

MacFirth of the Mounted Police

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

"Get him, MacFirth, dead or alive!" The words were crisp, final. Alan MacFirth saluted his chief, crossed to the door with decisive step and closed it behind him.

Now to say goodby to Jeannie. He strode over to the factor's dwelling, the most pretentious of the little group of white-painted buildings, and rapped sharply on the door.

"I'll do my best, Jean," he said simply, and presently after a phrase of conventional farewell set out on his long and lonely mission.

Had he known that, despite his efforts at concealment, the girl had read in his eyes his love for her, he might have found in the fact a trifle of consolation.

Many weeks later, in an odorous igloo not very far from the frozen arctic rim, MacFirth found Brandon, recognizable in spite of his Eskimo clothes, his growth of beard and the ravages of sickness.

For in that vast country, with its frozen wastes and snow-bound horizon, white men respect two things—famine and the Northwest Mounted Police.

In the monotonous days which followed temptation lay heavily on MacFirth to let Brandon die. In the lonely nights in camp on the way to the post he fought ten thousand little devils which urged him on to a negative course of action—merely to fight the fever, not to give the medicine, not to prepare the nourishing broth.

But he did not yield. The chief might be satisfied with Brandon dead—Jean would not.

Meanwhile at the post Jeannie pondered the whereabouts of the two men, one of whom she knew loved her. She worried also concerning her father. John Bruce was losing furs for the company. For several seasons the value of the pelts had been decreasing.

Yet the independent traders were doing better than ever. Someone had been warning the Indians on their return from their winter's trapping and bribing them to turn over the most valuable skins. For his thievery—and it was little else—her father would be held responsible.

Came a mild day when Jeannie laced up her walking boots and took her troubles into the open air. After a lengthy tramp she decided, like a true daughter of the wilderness, on a short cut home, and thereby made her discovery.

While forcing her way through an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush bordering a muskew swamp she stumbled over a plank. Surprised, she stopped to investigate, and found that the plank was part of a flooring which concealed a dugout of some sort.

It was late when Jeannie returned

home. Tired and perplexed, she did not notice the subtle air of excitement which hovered about the "post" but went straight to the office of the chief to make known her discovery.

Unaware, she opened the door, then gave a little cry. There stood MacFirth and, quite unlike his former jaunty self, Jim Brandon. Jean leaped weakly against the door as all eyes focused upon her. Then, straightened suddenly, she held out her hand with the fob.

"See what I have kept of yours!" she cried ambiguously, her eyes darting from one man to the other. MacFirth's eyes held only a desperate yearning. But, "Mine!" said Brandon, with an attempt to recapture his former debonaire manner. Then he cringed suddenly, for Jean turned upon him, her eyes blazing.

"Then it was you who have been cheating my father! You who bribed Margot's half-wit husband to steal and hand over to you all the black and silver fox pelts! You who hid them away—the furs the Indians owed my father for supplies already charged against them at the company store! Margot is afraid of her husband, but the very day Alan went after you she came to me and said, 'Brandon—she knows all about skins! That was why I prayed that you might come back. Then today, quite by accident, I found your cache—and this!'"

"You're excused, MacFirth," he said briefly. In the darkness Alan overtook Jeannie. With the air of one who will no longer be denied he drew her masterfully to him.

"If you don't love Brandon," he said tenderly, "perhaps—"

"I do love you!" cried Jeannie.

WIT AND HUMOR IN BIBLE

"Good Book" Replete With Lively Sallies That May Be Classed as of First Quality.

A writer on this somewhat unusual topic says: "There is wit and humor of the first quality in the Bible," and to prove it he continues:

"Job in his thirtieth chapter is telling how he scorned the low-lived fellows who pretended to look down on him in his adversity. They are fools. They belong to the long-eared fraternity. Anybody with less wit might call them asses, but Job puts it more deftly (30:7): 'Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together.' If that is not wit, there is no such thing as wit. And yet the commentators don't and won't see it.

Take another instance—Elijah's ridicule of the prophets of Baal. They are clamoring to their god to help them out of a very awkward predicament. And while they are at it, the prophet shows them up in a way that must have made the people roar with laughter. The stiff, antiquated style of our English Bible tames down the sallies. Take them in modern phrase. These quack prophets have worked themselves into a perfect desperation and are capering about on the altar as though they had the St. Vitus' dance. The scene (I Kings 18: 26,27) wakes up all of Elijah's sense of the ridiculous. 'Shout louder! He is a god, you know! Make him hear! Perhaps he is chatting with somebody or is off on a hunt or gone travelling. Or maybe he is taking a nap. Shout away! Wake him up!'

