PREPARE INSANITY PLEA FOR CONSUL WHO USED PISTOL

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 1.—(AP)—The life of Celso De Leon, shot through the spinal cord by Francisco De Leon Perez, Nicaraguan consul general, ebbed today while attorneys for the Central American official prepared to show in court he had become insane.

Police investigators asserted their belief that Perez, recently separated from his attractive wife, had been crazed with jealousy when he boarded a California street cable car yesterday during the midday rush and fired three shots across the crowded aisle. The third bullet paralyzed De Leon from the breast down.

"Why did you shoot me, my friend?" De Leon demanded when Perez was brought to his bedside for identification. "I've known you 15 years. Your wife has been a mother to my little niece. Why did you shoot me?"

Police said Perez' only explanation was that De Leon had "insulted" him. He refused details. They said he admitted De Leon was the man he intended to kill. He was charged with assault with intent to commit murder. He refused to see visitors, even his son, Oscar.

Until a few days ago Perez was consular agent for Guatemala as well as consul general for Nicaragua. A Guatemala representative here said Perez had been removed from the agency after the government received information that he was acting wildly.

ALLEGHANIES NO BAR TO CAPITAL AIR TRIP

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Feasibility of a shuttle air service between Pittsburgh and Washington has been demonstrated by test flights conducted from Bettis field here for a week. The flights are sponsored by Col. Harry Fry, Pittsburgh aviation enthusiast. A Stinson-Detroiter monoplane with a 200-horsepower whirlwind motor is used.

The flights are not in the nature of an attempt to set any sort of a record, Colonel Fry said, but to demonstrate the practicability of flying between here and the capital, traversing the Alleghany mountains, which are known as "the graveyard of the air."

Sports Writer Ill

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Otto Floto, veteran sports editor of the Denver Post, was taken to a hospital today when he suffered a relapse after temporarily recovering from a long illness. His condition is said to be critical.

HERE'S COOL COMFORT

TREE TEA

ORANGE PEKOE

ICED

Wholesome, delicious, full-flavored. The perfect summer beverage.

For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: Hidden in the cornices of a tomb at midnight, Helen D'Arcy and Sir Richard study Julian's message that cryptic, puzzling note. Suddenly an unearthly cry issues from the old mill nearby. Frightened but bravely daring, Helen goes with Richard to the mill and they find Tom Pitt cowering in terror, for he has seen a dreadful apparition—the ghost of Julian Greyford. As Richard speaks to Pitt, the "ghost" reappears for a moment and Pitt flees. Richard unwillingly yields to Helen's demands that they search the mill for another letter, which Julian's message says, is hidden there. She finally deciphers the puzzle and behind a loose brick—they find the other paper.

Chapter 24

JULIAN'S MESSAGE

FOR a moment Sir Richard and Helen eyed the paper, then he smoothed it and began to read:

"My dear Richard—I have been killed——"

The sound of hurried footsteps checked him abruptly. A moment later Gregory and old Truffeni stood in the door.

"Quick, sir!" he whispered. "Tom Pitt's roused the town—swears he's seen Mr. Julian and you, too. The hunt'll be up after you by this—begone with dame Truffeni!"

"Greg," Sir Richard exclaimed, "See my lady Helen safe home." And turning to her, he spoke a hurried farewell.

"And you, Richard—" my lady asked.

"Faith, Helen, I must needs hide again."

"Why then, said she, "I pray God keep thee in His mercy," and taking Gregory's arm, sped away.

"Should ha' kissed her, my charo," spake Truffeni's soft voice and Sir Richard moved toward her.

"Ay, Truffeni," said he, hastening toward her, "now bless thee, good mother, right trusty friend."

"Still my chavo, should ha' kissed her. She implores God's care on thee."

"Women be strange creatures, Truffeni."

"And men be such children."

"Whither go we, good dame?"

"Where you shall sleep safe, for by your look sleep's your need."

"In faith, and that's true enough!" he signed. "Also this hath proved a night o' disappointments. . . . Though I have cousin Julian's hidden message, it is nothing to my purpose."

