Public Warned Against Civil Service Schools

The following statement is made by the United States Civil Service Commission:

The Commission warns the public against paying money for "coaching" courses in preparation for federal civil service examinations.

Schools which sell such courses under present conditions accept money under false pretenses. A purveyor of civil service courses is now under indictment in Iowa for false representation. It is expected that other such cases of prosecution will follow.

Comparatively few appointments are being made in the Federal civil service. Vacancies which must be filled are filled by the transfer of those in the service or the reinstatement of those who have been in the service, wherever practicable.

It is seldom necessary to announce an examination. In most cases large registers of eligibles exist as a result of examinations held during the past year. When an examination is announced, the applicants are usually hundreds of times in excess of the need.

Money paid for civil service coaching courses at this time might almost as well be thrown to the four winds.

Profits Are Small Farm Records Show

Records of 60 central and western Kentucky farmers, gathered by the farm economics department of the College of Agriculture at the University of Kentucky, indicate that these farmers have a slight margin between cost and selling prices under present conditions.

The records of these farmers show that on the basis of present prices for feed and labor it is possible to produce beef at a cost of $6.52 per 100 pounds, lambs for $7.47, hogs for $4.32, and milk for $1.19 per 100 pounds. These figures are deductions from costs of production on the 60 farms last year.

Costs varied considerably on individual farms. Beef, for instance, ranged from $4.72 to $9.35 per 100 pounds, which probably meant a good profit for the farmer producing at the low figure and a loss for the one producing for $9.35. The cost of producing milk varied from 99 cents per 100 pounds to $1.81; lambs from $7.20 to $13.37 per hundred, and hogs from $3.81 to $7.21.

The department points out that feed and labor make up 88 per cent of the cost of producing hogs, 72 per cent of the cost of producing cattle, 72 per cent of the cost of milk, and 55 per cent of the cost of lambs. These costs are, to a large extent, within the control of the individual farmer.

Spray Will Check Red Spider Injury

Due to the favorable weather conditions prevailing the past few weeks red spiders have become abundant and the resulting damage to foliage is marked. Of the plants attacked the evergreens have suffered most. Yet ornamental shrubs and even grape vines have been attacked.

Infested foliage shows many pale spots, where the mites have sucked out the sap, thus removing the green from that portion of the leaf. The leaves are webbed on the undersides and those badly infested turn yellow and drop.

The adults of these eight-legged mites are small, being about 1-50 of an inch in length, and the body is reddish in color. One common species feeds on the undersides of the leaves. It also breeds and develops there. A generation is produced about every two weeks during the warm period of the year. The short period of development enables them to increase rapidly.

If evergreens have a "rusty" appearance and are shedding leaves, the department of botany and entomology at the Experiment Station says to spray them with glue. Dissolve 1 and ½ pounds of a cheap grade of ground bone glue in boiling water. Then add water to make ten gallons and apply it to the trees with a power sprayer, using at least 150 pounds pressure while making the application. Repeat the treatment six days after the first application, to kill the young spiders escaping in the egg stage. Additional applications should be made as often as necessary because of continual reinfestation. Remember to avoid spraying evergreens in the middle of the day or when the temperature is above 800 degrees, as water alone will sometimes result in injury by scalding at such times. A finely-ground sulfur, one that passes a 300-mesh screen, is also effective in controlling the pests. In fact, it is recommended over all sprays when the temperature is high. Two or three applications at 10-day intervals should be made.

Paints Of Light Colors Reduce Heat Penetration

Light-colored paints on roofs of refrigerator cars cause a reduction in heat absorption, reports the United States Department of Agriculture. This fact was brought out in investigations which engineers of the bureau of agricultural engineering made on surface temperatures of refrigerator cars to determine an economical distribution of insulating material to the walls, floor, and roof.

Tests show that outside surface temperatures of a car and the resulting heat penetration into the car were materially affected by solar radiation and by color of paint used on roof, sides, and ends. They also show that the difference between air and surface temperatures for stationary cars was about twice as great as for moving cars.

Under like conditions of radiation and exposure to sunshine it was found that car surfaces painted red are hotter than those painted yellow but cooler than those painted black.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Unmarried men in England with a yearly income of $1,250 pay an income tax of $62.50 each, while those in France pay $75.50.

There are three post offices named Democrat in the United States and none named Republican, although there is a Republican City and a Republican Grove.

The dead rule the living—more than 90 per cent of the laws governing the living having been made by those now dead.

The first attorney-general of the United States was disinherited by his father for siding with the Colonies against England.

President Pierce was born on Friday, inaugurated president on Friday and died on Friday.

The lower branch of the North Carolina legislature was once called the house of commons.

Representative Martin of Oregon, a retired major general of the army, gave, in debate, the following percentage of losses by class in the World war, per 1,000 engaged: Enlisted men, 24.5; emergency officers, 21.6; regular officers, nongraduates, 25.7; regular officers, graduated from West Point, 42.

America's thirst requires more than 11,000,000,000 bottles of soft drinks each year.

About 90 per cent of the food eaten by Chinese is in the form of grain.

A horse has only 91 bones as compared with 161 for a bird and 255 for a dog.

Twenty-six foreign cities have a population of a million or more.

Only three per cent of the people of Latvia are illiterate.

Ninety per cent of the flour used by Hawaiians is furnished by the United States.

Argentina takes more than two-thirds of the total rubber footwear shipped to South America.

A St. Louis hospital has a room especially fitted up for operating on youngsters. It is decorated with scenes from fairy tales.

