

A WILDERNESS
AND THOU—

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Alice Disbrow looked down at the girl who sat on the railing of the rude camp.

"Isn't it funny that I should find you here?" she asked in her high-fluted voice. "How have you ever stood this wilderness?"

"I think it's funnier to see you here," the girl on the railing answered.

She looked at Alice with an honest admiration. Alice was in all things her opposite. She was slender and delicate and fair; she had the look of a wild-flower in her pale blue frock and the wide hat with its long velvet streamers. Under the hat, Agatha Holmes saw the eyes that looked like forget-me-nots, with the penciled brows above them, the white skin, the scarlet of lips that was not quite natural.

That was why Alice Disbrow seemed so out of place here, she decided. She was no more an accompaniment to camp life than an orchid. Her frail dress, her high-heeled suede slippers were not made to tramp these woods. Agatha looked down at her own high, rough boots, at her tweed skirt, her brown hands, with a sudden distaste. For one instant she longed for all the artificialities that made the other girl so charming. But they would not have suited Agatha; she was too simple, too sincere, to resort to subterfuge to cover her lack of prettiness.

Besides, she thought ruefully, nothing could make her pretty. Her fine, strong white teeth, and her eyes, large and gray and honest, were her only good features.

"I like the wilderness," Agatha said simply. "I'd been working so hard that just to get away and smell the breath of the forest and drive my canoe across the lake has made my life worth living again."

"Oh, my dear, how do you stand working? I never could. There are so many nice things to do, when there are men, dancing and flirting and—"

She mocked the other girl out of the corner of her blue eyes.

"Then I shouldn't think you would want to come up here!" Agatha said honestly. "You'll hardly see a man all season, unless you mean the guides or the men who only stop to get a meal on the way with their camping outfits."

Alice was silent. She studied the other girl as a possible adversary. Then complacently she took out her tiny vanity case and powdered her nose in the very sight of the forest aisles. Alice knew that Jere Warren was coming up here; that was why she had chosen to come. She had wanted him to know all winter. Wasn't he the most prominent of the young illustrators, and hadn't people told her time and again that she was just like the illustrations of his prettiest girl?

Alice studied the watch on her white wrist, and then she said: "I'll leave you now"—and trailed into the camp. She had staged too many scenes to miss the chance to play this one artistically.

So it was Agatha Holmes, who, still sitting on the railing of the camp, met the dark eyes of a stranger as he came up the trail. His first look of surprise at seeing the girl in this wilderness changed to one of pleasure when he met her friendly eyes.

"This is Humphries' camp?" he asked in a pleasant deep voice.

"I wonder if he is expecting me. I walked over from the stage and left my duffle to come behind."

"Humphries is out catching fish for dinner now," Agatha smiled.

He stood beside her on the rough veranda of the camp and listened to the modulations of her voice. She would be a very pleasant companion, he thought, to go tramping with, to hunt out the secrets of the forest with.

Then Jere Warren turned to see another girl come singing through the doorway. She lifted blue eyes of surprising innocence to him, and dimpled: "Oh, I didn't mean to intrude—"

"By Jove, she's lovely!" the man thought in his own swift glance.

Agatha Holmes introduced them, feeling awkward somehow, and as though she were the intruder, when she heard Alice say: "Oh, you are Jere Warren, the illustrator? If you knew how I admire your drawings!"

Jere Warren seemed flattered at the girl's words; and Agatha blushed hotly, for she remembered the scrapbook she had at home with his illustrations pasted in it! But the words she wanted to say would not come, and she stood there feeling more an outsider as she saw Jere Warren lose himself in admiration of the other girl. Agatha stole away in a few minutes.

It was Jere Warren who insisted that they three should dine at one table together in the camp, which separated them from the guides and trappers, who were getting ready for the "season." Agatha, watching the other two with her clear gray eyes, wondered how a man like Jere, who was so clever in his work, could be fooled by the empty little tricks of Alice Disbrow. But she was the first to agree with Jere when he sang the praises of the other's loveliness in her ears. She had fought against her jealousy, and won.

She acquiesced with more pain than pleasure in his proposal that they three take a tramp to a trout stream he had discovered not far away.

"If the walking's too hard, I'll carry you," he smiled to Alice Disbrow.

"Oh, Mr. Warren, how can you say such things?" Alice pouted.

Jere and Agatha waited before the camp for Alice. When she appeared Agatha heard the man draw in his breath. Agatha was charming in her white serge skirt and short coat belted in scarlet. Her tiny white felt hat with its pheasant's wing and her high boots of white suede made her more than ever one of his illustrations.

