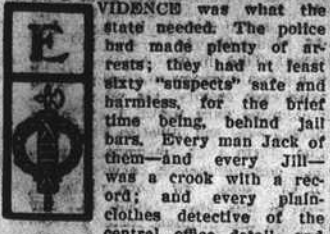


# Shadows of the City

By EDWIN BALMER and GENE MARKEY

## THE KILLING



VIDENCE was what the state needed. The police had made plenty of arrests; they had at least sixty "suspects" safe and harmless, for the brief time being, behind jail bars. Every man Jack of them—and every Jill—was a crook with a record; and every plain-clothes detective of the central office detail, and the officers in uniform who patiently and methodically had "picked them up" again on last night's orders to round up suspicious characters, knew perfectly well that each prisoner was guilty of a crime.

The trouble was to prove it and to connect the identity of each Jack and Jill with his or her most glaring dereliction in the line of "steak-up" or "peter-blowing," second-story job or confidence game. That usually is the trouble. To arrest a "knutt" criminal and to prove his guilt to the prompt satisfaction of a grand jury are very different matters.

Accordingly, very few of the gentlemen and of the young ladies—all the ladies were young—who abode behind the bars upon this fine January morning were bothered by any considerable anxiety. For most of them, even for the boys under twenty and for most of the girls, the "pick up" was an old story. Any "bull" could arrest you, if he wanted to take the trouble; any cop could "paste something on you"—book you on a criminal charge, that is—but to "make it stick," to prove it, that certainly was something else again.

The bulls had not only to dig up evidence to support each charge, but they had to dig it up quick. The British earls and barons had seen to that way back in the year 1215 when they chased King John on to the swamp of Runnymede and forced him to forbid, forever, that man or woman be imprisoned save by due process of legal trial and sentence.

To all but possibly one of the gentlemen behind the bars, and beyond doubt to all of the ladies, the name of Runnymede or even of the Magna Charta would come as a complete surprise; but with the most famous fruit of the Great Charter—the writ of habeas corpus—every one was on terms of fondest familiarity. Indeed they called it by nickname, "Hayble." In behalf of each of them the inalienable right under the law would be invoked this morning, and each prisoner knew it. Moreover, it would be invoked without his having to do anything about it, for the organization "outside" would see to that.

It worked, automatically, in this way. When at liberty and at his or her round of usual activities, each Jack and Jill reported, by telephone, at certain fixed hours to one or another of a certain ring of lawyers. When a client failed to report on time, the lawyer marked his name, and when a second report period passed without a call, the lawyer, assuming that his client was arrested, could be counted upon to appear at the opening of court with a writ of habeas corpus in hand, demanding—in voice distinctly echoing the stern tones of Runnymede—by what right the court deprived a man of liberty.

Accordingly, composure characterized the bearing of the sixty-odd prisoners behind the bars. During the inaugural hours of the pick-up, there had been, to be sure, an element of uncertainty as to whether the extraordinary girl, Kitty Hewitt, who had called the cops and brought them with her to Harper Colton's, had also "spilled" to the cops what she knew. But quickly it had become clear to the sixty that she had contented herself with saving the MacLaren kid and Doctor Darand and that she was keeping her mouth shut otherwise.

But she knew too much—altogether too much for a girl who, in any case or on behalf of any one, would call the cops.

The incident, as whispered from lips to ear about the cell tier of the jail, ran something as follows:

"Ed Pellen's 'skirt' crossed us," said lips.

"Which one?" asked ears.

"The one he's after but ain't got, Kit Hewitt. She butts in this way. A kid named MacLaren from the country comes up with a fat roll to buy some city loot. Gerve Lavvy gets the tip and takes the kid in hand."

Gerve, as every ear knew, was a gunman connected with a gambling joint run by one Gramé but owned by a citizen with a respectable "front" named Harper Colton.

"Now Gerve wants to be gentle, so instead of pulling a plain 'rough' (robbing the boy by violence) he leads him to Gramé's joint and lets the cards and table do their duty."

