

WE'VE SOLD THE CAR.

We've sold the car, A good old friend, The good old car Is at an end.

We've traded in The good old car, For that's the way That people are. Old age had come And youth had gone.

It seems unkind, It seems unfair, But that's the way That friendships wear. Yet none can say We did not praise It even in Its saddest days.

Yes, if you think We did not claim We loved the old Car still the same, And swear it was As good as new, Then ask the man We sold it to.

-By Douglas Malloch.

HE NAMED HER "JUSTICE."

When Fred Keller and Oscar Carlson got off the train at Seaview, Fla., they were completely snubbed by every porter in the station, for they looked exactly like the porters themselves, except that they seemed to be out of duty.

Instead of getting into one of the shining, well-padded hotel busses, they walked up the street until they found a rooming agency which looked sufficiently respectable, so that they would not have to pay out many dollars for the inculcations which they would receive in return.

They waited several days for the Beacon to go on a cruise, because they did not want to be caught in such elaborate equipment for fear Bradley would get the local authorities to ask them for their diver's license.

At 4 the next morning they smuggled their suit down to the boat and slowly paddled out to their position. The Beacon had gone, so they had an easy day before them. Their boat was nearly swamped at every stroke, because it was not accustomed to dredging duty.

"Here is where we will have to work from," announced Keller. "If we touch any of these private beaches they will set the bulldozers after us."

"I remember seeing something about them," said Keller, casually. "She looks like a pearl right out in the bay there. They were giving a party on their yacht, the Beacon, and she leaned over the rail and the pearls caught on something and the clasp opened up and down they went into the water."

"How much were they worth?" "The insurance company offered a \$50,000 reward for them, so I guess they were worth at least \$100,000!" Keller and Carlson whistled to themselves silently.

"In the morning they bought a small rowboat, loaded it with fishing tackle, and paddled out to the location which Barker had indicated. They fished for a while and then jumped in for a swim. They tried diving to the bottom and after an hour became fairly proficient."

"How about the diving suit?" asked Carlson. "I paid out \$100 for it and you spent a week patching up the leaks. Why did we buy it if we are not going to use it?"

"We will use it, but not unless we fail this way. If Bradley saw us out here in that suit he would get out an injunction against us."

"You talk as if the Bradleys don't want us to find the pearls. I don't think they would be grateful to get them back because the newspapers said they could not be matched at any cost."

"They might want them back and, again, they might not," said Keller. "Remember that although you are putting up the money for the trip, I am the captain and I have offered you ten to one on your thousand dollars if we find the pearls. And also remember that I want to find those

pearls more than anything in the world, so you can be sure I will do everything to get them. So keep your shirt on, Oscar."

Once, when they got back into the boat for a rest and a cigarette, they saw a yacht coming into the bay. When it came closer they saw that it was the Beacon. It was more than 100 feet long and cut its way through the water like a bully, rolling enormous swells toward the rowboat which nearly swamped them.

Suddenly they realized that the Beacon was not going to turn away from them. They were so surprised that they did not move until the Beacon was only thirty feet away, and then they dived like two frogs into the bay, and when they came up they saw the Beacon's prow cut its way through their flimsy boat. Fifteen minutes later they waded up to the public beach exhausted after a quarter-mile swim.

"The dirty devils, they tried to run into us!" cried Carlson as soon as he could talk.

"Oh, no, they wouldn't do that! I don't believe they saw us. It was just an accident—not intentional," said Keller. He was afraid that Carlson would be afraid to go on with the search, and he did not want to lose his financial support so early. On the other hand, Keller was overjoyed at being run over. It showed him that he was searching in the right place. Otherwise Bradley would have let him alone.

They bought another boat and charged the cost to an act of God, although Keller hated to flatter Bradley so highly. Carlson fussed a bit about the extra expense, but he paid for it after Keller had told him that he could not drop out now without losing all the money he had spent already.

"We can't accomplish much this way," said Keller one day. "We can cover only a few hundred square feet in a day, and during the night the tide might wash the pearls back to a place we have already covered. We will have to get out the diving suit and take a chance at it."

Carlson agreed, because he was financing the expedition and he hated to think of the second-hand diving suit going to waste in the hotel room. Furthermore, he wanted to get the search completed because he wanted to go home.

That night they sat up late reading an instruction book which told of the possibilities of their deep-water lounging robe. Each tried it on and little enthusiasm was inspired by it. "I can't imagine wearing it to church," said Keller.