In addition to its water protection, the Bank of France has installed apparatus to release tons of sand in the passage leading to its strong room in case of emergency.

The Chilean government is considering stocking its cold southern islands with reindeer, thus introducing a profitable industry into those barren places.

It is estimated that 10 per cent of our annual hay crop is destroyed by spontaneous combustion.

Chicago has the largest number of hotels, 604, while New York has more guest rooms, 126,632.

There are now 14 scientific expeditions in the hinterlands of Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia and Peru.

It takes eight gallons of special oil to give each of the elephants at the London zoo its annual "beauty bath."

Dr. Ruth Staples of the University of Nebraska finds that babies reach for red while adults prefer blue.

A piano made of glass was displayed at a modernistic art exposition at Leipzig, Germany.

The world's hardest metal, osmiridium, which is used for tipping fountain pen nibs, is found in Tasmania.

A document relating to the discovery of stainless steel is sealed in an envelope to be opened at the cutlers' feast in 1960.

"Erewhon," the title of a book by Samuel Butler, is simply "nowhere" spelled backward. It is the story of a visit to an imaginary country shut off from the world.

Pauline Roark and Ruben Boan were recently married in three states simultaneously. They stood on the cornerstone near Southwest City, Mo., which marks the intersection of Missouri, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

Cincinnati has contracted for 20 police motorcycles to be equipped with radios and cameras.

The poisoned sword with which Queen Draga of Serbia was fatally stabbed has been offered by its present owner, a European diplomat, to any museum that will take it.

The act of Judge Malcolm R. Patterson in conducting a column of comment for the Memphis Commercial Appeal has been held unethical by the American Bar Association.

Purchase of Michigan-made goods by Michigan state and its local governments is required by a resolution adopted by the state legislature.

The new congressional apportionment is the one used in figuring out the number of presidential electors.

It is claimed that nine-tenths of affected muscles of those recovered from infantile paralysis can be restored to normal within two years by proper care and exercise.

Dishwater is branded the chief means of spreading disease germs among recruits in a British Naval Training Station.

The Eiffel tower returned a profit of $114,720 last year.

The Field Museum, Chicago, has just received a marked silk handkerchief used by a student to "crib" an examination in China in 1662.

Colonel Dale Bumstead, owner of citrus groves near Phoenix, Ariz., says that modern systems of growing for quality and productivity are based on the methods of ancient Egyptians.

In a recently opened Egyptian tomb towels resembling modern guest towels were found.

Scientists say that as long as 400,000 years ago men were making tools.

The garden of Charles J. Baldridge near Kendaia, N. Y., is fenced with posts put in 113 years ago by his grandfather.

The latest acquisition by Irene Bordoni, stage and screen star, is a harpischorde dated 1776.

C. H. Burnham of Holyoke, Mass., has an American geography written 142 years ago by one Jedidiah Morse and dedicated to William Livingston, then governor of New Jersey.

The disbursing officer of the Treasury Department pays his own salary in cash.

The Agricultural Society of South Carolina, founded in 1785, awarded George Washington a silver goblet as a premium for raising the largest and finest jackass.

THE GARDEN

WORKING THE GARDEN

(By John S. Gardner, Kentucky College of Agriculture.)

Weeds are extremely poor company for garden vegetables. They rob them of plant-food and moisture. Worse, weeds attract insects that prey on them, and these insects spread to the vegetables. Too, because weeds serve as "bridge-hosts" for many plant diseases, the vegetables may become infected.

The obvious way to get rid of weedsweeds is to "work" the garden, that is to say, to cultivate it. Cultivation means many things to many gardeners.

Some gardeners understand cultivatio nto mean a deep, violent stirring of the soil, to "give the roots air." It is true that the soil should be loose enough for the roots to have no difficulty in spreading, but the time to prepare the seed-bed properly was before the seed was sown. If the garden was planted somewhat wet, and the middles have become tramped, deep stirring, immediately, is advised, so that the soil will have settled by the time the roots reach it.

Another common aim in cultivation is to make the soil capable of receiving moisture. As before, proper preparation in the first place would have insured this, but, deep working of tramped middles may be advisable, sometimes.

The only real object in cultivation, provided the garden has been properly prepared and correctly handled, is the control of weeds. The best time to go about controlling them is before their moisture draught has become heavy, while they are still small. Then, deep stirring is not needed, but simply shallow scraping.

There are several ways of doing this.

One is, with a hoe, holding the blade almost flat with the surface of the soil, so that it skims it a quarter of an inch deep, as the hoe is being drawn to the hoer. This method of hoeing requires less work than "chopping," and it makes no clods, but leaves the soil surface dusty and level. The uprooted or shaved-off weeds cease bothering immediately.

A better way to cultivate a garden is with a wheel-hoe, or "garden plow." The attachments to use are the scrapers, or "beet knives," as commercial gardeners call them. These are so adjusted as to skim the soil lightly, shaving off or uprooting the weeds that may have started. Best of all, the soil is put into excellent condition to absorb rains, and the surface is left level. This last is important, for evaporation of moisture is much less rapid from a level garden than from one in which the rows are kept ridged.

Soil should never be drawn to the rows of any vegetables except possibly potatoes, and then only enough to close the cracks that the swelling tubers make.

Urges Buying On Basis Of Quality

Careful grading of farm products and paying for them on the basis of quality is one of the most valuable services that middlemen can render for agriculture and the consuming public, declares Dr. H. B. Price, of the department of markets and rural finance of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky.