The kid loses his roll, but, instead of going home and being good, he has to nose around—and what does he do but find out that Harper Colton is drawing down money from Gramé and owns the joint. So the kid goes to Harp and says he'll expose him

unless Harp pays all the money back. "Harp gets all worked up because nobody's supposed to know he's mixing with Gramé, and especially not that he's drawing down from the joint; because Harp got himself married a while ago to a swell skirt that never seen Gramé and knew nothing of the joint. So Harp holds the kid and sends for Gramé. Well, Gramé just naturally taps the kid on the head; but he does it at the swell big house where Harp lives, and that raises a howl. Because the last thing Harp wants pulled in his house is a 'rough'."

"But Harp's wife is away and the MacLaren kid is unconscious but not quite croaked. Harp believes he's going to croak. Harp figures he's going to look like an accident happened while falling at his house; so he stages the accident stuff and calls in Dr. Bertram Darand, because he's young and in swell society and comes of the right kind of family so that anybody would believe what he says."

"Well, Doctor Darand comes to the house and Colton pulls the accident, but Darand sees through it; and there's nothing to do but croak both the kid and Darand, when that good-looking skirt, Kitty Hewitt, butts in. She's soft on Darand and she calls the cops. Gramé and Harp have just time to skip; Darand ain't hurt at all, so he gets the MacLaren kid to the hospital, where he comes to and spills his story. Well, everybody makes the big howl. They gotta clean up the city. A guy, going down the street, mindin' his own business, passes a bull he's spoke civil to every day for months, an' gets tapped on the shoulder. So here we all are!

"And all because of that Hewitt dame!"

Such was the story of effect and cause as whispered about the cell tier of the jail to those of the sixty who did not yet understand the whole reason for their detention. Another crime clean-up was on; and it had been brought about by Kitty Hewitt, who was not, herself, of the underworld, but was known to be the friend of Ed Pellen, notorious gunman.

Such was the resentment spread, with increasing intensity, throughout the various regions of the Chicago underworld on the evening of the day after the habeas corpus lawyers had done their duty and the sixty from the jail returned to their companions and confederates.

Ed Pellen had been in the pick-up, indeed, a pick-up in Chicago which did not include Ed Pellen was on the face of it a half-hearted affair. The police always picked up Pellen, but never were able to "hold" him. And though today there was nothing proved against him, so that again he had to be released, yet the newspapers played him up as a principal in the affair. His picture was one of the three large photographs spread across the second page of the evening paper which Dr. Bertram Darand had open beside his plate as he sat down alone to his supper.

The photograph to the left, an abominable snapshot of Bertram himself, exaggerated—so it seemed to Bertram—every feature of his own ineffectiveness. It showed, to be sure, a good-looking and refined young man, but ineffective; yes, all of that, particularly in comparison with the photograph of the handsome and darling-looking young man opposite it.

The very legends under the pictures seemed to Bertram contrasts in effectiveness; for the lines describing himself said:

"Dr. Bertram Darand, who was called in by Harper Colton to witness the prepared 'accident' at Colton's residence. Doctor Darand, a young physician in practice on the north side, is the grandson of Marshall Darand, one of the leaders in Chicago thirty years ago and famous as a builder of the World's Fair. Doctor Darand's mother was a reigning belle in Chicago society."

The legend under the contrasting picture read:

"Eddie Pellen, alias Big Black, alias Walter Slinger, etc., best known as 'Eddie the Immune.' Antecedents, birthplace and early environment unknown."

Between the pictures of the two men, as though between two rivals, was the photograph of a girl—a gay-looking, blithe and lovely girl, with fair hair and smiling lips and beautiful eyes gazing toward Pellen. Her legend read:

"The girl known to many members of north side society as Amy Wing, a teacher of Mah Jong. She knew Doctor Darand and, in a manner not yet explained satisfactorily, learned of his detention at Colton's home, whereupon she called the police, who rescued Darand and young MacLaren."

