

The Vale of Aragon

By Fred McLaughlin

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THE STORY

In the city of New Orleans, in 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is surprised by the appearance, in ancient Spanish costume, of two men and a woman whose beauty enchants him. Resenting the arrogance of the elder of the two men, Garde fights with him and wounds him. He learns his opponent is Adolfo de Puentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule in Venezuela. Discovered, he fights, but is overpowered and made prisoner on the Santa Lucracia, ship bearing arms for the Venezuelans. On board are the conspirators, the lady of his love, her brother, Polito, and De Puentes. From the girl, Garde learns her name is Dulce Lamartina. He loves her, but does not reveal his love. The vessel is wrecked and Garde reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone. He encounters a stranger and sees Dulce. The stranger, who is Captain Monahan of the British Legion under Bolivar, urges Garde to join the Venezuelans, but his mind is set on again seeing Dulce. Monahan directs him to friends in Caracas. There, supplied by Monahan with the secret sign of the patriots, he is welcomed at the revolutionary headquarters. Garde attends the wedding of Dulce and De Puentes. Dulce recognizes him and leaves De Puentes at the altar. She is torn from Garde's arms. He escapes. Finding Garde, Dulce tells him her wedding to De Puentes was to have been the price of Garde's life. They reveal their mutual love. Garde is made prisoner.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"You offer doubtful compliment; it would not have been clever at all, Your Majesty, if you were unfamiliar with the language of my native land."

"Then you are not Sourdez," he said, "christened Timoleon?"

"Of course not. Timoleon was only a screen. I am Loren Garde, and my father owns plantations near New Orleans."

"You have followed the Senorita from New Orleans?"

"Not so, Senor."

"Yet you are here."

"Aye, but by no wish of mine did I leave New Orleans."

Now he brought another charge against me: "You have made a fool of me before the people of Caracas."

"I have arrived upon this earth too late to make a fool of you, Senor."

Anger blazed in his eyes, died, then he smiled; yet his smile was a less pleasing thing than his anger. "The recklessness of the condemned, eh? I have seen it in men who are looking upon death."

"If the dead city of Tucayan is a fair example I am sure you have seen much of it."

"Tucayan is only a hint of what we intend to do to revolutionary Venezuela; they understand only the rule of force."

"Yet the rule of force, Senor," said I, "has always been a rule of failure. That is a lesson Spain has never learned."

He showed white teeth in a grim smile. "What lesson, then, do you gain from Tucayan, which we destroyed?"

"The last man in that dead city, a graybeard patriot, died in my arms, and with his last breath he cried, 'Viva Bolivar!' If a lesson is desired—"

"Carra! Adolfo's face went pale, and his manner, for an instant, was that of a hunted animal."

"Carra, indeed, Senor; the reign of murder in Venezuela is nearly over, and your judgment tells you that it is, though ambition speaks another language. Spain has destroyed the wealth of Bolivar, a passing thing in any case, but this spirit—ah!"

"A rebel!" cried Adolfo. "Some day we will hang him in the Plaza San Jacinto."

"Spain has sought Bolivar now for just ten years, Senor, and failed. You will have to deal with Bolivar, and when you do—"

"When you shoot you, Senor Americano, tomorrow morning in the plaza before the great cathedral, Simon will lose another patriot, is it not so?"

"My father's arm is long," I said; "he has powerful friends in America, chief among them being Gen. Andrew Jackson, who will doubtless be our next President. I have sent a letter to my father, and if aught befalls me—"

"Bah!"

"Spain in Venezuela can ill afford to lose the friendship of the United States."

Adolfo grinned. "We stand to lose no friendships by executing a revolutionary, a man caught in the act of mutiny, a half-mad French sailor named Timoleon Sourdez, who brought a sacrilege upon the Church. We know nothing of Loren Garde, son of the wealthy Senor Garde of New Orleans, friend of Andrew Jackson."

I was silent for the simple reason that I had nothing to say, for I knew that his stand might seem a logical thing.

"For what purpose did the Senorita Lamartina visit you today?"

"She came to offer me an invitation to her wedding."