"Imagine the discomfiture of the priests of Baal at such witty and sarcastic comments upon their performances."

"City of Earthquakes."

The city of San Salvador, capital of the republic of Salvador, may be called a city of earthquakes, for it has seen disaster as a result of many eruptions, and even today the many volcanoes that surround the little city which has been shattered so many times again threaten it. Rumbblings and grumbblings are heard, coming, it is supposed, from the Izalco volcano.

This cinder-covered peak, nearly 5,000 feet high, has gradually built itself up from what was a level plain at the base of the Santa Ana volcano. It has long periods of inactivity, throwing up clouds of smoke and steam in great puffs, and at times belching flames. Sometimes a flashing effect can be seen far out at sea, and the volcano has become known along the coast as the lighthouse of Central America.

Spanish Girl Has Attendant.

The Spanish girl of any attractions is almost always attended by a young man who is known as her novio, and who has the privilege of escorting her on her walks, although, by a singular anomaly, no formal engagement exists. So long as this state of things continues the young lady has to be loyal and obedient to her gallant. But he may cease his attentions at any time, and openly transfer them to some other attractive lady. Although the advantages of such a custom are all on the side of the man, very few Spanish girls would care to be without a novio, however flake.

Accommodating.

Lawyer—I would like more time for my client, your honor. Judge—Certainly. I was going to give him five years, but I'll raise it to ten.

Kindly to Judge.

Charity—gently to hear, kindly to judge.—Shakespeare

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion)

ONLY WOMAN COMMANDER OF AN AMERICAN LEGION POST



Mrs. Daisy Erd is the only woman commander of an American Legion post in the United States. Mrs. Erd was "snapped" in the act of planting a tree in the Charlestown (Mass.) navy yard during Legion services.

DUTY OF EX-SERVICE BOYS

They Should Assist in Maintenance of Law and Order, Says National Adjutant.

For the benefit of the comparatively few isolated communities in which there is noticeable a tendency to give credence to misinformation emanating chiefly from the ranks of alien agitators and other enemies of 100 per cent Americanism, it is deemed advisable to refer to an editorial in the Chronicle, Cincinnati, O., official organ of the Ohio Central Labor Council and "Local voice of the American Federation of Labor."

In its issue of May 29, 1920, this publication quotes the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion, and adds:

"The above is the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion and to our minds it certainly sets forth a principle that every true American, whether he be a world war veteran or not, can consistently subscribe to.

"Recently an international officer, returning from a state conference to Cincinnati gave vent to the expression that the members of his international union would not be allowed to join the American Legion. This to our mind is baby play. The attitude of the American Legion toward organized labor in the state of Ohio, and locally as well, has been clearly defined and has been approved of by the Central Labor council. It is claimed that at least 40 per cent of the boys who went to France and across the water were trade unionists. If this is true, then the proper thing for them to do would be to join the American Legion, and if ever the occasion arose when there would be a criticism of the labor movement, they could be of service by explaining our real purposes, thereby eliminating some of the antagonism to us which comes from misunderstanding only. There need be no fear by trade unionists of the American Legion. We believe they are right and that they are fair, especially their leaders, and as we said above, we would recommend to every trade unionist who is eligible to membership that he can best protect his interest and the wage earner by getting in line, and place himself where he properly belongs."

In this connection, the following excerpts from a recent letter of Franklin D'Olier, the Legion's national commander, to Thomas Goldingay, state adjutant of New Jersey, appear appropriate:

"The American Legion has taken a very positive stand that, as an organization, it should never take any definite part in any dispute between the employer and the employee, or between capital and labor. This policy should be adhered to strictly by the national organization, state organizations and by the posts as well.

"In any such controversy, the interest of the Legion is confined to that of the maintenance of law and order and without taking part on either side, in case the situation should arise where life and property are endangered, it is the duty of a member of the American Legion to perform his full duty as a citizen, according to his own conscience."

Pongee Returns to Favor.

Pongee returns to favor each summer as the mercury climbs upward in its little glass tube, because there is no fabric so delightfully expressive of coolness as this heritage of the East. The natural pongee is the most in demand for outing frocks. Frequently the tan material is bound in a color such as American Beauty, emerald or old blue. Again striped pongee is employed to trim the plain ground fabric. Hats are covered with this fabric and parasols also appear with this silken

science and his own understanding. Because of his military service, the ex-service man has a very keen sense of his responsibility as a citizen, and I am quite confident that he will always be alive to this responsibility. Therefore, in case of a contingency as above outlined, it is his duty to assist in the maintenance of law and order by acting as an individual and offering his services to the duly constituted authority for the maintenance of law and order.

