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Bull Convicted at Unique Trial

Court of Bovine Justice Attracts Big Crowd in Franklin County, Pa.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) munity was of such good quality that it was difficult to find a worthy "prisoner," the mock trial of a scrub buil recently staged at Waynesboro, Pa., drew an audience of more than a thousand persons. The advertising club of the chamber of commerce, the Franklin County Farm bureau, and the county agent had charge of arrange-The trial was conducted according to an outline furnished by the United States Department of Agricul-

Proceedings Realistic. Local legal talent made the court

proceedings realistic. The sheriff and his force of deputies "arrested" the bull and otherwise aided in conducting court order. For the convenience of busy farmers

the trial was held at 7 o'clock in the evening. The merchants of Waynesboro held a "dollar day," which was widely advertised, with the scrub-bull trial as an auxiliary attraction. Twenty-five bundred card invitations were mailed and 500 colored posters advertised the event.

The trial took place on an electric lighted platform erected in the ball park. Band music added to the entertainment and the services of the boy scouts were enlisted to handle the traffic. A dairy-cattle specialist from the department of agriculture acted as expert witness for the prosecution.

Court of Bovine Justice. A jury of 12 men rendered a verdict of guilty after hearing the evidence laid before the court of bovine justice. The prosecution showed the detrimental effect which scrub bulls have on the dairy industry. It then described the prosperity and other benefits brought by pure bred bulls and pleuded forcefully for conviction.

The defense consisted largely of oratory aided by music and poetry as vain resorts to save the prisoner from doom. One witness for the defense failed to impress the jury when he testified that the scrub bull was a great labor-saving device. His daughters giving less milk required fewer pails and cans and were more quickly milked.



This novel won the first prize in a competition inaugurated by Leonard Parsons, publisher, London, England, Mr. Parsons, one of the more progressive British publishers, looking always toward the con emporary, modern apprit in letters, conducted a contest which he called the "First Novel Contest," aimed to give young writers the opportunity of publication. By uhanimous consent of the judges Cilve Arden won'the opportunity.

"Sinners in Heaver" was published in England in the spring of 1023 and from the first was spectroulirly popular. He beerme a best-seller over night; Cilve Arden was one of the most-talked-of vriters in London. Less than a year later the book was published in the United States. From the first its, success was stupendous. Again it was a best-seller.

Miss Arden is a young Englishwoman who liver in tw-rwick-bire near Stratford-on-Avan. After a girlhood at boarding secoois and college, she took a course in poultry and beekeeping and gardening in Surrey. Then the way broke out and her part took in Red Cross lautidry work, shellmaking in a factory at Coventry, elerking in the Oldcot ordnance works and finally an officer's post in the worker's Air Funce. She began writing "Sinners in Heaven" while still in service. She may devotes all of her time to writing and judging by the talent displayed in her first work, will undoubtedly soon be reguling the public with other charming novels.

PART ONE Little Notes

Derbury was a small parish possessing an old church, a combined

tunl village street. As often happens with isolated peo ple and places, the little parish was very self-important. The war and motor traffic had tended to modernize the community; and the new freedom rather went to its head. It was as yet not quite sure of its line, though painfully anxious to appear assured-one half shocked at the other half's doings,

and altogether rather mixed. This had been apparent, a year ago, when divorce had raised its ominous head for the first time within the memory of living inhabitants. Divorces took place elsewhere, of course, and Darburyites read and discussed the newspaper accounts with avidity; but that such things should happen within their own fold, between people known and even liked by everybody else, was an unheard-of ides. The topic, thrilling in the press, appeared indecent in these circumstances. Although it was Major Randall who had obtained the decree; and although his wife, instead of offering a defense, had brazenly gone away with another man, yet most peo nie shrank from his society. As Mrs.

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Clark's Confectionery

Stockley, the widow of the late vicar, sagely remarked: "There are often two sides to these things; you never

Even the squire and Mrs. Rochdale, kindliest of the "old order." began to show a slight coldness. They placed the hospitable doors of Darbury house ajar, so to speak, instead of wide open, hinting to their only son that a little less golf with the major might be wise. But Hugh laughed at the hint, in his easy-going way. "That's all his fu-neral, not mine"; thus he waived responsibility for the morals of the house

of Randall. A wholesome young Briton, Hugh would abominate shady actions, if brought actually into contact with them; but he lacked the imagination to visualize what failed to interest him. His own purpose was single, his own heart fixed. Barbara Stockley, only child of the late vicar, had filled it entirely, since the days of frocks and perambulators. Growing up together, inseparable, their engagement was a foregone conclusion. Nobody therefore had been surprised at its public announcement upon Hugh's return from the war.