He snarled. "Does the droll American imagine that the noble lady of Spain might love him?"

"One never knows."

"Yet, loving you, why should she wed me?"

"A question, Colonel, which you yourself might answer."

Adolfo's laughter rang through the house. "Assuredly; she does not love you. She must have her sport—and the lovelorn American offers himself. You do not understand women, eh, Senor?" He combed his black beard with heavy fingers. "The poor loco carries his heart upon his sleeve."

"Yet it required a gorgeous lie to bring her to the altar with you."

Adolfo swore softly. "She—she told you that?"

"Aye," said I, filled with a large conceit; "when the Senor Puentes tried to stab a stupid ladron in the city of New Orleans he lost his lady-love."

"Carra!" he cried, reaching for a weapon as I swung upon his jaw, the bitterness that was in my heart finding full expression in violent action. He fell back against the wall, his right hand came up swiftly, bearing a pistol, but I struck his elbow and the gun clattered to the floor.

Now, holding him against the wall with my left hand at his throat I drew back my right arm. "I have dreamed of a time when I should get my fingers on that fat neck of thine, Adolfo, and hold them there until the breath shall leave thy body; I have pictured that cynical face of thine as a punching-bag for my fist—so!"

He cried out in pain at my blow. "The Senorita told me this afternoon, Adolfo, that, tomorrow, she would wed thee," I laughed. "I shall see to it that thou dost not make a handsome bridegroom."

But my little minute was over all too quickly, for the guards rushed in and dragged me away from him. He crossed a bruised jaw with tentative fingers, tried a couple of teeth that were doubtless loose, spat a crimson blob upon the floor, and filled the air with a sulphurous flow of profanity.

I laughed aloud. "This day, Adolfo, has had the fulness of a lifetime, and tomorrow's sun will find me ready."

"Yet life," he said thickly, "might still be sweet to you? There is yet a way to win freedom. You may save your life on conditions."

I waited.

"That you leave Caracas tonight, and La Guaira tomorrow, and—"

"What else, Senor? I am waiting."

"That you tell me, now, where the Senorita Lamartina is."

"Name of G—d, Senor! Do you mean—?"

"The Americano is doubtless a clever actor; if he will tell me where I may find the Senorita he will see the way made open for a safe journey to New Orleans."

It came to me then that Adolfo hesitated to bring about my execution and hoped thereafter to win the Senorita's love.



He Cried Out in Pain at My Blow.

CHAPTER VI

A Silver Night

As we marched along my mind was filled with sad uncertainties, grim forebodings, regrets for half-accomplished tasks. I would have liked to live to see the independence of Venezuela, and I found myself wishing that I might have been spared to meet the Liberator, Simon Bolivar, the extraordinary man who had instilled in the hearts of his people a deathless love of independence.

And I wanted to see the Senorita again, to tell her of my love. How could she have covered up so completely all the signs of her escape? The city of Caracas was new to her. To have left Caracas would have been to leave a trail that anyone might have followed, and to have secreted herself in the city . . . The thing was impossible, for the men of La Torre could have searched every corner of it in an hour. Even Polito was in the dark.

As we approached the menage of Pedro Carrizal sounds of hilarity came from the interior—loud laughter and snatches of song.

We had come opposite when the door flew open and a man stood, swaying, in the lighted way. When he saw us he uttered a wild yell and toppled forward to the sidewalk. Even as the soldiers roared in high glee over the fall of the tipsy celebrant a torrent of men poured from the opened doorway and fell upon my guards before they could bring their guns to bear.

I turned to meet Adolfo, whose pistol pointed at my head. My outflung fingers found his wrist, and thrust his arm high as he sent a harmless bullet into the air, then I drove a fist into his broad face. Ah, the tingling joy it gave me! He went down and I threw myself upon him, fingers groping for his throat.

Adolfo cried aloud, he swore, he gasped, he whined. He clawed vainly at my wrists, and kicked, and twisted his unwieldy body. I heard a shrill voice shrieking anathemas, a rasping voice that was my own, and it gave me a grievous shock that I had fallen so low.

