

Son Murders to Avenge Mother

Kills Brother's Wife While She Is Sitting in Barber's Chair.

Lincoln, Neb.—The day before Fame Mason was shot by her brother-in-law as she sat in a barber's chair at Leigh, Neb., she had gone with Frank Mason to Fremont, Neb., to decorate the graves of relatives. They have some pretty customs among the gypsy tribes and, in accordance with one of them, a lighted Christmas tree was placed by Fame Mason and her father-in-law, Frank, over the grave of his grandchild. Frank Mason's wife was buried nearly about a year ago.

The gypsy graves are well kept, some of them to beautifully, indeed, that people often drive out to the Ridge cemetery to view them. There apparently was nothing overt in this visit of the gypsy chief, Frank Mason, and his daughter-in-law to inspire the wrath of his two sons, Duffy and Ted. It probably did, however, fan their growing anger into a blaze. They resented the fondness of their sixty-one-year-old father and chief for his eighteen-year-old daughter-in-law. Fame Schaefer Mason was not gypsy-born. She was married to Duffy Mason, April 17, 1920, at Pierce, Neb. She had spent the greater part of her life on the road, as her parents are horse traders but not gypsies. Her husband left her a day after the marriage and they had lived together only at intervals since. Duffy Mason says he did not wish to marry her.

Resented Intimacy.

For all that it is certain he resented the growing intimacy between his father and the girl. They had been in Omaha together some time before the shooting and the chief had bought her some fineries that young girls love. A lot of money he paid for them, too, as much as \$100. That means the profits of quite a bit of horse trading.

Chief Mason allowed her a right to buy some things for his own daughter-in-law and he had a right to be in Omaha at the same time as Fame. That didn't square things with his sons, however. They put a different interpretation on his gifts to Fame.

So the night after Fame and Frank had placed the little lighted Christmas tree over the body of the gypsy child Fame Mason returned to the camp at Leigh. Her husband, Duffy Mason, said to her, according to the testimony, "Fame, I want you to go home. I don't want to live with you."

But Fame didn't go home. She started to prepare supper over the camp fire. The Masons had been living in a covered wagon despite the zero weather.

Right here the ghost of the gypsy woman buried near the child, out at Ridge cemetery enters the story. Ted Mason, who shot Fame a short time later, explains it this way:

"She comes back to camp all dolled up in some new clothes and starts to get supper. She used a skillet and some things my mother owned. I couldn't stand to see that girl touch

the things my mother used to touch. And I told her so. And I told her what I thought about her and father. "She threw the things down on the ground, and ordered me out of the wagon."

Ted Mason went up to the town. Duffy Mason joined him there. Some time later they heard that Fame had come up to town, and was in the barber shop. Also, that their father was with her.

Ready for Hair Cut.

When the brothers entered the shop Fame Mason was seated in a chair ready for a hair cut. Frank Mason stood beside her. The tragedy moved quickly. Holding a revolver about six inches from the back of the girl's head, Ted Mason fired.

As she slumped in the chair Frank Mason caught her in his arms and kissed her. She died in his arms.

The brothers gave themselves up, and their father followed them to the town hall. They were his sons and he was ready to employ a lawyer to defend them. They were of his tribe. He was their father and their chief.

They hurried back at him their accusations, their threats. He did not flinch. Turning to the officer who was guarding them he said, "Marshal, give Ted the gun, and see if he's got nerve enough to finish me."

"I don't want to shoot you," replied his son. "If I had wanted to kill you I could have done it long ago."

Frank Mason was deeply concerned with the funeral arrangements. He asked the undertaker to have a woman assist in the preparing of the body and he and the undertaker sat up all night with it. "This is the code of ethics of our family," Mason explained.

As Fame's body was being prepared for removal to Schuyler, Neb., the home of her family, Frank Mason stood beside it and wept. He bent and kissed the lips of the dead woman. He urged that the remains be placed in a vault, saying that gypsies never bury their dead except in vaults. The request was not granted, her own people taking the body and interring it in their own churchyard.