"Dealers, by buying on a quality basis, help farmers by more nearly compensating them for the extra expense of superior skill required to market products that are preferred by buyers," said Dr. Price. "In this respect, a policy of buying for quality is more equitable, as it means a better distribution of returns among farmers in accordance with expense and effort in production.

"Buying on a basis of quality also encourages farmers to organize their production more systematically and with greater understanding of market requirements. This means a better adjustment of the amounts of the various qualities produced to the demands of ultimate buyers and consumers.

"Dealers or cooperative associations that give due consideration to paying farmers for their products on the basis of quality are thus performing one of the primary functions of an agricultural marketing system by providing the means for full coordination of production and consumption. In so doing, they are rendering a valuable service both to agriculture and to the consuming public, a much more valuable service than that rendered by occasional middlemen who show favoritism among customers and who buy by count or other short-cut and careless methods."

A Practical Short Course In Poultry

A practical short course in poultry will be given at the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, June 27 to July 1. It has been arranged to afford the busy farmer, poultryman and hatchery operator an opportunity to learn the essential principles in the care of poultry. All the work will be of a practical nature. There are no entrance requirements and the course will be open to all men and women interested in poultry.

Monday, the opening day, will be devoted to flock improvement, Tuesday to sanitation, Wednesday to management, Thursday to breeding and Friday to accredited culling. The board of directors of the Kentucky Poultry Improvement Association will meet Wednesday, and on Friday examinations will be given to persons desiring licenses to accredit flocks.

The staff of the college will be assisted by Dr. L. E. Card, of the University of Illinois, and Paul G. Riley, an Indiana poultry raiser.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Nicholas Circuit Court

The Federal Land Bank of Louisville, Plaintiff,

vs. Notice of Sale in Equity

Bela Sharp, etc. Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court, rendered on Rule Day of said Court, June 11th, 1932, after written notice duly executed on all the defendants herein, in the above styled cause, the undersigned will on

MONDAY, JULY 11, 1932

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, the property mentioned and described in the judgment entered herein, to-wit: consisting of 253 acres 2 roods and 4 poles, and is situated seven miles from Carlisle, on the Sharpsburg Turnpike road, in Nicholas County, Kentucky:

First Tract—Beginning at a stone corner to Ben Sharp and Lot No. 5; thence N 24½ E 80.40 poles to the center of the Union & Sharpsburg Turnpike road, (Ratliff Route) corner to No. 5; thence with said turnpike road so as to divide it equally N 63½, W 2.96 poles, N 82½, W 26 poles, N 46½, W 42 poles; N 76½, W 100.40 poles to the corner of lot No. 3 in said turnpike; thence leaving the pike and with a line of lot No. 3 S½, E 122.20 poles to a stone in Benjamin Sharp and corner to lot No. 3; thence S 86 E 46.28 poles to a black walnut tree corner to Sharp; thence S 86½, E 76.72 poles to the beginning, containing 92 acres, 1 rood and 34 poles, lawful measure.

Second Tract—Beginning at a stone in Ben Sharp's line and corner to Lot No 4 in the aforesaid division; thence N ½, W 122.20 poles to the center of the Union & Sharpsburg Turnpike road (Ratliff Route); thence with said turnpike road N 76½, W 33.60 poles to the crossing of a dirt road corner to the remaining part or piece of Lot No. 3; thence leaving the turnpike and with the dirt road S ½, W 41 poles, S 9½, E 89.08 poles to Ben Sharp's corner in said dirt road; thence leaving the dirt road and with Ben Sharp's line S 81 E 19.32 poles to the beginning, containing 22 acres, lawful measure.

Third Tract—Beginning at a set stone in the north margin of the East Union & Sharpsburg Turnpike road (Ratliff Route) and corner to Bell School lot and other lands of said Sharp; thence S 1½, W 41.30 poles to a stone in a public dirt road corner to said Sharp; thence with said dirt road N 88½, W 81 poles to a stone corner to said Sharp; thence E 14.16 poles to a stone corner to said Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp; thence N 3¼, E 2.16 poles to the center of the aforesaid turnpike road, corner to said Bell's other land; thence with said turnpike road so as to divide it equally S [illegible] 73½, E 12 poles, [illegible] N 67½, E 8.84 poles to the beginning, containing 14 acres, 2 roods and 22 poles of land, legal measure.

Fourth Tract—Beginning at a stake in the road at Figure 1, a corner to John Bell and Mrs. Hord Sharp; thence with Sharp and the road S 9½, E 16.15 chains to a stake in said line and road at figure 30 and corner to Lot No. 2; thence with Lot No. 2 N 80½, W 29.95 chains to a stake by the stone fence at figure 25 corner to Lot No 1 and David Banta; thence N [illegible] chains to a stake at figure 26 corner to Banta; thence N 3½, W [illegible] chains to a stone at figure 27 corner to Mrs. Shrout; thence S 86, W 10 chains to a stone at figure 28 corner to Shrout in John Bell's line; thence S 1 W 3.50 chains to a stone at figure 29 corner to Bell; thence S 88½, E 20.40 chains to the place of beginning, and containing 50.31 acres of land, level.

