

## THE NORTH POINT LAW.

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

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Constable Matthews stood at the door of his little thatched cottage and sniffed inquisitively at the air, when a broad smile of contentment beamed on his wide, happy face and his keen gray eyes twinkled.

"Gosh, but this weather's fine," he exclaimed to himself, and then his glance strayed down the road toward the town store and a large group of men standing in front of it. "Plannin' some parade, I reckon." And then he sauntered forth toward the store, but not on police business. In fact, Sam Matthews seldom went anywhere on police business—because that business was exceedingly dull at North Point.

"Hello, Sam," greeted some of the men in front of the store, as the officer hove into view. "Gonna pinch some snuff?"

The joke was the oldest in North Point, but Sam hesitated at the store steps and grinned amiably.

"No, just pluggin' along," he countered, humorously, as he pointed to an empty jaw, usually filled with a quid.

And then, as he turned his back on the crowd of men, and was about to enter the store, a name came to his ears that brought him up short.

"Classon!" Always a name to be reckoned with, mused Sam, as he peered across the bridge toward Parksboro. A name either feared, hated or loved, according to circumstances. To be feared or hated, when the owner of the big mills at Parksboro was mentioned. Nearly 90 per cent of the men at North Point drew Classon Woolen mills pay envelopes—and nearly 80 per cent of them hated the owner cordially. For he was a hard taskmaster and thoroughly selfish. Sam gazed sympathetically toward his group of fellow-townsmen as he thought of Classon's latest offense against his workers—a refusal to install a co-operative lunch room where they might get their lunches at cost. And thinking of lunches, Sam smiled and reminiscently sighed as he thought of the bright, captivating and ministering little angel who also bore the name of Classon.

How many of those men, mused Sam tenderly, took slices of chicken, bits of luscious fruit and the like in their lunch boxes—brought to their women folks by Dorothy Classon. Dorothy was so unlike her father in every way as to make North Pointers forget she was a Classon—generous to her finger-tips, lovable to her slips-tips, and democratic to a fault.

Sam listened to the wrangling for a few minutes listlessly—for it was all too well-known to him—and was about to enter the store when a dominant voice in the group arrested his attention, and he crouched in the dark of the porch to listen unseen. What he heard chilled every fiber of his body.

They couldn't do this thing, he gasped, as he crouched lower, listening intently. And use him, Sam Matthews, as a tool for their purposes—impossible! It was all very well to hate Classon, to denounce him, revile him, if they would—but this thing—br-r, he shuddered. And then he sorrowfully realized that they were right—they could use him—he was their constant.

And then, after a few minutes, he heard footsteps at his back, crunching on the gravel path. They were coming after him—after their constable—to make him do his duty. He hung his head and slightly turned his face toward the house. Then he breathed easier, for the footsteps again receded up the street and he looked up, then was startled.

He recognized the couple. It was Dorothy, and he noted regretfully her happy profile as she leaned on her escort's arm and smiled into his face. Sam knew of the romance of this couple, and his warm old heart had rejoiced as, for months past, he had seen the girl stray past his home on the arm of George Fulton, the young assistant superintendent of the mills. A fine match, he agreed. Fulton had fought his way through the mills to the position he now held—perhaps the only one besides Dorothy who commanded a civil word from the elder Classon. Before this night he had gazed fondly at the picture of Fulton's dark handsome head against the golden head of Dorothy as they strolled through North Point.

Sam shuddered now, and then he gazed apprehensively toward the store. No one was in sight. Perhaps it wasn't too late—yet. He might avert trouble after all. And no complaint had been made to him as an officer. He followed the pair stealthily, and then as Dorothy entered the gate of Mrs. Waters, the widow of an old mill employee, Sam noted that Fulton waited for her. He quickened his step and, passing Fulton with barely a nod, hurried up the walk and rang the bell.

"G'd evenin', Mrs. Waters," he greeted the widow briefly as she admitted him. And then, noting Dorothy, he spoke quickly. "Please, Miss Dorothy, the missus wants to see you right away. Will you come now?"