At the preliminary hearing the father told tearfully of events which led to the quarrel. He said he had happened to meet Fame in Omaha and that they registered at a hotel there, but in separate rooms. He spent \$100 on clothes for her. His sons threatened to cut her new coat off her back if they should catch her wearing it.

From their cell in the dungeon of Schuyler jail, Ted and Duffy Mason talk freely of the quarrel and the crime. They received word that their father would defend them without any show of emotion. "I did not love my wife," says Duffy. "I was forced to marry her. I left her the next day and went West."

Duffy said he had not seen the girl again until about a month before the shooting. He was requested by his brother to come home, so he rejoined the family wagon. He and his wife had quarreled for several days and he

Workers Find Strange Bird in Old Structure

New York.—Wreckers demolishing the building on the site for the new building of the New York Athletic club came upon a strange crippled bird recently which defied identification even by that man of diversified knowledge, the foreman. The bird, perched on a rafter, resembled a pigeon, but had a comb somewhat like a rooster.

The bird was taken to the West Forty-seventh police station. A claw and a wing had been injured, the latter having been bound with a strip of adhesive tape.

The bird has a dark gray breast, brown feathers at the neck and white specks around the tail.

decided to ask for a divorce. His father reminded him that gypsies do not seek recourse to courts, but settle their own affairs, he said.

"I would have nothing to do with my wife," Duffy continued. "We talked it over with the county attorney and he advised us to get along if we could. Then I began to notice that my dad was 'sweet' on her. He would give her money and they were always together. I didn't care. She was a bad woman, but I wouldn't have my father arrested, because we gypsies settle those things ourselves."

Ted Mason, apparently unworried by his plight, agrees with his brother. "She was worthless and bad. She promised to be awfully good to me if I would get Duffy to marry her."

The county attorney characterizes the Mason brothers as "daredevils." Neither can read or write. Duffy asked that some one be allowed to read them newspaper reports of the crime, but was refused. "Dad is to blame for it all," says Ted. "He never gave us an education." This was before the preliminary, when told his father would appear against them. The father later changed his mind.

About a month before the killing Fame Mason was stabbed in the shoulder by a relative of her husband. She was taken secretly to Schuyler and hidden in a house. During the night Ted and Duffy spirited her away in the car and authorities heard no more of her until the killing.

Indian Princes Prefer Their Shoes Squeaky

Bombay, India.—Squeaky shoes are in great demand by ruling Indian princes and chiefs, who have hit upon this as a means of impressing their barefooted subjects. The louder the shoes squeak the higher the price. The idea of wearing leather soles which make their presence known with every step of the wearer originated by chance some time ago in the state of Junagadh.

One of the chiefs of the Chusama tribe had purchased a new pair of shoes, and they creaked everlastingly as he strutted among the natives at festival gatherings. His subjects were more humble than ever. Some of the rajahs, ruling princes and the chiefs of numerous principalities have since taken to squeaking shoes, which are worn only upon ceremonial occasions.

FIX BAYONETS!

The War at Close Range Described in a Remarkable Series by an Officer of the Marines

Capt. JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr.

(Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield)
(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Editor's Note: This story is a cross section of the war. As Captain Thomason is a marine officer, naturally the actual names, dates, and places mentioned will bear a definite relation to marine activities in France; there is no intention, however, to overshadow the rest of the fighting American units. This story is a Marine story, because the author is only familiar with the combat experiences of his own men—but every doughboy who saw service in the war will recognize these experiences and encounters as similar to his own.

INTRODUCTION

Seven years after the war, across the world from France, I met a major of the American general staff, who was on the Paris-Metz road that last week in May, 1918, and saw the boys going in. "They looked fine, coming in there," he said. "Tall fellows, healthy and fit—they looked hard and competent. We watched you going in, through those little tired Frenchmen, and we all felt better. We knew something was going to happen—and we were silent over Chilean wine, in a place on the South Pacific, thinking of those days and those men."