Fifth Tract—Beginning at a stake at figure 33 in the road in Hord Sharp's line and corner to Lot No. 1; thence S 9½, E 5.55 chains to a stake at figure 2, corner to Sharp; thence S 2.54 chains to a point in the branch and road at figure 3, corner to same; thence S 15½, E 5.87 chains to a stake at figure 31 in Sharp's line and corner to Lot No. 3; thence with Lots 5, 3 and 4 S 88½, W 35.02 chains to a stake at figure 32 at a stone fence in Banta's line and corner to Lot No. 4; thence N 15½, W 2.35 chains to a corner to Banta at figure 24 at the angle of the stone fence; thence N 20½, E 10 chains to a corner to Banta at figure 25 and corner to Lot No. 1; thence with Lot No 1 N 86½, E 29.95 chains to the place of beginning, containing 43.49 acres of land, level.

Sixth Tract—Beginning at a set stone in James and Benjamin Sharp's line and corner to John Sharp; thence N 3 E 60.40 poles; thence N 85 W 78.56 poles to a stone corner to said Fannie B. Sharp and B. H. Colgrove; thence S¼, E 12.08 poles to a point in the branch, corner to said Colgrove; thence S 15 E 72.92 poles to a set stone in John R. Sharp's line and corner to James and Benjamin Sharp; thence N 73½ E 57.44 poles to the beginning, containing 30 acres, 2 roods and 2 poles, level measure.

Being all of the lands which were owned by Fannie C. Sharp at the time of her death, and which was devised to Bela Sharp, Hord Sharp and Mabelle Sharp by her under her will of record in Bath County, Ky., Will Book G, page 420, all devisees being single.

Of a sufficient amount thereof to produce the following sums: $325.00 due September 1st, 1931; $325.00 due March 1st., 1932; $280.86 due March 11th., 1932; $7.50 due March 17th., 1932; $9,160.01, due March 17th., 1932; and $22.39 due March 17th., 1932, with interest on each of said sums at the rate of 8% per annum from the aforesaid respective due dates thereof until paid, and the further sum of $219.70 costs of this action.

After the confirmation of the sale, the purchaser may pay all, or any or either of said bonds before the date of maturity by paying the principal with interest to the date payment is made.

The purchaser shall assume all unpaid taxes assessed against or accruing against said property for the year 1932, and thereafter.

The purchaser shall be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from the day of sale until paid.

Said bonds will be payable to Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner Nicholas Circuit Court.

A lien will be retained on all the land sold herein until all the purchase money is paid.

Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner Nicholas Circuit Court.

I. B. Ross, Attorney for Plaintiff.

BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE AND ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON

In the District Court of the United States

For the Covington Division, Eastern District of Kentucky.

In the matter of Carlton M. Lambert, Bankrupt. No. 2747 in bankruptcy.

ORDER OF NOTICE

Eastern District of Kentucky, ss:

On this 13th day of June, A. D. 1932 on reading the foregoing Petition for Discharge of the above-named Bankrupt, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 26th day of July, A. D. 1932, before the said court, at Covington in said district, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in Carlisle Mercury a newspaper printed in said district, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court, that the clerk shall send, by mail, to all known creditors, notices of said petition addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Honorable A. M. J. Cochran, Judge

S. W. Stacey, Clerk

By Lucille Rekers, Deputy Clerk

EARLY RISERS

"I reckon," said the farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in the neighborhood. I am always up before 3 o'clock in the morning."

The second farmer said he was always up before then and had part of the chores done.

The first farmer thought he was a liar and decided to find out.

A few morning after he got up at 2 o'clock and went to his neighbor's house.

He rapped on the back door and the woman of the house opened it.

"Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find his neighbor in bed.

"He was around here early in the morning," answered his wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

Groom Claims He Was Tricked Into Marriage

(Lexington Leader)

A charge that he was trapped and forced into marriage was made in an annulment suit filed in Fayette circuit court by David Clarence Williams, 29, against Elizabeth Hubbard Williams, 27. They were married June 4.

The petition, filed by Mr. Williams' attorney, Henry S. McGuire, charged that the defendant "through fraud, duress and threats of endangering human life, procured falsely and fraudulently a marriage ceremony to be performed between the parties to this action."

The bridegroom further asserted that "the father of the defendant, through trick, device and subterfuge, enticed the plaintiff to his room at the Lafayette hotel, and when this plaintiff went to his room he then fell into the trap and snare which had been prearranged by the defendant and her father, and that the father and the defendant went with this plaintiff to the county court clerk's office and there demanded of him that he procure a license and marry the defendant herein, and after said license was procured, the father of the defendant took him to where the defendant was and when this plaintiff arrived there was a minister waiting to perform the marital ceremony."

Mr. Williams further asserted that the defendant demanded that he marry her and that he, "relying and believing that the defendant was telling him the truth when she said that her father would die and that she would hold him responsible for his death if he failed to marry her," consented to have the ceremony performed.

He said he told the bride he would not live with her, and "as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed and in keeping with his statement, he asked her where she wanted to go, and she told him she wanted to go to 319 Desha road, which is the home of the plaintiff's mother, and this plaintiff took her to this number, helped her out with her baggage, got back in his car, and has not seen the defendant since."

The smallest school in Hamilton county, Ohio, has 18 pupils from six families.

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Lexington Laundry Company

CAGED

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

(WNU Service.)

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CHAPTER XI

They drove most of the night. Much of it was done silently.

"What's your racket, Fullhouse?" Joe asked at last.

"Shooting pool. I handle a good cue, enough to take plenty jack on call shot, after I've strung a guy along for a while. I'll work it alone until we're out of the fog. Then I'll use you to stir up suckers."

Joe Barry moved impatiently.

"I want to make some big money," he said. "Quick. I want to hire some good lawyers."