Hands were laid upon my shoulders, dragging me from my victim. "Let me alone," I cried, "let me kill him!"

"No, Senor."

"Manuel!" I leaped to my feet.

"Come—come quickly." He caught my arm and led me away.

"But we must help them."

He laughed shortly. "Not at all, they need no help; it is the soldiers who will be crying for aid."

We ran swiftly for three minutes and stopped in a darkened alley where Manuel opened a package which had been secreted under a shed, disclosing a uniform. "Put it on quickly, Senor; in two minutes you must be a captain in his majesty's service."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nightly 'Whoopee' Held at Old Port Royal, N. S.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., founded by Champlain in 1604 under the name of "Fort Royal," is linked with modern civilization through the origin there of the fact, if not the term, "whoopee." During the long hard winters that Champlain and his garrison had to face, they made friends with the Indian chiefs of the region and celebrated nightly dinners in convivial fashion with them.

Each member of Champlain's staff took his turn as master of the ceremonial "whoopee," being charged with the preparation and the service of the dinner with its accompanying wines, songs and dances. Old Menhottou, the aged and active Indian chief, was always an honored guest at these feasts, for which he furnished many a fine piece of game or fish taken in the wilds of Nova Scotia.

Valuable Crystal Ball
The crystal ball in the National museum in Washington is 12 1/4 inches in diameter and weighs nearly 107 pounds. It is valued at \$250,000. The block of rock crystal from which the ball was formed was found in Burma. It is said to have weighed more than half a ton in the rough.

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Farm Board Quits Buying Cotton as Well as Wheat—New Government Securities Marketed—Doings in Geneva.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD



Carl Williams, he considered under any circumstances.

PRICE fixing by stabilization has finally been abandoned by the federal farm board, as a great many citizens believe it should have been long ago. Carl Williams, vice chairman of the board, announced that no further purchases of wheat or cotton would be considered under any circumstances.

"Stabilization," said Mr. Williams, "is valuable in the face of temporary or seasonal surpluses. But the board has discovered, and it hopes that the American people have discovered, that continued purchases in the face of continued production is not a remedy for the agricultural situation."

The board's cessation of wheat buying had previously been announced, but the statement of its determination to withdraw from the cotton market was new, and was not pleasant news for the southern planters.

E. A. Cudahy, Jr., president of the Cudahy Packing company, gave notice that his company would invest 10 per cent of its southern sales up to December 1 in cotton bought on the open market, the total to be thus invested being estimated at about \$1,000,000. The cotton will be held by the Cudahy company for one year if necessary, or until such time as cotton returns to 10 cents a pound. The first purchases were made at about 7 cents a pound.

WHATEVER the poor farm board does seem to anger a lot of Americans. The trade of wheat for coffee, with Brazil, appeared to be a wise move, but first the shipping interests wailed because the grain was to go in Brazilian ships; then the coffee dealers in the United States raised a loud howl that their trade would be injured; and now the Millers' National federation is up in arms. The reason for the protest of the millers is that Brazil, as one result of the wheat-coffee barter, has declared an embargo on all imports of flour for eighteen months. Most of the flour for South American export is milled in Buffalo, N. Y., and several southern cities, and the millers there will be hard hit by the embargo. And that isn't all. Argentina heretofore has been the granary for Brazil, and the deal with the farm board virtually kills the sale of nearly 10,000,000 bushels of Argentine grain to Brazil annually. The Argentine government has registered a formal protest in Washington, but of course the deal will go through anyhow.

If the farm board reaches terms with China for the sale of a lot of wheat on long term credit, it is possible some of the old shipping board vessels will be resuscitated to carry the grain and will then be sold in the orient. It is also suggested that this wheat be shipped in cotton bags, which would help, by 7,500,000 bags, in reducing the cotton surplus. It is figured this whole plan would give employment to much American labor.

No solution of the cotton problem has yet been reached. The Louisiana legislature, at the behest of Governor Long, passed a bill prohibiting the planting of cotton in 1932, with the provision that the governor might suspend it if states raising 75 per cent of the crop failed to adopt similar legislation. This put the matter up to Texas, producer of one-third of the nation's cotton crop, and the sentiment in that state appeared to be against Governor Long's scheme. For one thing, the cotton raisers of the South have neither the equipment nor the experience to raise any other crops.