In a few minutes they left the trail that led away from the camp, and struck inward through the forest. They walked on and on until the light sifted down dimly through the tree-tops, but they did not strike the stream.

Agatha turned when she heard a faint cry. Alice had slipped and twisted her foot on a hidden stone. When she reached her the girl was suddenly sick and dizzy.

"The stream's only a bit farther. You stay with her and I will get some water," the man said. When he came hurrying back to dash some of the water on the girl's face she turned away pettishly.

"There's no reason to ruin my dress," she complained. "Oh, it hurts so," she began to cry weakly; while the tears made furrows down her pink cheeks and left the rouge showing in grotesque spots.

"We'd better get back," the man said, "before it gets dark."

The three made their way slowly toward the trail, with Alice limping painfully between them. Agatha fancied she heard Jere give a muttered "damn" when Alice wept. "Oh, I don't see why you brought me on this horrid walk! And now you don't know how to get back!"

The darkness had fallen suddenly, as it does in the north woods, and Jere was doubtful of his direction. He looked comically at Agatha and her gray eyes broke into a twinkle of laughter. "We may have to make a night of it," the man apologized. "Of course, they'll send out for us when they discover we're lost. I ought not to have brought you, but I don't dare take the risk of leading you through this wilderness without more light."

"I should say you shouldn't have brought us!" Alice cried, her pretty voice sharp now.

"I think it'll be rather a lark," the man heard the smile in Agatha's voice.

Agatha helped him gather some dry twigs for a fire and soon they lighted the woods with a bright blaze. Alice sat in the background; when she did come near enough for the fire to show the ravages that a few hours had made in her appearance Agatha was filled with pity. The water dashed on her so unceremoniously had taken the careful wave from her hair, and her white cheeks were stained with tears. And now that she had ceased to be piquant and flirtatious, her charm was gone.

Alice refused the chocolate that Agatha had stuffed in her pocket and drew away from the firelight. Jere and Agatha before the blaze sat munching chocolate, and the man looked at his companion with new eyes. She was just as fresh as she had been when they left in the early afternoon. Her eyes gleamed across at him with their friendly frank gaze, and the heat had lighted a rosy glow in her clear brown skin.

It was so dark now that the fire alone lighted the woods with eerie shadows. Agatha, looking behind, saw Alice huddled in a little heap asleep. Jere Warren took off his coat and laid it over her gently. When he came back to Agatha there was a long silence.

The man, lighting his pipe, frowned down into its bowl before he spoke. "I've been a fool, Miss Holmes," he said. "I took the glitter for the gold, and now I wonder—Oh, I'm not good at that sort of thing, but I mean I wonder if a fellow would have a chance to be your friend?"

The rose in Agatha's cheeks deepened before she answered, and her eyes were no less friendly if they held a new shyness. "I should think so, Mr. Warren—if that girl was I—"

Far off they heard the sound of a faint "Hullo! Hullo!"

REAL "FATHER" OF REVOLVER

Samuel Colt Acknowledged Originator of Idea That Revolutionized Weapons of Warfare.