"I'll say you'll need money. Figuring on bucking the rap, eh?"

"After a while."

"How you mean, after a while?"

"After I've gotten my money and done what I intend doing." There was no melodrama in the tone. "Then I'll get lawyers."

Fullhouse occupied himself for a moment in the intricacies of jerky steering.

"Well," he said at last. "If you're in a tight place for kale, I guess we could prowl a dump. I know a swell joint we could prowl," he added.

Joe Barry bent forward, his aching head in cupped hands.

"Listen, Fullhouse," came after a moment. "I told you it wasn't right to take me with you. I'm desperate. There isn't anything for me to live for, except the satisfaction of doing the one thing I want to do and then trying to beat the penalty, just so I can laugh at them. That's all. They've made a murderer out of me, and when they get me, they'll have a murderer, if that's going to help them. If there's any justice, I'll have squared accounts for somebody else—those two men that were killed on the Orr's Mill road."

"H—l!" exclaimed Fullhouse. "You figuring on bumping somebody off? You're tough, eh keed?" Then as with an afterthought: "You keep blattin' about wanting something. You mean setting somebody over. What for?"

"Fullhouse," asked Joe, "did you ever hear of a man named Big Friday?"

There was a bad piece of road ahead; Fullhouse did not answer for a moment.

"No; what's he do?"

"I would like to find out. I've got a notion he and Martin are mixed up in some way. I think I'm going to be able to prove it some day."

"Yeh?" Fullhouse jerked a glance at him, then returned to his steering. "That's the guy you said was sitting over in a corner. Now, get me straight, keed. I never saw him. I ain't saying he wasn't there; I just never saw him. You think him and this Friday was mixed up together?"

"I almost know it. I've got an idea that Big Friday isn't going to be hard to trail. He's been in mix-ups before, if I'm not wrong. I can find Martin through him."

"Yeh?" Fullhouse swung his head again. "You all done? Well, now I'm going to tell you something. You're going to stick with me until you get steady on your feet. You're all shot. You wouldn't bump a guy off," Fullhouse argued. "Say, listen. What you want to do is to get yourself a wad of jack and blow. This ain't the only country where they got places to live in."

There was a long silence, while the rattling machine made its dimly lighted way through darkness. Ten miles passed.

"Listen," said Fullhouse. "We'll hit the leaping tick when we strike the next burg. Go to different hotels, see? That's better for this first night, so if there has been a tail on us, he won't hook up to us by this car. And listen, I've been thinking. You ain't going to be writing any letters to nobody?"

Joe looked up quickly.

"Of course not," he said, a certain hardness in his voice. The wariness which had come to him in the menagerie tent had not relaxed. Fullhouse had been revealed to him tonight as a vastly different person from the emotionless, often taciturn person he had known at Louie Bertolini's. As far as the law was concerned, Joe reflected, he was a murderer now; what more damage could be done? Suppose he killed men who must be worse than dogs to coldly, maliciously, condemn an innocent person to the chair to protect themselves. It wouldn't be murder to kill them; it would be justice and retribution and humanity toward some other boy, stumbling about the maze of New York until he fell into their nets.

It did not even affect him to realize that perhaps Fullhouse had looked as much to his own desires as to altruism in his rescue of Joe from impending arrest. Fullhouse had an ax to grind, Joe Barry felt sure, but he found that he cared little. Perhaps this man might be leading him on to more sinister things than he had hinted, taking advantage of the fact that Joe already was a fugitive from justice, to assure himself of a partner in crime. It made little difference, Joe told himself. After all, there were only two things paramount, the protection of a girl and his own escape. Of the two, the first was tremendously important. He had lied to Fullhouse about writing. There was a way, he knew, to halt any danger that might threaten her from Chuven and Maxwell.

"About them hotels," said Fullhouse, looking up suddenly at the sight of a street sign. "I'll drop you out on a dark street and you go in first. I'll come in later, like we didn't belong together and go to another room. You're half dead; you'll probably sleep all day. So'll I, for that matter. If you don't sleep, lay low. Stay in your room. Tomorrow night at eight o'clock; it'll be dark then. This place is Fayetteville; thought I knew it. Been through here a million times. There's a park down about two blocks from the hotel where we'll stay at. Fayette house; I'll put you out on a side street. Meet me at that park, eight o'clock tomorrow night."

At last Joe was in the hotel, paying for his lodging in advance owing to a lack of luggage. Once in his room, he strode to the writing desk and pulled open the drawer.

"Bring me up some stationery," he commanded of the boy. "A bunch of it. I've got a lot of writing to do."

Sunrise found him still at his task, a haggard man, bent low over the writing desk, his free hand brushing often at his red-lidded eyes. Bright day and he sagged in his chair. The task was done.

There had been no excuses. There had been no plea for faith, no extenuation, to hint of a future. It had been a straight-forward, brutal letter, in which he had asked forgiveness and in the next sentence, commanded that she do not give it. Joe Barry had put his soul on paper to save a girl the possibility of police embarrassment. Here was his story. She could hand it to the officers. Certainly they could ask no more of her than that.

Joe did not know that he had placed into ink and paper a classic of manliness. Just as he had taken his blows from the first moment that four men knocked at his door, so had he taken them now, without weakness, save that of which he accused himself.

That evening, as he left the hotel to meet Fullhouse, he asked about air mail, and dropped his missive into the box. It had been his sole concession to himself, to wait until its arrival could not form a clew for a telegraphic order to arrest.