"But it would be great for the Charleston," encouraged Carlson. "Once you got those lead shoes going they would swing for an hour. And when you passed out they could carry you just the way you were."

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never listened to Keller and had stayed at home. What would he say to Keller's family at the memorial service? "He was walking west when I last saw him. He was well dressed and was in no danger of getting sunburned."

And Keller also wondered where he was going. Hundreds of fish went past him, but not one would tell him anything. Perhaps, in a year or so, he would come out of Gibraltar or Buenos Aires, but it was improbable that he would last that long.

At 7 o'clock that night Carlson dragged something that looked like a walrus out of the water. When he got it on the beach he skinned it and out jumped Keller. He really did not jump out. He just rolled a little to the left and looked up at the sky. A few men and dogs crowded around, so Carlson threw the diving suit back into the rowboat and escorted Keller off toward their hotel.

"Bring the suit. Bring the suit," was all the exhausted Keller could say, so Carlson had to throw the thing on his back and stagger off. When they reached their room Keller locked the door and then climbed in bed and went to sleep immediately. Carlson scratched his head a few times and then went to bed, too. But he awoke early and got up to look around. He turned the diving suit over and put his hand into the pocket which was sewed on the outside. It felt something sandy and he pulled it out. It was the string of pearls!

He looked at them for a second and then said: "Pearls! Those are nothing but beads." They had been good imitations, perhaps, but the salt water had eaten them almost away and the string that held them was just on the point of giving up. There was a diamond clasp on the string that might be worth a few dollars, but that was all.

What would Keller think when he woke up? Well, he did not care. He would lose more than Keller, because he had financed the crazy trip. They would have made more money if they had fished for sardines with their straw hats. He started to pack up. As soon as he got up they would catch the first train north.

Presently Keller awoke and turned his bright eyes toward Carlson's sad ones. "It was the whale that did it!" he cried. "What whale did what?" asked Carlson morbidly.

"That whale that swam over me churning up the water so much that it washed the pearls out of the mud. I had been over the same spot ten times, and never would have seen them if it hadn't been for that whale. When I looked up and saw his white belly he scared the life out of me, but I would have welcomed his return in order to thank him."

"That wasn't a whale—it was the Beacon that went over your head. What did you want to thank him for?" "I wanted to thank it for kicking you those pearls."

"Pearls, nothing! Those are imitations!" Keller jumped out of bed and took the pearls away from Carlson. He looked at them for a full minute with shining eyes.

"Oh, boy, I never expected to find anything so good as this! I hoped for it, but didn't really expect it." "You hoped to find a string of imitation pearls on the bottom of the ocean? Why didn't you stop in at a 10-cent store and buy a string for yourself that wasn't water-soaked and rotten? And why didn't you tell me that you were out hunting beads? A good piece of money."

"I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't understand. You don't even understand now. You thought I was fool enough to go hunting for real pearls did you? Well, I'm not as crazy as that. I suspected these were imitations and that's why I came."

Keller sat in his room for an hour fondling them carefully because they were ready to fall apart any minute. "Look at the clasp!" he said to himself. "It was never fastened and the string isn't broken. Helen Bradley is engraved on it, too. And look at the lead sinker tied to the string! I guess Mrs. Bradley is not as shrewd as her husband. Wait till I get hold of them!"

As he walked toward the Bradley estate he realized that he liked Florida. It had a climate that made an active man lazy and a lazy man comfortable. And he liked Bradley's estate. It was large enough so that the family cow would not have to sit on the front porch all day. Of course, Bradley did not have a cow; he had a dairy. That was even better.

When Keller rang the doorbell at the Spanish villa he trembled with anticipation. The butler came and looked once at the visitor and said that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were out. "Tell them I heard that Mrs. Bradley lost her pearls and is in the market for another string. I have some that I know she would like to buy."

The butler returned again and said that Mrs. Bradley was not interested in any more pearls.

"Tell her, then, that I am also working for the insurance company that carries her risks and I would like to know if everything is satisfactory."

The butler returned and told Keller that Mrs. Bradley's insurance matters were handled by her attorney.

"Then tell her that you could not possibly keep me from coming in—that I threatened you and pushed you aside," commanded Keller as he gave the butler a \$20 bill and walked into the house.

He found Mrs. Bradley in her drawing room. She was an extreme blonde and very pretty. Her large eyes were a little cold, but they livened up when Keller entered. He had never seen her before except from his rowboat, but he knew she was Bradley's wife from her flashy clothes.

