FRONTIERS NEW.

Fog, the murky might of winter in the north Pacific, hung over harbor and hills of the city as the dun gray of afternoon drifted into the duller drab of twilight. Beneath it lights began to glimmer in blurs of steelblue from street arcs, of yellow from windows of shops and houses. Street cars, darting up and down steep thoroughfares, clanged through it with muffled clamor of gongs. From ships, hidden beneath the blanket of moist- clothes, and we'll go out." ure, rose throaty blasts of signalssignals of goings and comings of liners from the Orient, of coastwise about getting ready for departure. In steamers from San Francisco and an instant all her anger had evapoing rather than of sight, an eerie listened apathetically as he put on town through which the home-going the baby's bonnet. crowds of the early evening moved

From its beginning the day had gone ill with him. Margie hadn't wakened in time to get his breakfast, and he had quarreled with her while he had dressed in the dingy room. He had fasted until noon. The office auditor had found a mistake in his ledger. At the lunch-counter in the market he had met young Barry, all ready to sail in the morning to China and thrilled to the soul by his chance for high adventure.

"Come on with me, Davy," the boy had urged him. "There's a chance for another man. A fellow dropped out last night. You can get it if you

try. Come on!"

He had refused curtly, not daring to explain the ties which held him lest they snap under the pressure of defending them. Margie and the baby! All his life he'd have to think of them before he thought of himself-Barry, who had the wide world be-

Through the long afternoon he had pored over involved statements of shipments which meant nothing to him except in the luring names of their destinations, Singapore, Malac-ca, Melbourne, Auckland, Colombo, "Cook Bombay. Conning them, he pictured the places, ports of call for the wayfarers of the seven seas. Other Burts, going out from New Bedford in days long gone, had known them. His grandfather had known them in his boyhood. Back on the Michigan farm to which he had come when the Civil war was over, he had told Davy of their wonders. His father, going from the Great Lakes country to the prairies, had never seen them, but they had been the dream of Davy's they had been the dream of Davy's youth, a dream he had forsworn with his freedom when he had promised to it." love and honor and cherish Margie. Well, he couldn't have them now. Facing the prospect of the dreary furnished room of their habitation, he tried to whistle back the courage which had brought him to the northwest, but even the whistling died away as he opened the door to the place he tried to call home.

Margie was sitting in a chair beneath the swaying bulb of the elec- and cuddled her head down on his say no more. tric light, reading. Her short, light hair, elaborately curled, haloed her thin, petulant face with its too rosy cheeks, its too red lips. She looked over her shoulder at David, acknowledging his greeting only by a raising of her clipped eyebrows. On the floor amid a pile of newspapers which she was tearing to shreds, the baby hill to Christensen's," she urged. played. She lifted her arms to her "I can't afford it." father as he turned to her, and he lifted her, kissing her with an inlifted her, kissing her with an intensity of tenderness which he hardly bill." realized had flooded him out of the sense of contrast between his child's environment and what his own had been in the spotless little farmhouse on the Nebraska plains.

"When do we eat?" he asked Margie, trying to keep his voice cheer-"Whenever you take us out," she

said, swinging her silken-clad leg over the arm of the chair. "Why can't we eat in? There's a stove, isn't there?"

Well, if you can make a meal out of a stove and nothing else, you're welcome to try."

"Why didn't you get something?" "How could I?"

"Why not?"

"It takes money to buy food." "But I gave you two dollars this 'Well, I had to eat at noon, didn't I? I suppose it's nothing to you if

the baby and I starve, though. "But two dollars would—"
"Two dollars! What's that?" "You must have gone to the Washington and ordered terrapin." "Well, I guess I had to buy stock-

ings. I didn't have one pair without "If you bought something that wasn't cobweb, they'd last longer." "Oh, yes, I know what you'd want me to wear. Well, anyhow, there's nothing in, and I'm tired of cooking.