There is no sight in all the pageant of war like young, trained men going to battle. The columns look solid and businesslike. Each battalion is an entity, 1,200 men of one purpose. They go on like a river that flows very deep and strong. Uniforms are drab these days, but there are points of light on the helmets and the bayonets, and light in the quick, steady eyes and the brown young faces, greatly daring. There is no singing—veterans know, and they do not sing much—and there is no excitement at all; they are schooled craftsmen, going up to impose their will, with the tools of their trade, on another lot of fellows; and there is nothing to make a fuss about. Battles are not suburban places, and every file knows that a great many more are going in than will come out again—but that is along with the job. And they have no illusions about the job.

There is nothing particularly glorious about sweaty fellows, laden with killing tools, going along to fight. And yet—such a column represents a great deal more than 28,000 individuals mustered into a division. All that is behind those men is that column too: the old battles, long forgotten, that secured our nation—Brandywine and Trenton and Yorktown. San Jacinto and Chapultepec, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Antietam, El Caney; scores of skirmishes nearly every year—in which a man can be killed as dead as ever a chap was in the Argonne; traditions of things endured, and things accomplished, such as regiments hand down forever; and the faith of men and the love of women; and that abstract thing called patriotism, which I never heard combat soldiers mention—all this passes into the forward zone, to the point of contact, where war is girt with horrors. And common men endure these horrors and overcome them, along with the insistent yearnings of the belly and the reasonable promptings of fear; and in this, I think, is glory.

They tell the tale of an American lady of notable good works, much esteemed by the French, who, at the end of June, 1918, visited one of the field hospitals behind Degoutte's Sixth French army. Degoutte was fighting on the face of the Marne salient, and the second American division, then in action around the Bois de Belleau, northwest of Chateau Thierry, was under his orders. It happened that occasional casualties of the Marine brigade of the Second American division, wounded toward the flank where Degoutte's own horizon-blue Infantry joined on, were picked up by French stretcher bearers and evacuated to French hospitals. And this lady, looking down a long crowded ward, saw on a pillow a face, unlike the fiercely whiskered Gallies heads there displayed in rows.

"Oh," she said, "surely you are an American!"

"No, ma'am," the casualty answered. "I'm a marine."

The men who marched up the Paris-Metz road to meet the Boche in that spring of 1918, the Fifth and Sixth regiments of United States Marines, were gathered from various places. In the big war companies, 250 strong, you could find every sort of man, from every sort of calling. There were northwesterners with straw-colored hair that looked white against their tanned skins, and delicately spoken chaps with the stamp of the eastern universities on them. There were large-boned fellows from Pacific coast lumber camps, and tall, lean southerners who swore amazingly in gentle, drawling voices. There were husky farmers from the corn-belt, and youngsters who had sprung, as it were, to arms from the necktie counter. And there were also a number of diverse people who ran curiously to type, with drilled shoulders and a bone-deep sunburn, and a tolerant scorn for nearly everything on earth. Their speech was favored with navy words, and words culled from all the folk who live on the seas and the ports where our warships go. In easy hours their talk ran from the Tartar wall beyond Peking to the southern islands, down under Manila; from Portsmouth Navy yard—New Hampshire—and very cold—to obscure bushwhacks in the West Indies, where Cacao chiefs, whimsically sanguinary, barefooted generals with names like Charlemagne and Christophe, waged war according to the precepts of the French revolution and the Cult of the Snake. They drank the eau de vie of Haute-Marne, and reminisced on saki, and vino, and Bacardi rum—strange drinks in strange cantinas at the far ends of the earth; and they spoke fondly of Milwaukee beer. Rifles were high and holy things to them; they also talked patriotically of the war, and were concerned about rations. They were the Leathernecks, the Old Timers: collected from ship's guards

and shore stations all over the earth to form the Fourth brigade of marines, the two rifle regiments, detached from the navy by order of the President for service with the American Expeditionary Forces. They were the old breed of American regular, regarding the service as home and war as an occupation; and they transmitted their temper and character and viewpoint to the high-hearted volunteer mass which filled the ranks of the Marine brigade.

