EGYPT BATTLING LOCUSTS; MEXICO WARS SCORPIONS

CAIRO, Egypt, April 7.—Egypt is seriously threatened by two armies of locusts advancing from the Sudan and Palestine respectively.

It was reported today that the locusts have swarmed three feet deep on railway tracks in some places and that trains are being held up.

The government has voted £50,000 (about $250,000) to fight the menace.

CITY OF DURANGO, Mexico, April 7.—The annual scorpion crusade has started a month ahead of time this year because the supply of these deadly insects, from which the antidote is made, became exhausted.

The state health department pays two and a half cents (American) for each live male scorpion and five cents for each female. Whole families are dedicating their energies to the search, some of them in the past having earned enough during the scorpion season to live on through the year.

Scorpions in this part of Mexico are very poisonous and the most effective antidotes to their bites is made from a serum extracted from the poison of the insect itself.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Watkins products, 120 W. Lane Phone 177.—Adv

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

GOOD FAITH NOT BARRIER TO AUTO SEIZURE, RULING

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The claim of Secretary Mellon to the right of determining the existence of mitigating circumstances in the matter of a seizure and condemnation of an automobile taken for violating the revenue laws was upheld today by the District of Columbia court of appeals.

The decision was made by Chief Justice George F. Martin, and concerned a case in which a car owned by Julian Gradou was seized at Detroit, on which a conditional sales contract was held by Walter E. Heller and company.

The company presented a petition to Secretary Mellon asking the return of the vehicle on the ground that it had no suspicion the car would be used illegally. The petition was denied and the suit was instituted.

The treasury secretary set up the claim that his decision under the law was conclusive and need not be controlled by the courts. The lower court agreed with him, as did the district court of appeals today.

The court pointed out in its decision that under the law relating to seizure and forfeiture for a revenue violation the innocence and good faith of the owner of a seized vehicle furnish no defense.

Offers Self to Save Girl From Deportation

Herbert James, 26, Boston World war veteran has offered to marry Miss Helen Gilane, 15, to save her from deportation. Helen fled Russia when communists killed her father. She must now return because of immigration and quota restrictions. James says that he isn't rich, but that he has enough to support her so that she may remain in this country.

MELLON, RASKOB LEADING THE WETS, BROOKHART SAYS

WASHINGTON, April 8.—Secretary Mellon was accused in the senate yesterday by Senator Brookhart, republican, Iowa, of "conducting a campaign against prohibition."

The Iowa drv told the senate that Mr. Mellon was conducting the campaign "thro"gh W. W. Atterbury, his republican national committeeman for Pennsylvania, and his club in New York, the Union League club."

Senator Brookhart referred to Chairman John J. Raskob, of the democratic national committee, as a "Wall street republican who was detailed by Wall street to run the democratic party."

"I think Raskob and Mellon," he said, "are the Amos and Andy of the present situation."

This latter reference apparently was to a comedy radio team which broadcasts over one of the larger chains.

Brookhart gave first attention to the association against the prohibition amendment of which he said Raskob was "perhaps the biggest" and most influential member.

The Iowan asked what position Raskob would take in the campaign of Senator Walsh, Democrat, Montana, for reelection this year. Walsh is a dry.

"This distinguished director of the association against the prohibition amendment, will, as chairman of the democratic committee, support Senator Walsh, a dry, for reelection, but a wet republican will oppose Senator Walsh and as director of the association, being true to his principles, he will oppose Senator Walsh. That is a sample of the hypocrism and fanaticism of this crowd."

The Iowan referred to W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, as a director of the association against the prohibition amendment and also to Pierre Du Pont, Wilmington, Delaware industrialist.

"They are bone dry in running their business," said Brookhart. "They won't hire men who drink. Yet they denounce the members of the Anti-Saloon league and of the Women's Christian Temperance union as hypocrites."

CRACKING ICE AT WORLD'S TOP BOON TO EAGER NATIVES

POINT BARROW, Alaska, April 7.—With the northern sky slightly alight all night, nearly every native man in this northernmost Alaskan village was out in kayaks immediately after midnight today to hunt and fish in the harbor.

A sudden change in wind and current finally opened the choked harbor yesterday but the religion which the natives have adopted forbade them from hunting or fishing on Sunday and they were forced to wait until midnight.

They waited impatiently for famine has loomed nearer for them daily because of the exodus of land game from this region and the long weeks that harbor has been choked with mountainous, unscalable ice.

Northerly and westerly winds brought ice across the Arctic ocean from Siberia, crushed it on the coast here, high as houses in some places, and natives were prevented from hunting polar bear and seal and from fishing. For a time it was feared this village would again be icelocked throughout the year as was the case of 1922.

Coincident with the worst ice conditions in years, natives have experienced the worst trapping season on land that any can remember.

When the ice cracked up yesterday, the horizon appeared on fire where great clouds of vapor rose from the moving water to the colder air which was 30 degrees below zero.

Return From Portland—H. G. Floyd and Ted Althaus, of this city, have returned here after spending the week-end in Portland.

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MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 30

The man in the brush lay quiet and stared into these glowing eyes. He was so startled he couldn't say what manner of animal looked upon him. He saw only the eyes glowing in the deep shadows a foot or two within the flume's mouth.

The animal pushed noiselessly a step nearer. With a quiver that ran hotly down his nerves the detective made out the brown pointed nose and long, soft ears of a Gordon setter.

He waited. The dog also waited. It stood there motionless, making no more breath than a statue.

But the man's heart thumped excitedly. How did the dog arrive in the flume? Not from this outlet! This outlet had been guarded every moment since 11 o'clock Friday night; since one hour before the ransom had been placed.

