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"Doctor Lansing," she cried, "we must return to Oliver's house immediately. He will have to come over to our house- Better still, Sammy, you must drive him up to the city. Tonight At once. I am frightened. Something terrible is afoot. I know it. I feel it. It is so still. Look! Why aren't the street lamps in Maple avenue lighted? It is as dark as-

"By jingo, Lansing," exclaimed Sammy, starting up from his seat to peer over the windshield. "See that? Men running across Maple avenue. 'Way up yonder where that arc light is at Fiddler street. Three or four men. Didn't you see them?"

"We must beat it back to Oliver's," half-shouted Lansing, excitedly.

"Take the women home first," ordered Sammy, "and then come back. I'll go ahead."

"Wait !" commanded Mr. Sage. "Drive on up Maple, Sammy. Follow those men. See what they are up to. They are headed for the swamp road. Lansing and I will follow you in a jiffy. Drive like the devil !" he shouted in ringing tones.

"No, no, no !" screamed Jane. "The other way! To Oliver's! I will not go home. I'm going to him! Turn around-turn around! Do you hear me?"

"Where in God's name are the police?" cried Josephine.

"We can't take you back there," cried Lansing. "H-l may be to pay. It's no place for women, Jane. Sit still! I'll have you home in two minutes."

"I will jump out! I swear to heaven I will," she cried shrilly.

"Turn back !" commanded Jane's mother. "I am not afraid of them. Jane is not afraid. We cannot desert Oliver if he is in danger. Please God, he may not be. Turn back, I say!"

"Yes!" cried the minister. must get to Oliver-all of us!"

one of the pools? Why, it must be Absolute silence ensued. It was as Tom Sharp's body. Tom Sharp was killed with an ax right out there on

if the crowd had turned to stone. "And so," she cried, leveling her finger at the men in the front rank, "you have done your part toward making the prophecy come true. You have hung Oliver October Baxter in spite

of the fact that you were told thirty years ago that he would be innocent." The mob stood rooted to the ground.

A sudden shout went up from those in the front rank-a shout of relief. Oliver October was struggling to his

feet, assisted by Jane and Lansing. His arms, released from their bonds, were thrown across their shoulders, his chin was high, he was coughing violently.

"Don't try to speak yet, Baxter," cautioned Lansing. "Plenty of time. You're all right. You'll be yourself in a few minutes. Thank God, we got here when we did."

They got him into the forward car, where he huddled down between Jane and her mother. They heard him whisper hoarsely, jerkily:

right. They won't try-it again. Look after Aunt-Serepta first. She's hurt They left her-lying up-

eagerly. "I'll go back and look out for her. You go along with Doc. He'll fix you up. All you need is a good stiff-"

voices as Lansing's car moved slowly forward, and off the sides. down the slope and up the bank, slunk the obedient lynchers. The once bloodthirsty horde bore off swiftly, apprehensively, but still dubiously through the night which now seemed to mock them with its silence.

An hour later Sammy Parr expressed himself somewhat irrelevantly

"Say, Miss Judge, you were great. I never heard anything like that speech of yours. And your voicewhy, it gave me the queerest kind of

Josephine was pacing the floor, her fine brow knitted in thought. She was muttering to herself. Oliver, lying on a couch, smiled up into Jane's lovely eyes. Then he sat up.

"Sammy," he cried out thickly but with the ring of enthusiasm in his voice, "do me a favor, will you?"

his feet.

be married.' "Great !" cried Sammy. "I'll not

I'll let you lean on me.' "Now?" gasped Serepta Grimes, in

great agitation. "Yes-now !" cried Jane softly, and

came back to her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII

Points Out Neccessity for Health Standard

Health is a feeling of well-being in which one is filled with enthusiasm and vigor for both work and play, says Lydia Clark, director of physical education for women at Ohio State university, writing in the Hygeia, popular magazine of health published by the American Medical association. Modern life is making such extreme

demands on the nervous energy of business and professional women, Miss Clark points out, that it is imperative to control all the forces pertaining to health. Health is an asset of which few of us take cognizance until nature has given us many warnings to take stock of our health budget. But even with repeated warnings, there are many who fail to recognize the stop signal because of the lack of knowledge of the degree and quality of health they may easily possess.

