

Four-Leaved Clovers

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS.

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The turf was surely enticing, old, springy, soft as velvet, green as emerald and sprinkled sparsely with fresh white clover heads. The blue eyes looking at it across a low railing had a twinkle behind their wistfulness, for Janet Reed, their owner, was saying, half aloud: "Now for a four-leaved clover. I know if I were one this is the exact spot where I would choose to grow."

After a deep breath she looked carefully everywhere. The turf was deserted. Audaciously she scrambled over the boundary, dropping to her knees ten yards from it to search diligently the beguiling greenery's depths.

Nothing rewarded her save now and then a new blossom sprung up since yesterday's mowing. The close-cutting annoyed her; ever and ever so many fine four-leaved charms might have been sacrificed. So she rose and walked delicately, joying to feel the turf yield under foot, 50 yards farther in to where century-old locusts flung down lacy shadows, adding a new charm to the grass.

Kneeling again, she parted the growth wherever clover was thickest, but found nothing until she had half-crawled twice her original distance to a space so thinly set it was almost ragged.

There mowing had apparently been held vain. With a low gurgle of delight she pounced upon a four-leaved—another, still another, all sprung from the same root. Success breeds avarice—she did not stop until she had seven of the charm breeders safe in her fingers. Then as she made to rise she caught a gleam a little way off. Half a minute later she had retrieved from under a half uprooted grass clump a heavy signet ring, carved in low relief. A man's ring, clearly—and so handsome it must have a history. Janet all but forgot her clovers in the rush of interest.

She was still solitary, but a house, wide, low and gray had become visible through the shrubbery—of course she ought to go there with her find—but explaining the find might be awkward.

As she stood turning the ring about in her palm, trying vainly to discover if it were inscribed inside, some one behind her asked curtly: "Why are you here? You must know this is very private property, if you know anything?"

Turning, she faced a thin, elderly man with a hawk nose and sharp eyes set under pent-house brows. The eyes looked her through and through, but she was not frightened. Holding out the muddled clovers, she said: "I came for—what you see I have got. And I have found—something else," extending her left hand as she spoke, with the ring half on its forefinger.

"Finding is not always keeping," the man said, deftly taking away the ring. "You may keep your folder," contemptuously, "on condition that you tell me exactly how you got the other thing."

"Showing is easier," Janet said, stepping toward the loosened sod and half raising it with the toe of her shoe.

"So!" said the man, his eyes glued to her face. "But—are you sure you didn't put it there on purpose to be found?"

"If you think things of that sort the sooner I go the better," Janet flung back, her head high. "Give me the ring, if you please. It may not belong to you, any more than to me. That must be determined, if I am to feel satisfied."

"I know the owner. Does that satisfy you?" the old man demanded with a glimmering grin. Janet shook her head. "A suspicious person is a bad trustee," she said. "The ring, if you please, I shall not go without it."

"Then, Miss Spithre, you are likely to take root," her tormentor bantered, by this time quite half-human. He held the ring tantalizingly between thumb and finger, shaking it round and round. Janet knew she could snatch it and run away safely. But she was not the sort for any such proceeding.

"My name is Reed—Janet Reed," she said clearly. "I am staying with the Grays for a short vacation. Before it ends I hope you will decide to do the right thing."

"Going, hey! After all the bluff!" the old man flung at her, actually smiling. "I won't give you back the ring—my word is sacred—but you shall have it—in exchange for something I prefer."

"What?" Janet asked breathlessly. "The whole truth!" from her antagonist. "If you planted the ring—and how and why—the where I know already."

Janet's eyes flashed, her fists clenched hard, but her voice was low and deadly as she answered: "Men have been killed for lesser insult. Instead of killing you, I ask you to—explain."

"My theory?" from her antagonist. She nodded—speech was beyond her. "The ring, being unique as well as antique, is worth money," he began. "It vanished two months back—stolen, we thought, for a collector who was wild to buy it. It had been carelessly left inside an open library window in an open case. Not a finger-print on the case—nor anywhere else. We searched everywhere—five-tooth

combed the place, especially the grounds. Mowed lawns every three days and sifted ash piles, even flower beds, but got no trace. If the thief lost it and you found it—it must have been elsewhere. However that may be, it looks to me as though you made an errand here that would enable you to find it miraculously and restore it to the owner, incidentally making his acquaintance—"

"Why?" Janet interrupted, still white and deadly.