"Why, sure," Dorothy agreed, laying a package of tea on the table before Mrs. Waters' grateful eyes. And then bidding the widow a cheery good-night, she followed Sam outside.

"If you don't mind," he suggested.

in a whisper, "we can get through the hedge. It's quicker."

"But Geor—Mr. Fulton, what about him?"

"I'll tend to him," answered Sam briefly. "Please, Miss Dorothy—hurry."

Without question, Dorothy followed the old constable into his sitting room. Mrs. Matthews rose and welcomed her impulsively. Sam left the room hurriedly.

"Why, Miss Dorothy," exclaimed Mrs. Matthews, happily, "this is indeed a surprise!"

"A surprise!" echoed Dorothy, nonplussed. "Why, didn't you send for me? Mr. Matthews said—"

She stopped abruptly as she heard angry voices on the porch.

"Y'd better git out—and git quick!" she heard Sam's shrill voice, and then Fulton's deeper rumble came to her ears.

"I'll do no such thing," snapped Fulton. "Miss Classon is with me, and I'm going to see her home. Oh, Dor—Dorothy heard him start to call her name and then followed a short scuffle, followed by a dull thud. Dorothy screamed and then the door opened and the old constable staggered in bearing Fulton's limp form in his arms, and dropping him on the sofa.

"Mr. Matthews, what have you done?" cried the girl, as she leaned over Fulton's head, and then, as she drew her fingers away wet she stared horrified at Sam, who answered her stare coolly. "How dare you? You've killed him. You brute, you fiend—"

Like a young lioness she sprang at Sam, who withdrew pace and held out his arms restrainingly.

"He's not dead," he replied, coolly, and then he turned to his wife with an air of command. "Get some warm water, ma, and bathe his head. He'll come to in a minute. I'll be back soon."

Mrs. Matthews stared at her husband questioningly, and then knowingly, as from long association with a man whose worldly wisdom had long since gained her complete confidence, turned a ministering hand toward the young man. Dorothy bent over him, calling to him to come back to life, revealing in her mental stress an understanding long since divined by the older woman, and then just as Fulton's eyelids quivered and he struggled to his feet, the door flew open and Sam reappeared, followed by a clergyman. His reappearance acted as a red flag to Dorothy, but he waived her aside, as he went toward the table and took up a leather-bound volume.

"Not so quick, Miss Dorothy," he drawled, whimsically. "And be a little more respectful to 'rds th' law an' th' clergy."

"Law!" she flared, scathingly. "Is it lawful to strike a man cowardly with a club when he—"

"God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform," replied the constable, and then he turned to the clergyman. "Ain't I right, parson?" And then, to cut off another outburst from Dorothy, he opened the book in his hand. "Hold on, Miss Dorothy, and let me explain. To begin with, your daddy is a mean old cuss, and the boys all hate 'im. They've tried every way they know to get simple justice out of him, but he's just plain ornery, I reckon."

"But, what—?"

"Just a minute. He told one of the boys that it didn't matter t' him a darn bit if their wimmen folks did have t' work their arms off. An' that he didn't kee a fiddler's curse if th' wimmen folks were ashamed o' their shabby clothes—nobody but a dern fool keered what folks said about 'em, says he. So th' boys wanted t' teach him a lesson. They's an old law down here in this town what makes it a crime for a young couple t' be together on th' streets a'ter dark. Nobody ever paid much tention to it, 'cause I reckon th' jail wouldn't h' been large enough fer 'em if they did. Th' boys kinda thought yer daddy'd kinda changed a bit if they showed him what disgrace'd mean t' him, and th' b'ys they've noticed you an' young Fulton out here several evenin's together—they aimed t' have me pinch y' fer 'violatin' th' old North Point law!"

"But it's ridiculous!" Dorothy started to protest vehemently.

"Granted. But that ain't sayin' ye none, n'r me neither. I knowed they'd ketch y' on th' way back t' town, so I had t' keep y' from goin' back. An' from violatin' th' law, too. Th' young fellers kinda made it hard fer me, but I've kept y' from bein' pinched." Sam stopped, peered wistfully from the girl to the young man, and then turned his eyes to the book again.

