

TRACE FOUND AT LAST OF ANDREA

Artic Explorer Learns From Eskimo Fate of Man Who Started for North Pole in Balloon.

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask., Jan. 3.—That Eskimos murdered Dr. S. R. Andrea and his two companions, Dr. Strindberg and Herr Fraecknell, who sought the pole twelve years ago, was the belief expressed today by Rev. Father Turquetil, in charge of the North Saskatchewan Catholic Mission. Rev. Turquetil recently brought the news of the finding of what was supposed to be Andrea's balloon, 900 miles north of Prince Albert, near Reindeer lake, in Eskimo territory.

From the Indians the priest learned that a "Big White House covered with ropes," came to the Eskimo's camp with three men who were hungry. The men died, said the Indians, a few days after they arrived.

Father Turquetil, who understands the Eskimo language, was convinced that there was something the natives were concealing regarding the explorers, but he could get no further information. From their actions he said he believed that the white men had shot some deer or other animals sacred in the estimation of the Indians and the superstitious Eskimos had killed them to placate the gods.

WONDERFUL CREATION OF FINERY HAS DISAPPEARED

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Lady Duff Gordon, the London dressmaker, with a title, who is visiting in this city is mourning the loss of her three most handsome gowns, according to her story to the authorities today.

When Lady Gordon opened her trunks, after her recent arrival on the Lusitania, she didn't notice anything gone. But when she started to dress for a New Year's function at the home of Paul Morton and cast her eye over the brilliant array of finery, she herself designed \$2500 worth of frills and furberlows were conspicuous by their absence.

They were packed in the trunks with the rest of her gowns said Lady Gordon of that she was sure. Therefore the employees of the steamship company which operate the liner bestirred themselves mightily today in an effort to locate the missing gowns. Also the police kept a watchful eye on second hand stores to see that a thousand dollar creation of lace and stuff was not on display beside a \$3.99 suit of rustic black.

FOLLOWING TRAIL OF EVIDENCE AGAINST LEAVITT

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 3.—Kenneth McIntosh, former district attorney of King County, Washington, said today that he is in California to investigate charges made against Frank H. Hulseheimer, former first assistant district attorney at Seattle. The charges are in connection with the case against Ralph Leavitt, a wealthy automobile dealer, who was wanted in Seattle on a charge of manslaughter for having run down and killed a street sweeper. Leavitt jumped a bond of \$1,500 and went to Los Angeles. Hulseheimer, accompanied by C. B. Peyton, a special agent, went to Los Angeles to endeavor to extradite Leavitt. They returned without their prisoner. It is charged that they made only a half-hearted fight.

FIRE DOES MUCH DAMAGE TO MINING PROPERTY

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 3.—Fire which is believed to have broken out in the heating plant late yesterday, destroyed the heating plant and three of the Mace mines at the Mace. The loss is estimated today at between \$75,000 and \$100,000. The property destroyed is owned by the Federal Mining and Smelting company. Until the plant is built the output of the mine will be greatly restricted.

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It's very cheer invites them.

At Two-Bar Ranch

The Manager Got His Instructions and Obeyed Them

By DONALD ALLEN

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A manager, a housekeeper, a cook and twenty-six cowboys made up the complement at the Two-Bar ranch, and every one except the manager was laboring under suppressed excitement. No orders had been promulgated, but the Saturday afternoon had been devoted by unanimous consent toward washing up, combing hair and bringing out white shirts and red neckties. Two weeks previously old Jim Bradshaw, foreman, who was supposed to be deep in the confidence of the manager, had said to the storekeeper on Lame Calf creek:

"Tom, old Two-Bar is coming right to the front in a business way."

"As to how?"

"Going to have a telephone line over the railroad."

"That ain't so much."

"Going to fit up an office for the manager with desks and chairs, same as a New York broker's office."

"Nothing to brag of."

"Going to have a typewriting machine."

"Lots of folks got 'em."

"And now hold your breath, you old swindler, while I tell you the rest. We're going to have a girl to run the machine."

"No-o-o!"

"It's a fact. Coming from Chicago, Smarter's chalo lightning. She's going to be stenographer and typewriter. Yes, sir, she is, and no other blamed ranch for a hundred miles around has got one. Old Two-Bar is ahead on the game."