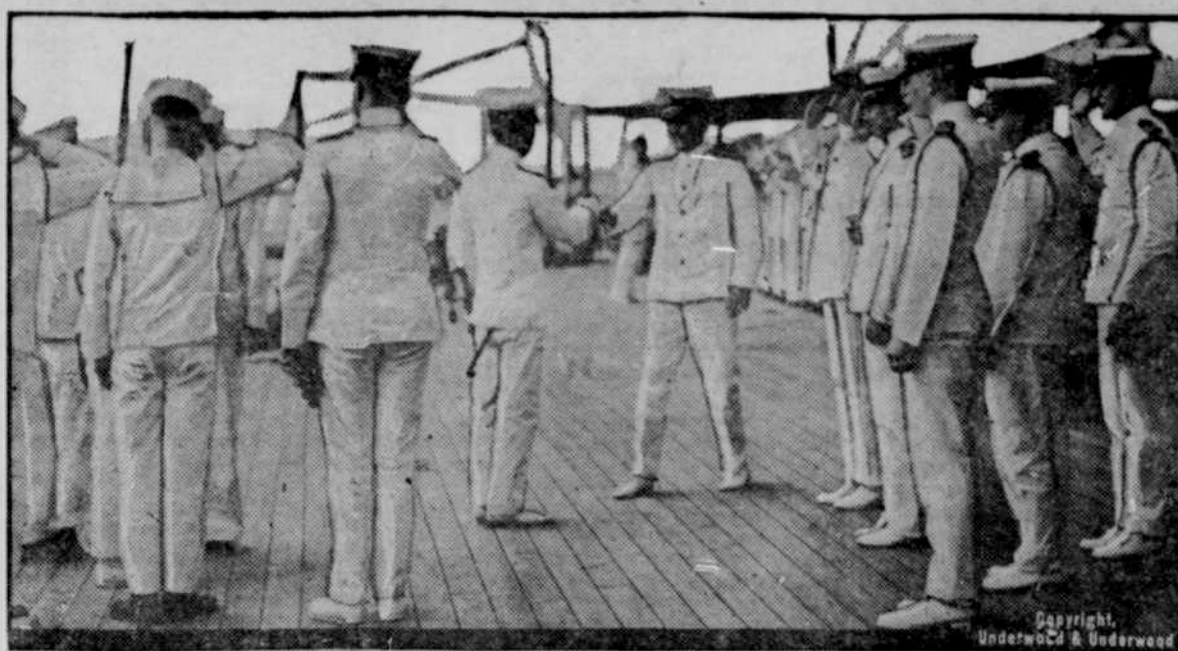
The first patent for a "revolving firearm" issued by the United States was to Samuel Colt, a Connecticut youth, and bore date of December 28, 1835. Colt was a native of Hartford. He worked for a time in a factory and then ran away to sea. It was during his leisure hours on the long voyage to India that he developed the idea which resulted in the invention of the revolver. He made a model of wood while he was a fifteen-year-old sailor boy.

On his return to America he accumulated funds and went to England and France to secure patents on his idea before he patented them in his native land. A company was organized on this side of the Atlantic to manufacture his weapons, and a plant was established at Paterson, N. J. Colt revolvers were first used in warfare during the Indian conflict in Florida in 1837. The Mexican war led to a great demand for these weapons and brought them into general use.

What Courtesy Overlooks.

One way to make sure that you maintain amiable relations with your immediate neighbors is not to permit yourself to take advantage of their close proximity to you. There are always little things that you can learn about your neighbors that it is the part of courtesy to overlook.

ADMIRALS MEET ON BATTLESHIP PENNSYLVANIA



This photograph, taken at Guantanamo bay, Cuba, where the Atlantic fleet is at winter practice, shows Admiral Simpson boarding the battleship Pennsylvania to meet Admiral Wilson.

Reed Found In
Soviet Russia

Communist Long Sought on Charge of Conspiring Against United States.

MAKES ESCAPE VIA NORWAY

Lenine Welcomes Him as Envoy From United States Communist Party—Lived in Kremlin as Guest of Authorities.

Washington.—John Reed, close friend of Lenine and Trotsky, who is under indictment in Chicago for alleged conspiracy to overthrow the United States government, arrived in Soviet Russia by way of Finland last December. It is learned. Since his indictment recently federal and Illinois state agents have been searching for Reed all over the United States.

On being told of Reed's presence in Russia—it is not known yet whether he has left there—the state department was interested to learn the channel through which he obtained a passport. The department is informed that he shipped as a sailor from an American port to Norway. From there he traveled on foot to Stockholm. There he stowed himself away, or was stowed away, on a vessel about to sail for Helsinki.

The adventurous Mr. Reed narrowly escaped arrest in Helsinki, but, disguising himself as a Russian peasant, he crossed the frontier into Russia. He was received in Moscow as the official envoy of the American Communist party, and as such attended the meetings of the third international, and made a speech at the All-Russian Soviet convention in the middle of December.

Lived at the Kremlin. In Moscow Mr. Reed lived at the Kremlin as the guest of the people's commissars.

He was in constant communication with Lenine and Trotsky, it is stated.

Use Stones as Money, Says This U. S. Marine

San Francisco.—Stones, flat smooth ones, with holes drilled in the center, constitute the form of money the Yaps use, according to Marine Corps Sgt. Alberto Bresnahan, who just returned from the Orient and who was a visitor recently at the Island of Yap, a tropical isle in the Pacific, used as a trans-Pacific cable station.

"A Yap dollar stone weighs two pounds," adds the marine. "When the natives get on top of a mountain and pitch pennies it reminds one of a landslide."

DROPS THREE MILES

Aviator Has Thrilling Experience Trying for Record.

Oxygen Tank Begins to Fail and Flyer Almost Loses Consciousness.

