

SHE WAS UNCLE ED'S WIDOW

HALLY had inherited her from her mother, who had first possessed Aunt Lulu. Poor, fretted little Mrs. Marsh had loved to talk about her Uncle Ed's widow, how rich she was and how possible it was that a part at least of those riches would come to Hally ultimately.

When her mother died, Hally took up the correspondence with Aunt Lulu. It was likely to prove a burden, for Hally was beset with anxiety. Her mother's prolonged sickness had taken the last of their money besides leaving a few debts which Hally must pay.

By that time Dick had appeared in Hally's life. Dick worked in the same store and studied evenings. He was bound to be a draftsman and when Hally looked into his clear gray eyes she knew that he had will and courage enough and brains enough to attain his goal.

One summer afternoon she and Dick walked out to the lake's edge and sat on a bench gazing upon that misty blue. The breeze stirred her uncoiled hair and she slipped the color into her cheeks. She was too happy, just drifting there beside Dick.

A moment later this happiness blew away as before a mighty wind upon which, as upon wings, rushed a new joy so marvelous that she wept lest it find her unworthy. Dick had asked her to be his wife.

It was not until some three months later that Hally remembered Aunt Lulu. She and Dick were married, living in a tiny apartment. Evenings she worked at his lessons while she sat embroidering beside him. They were so happy in their love and companionship that Hally came near forgetting all else.

A cloud passed over the sun for Hally. She did not know anything about Aunt Lulu save what her mother or had been able to gather from those brief fragments. Hally had a vague idea without knowing how she had come by it, that Aunt Lulu was big and coarse. Where would she put a big woman in an apartment which was barely large enough for the two of them as it was?

Dick laughed when Hally told him what they must expect. "Well," he said, "we'll just have to make the best of it, dear. Give her our room. Make her comfortable."

"I will, but, Dick isn't it odd, her coming to us? She never saw me, she never saw mother even. In a way she hasn't the slightest claim on us. Uncle Ed was dad's uncle, you know, not his brother."

"I see. Yes, it is odd, but old people do queer things sometimes. There was my grandfather. He had money and my brother was named after him. We used to think Joey pretty lucky, but poor Joe never saw a penny of grandfather's money." He chuckled. "Grandfather got married again when he was past eighty and willed everything to his bride of fifty-one."

Hally drew a deep breath. "Do you know what I think, Dick? I think Aunt Lulu hasn't any money at all. I think she's poor and—she wants somebody to look after her in her old age."

"That's what I think," Dick acknowledged. "Well—let's forget her until she actually arrives. Time to worry then."

Hally made all the preparations possible for the approaching guest. At least it was cold weather and one could hear a bit of crowding better now than when it was torrid. The only trouble was Aunt Lulu did not announce the time of her arrival.

pitally. She led Aunt Lulu within, pulled forward the winged chair and asked her to take off her things. But Aunt Lulu shook her head. "Not this time. I can stay only a short time. I'm really very tired after my journey—the longest I have ever taken. I got in at three last night."

"But why didn't you wire us?" Hally asked. "We would have met you." "Not at the unearthly hour. I've too much respect for people's slumber to haul them out of bed in the middle of the night. Besides, I am going to the hotel anyway. It's the Kingston, a very nice place. I have the nicest suite. But you will see it tomorrow. You and your husband must come to take Sunday luncheon with me."

Hally, fluttered, tried incoherently to say that they had expected her to stay with them. Aunt Lulu laughed. "You must have misunderstood my meaning, dear, but no wonder, I'm a very poor letter writer. How cozy it looks here. And how pretty you are!"

It was all very bewildering. Hally could scarcely make Dick believe it when she told him. Aunt Lulu was not old; she was only middle-aged. Uncle Ed had been her guardian and had married her when she was sixteen as the easiest way of looking after her.

Next day Hally and Dick found that instead of entertaining Aunt Lulu, she was determined that she should entertain them. There was no doubt she had money, plenty of it. And she knew how to spend it.

Within a week she and Hally were fast friends. Hally found great enjoyment in Aunt Lulu's society. Sometimes she seemed almost as young as Hally was, and they laughed together like two school girls, especially when Hally presented the portrait of the Aunt Lulu she had expected.

"I haven't any real folks of my own since Ed died," Aunt Lulu said. "That was why I was suddenly taken with a desire to see you. Ed always planned to bring me back home, as he called it, but after he got so old and tired he felt that he could be more comfortable where he was. Then, too, his copper mine turned out to be a dead failure. I sometimes think it hastened his death. But I had a little money of my own. It was a good thing that I had, and that I kept it."

Gradually Hally pieced out the story of Aunt Lulu's lonely life. Bereft, she had married too young an old man who had been kind to her, the only friend she had. She had been denied everything—romance, love, happiness. In her middle age she was settling down into a dull existence.

Hally could not have it so. One night she gave a dinner party for four and invited Mr. Hallman—Mr. Hallman of the silk department. He was about Aunt Lulu's age, a fine, genial gentleman and a widower, who sadly needed a wife. Hally, you see, was trying her hand at match-making.