"You're wasting tragedy that belongs to the movies," the old man sneered; "because the owner is—my grandson, Anthony Pier—he's a decent sort—and some day will inherit my forty odd millions."

"If he is a decent sort—I pity him," Janet shot back. "All the millions in the world cannot make up for you."

"Come, come! I'm not so cussed as I dare say you heard I am," the old man answered—it seemed she had touched him on the raw. "I know what the world says of old Anthony Gaskell—but believe me, you are the very first person to whom I felt that I had been consciously unjust."

"Good day," Janet said, making to go away. Something stayed her—a small gray squirrel, which ran up her skirt, thence to her shoulder, where it began a coaxing chatter. When she had put it down gently, old Anthony explained: "The beggars are privileged—I hope this one did not frighten you."

Janet did not answer—she was too intent on watching another squirrel which approached in long leaps holding something fast in its jaws. It stopped by the upturned sod, scratched furiously a half minute in the loose earth, then dropped something in it, covered it, and whisked away, barking defiance of the first comer.

Simultaneously the watchers looked at each other. Now old Anthony was white and shaken. "I see! That's how it happened!" he muttered hoarsely. "Young lady—you can never forgive me, I know; because I hardly think I can ever forgive myself."

Suddenly he crumpled, holding his face in his knees. Next minute his grandson darted to him crying: "Granddad! What—what is the matter?" with the cry all but lifting the other upright. Janet said gently: "He has had a slight shock," and walked away. But that was far from being her last sight of the pair. Indeed, inside of a year she came back to the big gray house, never to leave it. And granddad, a happy convert, vowed all was due to the magic of four-leaved clovers.

EXPLAINS WAVES OF CRIME

Expert Psychologist Insists That They Are Brought About by "Mental Contagion."

The famous author of "Crowd Psychology," Gustave Le Bon, gives a general analytical view of the epidemic of crime in an interview. Asserting that crime waves are brought about by contagious ideas, which, however, do not lessen personal responsibility, because the ideas can take root only in organisms ready to receive them, Le Bon is quoted as saying:

The phenomenon of mental contagion is as old as the hills. You know the story of the sentry box in which a soldier hanged himself, and how, because all the succeeding sentries at that post felt a strange desire to hang themselves Napoleon ordered it to be burned. The cases of mental contagion in history are countless.

"The press and the cinema are two principal means through which mental contagion spreads. The minute description of crimes and the publicity given criminals inspire imitation. The cinema is the most pernicious, because the visualized picture imposes itself with more weight upon criminally inclined minds. The cinema is sometimes even a lesson in crime."

"The criminal contagion, the contagion of fear, must be opposed. In England duelling came to an end the day when the duellists knew that the survivor would be hanged. The one who suffered this infamous punishment cured others of that absurd manner of settling a point of honor. Robbing also diminished at London since the cat-o'-nine-tails was administered to the backs of the thieves."

His Fitting Death.

It was a warm summer's day, and he sang of the woods and the trees, of the fields and the air and the marshes. And of people—human beings with life and blood and all things good.

The evening wore on. Having slept the greater part of the day, he now aroused himself for the pleasant task before him. So he entered the concert hall, humming happily to himself. The concert was just about to start. All was quiet.

Looking around him appraisingly at the motley audience he burst forth into song—a slow, droning song in the same key for full three minutes. Then he stopped, apparently waiting for applause. And it came! Smack!

And so the mosquito died. I am sorry, reader; I should have told you at the start that "he" was a full-grown mosquito!

Sarcasm.

"You have said some very sarcastic things about your opponents."

"You have misunderstood me," protested Senator Sorghum. "There is nobody, in my opinion, who does not possess some good points which every fair man ought to recognize. But those fellows are so unpopular that you can't say a kind word for them without being considered sarcastic."

Jean Paige



Jean Paige, one of the most handsome "movie" stars, spent practically her entire life on her father's model farm at Paris, Ill. She never dreamed of a motion picture career, but unconsciously was preparing herself for it, spending her after-school hours at horseback riding and other healthful and daring sports. It was not until after she went East to school that she received an offer from a producer, which she accepted. Her splendid work is known to millions. This is one of her latest pictures.