"Th' law also sez," he continued, glancing at the pale through half-closed lids, "that a constable kin issue marriage licenses a'ter dark and they ain't nothin' t' keep a married folk from trampin' all over North Point together. Now, th' parson's a kinda curious feller an' when I met him out-side a few minutes ago he was kinda wonderin' as whether you and Fulton liked each other enough t'—Sam's voice trailed off into a kind of smothering sputtering, as the girl threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. And then she glanced shyly at Fulton.

"Do we, George?" she asked.

"Let's show them," answered Fulton with alacrity, as he sprang to her side, and with his arm around her tightly, turned to face the clergyman.

"I reckon they do," said Sam a few minutes later as the clergyman handed Fulton a parchment certificate, and imitating the young man he gave Mrs. Matthews a great big hug and a very noisy kiss.

## DWARF TRIBE in VENEZUELA



Child of the Macoa Tribe.

**E**XPLORATIONS into hitherto unknown forests of Venezuela by Theodore De Booy of the American Geographical Society and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania have brought to the knowledge of ethnologists a race of dwarf Indians that live in an eternal fog, far more impenetrable than that of London, and whose members get drunk regularly once a month. Mr. De Booy also has located a treasure cave that will be of equal interest to the archaeologist and to the seeker of gold, deep in a wilderness that not even the Indians will penetrate.

In full sight of the mountain at the base of which the cave is located the explorer was forced to turn back because his Indian guides and carriers refused to continue the journey. One of their reasons was a lack of food, but the principal objection apparently was a superstitious fear of the spirits of warriors buried in the cave after a great battle told about in their traditions. The mountain is near the border of Venezuela and Colombia.

"It is quite probable, almost certain, in fact," says Mr. De Booy in the museum Journal, "that this burial cave contains archaeological treasures of the highest value. Our archaeological researches proved without a doubt the entire region had at one time been inhabited by the Arhuacos, a tribe of which a small remnant still lives in the Sierra Nevada of Santa Marta. The Motilones, which includes the Macoas, were evidently comparative newcomers to the region and had either driven out the Arhuacos or had killed them off, probably only a short while before the Conquest. Researches by other archaeologists have proven that similar occurrence took place in the Goajira peninsula directly to the northward, and that the Goajiras superseded the Arhuacos in this latter region.

## Treasures of Gold Workers.

The burial cave, therefore, probably contains Arhuacan specimens, and as the Arhuacos were excellent workers in gold and had quantities of gold ornaments it will be seen that the chances of this cave containing gold ornaments as well as burial objects of other kinds are very good.

Two days before coming within sight of the peak in which the cave was to be found, the Indians had shown me certain regions where evidence could still be seen of former clearings. These clearings were of considerable age and were only distinguished from the surrounding woods by the fact that the trees were not quite as large and the undergrowth of lesser density."

Mr. De Booy landed at Maracibo and spent two days on horseback crossing the plain to La Horqueta, one of the last outposts of civilization in Venezuela. He had to pass part of this time over a narrow and gloomy trail through a wilderness abounding with tigers, jaguars, wildcats, monkeys and deer. Beyond this forest is a great plain and back of that the mountains with their heads lost in the fog. "While the altitude of these mountains is not sufficiently high to make them snow covered," says the explorer, "the fog and mists at times would almost make one think that the summits were covered with snow."

In the days of the Conquistadores La Villa, a little town along the route to La Horqueta, was the starting point for raiding expeditions into the Indian territory to the south of the Rio Negro. The town is filled with ruined foundations of houses and a quaint old church still stands. It is said to be the oldest in that part of the country.

Nine hours' travel through the jungle from La Horqueta De Booy came to the settlement of Machiques, outside of which were found members of the Tucucus Indians, who come down to the mountains to work occasionally in exchange for hoop iron.

## Style Show at Paris Theaters

The Parisian theaters are beginning to be an expression of the late fashions, both from the standpoint of the artist appearing on the stage and the audience which gathers nightly to witness the new plays, writes a Paris fashion correspondent. A premier, or first night, in Paris always brings a fashionable crowd. When Ventura made her debut in a new role in "La Volle Dechire" she wore a charming dress made by Jenny, one which has also been chosen by small Parisiennes in private life.

