

SOUTH ATLANTIC ROUTE NEXT PLAN OF GRAF ZEPPELIN

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, Germany, May 17.—Several Americans, some of them veteran zeppelin flyers, will be on the Graf Zeppelin when the great German dirigible heads over the south Atlantic Tuesday on its trip to south and North America.

George Crouse of Syracuse, N. Y., who has crossed the ocean before on the Graf, will be on board tomorrow when the big ship takes off for the first stop in the journey, Seville, Spain, and is reliably reported here today that Mrs. Mary Pierce of New York would join the airship at Seville. Mrs. Pierce participated in last May's ill-fated voyage, when the Zeppelin became crippled over France and had to land at Cuers. Her husband and relatives were much against her taking the flight and even attempted to have the American ambassador talk her out of it. But she went and her husband said if she ever took another trip he would go along. He is in Europe now.

Another American to be on this voyage is Captain Harry E. Shoemaker of the naval air station at Lakehurst, N. J., who will be an observer.

Still another is Karl Von Weizland, correspondent of the Hearst newspapers, who accompanied the dirigible on its around-the-world flight last summer.

One woman anxiously attempting to book passage will have no luck unless someone previously booked drops out. She is Mrs. Dokey Hammer of Rio Janeiro, wife of the director of the Condor Aviation syndicate.

WISCONSIN GOVERNOR OVER 1ST EXONERATION POINT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SHEBOYGAN, Wis., May 16.—Exonerated of excessive campaign expenditures by a jury's special verdict, Governor Walter J. Kohler today celebrated his "vindication" as he awaited the final verdict in his ouster suit from Circuit Judge Gustave Gehrz.

A final decision on the charge that Kohler violated the state's corrupt practices act by expending more than the legal \$4,000 in his 1928 campaign will be given within a few days.

Emily. In her father, it came mightily near being. Oh, well, it's her only flaw, and, knowing it, you can make allowances.

"Yes," said Rodney Sayre, "I can make allowances."

"Where's Emily?" demanded Betty, coming to Sayre a few moments later.

"Why, she was here a minute or two ago," returned Rodney, mindful of his instructions.

"Well, where is she now?" and Betty grew impatient.

"Isn't she in the present room?" "No, I can't find her anywhere. And everybody has gone home, except the wedding party, and the

rehearsal will be here pretty quick. Oh, it's awful to be made of honor to a bride like Emily! Do help me, Rod. Don't sit there grinning like a Chinese god of happiness! Get up and find Emily."

"Not so. You get Black Pearl; she'll smoke Emily out. Or ask Aunt Judy. I can't run around looking for the bride."

Betty went off, and then half a dozen young people from nearby houses came trooping in. They were the rest of the bridemaids and ushers and with the house party made up the wedding procession that was to be rehearsed.

The minister arrived and for a moment cast a damper on the gaiety going on.

But the irrepressible spirits of the younger generation soon rose above such an influence, and say speeches from the men and shrieks of laughter from the girls made the house ring with merriment.

Aunt Judy sat, looking on proudly. It seemed to her a strange performance, this rehearsal business, but it was Emily's wish, and that was that.

"Where's Emily?" was asked again and again, but as no one knew except Sayre, and he didn't

tell, the question remained unanswered.

Then Spinks, the rehearsal, came.

Emily being still absent, Betty took charge of affairs.

"Hello, Mr. Spinks," she greeted him. "Gracious, what's all this you've brought?"

For the rehearsal had his arms full of gauzy white draperies, artificial flowers and other paraphernalia, while an assistant, following bare tall wooden standards, painted white.

"Can't get along without these

traps, Miss. Where'll I put 'em? Where's Miss Duane?"

"She'll be here in a minute. Somebody will help you take your stuff to the drawing room; we'll rehearse in there."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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Fishing tackle at Idlewild Park—Adv.

Grundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

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

Here on Business—C. L. Branton, of Dixonville, was here on business Saturday.

