

America

HENDRIK VAN LOON AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF MANKIND

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STORY 27.
IN THE year 1588 an event occurred which was to have a great influence upon the further development of the history of America. Many thousand people in northern and western Europe were willing to cross the ocean and try their luck in the new world.

proaches to the channel, and the burning torches of the church towers told the inhabitants to be on their guard and arm themselves.
The rest is a familiar story. With-out pilots and at the mercy of the squally waters of the north, the clumsy and heavy Spanish ships were no match for the small and handy vessels



But this new world (the western coast at any rate) was owned by the king of Spain. And the king of Spain was Defender of the Faith, would tolerate no heretics within his domain. Calvinists, Lutherans and Zwinglians, therefore, were forced to stay at home. But during the early 1600s the 15th century strange rumors began to be heard in the little ale-house that stood right of the English and Dutch waterfront. John had heard it from Tom Bill, who had heard it from Mike that a Dutch skipper had told a cousin of his that he had seen a man who had just escaped from the Spanish galleys that all the Spanish and Portuguese shippers were working overtime and that a tremendous fleet was soon to sail northward to make an end to all further rebellion in the Low Countries and to avenge the wrongs which Catholic Mary Stuart had suffered at the hands of her Protestant enemies. This famous fleet, the Great Armada, actually left Spain in the year 1588 and made for the harbors of the Belgian coast, where guns and powder and additional men were to be taken on board, together with experienced pilots. But the Belgian harbors were blockaded by the Dutch fleet and fast British and Dutch vessels watched all ap-

of England and Hollander. The great Armada was thrown into confusion. Ships rammed each other and sank. Others were beached. More were driven northward by sudden storm and for weeks cruised aimlessly through the dangerous and choppy waters of the North sea. Those who tried to reach home by way of Northern Scotland and Western Ireland were driven upon the rocks and those who escaped high-sounding pretensions and natives, who plundered the Spanish treasure ships and lived happily upon the spoils for more years than their descendants are willing to confess. Of 130 ships only 54 returned. The naval power of Spain had been broken.

And with the loss of her naval supremacy Spain also was deprived of her exclusive claims to the continent of America.
After the year 1588 the continent was at the disposal of all new-comers. Spain repeatedly tried to reassert her ancient rights. But the English and the Dutch and the French laughed at those high-sounding pretensions and founded colonies to their hearts' content.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

ALICE ADAMS

By Booth Tarkington

CHAPTER 35
MRS. ADAMS tossed her head. "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to argue with you, Alice? Do you suppose I'd want him to just go 'groping around' like he was telling you? That would be crazy. Little as his work at Lamb's brings in, I wouldn't be so silly as to ask him to give me a chance he couldn't find something else. Good gracious, Alice, you must give me credit for a little intelligence once in a while!"

Alice was puzzled. "But what else could there be except a chance? I don't see."
"Well, I do," her mother interrupted, decisively. "That man could make us all well off right now if he wanted to. We could have been rich long ago if he'd ever really felt as he ought to about his family."

"What? Why, how could—?"
"You know how I feel as I do," Mrs. Adams said, crossly. "I guess you haven't forgotten how he treated me about it the Sunday before he got sick."
She went on with her work, putting into it a sudden violence inspired by the recollection; but Alice, enlightened, gave utterance to a laugh of ludicrous derision. "Oh, the glue factory again!" she cried. "How silly!" And she renewed her laughter.
So often do the great projects of parents appear ignominious to their children. Mrs. Adams's conception of a glue factory as a fairy godmother of this family was an absurd old story which Alice had never taken seriously. She remembered that when she was about 15 her mother began now and then to say something to Adams about a "glue factory," rather timidly, and as a vague suggestion, but never without irritating him. Then, for years, the preposterous subject had not been mentioned, possibly because of some explosion on the part of Adams, when his daughter had not been present. But during the last year Mrs. Adams had quietly gone back to these old hints, revisiting them at intervals and also reviving her husband's irritation. Alice's bored impression was that her mother meant him to find, or buy, or do something, or other, about a glue factory; and that he considered the proposal so impracticable as to be insulting. The parental conversation place which neither Alice nor Walter was at hand, but sometimes Alice had come in upon the conclusion of one, to find her father in a shouting mood, and shock-