Sir Richard bowed and, in silence, followed the strange old gypsy whither she lead ever deeper into the wilderness until at last they came to a row of tents, before which glistened a cheerful fire.

Here they halted and the man Wentzelow advanced, spoke with Truffeni in the strange, soft gypsy tongue. Then she turned to Sir Richard to speak:

"We o' the poor folks has eyes and uses 'em. This afternoon, the Viscount sets out for London, but doubles back to Seaford and there he's seen a-talkin' with Jonas Skag and two other rogues. Wot's more, these same rogues is now a-laying at the Black 'oss in the village. And for why, Richard?"

"Mischief," nodded Sir Richard. "I must stir; I must to work."

"Ay, my chavo, ye must sleep."

The little shadowy tent looked cosy and inviting, but Sir Richard, shaking resolute head, seated himself beside old Truffeni and drew a crumpled paper from his pocket.

"My thanks, kind friend," sighed he wearily, "but though I yearn for sleep, I could not until you have heard this. So Truffeni, hearken and counsel me."

And bending to the firelight he read aloud as follows:

"My dear Richard,

"I have been killed by three or one of three, of the following reasons to wit:

"1. By Tom Pitt (possibly) because I know him for convict returned from transportation.

"2. Captain Desmond (possibly) because I hold proofs that he was once the notorious highwayman and malefactor Captain Archer sometimes called Captain Midnight.

"3. Viscount Brookhurst (probably) because I have his signed confession to the killing of young Allison, whose untimely decease years past set off on you, Dick. The proofs of all this I have hid in the third volume of Mme'aigne's Essays in the library at Weare. Use them, and you will so avenge two fathers and remorseful cousin.

"JULIAN."

"So there it is!" sighed Sir Richard despondently. "And doth advantage my case no whit, for though I prove the Viscount guilty of killing Mr. Allison, here is no proof that I did not kill my cousin Julian."

"Then," said the old gypsy, "then must we force proof. Why doth a dead man walk?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "You . . . mean——!"

"That we must bait a trap, set a snare to wring truth from tongue unwilling. The dead shall not walk in vain—ah, no! We must spread a net—"

Truffeni, rising, brought him into a tent set somewhat apart and larger than the others; here she set pens, ink and paper before him.

"Now write as I bid ye, and as much like your cousin Mr. Julian's hand as maybe," and he wrote this at her dictation:

"Dear Richard:

"You shall find the sealed packet of my secret papers relating to Brocklehurst behind the mulberry post in the Moat House Gardens.

"JULIAN."

"Nay, but," said Sir Richard, "think ye this shall draw him?"

"I'll warrant me! And he shall there find that he doth not expect—Aha, that which shall open his lips ere he know it and drag thence the truth despite himself."

Truffeni held up a finger for silence, and they heard a voice afar that chanted snatches of psalms, as they stepped out of the tent. . . . For a long moment they stood, then the underbrush was burst asunder and a wild figure leapt into the fire-light—hatless, wigless, without coat or waistcoat.

Instantly the camp was all astir, faces peered, voices whispered, knives gleamed. Truffeni clapped her hands, spoke three or four words, gestured imperiously and the whispers were hushed, the faces glimmered and vanished.

Sir Richard, blinking at the awful figure beyond the fire, saw a small, haggard face topped by a stubble of white hair, saw arms tossed, one swathed in a bloody clout.

"Vengeance!" cried a shrill voice, "Brethren, 'tis writ 'inasmuch as ye did it unto one o' the least o' these' . . . 't sirs, he was my father, a man guiltless and innocent, and they hanged him by perjury . . . Titus Oldcraft took him and swore his life away. . . . Jonathan Wild pouched the bloodmoney. Titus first, and when he lieth dead I'll mark him I' the brow like Cain. . . . Vengeance . . . ! Blood . . . !"

And then Black Nick sprang into the fire-glow to clasp this distraught figure in comforting arms:

"Nay, now . . . nay, Rob; easy, lad! Comfort ye—there's none but friends and good pals here."

"But Oldcraft lives . . . lives . . . and killed my father!"