## Sleeves That Flare; Pantaloons Cuffs.

Two charming robes of this character, one for afternoon and one for evening wear, have been big successes; both are developed in black satin and the embroideries are in ruby-red beads



## Tulle of Pink Over Gold Cloth.

Another theater dress, from Lanvin, which is proving very interesting to private customers as well, is of pink tulle over a cloth-of-gold foundation. There is a hoop frame made of artificial flowers which passes around the hips, holding the tulle out with the fashionable bouffancy. This effect is further exaggerated by rose ruchings of tulle, which girdle the skirt twice between the hips and the knees. Underneath, the gleaming gold foundation skirt clings tightly to the figure of the wearer. Thus the pink tulle skirt forms only a hoop-like transparency and leaves the figure of the wearer svelte and graceful.

Lanvin is emphasizing black and white for spring and summer. This was evidenced in her mid-season models, prepared for the Riviera season, and is again apparent in spring opening models.

She is making much use of white Kascha, Rodier's cashmere serge, in combination with black satin for simple street dresses of the tailored type, many of which show the black and white Moravian pattern embroideries, plus the fine hand-run stitches in brilliant crimson. So tremendous has been the success of this Czech-Slovak embroidery that Lanvin, who launched it last summer, was practically forced to continue its use for spring.

## Russian Dress in Redingote Style.

Thanks to Lanvin's system of organized effect this house always launches exclusive new materials as well as new embroideries. It is said that her orders are often placed three years in advance of her needs and are of sufficient size on certain specialties to make it worth while for the French manufacturer to give it to no other house during the lifetime of the vogue.

The oriental touch is not lacking in Lanvin's new spring line, for she has just brought out two wonderful models with cuff trousers. This may

and silver threads. The afternoon dress is in the chemise type and passes over the head. Like many other Lanvin models, it is arranged to button high about the throat with a straight collar band, or to be worn open in a deep V point. The sleeves and the pantaloons cuffs are the strikingly new features. The former are in bell shape with massed embroidery covering almost their entire length. The bell flare is about eight inches wide at the bottom, the sleeve itself being a good three-quarters length. The dress girdles in blouse effect at normal waistline, the belt being also richly embroidered, and there are two slender pendent panels on each side of the skirt, also embroidered. To the hem are attached the pantaloons cuffs, which are brilliantly embroidered.

The evening dress, also in black satin, is embroidered in exactly the same colors, red and silver of very elaborate and extensive pattern. Almost the whole front of the skirt has an apron pattern of the embroidery. The pantaloons cuffs are embroidered. The bodice is in semi-decolletage style, slightly square neck at the back and very deep surplice V point at the front. It shows elaborate embroideries at the front outlining the crossing decolletage. The very short sleeves, perhaps five inches long, are entirely covered with embroidery and there is an embroidered sash.

**Umbrella is an Adornment.** Dressmakers are showing great interest in umbrellas as accessories to their costumes. This is the first time that umbrellas have been considered adornments. The newest of them, like the French shoes, are clumsy and stubby in appearance. Brown is the fashionable color. The novelty in umbrellas is the clublike stick, most elaborately ornamented through wood, ivory and tortoise shell carvings and other forms of decoration.

These umbrellas have made their first appearances through exclusive shops, as well as the Paris dressmakers. Therefore, many of the designs are exclusive to the individual house selling them. Among the most notable are the carved ivory handles which are at least three inches wide and from one and a half to two inches thick. On these handles graceful Egyptian figures are cut, the silhouettes being in ivory with a background of celestial blue. A handsome one has a handle of brown wood carved to imitate the joints of bamboo. The tips, ferrule and ornaments on the handle are carved coral; the silk cover is brown to match the wood.

Dress Worn at the French Theater—Pink Tulle Over Cloth-of-Gold Foundation.

sound very funny, but it is just what they are. There is a straight, slightly draped skirt and below this are attached two rather stiff cuff bands three or four inches deep and sufficiently large for the feet to pass through. These are sewn inside the hem of the skirt. The feet pass through

