

U. S. Will Control Mining, Says Colby

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9 (AP)—Government control of mineral development is inevitable, members of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers were told at the 133rd meeting by Wm. E. Colby, San Francisco mining attorney and authority on mining law.

Air Travel Is Found Safe

NEW YORK, Oct. 9 (AP)—The transport airplane in use today, provided they are serviced and handled with the utmost care, are as safe as travel by automobile, train or ship. The chance of a fatal accident to a passenger is one in 4,000 trips.

L. F. McAdams New Trainmaster's Clerk

L. F. McAdams, formerly of San Francisco, took over the duties yesterday of clerk in the trainmaster's office here.

The Innocent Cheat

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Helen Page feels unhappy when her classmates accuse her of being in love with her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent. But he represents all that she knows of home and family and she adores him madly.

A chance meeting with a dying beggar, Charles Owens Nellie, causes Brent to change all his plans regarding Helen's future. Before the man dies, he secures facts and evidence which he is able to corroborate to some extent by a visit to Yonkers.

On graduating, Helen reminds Brent of his promise to reveal her parentage and is amazed when he informs her that she is heiress of a millionaire, Cyril K. Cunningham, and that he promised her parents to take her to her grandfather when she was 18. They go to Yonkers and Brent introduces her to Cunningham as his granddaughter. He offers as proof the locket containing a picture of Evangeline Cunningham which he had taken from the dying Nellie.

Helen remains at Bramblewood while the lawyer investigates. The story that she has been under suspicion. Eager to win her favor, Cunningham presents her with a beautiful car which she drives everywhere. One day she accidentally strikes a young woman who has to be treated at the hospital. Helen goes to the girl's home to bring her mother and brother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Helen felt like a prisoner at the bar. The brother knew, she was certain that she would not be here unless she had had something to do with the accident.

She turned a little cold and her hands trembled in spite of her effort to remain calm and return his steady glance unwaveringly. Because of this she raised her head with a touch of defiance.

"I struck her with my car," she said softly.

The brother reached out and caught her arm. Helen winced.

"Forgive me," he apologized, recovering himself instantly. "Eva is very dear to me."

All Helen's hardness vanished. "Need I say I'm sorry?" she asked.

"How sadly is she hurt?"

"She'll be all right soon," Helen told him. "Dr. Parkey pronounced her in no danger, but she is in pain. Her voice broke a trifle and she got out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

Bob forbore to question her further.

"Will you drive my car back to the hospital?" Helen asked him.

"I haven't had a great deal of driving experience," he told her.

"It's a standard shift," Helen said. "I wish you would."

"Perhaps Mom would feel safer," he answered, without meaning to wound.

Helen flushed. "She doesn't know," she said. "Please don't tell her until she has seen your sister."

Mrs. Ennis came in just then and Bob nodded in silent answer to Helen's request.



At the end of the dinner Helen suggested a paddle on the lake.

remarkably striking picture in his answer. She forgot that he was merely scolding a girl for her irresponsibility, and that she was that girl.

His mind had become a sensitive plate upon which his personality was etching itself for all time to come.

Communaque, perhaps, in the brownness of his hair, the blueness of his eyes, but lifted into a class of exceptional distinction by the fine cut of his features and the verile quality of his mind that revealed itself in his flashing expressions and vibrant voice.

He was still trading against modern youth while Helen sat speechless, when someone came in and told him he could go to his sister's room.

"I'll wait to take your mother back," Helen said to him.

"Don't bother," he replied curtly. "We'll take a taxi."

Helen bit her underlip until it hurt. "But I must see your mother again," she protested.

"I don't think she will want to see you when she knows that it was you who ran over Eva down," Bob paused at the door to say.

Nevertheless Helen waited, held by a pentence that made her wish to suffer to the fullest for her fault.

She was prepared, when Mrs. Ennis returned, to face a second bludge or at least a harsh attitude. Instead Eva's mother came to her and tried to thank her for her kindness.

Bob stood by, scowling darkly. "I know you couldn't help it," Mrs. Ennis said chokingly.

Helen's own eyes filled suddenly with tears. "I want to do everything I can for her," she said feelingly. "It was my fault and I'm dreadfully sorry. She isn't suffering so much now, is she?"

"No, she's quiet. And we will soon be able to take her home."

The mother gave Helen's hand a friendly pressure and the girl returned her with a swift embrace. It was the first she'd ever given to a mother, and though the impulse had torn through the effect of years of reserve it was not robbed of its simple pleasure.

