

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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The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

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Lunch was over and the house-party guests were away on the golf links. Quiet reigned in the Red House while MARK ABLETT, the bachelor owner, and MATT CAYLEY, his companion, awaited the arrival of Mark's brother, ROBERT, who was returning from Australia after a fifteen year's absence. Startled by Robert's rough appearance, AUDREY STEVENS, the maid, ushered him into Mark's office on his arrival. After an unsuccessful attempt to find Mark in the garden, Audrey returned to the house to find the other servants frightened by the sound of a revolver shot and to hear Cayley pounding on the office door demanding admittance.

CHAPTER II.

Cayley was now 38, but had all the appearance of 40, which was his father's age. Spasmodically they entertained a good deal at The Red House. Let us have a look at them as they came down to breakfast, of which Stevens, the parlormaid, has already given us a glimpse.

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

"Hallo, Major," he said as he came in, "how's the gout?"

"It isn't gout," said the Major gruffly.

"Well, whatever it is."

The major grunted.

"I make a point of being polite at breakfast," said Bill, helping himself largely to porridge.

"Well, we've got a good day for our game. It's going to be dashed hot, but that's where Betty and I score. Hallo; good morning, Miss Norris. Do you want any assistance, or do you prefer choosing your own breakfast?"

"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—Hallo, here's Betty. Morning, Cayley."

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 heads toward him.

"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. "Got any brothers, Major?"

"No."

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

"Not likely to now," said the Major.

Bill laughed. Miss Norris said politely: "But you haven't any brothers, Mr. Ablett?"

"One," said Mark grimly. "If you're back in time you'll see him this afternoon. He'll probably ask you to lend him five pounds. Don't."

Everybody felt a little uncomfortable.

"All the same," said Betty a little daringly, "it must be, rather fun, having a skeleton in the cupboard."

Mark looked up, frowning.

"If you think it's fun, I'll hand him over to you, Betty. If he's anything like he used to be, and like his few letters have been—well, Cay knows."

Cayley grunted.

"All I knew was that one didn't ask questions about him."

It may have been meant as a hint to any too curious guest not to ask more questions, or a reminder to his host not to talk too freely in front of strangers, although he gave it the second of a mere statement of fact. But the subject dropped.

At about the time when Mark and

his cousin were at their business at The Red House, an attractive gentleman of the name of Antony Gillingham was handing up his ticket at Woodham station and taking the way to the village. He is an important person to this story, so that it is as well as should know something about him at the top of the hill on some excuse, and have a good look at him.

He had seen a good deal of the world. When at the age of 21 he came into his mother's money, 400 pounds a year, old Gillingham looked up from the "Stockbreeders' Gazette" to ask him what he was going to do.

"See the world," said Antony.

"Well, send me a line from America, or wherever you get to."

"Right," said Antony.

Old Gillingham returned to his paper.

He was now 30. He had come to Woodham for a holiday, because he liked the look of the station. His ticket entitled him to travel further, but Woodham attracted him. Why not get out?

The landlady of "The George" was only too glad to put him up.

While he was finishing his lunch,

the landlord came in to ask him about the luggage. Antony ordered another pint of beer and soon had him talking.

"It must be rather fun to keep a country inn," he said, thinking that it was about time he started another profession. "You ought to take a holiday."

"Funny thing you're saying that," said the landlord, with a smile. "Another gentleman, over from the Red House, was saying that only yesterday. Offered to take my place and all."

"The Red House? Not the Red House, Stanton?"

"That's right, sir. Stanton's the next station to Woodham. The Red House is about a mile from here—Mr. Ablett's."

Antony took a letter from his pocket. It was addressed from "The Red House, Stanton," and signed "Bill."

"Good old Bill," he murmured to himself. "He's getting on."

Antony had met Bill Beverley two years before in a tobaccoist's shop. Gillingham was on one side of the

counter and Mr. Beverley on the other. Something about Bill, his youth and freshness, perhaps, attracted Antony, and when cigarettes had been ordered, and an address given to which they were to be sent, he remembered that he had come across an aunt of Beverley's once at a country-house. He and Antony quickly became intimate. But

Bill generally addressed him as "Dear Madman" when he happened to write. Antony decided to stroll over to The Red House after lunch and call upon his friend.

