

GOVERNOR'S TERM MAY END BEFORE STATUS SETTLED

MADISON, Wis.—(AP) Political enemies of Governor Walter J. Kohler hit a long legal trail when they began an effort to bar him from office.

Charging he was disqualified through alleged violation of the corrupt practices act limiting personal expenditures, LaFollette progressives began their effort to bar Kohler from the governor's chair before he was inaugurated.

Seven months have elapsed since he took office as the first non-progressive to gain election in a decade, and the legal battle, unprecedented in the state's history, has not passed the preliminary stage.

In fact, the prospect looms that Governor Kohler's two-year term of office may have expired before the state courts finally give their decision on his right to hold the office.

Circuit Judge James C. Wickham will sit in Sheboygan, seat of the county in which Walter Kohler has lived all his life, the first week in September and hear the arguments on the demurrer of the governor-defendant to the action commenced by the state at the instigation of our prominent members of the LaFollette progressive faction.

After that, the state supreme court will be called upon to decide whether the decision of Judge Wickham shall be upheld. If that is in favor of the governor, the case will end there. If not, then the way will be cleared to a trial on the merits of the case.

In its legal aspect, the unusual case hinges on whether the governor spent in excess of \$4000 personally in his campaign to win the Republican nomination for governor, and if so, whether he thereby was disqualified to hold the office to which he was elected last November.

Contending that a great public question is involved, progressives who backed the man Kohler defeated in the primary, Rep. Joseph D. Beck, began the court action.

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DANCER'S HEAD IS LEAD FOR MUSIC

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No sooner had this idea flashed in her mind than all Vienna took it up with zest.

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Frau Wisenthal says that she will present her subject before the International Congress of Dancers in Paris this fall.

FUR-TRIMMED GLOVES DISPLAYED FOR WINTER

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Some of the leading authorities on tailor-made and sport costumes show kid and undressed leather gloves with fur-trimmed cuffs for wear with coats, suits and dresses.

For afternoon wear with black coats a leading designer shows black suede gloves with ermine trimmed tops. The combination of black and ermine may even creep into evening styles, some people think.

One of the new furless gloves shown is glaze kid with perforations instead of stitching on the back. It is meant for dress wear.

OREGON STATE STUDENT KILLED IN LOG CAMP

CORVALLIS, Ore., Aug. 19.—(AP) Glen Gordon, Oregon State college student, was killed Saturday in a logging camp accident at Vernonia, Oregon.

He was a prominent freshman athlete and one of the most promising sophomore football prospects Coach Schlesler possessed. He was an exceptional track man and had speed as a half back.

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Seven men and Roger Pell die in the Fotherbury library. Five of them killed themselves. One was shot by the inspector. The seventh was shot by the inspector. The seventh was shot by the inspector.

Chapter 3 THE INQUISITION

ONE of seven men shot Roger Pell, unless—

Inspector Wayne hesitated, his insistent gaze boring into each of us in turn.

"Unless—," he continued, "this is all camouflage of something else. And none of you shot him. And the man who did shoot him has got away. With your connivance."

Mr. Fotherbury shook his head. "Then you tell me that when the shot was fired nobody else was here?"

"Nobody."

The inspector strode to the telephone and rang up his station. He

gave a sharp instruction: to send for the chief constable and to inform him that a murder had been committed at Newplace Abbey, and that the case called for the best men that Scotland Yard could send down.

"Now," the inspector again turned on us, "what happened here before the murder?"

"Who had better tell the story?" said Mr. Fotherbury, glancing from one to another. "Mr. Grenofen, would you?"

"If you wish," said I.

"Thanks," Fotherbury replied. "Mr. Wayne, I had arranged with Professor Laxton of the British Museum to meet my friends here this afternoon to hear Mr. Pell's description of the excavations. Laxton did not arrive and we were waiting for him when this affair began. Now, Mr. Grenofen."

I told the story from beginning to end.

While speaking I kept my eye steadily on Mr. Wayne. I saw his look traveling among the persons in the room as I mentioned them in turn, reporting Pell's outbursts. I was absolutely unimpaired.