We can go to the Chinaman's." "You know the kid oughtn't to eat Chink food." "Why can't she? She eats it at

noon.

"Do you mean to say that you take her there every day?" "Do you mean to say" she mimicked him, tossing aside her book, "that you expect me to stay a prisoner in this room all day while you're

"I'm working." "Well, I'd work, too, if I knew a place where I could park her."

"You will not!" "Well, what do I get out of life? You said when you married me that this land. you were going to be rich in no time. You wouldn't take a job in Miles City, farther west! All your folks moved and it was his fault more than Marwest every generation, you said. Well, gie's. She was nothing but a girl. we've certainly come to the edge of But his time was coming. If the things, all right. If you want to go radio-

any farther, you'll have to choose Alaska. But I won't go with you. I can tell you that right here and now." "I'm not asking you to go any farther," he said sullenly. "I guess this is about the jumping-off place." "Then we'd better go back to Miles

"My folks never turned back once

they started west."
"Oh, you make me tired with your folks," she snarled. "You'd think she snarled. "You'd think they had an option on pioneering. What do you s'pose brought my gang to Montana?" "I've often wondered," he said.

The baby, crying, crept close to him. "There's no use in fighting like this," he said dully. "Put on her

She sprang out of the chair with the quickness of triumph and

"I wonder where you'll go from like shadows, and David Burt felt here," he thought as he stared at the something of its clammy mistiness child. "It's lucky you're a girl," he clouding his own usual blitheness of spirit as he started up the hill.

This lucky you re a girl, he decided. "It'll be hell for a boy when there are no new places left."

He lifted the baby and stood, waiting, for Margie's primping to end.
"Can't we go to a movie after we eat?" she asked him from the mirror himself for one of his blood, one of of the battered dresser.

"We can't go to a movie with her." "It won't hurt her." "It'll hurt here eyes."

"Oh, she'll go to sleep." "You know she won't." "Well, if she can sleep through the shrieks of your old radio, she can

sleep through anything." 'That's different." "Oh, yes, it's different because it's ours. If I had something that I

and he wasn't two years older than ting it in shape to do something that nobody else has done. I'm going to get London on that radio yet, I tell you!" His voice rose to conviction, and his eyes blazed. "I'm going to have a radio that'll beat them all!"
"What good'll it do you?" she

> "Good? What good did it do Marconi to make the wireless? What good did it do Maxwell to discover what he did? What about Pupin? Didn't all those fellows have to dream, and plan, and test, and tinker, and think before they ever got anything? What good? Why, if I can raise the Crystal Palace on that baby there, I'll have got through what nobody else the Atlantic Ocean!"

"Well, I'll believe it when I hear "You're going to hear it," he said, taunting grin. "Ready?"

shortly. "Ready." The baby moved her soft hands over his face as he bore her outward. "Daddy loves you," he assured her in a tone lowered so that Margie could not hear it. She smiled at him

shoulder. "This is no night to take her out,"

he grumbled.
"Well, it's your own fault," said Margie. She moved beside him airily, her spirits rising as they moved within a zone of clustered lights merging in the fog. "Let's go down the

"You spent eight dollars for that

"Look here," he told her, "if I can make that radio do what I think I can, we'll all be riding the gravy

"I'm sick of tomorrows," she said. 'That's all I've ever had since I married you." "Love you, Daddy," the crooned.

"I love you," he told her.
"It's a cinch he doesn't love me," Margie told the child.

