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**961 Composers Fail In Search For New Anthem**

Chicago, April 21.—A new national anthem, great enough to take a place beside "The Star Spangled Banner," has not yet been found, the National Federation of Music clubs announced today.

A contest, in which nearly 1,000 manuscripts were entered from every state in the union, Alaska, Hawaii, England, India and France failed to produce a melody of sufficient merit to provide music to carry the famous poem of Katherine Lee Bates, "America, the Beautiful."

Three nationally known music critics, Dr. Frank Damrosch, of New York, Frederick S. Converse, of Boston, and Dean Peter K. Lukin, of Evanston, Ill., were instructed by the past presidents assembly of the federation to select a hymn only if it showed unmistakable greatness.

"They were told they were to pick a winner from the deluge of manuscripts unless it was of magnitude sufficient to 'sweep people off their feet.'"

"After giving careful consideration to them (961 offerings) we beg leave to report that although some of the settings showed fine musicianship no one impressed us as reaching the high standard called for, none were fully adequate to the inspiring text," said the judges in their decision.

"We therefore recommend that no award be made."

"America, the Beautiful," was written in 1903 by Miss Bates, for many years professor of English literature at Wellesley.

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Arlington, Texas.—A resident of this town for many years, Mrs. J. H. Jackson, says:

"I had suffered dreadfully with an aching all over my body. At times my head would give me so much trouble I could hardly stand it. I had been in bed for weeks and it looked like I was just wasting away. I took 9 bottles of Cardui and my strength began to slowly return. "Since that time I have used this medicine a good many times and it has always helped me. "At one time I took Cardui for several months regularly. I would be afflicted with sudden spells of dizziness when I could not stand on my feet. Everything would turn black before my eyes and I would feel as if I were going to faint. At times I would be quite nauseated. I turned at once to Cardui and took it till I was safely through. "Cardui is a mild, medicinal tonic, made from purely vegetable ingredients. It has been in use for over 60 years, and in that time thousands of women have written that Cardui helped them back to good health. Sold by all druggists. NC-123

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**A REGULAR SCOUT**

Copyright, 1926, by R-C Pictures Corp. Published by courtesy of Film Booking Offices of America, Inc. (F. B. O.) From the picture "A Regular Scout" starring Fred Thomson.

**THE STORY THUS FAR.**

Fred Blake impersonates Fred Monroe, long-lost son of a Sierra family, after this "son" has caused Mrs. Blake's death. "Monroe" is killed peculiarly, and Fred is hunted by the police. Fred meets the Sierra Boy Scout troop, in which Buddy Monroe is a Scout. At the ranch, meeting June and Mrs. Monroe, Fred accosts the Burlingames, who are trying to sell Mrs. Monroe some oil stock.

thinkable—in some way he had hoped to effect the financial ruin of his mother's murderer's kin. Things had not gone as he had foreseen; the Monroes had not been murdered, but people of unusual kindness and sweetness. From the moment of his arrival he had felt vaguely that his plans were doomed to failure—and had battled with his feeling of gladness at the thought. In the past day he had never once thought of the scar. It was all such a mess. Weary, tired, beaten, confused, Fred Blake stood with June Monroe's arm about his waist and heard dimly her clear, fresh voice defending him.

"Fred is my brother. Any honest person can see that he's genuine—noble—and true. But if you want to know about that scar . . . if you want a newspaper story! My brother never had a scar, and before we could correct the—the newspapers—he was found—and here he is!"

Steve and Luke Burlingame stared at her foolishly.

"We're proud to belong to him—we love him. Does that satisfy you? Now I think you'd better go, I'm sure you won't want to come back again."

Silently the Burlingames left. They said nothing, but mounted their horses and rode away. Old Luke's face was a study.

"This dangled long-lost son business has spoiled everything! We gotta get rid o' him somehow!" he muttered. "How was I tuh know he never had a scar? It was yore fault anyhow, yuh good-fer-nothin' tramp!" he snarled, whirling on Steve, who was jobbing disgustedly along. "What'd yuh want to mention it fer?"

"Aw, lemme alone!" said Steve, growling. "Can't yuh even get a widdler without my help?" Luke glared. They quarreled all the way to Sierra, where they had the pleas-



**CHAPTER VIII—Continued**

Luke bit his lip. "Out in—out Arizona way," he answered, stammering. "Ed Powell, pardner o' mine, struck oil an' staked his claim. Jest need capital, an' I come to Mrs. Monroe right off, seein' as we always been sech good friends. We was willin'," he said, more easily, "tuh help her run th' ranch, tuh show our good feelin'. Now, o' course, that yuh've come back, that's out," he finished hastily.

"Yes," agreed Fred, "that's out. Well, Mr. Burlingame, I don't think we can do anythin' for yuh," he continued quietly. "No hard feelin's!" He handed back the certificate.

Old Luke stared angrily at it, then snatched it and flung it from him. He tottered to his feet, glaring at Mrs. Monroe.