The wedding had been fixed for the following December. The happy pair were to live in one of the pretty modern houses at Hillbeak during the old squire's lifetime, continuing all their activities in Darbury as usual. Everybody would call upon them; and everything would be nice, respectable and

conventional. But while everylody purred contentedly over this satisfactory romance, bombshell exploded in their midst. launched by the heroine herself. Instead of spending the next four months amid dainty needlework, her mind oblivious to all save the prospective bridegroom and the dressmaker, she shattered all traditions by announcing her intention to accompany an aunt. Mrs Stockley's half-sister, to Austra-Darbury gasped. But it gasped yet more upon discovering that the journey was to be made, in ultra-modern style, by airplane. An ordinary ship would have seemed at least respectable.

The ostensible reason given was merely a visit to the aunt's colonial relatives. But, of course, everybody knew better than to believe that; a deeper motive was needed to inspire

such a risky wild-goose chase. Could there be private trouble between the engaged couple? But the girl herself went about as usual, only a suppressed excitement deepening the already deep blue of her eyes, bubbling out occa sionally into scraps of confidential speech which yet were no confidences at all

Such an adventure!" she exclaimed, when Miss Brown sought to probe to the soul of this problem. "The only one I have ever had. There will never be such another chance."

This from one who should have been deep in the adventure of marriage! Miss Brown was rather shocked. Hugh, she learned, had been averse to the idea at first. Quite right and proper! He had also steadfastly re fused to go too; and Darbury had agreed with the decision. That man should give up the routine of autumn pursuits was unheard

Besides, he managed his fa ther's extensive property, and the harvest would soon be in full swing. Dar bury, like Hugh, was essentially prac-

Great difficulty, it transpired over the tea cups, had been experienced in overcoming Mrs. Stockley's object tions. But as she, like many weak women, usually took refuge in tears when thwarted, little direct information was obtained.

However, Darbury persevered in its ferreting tactics, at last gaining a little more light. Mrs. Field paid one of her brief visits to her pretty house; and it became known that she had arranged everything. Everybody said "Oh-h " in a drawn-out syllable which expressed volumes; for Mrs. Field was accustomed to doing extraordinary things, without bowing to convention. The aviator proved to be her cousin Alan Croft, a man well known in avia tion and in the engineering circles of many lands. After having swooped down upon England from Australia in a super-machine of his own designbrilliantly achieving the long test trip with two passengers in addition to his crew-an influential firm had cabled agreement of purchase, pending an im mediate, equally successful, return journey. So much they gleaned. But why or how Mrs. Field had maneuvered for Barbara Stockley and her aunt, Miss Dolly Davies, to be his passengers on the return journey, Darbury was left to conjecture, Mrs. Field being a woman who kept her own

A rumor soon arose that the aviator might be expected at the "House on the Moor," Mrs. Field's home, for the week-end. This, clashing with a country fete at which most of the Darbung ites were assisting, raised them to a state of unusual excitement. He might be there. . . .

The Darbury fete, being in aid of p hospital fund, was held in the grounds of a neighboring mansion, the winter garden of which was utilized for dance

Barbara and Miss Brown were it charge of the sweets and tobacco stall After a morning spent in preparations for the fete, and an afternoon behind the stall, Barbara was feeling unutter ably bored.

Then, suddenly, she was aware of

the state of the second

man's figure standing near; and snew without looking up, that she was being

NOV 19, 1924

intently scrutinized.

HALSEY ENTERPRISE



"That Won't Matter. He is Only the

"I think you are so brave to fly to Australia!" Miss Brown exclaimed. "And with a strange man, too! Docon't Mr. Hugh mind?"

Barbara laughed at this typical Daroury remark.

"No! Of course not." "But suppose you don't like him?" "That won't matter. He is only the

Glancing up as she spoke, she gave C P. MOODY, att. Phone 226 an involuntary start at finding a direct, piercing look fastened upon her. It was not the rude stare of a man who appraises women as if they were horses; rather did it seem to scatter nonessentials and to probe to the spirit within. For a moment her own eyes

seemed held by a curious compulsion. At the same instant Mrs. Field came briskly round the corner of the tent. "Ah!" she cried. "You are here first. Alan." Then, turning to Barbara, "I want to introduce you both," she said. taking an arm of each.