She led the way into the chop suey parlor, showing toward a table near the wall and calling the waiter sharp-

Under the spell of listlessness which he could not explain David turned away after buying her ticket. fell silent while Margie ordered their dinner without suggestion from him. As she frowned over the card with its mixture of Chinese and English names he studied her furtively. She was just as pretty as she had blithely as he sat down in front of been when they married, he decided. blithely as he sat down in front of the instrument, and shouted with dein her assertiveness. He had known greeted him as he pulled out the plug. that quality in the days of their courtship, but it had amused him then, since it had not been trained upon him. No, she was just about the fingers as sounds of music, of the goal. After that-well there same, and he wasn't much different. What was it, then, that had come between them? Not the baby. They echoes of distant places. Strains of great one, and the zest of climbing both loved her, each in a different an orchestra from San Francisco, of could not be the same. He was getway, to be sure, but devotedly. What a band from Calgary, of a reader ting older, and all over the world was it? The circumstances of life? from Kansas City. of a chorus in Dal- boys, boys free to do as they pleased, That was it, he reasoned. Neither of las crowded each other. He was tunthem was the sort for this haphazard, ing in on KYW from Chicago when in the thought, and his fingers moved furnished-room existence. Margie had the staccato call of an S. O. S. clamcome from a home back in Montana, not elaborate, to be sure, any more all the coast stations from the air. than his own had been. They were Through Chicago he worked eastward, both Americans, come out here to lifting New York at last. A tenor's the end of the country, and what was voice, exclusively lovely, sang through it giving them? A sudden doubt asong-forgotten words of his grand-"No country can give a man the artistry of what he heard. anything unless he gives it something first," he remembered. Perhaps that was why he hadn't made good in this land. He wasn't really giving he told it. "We'll make the grade." anything. He wasn't a hewer of wood or a drawer of water. He wasn't where I knew everybody and every-body knew me. No, you had to come were drifters, that's what they were,

denly.

the diamonds I'll get from you will ly he studied the comparative glow come from the ten-cent store," she said. "Here, Baby, don't eat that he cut from the seven to the six-tube said. salt. Why can't that waiter hurry?" strength, only to swing back again.

David fell back to his musings. "That ought to get it," he thought, tion. He'd tested them and retest-ed them for strength. He'd tightened Then, with the grimne every screw until there wasn't an- pioneer, he went back to the dials. other millimeter to be twisted. He'd brought in WEAF all the way from Vancouver, of ferries, of fishing boats, of the myriad and motley craft of the Sound. It was a world of heargrandfather and his father. If only frontiers. he could win just once, he'd know the crew of pioneers. If only-

ing him.

"I was thinking," he said stupidly. thought," she retorted. "Don't eat that egg, Baby," she warned. "I believe you'd let her eat leather," she told David.

house. How about the new subdivision out on the hill?" "Toward the lake?"

"That's it." "Oh, David!" Longing throbbed in her voice. "But what's the use? I

can't bank on things the way you do. We've been living on 'if's' for nearly four years." "Don't you believe in me?" "I wouldn't have married you if I hadn't," she choked, "but, honest, I get so tired of it all that I think I can't go on. We're not much good,

are a dreamer, and I'm not." "Well, it's the dreamers who do the big things."
"Some of them," she said, "and but the flame had died down with her they've been the alibis for the rest of you, I guess, ever since the world awakened in the process and cried began. I'm sorry, Davy," she said sleepily. more gently, seeing the hurt in his

eyes, "but you can't get me excited any more about how you're going to set the world afire. Baby, drink your milk!" "I'm sorry, too," he said, and could

When they had ended their meal, he picked up the baby and started for the door.

"You can leave us at the movie," Margie told him, "if you're going to work.

"She shouldn't go," he objected. "Oh, let's not fight any more," she said drearily. "I'm sick of fighting." "Then why-"

"Oh, I can't sit in that room day in and day out, and night after night. I'll go crazy if I do. I hate it. You've got some place else to go. I haven't any place but a restaurant or the movies. I don't know a soul in this town, and even if I did, what could I do? I couldn't ask them to see us. and so I wouldn't go to them. If it wasn't for the movies—"
"I'll take you," he said.

"You don't have to stay," she said, mollified by his offer. "I know you're dying to be tinkering at that radio. Well, you'll have it to yourself for a couple of hours. Say 'by-by' to Daddy," she admonished the litle girl as they joined the crowd in front of the little motion picture house.