ing the air behind him with profane monosyllables as he left quiet and troubled, and when Alice, sympathizing with the goaded man, inquired of her mother why these tiresome bickerings had been renewed, she always heard the brooding and cryptic answer, "He could do it—if he wanted to." Alice failed to comprehend the desirability of a glue factory—to her mind a father engaged in a glue factory lacked impressiveness; had no advantage over a father employed by Lamb and Company; and she supposed that Adams knew better than her mother whether such an enterprise would be profitable or not. Emphatically, he thought it would not for she had heard him shouting at the end of one of these painful interviews. "You can keep up your dang talk till you die and I die, but I'll never make one God's cent that way!"
There had been a culmination. Returning from church on the Sunday preceding the collapse with which Adams's illness had begun, Alice found her mother downstairs, weeping and intimidated, while her father's stamping footsteps were loudly audible as he strode up and down his room overhead. So were his endless repetitions of invective loudly audible: "That woman! Oh that woman! Oh, that damned woman!"
Mrs. Adams admitted to her daughter that it was "the old glue factory" and that her husband's wildness had frightened her into a "solemn promise" never to mention the subject again so long as she had breath. Alice laughed. The "glue factory" idea was not only a bore, but ridiculous, and her mother's evident seriousness about it once more repulsive. She sometimes discovered in the people we know best. But this Sunday rampage appeared to be the end of it, and when Adams came down to dinner, an hour later, he was unusually cheerful. Alice was glad he had gone wild enough to settle the glue factory once and for all; and she had ceased to think of the episode long before Friday of that week, when Adams was brought home in the middle of the afternoon by his old employer, the "great J. A. Lamb," in the latter's car.
(To be continued tomorrow.)

BRAIN TEST

5 Minutes Answer This.
Take a sign of the Zodiac, add a garment, subtract an emergency exit, add a geographical division, add 365 days, add a serpent, subtract a human feature, subtract a tool resembling a file, and the resulting letters will spell ARIZONA.

Answer to Tuesday's Puzzle
The dealer must have paid \$1500 for one automobile which he sold for \$1650, an advance of 10 per cent. Then for the other machine he paid \$500, and selling it at a loss of 10 per cent received \$450.
The total receipts, \$2100, showed a profit of 5 per cent upon his investment of \$2000.

CONVICTED ON LIQUOR CHARGE
The Oregon State Court, Judge A. McBride, former deputy sheriff under Jeff Bartell, and Gilbert Grant were convicted of manufacturing liquor.

United Artisans
608 Artisans Building
Assets Over \$1,500,000.00
Your Home Society for 27 Years

Cuticura Does So Much For Hair And Skin
For promoting and maintaining beauty of skin and hair Cuticura Soap and Ointment are unexcelled. Cuticura Talcum is an ideal powder, refreshing and soothing to the most delicate skins.

Vernonia District Sends First Logs To Nehalem Boom

Traffic moved over the recently-completed Portland, Astoria & Pacific line Tuesday when two trains of logs were brought from the Oregon-American company and the Gales Creek line to the Nehalem boom today. The Beaver Creek Logging company is expected to begin shipping Thursday and the Koster Products company in about 10 days. The Oregon-American company has established its camp near Vernonia, according to announcement made by A. J. Davidson, general manager of the S. P. & S. system lines. The Oregon-American camp is turning out about 12 loads daily and within a week will be cutting at the rate of 25 loads daily.

MRS. W. J. BURKE
Baker, Oct. 11.—Mrs. W. J. Burke, wife of a prominent business man of this city died Monday at the hospital here following an operation. She is survived by her husband, three daughters and one son.

HAPPY RETURNS

BY RALPH WATSON

T. PAER heaved a last chunk of coal into the furnace, adjusted the draft and padded back upstairs in his reprehensible slippers to discover his industrious helpmate expertly flipping golden brown flapjacks over on the griddle.
"Happy returns," he said, sheepishly, as he pecked clumsily at the back of her unsuspecting neck. "nd many of 'em."
"Land sakes," Ma exclaimed, "why don't you tell a body you're any place close?"
"I'm surpris'n' you," T. Paer grinned diffidently. "I'm wishin' you happy returns of the day."
"Well," Ma said, guilelessly, "I'd rather have 'em return like yesterday when the gun was shinin'."
"You can't always tell what kind of a day it's goin' to be," T. Paer reminded her, "from what the weather man says about it."
"Pretty near, you can," Ma smiled, "by just turning what he guesses 'round' 'nd taking the opposite."
"Ma," T. Paer suggested as he struggled into his coat after he had shoved his plate away and started for the car. "Don't get all tangled up with any pink tea stuff, I'm feelin' kinda like goin' to the movies or somethin' when I get home."
"Something must be the matter with you today," Ma said, anxiously, but T. Paer only grinned as he shut the door and departed. "Well, for the love of goodness," she exclaimed suddenly as she opened the neglected morning paper, "that's our anniversary 'nd I never knowed it."
"Gosh," T. Paer chuckled gleefully as he breezed through the front door