"So-ho, Rob, so-ho!" murmured Nick, patting the other's tear-wet cheek. "Easy, lad! . . . Lord, Mrs. Camlo, ma'm, poor Rob's been a wild man all night, and me a-watchin' of 'ee, but no sooner do I close my peepers than 'e's up and away, ma'm. 'Tis beyond me, be is——"

Old Truffeni approaching the sick man, caught his restless hands, looking into his eyes.

"'Tis the fever, Nick," said she. "Bring him hither." Muttering and weeping, this small grey-haired man tottered abjectly into the tent.

"Brother," said Wentzelow, leaning upon his long musket, "'tis a sick man he looks, and 'tis sick man 'e be, and yet I wouldn't be in Titus Oldcraft's shoes for a fortun'."

Sir Richard shivered, and, drawing stool to the fire, sat down and crouched in the warmth.

"Ah!" quoth Wentzelow, also approaching the genial fire. "'Tis the death hour—I know' the dawn, brother, and there be many a one as lays a-dying at this moment."

"Well, but death, friend Wentzelow, is none so ill if it be quick and sure."

"Mebbe, brother, mebbe, but—I wouldn't be in Titus Oldcraft's shoes—no, not for three fortun's!"

(Copyright, 1925, Jeffery Farnol)

Truffeni's plan may yet bring a happy ending to the romance of Helen and Richard. Continue the story tomorrow.

Australian Ace, Kingsford-Smith, Turns Hopes Toward Flight Between England and United States

Capt. Charles Kingsford-Smith (center) and Capt. Charles T. P. Ulm (lower right) are deliberating whether to fly to the United States by way of Spain, Senegal and South America, or whether to try a northern route. The Southern Cross is the plane with which they have won fame.

LONDON.—(AP)—Capt. Charles Kingsford-Smith has ambitions.

Not satisfied with the fame gained in his 7,800-mile trans-Pacific flight from Oakland, Cal., to Sydney, Australia, a year ago, and more recently in his 12,000-mile journey from Australia to England, the Australian airman is making preparations for a projected trans-Atlantic flight from England to the United States.

He did not wait to complete his Australia-to-England venture to announce his proposed westward trans-Atlantic flight, but told newspapermen in Rome, where he stopped en route from Sydney to London, that he had decided upon the England to America journey.

Immediately following his arrival in London, mechanics were called to overhaul the motors of the historic Southern Cross, while Captain Kingsford-Smith and Capt. Charles P. T. Ulm, his navigator, began their search for the most feasible route for their newest adventure.

Two routes are under consideration. The most likely—the southern route—calls for a takeoff from the mainland from Dakar, Senegal, after a flight from England with a stop in Spain. This would call for an ocean hop to South America and the northward journey to the United States by easy stages.

While the three-motored Southern Cross is being overhauled mechanics will determine whether the monoplane's weight may be lessened to enable it to take off with sufficient fuel for at least 45 hours flying. If this can be accomplished, the Australian flier may decide upon a non-stop flight from Croydon to New York.

Captain Kingsford-Smith and Captain Ulm, first demonstrated their capabilities as long distance fliers in 1928 when they blazed the first air trail across the Pacific in the Southern Cross.

They took off from Oakland May 31 and landed at Sydney June 10. They covered 7,400 miles in less than 89 flying hours. Stops were made in Honolulu, Suva, Fiji Islands and Brisbane, Australia. They were accompanied by two Americans, Capt. Harry Lyon and James Warren.

Their first attempt to fly from Sydney to London in March ended when the Southern Cross was forced down in the wilds of northern Australia.

The four members of the plane's crew, which included two Americans, Harold A. Litchfield, navigator, and Thomas H. McWilliams, radio operator, were lost for a fortnight until they were rescued by another plane. Two men had lost their lives in the search.

The Southern Cross was repaired and took off from Sydney June 25, on the second and successful attempt. The 12,000-mile flight to London was completed July 16.

About New York

By Richard G. Massock

NEW YORK.—The "most destructive force in Wall street" has spent his energy. Jacob Volk, picturesque house wrecker, is dead.