"You'd better buy some oranges for

the morning," she reminded him as he He went back to the room, but with a lighter heart in spite of his continued battling with Margie, for the knowledge of two unbroken hours for his testing cheered him. He whistled She hadn't changed much, not even light at the sound of the roar which

"Attaboy," he triumphed. "Now we're going to go!" He twisted the dials with expert speeches, of ship signals blared forth, echoes of distant places. Strains of great one, and the zest of climbing ored from a ship out at sea, driving Through Chicago he worked eastward,

"She's coming in fine," he mur-Minutes sped as he labored, heeding ultimate object. His jaw set with the baby, what could he do? in his effort. "I've got to get through,"

"You stick to me, old kid, and you'll he twisted and turned until he had mist before the coming of his tears. rear diamonds yet," he told her sud- blotted it out. Carefully he re-exam- He couldn't get it. He couldn't get wear diamonds yet," he told her sud- blotted it out. Carefully he re-examined condenser and transformer, wire She raised her thin eyebrows. "All connections and batteries. Searching-

What was the matter with the set but a tiny ray of discouragement had anyhow? With the seven tubes it crept into his tone. "Oh, Lord," he had the volume for raising any sta- nuttered, "if it'd only clear, so that

Then, with the grimness of the

Every possible permutation and New York above the local stations, combination of condenser dial and above Denver, above a jazz orchestra wave-length trembled under his lithe ed. in Omaha, above a concert in Chicago, hands. Station after station, some higher than KDKA in Pittsburgh; but big, some little, some on the Pacific, others had brought in New York, and some on the Atlantic, some on the Springfield, and Schenectady on other Gulf, some on the Great Lakes, some instruments which he knew could not in Oklahoma others in Georgia stayed do what his creation might do. If in long enough to inform him of their et over the coast, if only he could get skill with the genii of science speed-London! That was the test. If he ing to his summons, bringing to him could meet it, he knew a dozen men such wonders as Alexander and Caesready to back him for the manufac- ar, Genghis Khan and Napoleon never ture of the sets. Fortune-but it dreamed. For him the cities of the would be only the beginning. Other world were sounding their souls, and triumphs waited just beyond, just as he, as had his people through the gennew countries had waited for his erations, was pshing on to new

"I'm going to get London," he banged. "Come on, boy, come on!" The tenor still sobbed, however, through WEAF, defying him to get "Well, why don't you eat it now past the outposts of Manhattan. More that it's here?" he heard Margie asklogs, his own and a set of newspaper clippings, striving to fit in the London "Well, it's about time somebody wave-length with others he had already brought in. Narrowing down the radius of his search, he went over the dial with such steadiness of touch

as a safe-breaker would have envied.

Yours. It's different because it's yours. If I had something that I spent all the time and money on that you do on that, I guess you'd make racket enough. They could hear your roar up to Bellingham."

"You know why I spend money on it." He faced her over the baby's shoulder. "You know that I'm getting it in shape to do something that nobody else has done. I'm going to told David.

"Say, Margie," he said, putting down his fork, "would you be glad to live in a regular house if I could make the grade?"

"Would I?" Her blue eyes, lifted swiftly, were so hungrily wistful that they hurt him. "Would a fish swim? But what's the joke?"

"Margie, if this thing goes through, nobody else has done. I'm going to I'll be able to get money enough right away to pay the first instalment on a anyhow. He had his hope, his tool, his ambition. She had nothing to entertain her but the baby, and he supposed any one got tired of a baby after twenty-four hours a day. In a glow of generosity toward her he de-cided that hers should certainly be the first fruits of his success.

"We'll get that house," he planned, then forgot everything else in a new idea which sprang at him.

He was deep in it when Margie came in, carrying the little girl. She looked tired and a little bedraggled. "Good show?" he asked her.