It is a pleasure to record that they found good company in the army. The Second Division (United States Regular was the official designation) was composed of the Ninth and Twenty-third infantry, two old regiments with names from all of our wars on their battle-flags, the Second regiment of engineers—and engineers are always good—and the Twelfth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth field artillery. It was a division distinguished by the quality of dash and animated by an especial pride of service. It carried to a high degree esprit de corps, which some Frenchman has defined as esteeming your own corps and looking down on all the other corps. And although it paid heavily in casualties for the things it did—in five months about 100 per cent—the Second division never lost its professional character.

In 1917, when trained soldiers in the United States were at a premium, the navy offered a brigade of marines for service in France; it was regarded desirable for marine officers to have experience in large operations with the army; for it is certain that close co-operation between the army and the navy is a necessary thing in



Going Over.

these days of far-flung battle lines. The British distress at Gallipoli is a crying witness to this principle. In a navy transport, therefore, United States Ship Henderson, the Fifth regiment of marines embarked for France in June, 1917, with the first armed American forces. The Sixth regiment followed. The two regiments constituted the Fourth brigade, and served in the Second division, United States Regular, until the division came home, in August, 1919. About 30,000 marines were sent to France; some 14,000 of these went as replacements to maintain the two regiments of the Fourth brigade. A brigade musters some 7,500 officers and men; this brigade took part in some very interesting events.

Hereafter I have written of the marines in the war with Germany; how they went up, and what they did there, and how some of them came up again. Being a marine, I have tried to set forth simple tales without comment. It is unnecessary to write that I think of my own people, nor could it be, perhaps, in the best taste.

And I have written of marines in his war because they are the folks I now about myself. Those battle-elds were very large, and a man seldom saw much or very far beyond his own unit, if he had a job in hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Look With Suspicion on Too-Good Youth

Poor little good boy! Nobody believes in him; everybody distrusts him. All the wise educators and psychologists peer at him suspiciously and solemnly announce that he can't possibly be approved of. If he is tractable and obedient they shake their heads dolorously and prophesy that it won't last; that he'll do something dreadful later in life to make up for it and he'd much better be getting his allowance of original sin out of his system while he's young, ingrowing sin being a serious complaint. Well, maybe. But somehow, we can't help wondering if it's quite as bad as all that. We always had a sneaking idea that the boys and girls who did as they were told and got into no serious mischief grew up to be the dependable, conscientious, industrious men and women who do the bulk of the world's work and do it quietly and efficiently, without ringing any bells or blowing any horns to call attention to themselves and that one or two of them

may even have become presidents of banks or railroads or something. Probably we're wrong, but it's a comfortable theory, anyway.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Historic Town

Harper's Ferry is a town in West Virginia at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac and is about 60 miles from Washington. It received its name from Robert Harper, an English millwright, who obtained the grant of this site in 1748 from Lord Fairfax, the friend and patron of George Washington. The original survey was made by Washington himself and it is said that he personally selected the ferry as the site of a national armory. Harper's Ferry is famous in American history as the scene of John Brown's raid.

Hobby Is Training Worms

Training worms is the hobby of David Masters, London journalist and scientist. Leading his visitors to his garden, Masters would take a blade of grass and stroke the back of as much of a worm's body as he could get to be out of its hole in the ground. Immediately the worm would emerge from its hiding place and he would stroke its back, which the worm would arch after a few strokes. "You see, even a worm likes a good turn," Masters tells his friends.

Sun's "Looming"

The phenomenon of the sun setting and then coming into view again for a half minute or more is called "looming"—the coming into sight of objects normally below the horizon—and is owing to the downward bending of rays of light from the distant object by a shadow surface layer of cold, dense air.

KEEP COUGHS OUT OF "DANGER ZONE"

Coughing irritates your throat and makes you cough more. The more you cough the harder it is to stop. And when you feel the cough spreading down into your bronchial tubes it is nearing the "danger zone"—for these tubes lead directly into your lungs.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops coughs quickly—almost instantly in spasmodic attacks. With the very first swallow you feel its comforting warmth. Real medicine, reaching deep down with its soothing, healing power. Absorbed through and through the irritated throat, chest and bronchial membranes, it quickly stops the cough, breaks up the cold and brings prompt, lasting relief.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is hospital-proved. Prescribed by physicians. Pleasant to taste. All druggists—60¢ and, twice the quantity, \$1.00.