"Yes. What do you want? I don't interview peddlers."

"I know. But I have something very important to show you." He opened a jewel case and showed her the string he had found in the bay. "When I came upon these I knew that you would be just the person who

would want to buy them."

He watched her face as she looked at them. The rouge in her cheeks faded into a telltale blush. Her eyes lost their look of arrogance. Her eyes bargained don't tell me you are poor man because I looked up your financial rating before I came down here."

Bradley and his wife whispered to each other. "If this scandal gets out, Henry, it will ruin us," said Mrs. Bradley. "You little fool, why did you throw those pearls out in the bay? I told you to wait and let me take care of them. I never saw such bungling in my life," said the humiliated Bradley, and then he turned to Keller. "Well, name your price."

Keller pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and read from it. "I will take this house and the land around it, because I have begun to like Florida and would like to live here during the most of my winters. I will take the Beacon, because I have never had a yacht ride before, and also because it was the Beacon that uncovered those pearls for me, and I want to be kind to it. And I will have to have enough income to keep this place and the Beacon in the manner to which they are accustomed. For that I will take the patents you stole from me ten years ago. The royalties will take care of me for the rest of my life."

He telephoned to the town and in a few minutes six capable witnesses arrived and watched Mr. Bradley sign away half of his entire fortune. Then Keller invited the Bradleys to drive to the county seat, where the deeds were filed. When they returned Keller surrendered his precious imitation pearls to the rightful owners with a few words of advice.

"It always pays to buy the best," he said, and then as an afterthought: "Of course, you will tell your insurance company that they have been recovered."

"I guess so," said Bradley, dejected. Keller then asked to be shown the Beacon, so Bradley escorted him down to the dock and introduced him to the captain.

"I expect to rename the Beacon," he told Bradley as they stood out on the bow. "I suppose you will call her Revenge," said Bradley with a snarl. "No," said Keller; "I have thought of a better name than that. I will name her Justice."

-By Justin Sturm.

"You want half of what I own! Impossible!"

"No, it's not. There will be plenty left for you. And when you start bargaining don't tell me you are poor man because I looked up your financial rating before I came down here."

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Gain of 14,300,380 in Last 8 Years in Population of U. S.

The United States will have a population of 120,013,000 on July 1, the Census Bureau estimated a few days ago.

That represents a gain of 14,300,380 in the last 8 years. Estimated population July 1, 1927, was 118,628,000.

At the present rate of immigration and excess of births over deaths the country will be populated by 260,000,000 in the year 2000.

Births exceeded deaths by slightly more than 1,000,000 last year. The birth rate, however, is falling more rapidly than is the death rate, and experts are not of the opinion that the population increase in the future will be at the rapid rate of the last 20 years.

New estimates of population were prepared for most of the States, although those where the population decreased between 1910 and 1920, or between 1920 and 1925, of 1925 census figures were retained. These States were Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota and Vermont.

Population estimates for States showing increase were: Alabama 2,573,000; Arizona 474,000; Arkansas 1,944,000; California 4,556,000; Colorado 1,090,000; Connecticut 1,667,000; Delaware 244,000; District of Columbia 552,000; Florida 1,141,000; Georgia 3,208,000; Idaho 546,000; Illinois 7,396,000; Indiana 3,176,000; Iowa 2,428,000; Kansas 1,835,000; Kentucky 553,000; Louisiana 1,950,000; Maine 795,000; Maryland 1,616,000; Massachusetts 4,290,000; Michigan 4,591,000; Minnesota 2,722,000; Missouri 13,523,000; Nebraska 1,408,000; New Hampshire 456,000; New Jersey 3,821,000; New Mexico 396,000; New York 11,550,000; North Carolina 2,938,000; Ohio 6,826,000; Oklahoma 2,426,000; Oregon 902,000; Pennsylvania 9,854,000; Rhode Island 716,000; South Carolina 1,864,000; South Dakota 704,000; Tennessee 2,502,000; Texas 5,487,000; Utah 631,000; Virginia 2,575,000; Washington 1,587,000; West Virginia 1,724,000; Wisconsin 2,953,000; Wyoming 247,000.

Real Estate Transfers.

Jennie Gummo Wirtz, et bar, to Charles E. Sacker, tract in Benner Twp.; \$1125.70.

Oseola Rod and Gun Club to John Kelley, tract in Worth Twp.; \$1800.

Rufus L. Cole, et ux, to Katherine C. Kennara, tract in College Twp.; \$1.

