

The WHITE DESERT

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

CHAPTER XIII.

Old Judge Mason, accustomed to seeing Barry in times of stress, tried his best to be jovial.

"Well, boy, what is it this time?"

"Money," Houston came directly to the point.

"What's the money for, running expenses?"

"No, Machinery. I've got to have a good, smooth-working plant—otherwise I won't be able to live up to specifications."

"You're not," and the old lawyer smiled quizzically, "going to favor your dear beloved friend with the order, are you?"

"Who?"

"Worthington."

"The district attorney?"

"That was. Plutocrat now. He came into his father's money and bought the East Coast. Every town, 'and I know he's president,' again the smile, 'and I know he'd be glad to have your order."

Houston continued the sarcasm.

"I'd be overjoyed to give it to him, in fact, I think I'd refuse to buy any machinery if I couldn't get it from such a dear friend as Worthington was. It wasn't his fault that I wasn't sent to the penitentiary."

"The law's right, boy." Old Lawyer Mason was quietly reminiscent. "He tried his best. It seemed to me in those days he was more of a persecutor than a prosecutor."

"Let's forget it," Houston laughed uneasily. "A persecutor? * * * You've given me an idea, Judge. I'm going to New York."

And the next morning, Barry Houston was in New York, trudging along Seventh Avenue toward Belgravian Hotel. There he sought the executive offices and told his story. Five minutes later he was looking at the books of the institution, searching, searching—at last to stifle a cry of excitement and bend closer to a closely written page.

"August second," he read, "Kilbane Worthington, district attorney, Boston, Mass. Acc. by Drs. Horton, Miller and Bremstein. Investigating effects of blow by the high jadavers."

With fingers that were almost frenzied, Houston copied the notation, closed the book and hurried again for a taxi cab. It yet was only nine o'clock. If the traffic were not too thick, if the drivers were skillful—

He raced through the gates at Grand Central just as it was closing. It was night when he reached Boston, but Houston did not hesitate. A glance at a telephone book, another rocking ride in a taxi cab, and Barry stood on the veranda of a large house, awaiting the answer to his ring at the bell. Finally it came.

"Mr. Worthington," he demanded.

Kilbane Worthington was seated at the same table much in the manner which he had affected in court.

"Well," he asked somewhat brusquely, "May I inquire?"

"My name is Barry Houston, son of the late William K. Houston. You and I—in the same room. You once did me the very high honor to accuse me of murder and then tried your level best to send me to the penitentiary for life when you knew, absolutely and thoroughly, that I was an innocent man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The former district attorney started slightly. Then, coming still closer, he peered into the tense, angry features of Barry Houston.

"A bit melodramatic, aren't you?" he asked in a sneering tone.

"Perhaps so. But their master is always melodramatic."

"The point is this: I am thinking of suing the city of Boston for a million dollars."

"You're talking blackmail."

"I beg your pardon. Blackmail is something by which one extorts money. I'm here to try to give you a good reason for not doing it. I'm at the same time allow you to make up for something that should weigh rather heavily on your conscience."

"If you'll come to the point."

"Mr. Worthington, I have convincing evidence that you knew it was innocent. Further that you knew it was guilty. But that in spite of this knowledge, you continued to persecute me—notice, I don't say prosecute—to persecute me in a hope of gaining a conviction, simply that you might go before the voters and point to me in prison as a recommendation of your efficiency as a district attorney. I don't know where you got the names. Dr. Horton, Dr. Mayes and Dr. Bremstein, all physicians of the highest reputation. I would like, Mr. Worthington, to know why you didn't make use of them in the trial?"

"Why—" The former district attorney suddenly changed the subject. "You know of a suit you might bring when you came in here?"

Houston waited for a moment, then went on.

"But personally, I don't want to file the suit. I don't want any money—that way. I don't want any bribes or extortions, or statements from you that you know me to be innocent. You owe me something. And I'm here tonight to ask you for it."

"I thought you said you didn't want any bribes."

"I don't. May I ask you what your margin of profit is at your machinery company?"

"I suppose it runs around twelve percent."

"Then will you please allow me to give you twelve thousand dollars in profits? I'm in the lumber business. I have a contract that runs into the millions; surely that is good enough security to a man—he couldn't resist the temptation—who knows my absolute innocence. It isn't good enough for the bankers,

but you, sir, will be."

"I'll take your word for it. I'll take your word for it."

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Middy Still Worn



MC CALL PATTERN COMPANY

The ADVENTURES of Raggedy Ann and Andy

By JOHNNY GRELLE

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy were sitting near the teeny, weeny home of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Grasshopper, so when Mr. Gregory Grasshopper came pushing the baby carriage out of the little path, the young Raggedy Ann's apron right in their way. Mr. Gregory Grasshopper pushed and pulled until he had wheeled the baby carriage right up on Raggedy Ann's lap.

"Here are the Grasshoppers out for a walk!" laughed Raggedy Ann as she smoothed her apron so that Baby Grasshopper would not tip out of the baby carriage. "Why don't you let Baby Grasshopper get out of the baby buggy and play around upon Raggedy Ann's nice clean soft apron?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"That would be nice?" Mrs. Gregory Grasshopper squeaked in her tiny Grasshopper voice; and with this, she lifted Baby Grasshopper out of the buggy and placed her upon Ann's clean, white apron.

"How nice she is!" Raggedy Ann laughed.

"We're not chewing tobacco though," said Mr. Gregory Grasshopper. "I don't know how Baby Grasshopper learned such a bad habit, so I must spank her to make her better."

"Just a week old yesterday!" Mrs. Gregory Grasshopper replied.

"She's spry for her age!" Raggedy Andy laughed as Baby Grasshopper gave a kick with both hind feet and jumped up.

"How nice she is!" Raggedy Ann asked.

"My goodness!" Mr. Gregory Grasshopper laughed. "I see what you mean. but really we eat makes us look all the time we are chewing tobacco, but really we eat makes us look all the time we are chewing tobacco."

"We have to keep her in the baby buggy!" Mrs. Gregory Grasshopper said as she hurried to take Baby Grasshopper had fallen in the grass and had her kicking with her feet up in the air.

"If we didn't?" Mr. Gregory Grasshopper explained.

"She'd be hopping out all the time and we would spend most of the time hunting for her in the grass at the side of the road; for you see," he added, "she doesn't know how to use her legs yet and she just jumps helter-skelter and jumps into everything which happens to be in the way." See?

"Yes, indeed!" Raggedy Andy laughed.

"She's got lots of time, what we do all night is to play with her tiny Grasshopper so that we can all sleep at once, but when we see other do the same thing then we soon see that it is not right."

"I guess the best way to do is always to look at our own faults and try to correct them then those of others, because we are doing nice shiny things," said Raggedy Ann. "And, she added, 'when we are unselish and happy, those with whom we play see how nice we are and they want to be the same way; so the happiness and kindness grows and grows until all our friends are as sunny as we are!'" Copyright, 1922.

The middy is almost more than a garment; it has become an institution.

It appeared more than a dozen years ago, yet the middy still enjoys universal popularity. No other garment has been able to displace it in the school girl's wardrobe, no other is likely to for years to come.

Though it is really a kind of uniform, the versatile middy has achieved an almost incredible variety through being developed in so many colors and fabrics with different little changes from year to year to keep it quite up to the minute in appearance.

The middy of this spring, for instance, is following the long-waisted mode of the moment, and the fullness is gathered at the side of the road; for you see," he added, "she doesn't know how to use her legs yet and she just jumps helter-skelter and jumps into everything which happens to be in the way." See?

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