And she succeeded. With fluttering heart she saw happiness dawn for those dear people. Aunt Lulu was to stay until spring, but Hally was not surprised when a little later she announced her intention of staying altogether as Mr. Hallman's wife.

When Dick finally went to Tech Halling went to stay with the Hallmans. She stayed there until Dick returned a full-fledged draftsman. No one except her mother had ever been so good to Hally and so when the baby came Hally named her after Aunt Lulu. Not "Lulu" as it happened, but Louise Marie, which was the real name of the woman who had been Uncle Ed's widow.

Purveyors of Water Carry Heavy Loads Around a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito assemble every morning the city's aqueducts. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South American cities in carrying their jars upon their backs instead of on the backs of mules. Their earthen jars are deep, have a wide mouth and hold about 40 liters.

The porter carries the jar on his shoulder, fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his jar either to fill it or to transfer its contents to that of his customer. He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water, listens to the sound of the water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Woods sighted his grizzly 150 yards away. His first shot hit brujon on the forehead. Uttering ferocious roars, the bear charged toward Woods, who fired three shots into it at 50 yards, but failed to stop the animal.

Twenty-five feet from the crouching hunter the grizzly paused, reared on its hind legs, then started to advance with savage growls. Retaining his nerve, Woods aimed at the left breast and dropped his bear. The pet was one of the largest ever taken out of the Prince George country.

Bears are very ferocious, said to be owing to the small amount of fish reaching the upper tributaries of the rivers.

EX-COP ADMITS KILLING WOMAN WITH A HAMMER

Commits Atrocious Crime Because Girl Had Stolen 15 Cents From Him.

Montreal.—"She was hard to kill; I had to choke her and then use the hammer," was the way Jules Coulombe, ex-policeman and carpenter, described to another woman how he had killed Bessie Dalley, an occasional visitor to his home, because, he said, she had stolen 15 cents from him.

The ex-policeman was under arrest for the murder of a Quebec painter named Arthur Richard, whose torso was found frozen in the snow on the roof of a shed outside of his bedroom window. Evidence was given at the coroner's inquest that Coulombe had hacked off the head and limbs and burnt them in his stove.

Body Is Burned. This much the ex-policeman had confessed to the city police, but a further sensation was caused when Blanche Laurendeau, a woman who had come casually to the house of Coulombe two months ago for a drink and stayed two months with him, told



She Was Hard to Kill.

the court she had been in the house when Coulombe had killed the other woman after a terrific struggle, and had cut her body in pieces and fed it to the flames in the stove.

"It was some time about the middle of December that Jules Coulombe murdered her," said the woman. "I did not see the crime committed but I afterward saw her body cut up and burned. Jules told me he had quarreled with Bessie because he said she had stolen 15 cents from him. I heard them struggling and fighting upstairs. Bessie was shouting curses. Then there was a silence and Jules came down stairs with his hands all blood. I was terrified."

Confesses Killing. "She was hard to kill; I had to choke her and then use the hammer," he told me. Next day I saw her body in the upstairs room. The face was all smashed in and there were marks on the throat. Jules cut off her arms, her legs and her head and then cut up her body and burned it all in the stove. He threatened me and I was too scared to tell anybody or to leave the place.

I came from St. Pierre d'Orleans and don't know anybody here. It was just by chance I came there. He gave me a drink and I stayed on for two months."

Drops Huge Grizzly With His Last Bullet

Vancouver, B. C.—With only one shot left in the magazine of his rifle, Alvin Woods of Ocean Falls, B. C., succeeded in bringing down his first grizzly bear after the huge animal, half wounded by four bullets, had charged to within 25 feet of him.

Woods, with two companions, established his hunting camp recently on the Big Salmon river, 100 miles north of Prince George, after learning that the bears were numerous, and had virtually gone without hibernating this winter, owing to lack of salmon last fall.

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Capital Punishment the Result of Fear, Hate and Lust in Human Heart

By REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, Community Church, New York.

CAPITAL punishment is the result of fear and hate and lust within the human heart and should be abolished, as some of the world's greatest minds have advocated for centuries. We must banish capital punishment from society as we have banished infanticide and chattel slavery, as we are banishing child labor and the subjection of women, as some day we shall banish war.

Opponents of capital punishment include all the greatest and noblest names from Confucius, Buddha and Jesus to Channing, Abraham Lincoln, Victor Hugo, and Leo Tolstoi. In the course of centuries of discussion every plea against the practice has been vindicated and established. The evidence is all in, the arguments all heard, the case closed, the judgment rendered. There remains now only the task of carrying out the verdict of condemnation, and getting rid of capital punishment forever.

The nine states which have the highest murder rate in this country are all capital punishment states.

But capital punishment at bottom is not supported as a protection against anything. Psychologically the death penalty is an instance of revenge; sociologically it is the institution of blood sacrifice; ethically it is the practice of retribution. In capital punishment we have a survival into modern times of the barbarism of primitive times.

Person Reaching the Age of Sixty Should Be in the Prime of Life

By JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor.