"You will let me drive you home?" Helen pleaded.

"Of course we will," Mrs. Ennis answered hastily. "But you need a bit of looking after yourself. I think perhaps Bob had better drive you home."

Helen carefully avoided looking at Bob. "I'm cured of reckless driving," she said soberly.

She rather fancied she heard a faint "Humph" from Bob but still she did not look at him.

"Let's go then," Mrs. Ennis suggested. "Bob must have his supper and father will be wondering what's become of us. We should have left a message."

she urged. "She wants to thank you for your kindness."

Again Helen heard a faintly contemptuous sound from Bob. Her face flushed hotly. With a quick movement she prepared to drive off but his voice stopped her.

"What he said came as a most unexpected surprise.

CHAPTER XVII

"Will you permit me to drive home with you, Miss Brent?" Bob asked. His tone was cold enough to bring a sharp refusal to Helen's lips, but his next words checked its utterance.

"I want to tell you about Eva," he said.

Helen hesitated, and Mrs. Ennis further delayed her reply by saying good night. She must, she explained, see to her supper.

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Ruth Dewey Groves AUTHOR OF "RICH GIRL-POOR GIRL", ETC.

acquiesce that she talked in a musically modulated voice that fell upon his ears as softly as the tinkle of bell or the murmur of a meadow brook?

KIEL, Germany—(AP)—Airplanes are being used by herring fishing companies to spot schools of the small fish. The fishing snags are then directed to the locality where, formerly they often had to spend many days at sea before finding school. The schools can be seen from planes as dark spots in the water or as glimmering masses when they come near the surface.

LONDON, (AP)—The highest price ever paid for the manuscript of a living author was recorded here when Gabriel Wells of New York bought the manuscript of George Bernard Shaw's play, "Widower Houses." The text was written in an exercise book and on numerous slips of paper.

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By DEMING SEYMOUR NEW YORK—The windows of my new apartment look out across Mitchell Place onto a terrace in the midst of the Ben-Helme club—a red-tiled terrace with green garden furniture and potted trees and bushes.

(Yesterday a half-withered leaf fluttered from a twig of one of the tubed trees and fell lightly to the street, far below. Autumn must be at hand.)

The view is no Alpine vista, but it is a good one, as metropolitan views go. It is better than looking out upon a monotonously windowed brick wall, or across acres of apartment roofs strewn with the wires and standards of 10,000 radio aërials.

The renting agents think so, too. That view is one of the things I rent by the month in East Forty-ninth street.

Park Avenue Skyline But there are two views from my apartment windows that I get for nothing, and either affords more variety than the view of the red-tiled terrace. Both of them are oblique views, but the one is better than the other. It is in the twilight or after dark, when night softens the nearer view and brings out in twinkling tints the skyline beyond.

In the middle distance are the Riz tower, rising like an elongated pyramid to a spire tip, and the square pillars of the Sierrey-Netherlands. Beyond and between them, bumps of tree-tops in Central Park become black masses in the dark, and far across the park an aerial beacon, on top of a tall hotel on upper Broadway, rakes the sky in measured strokes.

The lights of the Park and Fifth avenue towers like stars arranged in a conventional pattern, and occasionally there is the semblance of a skyrocket as an elevator shoots up the shaft of one building or the other flashing a vertical row of lights as it ascends 30 stories without a stop.

The other evening at dinnertime the Los Angeles floated into this scene on a northward sky cruise up the Hudson. The dirigible's silver sides were shaded to iridescence as the beam of the aerial beacon played across them, and lights gleamed from the gondolas along the belly of the craft.

The River Parade The other of the oblique views is to the east, a block away. It is a glimpse that is never the same twice, for the parade of craft up and down the stream is always changing. In the morning the river is alive with white yachts trimmed in gold, and their masters downtown to bring their yachts to the water in long Long Island sound. In the evening three-decked steamships plough past, bound for Boston or Fall River.

But mostly the river belongs to the little red and black tug that chug back and forth. Some tow long strings of coal and lumber barges, each marked at night with a red or green lantern hung from a pole at its bow. Others haul covered lighters, on the roofs of which lighters captains live with their families in square cabins painted green and white.

There are better views in Manhattan—but these will do for one who's still a little timid about leaning too far out over a ninth floor window sill.

Helen was slightly gaping now, but she did notice that he made a