"Said to be identified with an extraordinary character known in a very different sort of society, as 'Cleahy's,' the plain-clothes man directed the driver. 'Do you know it?'"

"Em!" said the youth at the wheel expectantly.

sat alone eating his cafeteria supper, he was speculating as to her present position in regard to Eddie Pellen. For, after having accompanied the police, whom she had called to Colton's home in time to save Darand and MacLaren, she had disappeared; and Bertram did not have to know the whispers which this day had run from lips to ears about the county jail to recognize that the girl must be in great danger because of what she had done for him.

Where was she tonight and with whom? Pellen?

Pellen undoubtedly knew where to find her, if he wanted her company; Bertram knew no more than the address which she used, under the name of Amy Wing, Mah Jong teacher; and at that address inquiry drew only a blank today. Uneasily Bertram wandered about the city streets.

A light, dry snow was falling through the air, which was almost still; it was ten degrees or so below freezing, but the night seemed only pleasantly crisp. The show-windows of the large stores were all alight, theatre and film-house facades glittered with their electric signs under which throngs of people were crowding to the doors for the opening shows. Into a corner tobacco shop Bertram walked, and bought a package of cigars.

A thick-set man in a brown overcoat and derby was buying a cigar, and, as he turned, Bertram vaguely recognized the dark, large-featured face. Yet the fellow simply glanced at Bertram and without showing any recognition went out. Suddenly Bertram remembered him. The man was Furrigister, of the special detail of plain-clothes detectives who were working in the clean-up; Furrigister was the officer who had "picked up" Eddie Pellen this last time.

Bertram hurried out and followed with an impulse to overtake Furrigister to inquire where Pellen might

"Make it snappy," ordered Furrigister, and the driver started at it so snappily that Furrigister bounded against Bertram as he scented himself. "All right now, doctor," he invited, in excellent spirits. "Talk it to me. 'I saw you in the cigar store,' began Bertram, and knew that it was a stupid opening.

"The smoke there didn't bother my eyes," said Furrigister.

"I mean," said Bertram, "when I saw you I wanted to ask about Pellen."

"Pellen?" repeated Furrigister.

"Pellen," said Bertram.

"Well, it's all the same thing," said Furrigister. "She's with him."

"Kitty Hewitt, you mean?"

"Didn't you?"

"Yes. Where are they?"

"Did you catch where I told the cab to go?"

"Cleahy's, you said."

"That's the place."

Bertram cleared his throat and demanded boldly: "What's on tonight at Cleahy's?"

Furrigister chewed his cigar and shook his head. "You'll see, doctor! By—you're a doctor, ain't you? Right on hand, a doctor!"

Bertram sat back in his seat beside Plain-Clothes Officer Furrigister. Cheer filled Officer Furrigister; with each mile clicked off by the cab he showed himself more and more gratified with his anticipations; but his satisfaction never made him more communicative. In contrast to him, with each mile Bertram Darand became more filled with foreboding. Thus, after half an hour's ride together, they came at last to the white-pillared, gay facade of Cleahy's cafe.

At their elbows entered eager, honestly hurrying couples; a shipping clerk with a check-out girl, an accountant with his comptometer operator, a clothing-house "cutter" with a dark-haired, black-eyed buttonhole-maker; to these Cleahy's was an aspirant.



"Come on Kit," he commanded loudly. "I ain't. You and me are gonna dance."

Of course the deml-monde was represented in that large inner hall of Cleahy's where a hundred tables with places for four or six at each, clustered about the shining dance-floor.

Such, upon this January night, was Cleahy's, where music was playing as Doctor Darand entered beside Plain-Clothes Officer Furrigister. The wide oblong of the dance-floor was half filled, although it was little after nine o'clock; for Cleahy made a specialty of dinners and had as famous a chef as there was in the city. Most of the couples now dancing probably had dined here; and this speculation caught Bertram Darand with sharp poignancy as he recognized upon the dance-floor Kitty Hewitt in the arms of Eddie the Immune.