ASSA tree, four mont I try feegure out wot's idee for hava da cops een every town. I aska my frien and he say poleeceman ees for keepa da peace. "You know, Pietro," he say, "eef we no gotta cops nobody keepa da peace."

Well, mebbe ees right, I dunno, but I gotta deffence idee. Pienta teen ees da paper I reada where ees league for enforce da peace. And nother place een sama paper ees tella bouta President Harding maka da peace.

I gotta idee when everybody try worka on da sama job ees no for good. President Harding maka da peace, othar bunch ees force da peace, cops keepa da peace and eef I finda guy whosa throw rocks at my cat lasa night you can betta your life I breaka da peace.

But too moecha peace putta country on da bum. Jusa lika da fleever when ees broka down. I try feexa mine othar day and I gotta seaxteen piece left over and he ees no worka yet. Mebbe gotta taka more piece out for maka heem run, I dunno.

But ees seema to me lika everything ees no worka right yet. Ever seence da war ees quet we try maka league for da peace. And we no gotta more as a piece of a league yet.

So I tink mebbe ees gooda idee we no hava da cops any more een deesa country. I no can feegure out how da devil Uniteeda State cops gonna keepa da peace. But I dunno eef I am righta idee—

Wot you tink?

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

MY CREED

I HAVE a creed—a creed that's good and true
That serves me in my need in all I do—
Faith in my God and His eternal plan;
Faith in the good He's placed in every man;
Faith in the land that bore me, and the Light
It holds aloft for lovers of the Right.
(Copyright.)

Defiance of Custom.

"I can assure you of one thing," said the newcomer. "I never cheat at cards."

"Well," replied Cactus Joe, "in that case I'd advise you to get out of Crimison Gulch. Anybody that thinks he kin hold his own in this game without cheatin' to the best of his ability is liable to be regarded as puttin' on airs of superiority."



U. S. Leads in Canal Tonnage

New Record Made. With Britain, Japan and Norway Following in Order.

GROWTH DUE TO COMPETITION

Ships of Four Nations Carried 80 Per Cent of Tonnage Which Moved Through Canal During the Last Fiscal Year.

Washington.—Ships of four nations carried 80 per cent of the approximately 11,000,000 tons of cargo which moved through the Panama canal during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1921.

American vessels led all others with a total of 5,103,000 tons, establishing a new record by increasing the total tonnage of the previous high years by 615,885.

British ships were second and surpassed even the high mark of 1917, their last banner year. They reached a total of 3,738,250 tons.

Japan and Norway took third and fourth places with 758,600 and 637,880 tons, respectively. Norway dropped below its figures for 1918, but Japan soared to new heights, exceeding her last high mark by 32,279 tons.

Result of Competition.

These unparalleled increases in commerce moved through the waterway by the four nations are attributed by Gov. J. J. Morrow of the Panama canal, in his annual report to competition so keenly developed that it requires use of the quickest routes.

"Almost one-third of the total tonnage handled," the report says, "was so strongly competitive that prompt and complete service may have been the determining factor in the choice of the Panama route. In many of the trades served by the Panama canal, the saving of distance, and hence of time, by the use of the canal is so great that shipping could hardly afford to use any other route."

Of the nations which shared in moving the remaining 11 per cent of tonnage the most important were Denmark, Holland, Spain, Sweden, France and Peru in the order named.

"The most important trade route served by the canal," the report adds, "was that between the east coast of the United States and the west coast of South America. Others of the principal routes were those from the east coast of the United States to the far east and between the west coast of America and Europe."

Gov. Morrow points to the double value of the canal to the United States. In addition to the quick service it gives American ships from coast to coast and in the world trade routes, there is, he said, a constantly increasing revenue which comes to the nation from tolls collected.

"In terms of money the Panama canal," the report asserts, "had gross revenues of more than \$27,000,000; increased investment, additions, stock, etc., of \$8,000,000 and gross operating expenses of \$24,500,000." The excess of revenues in the last fiscal year, the report shows, was \$2,500,000 more than for interest on the capital cost of the waterway.

Big Railway Revenue.