"There is nothing to prevent the individual members of the American Legion, as an individual, from taking either side in such a controversy, but the American Legion, as an organization, should not do so."

LEMUEL BOLLES, National Adjutant.

WHAT LEGION HOPES TO DO

Specifically, the Legion hopes to see to it:

That the articles of war and court-martial code are revised.

That nurses have absolute rank with opportunity for promotion.

That the government's thrift, savings and investment campaigns are heartily supported.

That all shall know their rights to war risk insurance and how to take advantage of them.

That the immigration policy is revised along the line of adaptability of alien races to citizenship.

That proper punishment is meted out to all slackers and to those who aided and abetted slackers.

That no child born to parents ineligible to citizenship is granted citizenship in this country.

That the Legion co-operate with the G. A. R., U. C. V. and Spanish War veterans in memorial services.

That relief to former enemy countries be extended only through agencies so authorized by congress.

That appropriate memorials to departed comrades be erected here and abroad and kept fresh with the tributes and memories of the Legionnaires.

That the war department recall all honorable discharges granted to conscientious objectors and that legislation be enacted providing for their prompt punishment.

That every public and private school be required to grant at least ten minutes each day to patriotic exercises and that the American flag be raised over each school during the day, weather permitting.

That relationship with German activities is not at this time resumed, and that there is no immediate resumption of German operas, instruction of German in the schools nor public exhibitions by German and Austrian performers.

That legislation designed to carry out the Legion's altruistic and patriotic purposes, as expressed at its last national convention, involving total appropriations of approximately \$458,000,000, be enacted by congress during the coming year.

Some Distinction. "We're going on a slumming party. Want to come along?" "All depends. Army slum or old-fashioned stew?"

covering. Embroidery in wool, silk or tiny beads is an effective trimming.

Combine Organdie and Voile. In cotton frocks voile and organdie are attractively combined. The latter material falls into soft lines or draperies and character is added by the use of crisp organdie sash in contrasting color. Organdie in two colors is often combined also. One smart frock recently seen was of yellow organdie trimmed with shirred bands of gray self fabric.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SURF BOARD.

"What an interesting life I do lead," said the surf board.

The surf board was shaped something like a fish and was painted to look like a fish. It wasn't very large and it held up people in the water who wanted to play about and have a good time without swimming very much.

"I go through the streets of the seashore place where my owners live, and I see all the summer cottages and feel a part of the summer life of the place. I am carried right along the streets and then when I reach the beach I too am ready for the ocean!

"When I come home again I stand up against the side of a house and dry off like any sensible surf board would do."

"Well," said the sport fish. "You're not nearly as large as I am, and you're a skinny thing compared with me."

"That's so," said the surf board, "and you have a harness belonging to you while I only have a string attached to me to pull me in and out of the water."

"You're a great fat thing, all filled with air like a football and folks can ride you over the breakers. You too look like a fish."

"What is that?" asked a fish bobbing his head above the water. "Pray do not say that either of you two creatures look like a fish."

"In the first place you, old sport fish, as you call yourself, are much fatter than any of us. We wouldn't have a shape like you for anything. There are some big fishes out in the ocean, far down, who may look like you, but I've yet to see them. And if I did see them I wouldn't be friendly with them, not I!"

"And as for you, skinny old surf board, I wouldn't look like a great flat piece of wood all painted up for anything. I would rather look fishy and I prefer my scales and my glassy eyes to all the bright colors painted upon you."

"I do object to the way you think you are so important, both of you. Why you're not sea creatures. And you act as though you were."

"Now, don't get offended, fish," said the sport fish. "For my friend and I don't mean any offense. No offense meant in the slightest degree, which means that we don't mean to hurt your feelings."

"As for our shapes and the way we look, we are not responsible for that."

"No," said the surf board, "we were made that way. We are not responsible for our shapes and we know that we are funny looking fishes."

"But you should be glad that we are funny looking, for if we looked like you, folks might get us mixed up and they would expect to ride the waves on you or to play on your back in the water, falling off and jumping on and banging on and laughing and all of that."

"You wouldn't like that, would you, fish?"

"You wouldn't want to do the work that old surf board and old sport fish do."

"You must be glad we don't look like you. Wouldn't it be awful if they took you for us? They never will, you see, because we are so different."

"Ah," said the fish, "that changes matters very much, in fact a great deal. I am delighted to think that we don't look alike. It would be horrible if we looked like you or you so much like us that people would expect to ride us over the waves and on the surf and to play with us and do all of the things they do with you, both of you."

"And," said the surf board, "one of the things that pleases me above everything else is the fact that I am taken through the streets and go to the beach at bathing time just like people do. I don't have to obey the tide and go out and in and get worn out as it would make me."