Then Bertram heard the blonde Miss Fisher speaking.

"You came quick, Len," she said to the plain-clothes officer.

"I like to be in time, Kate," said Furrigister, tilting back in his chair and lighting another cigar.

"Shall we dance?" murmured Doctor Darand to the pretty girl at his side.

"I'd like to," she said.

As they moved out upon the floor, he saw that Kitty Hewitt and Pellen were not leaving their table in the corner. But Kitty Hewitt gazed at Bertram and nodded to him, then she glanced at the girl with him and nodded more slightly, whereupon Sallie Keller inclined her dark head. Pellen still paid no attention to Furrigister or Bertram, or to either of their partners.

"You know her?" said Bertram, as they danced.

"Sure I know her," said Sallie Keller.

"You know him?"

"Sure I do."

Adroitly Bertram steered her through the maze of dancers to a vacant corner of the floor that they might talk without being overheard.

"What's on here tonight?" he asked.

"What would you think would be

on after—" Sallie said suggestively and stopped.

"After what?" demanded Bertram.

"Her calling the cops—double-crossing Pellen's mob."

"You mean when she came to Colton's house for me?"

"Um-m," nodded Sallie. "That made her popular with Gramé, don't you think?"

"Gramé?" repeated Bertram.

"But he won't hurt her. Eddie's the guy Gramé wants."

"Gramé?" said Bertram again. "You mean Gramé is coming here—to get him tonight?"

Sallie laughed. "How do I know who's comin'? Only—Gramé ain't no boob."

The music stopped now; and then an encore played. But Bertram's dancing became mechanical.

A new party of four had come in and were taking a table to the right of Officer Furrigister and ten yards or so away from Kitty Hewitt and Ed Pellen. Furrigister and the girls also were observing them; two young men they were, and two girls; and one of the men, at least, looked familiar to Bertram.

"Gerve Lavvy!" Bertram heard the Fisher girl whisper to Furrigister. At the name the detective nodded with satisfaction. So Gramé's agents had arrived and the chief of them was Gerve Lavvy, a gunman and runner for the gambling-house just closed. He was a pale, impecably garbed youth with a rat-like face and furtive eyes.

It was a few minutes after twelve—testimony afterward proved it was almost precisely ten minutes after midnight—when Pellen, in the corner, offered the opening for which Gerve Lavvy proved to have been waiting. Pellen seemed to be satisfied that he had stayed long enough after Lavvy's arrival; Pellen signaled his waiter and called for his check.

Now Gerve Lavvy arose; and the three others at his table watched him. Furrigister watched him; so did Kate Fisher and Sallie Keller and Doctor Darand. But Bertram gazed also at the table in the corner and he saw that Pellen's eyes were upon Gramé's agent and so were Kitty Hewitt's eyes, too. They understood what Bertram also was comprehending; they saw the signal for which the four at Lavvy's table had been waiting.

Pellen now did a deliberate and noticeable thing. He leaned forward a trifle and placed his hands upon his table; they were open and palm downward and spread so that any one could see they were empty. He spoke shortly to Kitty Hewitt and Bertram saw her look at Pellen's hands; then she glanced swiftly across to the police table. Bertram thought that her eyes for a second met his, but they did not linger. They went to Gerve Lavvy, who was standing beside his own table; then with peculiar, stiff steps—as though Lavvy felt his knees not quite dependable—he strode toward Kitty Hewitt and Pellen.

"Hello, Ed," Lavvy hailed, not quite steadily, when he was a few feet off.

"Hello," replied Pellen in a lower tone, but steadily. Kitty Hewitt did not speak and Pellen did not move. In particular Bertram noticed that he kept his hands palm downward upon the top of the table.

"Hello, Kit," Lavvy addressed the girl now.

If she made an answer, Bertram did not hear it.

Lavvy took a couple more steps with his queer, stiff-kneed walk and reached the table and leaned one hand upon it.