Dayton, O.—Dropping 14,000 feet while six miles in the air and still alive today was an experience through which Maj. R. W. Schroeder, chief test pilot at McCook field and champion altitude flyer of the secret service, passed recently.

Major Schroeder formerly lived on Washington boulevard, Chicago. He made his first flight over the stock yards here ten days ago.

While making a maximum test flight in a Le Pere ship, in which he has been flying for altitudes, Schroeder noticed the thermometer of the ship. It registered 32 degrees below zero.

and visited the Red army at the front.

Mr. Reed was in Moscow until the middle of January. Of that the state department is quite certain. His reception in Russia was the warmer because two years ago Trotsky appointed him bolshevist consul general at New York. Mr. Reed never assumed that office, for, as it turned out, the appointment was made to facilitate his return to the United States.

It would seem that Reed anticipated that he would be indicted and so sought more hospitable shores. In the course of the widespread search for him as a fugitive from justice a man suspected of being Reed was arrested near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. This man proved that he was Harrison B. Ellis, that he had not been in Chicago for 15

years and had never uttered or written unpatriotic opinions.

Eighty-five big and little leaders of the Communist party in America were indicted in Chicago on the same charge as Reed on January 23 last. Among them were Mrs. Rose Pastor-Siokes of New York City, a member of the executive committee of the Communist party; Nicholas J. Hourwich of New York City, publisher of Novy Mir, the most prominent Russian newspaper in the United States, who formerly employed Leon Trotsky; Isaac E. Ferguson, chief counsel for the party, and Louis E. C. Fraine, editor in chief of all Communist propaganda in this country, who is in Mexico, it is believed.

The authorities here regard Reed, although he was graduated from Harvard, as one of the most earnest young Communists in America. Before the indictment which hangs over him was found, federal and state courts had indicted Reed for alleged seditious utterances and writings. But the indictments were quashed, or, on being tried he was acquitted.

Grim End of
Perfect Dream

Living Conditions in Russia Pictured in Dismal Colors by Prof. Zeidler.

DISEASE TAKES HEAVY TOLL

Typhus, Cholera and Influenza Are Rapidly Depleting the Population—Cold, Hunger and Despair Are Lot of the Living.

Helsinki.—Reports of serious living conditions at Petrograd have been received by Prof. Hermann Zeidler of Viborg, showing that typhus, cholera and influenza are taking a heavy toll of the depleted population.

Up to January 15 deaths in Petrograd were reaching a total of 3,000 a day. The coffin factories could turn out only 1,000 coffins daily, and most of the bodies were being carried into the country on sleds and left in the snow.

Many bodies were being dropped through the ice in the River Neva. Funerals were prohibited owing to the scarcity of horses and because of the depressing effect of funeral processions.

Stagnant Broken Sewers. "Living conditions are intolerable," Professor Zeidler said. "It costs 30,000 Lenine rubles a day for food alone. Petrograd at night is without light and there is very little drinking water. Houses are flooded by the bursting of frozen pipes. The sewers are stopped and sanitary conditions are deplorable."

"A month ago the number of typhus cases was 300 a day and steadily increasing. Hospital conditions are indescribably bad. There is no bed linen no medicines, no soap and no disinfectants, the last of the supply of sublimated having given out January 1, when 35 disinfecting stations were closed."

"The people have given up hope and they do not wish to live. They make grim jokes among themselves as to how much longer they will hold out."

Conditions among the soviet peasantry, cost of living and scenes at Moscow and the other soviet centers are given by the staff correspondent of the Amsterdam Handelsblad, G. Nybels, just back from an extended tour through soviet Russia.

"At the railway station in Smolensk," the correspondent writes, "there is a long row of stalls in which people sit behind little barred windows and sell all sorts of merchandise."

"I noticed the prices. One pound of salted meat was 320 rubles; a pound of black bread, 100 rubles; a little piece of potato cake, 40 rubles. A little water glass full of makhorka (tobacco root) was 100 rubles."

"On the station platform one sees the soldiers lying about amidst the dirt which covers the ground. They roll their cigarettes with bits of paper torn from newspapers, and wait patiently for what will happen next."

"By the side of a big cash register stands a barmaid selling salted meat, cake and pastry to the smartly dressed men gathered about her. The poor devils lying on the ground do not even notice it, for they know very well that in the new state there are rich men and poor men just as before."

Black and White Wed. London.—Black and White were the names of the bride and bridegroom at a North London wedding. The name of the best man was Brown.

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WHAT IS YOUR WIFE WORTH?

London Judge Says It's a Question Requiring Much Thought so Reserves Judgment.