That night, the wandering process began. It was a haphazard course, altered to the whims of Fullhouse and his hopes of a poolroom gold mine. Fifty miles one day, a hundred the next; travel usually was done just following darkness.

They stopped at cheap hotels, rooming together now that Fullhouse had decided that direct chase was eluded. They ate at cheap restaurants; meal times and travel times were about the only ones in which Joe was allowed to leave his room. Thus life continued for more than two weeks.

The horrible loneliness of it gnawed at him, hurt him like a canker. The old hollows were returning to his cheeks, and the circles under his eyes. He had developed unkemptness, shirt loose at the collar, tieless; he went unshaven from day to day. Fullhouse left him alone only for short intervals; sometimes he would come back to display money in plenty, at other times, he was not so prosperous. He talked little of his activities, but he seemed insatiable regarding Joe—how he felt, if he was making it all right, whatever made him think that man-gutter of a Pete Maxwell would ever help him, what kind of a guy this Hymie Fradke was anyhow.

"Why are you always bringing that up?" Joe snapped one afternoon. He was irritable, fed up, glowering. "Haven't you ever heard a joke, or seen a funny thing in your life? Didn't anybody laugh in the poolroom? No, it's got to be these ghosts of mine, over and over and over. Don't you think I live with 'em enough?"

"H—l!" said Fullhouse. "Don't go dramatic over it. Can't a guy ask questions that wants to help you?" Then with a new tone. "If I'm your friend, ain't I got a right to know everything?"

"If you're my friend," said Joe Barry slowly, "there may be a day when you're glad you didn't know too much."

"Oh, yeah? You still got that bughouse notion, eh?"

"I'll always have it."

Fullhouse sat for a long time, limp as usual. At last he stretched and rose. "Well, keed," he said. "Maybe you're right. I wouldn't let no guy pull a slow drop on me like that and get away with it. I'd set him over, I guess. But you got to have jack to pull a college gag like that. That ain't no petty larceny stuff; that's a job for these here big electricians that know how to keep a guy from gettin' a shock. You got to have plenty jack for that." He veered. "How about you'n me doing a job of prowling?"

"Where's the money in that?" Joe asked caustically.

"Plenty jack where I'd prowl," said Fullhouse proudly. "I know my lay. Just outside Washington, D. C. Big estate stuff; driveways and all that. Didn't I work for him four years? Oughtn't I know something?"

"That this Jamison you've talked about."

"Lousy with jack," said Fullhouse meditatively. "I've seen him put twenty grand in that little wall safe behind the big picture in the living room. It's got works like an alarm clock; spring it with a can opener."

"And where's he?"

Fullhouse grinned.

"He's down in Florida and the old woman and the brat with him. Didn't I say I worked for him four years? What do you think I've been writing him letters ever since, telling him how happy I was with him? To make a collection? I didn't see him leave grand after grand in that matchbox for nothing."

"Then—"

"Keed," asked Fullhouse coldly, "Do you think I risked myself a jolt in stir as an accessory after the fact just to give you a free ride? Think it over."

There was no more said. A day passed and three more following. One afternoon Fullhouse walked briskly into the dingy room.

"How much jack you got?" he asked.

"I don't know; about forty dollars."

"Gimme it!" He reached eagerly for the money and was gone. In an hour, he was back, walking slowly through the door. He turned his sour eyes to Joe until the whites showed. Then he rammed his hands deep into his pockets and fished there, at last to extract a lone ten-dollar bill which he tossed disgustedly on the bed.

Joe sensed the explanation.

"You met somebody better than you were?"

"If you'd had ten guesses, you couldn't have done better."

Joe smiled, for the first time in weeks. But seriousness soon returned.

"Well, we've got ten dollars between us."

"Have we?" Fullhouse rolled his eyes. "Well, we're going to have more. We're going to prowl that joint. What I mean, we're going to prowl it."

Joe pounded a fist into his open palm.

"I don't know, Fullhouse."

"You don't know? You're wanting jack, ain't you? What I mean, you've got to have it."

"Yes, but I've been thinking about something. Suppose we did rob that house. Suppose I got all the money I wanted and went through with everything that keeps pounding in my mind. I wouldn't be committing a crime in my own conscience if I fought back against men that have tried to send me to the chair. But what's this Jamison ever done to me? Why should I go in there and rob his house—take everything he's got?"

Fullhouse merely stood and laughed.

"Can that stuff. What the h—l; don't you owe me nothing? Where'd you be now if I hadn't come on the circus? Suppose I'd let you lay—"

"You had your own plans, Fullhouse."

"Well, suppose I did," the man said. "Suppose I came out there just to get you to help me pull a job. Does that change it any? Would that make it any sweeter for you if they was a death watch, stamping out your time-sheet up at the college? I guess them guys would wreck the Stinging Lizzie, just if you asked them."

Joe Barry shook his head; this man could draw ghoulish pictures. Fullhouse went on: "I guess I never done nothing, keeping you under cover and supporting you all this time. Oh, no, I ain't done nothing but just look after my own interests. I ain't done a thing for you. I ain't taken risks and stalled for you and kept you covered—"

"Never mind the rest, Fullhouse," said Joe huskily. "I'll go with you."

CHAPTER XII

They separated when they reached Washington, Joe to go to his usual type of cheap hotel, Fullhouse to seek lodgings in an entirely different portion of the city. He had said that this would be best; Fullhouse, once Joe had acquiesced to his demands, had displayed considerable agility of mind regarding the niceties of burglary.

