

MICHIGAN WOOL POOL MORE POPULAR WITH GROWERS EACH YEAR

LANSING, June 6.—Michigan farmers are turning an avalanche of wool into the state farm bureau wool pool which is growing like a great snowball as the pooling campaign continues, says a farm bureau announcement which declares that the 1921 wool pool is now four times larger than was the 1920 pool on June 1st last. Close to one million pounds have been pooled. Counties everywhere are declared to be piling up wool and clamoring for more wool grading service.

Shiawassee county is cited as an example of how the pool is growing. Scheduled originally for three days grading the county pool now requires thirteen days service, meaning that growers there will pool about 200,000 pounds of wool. Five grading teams are in the field. Their combined grading capacity is 75,000 pounds a day. As many as 70 team loads of wool have been reported in line early in the morning, on grading days at various warehouses throughout the state.

Less than half a million pounds of the 3,500,000 pound pool of 1920 remains, and that is being moved rapidly, says the farm bureau. Some new wool has been sold and the farm bureau predicts that the volume of sales will swell immensely when sufficient wool of the various grades for carlot shipment accumulate at local stations. Eastern mills are reported ready to take on Michigan wool in quantity just as soon as it is available.

The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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We were fairly accustomed to receive weird telegrams at Baker street, but I have a particular recollection of one which reached us on a gloomy February morning some seven or eight years ago, and gave Mr. Sherlock Holmes a puzzled quarter of an hour. It was addressed to him, and ran thus:

"Please, await me. Terrible misfortune. Right wing three-quarter missing, indispensable tomorrow."

—Overton."

"Strand postmark, and dispatched ten-thirty-six," said Holmes, reading it over and over. "Mr. Overton was evidently considerably excited when he sent it, and somewhat incoherent in consequences. Well, well, he will be here. I dare say, by the time I have looked through the Times, and then we shall know all about it. Even the most insignificant problem would be welcome in these stagnant days."

Things had indeed been very slow with us, and I had learned to dread such periods of inaction, for I knew by experience that my companion's brain was so abnormally active that it was dangerous to leave it without material upon which to work. For years I had gradually weaned him from the drugged which had once threatened to check his remarkable career. Now I knew that under ordinary conditions he no longer craved this artificial stimulus, but I was well aware that the fiend was not dead but sleeping, and I have known that the sleep was a light one and the waking near when in periods of idleness I have seen the drawn look upon Holmes's ascetic face, and the brooding of his deep-set and inscrutable eyes. Therefore I blessed this Mr. Overton, whoever he might be, since he had come with his enigmatic message to break that dangerous calm which brought more peril to my friend than all the storms of his tempestuous life."

As we had expected the telegram was soon followed by its sender, and the card of Mr. Cyril Overton, Trinity College, Cambridge, announced the arrival of an enormous young man sixteen stone of solid bone and muscle, who spanned the doorway with his broad shoulders and looked from one of us to the other with a comely face which was haggard with anxiety.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion bowed.

"I've been down to Scotland Yard, Mr. Holmes. I saw Inspector Stanley Hopkins. He advised me to come to you. He said the case so far as he could see, was more in your line than in that of the regular police."

"Pray sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"It's awful, Mr. Holmes—simply awful! I wonder my hair isn't gray, Godfrey Staunton—you've heard of him, of course? He's simply the bingie that the whole team turns on. I'd rather spare two from the pack, and have Godfrey for my three-quarter line. Whether it's passing, or tackling, or dribbling, there's no one to touch him, and then, he's got the lead, and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask."

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"Young Overton's face assumed the bothered look of the man who is more accustomed to using his muscles than

CARPENTIER'S TRAINING QUARTERS AT MANHASSET



This is an airplane view of Carpenter's training camp at Matthews farm, Manhasset. White platform a right of buildings is the ring. The three specks in it are Carpenter and two of his sparring partners.

The seclusion sought by Georges Carpenter for his training is clearly shown in the above aerial photo of his camp, located

at the Matthews farm, at Manhasset, L. I. The farm dwellings are set in a clump of trees. The ring is pitched behind the main

barn. Barbed wire keeps the curious away. The farm houses set well back from the main road.

"I wired to Cambridge to learn if anything had been heard of him there. I have had an answer. No one has seen him."

"Could he have got back to Cambridge?"

"Yes, there is a late train—quarter past eleven."

"But, so far as you can ascertain, he did not take it."

"No, he has not been seen."

"What did you do next?"

"I wired to Lord Mount-James."

"Why to Lord Mount-James?"

"Godfrey is an orphan, and Lord

Stevenson is fast enough, but he can't drop from the twenty-five line, and a three-quarter who can't either punt or drop isn't worth a place for pace alone. No, Mr. Holmes, we are done unless you can help me to find Godfrey Staunton."

My friend had listened with amusement to this long speech, which was poured forth with extraordinary vigor and earnestness, every point being driven home by the slapping of a brawny hand upon the speaker's knee. When our visitor was silent Holmes stretched out his hand and took down letter "S" of his commonplace book. For once he dug in vain at that mine of varied information.

"There is Arthur H. Staunton, the rising young forger," said he. "I suppose, if you have never heard of Godfrey Staunton, you don't know Cyril Overton either?"

Holmes shook his head good humoredly.

"Great Scot!" cried the athlete.

"Why, I was first reserve for England against Wales, and I've skippered

there was Henry Staunton, whom I helped to hang, but Godfrey Staunton is a new name to me."

It was our visitor's turn to look surprised.

"Why, Mr. Holmes, I thought you knew things," said he. "I suppose, then, if you have never heard of Godfrey Staunton, you don't know Cyril Overton either?"

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