GENEVA was swarming with statesmen and political scientists during the week. Economic experts from twenty-six nations assembled there as a co-ordinating committee of the commission for European union, and the council of the League of Nations met on Tuesday; while the members of the League assembly were gathering for the sessions of that body beginning September 7. Most of the top notches were in the Swiss city, and not the least nor the idlest was Maxim Litvinov, that wily and skillful statesman who is the Soviet commissar for foreign affairs.

The first thing this Russian did was to submit to the co-ordinating committee a proposal for a general non-aggression pact. Andre Francois-Poncet, French delegate, tried to have the plan referred to the economic committee of the league where it could be allowed to die, for France likes better the idea of separate non-aggression treaties. Litvinov, vigorously seconded by Doctor Curtius and Dino Grandi, Italian foreign minister, insisted upon immediate action. The committee finally agreed to pass the plan over to a sub-

committee which was to edit it and report back to the co-ordinating committee.

Senator Henri Beranger of France, former ambassador to Washington, told the co-ordinating committee that the isolation policy of the United States was obsolete. "American entanglement in world affairs is now complete," he said. "The penetration of American capital since the World war has made a 'European bloc' impossible, and provincialism appears to be a thing of the past for continents as well as for nations."

"Recent events demonstrated that the whole world is involved as soon as one nation is in peril. No state can be permitted to collapse without menacing all other states."

On the agenda of the league council was the proposed Austro-German customs union, but this seemed to be disposed of finally when the secretary of the league received from the World court at The Hague a verdict declaring the agreement was illegal, in violation of the protocol of 1922 in which Austria specifically undertook to maintain her economic and political independence in return for financial assistance from the big powers.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Mellon placed on the market new government securities totaling \$1,100,000,000 to start the fall financing campaign of the treasury. Treasury bonds for \$800,000,000 headed the list. They run for 20 to 24 years and bear 3 per cent interest, the lowest since the war. The rest of the total sum was made up of \$300,000,000 of one-year treasury certificates of indebtedness bearing interest at the rate of 1 1/4 per cent.

It was revealed in Washington that the government would need probably all of this huge sum to retire maturing obligations and to finance treasury operations during the next quarter, which makes it apparent that the deficit at the end of the year will far exceed that for the last twelve months. In some quarters it is predicted that the deficit, taking into consideration the fact that there will be no war debt payments this year, will run above a billion and a quarter. The public debt during the course of the year, if no move is made to increase receipts, may be increased as much as a billion dollars.

GREAT BRITAIN'S financial credit was restored when American and French bankers, led by J. P. Morgan, agreed to lend the government \$400,000,000 for one year. In America the loan—one-half of the total—was absorbed by the banks; but one-half of the French share was offered to the public. The French were elated over the arrangement, looking on it as a fine political coup which would bring Britain into close collaboration with them both economically and politically.

England's financial troubles, however, are likely to result in the downfall of one of her financial giants—Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England. It is believed he will be retired at the end of his present term. Mr. Norman was reported to be on the verge of a nervous and physical breakdown at the time of the crisis, and he hurried over to Canada for a vacation, leaving his associates to get out of the mess as best they could. It was said, too, that before leaving he tried to induce Mr. Morgan to place the entire loan in America, shutting out France, and that this was reported to the French.

PRESIDENT MACHADO formally announced that the Cuban revolt had been entirely suppressed, and then went fishing. The final blow to the rebel cause came with the surrender of Col. Roberto Mendez Penate, last of its big militant leaders, and the departure for New York of Dr. Miguel Mariano Gomez, former mayor of Havana. Nacionalista circles were shocked when word of Senor Gomez' departure became known. He had been believed to be the only man with sufficient support to keep up the revolutionary spirit.