Miss Clark asked many groups of people if they considered themselves well, or in good health. The majority of persons in such groups usually replied in the affirmative. Further inquiries have proved that few of those questioned were free from colds, head-What is a hot dog? Well, it is mostaches or minor ailments.

There is a popular notion that health is a negative quality, and that one is in good health unless he is actually confined to bed, or under the care of a physician. Examination and questioning has been a useful means of establishing a truer idea of the meaning and need of a positive health standard, the maintenance of which must make for greater happiness and a richer life.

Order of Precedence It's a far cry, as the poets and news apers say, from Einstein's theory of relativity to baseball. But the relaivity of importance conveyed by the aational pastime, as it is not called by the poets and as it is by the newspapers, was illustrated by an incident that happened in connection with the world series at Washington in 1924. fust as a game was about to start, an utomobile drew up before the crowded parking place in front of the grounds. "Can't get in there, move along," the policeman ordered. "But "m Mrs. Walter Johnson," the lady in the car protested. "Oh," said the policeman deferentially. He turned to the nearest of the row of cars, and said brusquely, "Pull out of there." But that car also held a lady, who spoke up, saying, "This is General Pershing's car. I'm one of the general's party." "Pull out," the policeman or lered sternly. "Didn't you hear who this lady is? She's Mrs. Walter Johnson. Pull out now and be quick about It."

# "Hollywood" for Malta

fo meet the keen desire on the part place where films may be made to com-

#### FARM NOTES.

-Have you put up any houses for the birds? Rustic ones are practical and ornamental. Put them up before spring comes.

-Do not forget the State Farm Products Show at Harrisburg, Jan-uary 18 to 22. It is the show window of Pennsylvania argriculture. Each day is a red letter one for the farm family. The exhibits will teach inspiring lessons.

-Large trees may be transplanted to the home grounds now. Move with a frozen ball of earth attached. A block and tackle and rollers or a stoneboat will be necessary in moving the larger trees. Do not attempt to move trees more than six inches in diameter.

-Plan your garden for this year. Use as a basis the amounts of vegetables needed by your family for a healthful diet. Plan for the greatest quantity of the vegetables your family likes. Make the location and size of plot fit the garden you want, whenever possible, rather than plan the garden to fit a space that may be too cramped or inconveniently located.

-Alfalfa is a valuable dairy feed. Many farmers who have alfalfa and their own corn and oats are only paying about \$35 a ton for grain mixtures this winter. Alfalfa not only makes it possible to have cheap grain mixture but helps cows give more milk than any other roughage will. If alfalfa is not already grown on the farm, get in touch with the county agent and have your soil tested for lime requirements; also obtain sources of good seed and inoculation.

Weather it will pay better to have lambs come early or late will depend on how you are fixed to take care of them. If you have a good shed for them and will have time to give individual attention to the ewes and lambs at lambing time, you will find the month of March one of the best months in which to have the ewes lamb. The lambs produced in March can be put on an earlier fall market as a rule before the prices begin to drop very much.

-That farmers would profit using larger quantities of fish meal for hog feeding, is the opinion of W. L. Robis on, in charge of swine investiga-tions at the Ohio experiment station. When carried in dry lot from 67 to 238 pounds in weight and when tankage and fish meal were valued at the same price a ton, pigs receiving corn and fish meal made cheaper and more rapid gains than those receiving corn and tankage. The cost of feed for each 100 pounds of gain for the pigs getting fish meal was \$5.92, age-fed pigs. With few exceptions fish meul has proved to be worth more for feeding purposes than an equal weight of tankage. A summary of experiments at different stations shows a saving of 63 cents in the cost of feed for each 100 pounds of gain in favor of fish meal.