For two hundred miles, he had rehearsed his man, dwelling chiefly upon the safety of the job they were about to undertake, the reward, the need for naturalness and a lack of excitement.

Joe Barry was pacing the narrow, shabby room which was to be his until night. September! Early September—He remembered sharply that this had been a month to which he once had looked forward. This week, the Dayton brothers show had begun its engagements at the various fairs. There would be as long as ten days at a stretch when the tents would remain erect. The fair managers had talked of them [illegible] be had around a circus. There were no moves to interfere, the exhibits to be wandered [illegible] from day to night [illegible] the better programs they would be able to give, owing to [illegible] possible at night for [illegible] upon the air. There were [illegible] ful stations, too, where [illegible] receive a worth-while [illegible] extra work in getting [illegible] entertainment.

And here he paced, in the sticky heat of a colorless room, waiting for night and a job of burglary. Oh well, it was all right. Something else would have happened. His haunted eyes swept the faded room; always something happening. He turned and scowled.

"Hello, Fullhouse," he said, as the man slid through the door.

"Hello, this is a dump! Oh well, it don't make no difference. We'll be taking it easy on this job this time tomorrow. Pay in advance here?"

"Yes."

"That's good. Make blowing easier. All you'll have to do is grab your keister and beat it. So," he said, "I got a better idea. Leave your junk here, it ain't nothin' you'd want. Bring your keister empty. Good thing to put the cream in. Then I'll just drive you to the station, and you catch a train out of here. I'll meet you."

"How do I know you'll meet me?"

"H—l!" exclaimed Fullhouse earnestly. "You'll have the stuff, won't you? Don't you think I want my end?" He chuckled then. "Ain't that a swell thing to ask a pal."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Joe rubbed a hand across his forehead. "I'm just a little shaky. I guess it's the heat, this room—everything."

"It sure ain't no palace," agreed Fullhouse. "I wish I'd have traded dumps with you. I got a swell joint. Carpets in the halls, radio in every room, swell bed."

"Where is it?"

"Down the street a ways. I never do know the names here. Can't even remember the name of that hotel now. One of them fancy ones. Don't make any difference; I know how to get there."

"Isn't that it, the Regis?" asked Joe casually.

Fullhouse sat up quickly, fumbling at the afternoon paper which had fallen from his pocket. He jerked it from its place on the edge of the bed, and smirked at a penciled notation on the blank margin: "942—Regis."

"That ain't it," he said. "That's a telephone number—of the garage where I'm at." He tore off the notation and shoved it into a pocket. "Better keep it in my head instead of billboarding it like that."

"I'll do the same," said Joe. "One of us might forget."

"Yeah? Maybe so. I'll remember, though."

He put his hands behind his head then, and closed his eyes, apparently comfortable in spite of the heat. Joe sat upon the one, straight-backed chair.

Three hours passed. Once Fullhouse dropped to sleep, snoring heavily, only to awaken, as if startled, half raise, glimpse Joe still on the chair, and settle back again. At last darkness came. They left the room and went down to the little restaurant. Then back to the shabby lodging and more waiting.

Two hours more went by. It was nine o'clock now. Fullhouse gave a command and departed. Ten minutes later, a shabby automobile stopped at a street corner. Joe Barry, his face ghastly gray in the light of the street lamp, moved from the curbing and climbed in beside the driver. Then onward, to a country road. Fullhouse slowed the vehicle and, freeing one hand from the jerky steering wheel, reached to a pocket.

"Here's your gat, keed," he said.

"A gun? What will we need a gun for?"

"Who said we'd need it for anything? Put it in your pocket."

"I don't know much about automatics." The flat feel of it had told him that it was not an ordinary revolver.

"Don't need to. Put it in your pocket!"

"I'd rather not have the thing."

"Yeh? You got to have something for a bluff, don't you? Stick it in your pocket. Just because you got a rod on you ain't no sign you've got to shoot it. Just insurance. Stick it in your poke and forget it."

Joe Barry stuffed the gun into his coat pocket. The car rattled on.

Fullhouse leaned far over the wheel, studying the road ahead. Suddenly he swerved into thick woods, which yielded suddenly to an open space, and a semicircular driveway. Then the car halted before the high-pillared veranda of a rambling frame house.

"Well," said Fullhouse. "A guy couldn't ask for a nicer lay than this. Eh, keed?"

There was no need for Joe to answer. Fullhouse had left the wheel and swung out of the car, to skirt the house in quick, familiar fashion. For a moment, Joe could hear the rustling of foliage as Fullhouse plunged through it, evidently on his way to silence the "telltales." Joe was alone with himself—with his realizations. This was some one's home. He was about to enter it, to steal that some one's possessions. Whether they would be missed or not, he realized now, made little difference. It was the crime which counted and not the extent of it. Ten cents or ten thousand dollars, he would be a thief, nevertheless. The word had a cheap, sneaking quality, destructive to self-respect.

Ten minutes passed, so many hours to Joe Barry. Then Fullhouse came briskly back.

"Reach in the tool box and get that pinch bar," he commanded. Joe was slow in complying, fumbling and clattering tools in the darkness. Fullhouse came beside him.

"Lemme see there," he commanded, pushing the other man aside. "I know where it is," drawing forth a bent piece of steel, sharpened at one end. "All right now, me'n you. This under the window and our shoulders to it—we'll be inside." But at the veranda, he halted and called over his shoulder. "Well, come on! What the h—l you stalling for?"