about supper time, "I don't know what it is but whatever it is smells powerful good to me."
"Lemon pie," Ma informed him simply. "Many happy returns," she added pecking him busily on the cheek. "Why didn't you tell me what day it was this mornin'?"
"I was surpris'n' you," T. Paer told her. "nd I put it over, didn't I?"
"You surpris'd me all right," Ma smiled at him. "How'd you happen to think of it when most times you forget even your own birthday?"
"Birthdays somethin' I'm gettin' willin' to forget," T. Paer retorted, "but anniversaries' somethin' that don't make a fellah feel like he didn't want no more of 'em to come 'round."
"I guess that's right," Ma concurred, "anyway the's chicken 'nd lazy man's dumplings to celebrate with."
"nd lemon pie," T. Paer supplemented. "Do you remember, he asked remissly, "the first lemon pie you ever made for me?"
"Yes," Ma chuckled, "nd how I'd give you just a silver of a piece 'nd said he didn't want to take no chances poisonin' you."
"You know," T. Paer confided, "that's what made me so blamed persistent from that time on."
"I don't see why it should," Ma said,

cooly. "Dad was only foolin' like he always did."
"I notice he at the big piece," T. Paer retorted, "nd I made up my mind right there I was goin' to have big helpin's of it if I had to marry you to do it."
"Humph," Ma said, "then it was the pie you was marryin' 'nd not me?"
"I liked your crust," T. Paer teased, over it yet.
"I don't think I'll ever forget how silly you looked," Ma giggled, "when Roy Bishop throwed rice at us in the Louvre that time."
"That blamed chump wasted enough of it followin' us 'round 'nd fed the starvin' Armenians," T. Paer grumbled, "I'm goin' to get even with him yet."
"It was sort of embarrassing then," Ma conceded, "but it's funny to look back on ain't it?"
"Well, you know," T. Paer mused, "anniversaries' good things to have because they make a fellah think of things that's pleasant 'nd forget things that's sad so you can start all over after one of 'em just like they wasn't no worries in the world but rice 'nd old shoes."
"They ain't no real worries," Ma contented stoutly, "long as we've got more anniversaries to look forward to."

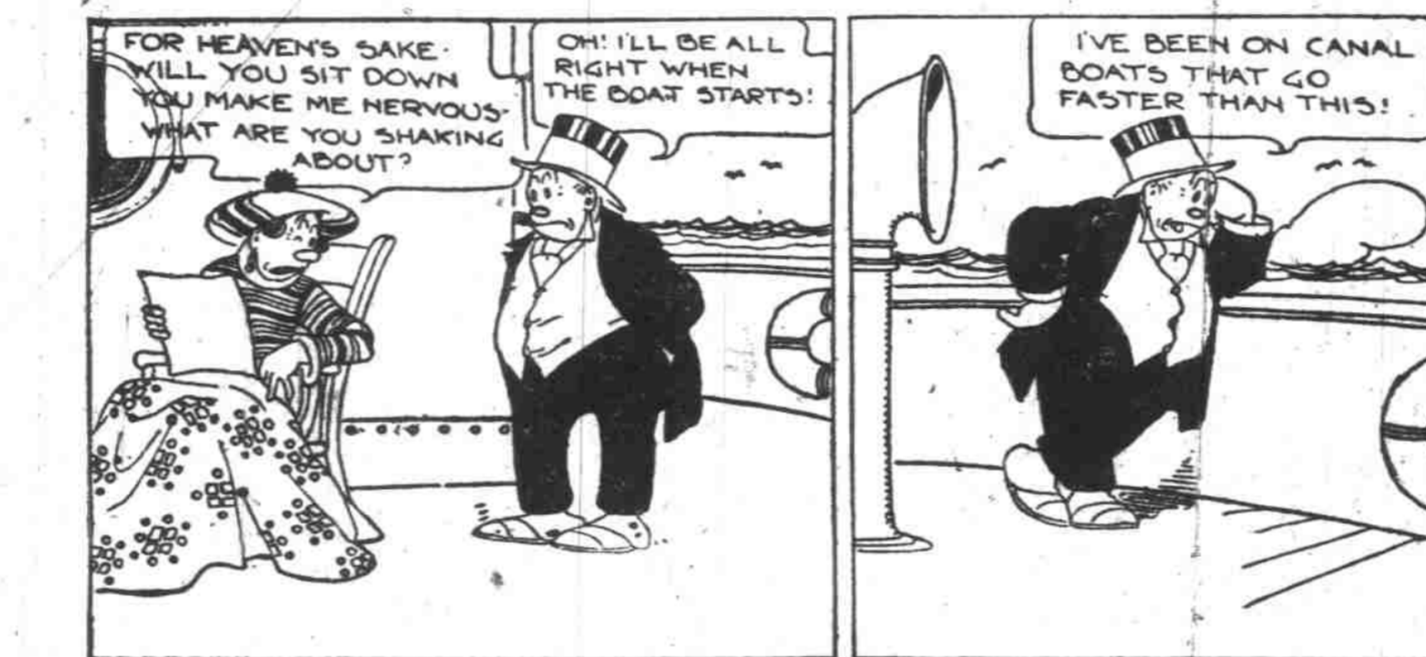
"No," T. Paer grinned across the table at her, "anniversaries, 'nd lemon pie 'nd you."
Railroads Agree With Trainmen on Wage Schedules
All railroads serving the Portland district except the Southern Pacific signed an agreement with their conductors and trainmen to continue present rates of pay, rules and working agreements until October 31, 1922, following conferences held at Chicago last week, according to a report brought to the city Tuesday by J. E. Rhodes, general chairman of the Order of Railway Conductors on the O-W. R. & N.
Rhodes reported that the agreement will continue after 1922 subject to a 30 days' written notice of any change by either side. The agreement provides for adjustment of local rules to a certain extent and likewise provides for the withdrawal of questions in regard to wages or working conditions, submitted by either side to the labor board.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Practice This in the Parlor



