

SHRINERS TO CONVENE SOON

Annual Spring Ceremonial To Be Held At Fort Wayne, Friday, April 30

Decatur Shriners are anticipating a lively event at Fort Wayne, Friday, April 30, the occasion of the annual Spring Ceremonial of Mizpah Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The first ceremonial was held in the magnificent new Temple last October, and this spring's event promises to eclipse at in splendor and interest, according to reports received by local Shriners.

Elaborate plans are going forward to confer the picturesque Shrine degrees upon a large number of novices. Registration begins at 9:00 a. m., and the ceremonial is scheduled for 4:00 p. m., with a banquet at 6:30 o'clock.

Says Resistance To Prohibition Law Is Repetition Of History

Washington, April 22. — (United Press)—From Westerville the cradle of the so-called prohibition movement, comes an explanation of the difficulties encountered in enforcement of the Volstead Act.

Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, thinks that "it is not a strange or new thing that the federal government is having difficulties with enforcement of the federal prohibition enactments."

To explain, Dr. Cherrington cites the adoption by the citizens of Maine of their first constitutional prohibition amendment which went into effect in 1858, and tracing the history of Maine's law enforcement problems, he asserts that the problems and difficulties encountered in enforcing the laws there are also in Kansas were similarly met with by the government.

"In fact," he continued, "the first great federal enforcement problem came in what was known as the 'Whiskey Rebellion' arising from the whisky trade's refusal to submit to federal taxation and their questioning of the right of control by the national government. This 'Whisky Rebellion' was suppressed by the federal government when it (the government) was only in swaddling clothes."

Dr. Cherrington, continuing his traceries of government enforcement, points to the next great problem of the government—the enforcement of the laws against piracy.

"The history of that effort to curb the ruthless tactics of these Captain Kidds covers twenty-five years of difficult and trying efforts at criminal hunting, before it was finally successful," the Anti-Saloon League executive declared.

"Then came enforcement of the slave trade laws," he cited. "To enforce the edict forbidding importation of African slaves, adopted after 1808, a number of stringent laws were enacted, and a long, hard diplomatic crusade on the part of government officials especially with European governments was necessary to obtain adequate enforcement."

Another great problem faced the

government shortly after the administration of President Grant, Cherrington asserted.

"It will be remembered," he said, "that this undertaking against lotteries required governmental efforts for an entire generation."

The problems of the enforcement of the prohibition laws," he concludes, "are no greater than the problems which have been faced repeatedly by the government in the enforcement of laws."

Men More Feminine, Women Masculine, Says Beauty Expert

Los Angeles, April 22. — (United Press)—Men are becoming more feminine and women more masculine, according to Mrs. Ruth J. Miller, head of a national chain of beauty schools.

"The modern barber shop has become a beauty shop for women, and men are spending \$750,000,000 a year for beautification," she said in an interview here.

"It is the ape impulse—the women smoking cigarettes because the men do and the men using cold cream and cosmetics because the women do. Statistics show more than 500,000 men use cosmetics.

"The changes in our social and economic life are also responsible for this apparent transmutation of the sexes. Business now brings men and women together in a manner which has the effect of bringing out the latent 'other sex' the effeminacy of man and the masculinity of women."

National Censorship Of Films Opposed By Coolidge

Washington, April 22. — (United Press)—President Coolidge is opposed to a national censorship of films.

The white house spokesman let this be known today, simultaneously adding that any such action was a state rather than a federal one. The chief executive, however, was pictured as believing the film industry had improved in recent years, particularly under the guidance of Will Hays, movie czar.

An inkling of the President's position, it was said, could be found in the veto of a Massachusetts movie censorship measure while he was state governor. Thought this measure restored more or a constitutional question than on the merits of censorship itself.

Adams Continues His Attack On Sen. Watson

Peru, Ind., April 22.—(United Press)—Claris Adams, candidate for the republican long term senatorial nomination, continued his attack on Senator James E. Watson in an address here Monday night.