Harrison W. Tressler, et ux, to Salie M. Houser, et al, tract in Spring Twp.; \$1.

J. H. Warner to Maud L. Sieva, et bar, tract in Benner Twp.; \$10.

Maud L. Sieva, et bar, to Grover C. Baughman, et ux, tract in Benner Twp.; \$10.

Emel Rath, et ux, to Rosie E. Immel, tract in Spring Twp.; \$170.

Miffin R. Royer, et ux, to Robert C. Brungart, tract in Miles Twp.; \$1900.

C. D. Bartholomew, et ux, to G. C. King, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1000.

Bertha Mulson, et al, to Verma Grohoski, tract in Rush Twp.; \$1.

Gust Armour, et ux, to Harry R. Andis, et ux, tract in Benner Twp.; \$4000.

Mary Houser, et al, to Merrill E. Houser, tract in College Twp.; \$6000.

John Duke, et al, to John Duke, et ux, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$1.

Erma W. Walker, et bar, to Ruth E. Watson, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$1,050.

Kate C. Hartsock, et al, to H. G. Ebbs, et ux, tract in Patton Twp.; \$1.

John Boyce to the Snow Shoe Water Co., tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$5700.

George W. Grove, et ux, to John D. Reish, et ux, tract in Benner Twp.; \$1.

Henry Emel to Emil Roth, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; \$650.

80,000 Rabbits Are Released in State.

The Pennsylvania State Game Commission recently announced the release of the largest number of cottontail rabbits ever purchased and released for stocking purposes for one year in this Commonwealth. A total of 80,564 rabbits were distributed.

All of these animals were procured from dealers in Missouri and Kansas. These dealers guarantee that no stock handled by them is affected by the dreaded and mysterious Tularemia or Rabbit Fever.

17-Year Locust to Appear in Pennsylvania.

The periodic cicada, popularly known as the "17-year locust," is due in several Eastern and Northern States this spring.

Orchardists, farmers and owners of shade trees have little to fear, however, for this insect is now regarded more as an entomological curiosity than a serious pest.

Some time during late May or early June millions of immature cicadas will emerge from the subterranean burrows in which they have been developing since the summer of 1911. The pupae will scurry up tree trunks, fence posts and other vertical surfaces until they find suitable resting-places. Then the skin will split along each pupa's back and the adult cicada will emerge. After a few weeks in the sunshine the females will lay their eggs in slits which they cut in slender twigs and small branches of many varieties of trees and shrubs. This function completed, they will fall to earth to die.

Several weeks later the eggs will hatch and the larvae will drop lightly to the ground. On touching the soil they immediately penetrate it, usually entering at a crack or fissure, or at the base of some herbaceous plant the roots of which will provide sustenance for the young creatures during the long years of their subterranean lives. The new generation will remain in seclusion until the spring of 1945 calls it to aerial existence so that the mysterious cycle can be continued.

Every year is a "locust year" in some parts of the country, a fact that should confound the soothsayers who assert that the appearance of the insect will be the strange "W" on their wings forecasts "WW" on the periodic cicadas are divided into broods, one of which appears annually. However, a widespread occurrence of the creatures, such as is imminent this year, is comparatively infrequent.

The 1928 assortment, known to entomologists as "Brood 12," has its habitat in certain localities in western and southern Maryland; eastern, central and northern Pennsylvania; eastern and central Virginia; Kalamazoo county, in Michigan; Dearborn and Posey counties, in Indiana, and generally in New Jersey and the District of Columbia. It has been recorded regularly in Connecticut since 1724 and in New Jersey since 1775.

In the spring of 1929 the brood that went into the ground in 1912, limited to parts of Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri, will emerge.

Entomologists assume that generations ago the periodic cicada was represented by a single brood. In the course of time, however, geographic, climatic and topographic factors brought about changes and the brood was broken up into many, each restricted to well-defined districts and each reappearing at regular intervals.

Broods of 17-year cicadas are now found in many Eastern and Northern States. In the south the insect is represented by a blood brother that is able, because of more favorable environment, to complete the life cycle in 13 years. Neither cicada frequents regions forested by conifers and each tends to leave a district that has been deforested.

The insects do little damage to the leaves, confining their mischief to the twigs and small branches, which they weaken in depositing eggs. Young orchards may suffer from this enforced pruning, but larger trees readily survive. Some harm may also be done to the tiny roots of plants and trees from which the cicadas draw nourishment while they are underground.

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