The Panama Railroad company, according to the report, had a gross revenue of approximately \$22,000,000, an increase in investments in capital additions of \$1,500,000, while the gross operating expenses were \$22,000,000 on June 30 last. Gross revenues of the Panama Railroad Steamship line, at the same time, were \$5,150,446, while operating expenses for the fiscal year totaled \$5,857,257.

Legislation to increase the revenue collected from tolls is asked by the

governor, who points out that the present system is to assess tolls, on the basis of \$1.20 a net ton, according to Panama canal measurement, "unless this would result in a rate of more than \$1.25 a net ton, according to United States rules of measurement."

"Under this dual system tolls collected amounted to \$11,270,880, which is \$1,937,021 less than would have been collected if Panama canal rules only were used," he adds. "Speedy enactment of a law establishing the single standard is urged."

SEA OTTER AGAIN NUMEROUS

Alaska Trappers Report Priceless Fur-bearer Back in Kelp Beds on Aleutian Islands.

Yakutat, Alaska.—The sea otter, once almost extinct and now protected, is again inhabiting the sea kelp beds on the Aleutian islands in large numbers. In fact, so many are seen the department of fisheries may be prevailed upon for a brief open season for the benefit of natives and trappers who have fared badly the last two seasons.

The sea otter is one of the most cunning and easily frightened of animals. Like the fur seal its pelt has an ebony shimmer, showing silver when blown open, but soft black, tipped with white when examined hair by hair. A full grown animal measures six feet from nose to end of tail. One pup is born at a time. The mother otter sleeps on her back in the water, clasping the young in her arms. Each native is permitted to trap two a year for his own use. The sea otter has been seen as far south as Eureka, Cal. The pelts are priceless.

Erzberger's Daughter Nun.

Berlin, Germany.—Maria Erzberger, daughter of the recently murdered former German minister of finance, Mathias Erzberger, has taken the veil in the nunnery of Echt in southern Holland.

HAS QUEER PREROGATIVE



Lieut. the Hon. Cecil Forester of the English Royal House guards has the privilege of keeping his hat on in the presence of royalty. The lieutenant, who is heir to Lord Forester, inherits this royal patent from a forebear who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. That monarch authorized Forester's ancestor to keep his hat on in the presence of the sovereign on account of "certain diseases and infirmities in his head."

"Meanest Man on Earth" Discovered in Iowa

The "meanest man on earth" is believed to be living in Mount Vernon, Ia. An automobile driver became stalled near the city and hailed a passing truck driver, who found the loose connection and proceeded to crank the engine. The engine back-fired, breaking the rescuer's arm.

"I broke my arm," he said. "Too bad," responded the rescued motorist as he speeded down the road. Unable to start his big truck, the injured man was forced to walk to Mount Vernon, where he received medical attention.

Find Tombs of Ethiopian Kings

Expedition Headed by Professor Reisner Brings Back Story of Lost Civilization.

LINE OF ITS RULERS TRACED

Ten Years' Research Provides Rich Collection for Harvard University and Boston Museum—Get Full List of Rulers.

Cambridge, Mass.—Discovery of the tombs of 26 generations of Ethiopian kings and the recovery of material buried for more than 2,000 years, which makes it possible for the first time to write the history of Ethiopia, were reported by the joint Egyptian expedition of Harvard university and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The expedition, in charge of Professor George A. Reisner of Harvard, was in Egypt ten years. Its findings in part have been reported from time to time.

Find Royal Cemeteries.

The discovery of the lost civilization of Ethiopia was made at Napata, now called Gebel Barkal. Napata, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, lies in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, at the southern end of Dongola province. The royal

cemeteries were found outside the city. At Nuri, to the south, on a low knoll near the River Nile, the archaeologists examined a group of pyramids which proved to be the tombs of the 20 kings and 25 queens of Ethiopia from 600 to 250 B. C., most of whose names had been lost to human knowledge.

Excavations gradually uncovered the burial chamber of Tirhaqa, the king of Ethiopia mentioned in the book of Isaiah, who was one of the five Ethiopian monarchs who ruled over Egypt, and then one by one uncovered the tombs of all the other kings, queens, princes and princesses of Ethiopia for a period of more than four centuries.