Adams charged Senator Watson with "playing politics with Indiana postmasters" and asserted that the senate's delay in confirming President Coolidge's reappointment of Robert H. Bryson, Indianapolis postmaster, was due to Watson's influence in that body and was merely a move on his part to gain the votes of the Indianapolis postal employees at the coming primary.

Dr. Hendrick's name sounds like he'd prescribe lots o' garglin'. It's gittin' so a straw vote brings out more voters than a reg'lar election.—Abe Martin, Indianapolis News.

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By JACKSON GREGORY

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convinced Bayne Trevors, manager, is liberated, walking the ranch grounds by Judith Sanford, a young woman, his cousin, Pollock Hampton, and Timothy Gray, decides to throw up his job. Judith arrives and announces she has bought Gray's share in the ranch and will run it. She discharges Trevors.

"All mine, every running hoot of 'em," she said, cutting in. "What does Trevors want you to do with them? Give them away for ten dollars a head or cut their throats?"

"Look here—" cried Trevors angrily, on his feet now.

"You shut up!" commanded the girl sharply. "Lee, you answer me."

"He's selling them fifty dollars a head," he said with a sly smile. "In his heart as he glanced at Trevors' flushed face.

"Fifty dollars!" Judith gasped. "Fifty dollars for a Red Duke colt like Comet!"

She stared at Lee as though she could not believe it. He merely stared back at her, wondering just how much she knew about horseflesh.

Then suddenly, she whirled again upon Trevors.

"I came out to see if you were a crook or just a fool," she told him, her words like a slap in his face. "No man could be so big a fool as that! You—You crook!"

The muscles under Bayne Trevors' jaws corded. "You've said about enough," he shot back at her. "And even if you do own a third of this outfit, I'll have you understand that I am the manager here and that I do what I like."

From her bosom she snatched a big envelope, tossing it to the table. "Look at that," she ordered him. "You big thief! I've mortgaged my holding for fifty thousand dollars and I've bought in Timothy Gray's share. I swing two votes out of three now, Bayne Trevors. And the first thing I do is run you out, you great big grafting fathead! You would chuck Luke Sanford's outfit to the dogs, would you? Get off the ranch. You're fired!"

"You can't do a thing like this!" snapped Trevors, after one swift glance at the papers he had whisked out of their covering.

"I can't, can't I?" she sneered at him. "Don't you fool yourself for one little minute! Pack your little trunk and hammer the trail!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Why, I don't know even who you are! You say that you are Judith Sanford." He shrugged his massive shoulders. "How do I know what game you are up to?"

"You can't bluff me for two seconds, Bayne Trevors," she blazed at him. "You know who I am, all right. Send for Sunny Harper," she ended sharply.

"Discharged three months ago," Trevors told her with a show of teeth.

"Johnny Hodge, then," she commanded. "Or Tod Bruce or Bing Kelley. They all know me."

"Fired long ago, all of them," laughed Trevors, "to make room for competent men."

"To make room for more crooks!" she cried, her own brown hands balled into fists scarcely less hard than Trevors' had been. Then for the third time she turned upon Lee. "You are one of his new thieves, I suppose?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee gravely.

"Well, answer me. Are you?"

"No, ma'am," he told her, with no hint of a twinkle in his calm eyes. "Leastwise, not his exactly. You see, I do all my killing and highway robbery on my own books. It's just a way I have."

"Well," Judith sniffed, "I don't know. It will be a jolt to me if there's a square man left on the ranch! Go down to the bunk-house and tell the cook I'm here and I'm hungry as a wildcat. Tell him and any of the boys that are down there that I've come to stay and that Trevors is fired. They take orders from me and no one else. And hurry, if you know how. Goodness knows, you look as though it would take you half an hour to turn around!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bud Lee. "But you see I had just told Trevors here he could count me out. I'm not working for the Blue Lake any more. As I go down to the corral, shall I send up one of the boys to take your orders?"

There was a little smile under the last words, just as there was little smile in Bud Lee's heart at the thought of the boys taking orders from a little slip of a girl. Inside he was chuckling, vastly delighted with the comedy of the morning.

"She's a sure-enough little wonderbird, all right," he mused. "But, say, what does she want to butt in on a man's size job, for I want to know?"

