A Cornishman

By MURIEL BLAIR

united man who had emerged he mangrove thickets that the road stepped, straightened and passed the sleeve of his cout over his eyes to wipe the sweat that blinded him. Not fifty yards ahead he saw the red days of a smithy fire. Beside it the plack silhonette of a huge old man sent over the anvil, the flail-like arms threshing upon a red-hot shoe.

The hunted man crept forward. Though the warm February night gave promise of a Florida spring. though he dripped sweat, the man stretched out his hands toward the plaze as though to warm them.

At that momeint there sounded, very musical and very far away, the bay of a hound. The man slouched toward the smithy and peered in at the

"Can you give a stranger a shakedown, mister?" he called to the smith. "Come in, friend," answered the smith, not looking up. "Sit down beside the fire and rest you a spell."

"You be from Tampa, friend?" inquired the smith, pausing in his work and looking up for the first time. Something about the man's appearence arrested his attention and he surveyed him again with a casual glance which, nevertheless took in all details.

"It's a goodish walk from Tampa." he continued, without waiting for the "Nigh upon five and other to reply. iwenty miles it must be."

"You are a Cornishman!" exclaimed the other, rising from the stool which he had occupied. "I was born in Bodmin. I haven't heard the speech in seven years. I-"

The hound's note sounded again, far over the marshes, and another hound took up the call, and another.

You're from the convict camp, I reckon," said the smith quietly, as he began to hammer again. "When Hid you get away?"

"Five nights ago," the stranger eried, advancing into the glow of the tire. The smith could see the hideous stripes plainly now, the shaved head, and the hands blistered with resin. "You'll help me?" pleaded the stranger. Tell them I'm your help and give me some bread and put an old suit about me. I wouldn't have asked you if you hadn't been a Cornishman. I'd have took what I wanted.

He showed him the sharp kulfe and In a person's teeth."

hen replaced it in his cont, running it between the fining and the cloth. "Friend," said the smith, laying his hammer down and approaching the other man, "you've time to answer a question or two before I answer you."

"What was your crime, friend?" the smith continued. "Murder!" the other shoulpd. "I affed a man, the lowest and meanest

vermin that ever crawled," The smith stood facing the convict quietly, but the kindliness in his eyes had given place to loathing.

"I'll give no help to a murderer!" he cried. "Whose sheds man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed. That's in the Good Book. Be you gone, for you'll get no help from me."

"You'll hear me first," the fugitive pleaded. "If ever murder could be justified, this was, Wait, now: Ull tell you everything there's time to tell and then I'll go, if you won't help me." He went on rapidly, disregarding the old man's threatening gestures. "I was raised in Bodmin and came to this country eight years ago to marry my girl, the girl who was pledged to me. She'd come here first as lady's maid. There was another Bodmin man. I told him of Milly before he set sail to work in the mines." "The mines, you say!" shouted the

smith, staring into the other's face. 'What mines?" "The phosphate mines at Hicks Milly a message by him, the blackhearted hound! I heard no more of them, but when I reached the town I found them both. They had been married four months. They had a cabin in the fields. I met her at the door. Her eye was blackened and her arm He'd done that the night before. I found him in the mines and put my knife through his heart."

"Whose heart?" screamed the smith, trembling violently. "What was his of her. name? Whose heart?"

"Hinman's. I tell you-" The old man's hand fell heavily upon the shoulder of the convict and in his eyes was a strange look of

"There's an old sult behind that curtain, friend," he said in an expressionless voice. "Put it on; then slt by the fire. After a while I'll have a bite for you. Haste you!

The hounds were giving tongue along the road. "But-but-" stammered the con-

vict, "you knew Hinman?" "He married my girl," answered the

old man quietly.

Explained.

"What is a biting remark?" "I supose it is the kind you throw

How Halloran Made Good

By HAZEL SMITH

(3) 1921, Western Newspaper Union) The first lord eight of the alarm had hardly consed to echo through the quarters of the steeping fremen when Halloran had sprung to his feet, his eyes still closed with sleep, found the thick pole and slid down to the stable, first of his companions. It was not his first fire, but it was his first big one. Everybody knew that it was a big one. Why, a whole block of tenements was burning on the East

side! He was at his post upon the car now, holding on grimly as the vehicle swung from side to side.

Halloran's mind went working back during that wild journey. He had been a fireman only six weeks. He was an ex-convict. Nobody knew that -nobody except Chief Porter. And Porter had believed in him and had kept his secret faithfully. After three years in Sing Sing for a crime that should, at most, have merited a short period of detention in Elmira reformatory, Halloran had been embittered Crossing. He came here. I'd sent against society. And Porter had found him and plucked him out of the mud and given him his post. Porter believed in him.

But Eileen, his young wife, did not. They had been married only three months when he had stolen a purse, to give her those little comforts which she needed so badly. When he came out to freedom Eileen was gone. Her friends could not be found. Her family had dispersed. There was no trace

Then Porter had found Halloran and picked him out of the mud and made a fireman of him. Some day he would show Porter that he was worthy of his confidence.

The wild journey was ended in front of a block of frames that sent up columns of smoke and spouted fire. All the occupants of the tenements had been removed or fled to safety.