The inspector nodded.

"Pell," said he, casting a glance to the floor behind him, "seems to have been a raving lunatic, still you know, we look up lunatics; we don't shoot 'em. I suppose nothing else has occurred to you gentlemen as a test of what actually happened?"

I looked at him wonderingly.

"There is," he added, "one almost infallible test. Some time before we leave this room it must be applied. Now, if you like. It's for you to choose."

He suddenly pointed his finger at me.

"Mr. Grenofen," the inspector said, "on the instant of the shooting all seven rushed to the fallen man—then, without other movement, six took the chairs and Mr. Fotherbury went to the telephone."

"As far as I observed—yes."

"After that," the inspector continued, "nobody moved until I came."

"Nobody."

"Then," said Mr. Wayne, "if we now proceed to discover the man that fired the shot, we shall ease the minds of six out of the seven."

The effect of these simple words was electrical—the words we had dreaded, had not dared to utter.

Another mystery, starting into the scene—revealed in Wayne's chamber.

Wayne leaned upon the table watching the play of expressions on our faces.

"Are you willing that the inspector search us?" Fotherbury asked. "I'll lead the way. Where shall we stand, Mr. Wayne?"

"Remain where you are, Sanderson! Draw my attention to anyone who moves!"

The inspector acted quickly. He fastened on Sanderson and went over him thoroughly, found nothing. Fotherbury, Royce, myself, Sanderson and Eastley were searched. One solitary figure remained—Marling, sitting in the chair by the hearth, deathly pale and agitated.

I think that was the most appalling moment I have ever lived through. Six of us had passed the test. One had to be the seventh, anyhow—but that it should be Marling!

"You are a clergyman, sir," Wayne said after an unbearable hesitation. "If you tell me that you have no weapon, I will accept your word."

Marling rose and walked up to the inspector, a strangely impressive man, with his pallid face, that ring of dark hair like a tonsure and his lying black robe.

"Search me," said he, "just as you have the others."

Marling had joined us when I

opened my eyes—for I could not endure the sight of Wayne passing hands over his clothing—and the bewildered inspector, full of suspicion, regarded us with a deeper frown. Wayne disbelieved us. He was going back on his first theory of a collusion between us.

Then began that impotent visitation by Wayne of every corner of the great apartment. Although it was an oblong room with plain walls and little furniture except the table, and a few chairs, a thorough search for a pistol would have taken many hours. Any book of the many thousands might have hidden it. Wayne walked slowly round looking at the cases, evidently for signs of a recent disturbance. He felt the cushions of the two big chairs by the hearth. He stooped to look into the wide chimney. Thus he worked round to the end of the room where we stood.

There he stayed, looking down upon the body of Pell, from that to the door, and from the door to us.

As Wayne stood contemplating the body of Pell, and manifestly in doubt as to his next step, there suddenly entered my head a notion which assumed large importance afterwards.

Was it possible that we were all suffering from hallucination? That we had not seen what we thought we saw? Or that, with our minds strained in one direction by Pell's conduct, they had been unable to switch off quickly enough to grasp everything that happened?

Wayne started at a movement made by the constable at the door. The man bent his head, in the attitude of listening—the sound of voices and steps were growing louder along the stone corridor.

There was a loud rap on the door.

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"Could you come with me, if you please? There's something wrong."

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DR. COOK EDITOR OF PRISON PAPER IN LEAVENWORTH

LEAVENWORTH, Kas.—(AP)—Frederick A. Cook, erstwhile doctor, explorer and author, is testing the pen's mightiness behind prison walls.

A school of journalism for the training of his kind, has been established at the United States Penitentiary here by its warden, T. B. White. Dr. Cook, who is serving a 14-year sentence on a charge of using the mails to defraud, is editor of the school's monthly publication, "The New Era."

Dr. Cook has penned a "bill of rights" for the prison's latest branch of vocational training.

In an editorial the man who claimed to have discovered the north pole in 1908 contends that the prison's journalism school is but part of an "extensive campaign to reorganize the sleeping mentality of 2500 men—the penitentiary's population."