FRANK T. BINES, administrator of veterans' affairs, addressing the annual convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Kansas City, asked on behalf of the government that all veterans' organizations refrain from asking congress for further legislation in their behalf until they have studied and determined the ultimate cost of relief acts on the law books. He noted that the government's annual outlay for benefits to former service men amount to about \$900,000,000 and stressed what he termed the "inevitable trend" of all forms of veterans' aid toward increase above the initial expectations.

In the meantime, he said, the principal need of veterans is more jobs. He explained the bureau was working

with the Labor department toward this end.

JOSEPH PAUL-BONCOUR, chairman of the foreign affairs committee of the French chamber of deputies, gave out in Paris a statement in which he renewed the proposal that the nations of the world place their armed forces under control of the League of Nations, and predicted that France would lead the way in the disarmament conference in 1932. This statement was declared by the French foreign office to represent the permanent view of the government. In Washington official quarters it was received coldly, being regarded as a move on the part of France to determine the attitude of the new national British ministry on the old subject of pooling of armaments.

SEVERAL incidents within the last few days have served to bolster up the Roosevelt boom for the Democratic Presidential nomination. After angering Tammany—apparently—by supporting the plans of the Republican legislators of New York in the investigation of the administration of New York city, the governor smoothed all this out by approving the demand of Tammany that the inquiry be enlarged to take in the whole state. Then came the report of Samuel Seabury, commissioner, in the case of District Attorney Thomas C. Crain. Mr. Seabury mildly censured Crain but recommended that he should not be removed from office. The worst he had to say against Crain, after months of delving into his record was that the Tammany prosecutor had "busied himself ineffectively" and that particularly as regards the racketeering situation, had failed to act "in a fitting and competent manner."

Mr. Crain being a good Tammany man, the supposed breach between Governor Roosevelt and Tammany was still further lessened, and the prospect that he would have the support of the entire Democracy of New York in next year's convention was still further increased.

ONE of those brutal crimes that shock the nation occasionally came to light when Harry Powers of Clarksburg, W. Va., confessed that he had murdered Mrs. Asta Eicher of Park Ridge, a suburb of Chicago, and her three children, and also Mrs. Dorothy Lenke of Massachusetts. The bodies of his five victims were found buried under his garage. Powers had wooed Mrs. Eicher through a matrimonial journal and enticed her and the children to Clarksburg, where he slew them with a hammer and by strangulation. Since he had been corresponding with many other women the authorities have been searching his place for other bodies.

GOV. C. BEN ROSE of Montana, convinced that many forest fires were being set by unemployed men so they could get work fighting them, placed several counties under martial law and sent detachments of the National Guard to halt the incendiarism.

SIR HALL CAINE, one of England's most eminent novelists, died at his home on the Isle of Man of heart disease, at the age of seventy-eight. His novels made him the storm center of many controversies and they also made him one of the wealthiest novelists in the world.



MRS. PHOEBE OMLIE of Memphis, Tenn., veteran woman aviator, was the victor in the woman's division of the national air derby which started at Santa Monica, Calif., and finished at the national air races in Cleveland. When the handicap computations of the race officials were ended it was found that Phoebe also had won the open sweepstakes, besting all the men contestants. Winners in the men's division were D. C. Warren, first; Lee Brisse, second; Eldon Cessa, third, and Marcellus King, fourth.

After a good night's sleep, the energetic Mrs. Omilie jumped into her plane again and won two closed course speed dashes.

CREWS of six ships of the Chilean navy mutinied at Coquimbo and held their officers prisoner, demanding that the government cancel reductions in pay that had been announced. A group of noncommissioned officers were directing the activities of the fleet at latest reports and they sent the ultimatum of the men to Santiago. The cabinet met in the capital and decided that the mutiny should be put down with vigor, believing the entire nation would support such a course. The vessels concerned, representing a large part of the nation's navy, were the battleship Almirante La Torre, the cruiser O'Higgins and the destroyers Oruelo, Serrano, Alden and Hyatt.

MUSSOLINI and the pope have finally settled their long quarrel over the "atholic Action clubs. Those organizations are allowed to resume their activities but are restricted to purely religious endeavors. They are barred from sports and athletics and are not to intrude into the syndical or trades union fields.