Fish meal also compared favorably of the British to obtain some new with skimmed milk for feeding in connection with corn. If middlings, linseed meal, or soy beans are fed with corn, or corn and other grains, the benefit from feeding fish meal will be even greater than when it is substituted for dairy by-products or tankage. -A small flock of sheep upon every farm would not be a bad mark to set, providing, of course, that the owner of the farm liked sheep. A small flock of sheep is valuable in destroying weeds, cleaning the fields and fence corners. Sheep will eat 90 per cent. of all the plants which are regarded as weeds, while cattle and horses will only eat about 50 per cent. They consume material that cannot be readily utilized by the other farm animals, and convert this into wool and mutton. The grain left in the stubble is not lost to a flock of sheep and they will graze volunteer growth and aftermath on fields where the growth is too scanty for other live stock. The animal investigation section of the Colorado Agricultural college in co-operation with the United States government of Akron, Colo., were able to maintain sheep at the rate of 100 ewes upon 30 to 40 acres of sod. These ewes lived upon the weeds and by-products of the cropping system. Many farms have land which is not easily put under cultivation. This waste land can be used for profitable returns by a small flock of sheep. There is an opportunity to increase the farm income by a small flock of sheep .--- B. W. Fairbanks, Extension Service, Colorado Agricultural College.



"Come on!" He Yelled. "Come on

You Dirty Cowards!"

d-d Huns! Come on and get a man-

From all sides boomed the shouts

Suddenly a strange voice rose above

the clamor. Rich, full, vibrant, it fell

upon puzzled ears, and once again

All eyes were upon the owner of this

wondrous clarion voice. A startling

figure she was, standing erect upon the

"Men of Rumley! Hold! Hold, I

command you! Is there one among

you who has not heard of the gypsy's

prophecy of thirty years ago? Let

him speak who will, and let him speak

"Aye!" she went on. "You all have

heard it. I ask one of you-any one

of you-to stand forth and tell the

rest of this craven mob what the

gypsy fortune teller said on that wild

"She said the baby son of Oliver

Baxter would be hung for murder be-

fore he was thirty years old," bawled

"And what else did she say?" rang

out the voice of Josephine Judge.

uttered that prophecy? Answer!"

Are not those the words of the

and curses of a quickly revived pur-

sized pull !"

"Rush 'em !"

"Kill the -

there was pause.

for all."

someone.

gipsy?"

"Beat their heads off !"

front seat of Lansing's car.

A score of voices answered.

and stormy night."

"Get him! Get him!"

pose.

They had picked the spot-the place

where father and son parted on that

distant night. And the tree-the

sturdy old oak whose limbs overhung

the road. They had picked the limb.

There was no delay. . . . The stout rope was thrown over the limb,

the neose was drawn close about his

A prayer was strangled on his writh-

ing lips. Strong hands hauled at the

A great white flare of light burst

upon the grewsome spectacle-the rear

of a charging monster-the din of

shrieking klaxons-and then the pierc-

The dense mob in the road broke.

fighting frantically to get out of the

path of Lansing's car. Some were

struck and hurled screaming aside-

and on came the car, forging its way

slowly but relentlessly through the

Up to the swaying, wriggling form

shot the car, a force irresistible, guid-

ed by a man who thought not of the

human beings he might crush to death

in his desire to reach the one he

"Let go of that rope!" yelled this

Behind him came another car. Panic

A writhing, tortured figure lay in the

middle of the road, a loose rope swing-

ing free from the limb. The bewil-

dered, startled men who had held it

in their hands fell back-uncertain.

Lansing, unafraid, sprang from the

car and rushed to the prostrate form.

In a second he was tugging at the

Now a woman flung herself down

beside the man with the rope around

his neck, sobbing, moaning, her arms

straining to lift his shoulders from

A baffled roar went up from the

mob. Men surged forward and hands

were laid upon the rope-too late.

The noose was off-and Saramy Parr,

standing over the doctor and the dis-

tracted girl, had a revolver in his

"Come on !" he yelled. "Come on,

noose, cursing frightfully.

seized the mob. The compact mass

neck by cold, nervous fingers. . .

rope. He swung in the air. .

ing scream of a woman.

struggling mass.

sought to save.

bewildered.

the ground.

hand.

broke and scattered.

man.

now." "Never mind about me-I'm-an Spaniard Gets Credit

"Don't worry, old top," cried Sammy

smoked over hickory smoke. It originated in Bologna, Spain, so long ago "Clear the road !" roared a score of that only the main facts may be recalled. They used to slaughter an enormous number of bulls in the arenas of Spain in days when bullfighting was more popular and more brutal than " is today.