FOR PILES

PRICE \$1.00

Write for FREE BOOKLET. If your druggist cannot supply you, order forwarding charges prepaid, from KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 1045 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

Many children are complaining of Headache, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Irritable Bowels and take cold easily. If mothers only knew what MOTHER GRAYS SWEET POWDERS would do for their children no family would ever be without them for use when needed. So pleasant to take and so effective that ANY SICK CHILD can always tell others about them. At all Druggists. Trial Package FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Special Offer to Victims of Indigestion

Your Druggist Says Pleasant to Take. Elixir Must Help Poor Distressed Stomachs or Money Gladly Refunded.

You can be so distressed with gas and fullness from poor digestion or dyspepsia that you think your heart is going to stop beating. Your stomach may be so distended that your breathing is short and gaspy. You are dizzy and pray for quick relief—what's to be done.

Just one tablespoonful of Dure's Mentha Pepsin and speedily the gas disappears, the pressing on the heart ceases and you can breathe deep and naturally.

Oh! What Mended relief; but why not get rid of such attacks altogether? Why have them at all?

Especially when any druggist anywhere guarantees Dure's Mentha Pepsin, a pleasant elixir, to help you or money back.



Clock Induces Sleep!

Based on the fact that a softly humming, monotonous sound often serves to induce sleep, a clockwork apparatus patterned by a German doctor produces the desired noise for about forty minutes after winding. In order not to awaken the person using it by an abrupt cessation of the sound, this gradually becomes weaker until it finally dies away.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Chains Clean the Chimney
Chimneys, especially those in soft coal districts, require cleaning from time to time. This task can be made easier by using a bundle of automobile skid chains on the end of a rope for scraping the soot from the flues.—Popular Science Monthly.

Colds Will stop tomorrow

Colds break in 24 hours for the millions who use Hill's. Fever and headache go. The Grippe yields in 3 days. This is the quick, scientific way to clear these dangers and discomforts. Don't trust lesser help, don't wait. Get back to normal at once.

Be Sure It's HILL'S Price 30c
CASCARA QUININE
Get Red Box with portrait

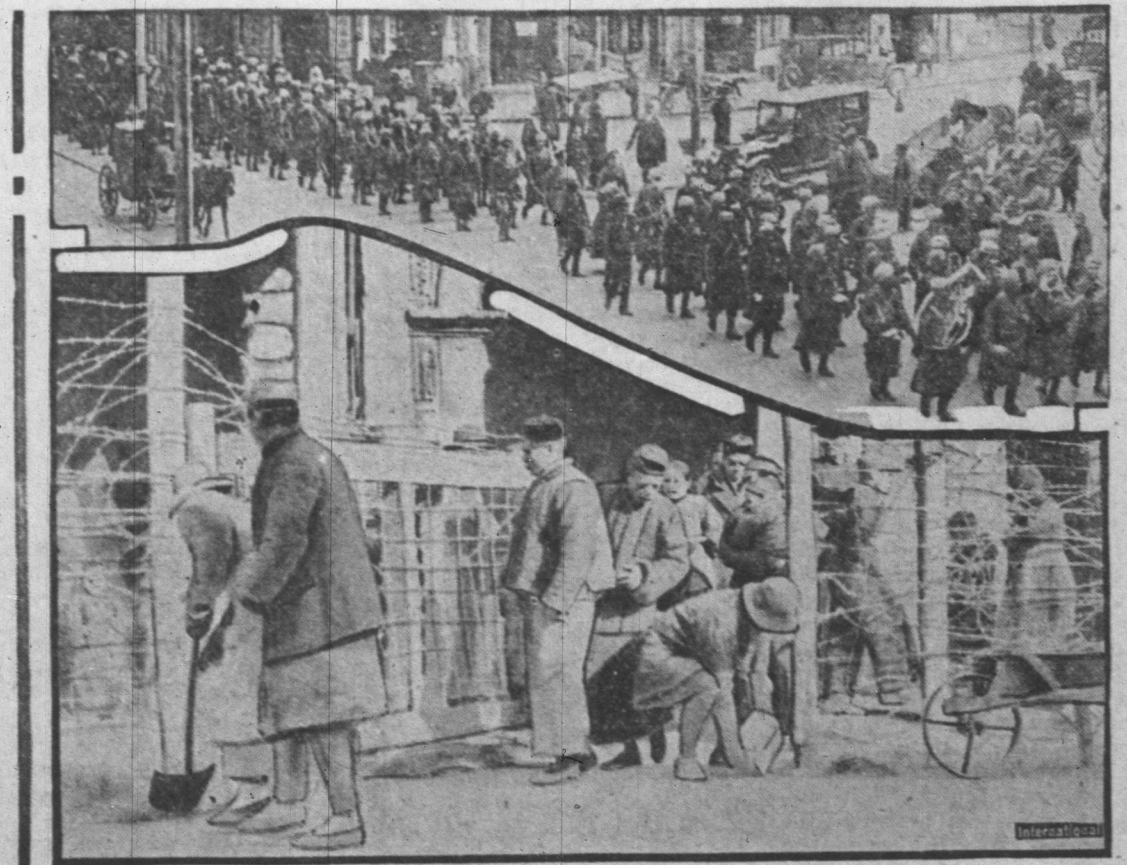
Old Established Company Constantly Introducing new products of proven merit desiring Representative. Write for booklet, Revigator Co., Revigator Building, San Francisco, Calif.