No! Suddenly a cry went up from the multitudes. Far up on the seventh story a child was leaning out of the window, uttering a feeble cry. A little brown-haired slip of a girl, with outstretched arms and elinging night robe, crying in terror as the coiling smoke surged round her. Ladders had been run up. "Too short!" shouted a man. That was all Halloran knew. He was already upon the lowest part of the ladder and climbing steadily.

The child still hung in the midst of the coiling smoke wreaths and he was at the top of the ladder, and a full two stories beneath her,

He poised himself and sprang and caught the sill of the window of the fifth story; caught it and hung there. Then he drew himself up, stood on the sill for an instant, and plunged into the hell within.

Two minutes later a gasp went up from the watchers as they saw a staggering, smoke-blackened figure appear nt the window of the seventh story and drag the child upon the sill. It was Halloran, Augry tongues of fire darted out at him, licked at his clothes, greedy for their prey.

Halloran clung to the sill and looked down. The crowd was shouting to him not to jump.

Slowly a ladder upreared itself until it reached the sill. Halloran felt for it through a cloud of flame-tipped smoke in which whirled fiery, stinging sparks, clung to it with his feet, perched himself upon that swaying thing and thrust the child into the arms of the steel-helmeted man who clambered up to him. And then, when she had passed downward along the line, Halloran collapsed into his rescuer's arms.

At the foot of the ladder was a woman who had broken through the police lines. So tense was her face with angulsh that they had suffered her to pass; and now she clasped the child to her breast and laughed and crooned over it, oblivious of all else. The child was scatheless. Not a hair had been burned. Halloran's thick coat, scorched to a crisp, bore witness to that. And Halloran, a fire-blackened ruin, with burned-off hair and singed eyebrows and hands that rested limply in the surgeon's bandages, opened his eyes to find the woman kneeling over him.

"He'll do well now," exclaimed the police surgeon.

"Sure he will!" cried the voice of Porter, the fire chief, and in his tones was something that set Halloran's doubts at rest for ever.

But it was not of Porter that he thought that moment. The burned eyes opened widely, staring into the face of the woman at his side. And he whispered:

"Eileen!" She knew him-had known him. She!

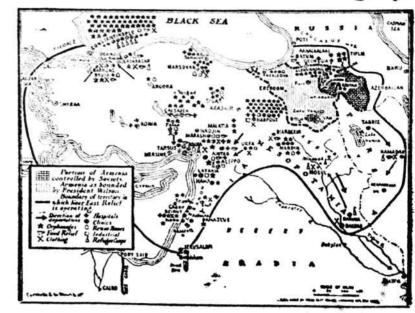
erouched lower beside him and laid her head upon his breast, her tears falling on his face like rain.

"Tom!" she whispered. "She's ours -your child and mine. And we shall be waiting for you, Tom dear, to make a new home for all our lives.'

Not a Brotherly Request. "I can only be a sister to you. Jack."

"Then give me back my presents." "Why, Jack! Whoever heard of a sister doing that?"-Boston Tran-

The Newest Near East Geography



THE accompanying map aims to show the extent of the operations of Near East Relief and also by contrast how comparatively limited is the Armenian area in the Near East controlled by the Bolsheviki.

Wherever in the Near East there are destitute Armenians, Syrlans, Greeks, Jews, Assyrians, or others, needy and oppressed, regardless of race or creed, there Near East Relief follows. From Constantinople to Bagdad, from Port Said to Baku, even into Persia, the protecting arms of Near East Relief have reached until today its work is far more extensive outside the country of Armenia than within.

TOLSTOY IRKED BY IDLENESS

Letter Written by Russian Philos. opher Condemns Life Led by Indolent Men of Means.

The Vossische Zeltung prints the following letter by Tolstoy, written in 1884, with the remark that it has never before been published except in Russian, and that its value lies in the fact that as early as 1884 Tolstoy had about made up his mind to do what he did in 1910-leave home and live the life of a peasant. The letter reads

"I am living in the country, involuntarily according to a new method. I go to bed early, get up early, write very little but work a great deal, either making boots or mowing hay. I see with joy (or possibly it only seems to me like joy) that there is something up in my family. They do not condemn me; as a matter of fact, they seem ashamed of themselves.

"What miserable creatures we are and how we have all gone astray. There are a great many of us here, my own children and the children of Kusminsky, and nobody does a thing but gulp down food. They are all big

und strong, yet they do nothing. People in the village are at work. My children eat and make their clothes and their rooms dirty and that is all. Everything is done for them by somebody else, yet they do nothing for anybody. And worst of all, they seem to feel that it is as it should be. But have had my own part in building up such a system, and I can never forget it. I feel that for them I am a trouble-fete. But it is clear that they are beginning to see that this cannot go on this way forever."

To Wash Windows.

Use a piece of chamois skin about fifteen to eighteen inches square. Use warm water, wring out the chamots lightly and wash over the window. Then wring the chamois out of water until as dry as possible and rub over the window. This will take off all the moisture and there will be no lint left. The windows will shine, and once tried you will never wash your windows any other way.

A Hairbreadth Escape. "How did the man make out who

bearded the lion in his den?" "He had a close shave."

The Tragedy of It----

West Virginia's oldest school, the Seminary at Lewisburg---with her Dormitory burned---has had her appeals for funds inadequately answered----

Won't You Give? Won't You Give MORE? Won't YOU?

JNO. I. ARMSTRONG. President.