Transact Business Here—George H. Johnson and G. A. Smith spent some time in town Saturday transacting business.

From Roberts Creek—Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson came in from Roberts creek Saturday to call on friends and attend to business affairs.

Fresh salmon eggs at Idlewild Park—Adv.

'WHERE'S EMILY?'

by Carolyn Wells

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Preparations are being made for the marriage of lovely Emily Duane to Rodney Sayre, upstanding young New Englander, at her home, "Knollwood," in exclusive Hilldale Park. Among the guests are Pauline Pennington, Emily's best friend and her husband Jim Pennington, the author, Lal Singh, Hindu fakir, popular with the fair sex of the park, is also present. Emily is thrilled with the diamond necklace presented to her by Rod. Pauline, jealous of Emily's triumph, seeks to belittle Emily's elaborate plans. When Burton Lamb, Rod's chum, discusses Emily's bequest in her will to Lal Singh, she informs him it will be void the day she marries.

CHAPTER V.

Everett Craven had long been a suitor of Emily's. Though several years older, he was a man of persistency and determination, and her repeated rejections seemed only to intensify his resolve to win her.

Of course, since her engagement to Sayre had been announced, Craven had given up hope, and though still attending to her legal affairs, he was a changed man.

A good lawyer, though of no brilliance, a good citizen, in a non-committal way, Craven had few friends and no enemies. He was uninteresting and rather self-centered.

As a matter of fact, Emily had thought little about him. She rejected his proposals as fast as he made them, and then, as he showed no special resentment, she continued to retain his legal services. Craven continued because she was his best-paying client and he had none too many.

So now, taking the opportunity, Emily spoke to him, in Sayre's presence, about the will, and about the advisability of making a new one to be signed after she was married, and before starting on her wedding trip.

"But there isn't time now to discuss this thing at length," she said, glancing at her watch. "Will you come tomorrow morning, at ten, and we can go into it? You see, we're having the rehearsal soon now, and I have to get rid of these people."

She danced away and Rodney's watching eyes saw her go into the telephone booth. This was just outside one of the doors leading into the lounge, and Emily found her maid, Pearl, hovering in the hall.

Pearl was a negress, as black as jet, and devoted soul and body, to her Miss Emily.

Not much older than her mistress, Pearl did everything for her, and was so capable as a personal maid, a needlewoman, and to a degree, a social secretary, that Emily was tempted to take the maid with her on the wedding trip. But the desire to be alone with Rodney for their honeymoon was too strong, and Emily had decided to leave Pearl at home, and send for her if she needed her too greatly.

She smiled at the grinning negress as she entered the booth.

There was great understanding between the two, and Black Pearl, as she was of course called, stood sentinel at the door of the booth. As Emily became excited and her voice rose in exclamation, Pearl, too, rolled her eyes in delight, and clapped her hands softly.

For she had overheard Emily's part of this conversation:

"Is this the hospital?"

"Yes, madam."

"May I speak to Nurse Graham?"

"I'll see. Wait a moment."

"Has Mrs. Laurence's baby arrived?"

"Yes, Miss Duane."

"Oh, lovely! What is it?"

"A little girl."

"Fine! How is Mrs. Laurence?"

"Doing beautifully. I must go now."

"Wait a minute, Nurse. Listen. If I come over, right away, now, can I see her?"

"Mrs. Laurence?"

"Oh, no, not The baby, the little girl."

"Yes, you can see the baby. I'll show her to you myself."

"All right, be there in ten minutes. Good-bye."

Emily hung up the receiver, left the booth, flung her arms around Black Pearl and danced her down the hall, then ran back to the lounge.

People were leaving, and though Emily gave farewells to a few, she

whispered to Aunt Judy to attend to that for her, and told Betty Bailey to help Mrs. Bell.

Then she turned toward Sayre, who was where she had left him, and as she passed the Penningtons, she saw them were just going.

"Bye-bye, Polly," she said, "come over for rehearsal soon after six—unless you're afraid of the undertaker!"