"Well?" queried the storekeeper after a long pause.

"Well, I'm here to give you a tip. If you haven't got two dozen white shirts in stock, send for them quicker than lightning. Send for red neckties. Send for silk handkerchiefs. Send for real cloth collars, and send for perfumery and toilet soap."

"Why?"

"Why, you galoot? Because every man on our ranch is going to come loping over here and inquire for them very things and isn't going to worry about prices either. Because why? Because every man is going to fall in love with that girl before she gets within a mile of the ranch and is going to dress up and let her see what a Jim dandy he is. There can't but one man marry her, and the rest of the gang will shoot him."

It was a tip. The shirts and other things were sent for, and the boys loped over. Forty-nine cent white shirts went for a dollar and a half and no questions asked. Perfumery and hair oil met with a firm market. Red neckties were in great demand.

And now the great day had finally arrived. Old Tom had been sent over to the railroad with the buckboard to bring back the young woman and her trunk. Every man had volunteered to make the trip, and when Old Tom had been selected the gang gathered around him, and its spokesman said:

"There's got to be a square deal or bloodshed—no flinching or soft talk to get ahead of the rest of us. You've got an old woman down on the Brazos, Tom, and if you don't own up to that girl that you have off comes your scalp."

Four hours later the buckboard was sighted with a fieldglass. Fifteen minutes after the announcement it could be made out with the naked eye. While it was still a mile away the cowboys formed in double line along the road to the house. At half a mile they removed their hats and puffed out their shirt fronts. At twenty rods their red neckties blushed furiously. And now Old Tom, having the dignity of a Roman senator, drove the vehicle between the lines, and the veiled lady bowed right and left as every man bent his head and scraped his right foot. Nothing further could have been desired by the most critical.

"And what does she look like?" was demanded of Old Tom as he reached the stables, where they waited for him.

"Boys, she's cute. She's a looker. She's going to set hearts afire and cause forty different murders. You might just as well go into convention and resolve that every galoot of you is going to fall head over heels in love with her at first sight."

Old Tom's prediction was fulfilled. Every man as he got sight of Miss Glazier fell in love with her or thought he did. In a week discipline was lax; in a fortnight there was none at all. Every cowboy on the ranch wanted to sit around looking pretty, and the Chinese cook didn't have time to wash half the white shirts awaiting him. Old Tom stormed and the manager complained, but things continued at sixes and sevens. Few of the men could make an errand at the office. It was only while the typist was walking out that they had sight of her. Three or four got up the nerve to approach her, and the bearing and language of all of them were alike. They bowed and scraped and cleared their throats and said:

"Good evening, marm. I'm hoping I see you well, marm. I'm hoping this country appeals to you. I'm hoping you won't mind the galoots n-peeping at you from behind the bunkhouse and

the stables and showing what their bringing up has been. I'm hoping that you may decide to consider to settle down among us after finding a devoted husband—one perfectly willing to die for you any time of day or night."

And Miss Glazier would smile and blush and reply that she liked the country and the people and the cattle and the wolves and jack rabbits, and the man would back away bowing to the ground to assert to his comrades in waiting that he had made an impression and to be called a liar for the statement.

Cowboys came from other ranches, but were run off as fast as they appeared. Travelers rode out of their way, but were discouraged. At the end of three months the Two-Bar ranch had the reputation of being at loose ends, and the manager's quarterly report elicited the following reply from eastern stockholders:

"Not at all satisfactory. What is the matter out there?"

"I have a stenographer and typist," was telegraphed back.

"Then discharge or marry her," were the instructions.

The manager was a man of action. He had never discharged a stenographer from his employ, and he was not going to begin then—not if Miss Glazier would accept him and the other alternative. She blushed and said she would, but wanted to go back to Chicago for a couple of weeks to see her mother.

The men got hold of the news an hour later—that is, Old Tom told them separately and collectively that any of them who wanted to bid the angel goodby would find her in the office awaiting them. It was white shirts and red neckties again; it was more hair oil and perfume. They said nothing to each other, but they read each other's thoughts. If a husband could keep that poor girl at Two-Bar she should have one. It was Old Tom who lined them up and sent in the first man. The first man had his speech all ready. So did the second, the third and down to the last, and those speeches were all alike. They began with a bow and a kink and a lump in the throat and proceeded:

"I hear, marm—I hear that you are going away far to dwell in our midst no more."