"You ain't goin', Ed?" asked Lavvy.

"I'm through here now," said Pellen.

"I ain't," returned Lavvy sharply. "I want a dance and I want it with Kit."

"She's going with me," answered Pellen quietly.

"Oh, no!" Lavvy's pale, rat-like face twitched. "Not if I want her, she ain't!"

"Not if you want her!" repeated Pellen and took a step forward and spoke to Lavvy in a whisper which Bertram could not hear. For an instant Gramé's agent recoiled; then, drunk with cocaine, he stepped forward with a wavering gesture and leered down at Kitty.

"Come on, Kit," he commanded loudly. "You takin' orders from him? Well, I ain't. You and me are gonna dance."

"Beat it," warned Pellen curtly; but Lavvy reached a hand toward Kitty.

"Ed!" cried Kitty and grasped at his arm in her appeal. "Ed, don't mind him—I don't."

Now Lavvy addressed her. "You're gonna dance with me, kid!" And he snatched at her.

With a choking sound, Pellen lunged forward. Then Kitty Hewitt was beside him; grasping his arm, trying to pull him away, pleading with him. But he flung her aside; and as she stumbled from the force with which Pellen had thrown her off, Doctor Darand stood up.

He realized only as he saw her catch her balance a couple of yards from her table that the girls next to him were scurrying aside. Just then Furrigister leaped out of the way, and at that instant shots roared—one and two, and three! The gas of the smokeless powder stung in Doctor Darand's nostrils; and he beheld at his feet Lavvy, lying crumpled, motionless upon the floor. Pellen was standing over him a blue automatic in his hand. There came a rush. Arms from behind seized Pellen and Plain-Clothes Officer Furrigister advanced with a revolver, covering him. Panic shook the room, with women

screeching, men shouting, direct people jumping the door. In that first moment of the Doctor Darand stood dazed, he knelt beside the man on the floor, his feet and automatically as he went, set about examining his wounds.

"I got him all right," it was Pellen's hoarse, clear voice which came at first through the door. "Don't worry," said the voice. "I got him. Then Bertram realized that Pellen was speaking to Kitty Hewitt. Another voice addressed Bertram. "How is he, doctor? How is he?" This was Furrigister.

"Dead," replied Bertram.

"Well," demanded Pellen's voice, "it had to be, didn't it?"

"Too bad, Ed," said the plain-clothes man hoarsely. "You're in for it this time."

"You saw it!" Kitty Hewitt's voice rose hysterically. "All these people saw it! Lavvy picked a quarrel—you ain't saw him do it?"

Pellen put out his hand to quiet her. "It's 'framed, Kit; of course it's 'framed.' They're going to railroad me."

"They shan't!"

"Come on," ordered Furrigister, and he started Pellen for the door. Two detectives followed close behind; outside, the "wagon"—it really was a motor-wagon—was waiting and without more ado they put Pellen in.

"Take me with him!" Kitty Hewitt begged; but they thrust her back and the police car drove off.

"I'll take her home," Bertram said and freed her from the officer's grasp. He turned to Cleahy, the proprietor of the place, who was close beside him. "Can you give me a room—your office will do—for a few moments?"

Cleahy showed them the office and went out, closing the door.

She sank upon a chair and her head fell forward and her shoulders were shaken with pitiful sobs. Beside her Bertram stood, trying to collect his thoughts.

Kitty Hewitt controlled her sobbing and repeated: "They'll railroad him. They'll railroad him." She reiterated the bitter phrase for false evidence given to convict. "That's what they mean to do."

Did they mean to "railroad" him? Bertram wondered. Or had they seen Pellen draw his gun first and shoot? No one, not a person in all the room, had come to support Kitty Hewitt when she had cried out her testimony against the police. And hers must be prejudiced evidence, if any way. If the police would have seen the fact only as they wished to see it, was it not equally true that she would have seen what she wished?

Bertram said, thinking of this, "What is he to you?"