A man or woman of fifty or sixty years of age is just as capable a worker as he or she was at thirty, perhaps more capable, even physically. The reason is that the years have brought the reward of experience and added skill. Instead of becoming a liability at fifty or sixty, the intelligent worker is all the more an asset to his employer.

Many a time, I remember, when I was a boy at work in the iron mills I saw a faithful worker who had rounded out fifty years of life. The custom was to present him with a gold watch, in token for age. But he was also presented with a discharge. It was assumed that at his years a man had outlived his usefulness. A man that old was thought to be old indeed. A man that old thought so himself.

Since then science has added years to the span of human life. Today nobody feels old at any age. We not only have abolished the feeling of old age, but people are healthier. They lead a more active life.

In the face of this tendency of science and our better life to abolish age and keep us young and even more productive, we have a tendency among employers to drop good workers at an ever younger and younger age. I think it is something that is serious and should be watched.

Organized Labor Aims at Establishment of Close Tie to Employers

By WILLIAM GREEN, President A. F. of L.

The organized labor movement urges the establishment of a collective relationship between the management of corporations and their employees. It is only in this way and through such contact that the human problems of industry can be understood, and through such a process the worker will become more than a mere number in the great industrial machine and the corporation more than an agency formed for the purpose of advancing the material interests of its members through the exploitation of the spiritual, physical and human qualities of its employees.

The modern age has seen a great change through which a great many workmen and their families have shown a lack of interest in developing their spiritual lives. This situation is not due to the lack of any desire or determination on the part of working men and women to elevate their standards of life and living or to develop the spiritual, artistic and cultural side of their lives. Rather it is due to the materialism which seems to pervade and control industrial policies and industrial life, and to the fact that very often poverty forces them to turn their undivided attention toward providing for their families.

Independent Statehood for Large Cities a Vision of the Future

By PROF. CHARLES E. MERRIAM, University of Chicago.

Responsibilities of large metropolitan regions, like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, for governmental functions might be discharged more efficiently if such regions were granted independent statehood. It is clear that the future United States will be dominantly urban. In 1920 there were 17 regions, each having a population of more than 500,000 and a total population of 26,000,000, while at the same time there were nine states with a population of less than 500,000.

It is obvious that some more compact form of organization is necessary to enable such groups to carry on their governmental functions effectively.

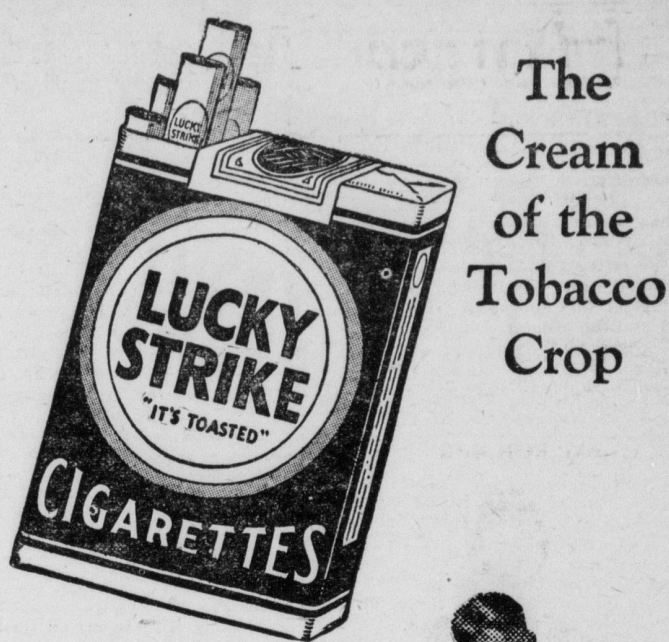
It is probable that in the near future there will be heard a strong plea for the organization of metropolitan regions as independent states. Such an experiment would give adequate scope for development of a public welfare system appropriate to urban communities and for the development of a metropolitan system of jurisprudence, differing from the now dominantly rural type.

Courts Should Be Given Full Authority to Control Capital Cases.

By GOV. ALVAN T. FULLER, Massachusetts.

A plan that will place our courts in the position to take and hold control of capital cases, from their beginning to their ultimate conclusion, and which will make certain that the governor will not be compelled to encounter the difficulties which were forced upon him in the year 1927 by the zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder, should be formulated and made effective by appropriate legislation.

In this connection I repeat that for the prevention of crime generally we have to rely principally on justice, swift and sure, and that the criminally inclined must be made to understand that it is well-nigh certain that any criminal acts on their parts are sure to be found out and quickly punished, and that no politics, nor money, nor influence, nor organized demonstration can help them to avoid the consequences of their crimes.



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Advertisement for Schweglers Thor-o-Bred Baby Chicks, featuring a picture of a chick and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Le Roy Manure Spreaders, featuring a picture of a man and text describing the product.

Advertisement for K-R-O rat poison, featuring a picture of a rat and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Cuticura skin ointment, featuring a picture of a woman and text describing the product.

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Vertical strip of various advertisements including Bayer Aspirin, Pure Relief, and others.