"I'm taken through the streets to the beach with my owners and I'm so proud doing that. It makes me different and above any old board. But you wouldn't like that, fish, you wouldn't want to be carried through the streets. Be very glad you don't look like us and that we don't look like you."

Misplaced Sympathy. "Edward," said the young man to his prospective brother-in-law, aged five, "will you be sorry when I marry your sister?"

"Yes," answered the little fellow. "I'll be sorry for you."

Clocks Little clocks—big clocks—fancy clocks—alarms. Wouldn't it be nice to have one always right. We sell them; they go right, they stay right, And price is right.

BOYD PARK JEWELERS BOYD PARK BLDG 106 MAIN STREET

MARK ADAPTABILITY OF MAN

Automobile, Airplane, and Submarine Prove His Right to Rule Over the Natural Kingdom.

In the competition for survival, leaf-eating insects must be green, like their prey, or perish; woodpeckers, like the bark; the tiger, striped like sunshine through the rushes. The fittest survive. "A black sheep" is more than a figure of speech. The struggle for existence demands his murder in the flock of white, conspicuous in contrast. Adaptation or death. The crafty little chameleon is the prince of color adapters.

Faculties used, are sharpened; if neglected, they waste away into vestigial—the appendix in man. Eyes of moles and burrowers are slowly closed with skin and fur. The fluffy little lap dog has weak eyes. But even toads, with eyesight almost gone, will recover dim perception in slowly graduated light. And night-prowling cats improve their sight to penetrate shadow land. Man noticed the pupils of his eyes contract in sunshine, and enlarge in darkness—saw the bat, and understood.

On all sides he saw this principle at work: Bears, fur coated, restricted to the cold; the dolphin, in the sea; the eagle, the bird of freedom, alert always to escape in flight. He therefore devised the automobile, the airplane and the submarine, to jump from mountain top to ocean bottom.

This adaptability of his body of diversified surroundings has made him monarch of the natural kingdom.

RUSSIA LAND OF HOLIDAYS

Almost Innumerable Occasions When All Work Is Suspended and Time Spent in Pleasure.

Russian people observe rigorously all religious holidays—five at Christmas, ten at Easter, three at Carnival, and almost every week one extra day, when an anniversary of some saint is celebrated. On these days everything is closed and nobody works. The six weeks of fasting preceding Easter are strictly observed by everybody, and the more devout do not even eat eggs or drink milk, and do not use sugar, because it is refined with blood. The last three days of Holy week are still more respected, for no food at all is consumed. For Easter Sunday, very large cakes, sometimes three or four feet high, are cooked with beautiful ornaments on the top, and eggs skillfully painted. Both cakes and eggs, with other entables, are brought on Easter eve near the church and placed all about on the ground. After the midnight mass a procession of priests and choir comes out and walks around the church, blessing all the food, which is arranged before them as in a market.

Easter Sunday and the two following days are dedicated to paying visits. Every man calls upon his acquaintances. Visitors are obliged to eat and drink wherever they happen to go, otherwise they will offend the host.

Eskimo Inherently Honest.

The Eskimo regards honesty as paramount. He will never misrepresent facts, and although he may want to dispose of an article badly he will rather depreciate it than run the risk of over praising. A man who lies or deceives another is severely punished. An Eskimo will not permit a fellow man to need for food or clothing, once he has enough for himself and his family. War, to the parka-booled men of the North, is unknown. They decide differences by staging dance duels and outwitting each other, and old men act as judges to decide winners. In this way honor is satisfied. Brutality is unknown. In combating nature, fighting the walrus, the whale and the bear with primitive weapons, the Eskimo displays unusual coolness and plans his way out of danger with extreme self-possession.

Superstition Taken Seriously.

Ghosts and "black magic" are not laughed at in the interior of Africa. Under the mystic, awesome influence of the dank jungle anything seems possible. White men have learned to respect the superstitions and "juju" of the natives, and among the Englishmen who represent the colonial office in this far-off empire there has developed a rich lore of occult tales which are recounted to the traveler with never a flicker of skepticism.

Offended.

Miss Violet Chandler, who is a candidate for county school superintendent has requested the Torchlight not to refer to her friends who are helping her in her campaign as "supporters."—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Value of Imagination.

Imagination is the supreme gift of the gods and the degree of its possession is the measure of any man's advantage over circumstances—the measure of his clutch of success.—Kehler.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "THE", "17", "Big D", "Vauder", "Sir Era", "Bab", "ED", "FO", "A Person", "AI", "THOSE S", "O", "AGRICUL", "COMMER", "The Train", "MOD", "Fall Ter", "THE RE", "B".