Joe followed him with lagging feet. There was a moment of activity and the window yielded. They were within. Carefully, Fullhouse pulled down the window, and walking to the wall, touched a snap light.

"This joint's right," Fullhouse explained. "City power and everything. Pipe the dump. Ain't it a knockout?"

Joe Barry looked about him with dazed eyes. He had never been in such surroundings as this. The rugs were deep and soft beneath his feet; this was the dining room, paneled and furnished with a richness which Joe Barry had seen only in pictures. Cut crystal gleamed. Silver service shone from the heavy, hunting-style buffet. Fullhouse looked about appraisingly.

"We'll grab some of that stuff—solid. Just what we can carry without it being too heavy. What we want is the jack out of that match box. Come on."

Again, with the familiarity he had shown ever since he had turned off the main road, Fullhouse moved from the dining room into a larger chamber. A cabinet stood against the wall; Fullhouse glanced in its direction, then with an afterthought, smeared a palm against his forehead.

"Hotter'n h—l in here," he said. "I'll open a window." He threw a lock and raised the heavy pane. The air from without was refreshing. Fullhouse breathed it deeply. "A house sure gets sizzling, shut up like this." He nodded then to a large painting on the wall. "It's behind that," he said.

"We'd better pull the curtains," answered Joe nervously. "Gee, Fullhouse, we can't work right out in the open this way."

"Why can't we?" He nodded. "There's the light switch right behind you. Switch it out and come here." Joe Barry obeyed, feeling his way across the room in the darkness. "See anything?"

"No, the woods come almost up to the house, don't they?"

"Yeh, and it's that way for fifty acres. Turn on the lights again. Then go get your keister."

Joe obeyed. From behind him as he went through the big hall to the front door, he could hear Fullhouse mumbling at the cabinet against the wall. He was still there when Joe returned, thumbling curiously at dials, at last to gain a response.

"That ain't so bad," he said, turning nonchalantly away. From the concealed loudspeaker, a jungle band squawked its jagged melody.

Fullhouse glanced professionally at the oil painting on the wall. "Guess we got to yank this thing down. Never mind trying to lift it off its hook—get that corner and give it a yank." The fastening broke. A small, round, metal appliance was revealed in the wall. Fullhouse stepped forward and gave a professional twist to the knob.

"Humph!" he said and walking away, merely stood, his hands behind his back and his hips shoved forward.

"The lousy bum, he's switched that combination." He pursed his lips and rolled his eyes to the sweating Joe.

"What's wrong with the safe?" Joe asked huskily.

"Jammed with a new combo. As if that made a difference. We'll soup it. Go on and grab that stuff out of the dining room, while I get the drill. I thought maybe this'd happen."

He forced Joe to his task. The radio blared on, to different melodies now. Joe halted in his work, half starting toward the instrument. Then Fullhouse came back, fitting a steel bit to a heavy brace.

"Listen," he said. "Grab that chair. Get on it—you're stronger than I am. We've got to drill that baby. Then soup it."

"Soup—that means nitroglycerin."

"You know all the words, don't you?" asked Fullhouse. "Well, what of it? What's the diff whether we open it with our fingers or with an ax? Get up on that chair."

Crawling things had suddenly crept into Joe Barry's heart. He stepped to the chair, took the drill, and started turning, the shavings cutting grudgingly.

"It'll take fifteen or twenty minutes," said Fullhouse. "Stay at it. I'd better duck outside the house and do some gaycatting. Keep watch, you know, on the long shot that somebody would show up and I'd have to stall 'em. Well, don't stand there staring at me—turn that drill."

"I don't like this, Fullhouse."

"Well, do you think I'm having any picnic? Listen! What's the use of getting excited simply because we got to soup that baby? It don't make no difference what we do now—[illegible] the route when we jimmied that window. Hep to it and let's get out of here."

He waited only until Joe had returned to his task. Then he moved slowly out of the room. At the hall, Joe thought that his steps became faster. Finally there was silence, except for the scratching of the drill and the blaffer of the radio. Again Joe looked toward it and moistened his lips. Back to his drill he went, his arm turning unconsciously to the squeals of piccolos and the blare of trombones. Then he halted and suddenly descended from the chair. As hurriedly he went to the radio to throw the switch that would stop the annoyance of jarring notes. But with his hand on the dial, he halted.

He turned his head swiftly, looking out toward the hall. Fullhouse was not there. He swerved to the radio again. A minute passed, two. Joe was crouched now, his form almost hidden in the bulk of the big instrument, as on one knee, he bent there, eager fingers turning the dials, even as his brain commanded them to desist.

Station by station the results flowed in, a jazz band blatting its swift-timed music, a woman singing, a piano playing—

A band playing. Joe turned back to it and reached hurriedly for the volume control. Stronger and stronger it came in. The man seemed to [illegible] his forehead, brushing dazedly at black, tousled hair. His lips took on a new look of grimness. Now, with a clearing of the air lanes, the music became stronger, filling the room until it literally enfolded him:

Tinsel and spangle and fluttering tulle,
Queen of the sawdust ring.

A groan came from the throat of Joe Barry. His sweating, trembling hands reached upward as if to wrench the machine into silence. But they only remained shaking there, while the band repeated the melody, every note pounding like the blows of a trip hammer into the brain of Joe Barry—

Then suddenly the man slumped, his sweat-lined hands grasping at the sides of the instrument. For the band had ceased. Some one was speaking across the miles.

It was the voice of Sue Dayton.

(To be Continued Next Week)

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