"Lee," called Trevors, "you take orders from me or no one on the ranch. You can go now. And just

keep your mouth shut."

Bud Lee was turning to go out and down to his horse when he saw the look in Trevors' eyes, a look of consuming rage. The general manager's voice had been hoarse.

"D—n you," shouted Trevors, "get out!"

"Cut out the swear-words, Trevors," said Lee with quiet sternness. "There's a lady here."

"Lady!" scoffed Trevors. He laughed contemptuously. "Where's your lady? That?" and he leveled a scornful finger at the girl. "A ranting tough of a female who brings a breath of the stables with her and scolds like a fish-wife"

"Shut up!" said Lee, crossing the room with quick strides, his face thrust forward a little.

"You shut up!" It was Judith's voice as Judith's hand fell upon Bud Lee's shoulder, pushing him aside.

"If I couldn't take care of myself do you think I'd be fool enough to take even little job like running the Blue Lake? Now—" and with blazing eyes she confronted Trevors—"if you've got any more nice little things to say, suppose you say them to me!"

Trevors' temper had had ample provocation and now stood naked and hot in his hard eyes. In a blind instant he laid his tongue to a word which would have sent Bud Lee at his throat. But Judith stood between them and, like an echo to the word, came the resounding slap as Judith's open palm smote Trevor's cheek.

"You wildcat!" he cried. And his two big hands flew out, seeking her shoulders.

"Stand back!" called Judith. "Just because you are bigger than I am, don't make any mistake! Stand back I tell you!"

Bud Lee marveled at the swiftness with which her hand had gone into her blouse and out again, a small-caliber revolver in the steady fingers now. He had never known a man himself possibly excepted—quicker at the draw.

But Bayne Trevors, from whose

make-up cowdrice had been omitted, laughed sneeringly at her and did not stand back. His two hands out before him, his face crimson, he came on.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Fool!"

Still he came on. Lee gathered

himself to spring.

Judith fired. Once, and Trevors'

right arm fell to his side.

A second time, and Trevors' left arm hung

limp like the other.

The crimson was

gone from his face now.

It was dead white.

Little beads of sweat began

to form on his brow.

Lee turned astonished eyes to

Judith.

"Now you know who's running this outfit, don't you?" she said coolly.

"Lee, have a team hitched up to carry

Trevors wherever he wants to go.

He's not hurt much; I just winged him. And go tell the cook about my breakfast."

But Lee stood and looked at her.

He had no remark to offer. Then he

turned to go upon her bidding. As he

went down to the bunk-house he

said softly under his breath: "Well,

I'm d—d. I most certainly am!"

CHAPTER II

Judith Puts It Straight

Wrinkled, grizzled old half-breed Jose, his hands trembling with eagerness, stood in the smaller rose-garden cutting the perfect buds, a joyous tear running its zigzag way down each cheek.

"La senora es come home!" he announced as Lee drew near on his way to the bunk-house. "Jesus Maria! Een my heart it is like the singing of little birdies. Mire, senor. My flowers bloom the brighter, already—no?"

"You've known her a long time, Jose?"

"Senor she es born!" and Jose, unashamed, wiped a tear upon the back of a leathery hand. "Senor Sanford and me, senor, we teach her when she es so little!" Jose's shaking hand was lowered until it marked the stature of a twelve-inch pigmy. "Never at all until one year ago does she leave us and the rancho. We, us two who love her, senor, learn her to walk and to ride and to shoot and to talk. You shall hear her say, 'Buenos dias, Jose, mi amigo!' You shall see her kiss the cheek of old Jose. Madre de Dios! I would go down to h—l for her to bring back fire to warm her little feet een weenter!"

Lee went thoughtfully on his way to the bunk-house. "I've got orders for you fellows," he said from the doorway. "The boss of the outfit, the real owner, you know, just blew in. Up at the house. Says you boys are to stick around to take orders straight from headquarters. You, Benny," to the cook, "are to have a man's size breakfast ready in a jiffy."

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Naturally Benny led the clamor with

What in blazes did