LADIES—WITH OUR COMBINATION CORSET—brassiere you can easily earn \$2 to \$3 per hour full or part time. We deliver and collect. HENDERSON SPECIALTY, Box E-1914, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOILS
There's quick, positive, relief in CARBOIL
GENEROUS 50¢ BOX
M. A. D. & S. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U., FORT WAYNE, NO. 12-1927.

Shanghai Concession Made Ready for Defense



Great Britain has been hurrying troops to Shanghai and making other preparations for the defense of the international settlement there. In the illustration are seen men of a Punjab after landing, and, below, workmen completing the barbed wire entanglements.

Engines Answer 8 False

Alarms to Same House
Minneapolis, Minn.—Roaring through the streets of Minneapolis on a fire truck in 21 degree below weather is no joke. And making eight trips to the same house in one night, only to find each time that there isn't any fire there at all—that's worse yet, firemen testified.

Eight telephone calls spreading the alarm that a partially constructed house at 15 West Elm street was on fire, came into Arthur Driscoll, fire department alarm operator. Eight times fire trucks went whizzing to the house.

Each time they found the same thing. Workmen had been plastering the house. When they left at night they started a fire in a stove termed a salamander, inside the house to dry out the plaster and keep it from freezing.

Reflection of flames from the salamander and steam from the drying plaster caused eight persons to send in fire alarms.

SIX IN CANOE IN THE BERING SEA SURVIVE AN ARCTIC GALE

Walrus Hunters Recount Thrilling Tale of Hardship, Peril and Suffering.

Sevoonga, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska.—Swept in an open skin canoe for 300 miles across the Bering sea from Siberia to this island, six survivors of a party of eight walrus hunters recently recounted a story of hardship, peril, suffering and tragic disaster.

Their arms and legs frozen, their eyes distended and swollen, their scanty clothing in tatters, the six men finally reached the Eskimo village of Gambell, on the northern part of the island, from where the story of their ill-fated battle with the elements has reached Sevoonga by radio.

Driven by approaching starvation to seek food, the eight men left a village on Little Max bay, Siberia, on

February 2 to hunt walrus. Venturing farther out on the icy sea after they had failed to find walrus near shore, the party, in the frail kayak was caught by the full fury of an arctic gale.

After being lashed about on the waters for several days, the hunters pulled their canoe onto a floating ice pack. There, suffering, cold and without food and fire, the little band passed the night in the snow. The next morning two of the party went foraging for food and failed to return. They have not since been seen.

Five of the starving group finally struggled into Gambell, where the United States bureau of education maintains a school for the Eskimos. After a search, headed by Samuel P. Troutman, government teacher at Gambell, the sixth member of the party was found, nearly dead.