Then how did he get in? Was there some other outlet and the dog had entered in pursuit, perhaps of a cat or a rabbit?

But they had followed the flume five miles along the hillside to the cliff where it began. They found no opening along this five miles.

Yet here the dog stood at the mouth of the flume. Had he run the five miles from the entrance? Why was he here?

Big Tim Chase was almost stifled with the sudden intensity of his emotions. He felt the creator's fervor, the delicious tightening and charge that comes when an answer long sought begins to stir within the thought.

Was he stumbling upon the solution of the mystery? Was the dog the phantom who had stolen the ransom box? What had he done with it? Was it yet within the flume?

Cautiously he moved nearer, very softly he whistled. Like a flash the animal was gone. Backed and disappearing in the long narrow tunnel.

Tim Chase burned. His blood swept up in a flame. He went to the mouth of the flume and whistled. He had a dog of his own and tried every soft cajolement to lure the unknown animal back. The brown setter didn't respond.

An hour later a dozen men were examining every board along that flume. They guarded the entrance as well as the outlet. The dog would return. The dog might hold the answer.

And at 4 o'clock that Sunday came the kidnaper's promised message.

"You didn't obey orders. You were told not to notify the police. But police guarded that flume. They surrounded it in a tight cordon. It availed nothing. The ransom was taken. But you shall not see your grandson again. He died at 11 o'clock this morning.

"You are his murderer. You love your money better than the child's life. You placed the money there but meant to trap me and get it back. You couldn't bear the thought of losing $20,000. Now bear the thought that you have lost the child!

"He died without pain and without knowing it. I didn't want to hurt him. Such a nice little chap. We got to be good friends. I told him stories at night. I thought for a long while of keeping him. It was too difficult. When he slept this morning I went in and chloroformed him.

"In two weeks from today—mark this well and remember it—you will receive a message as to where he is buried. You can hold his dead body in your arms. If that will comfort you."

The message, as were all the others, was sent to William Bryce. He tried to keep it from the mother. But she followed him about like a shadow. She feared the ringing of the bell, and at his shoulder read the first lines before he crumpled the message.

"Another crank note—don't listen!"

But she had reached out in a white madness and grabbed the sheet, had read it and pitched, without a word, without one outcry, into her father's arms. She lay staring at him, her eyes wild and black in the dead, blanched gray of her face.

"Barbara, it's not from the kidnaper."

"It rings true!"

"No! See the other three were all sent by messenger. . . by Western Union. This is a special delivery letter and sent from Berkeley."

She sprang from him and hurled herself blindly against the wall. She pounded it and called on God.

The three ransom notes were all delivered in the same manner. A rigid check-up finally revealed this:

The first note was brought by a small boy to a telegraph office in Haight street. The boy handed a sealed envelope to the operator. This envelope addressed to the "Western Union" contained a two-dollar bill. A second sealed envelope and orders to deliver the enclosed message at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon into the hands of William Bryce.

The boy who brought the message was traced. He was a child who lived in the neighborhood. He said a man had gotten from an automobile, given him a dollar and told him to run quickly to the telegraph office and deliver the message. Someone was dying. This was all the child could report. He could furnish no description of the man other than that he was tall and thin—"kind of hungry looking."

The second and third ransom notes were delivered at the same time with orders that they be brought to the home of William Bryce at 10 o'clock Friday night. The operator in the Mission street telegraph office stated that a man "who looked like a hop-head" had tossed the envelope and hurried away before she had a chance to go from her desk to the counter.

The death note, on the other hand, had been mailed at 9 o'clock Sunday morning and from a Berkeley post office.

Bryce tried to reassure his daughter-in-law but his own heart turned cold with that message. It did ring true.

He turned it over to the detectives. And he spoke a fear that all along had lain coiled, terribly menacing, in his thought:

"You're sure about Burns, are you?"

"His automobile drove into his garage Friday night at 10:55. He and his wife had been visiting friends. They went into the house. The machine was not removed from that garage until Saturday morning when Burns went to his work. He was there all morning. He didn't get the ransom.

"And today he drove down to Woodside. He's down there picnicking with his wife and another couple. Two hours ago they were sitting at the Spring alley lakes.

"Lay off Burns. He's not done this."

The detectives at the flume worked with frenzied zeal. They'd been mocked, made to appear like boobies in all the newspapers. They'd show their stuff.

At 4:30 they had a box as nearly like the ransom box as they could make it, at the mouth of the flume. Close to this was a large quantity of meat.

Tim Chase could have shouted when presently, stealthily there emerged from the shadows the brown setter's head. He made a dive for the bone—saw the box and siezed it in his mouth.

Before he had more than sniffed the meat, he was backed down the flume.

Three-quarters of a mile down and within 10 yards of a waiting guard, the dog emerged. He went hurtling down the cliff. He had the box in his mouth.

Before anyone could reach him, he had disappeared in the brush.

That night they went to William Bryce.

"Did Elliott have a dog. A brown setter?"

"Yes."

"Well—a brown setter carried the ransom through the flume. . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our deep appreciation and sincerest thanks to our many friends for their kind services and expressions of sympathy and for the beautiful flowers in our bereavement.

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Mrs. Mary A. Williams.
Forrest G. Williams.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Canaday.
Mrs. R. A. Hercher.

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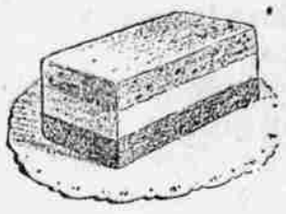

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