

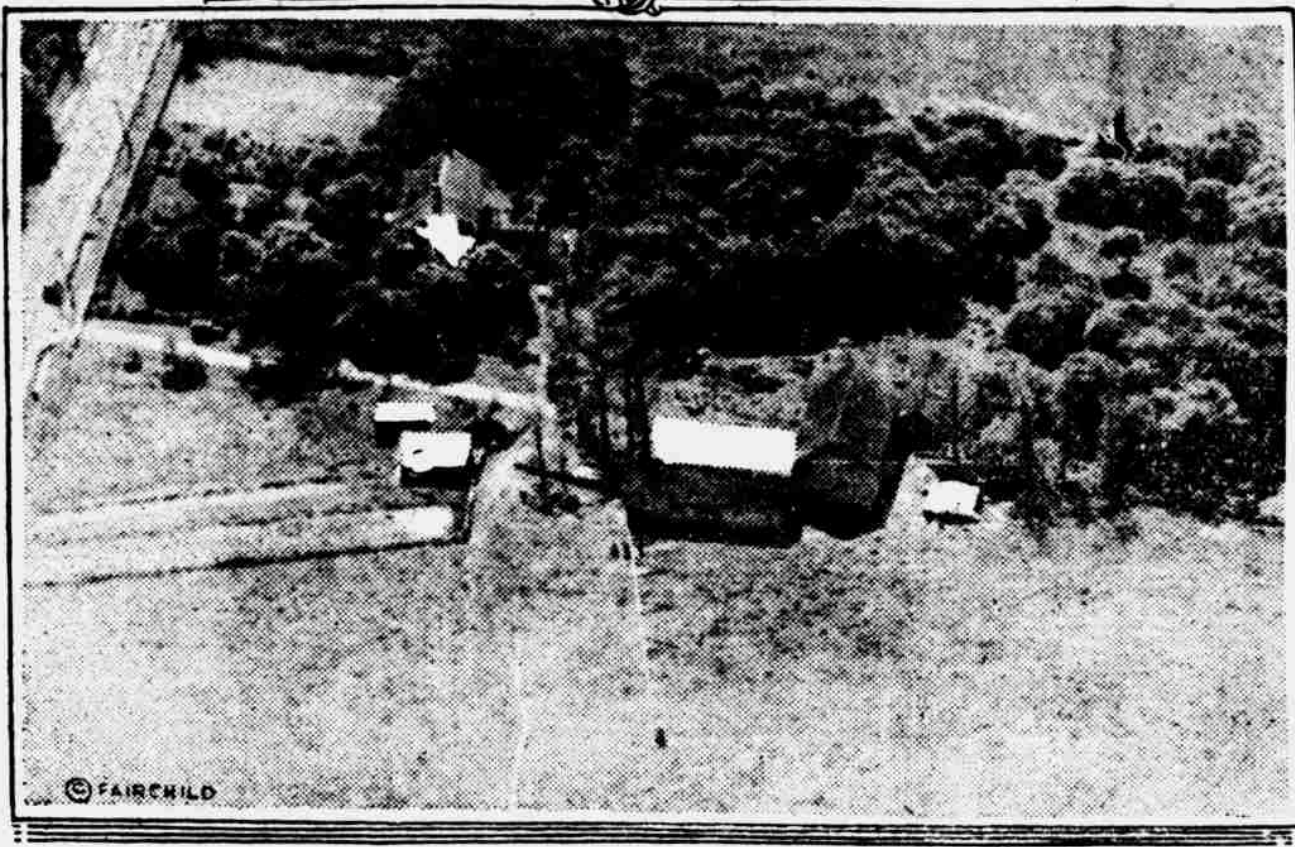
## MICHIGAN WOOL POOL MORE POPULAR WITH GROWERS EACH YEAR

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 accumulates at local stations. Eastern mills are reported ready to take on Michigan wool in quantity just as soon as it is available.

## CARPENTIER'S TRAINING QUARTERS AT MANHASSET



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

The seclusion sought by Georges Carpentier 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 horses set well back from the main road.

Mount James is his nearest relative—his uncle, I believe." "Indeed, this throws new light upon the matter. Lord Mount-James is one of the richest men in England." "So I've heard Godfrey say." "And your friend was closely related?" "Yes, he was his heir, and the old boy is nearly eighty—crank full of gout, too. They say he could chalk his billiard-cue with his knuckles. He never allowed Godfrey a shilling in his life, for he is an absolute miser, but it will all come to him right enough." (Tomorrow—The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter, continued).

