!" Pettingill had a sudden twinge of alarm. "Would you advise me to send Mrs. Pettingill away?"
"I would," Bravo passed, then blurted out: "And Mrs. Pettingill isn't the only woman in camp, either."
The engineer frowned.
"H? You mean—have the men got women?"
"It's not what you think," said Bravo.
"But you say other women—"
"I said another woman."
"I suspect," observed Pettingill wryly, "that a great deal has been going on around here that I know nothing about."
"I know it," said Bravo, solemnly.

SOY BEANS

North Carolina Was Only Recently Leader in Soy Bean Culture. Tribune Bureau. Sir Walter Hotel.

Raleigh, Aug. 10.—It has been only a short time since North Carolina was the leader in the United States in soy bean culture. The soy beans growers were selling large quantities of seed in the Middle West. This demand has decreased considerably. Many cannot understand why this decline has occurred in the demand for such a wonderful crop. The statistics of other states have annually shown an increase in the acreage of this crop in the States beyond the Appalachian mountains.
The two natural handicaps that would arise from such a monopoly are competition and insect pests. They found that they could grow quite as good seed in Ohio, Illinois, etc., as they could in North Carolina. The natural result has been that they are growing their own seed, at the same time expanding their acreage at a terrific rate. Their soy bean hay acreage is far more than is being grown in North Carolina, the price of beans in this state in the future will depend upon the expansion of the acreage for hay in the Southern States. The price in North Carolina will depend upon the increased plantings between Virginia and Alabama.
Considerable complaint was heard while studying crop conditions recently and it appears that the "hoppers" which is quite similar to the cotton hopper, is seriously damaging the crop. This damage has been found particularly in the Coastal counties. The effect is that the plants are sapped of much of their soy beans, while the conditions were dry. Within the improved weather conditions, resulting in more soil moisture, it is hoped that this situation might be largely overcome through stimulation of plant growth. Many farmers believe that this hopper is the same as that affecting cotton in as much as it was found on the cotton also, but without their evidences of damage.

Finds Cure For Severe Case of Sleeping Sickness.
London, Aug. 10.—Rapid cure of a severe case of sleeping sickness in a woman of 68 by injections of electrolysoidal gold and silver is reported by Dr. Arthur W. Fuller in the medical journal, "Lancet."
Dr. Fuller made the injection on the seventh day, when the case was considered very grave, and within an hour the patient recovered consciousness. Steady improvement followed further injections and at the end of four weeks the woman could sit up and eat ordinary food. A week later, the patient could walk about the room and at the end of six weeks, beyond general debility and a stiff neck, there were no abnormal symptoms.
"It is now five months since the acute symptoms subsided," says Dr. Fuller. There are no abnormal physical or mental signs and she is resuming her social life.

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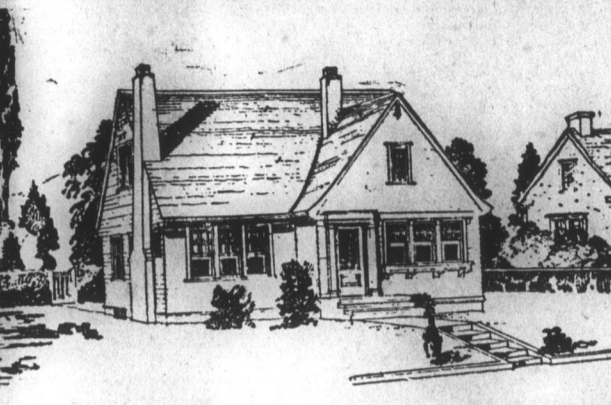
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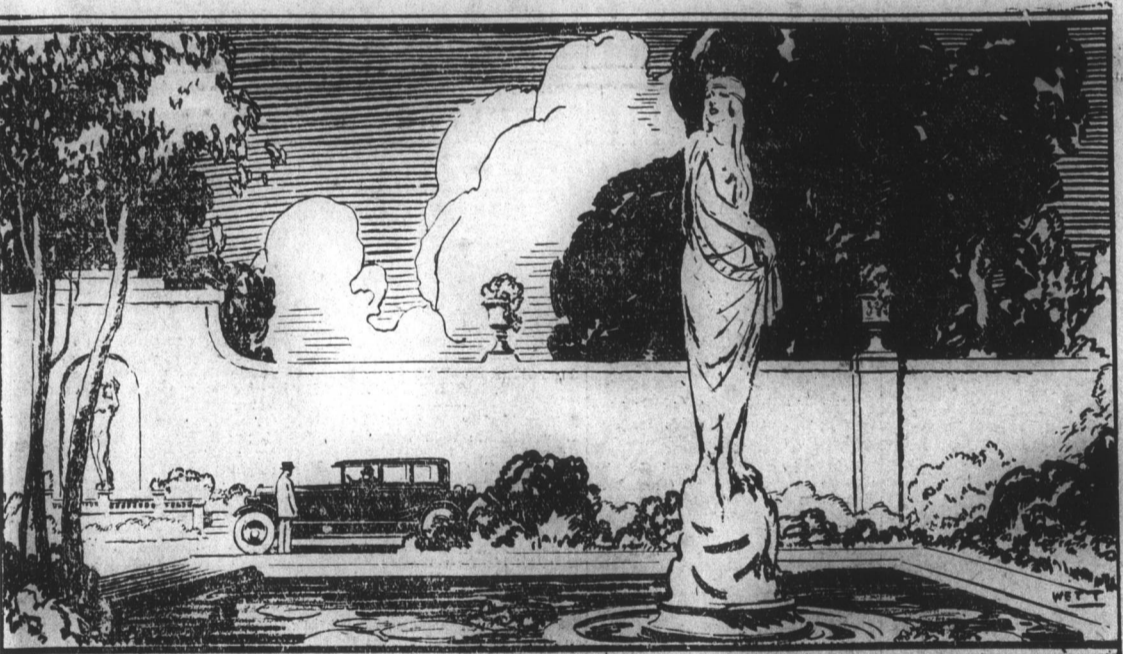
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Natives Fraternize With Crocodiles on African Coast.
London, Aug. 10.—Crocodiles and natives fraternize in the most friendly manner at Tumu, a village on the gold coast of Africa.
Princess Marie Louise, cousin of King George, talks about the good feeling between the crocodiles and gold coasters in travel letters of hers which have just been published.
"The natives regard crocodiles as the 'familiar spirit' of man and never injure them. In fact they believe that any persons who injure or kills a crocodile also might be killed."
"We watched village women wading about among crocodiles in the village pool quite undisturbed," says the princess. "The women seem to have no fear. They even pushed the crocodiles aside if they got in their way. The natives fill their pots and bathe among the reptiles without the slightest fear."