London.—What is the cash value of a wife? Is a question which agitated the London divorce court for a time.

Counsel for the husband in a case, arguing on the question of damages, said that "the old theory that a wife was a chattel and that the jury had to award damages to the owner of the property still holds true with some slight modification."

"When you call her a quasi-chattel," said the judge. The court found the matter too heavy for hasty decision and reserved judgment.

State Gets Walter's \$35,000. San Francisco.—The \$35,000 estate left by Harry Hastings, a waiter at the Elk club here, will go to the state because the public administrator has been unable to locate any relatives.

Hastings came here from the East 25 years ago.

SILVER

—Must be GOOD to be a wise investment. Used long enough it becomes a priceless heirloom. —The ware of the world's great silversmiths is here. . . And our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

HELP WANTED If you want big wages learn to make jewelry. Many small towns need jewelers. Good opportunities open for men over 18 years. Barbers by day have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write. Moler Barber College, 45 S. West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

ANCIENT MARVEL OF EGYPT

Labyrinth Constructed Some 3,500 Years Ago Was a Structure of Colossal Size.

King Minos, with his labyrinth on the island of Crete, is generally supposed to have been the originator of the maze idea; but Egypt manages to hold the record for antiquity in almost everything, labyrinths included.

This Egyptian labyrinth is 3,500 years old. It is merely a chaotic mass of rocks piled up in the desert a few miles out of Medinet. The outlines of the walls merge dimly here and there from the ruins, and from these outlines, and the carvings on the stones, Egyptologists deduce that the labyrinth was built by a certain King Labarys, who was more popularly known as Amenemhat III.

The structure was 500 by 600 feet. It contained 3,000 rooms, half above ground, half below. Remember that the largest hotel in our present day world boasts about that number of rooms on a dozen floors and covers a city square, and some idea of the size of the two-story labyrinth can be gained.

Nobody has figured out yet why King Amenemhat built this enormous palace or tomb. In the lower story, history says, the sacred crocodiles and kings were buried, while the upper floor was a few centuries after King Amenemhat's time, used as a seat of government.

The labyrinth was a wonderful place, one of the most wonderful in Egypt, if our ideas of it are correct, and its greatness was its downfall. The citizens of a near-by town, who worshipped the Ichneumon, resented the sacred crocodiles of the labyrinth. And so they made an attack upon one of King Amenemhat's successors and reduced the largest structure in Egypt to a ruin.

LAND OF RACIAL TEMPESTS

Dalmatia Has Been an Unquiet Spot in All the Years of Her Traglo History.

Dalmatia, elongated so that it is nowhere more than 35 miles wide, tapering down to but a mile at Cattaro, has been swept by continuous racial tempests for the last eight centuries. Croats and Serbians constitute the Slav element in Dalmatia, speaking the same language, but employing two alphabets. The Serbs use the Russian, and the Croats the Latin letters and alphabet.

The Latin influence is more prevalent in the cities, the story of Dalmatia being the reason therefor. In the middle ages the Dalmatians were a people without the consciousness of a country. During the Slav influx into Illyria the invaders encountered little opposition, except in the seaport towns. The Latin element in the cities resisted the migration and thus engendered the strife for supremacy which persists to this day.

Much of the early Dalmatian rivalry was economic, the tradesmen and farmers naturally wishing to exchange their goods with the Hungarians. The maritime cities preferred to do business with Venice, which controlled the Adriatic.

Chinese Study Real Work.

Even a Chinese pocket dictionary contains more than 10,000 characters representing words, and if a man intends really to master Chinese he must learn to recognize them all—"a stupendous task." However, 8,000, 4,000 or 5,000 syllables are all that a Chinese of average education requires, and, if anyone will persevere until he has thoroughly conquered a thousand, he will be in a position to have some appreciation of a novel and to master the difficulties of a simple business document. But for the sincere student a thousand characters is the minimum.

Potatoes: Good Value.

Potatoes differ widely in food value. It is shown that the most useful potato for food is the one with the largest amount of dry matter. When two varieties are practically equal in this respect the nitrogen they contain enters into the estimation of their feeding quality.

For One Lone Blossom.

If you are in need of decorations and find but one lone, short-stemmed rose on your bush, do not despair. Pick the flower with as long a stem as possible. Then either tie or wire the short-stemmed blossom to a longer stem of another flower; in this way there is no waste on account of lack of stem. If you have no other flowers whose stems you can use, try a bit of the branch of the plant, or, in lieu of better, avail yourself of the hollow stem of an artificial rose.