"This th' way yuh treat me—after I've worried so much over yore money? That's gratitude, that is!" he snarled.

Fred pushed him gently away from Mrs. Monroe, sitting surprised and troubled in her chair.

"None o' that," he said easily. "Yuh're a bad loser, Burlingame. Jest chuk out, an' we'll forget all about it."

Luke glared at him, white faced, then his lips curled into a sneer. "Yuh're a fine one tuh talk," he grated. "How do we know yuh're her son? Yuh might be jest a slick crook—yuh don't look honest tuh me, an' I sure oughta know a crook when I see one!"

Mrs. Monroe started up in protest. Fred stepped back, livid. They'd caught him!

"Kindly leave my house, Banker Burlingame," said Mrs. Monroe firmly. "You are insulting!"

As old Luke stepped forward, trembling with rage, Steve Burlingame's cold voice broke in for the first time. "Mebbe yuh're wrong, dad," he said softly. "Ain't got no call tuh make a man out a crook unless yuh got reason for it. Ef this man is Mrs. Monroe's son, there's a way tuh prove it!"

He rose and stepped forward, smiling evilly. Old Luke stopped, grinned, shook with laughter, looking down at the limply-hanging right hand of Fred.

"Sure," he said, chucking. "Ef yuh, Fred Monroe, what about that scar, yuh've supposed tuh have on yore right hand?" Before Fred could protest he snatched at the hand and held it gingerly up to Mrs. Monroe's eyes.

"There!" he screamed. "There ain't a mark on it. Yuh've been hoodwinked, Widdler! Stevie, boy, phone fer th' Sheriff!" Glaring, chuckling, dancing evilly around, he suddenly stopped, frozen, as a voice from the doorway said coldly:

"Just a minute, Mr. Burlingame. Yuh're barking up the wrong tree." June stood resolutely in the doorway, with Buddy directly behind her.

**CHAPTER IX**

**THE LAST STRAW**

June advanced into the room before Luke's goggling eyes, and, flashing a contemptuous glance at the surprised Steve, put her arm lovingly about Fred's waist. He stiffened under her touch, his heart pounding, miserable. For a moment he had almost breathed thankfully, glad that his deception was discovered, nipped in the bud before he could wreak any harm. Now—what?

"You just accused my brother of being a crook," said June, flushing. "You did it for two reasons—one because yuh's a crook yourself and thought to cover up your own tracks by a counter-accusation—the other because yuh've been misled just like everybody else about that scar."

Fred started, in turning his plans originally, in his rage and resentment and anger, he had meant to bow his way by sheer strength through to his goal of revenge himself. He had not taken the scar into consideration at all. His plans had not been definite—he had considered at murder—it had been un-

ant task of informing Ed Powell, who was hasty with his gun, of the events of the morning.

As the Burlingames trooped out of the living-room, Mrs. Monroe, white-faced, bewildered, looking from Fred to June, opened her mouth to cry out. Before she could utter a word June gently said, talking her by the arm:

"Won't you come into the hall with me a moment, mother? I've something important to say to you. Excuse us, Fred." Fred, too humbled and beaten to protest, sank onto the sofa and took his head between his hands. June and Mrs. Monroe went out.

Buddy had watched the whole scene with great saucer eyes. When Fred had been accused of deception he had clenched his fists, but had said nothing with the instinctive breeding of a little man and a good Boy Scout, allowing his elders to do the talking. Now he went sulkily over to Fred and stood awkwardly before him.

"Fred," he said hesitantly. Fred looked wearily up. He smiled wanly when he saw the embarrassment of the boy, and made room for him on the sofa beside him.

"What's the trouble, Buddy, old scout?" he asked, tiredly.

Buddy swallowed hard. "I— I was sorta disappointed yuh didn't light intuh those skunks," he stammered. "Didn't yuh feel like it, Fred?" He regarded the big man anxiously.

"Why—no, Buddy."

"Yuh weren't afraid o' them, though—were yuh, Fred? Cause we Scouts," he went on hurriedly, "we always taught not tuh be 'traid o' anythin'. Yuh weren't, were yuh?"

"No, Buddy—I wasn't afraid o' them."

Buddy sighed happily. "Gosh! I thought so fer a minute, but then I shoulda known my own brother couldn't be 'traid o' anythin'. But yuh'll whang 'em good an' hard next time, won't yuh? Huh, Fred?"

"You bet, Buddy. They deserve it." He gripped Buddy's hand hard.

"Whatever yuh do, Buddy, always remember that yuh must tell the truth and live clean. That's more important than anything in the world," he said in a low voice. "The Scouts teach yuh that, don't they?"

Buddy, wondering, nodded.

"Never tell a lie an' never live a lie . . ." muttered Fred, his face working. "Follow that, Buddy, and yuh'll never regret it."

Buddy stared at him. "Whassa matter, Fred, ole boy?" he queried, a quaver in his voice. "Anythin' I kin do tuh help?"

(To be continued.)

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