"Yes, I am going back to Chicago."

"During your stay here, marm, you may have observed—you may have taken notice that I have cast my eyes on you as often as possible, and that with the greatest possible respect. It has been a case of love on my part, and I am now here to offer you my hand and heart and promise to do everything in my power to make you happy. I'm rough, but I'm tender. I ain't educated, but I'll never ask for a divorce."

And the reply each one received was the same:

"I feel honored, but must tell you that I ain't to marry the manager on my return."

And when the last had filed in and filed out Old Tom suddenly broke forth:

"Now, you cross-eyed, lop shouldered, knockkneed gang of galoots, the turtle doves have got through cooling. Cupid's got a bustle on him, and if you don't hustle around and bring Two-Bar back to her pristine glory I'll turn loose and bury the whole of you in one grave!"

Know All Their Tricks.

"Gentlemen," said Frederick the Great, "I am entirely dissatisfied with the cavalry. The regiments are completely out of hand; there is no accuracy, no order; the men ride like tailors. I beg that this may not occur again and that each of you will pay more attention to his duty, but I know how things go on. You think I am not up to your dodges, but I know them all and will recapitulate them."

"When the season for riding drill comes on the captain sends for the sergeant major and says: 'I have an appointment this morning at —. Tell the first lieutenant to take the rides. So the sergeant major goes to the senior subaltern and gives him the message, and the latter says: 'What! The captain will be away? Then I am off hunting. Tell the second lieutenant to take the men.' And the second lieutenant, who is probably still in bed, says: 'What, both of them away? Then I will stay where I am. I was up till 3 this morning at a dance. Tell the cornet I am ill and he must take the rides.' Finally the cornet remarks: 'Look here, sergeant major, what is the good of my standing out there in the cold? You know all about it much better than I do. You go and take them.' And so it goes, and what must be the end of it all? What can I hope to do with such cavalry before the enemy?"—History of Frederick the Great.

His Head For Trifles.

They were sitting in the gloaming, planning the home to be—at least, she was planning. George merely listened, pondered, listened and sighed.

"And we'll have one of those lovely velvet Turkey carpets for the dining room, George," she cooed.

"Oh, my pet," he lied, "what a trouble the crumbs and cigarette ashes would be on a Turkey carpet. I can't bear the thought of my sweet-heart brushing and brushing, and making those dear, sweet little hands rough like the hands of any common housemaid!"

"What a head you have for trifles, dear!" she loved softly.

"Tell you what we'll do, dear," cackled George. "We'll toss for it! Tails for the Turkey carpet, heads for linoleum!"

Clunk! And the linoleum had it.

"How lucky!" murmured George as he picked up the double headed penny.

"How lucky it is to have a head for trifles—two heads, in fact!"—London Tit-Bits.

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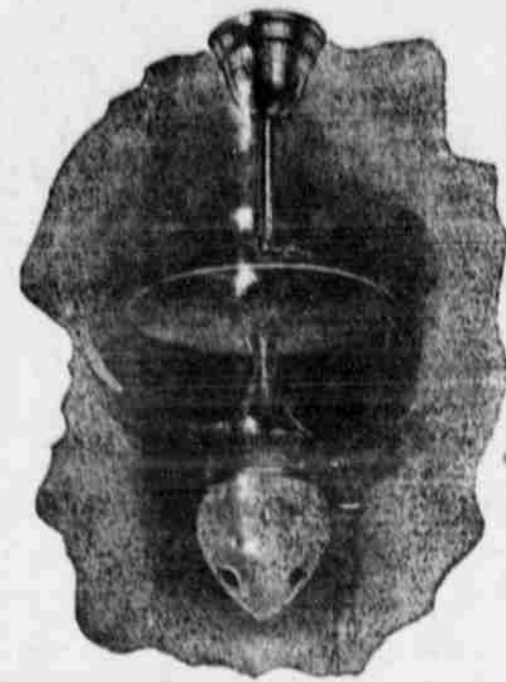
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