As he came down the drive and approached the old red-brick front of the house, there was a lazy murmur of bees in the flower-borders, a gentle

cooing of pigeons in the tops of the elms, and from distant lawns the whirr of a mowing-machine, that most restful of all country sounds. And in the hall a man was banging at a locked door, and shouting, "Open the door, I say; open the door!" "Hallo!" said Antony in amazement. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

DOWNSTAIRS at AYRES'



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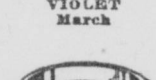
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MORNING GLORY September



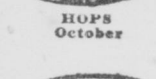
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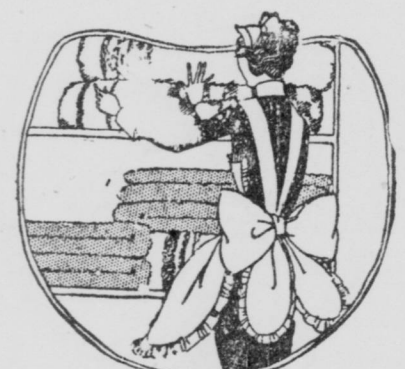
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68x80 All-Wool Scotch Plaid Blankets, \$9.75 Pair
Shell stitched edge; in just one color combination; a splendid blanket for college use.

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70x82 All-Wool Plaid Blankets, \$12.50
Scoured and steam shrunk; blue, yellow, rose, tan, gray, lavender and pink with white; ribbon bound; full bed size.

72x84 All-Wool Filled Comforters, \$6.75
Silkoline covered, warm and soft; with 9-inch sateen border; neatly quilted; many color combinations.

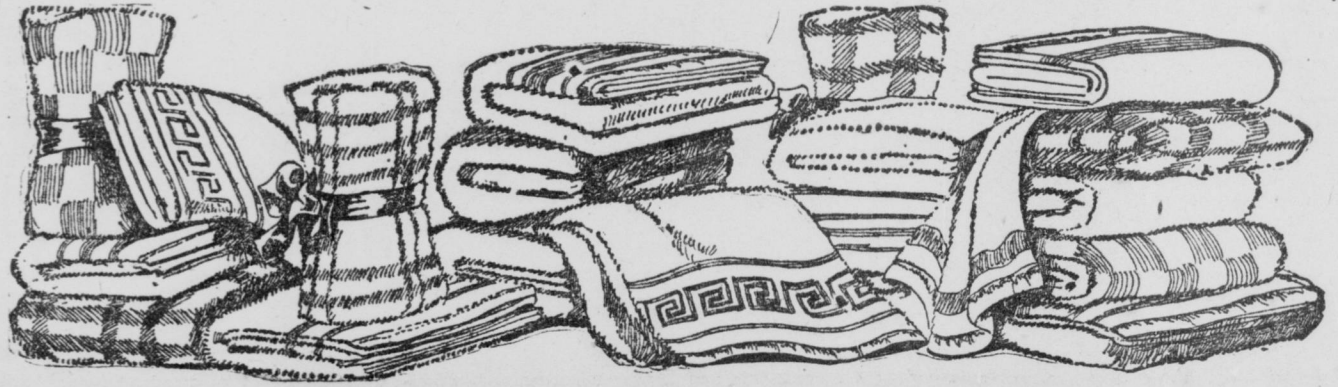
72x84 Comforters, \$8.75

Rose, blue, yellow, lavender and Copenhagen coverings; filled with pure wool; scroll stitched.

72x84 Comforters, \$11.75 Each
Wool filled; covered with mull in rose and Copenhagen; neatly stitched.

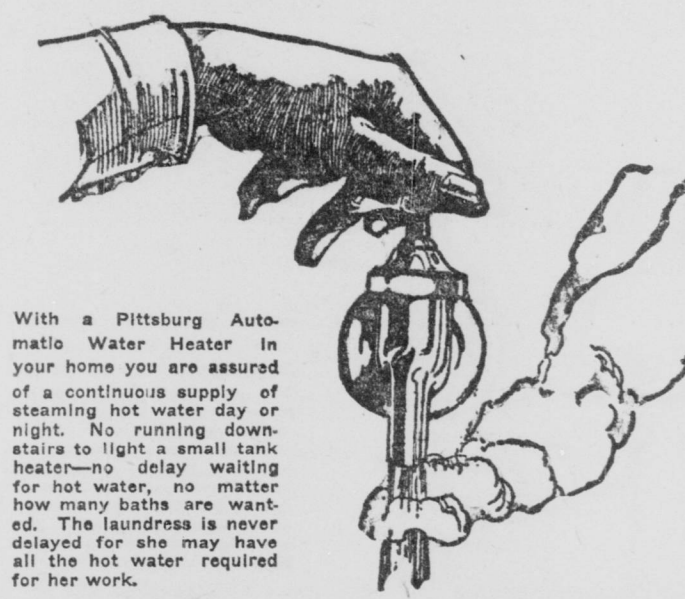
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