It looked like a great economic crime to see so much prize beef wasted. But nobody wanted bull beef just so; bulls are tough and not so delicious as cows and steers are. A butcher in Bologna

in the parsonage sitting-room.

shivers."

been selling hot dogs for half a century is reputed to have a sale of five to ten tons of Frankfurters a day in the

"Sure," said Sammy, springing to

"Stand up with me. I'm going to

only stand up with you, old boy, but

for the first time that night the color

at last, swallowing hard. He had removed the gaudy muffler. His Adam's apple rose and fell twice convulsively. "I'd hate to have people think he did it."

"Don't worry about that," said Mr. Gooch brusquely. "Get along to bed [THE END.]

me?'

heart.

hesitation.

bony hands.

the edge of the swamp thirty years

ago. He was killed by a gypsy- Say,

Horace, if they think that body is

mine, who is supposed to have killed

Mr. Gooch experienced a strange

"A man that used to work around

Silence fell between them. Mr. Bax-

your place," said he, after a moment's

ter was thinking profoundly, his brow

wrinkled, his eyes fixed on one of his

"Just so it wasn't-Oliver," he said

for the Frankfurter

ly bull; bull meat mixed with pork,

highly spiced, steam cooked and

had an idea and bought bulls that

were killed in the bull ring and made

the meat into a sausage, mixed with

pork and highly seasoned. Bologna

sausage appealed to the popular taste.

the same sausage mixture into small

casings and Bologna became "Frank-

furter" in Frankfort and "Weenie" in

Vienna. Coney island gave it the name

One stand in Coney island that has

busy season. Somebody has to sell

a lot of 'em to get rid of that 400,-

000,000 pounds a year.-Colliers' Maga-

Man's Biggest Asset

of hot dog and popularized it.

Confidence in Self

misadventures of all sorts.

zine.

Germans borrowed the formula, put

and unusupected softening of the

The two cars made reckless in the narrow street and were off like the wind.

# CHAPTER XII

# The Hanging

Since ten o'clock men by twos and threes and fours had been making their way through back streets and lanes to an appointed spot an eighth of a mile east of the Baxter home, the tree-bordered swale that marked the extreme northern end of the slough. Whispers swelled into hoarse, guttural mutterings as the mob, headed by its set-faced, scowling leaders, left the swale and started its deadly march. Quickly the house was surrounded. No avenue of escape was left unguarded. A small, detached group advanced toward the porch, above the

roof of which were lights in the windows of what everyone knew to be young Oliver Baxter's bedroom.

A loud voice called out:

"Come out! We want to see you, Oliver Baxter."

Oliver raised the window and leaned out. "Who is it? What have you got down there? A mob? I'll see you in h-1 before I'll come out !"

A deep growl rose from a hundred throats, stilled almost instantly as the clear voice of the leader rang out again.

"We will give you one minute to come out."

Oliver glanced over his shoulder. Mrs. Grimes had come to his bedroom door.

"Telephone for the police, Serepta," he cried out sharply. "No! Wait! You mustn't be here if that mob breaks in and-"

He did not finish the sentence. There was a rush of footsteps in the hall, then Mrs. Grimes was flung aside and into the room leaped three. four, half a dozen men.

Oliver knocked the first man sprawling, but the others were upon him like an avalanche. . . . As they led him, now unresisting, from the room his wild, beaten gaze fell upon the huddled form of Serepta Grimes lying inert in the hall.

"For God's sake, be decent enough to look after her," he panted.

They dragged him down the stairs. Out of the house and down into the yard they hurried him. There they paused long enough to tie his hands securely behind his back. An awed silence had fallen upon the crowdthe shouts ceased, curses died on men's lips. They had him! Tragedy was at hand.

"In Heaven's name, men-what are you going to do with me?" Oliver cried out in a strange, piercing voice. "Shut up!"