No ordinary destroyer was Volk, but a specialist in a big way, a razer of skyscrapers, the taller the better. Twenty-five hundred buildings crumpled under his workmen's hammers and went tumbling down his chutes.

"Dust to dust" might have been his slogan, but it would have been too sentimental.

There was no sentiment in Volk where old buildings were concerned. He liked so well the fog once given him by a newspaper friend that he put it on his signs—"Jacob Volk, the Most Destructive Force in Wall Street."

He loved, if the term is not inept for that down. No structure awed him. A reporter, I think it was Carl Helm of the Sun, once asked him if he would contract to raze the Woolworth building.

"Sure! Why not?" he said. "If they give me a penalty or a bonus I'll tear 'em down. I don't care how big or how tall they are. Start right at the top, put in my chutes and hoppers, and down it would come."

Typical Success Story.

That was the attitude that made his fortune, that and speed and long hours. He collected a bonus when a building was demolished under the time limit. Once the bonus was $25,000. At that time, he said he worked "24 hours a day."

In his office, however, there were photographs showing him on horseback in Central park or standing with members of the Sullivan clan, that storied political group of a former day headed by Big Tim Sullivan. And at New Year's he distributed handfuls of gold coins to his intimates.

Born in Russia, he was reared on New York's east side, where his father was a butcher. Thirty years ago he went to work for his uncle, who was a house wrecker, and on a salary of $18 a week saved the $300 with which he started in business for himself.

The purchase of two wagons took all his capital, so he borrowed $20 to buy a horse and $20 more for harness.

"Then you know what happened?" he asked his interviewer. "The horse dropped dead! I'm telling you, the horse dropped dead!"

It was one of his favorite stories and he could well afford to laugh as he told it. For, although he sometimes took losses, they were few. The job of tearing down old Delmonico's on Fifth avenue cost him $18,000, but that was a rare instance. He made money, even when it cost him $6,200 just to get out the key of an arch in a Broadway bank building.

"I've got enough money not to worry much," he said less than three months ago. "I don't want to keep on forever."

Screen Life in Hollywood

By Robbin Coons

HOLLYWOOD. — All-talking movies about Broadway's backstage life have no monopoly on the generous use of musical sequences to relieve the monotony of straight dialogue.

Even crook melodrama, its theme the unending conflict between the forces of law and the sinister arms of crime, and its action frequently interpolated by the crack of gun play, offers opportunity for the logical inclusion of singing and dancing numbers. Roland West has so demonstrated in "Alibi," his new production to be released through United Artists.

And as in "The Broadway Melody," pioneer elaborate musical film, the inclusion of music is not only logical, but actually enhances the dramatic progress and atmosphere of the story.

Cabaret and Theater

"Alibi," adapted from the stage play "Nightstick," deals with the love of Joan Manning, daughter of a New York police sergeant, for a gangster just out of prison whom she trustfully believes is reformed.

The leader of Chick's gang is Buck Beckham, owner of a cabaret in which much of the plot unfolds while the high-stepping chorus prances and the star entertainer puts special tenderness in the songs she sings near the table of Danny McGann, detective who, as "Billy Morgan," haunts the place in the role of a perpetually intoxicated rube.

More singing and dancing is closely knit with the situation from which the talkie derives its title. Chick and Joan attend the theater, occupying a box. Over their shoulders the movie audience is treated to a full view of the stage and hears the singing thereon—the voices of a full chorus, then a romantic duet.

But while music pours from the screen, Chick is seen leaving the box. He is gone for a few moments, then returns. During his absence a policeman is killed in a warehouse robbery. Suspicion falls on Chick, and he must establish an alibi for his brief leave-taking from the theater. This need leads through further rapid-fire action to the highly melodramatic denouement.

A Washington Daybook

By HERBERT C. PLUMMER

WASHINGTON.—Somebody said once that the government shows more interest in the welfare of its hogs and chickens than it does in the children of the country.

That may have been true at one time. It certainly cannot be said now. If you have any doubts, then trouble yourself to do a little investigating. It is amazing just how much the government does love your child.