"Nothing!" she denied. "Nothing! Absolutely nothing at all!"

"Nothing?" cried Bertram. "That can't be true."

"I mean, I'm not his wife or his woman or even engaged to him. Nothing, nothing at all is between us. No one can say there is. I can give my honest evidence for him."

"What is he to you, then?" Bertram asked again.

"I'll tell you! We grew up like brother and sister together. The same thing had happened to us. We didn't have any people. I didn't have any at all. He had his mother. She took me in; she brought me up. When she got sick, Eddie tried to take care of his mother and me and himself. The first crooked job he got in was for me. Of course I didn't know it. He was in love with me. He wanted to give me things; then he got in deeper and deeper. But he never—murdered. And he didn't tonight. You saw it, doctor. You'll swear to the truth with me; won't you? Won't you?"

Doctor Darand knelt beside her. "God help me, Kitty," he cried. "I didn't see it. When they fired, I was looking at you."

"Oh!" she sobbed. "Oh!" She tossed up her head and stared at him and saw he was telling the truth.

"Then they got him. They got him. For him, doctor's just me. But you'll stand by me, doctor, all you can, won't you? You're the only friend I have now, free, in this world."

"I'll stand by you," Bertram said, "you can be absolutely sure."

Dr. Bertram Darand, grandson of Marshall Darand and son of a once-reigning belle of Chicago society, telephoned at one o'clock that morning to Mrs. Henry Fraley, who had been a friend of his mother's. Never would Bertram have appealed to his mother's friend directly for himself; but tonight he needed a safe refuge, among his own people, for Kitty Hewitt, and it was offered her, and so, in the same hour, he took her to the Fraleys' home on the Drive.

He had made explanation in advance, so when he brought Kitty to the graystone manor in Mrs. Fraley asked no question but took the girl at once to her care and put her to bed.

Bertram waited below and at last his mother's friend came down to him. "I believe she's the loveliest creature I have ever seen," Mrs. Fraley said.

"She's the loveliest I've ever met," said Bertram. "Take care of her—awfully good care. Oh, I know you will. But she's had a different sort of deal in life from any other girl you ever knew."

Morning newspapers began to appear; and in the dawn of light, as once before, Doctor Darand read the headlines of an exploit of Eddie the Immune; but this time the headlines told that "they" had him. He had shot a man before a score of eye-witnesses who had thrown a net of evidence around him from which he could never escape.

### TIME TO REFLECT ON FARM INCOME

Says Farmer Cannot Make More Than \$500 Yearly By Himself

Mr. O. J. Peterson, one of the most able editors in the State, in an editorial in the Dunn Dispatch, analyzes the farmer's income in comparison with the scale of industrial wages set by NRA.

If it were possible, he says, to furnish the masses labor in the industries at the rates approved by the NRA the farmers and farm hands would see salvation thereby, since the draft upon farm labor would become so great and the number of farmers and laborers so few that prices would rise sufficiently to justify a fair price for farm labor. But such a thing is an impossibility so long as the farmers and farm laborers are so poorly remunerated that they cannot become buyers on a large scale, inability to buy decreases demand for the products of industry to such extent as to make general employment out of the question.

The authorities that we have, seemingly, never considered the comparative income of farmers and farm laborers. Even when a parity of buying power is sought for the various groups, it seems not to have entered the heads of the planners that the income of the farm population in the period chosen to furnish the basis for the parity of prices was so low that it did not begin to compare with the income provided by the NRA codes for the very lowest grades of industrial workers.

Farm incomes and farm wages in the period before the war were miserably low. It was only the demand for timber and the increased price of lands that enabled farmers to show the degree of prosperity that appeared. Only during the war period was it possible for farmers to pay wages for a 72-hour week commensurate with the \$12 wage provided as the minimum for industrial workers on a basis of 40 hours a week. And it is still impossible for a farmer either to pay, or himself secure, any such wage for work in producing crops. A man cannot on the average farm, without the help of his family, make and harvest more than \$500 worth of produce, counting his garden truck. He must furnish his own land and team to do that. To hire hands at as much as a dollar a day is usually to make matters worse. Yet the lowest grade of industrial labor must have \$12 for a 40-hour week, with no expense of any kind in securing that income.