By A. Posen

BRINGING UP FATHER



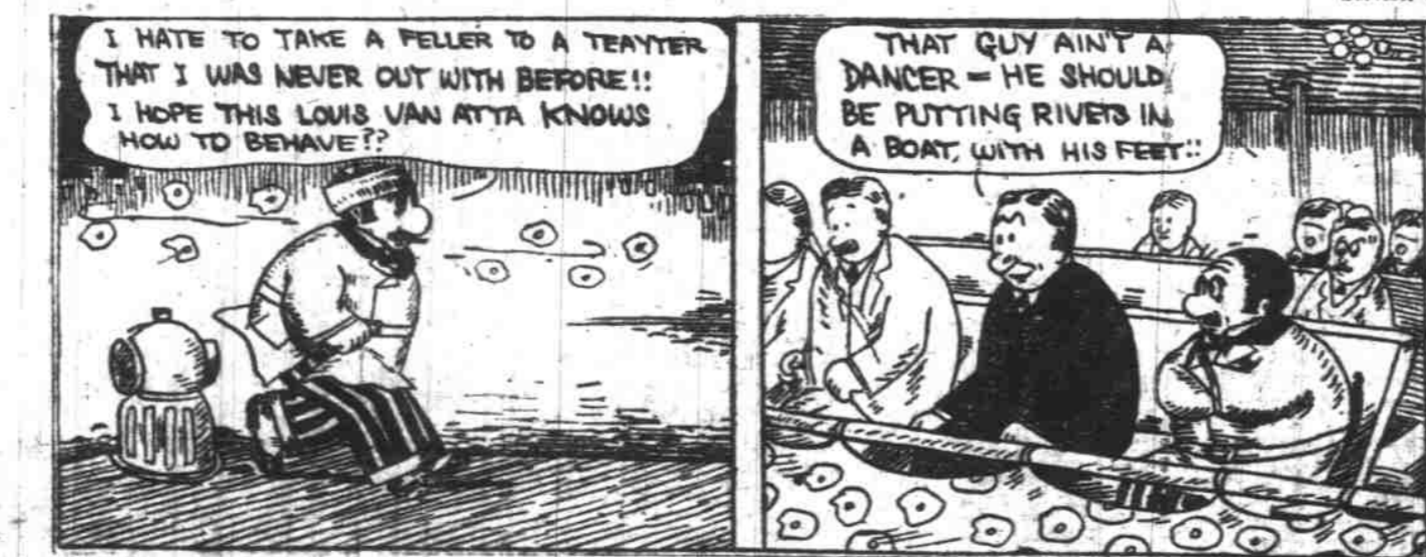
By George McManus

KRAZY KAT



Weight a Minute. This Is Deep Stuff

ABIE THE AGENT



The Right Thing at the Right Time

JERRY ON THE JOB



Willing to Start at the Bottom