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The action of the executive committee was taken following the receipt of a letter from Alva Swain, of Denver, as their meeting place this year, and that it be a joint encampment with the United Confederate Veterans.

If the two encampments were held in the same city it is certain that the decorations would include both the Confederate and Union flags," Mr. Butler said. "Although no active opposition is entertained toward the Confederate veterans, we consider it might be injurious to the nation if we

would march under the Confederate flag, after we had fought against it." Mr. Butler said that even if the rates had been satisfactory, it was improbable that the G. A. R. and the Confederate veterans would have held their encampments together.

## Births

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Walker, Covington, Ky., are parents of a boy, Charles Donald, born June 6.—Mrs. Walker was formerly Miss Emily Plummer, of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haustetter, of 309 North Third street, are the parents of a baby daughter, Martha Jane.

LOGANSPOUT PREPARES FOR SPANISH WAR VETERANS. LOGANSPOUT, Ind., June 6.—Preparations for the entertainment of the nineteenth annual encampment of the Spanish-American War Veterans association of Indiana to be held here June 13 and 14, have been completed. The Capt. David S. Bender post of Cass county has named reception committees and Boy Scout committees to meet all incoming trains and interurbans and to escort visiting veterans to the headquarters or to their hotels.

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## 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 drugman's which had once threatened to check his remarkable career. Now I knew that under ordinary conditions he no longer craved for 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' ascetic face, and the brooding of his deepest 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 hinge 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 head, and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask

you, Mr. Holmes. There's Moorehouse, first reserve, but he is trained as a half, and he always edges right in on the scrum instead of keeping out on the touchline. He's a fine placekicker, it's true, but then he has no judgement, and he can't sprint for nuts. Why, Morton or Johnson, the Oxford fliers, could romp round him. 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 amused surprise 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 common place book. For once he dug in vain into that mine of varied information. "There is Arthur H. Staunton, the rising young forger," said he, "and 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?"

Holmes shook his head good humoredly. "Great Scott!" cried the athlete. "Why, I was first reserve for England against Wales, and I've skippered the 'Varsity all this year. But that's nothing! I didn't think there was a soul in England who didn't know Godfrey Staunton, the crack three-quarter, Cambridge, Blackheath and five Internationals. Good Lord! Mr. Holmes, where have you lived?"

Holmes laughed at the young giant's naive astonishment. "You live in a different world to me, Mr. Overton—a sweeter and healthier one. My ramifications stretch out into many sections of society, but never, I am happy to say, into amateur sport, which is the best and soundest thing in England. However, your unexpected visit this morning shows me that even in that world of fresh air and fair play, there may be work for me to do. So now, my good sir, I beg you to sit down and to tell me, slowly and quietly, exactly what it is that has occurred, and how you desire that I should help you."

Young Overton's face assumed the bothered look of the man who is more accustomed to using his muscles than his wits, but by degrees, with many repetitions and obscurities, which I may omit from his narrative, he laid his strange story before us. "It's this way, Mr. Holmes. As I have said, I am the skipper of the Rugby team of Cambridge 'Varsity, and Godfrey Staunton is my best man. Tomorrow we play Oxford. Yesterday we all came up, and we settled at Bentley's private hotel. At ten o'clock I went round and saw that all the fellows had gone to roost, for I believe in strict training and plenty of sleep to keep a team fit. I had a word or two with Godfrey before he turned in. He seemed to me to be pale and bothered. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was all right—just a touch of headache. I bade him good night and left him. Half an hour later, the porter tells me that Godfrey stopped him, had a drink of water, and pulled himself together. Then he went downstairs, said a few words to the man who was waiting in the hall and the two of them went off together. The last that the porter saw of them, they were almost running down the street in the direction of the Strand. This morning Godfrey's room was empty, his bed had never been slept in, and his things were all just as I had seen them the night before. He had gone off at a moment's notice with this stranger, and no word has come from him since. I don't believe he will ever come back. He was a sportsman, was Godfrey, down to his marrow, and he wouldn't have stopped his training and let in his skipper if it were not for some cause that was too strong for him. No! I feel as if he were gone for good, and we should never see him again."

Sherlock Holmes listened with the deepest attention to this singular narrative. "What did you do?" he asked.

"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

Mount-James is his nearest relative—his uncle, I believe."

"Indeed, this throws new light upon the matter. Lord Mount-James is one of the richest men in England."

"So I've heard Godfrey say."

"And your friend was closely related?"

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