The farmer who clears \$300 a year above actual costs apart from that of his own labor is rather an exception. That is six dollars a week of just any old kind of day. And, of course, the farm laborer must work for what the farmer can pay. That means, under present price conditions, very little, if anything, and it meant the same in prewar days; also during the twenties. All one has to do to confirm these figures as a fair estimate is to count the acres one may tend, the amount of cotton one may pick in a season, etc. But the fact that all the members of a family often work on the farm has made it appear that the farmer's income is more just than it actually is. When the cotton mill employees' children or wives work in the factory, they, too, bring home wages. But the farmer's work is long hours as big and little work as long hours as the sun justifies, and if he makes a few hundred dollars above the cost of land, fertilizer, team and implements, and feed for the work stock, he is adjudged to be selling at a fair price. There is no fairness in it, and never has been. Dollar corn, 20 cent tobacco and 20 cent cotton will not yield him alone a net income equal to that of the \$15.90-a-week mill hand.

Ten acres of cotton, two of tobacco, eight of corn, and two in potatoes, sorghum, garden, melons, and other things, is as much as one man can tend and harvest. Give him 5000 francs for his cotton, \$300 for his tobacco, \$200 for his corn, \$200 for his other smaller crops, and he has \$1,200. To make the yields estimated to secure that income at the prices suggested will require at least the expenditure of \$500 for fertilizer, teams and tools, feed for work stock, cost of ginning, wood for curing tobacco; taxes; interest on investment or rent of land. And that would leave him a net income of only \$700, or only \$13.50 a week. And he is subject to having that income destroyed by storm, drought, or insect infestation. And that is the result with 20 cents for cotton, 20 cents for tobacco, and a dollar a bushel for corn, which is an average twice as great as that prevailing now and the last few years. And that means that a hard-working farmer on more than average soil cannot at present prices make a net income, when you count in his collar and turnip patch as part of it, or more than six or seven dollars a week; and that he may not make a cent.

Yet it is planned to have him pay in the price of the goods. He must necessarily buy wages from the producers of them at the rate of twice to five times his own actual wage, while those producers have no investment at all to lose; and no taxes and insurance to pay.

"Parity is not a sweet word for the farmer when his end of it is a state of affairs that mean a constant inroad upon his capital investment and a mortgaging of his property that has since threatened, if not effected, the loss of home and farm."

It is time that a real parity be sought for the farmer and the farm laborer.

**Not Altogether a Joke**  
For years James D. Lloyd of Tallapoosa, Ga., told friends he was "banking his money with the angels." Every one thought he was "off" until it was revealed that he had \$2,500 hidden in a cemetery.

**English Civil War**  
Sad Palm Sunday was March 29, 1643, the day of the battle of Torrington, the most fatal of all the battles in the Wars of the Roses. It was estimated that more than 37,000 Englishmen were slain.

**Sensitive Apparatus**  
So sensitive is a smoke-registering device on a German passenger liner that if a person with a lighted cigarette steps into a room where there is a fire hazard the fact is signaled on the bridge.

**No Good Counsel**  
"A man may speak his mind with candor," said H. H., the sage of Chinatown, "and yet stay in good counsel; if he too often answers the counsel human privilege, changing it."—Washington Star.

**One Way of Hanging**  
It is remarkable how much deer horseback riders the poor man has to take the risk, that he has noticed that poor people are thrown and injured by deer.

The tropical storm which has been raging around Cuba, in which 100 lives were lost, originated in Florida.

**GRAND OLD MAN DIES**  
John H. Crawford, described as the grand old man of Clay county, died yesterday at the age of 103 years. Uncle John was survived by two sons and three daughters, and many other relatives.