His analysis of public affairs, as viewed from a prison, includes these statements:

"A prison school of journalism is new, so new that the announcement will come to most educators as a questionable experiment.

"The press is not independent, as is often claimed—no news service ever can be—because it is planted at the crossroads of life, where all is interdependent.

"Human betterment is all that a jail paper has to offer. . . . The type of special training which a prison school of journalism can give must rest on a basis of a system of adult education, a salvaging of lost schooling."

"Crime is not due to a lack of education, but to an incapacity to foresee the consequences of every act. The warden has this in mind when he seeks to industrialize all prison activities in a trade school."

"Success in this new endeavor depends upon willing co-operation, and co-operation is the password to the wealth of America's economic empire."

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TOWER OF HISTORY IS PROPOSED IN HUNGARY

BUDAPEST.—(AP)—The idea of erecting a mammoth tower on the banks of the Danube which will incorporate the whole history of Hungary is finding favor among the government, the public and the press.

It is proposed that the tower, which will be situated in Petofi square on the Pest side of the river, between the Chain and the beautiful Elizabeth bridges, shall be 29 stories high.

Each story will contain statues and pictures depicting the history of Hungary during the 1,000-year existence of the kingdom. It will be possible for visitors to get acquainted with the country's glorious history in an hour or so, beginning at the top with the conquest of Hungary and ending on the ground with the World War which has seen the dismemberment. Leading banks and owners of private picture galleries have promised their support.

That statement is inspired by the amount of brightly colored "junk" intrinsically speaking, which smart women are wearing draped around their necks.

A couple of yards of intermingled dark, blue and natural colored wooden discs is a permissible ornament. Leading banks and owners of private picture galleries have promised their support.

Other color combinations for the wooden necklaces are jade green and black, black and yellow, black and white.

The discs, thin as wafers and set with fancy edges, are sold by the yard now in French department stores. Despite their inexpensive character and wide appeal smart women seem to be undiscouraged and go right on trying to evolve new color combinations and fancy effects.

The past ornaments, flower and water beads brilliantly dyed, seem to be wanting rapidly in popularity as summer wares. Opponents of the less restrained style in costume jewelry are wishing a speedy death for both styles.

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Advertisement for Snowdrift shortening. Features an illustration of a can of Snowdrift shortening with the text 'Snowdrift for Cake Biscuit Pastry and Frying'. Includes the headline 'NEW' and the text 'A convenient modern package—for a convenient modern shortening'. The main body of text describes the product's benefits and ease of use. The brand name 'Snowdrift' is prominently displayed at the bottom.

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MICHIGAN GOVERNOR HOARDS PAY CHECKS

LANSING, Mich.—(AP)—Fred W. Green, Michigan's chief executive, some day may deplete the state fund by \$20,000.

It will represent his salary for four years, the state paying him, except with the magnificent sum of \$5000 a year to direct its corporate activities.

The pile of salary checks is growing. The governor now is paying his second term, which will expire in 1929. Right now the governor has approximately 50 checks, whose total value is \$12,000, tucked away in a drawer.

What the governor, who is not

PARIS.—(AP)—The fashion of wearing long gloves for evening is gaining popularity rapidly here, except with the dancing crowd, which seems to prefer the coolness of bare arms.

Winter may see a definite return to elbow evening gloves, many style authorities are prophesying. Black gloves are particularly admired, although white and palest beige colors are smart.

Classified advertising gives results.

WE DEVELOP FILMS FREE

West Side Pharmacy  
YOUR REXALL STORE  
Open Sundays and Evenings  
All the Time

WE DEVELOP  
Films Free  
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TOBACCO GROWING BY CHILDREN PROTESTED

MADISON, Wis.—(AP) Members of the Women's Christian Temperance union will ask the Wisconsin state organization to disapprove of children raising tobacco. The state union meets in October.

"Children who plant tobacco and tend it while it is growing will think nothing of smoking it, not realizing the ill effects it has upon their systems," remarked Mrs. Flora C. Hopkins, president of the Dane county branch.

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