There is here in Washington a division of government called the bureau of home economics. It is the business of the people in this bureau to know things about children and act on that knowledge.

Bureaus and Buttons

For example, after an exhaustive study there was brought forth a garment known as a sun suit. It is for small children and designed to expose to the sunlight as much of the body as possible, and at the same time afford proper protection to the youngster.

At present the bureau is looking into this business of buttons and button holes. Observations are being made to determine which size of button is easiest for tiny fingers to manipulate and where buttons may be most conveniently placed.

Elastic bands and tightly gathered romper legs disappeared after an edict from the bureau. War has been declared on collars. Ample pockets are being encouraged.

Nor is this bureau the only department of government concerned with children. There is the patent office, always eager to protect an invention that will make life more comfortable for tots. An unending flow of products are being put on the market.

There is a new high chair with an extra wide and heavy base to insure added safety, with a compartment below to keep baby blankets, toys and other needs.

Then there is a crib having a cover that may be slid endwise along the top to hold the youngster while being dried after a bath. A new folding bath tub has just recently been patented.

Another invention is a long flexible arm of metal to hold a milk bottle firmly, even though the baby tries to push it away.

The Well-Equipped Baby

A Chicago bachelor has been granted a patent for a baby carriage that can be rocked gently by an electric motor. He has not yet been able to accompany the rocking with a lullaby.

There is a teeter-totter that can be worked by just one child. A spring takes the place of the second child.

A baby carriage that will not tip over at a street crossing has been patented as well as a bottle that will not roll.

A small bottle warmer, electrically heated, has been granted a patent.

Another in the list is a portable contraption used to hold water for bathing on the lawn or in the house. The water may be kept to the depth that the mother believes will be safe for the baby.

And so on down the list.

Internal Health by Nature's Own Methods

If you are sick inside you are sick all over. When the stomach fails to digest its food, you are standing at the threshold of a series of ailments that may end in a complete physical wreck.

Internal health means health throughout the body. Keep your stomach and other digestive organs clean and vigorous by giving them the natural stimulation of the roots, barks and herbs contained in Tanlac.

Tanlac is wonderful for indigestion and constipation—gas, pains, nausea, dizziness and headaches. It brings back lost appetite, helps you digest your food, and gain strength and weight.

Tanlac is as free from harmful drugs as the water you drink. It contains no mineral drugs; it is made of roots, barks and herbs, nature's own medicines for the sick. For over 10 years it has been recommended by druggists who have watched its marvelous results. The cost is less than 2 cents a dose. Get a bottle of Tanlac from your druggist and give it a thorough trial. Your money back if doesn't help you.

Tanlac

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A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause."

But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry evacuating colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store, West Side Pharmacy.

DEER HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA READY FOR OPEN SEASON

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 1.—(AP)—The deer season opens today in the California coast counties, and the first day's shooting is expected to be good. Automobile loads of hunters have been bound for outlying districts several days, and the deer are said to be abundant.

Because of the exceptional fire hazard this year from lack of rainfall many ranch owners have closed their lands to hunting, issuing permits only to hunters known to be experienced and careful. Much of the best hunting however, will be on national forest land.

Hunters on government lands are required to have camp fire permits and a shovel and axe to each party. All deer hunters must have deer tags in addition to necessary hunting equipment. The limit is two animals to each hunter.

Jimmy Braddock received $16,000 for fighting Tommy Loughran.

LINDBERGHS AGAIN NEAR ACCIDENT IN LANDING AIRPLANE

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Landing at Newark airport Wednesday on completion of a transcontinental flight, Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh experienced their second narrow escape from serious mishap in 12 hours.

The plane went into a ground loop damaging one wheel and the tip of a wing. Neither the colonel nor his wife were injured.

Late yesterday, in landing at Columbus, Ohio, their last stop before Newark, the plane started a ground loop when a tire on one of the wheels blew out. The plane skidded half way around, but the colonel righted it after scraping a wing on the runway.

The Lindberghs' arrival marked the end of their cross country flight to inspect the lines of the Transcontinental Air Transport, of which he is technical adviser.

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