After the excavations at Nuri, four of the greatest kings of Ethiopia were still lacking—kings who, like Tirhaqa, had ruled Egypt as well as Ethiopia. In the third year of search these four kings with their queens, and indeed six generations of their ancestors, were found at the second royal cemetery at El-Kur 'Uw on the north of Napata.

Descend From Nomads.

It was then discovered that the royal family of Ethiopia had sprung from a tribe of Libyan nomads who had entered the province, then a part of Egypt, about 900 B. C., had become Egyptianized, revolted from Egypt and finally, under Piankhy, conquered the older country. From this sun-scorched place five of the kings of Ethiopia had ruled Egypt and 2,000 miles of the Nile valley, and had sent their ambassadors to the courts of Assyria and western Asia.

Careful study of the objects and inscriptions found in these tombs has given the Harvard-Boston archaeologists a full chronological list of the kings of Ethiopia during this period, and a knowledge of the condition and development of the remarkable arts and crafts of the time.

Bible Printed in 1634

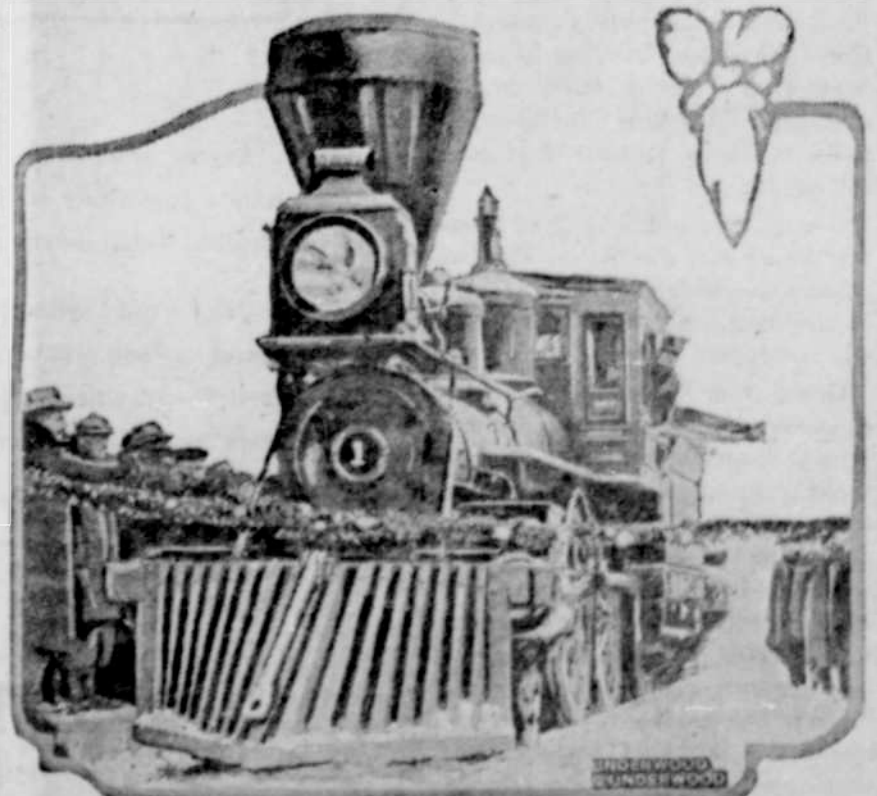
Owned by Cleveland

Cleveland, O.—Arthur Lowers has a Bible printed in 1634. On the leaf is inscribed: "Printed by Robert Barker, printer to his most excellent majesty, and by the assignees of John Bill, 1634."

The type is old English script. Names are scattered throughout the book, many of them half obliterated. An unreadable will is written on the first fly-leaf. Fly-leaves and wood engravings are scattered throughout the edition. An early Nineteenth century record of a family is one feature still decipherable.

The book, according to Mr. Lowers, has been in his family for many generations.

Pioneer Engine Opened a New Station



St. Paul, Minn., rolled back the curtain 60 years as the Northwest's pioneer little old locomotive pulled the first train into the new \$15,000,000 Union station there. The engine is the "William Crooks," named after Jim Hill's chief engineer. Flowers were thrown upon it, as its pilot broke the floral tape held across the tracks by the three oldest Great Northern yardmen, whose combined service aggregated 111 years.