Something fell upon his head, scraped down over his face. He stified a scream. He felt the slack noose tighten about his bare throat.

He was shoved forward, protesting shrilly, impatiently.

### Mr. Gooch Sees Things at Night.

Horace Gooch was going to bed. He had had a hard day, and it was nine o'clock. He had a book, a well-worn copy of "David Harum," but he did not begin reading at once. He was thinking of the many dark and lonely nights old Oliver Baxter had spent in Death Swamp. It gave him a creepy feeling. He tucked the covers a little more tightly under his chin-but still the creepy feeling persisted. "Hey, Horace!"

Someone was knocking at the from door-and the voice! There was only one voice in the world like that. Mr. Gooch went to the window. He nesitated a moment, then boldly drew the curtain apart. "Hello, Horace," came wafting up

co Mr. Gooch. "That you? Say, open up and let me in."

Mr. Gooch grasped the window frame for support.

"Good G-d!" he gulped, but in a voice so strange and hollow that he did not recognize it as his own. The figure drew nearer the house. "I'm Ollie Baxter. For goodness' sake, Horace, don't tell me you've forgotten your only brother-in-law. I-" "Go away! You're dead!"

"You come down here and let me in," cried the other. "I'll derned soon show you I'm not dead."

Mr. Gooch was not convinced. It was Oliver Baxter and he was very much alive.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to come in and spend the night with you, that's what I want." Presently the two were seated in Gooch's warm kitchen.

"Now," demanded Mr. Gooch, "where have you been all this time?"

Mr. Baxter stretched out his wrinkled legs, and filled his pipe and lit it, all the while keeping his keen little eyes on his brother-in-law.

"Well, sir," he began presently; "I hunted this country over before I found her. She remembered everything. It took me nearly two weeks to get her to admit that she lied, and I guess she wouldn't have done it if I hadn't offered her a hundred dollars to tell the truth."

"Are you talking about the gypsy who told his fortune?" inquired Mr. Gooch, comprehending suddenly.

"Oh, a lot of things that don't mat-"Yes. Queen Marguerite. I finally ter now," yelled a man back in the got her to confess that everything she crowd. "Get busy, boys. We can't-" said was false. Oliver ain't going to "Stop! Listen to me, varlets! You be hung any more than you or I. All believe she spoke the truth when she spite work, she says. Got mad at all of us." "Yes!" came from a hundred throats.

"So that's what you've been up to, "Then you must know that this boy you blamed old idiot," exclaimed was adjudged innocent of this crime Gooch. "Letting us all think you were on the day he was born," fell slowly, dead! That reminds me-I was just distinctly from the lips of Josephine. wondering whose body it is, since it "I will repeat the words of the gypsy can't possibly be yours. The one they woman. She said: 'He will not comfound in the swamp yesterday, I mit a murder. He will be hanged for mean." a crime he did not commit.' Speak!

Mr. Baxter inquired with sudden interest: "In the swamp, ch? Out in

safe little corner and hide, while the great rough tide of glorious life rushes past them.

Life is an island, entirely surrounded

by risks, losses, troubles, hardships and

Most men go to pieces when they

have had a few beatings. They wilt.

They fade away. They crawl into a

The fact is that defeat is the normal thing in this haphazard little world, and victory comes but seldom. Every victory, usually, is the result of a long series of defeats.

A man must have faith in himself and in what he is trying to do. He must say: "I can." He must back himself to win. He must bet on himself. He must have faith in the people he works with. He must believe in his team. He must see the better side of his co-workers and not think that his own point of view is the only

right one. He must have faith in those great principles that make us superior to the animals of the forest-to Truth, Honesty, Sympathy, Justice, Progress.-Forbes Magazine.

#### Cause Enough

A camel has its limit of endurance as the old saw concerning the ultimate straw and the broken back will testify. Mrs. North also had her limit, which was finally reached when an argument, about which little could be understood, continued with unabated fury for two hours in the Smith household next

door. Calling to Willie Smith, who was playing in the back yard, Mrs. North asked the seven-year-old shining light of the warring Smiths:

"What is all the row about, Willie?" "Oh, mamma put her cushion on daddy's chair and he sat down on it," replied the small lad.

