

SEARLES THINKS END OF STRIKE AROUND CORNER

Editor of Mine Workers' Journal
Heralds Peace at Cleve-
land.

LEADERS ARE YIELDING
Administration Heads Realize
Dual Conference Remains
as Solution.

By ELLIS SEARLES,
Editor United Mine Workers Journal.
(Written for the United News)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The American people may breathe a long sigh of relief, for John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, has issued a call for a joint conference of miners and operators at Cleveland next Monday to settle the coal miners' strike.

By this move, peace in the coal industry is brought to the very threshold of accomplishment. Resumption of mining is now just around the corner.

Failure Inconceivable.

It is inconceivable that the conference in Cleveland can fail of its purpose or that it will not bring about a termination of the strike. Probably a few stiff-necked coal operators will refuse to attend the conference.

Once the union mines are reopened following the Cleveland conference, the gougers will no longer enjoy a monopoly of the coal business.

The Cleveland conference will be composed of the three international officials of the United Mine Workers of America; eight representatives of the miners from each of the four States in the central competitive field, comprising western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and such representatives of the operators as the operators themselves may select.

Negotiating Conference

It will be a negotiating conference, with full power and authority to enter into an agreement, subject only to the approval of the general policy committee of the United Mine Workers of America.

The only obstacle that could possibly stand in the way of a successful outcome of the conference would be for a sufficient number of the operators to refuse to attend. I do not believe the American public at this time is in any humor to stand for such conduct.

HELD UNDER BOND

Broad Ripple Marshal Arrests Man
After Accident.

James Garrity, 2942 Schofield St., arrested last night by the Broad Ripple town marshal, is held in the county jail under \$1,000 bond. Garrity was arrested after the machine he was driving collided with one driven by Frank C. Sadler, 2356 N. New Jersey St. He is charged with operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor.

AUTO HITS ABUTMENT

Driver Says Rain Obscured His Vision.

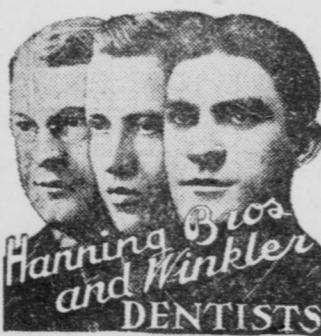
When an automobile collided with an abutment of the elevated railroad tracks at E. Washington St. last night, Mrs. Glenn L. Laughner, 736 W. Thirtieth St., suffered severe cuts and bruises. Glenn L. Laughner, driver, said rain obscured his vision.



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I STARTED TO SCREAM, but
changed my mind, because I never
felt the extracting of my wisdom
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The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A.A. MILNE

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Lunch was over, and the house party guests were about on their way home. Quiet reigned in The Red House while MARK ABLETT, the bachelor owner, and MARY CAYLE, his companion, awaited the arrival of Mark's brother, ROBERT, who was returning from Australia after a fifteen year absence.

ROBERT had a rough appearance.

AUDREY STEVENS, the maid, ushered him into Mark's office on his arrival. After an hour's attempt to find Mark to the garden, the other servants frightened by the sound of his voice, shut and heard Cayley pounding on the office door demanding admittance.

CHAPTER II.

Cayley was now 28, but had all the appearance of 40, which was his patron's age. Spasmodically they entered a good deal at The Red House. Let us have a look at them as they came down to that breakfast, of which Stevens, the parlormaid, had already given a glimpse.

The first to appear was Major Rumbold, a tall, gray-haired, gray-bearded, silent man, who lived on his retired pay. He had got to his table on a sausage by the time of the next arrival. This was Bill Beverly, a cheerful young man in white flannel trousers and a blazer.

At about the time when Mark and

GIRLS! LEMONS
WHITEN SKIN AND
BLEACH FRECKLES

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of harness and delightful lemon bleach.

"Please, don't get up," said Miss Norris. "I'll help myself. Good morning, major." She smiled pleasantly at him.

The major nodded.

"As I was telling him," began Bill, "that's where—Hello, here's Betty."

Betty Calladine and Cayley had come in together. Betty was the 18-year-old daughter of Mrs. John Calladine, widow of the painter, who was acting hostess on this occasion for Mark. Ruth Norris took herself seriously as an actress and, on her holidays, seriously as a golfer. She was quite competent as either.

"By the way, the car will be round at 10:30," said Cayley, looking up from his letters. "You're lunching there, and driving back directly afterward. Isn't that right?"

Mark came in. He was generally the last. He greeted them and sat down to toast and tea. Breakfast was not his meal. The others chattered gently while he read his letters.

"Good God!" said Mark suddenly.

There was an instinctive turning of the last. He greeted them and sat down to toast and tea. Breakfast was not his meal. The others chattered gently while he read his letters.

"I say, Cay!" He was frowning. He held up a letter and shook it. "Who do you think this is from?"

Cayley shrugged his shoulders. How could he possibly guess?"

"Robert," said Mark.

"I thought he was in Australia, or somewhere."

"Of course. So did I." He looked across at Rumbold. "Get any brothers, Major?"

"No."

"Well, take my advice, and don't have any."

"Not likely to now," said the Major.

He was frowning. So did I. He looked across at Rumbold. "Get any brothers, Major?"

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