And Barbara, feeling uncomfortably self-conscious, too bewildered to do more than stammer a conventional greeting, was forced to lift her eyes to his. They were deep-set and gray like those of his cousin, but lacking the tenderness which lurked in hers; the little lines at their corners, surely betokening humor, appeared out of place. In her rapid glance she was dimly aware of great height, brond shoulders and a

lean, deeply tanned, clean-shaven face. "Alan borrowed a car and turned up last night." Mrs. Field smoothed over the impending awkwardness; but at that moment some one called her

There fell a silence, which the girl racked her brains in vain to break. She was somehow conscious of feeting acutely disappointed. This was the man who, to her inexperienced mild, had seemed a dim, unreal figure crowned by a halo of glorious ach ment! This the heaven-sent deliverer, who, unknowingly, had offered that hidden self the one chance of stretch ing its cramped wings! Even if, as she had teld Miss Brown, it did not matter, it was, nevertheless, very disap-

pointing. Before the pause became too uncom fortable, Mrs. Field returned and insisted upon having tea. On these occusions ten suggests a gathering of the clans. All the little cliques of the neighborhood meet in the large marquee and discuss the news they have gleaned.

Barbara was detained at the eptrance; and Mrs. Field looked at her cousin with kindly enthusiasm, when they found a vacant table.

"Well. Alah? Isn't she a dear girl? And pretty?" He responded indifferently; stooped down to tuck his panama hat under the seat; then sat up and ran his fin-

gers through his thick dark bair.

"D-d hot in here, Madge!" She glanced round apprehensively; then leaned toward him. "Alan, for heaven's sake don't upset any of these good people, or she may not be allowed to go, after all !"

A smile of extraordinary infectiousness lit up his face, transfiguring it: the lines of humor proved that they were not, after all, misplaced.

"Try a muzzle, Madge! How the dickens do I know what may upset the old darlings-

"Hush! Here is Mrs. Stockley." The grim mask of reserve quickly covered his face again.

The Darburyites, bearing that the stranger had at last arrived, soon clustered round for introductions, auxious to impress him with their own intelligence. But, with Barbara, they were doomed to bitter disappointment; for this hero refused to be lionized, and declined to talk "shop." Their intelligent overtures left him unimpressed; o pumping drew other than the brief-

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PAGE 3

THANKSGIVING The smiling faces of loved ones gathered in cheery

assemblage.

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of Thanksgiving enjoy-For reduced fares and complete railroad information

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Slowly, to Barbara, the time wore on. More and more weary of the monotony, sick of the smell of chocolate, she became consumed with restless-

All the social world had left long ago. From the glass walls of the winter garden came the exhilarating, if garish, strains of dance music, tantalizing in their infectious rhythm. Barbara hummed the tune, tapping her foot in unison, occasionally surprising her companious by performing a few revolutions round the tent. In the middle of one of these she halted abruptly, for a shadow had fallen across the rays of the sun streaming

athwart the stall. "Come and dance with me." sald

Her face expressed blank astonish-"Oh!" she exclaimed, confusedly, "I -we only the villagers usually dance

here."

"Oh, good lord!" The amused contempt in his voice made her flush. Then, conscious of having given a wrong impression of detestable snobbery, she felt furious with herself.

"You never swerve from convention, I suppose?" he asked, watching sensitive face in his disconcerting manner.

She looked awny, uncoinfortably self-

"Le Oh-" She gave an embarrassed laugh. An opening door brought a louder riot of music flooding in with the evening sunshine. "I-really don't

know. Then some queer, psychological wave seemed to pass across the sweetstall. It brought a strange current of air from the great Unknown without, from towering mountains and deep seas scarcely dreamed of in this pretty corner of orthodoxy. And it emanated from the figure standing motionless before her, whose very appearance seemed symbolical of freedom-the freedom of mind and freedom from petty tyrannies, which is only gained by depth of vision, breadth of outlook,

contact with the forces whose existence was beginning to stir faint echoes within her soul.

"Come!" he exclaimed suddenly, an undertone of impatience sounding in his word

"Very well," she said in a low voice, "I will come." He threw back his head a little, and

smiled again. No modern affectation showed in Croft's dancing. He shandoned himself to the rhythm of the music, with an ease which swept the girl along in sympathetic exhilaration. She forgot the imperfect floor, the clumsy couples, the staring eyes, mere instinctive dislike of this strange man, and surrendered berself to the rare joy of perfect harmony in movement. When, for an instant, she glanced up at her part-

ner, she saw in his face a corresponding light which filled her with a momentary sense of fellowship. Afterward, they strolled out on the

(Continued on page 4)

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