"Oh, I'll be here, Emily. I'm late, don't wait for me; you can get along."

"Sure. Don't come unless you want to."

Emily didn't like Pauline's attitude, but she was so full of another matter she gave it no thought.

"Roddy-doddy," she said, and he knew she was about to wheedle.

"Well?" he said, snatching a little kiss from the back of her neck.

"What's up?"

"Kitty Laurence's baby is here!"

"No!"

Sayre's pretended interest was so ludicrous Emily pinched him.

"Keep still! I don't want anybody to know it, or all the girls would all rush over. Now, I'm going to run over to the hospital, just a minute, to kiss it."

"Kiss the hospital?"

"No, silly, to kiss the baby. It's a girl—a darling, sweet little girl. And you know there's no such sure-fire good luck as to kiss a new-born baby. And I want our wedding to be a success."

"Good Lord, Emily, what a kid you are! Am I to go along?"

"I should say not! You stay here and fend off inquiries. If anyone says, 'Where's Emily?' you just say, 'Why, she was here a minute ago, or something silly like that.'"

"Don't be gone long—"

"Indeed I shan't. Why, they won't let me stay more'n a minute. I know the nurse, you see, and she'll let me have a peek at the kiddie when she wouldn't let anyone else. You hold the fort here—don't budge from this sofa, will you?"

"Do, bab, I won't," and Rod looked the picture of half-witted obedience.

"Oh, Roddy, you are so sweet!" and Emily kissed him heartily, not caring whether they had spectators or not.

"Listen, dear, I've got a much better good-luck stunt for you than that. I've a gold piece to put in your shoe. They say—"

"Oh, I know all about that. I'll have that, too. Save it for the future. Now, Rod, don't fuss. I'll just scoot over to the hospital, cross-lots. It isn't a step, I won't be a minute, and after say, ten minutes, you can tell them where I am if you like, for I'll be home by that time. But don't tell them at first, for Nell and Betty would come flying over, too."

"And am I to sit here until Your Royal Highness returns?"

"Yes, right here on this very sofa. Don't budge."

Seeing Sayre alone, Abel Collins went toward him, and Rod beckoned him to a seat by his side.

The older man sat down, lighted the cigarette proffered him, and then said:

"I envy you, feller."

"Yes, you may," returned Sayre, who liked the old chap, though he knew him but slightly.

"Yes, you see, I've known the Duanees, root and branch, all my life, and there's no finer stock anywhere."

"I can believe that," and Rod smiled at him.

"But there's one thing—"

"Ah, I thought there was a catch somewhere!"

Abel Collins grinned.

"Yes, and it's this. There's a streak of abhorrence in the whole family. It's always there. Dormant, maybe, or prominent. But there, I'm giving you this tip for what it's worth."

"It's worth a lot, Mr. Collins. Don't think I undervalue it. But I admit it would be worth more if I didn't already know it. Do you think I could know Emily as I do, and not be aware of her—well, we'll call it firmness of character?"

"Call it all the pretty names you like, it's stubbornness, obstinacy and pig-headedness, that's what it is."

"There aren't three men in Boston I'd allow to talk like that. But I know your affection for my girl, so you may say what you choose. And after all, even pig-headedness isn't a crime."

"No, sir; it isn't. At least not in

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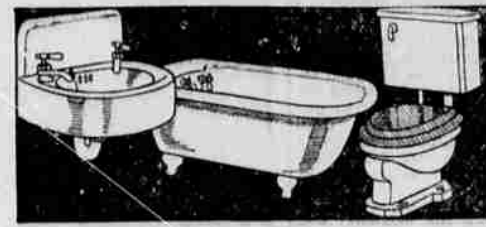
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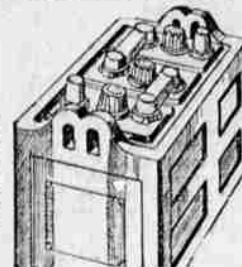
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