David, either of us, I guess. I know "Fair," she said. "Say, she's getting heavy." "She's asleep."

"Sure, she is. You don't suppose they'd let me keep her through the whole show if she hadn't dropped off? Lucky for me she did " She began to undress the child, who

"I wish you'd turn that off for a while," Margie complained. "She'll

never get to sleep with it going full blast. I don't see why you can't use headpieces. Other people do." "T've told you fifty times," he said impatiently, "I've got to have so much volume for distance that the head-

pieces would blow off the top of my He shut off the plug, however, and sat a model for a statue of restrained desire as he waited for her to put the baby to bed. The child sank back into sleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and Margie drew

up a chair under the light and resumed the book she had been reading when he had come home. wide circuit of sound, but once more the object of his struggle evaded him. "It's in there somewhere," he

"I've got the volume for it, and the range, and it ought to come." Again he filled the room with ev-

"Don't you want to go to bed?" he stopped long enough to ask her. "What's the use?" she said. couldn't sleep. Getting anything?"

"Not yet." Her silence suddenly became more eloquent than the air-filling sounds of the room. So she thought he couldn't do it? Well, he'd show her! With the passionate wish for justification urging him he kept on, but in vain. Moment after moment sped by, bringing nothing of greater accomplishment. Wearied, he began to sag. What was the use? kept ringing in his ears under the medley of jazz. Some one would do it some day, perfecting an instrument which would go beyond his own and accomplish would be other heights to be scaled. were crowding up to him. He sighed

through the music, galvanized him into hope for an instant, but it died away, and he fell back into the widening pool of discouragement. Perhaps the horn in heart-melting balladry, it couldn't be done. He was a fool sailed him with the memory of some but David Burt, pushing toward tri- to think that he'd be the one to do it, umph of his own, recked nothing of when the coast was full of men and boys who had the same hope. If only he could be free to work night after he could be free to work night after high tupon it! If only he weren't Margie. This is our way. We're try-held to the other job of bread-win- ing to shove out into something we ning! He could starve if he had to, Minutes sped as he labored, heeding nothing except in its relation to his while he worked, but with Margie and in it just the way your father and was 1.54 in 1926 against 1.52 in the tension, and his eyes grew glazed was no use in trying to hold out. He you suppose your mother knew what might just as well give in that he was

anything. He was a dud. What was in the end." there in life, anyhow?

"Oh, hell!" he muttered, shoving in the plug and staring ahead of him sightlessly.

"What's the matter?" Margie's voice came sharp across his musings. "Nothing."

"Something is." "No, there isn't."

He turned away his head that she dress, and—any maybe we could get might not see his face, but he knew a flat somewhere and buy a little onthat she had put down her book to watch him. Suddenly she rose, and came across the room to him.
"Davy, are you sick?" she demand-

"No." "Then what is it?"

"Nothing-new." "Well, what's the old?" "Oh, the same old thing. I'm no good, that's all." "What?"

"I said it, what you've been thinking ever since you married me. What's the surprise in that?" "I never said it."

"You thought it." "I never did! Davy, what's the trouble? Is it that? Her glance went

to the radio.

could make a go of it, but I can't."
"Why not?" "I don't know." "You're tired out," she said. "That's what's the trouble. You work all day

long hard at one thing that you don't like, and you try to stay up all night working on something you do.' "But what else can I do? It's the only chance a fellow has to get

"I suppose so," she admitted. She stood in the yellow light, her lips moving restlessly. "Davy," she went on, "I've been thinking a lot, too. Do

and I went away?' "Where?" "Well, I could go back to Miles City. Pa's kind of lonesome since Ma

died, and I guess he'd be glad to

have us." "And leave me?" "Well, I guess you could stand it." Her tone was desolately flat. "We haven't made much of a go of it, and

you wouldn't mind much. "Do you-want to go?" He was trying to keep his voice steady. 'Well, I don't ache to go, but I don't want to stay when I'm not wanted.