"Why, that is no cause for such an argument, is it?" "Sure it is! It was mamma's pin

cushion !"

Your Loss-My Gain

It was one of the first days of school. The children, fresh from their long vacation, were listening attentively to a lesson in arithmetic.

"Now," said the teacher, holding up a gallon measure, "if this gallon measure of cider costs \$1, what would you have to pay for a quart?" "Fifty cents," said Mary.

"Would you take that?" said the teacher, as she looked at keen-eyed little Isadore.

"Sure," said Isadore. Then very wisely added: "If she'd give it to me."

Cooked Food All Wrong? Richet, famous French scientist, is urging Parisians to eat raw meat and be strong; not only raw meat but uncooked vegetables, and so many Frenchmen are trying it that restaurants have many requests for "beefsteak, raw." All the physical ills to which modern man is heir are the result of cooked food, says Richet. Did the professor ever try to eat a raw potato?-Capper's Weekly.

pete with American films. a suggestion has been made that studios be erected on the island of Malta in the Mediter ranean. The journey from London to Malta requires only three days and there are vast tracts on the island awaiting development. It is pointed out that Hollywood can only imitate that "happy hunting ground for the man behind the camera-the eternal East." There is sunlight the year round at Malta, and within a short radius not only the East itself but al the well-known backgrounds of Eu rope. Film-making in England has been declared hopeless except for the limited possibilities of the studio.

#### Walking on Springs

Leaping through the air like a kangaroo is the exciting sensation offered to children by the recent in vention of shoes with springs.

These novel exercising toys an strapped to the feet in the same man ner as roller skates, and the wearen can walk, run, jump, or dance on them The steel springs, while of unusual strength, are extremely elastic. The effect produced is said to be like walk-

ing on air. Lach shoe has two spiral springs says a writer in Popular Science, and the lower end of each is fastened to a sole that prevents the springs from injuring carpets or polished floors. With a little practice, it is said, a child can make enormous leaps.

## **Pigeons His Pets**

reanuts for pigeons in Grant park, Chicago, cost a pigeon-lover \$150 a year. Four or five times daily this gentleman, who is treasurer of the Orchestra Hall association, leaves a sky-scraper overlooking the park, crosses the avenue with bulging pockets of peanuts to ration the birds, many of them of four years' acquaintance. His appearance causes a winged of calves grow, and, perhaps make fair fensive. The benefactor carries a knife gains, but do not put on the finish rewith a small, sharp blade, which, as the birds feed, he uses in removing strings entangling their feet and to perform any small bits of necessary surgery. Wherever he travels he feeds pigeons in the parks. He is never feared, whether friend or stranger.

## Vessel's Varied Career

The Roosevelt, the famous ship upon which Admiral Peary went to the Arctic in search of the North pole, has had a varied career. She was built in bedded box stall. Never keep them a Maine shipyard. Later she was brought to Puget sound and was con- should have ample window space. By verted into a sea-going tug. After this the Roosevelt saw considerable service with the fishing fleets of the Pacific, and now she is taking the place of the electric generating station on Vashon island in Puget sound which was recently destroyed by lightning, acting us a floating power house until a new one upon land can be built.

-Each year a number of boys and girls "pasture feed" the calves which they have entered in the baby beef club project. They allow their calves to run with the herd during the day and bring them in at night for their grain ration.

I have never found a single case where this plan proved satisfactory, says A. A. Dowell, live-stock specialist of the agricultural extension service, University of Minnesota. The quired in the show ring.

There are good reasons why this plan should be avoided. The calves suffer from the heat and flies. They spend too much time running around and too little time resting. To make good gains, they must be well fed, comfortable, and get just enough exercise to keep in good health and

vigor. The best plan is to keep the calves in during the day and turn them out in the lot at night for exercise. Give them the freedom of a roomy, welltied up day after day. The box stall removing the windows, and by covering the openings with gunny sack, much needed fresh air is obtained and flies are kept out as well as the heat from the sun. The box stall should be cleaned and fresh bedding should be added each day. More than one calf may be kept in the same box stall, but the animals should be near the same age as possible.