"It's because you know I can't make good," he declared.

"You know it's not." She whirled around to face him. "You know that's a lie. I've stood beside you through everything, and you know it. Have we ever been anything but poor? Why, I haven't had but three new dresses since we were married, and I got them at sales. Maybe I do want stockings, and movies, and eating outside this one room. Who wouldn't? Maybe I do want a home for the baby and me. Who wouldn't? But I've stuck, and I've been willing to stick as long as I saw you wanted me. You

don't want us any more, though. Can't I see it?"
"That isn't true," he said dully. "Yes, it is. Haven't I eyes? Don't see how you treat us? The only thing you love in this room is that radio. You think about it all the time. You don't think of us except when we're right in front of you, and not even then when you're sitting there. suppose you think that if it wasn't for us, you could do anything with that. Well, I'll give you the chance. Just give me the fare back to Miles

City, and you'll never see me again."
"Margie!" Fear and pain made poignant his cry. "W do without you both?" "Why, what'd I ."You'd get on-better."

"I wouldn't. Why, I'm doing all

us weren't in the world at all. No, I know how you feel, and I know how thought, frowning over the apparatus. I feel, and I'm not going to live this

ery variety of noise, while Margie sat "I ain't quitting you because you've motionless, apparently immersed in failed on this. Maybe you won't fail. her novel.

I think you'll win by keeping at it. But I don't care if you do, except for yourself. What I mean is that I won't stick around where I'm not wanted." under the old system."

"But I want you!"

"You don't."
"I do." He lifted his eyes, still tear-wet, to her. "I know I've been a fool," he said. "I know I've tinkered with this thing when I should have been seeing that the baby and you had a little recreation. I've spent the cost from the rent. This he canmoney on it we couldn't afford, and not do and maintain his action. I've—yes, I do love it. I love the thrill of it. I love the feeling that being an instrument under seal, the maybe in another minute I'm going agreements and intentions of to get something big. But it hasn't parties become merged in the in come between me and you. Why, I I loved you when I met you back there in Montana. And I—I don't the terms of the lease itself. want to be free," he lied valiantly, Where the lease contains a so carried away by his own emotion that he believed he told the truth. "I certain repairs to be made by the never wanted to be free again. What'd lessor it would be binding upon the anything matter to me if I didn't landlord, but under no other condihave you folks to share it with? Oh, tion. be yourself, Marge!" "I am," she persisted. "There's no

use in fighting about it now, Davy. more slowly.

A blur of sound wave, breaking Don't you suppose I know it when I see it? Didn't Pa used to get like bureau figures for 1926 reveil. that every spring until he got too old? Wasn't he always wanting to

our blood. All of us Americans do riod, an actual percentage drop is want the new places, I guess. My shown for marriages while divorces folks wanted them, and they took gain. them. But the new places are gone, haven't known. The air-that's our There my father fought into the West. Don't he told himself over and over again.

The rasping harshness of interference set him swearing bitterly, and shining of dial board, and saw them stick to me?"

"My mother stuck all right." Her voice wavered. "It killed her, though,

"My mother's alive."
"Maybe your father's different

from mine. Maybe—are you like your father, Davy?" "Some ways. Oh, Marge, be a sport! This can't go on this way. If a sport! The can't go on this way. If a sport! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell the sport of the sport of the can't be a sport of the sport of

the radio tomorrow for anything it'll bring, and you can buy yourself a the instalment plan, and-"I won't let you sell it," she pro-

tested. "It's your way out. You're right about it. It is new country. And I guess we're pioneers. And-and if my mother could stand it when Montana was what it was when she came, guess I can stand it."

"Margie!" He jumped up to catch her in his arms, pressing her too-rouged cheeks close to him, and lifting her face then to kiss her too-red "I love you," he said brokenly.

lips. "I love you," he said brokenly.
"Well, how do you suppose I feel'
when I'm staying?" she tried to say
lightly, but her voice broke. "Oh, I'
love you, Davy," she sobbed. "I love
you enough to do it, if you want me "I don't want you to go," he said, "Oh, that's part of it. I thought I and knew that he spoke the deeper

truth of life. He didn't want free-dom now, if it had to be bought with the baby and Margie. He'd make good for them, somehow, even if it weren't on this line. "Life wouldn't be living without you," he told her. She smiled up at him, then slipped

out of his embrace. "Don't you want to try again?" she asked him. "You're going to get it sometime, honestly, Davy," she soothed him as she sometimes promised sweets to the baby. "You'll bring it in."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, but the weariness had gone from his you think you'd get on better if Baby voice. "Maybe some night when the fog isn't so heavy—"
"You'll hear it roar, and then some-

thing'll snap, and the announcer's voice'll sav-"Crystal Palace."

"One-two-three-XY." "Two LO London!" "You'll get it, Davy, tomorrow." "Tomorrow."

They stood, smiling at each other in anticipatory joy. "I'll cut down that C battery," he said. "Maybe fourand-a-half's too high for it. I'll try it one less." it one less.'

"I bet that'll do it, Davy—dear."
She moved out toward the window lifting the shade, and David snapped off the light. Below them lay the lower streets of the city, and beyond that, the harbor. In long streamers of cloud the mist which had hidden the Sound and the hills was floating away. A crescent moon shone dimly through the fleecy whiteness. Lights: of street arcs twinkled bright blue; lights of houses gleamed yellow. Searchlights on steamers flared over the water. David put his arm over Margie's shoulders as they stood,

watching. "Fog's lifting," he said. "Static'll be better."

"Tomorrow'll be clear," she told "Who cares about tomorrow now?" He drew her closer. "Tonight's ours." "Ours," she said, and closed her eyes under the fire of his kisses.

Old-Fashioned Football Game Thing of the Past.

Hard, straight football of the oldfashioned type is disappearing and trickery is taking its place, in the opinion of Dewey Graham, Norwich university gridiron coach.

He believes that the new rules are responsible for less interesting football for the spectators, a loss of the body contact element and inferior play in several phases of the game.

"The game is more of a puzzle than a pleasure for the spectators," Gra-"Can I start now?" he asked her. this for the two of you more than "Go ahead," she said apathetically. I'm doing it for myself."

The doing it for myself."

The doing an a pleasure for the spectators, "Graham complains. "Penalties inflicted in former years were nearly all understood by the spectators, but this contains the spectators, but this contains the spectators in former years were nearly all understood by the spectators, but this be doing this and more if the two of year there are numerous weird rules calling for penalties that are entirely unknown to the average fan.

"The new rules tend to distract atway all the rest of my life."

"But if I make the grade—"

"You get me straight," she said.

"tention of players from the game.

Too much is being left to the judgment of officials. Good officials are rather than an opponent's errors or luck. The players had enough rules

Tenant Has No Right to Make Repairs on Flat.

Very often a tenant will assume to make repairs without authority from the owner or his agents and deduct The courts have ruled that a lease

parties become merged in the instrument itself, and any evidence as to do love you, Margie, just the way understanding and intention to aid its construction cannot be used to vary

Where the lease contains a specific agreement between the parties as to

Divorces Exceeding Marriages.

Divorce has registered another increase in the United States, census Divorces advanced 31.1 per cent last

year over 1925, and marriages only go to new places?"

"That's it," David cried. "It's in crease in population during the pe-1.2. If allowance is made for in-

> Marriage vows were taken by 1,-202,079 couples in 1926, or 10.26 marriages for every 1,000 inhabitants. The year previous the average was 1925, judges having untied 180,868 knots last year besides granting 3,823 annulments.

> -The "Watchman" is the most readable paper published. Try it.