

Lloyds of London

had not appeared at his desk that morning, a nervous shabbily dressed little man approached the table, hat in hand and murmured:

"Mr. Angerstein, sir."

"Yes, I'm Angerstein."

"I've a message for you, sir, from Mr. Jonathan Blake. 'E said as 'ow you'd 'and me a quid if I delivered the message."

"If it's worth a quid I'll pay that for it."

"Mr. Blake is in jail, sir."

"Great snakes! What's the charge?"

"'E's charged with bein' a Peepin' Tom, sir. 'E's at Bow street station, sir. 'E arsked that you come an' bail 'im out, sir. The bail's a hundred pun, sir."

"Come to Blake street with me and if Mr. Blake is indeed there, and charged with this disgusting offense, you shall have your quid."

At Bow street station the police sergeant on duty confirmed the report that Jonathan was confined on a charge of peeping. "I'll bail him out," Angerstein informed the sergeant. "Here's the hundred pounds. Give me a receipt and an order for his discharge. He will be available when the time for his trial is set."

In a few minutes Jonathan, wearing under his left eye what was known, even in that distant day, as a mouse, and looking much disheveled and minus a hat, joined Angerstein in the lobby of the station house. Silently he led the way out to his carriage; as they drove away the old man said:

"If this charge is true, Jonathan, your usefulness at Lloyd's as a member of my syndicate and an employee of it is at an end. I do not think you did it."

"Thanks for that vote of confidence, sir, I didn't do it. I was moving around on the roof of the house where this silly girl resides, and she saw me kneeling at the edge of the skylight, peering. She thought I was peering at her, whereas, I was peering through a night glass. I didn't know there was a bedroom below me; I didn't even know there was a girl in it, until she began to scream. Even then I didn't know what she was screaming about until the policeman on the beat came charging up and took me in charge."

"What the devil were you doing on the woman's roof?"

"It adjoins my own and I foolishly stepped out on it without asking permission. I was testing my invention."

"What sort of invention?"

"My invention for transmitting messages—telegraphing them is the right word. I had a man on a roof half a mile distant with a machine similar to my model equipped for night work, and I was engaging in writing down the message he was sending."

"Quick news, early news, important news," Angerstein murmured. "Well, the news that you are not a Peeping Tom but an inventor wrestling with time and space is very satisfactory, my dear Jona-



When Polly handed Stacy the change of the sovereign, he imprisoned the girl's hand. She gave him a quick, appraising glance. It was clear that she had had very extensive experience with this type of masher.

than. Where is the model of your invention? I must see it."

"I prefer to show you an improvement I have designed upon it, following my tests. I can say this, however. Based on my experiments thus far I am convinced that very shortly I shall be sending and receiving messages across the English Channel, not in two days, but in five minutes."

"Five minutes—from France?"

"Aye, sir."

Jonathan merely smiled. "Do you remember that day, so long ago, when Jukes gave me the half crown and you gave me the devil for taking it? That day you said that news—early honest news—was the very life-blood of insurance—that as Lloyd's grew so must British shipping grow and hence so must grow England. That day you made me promise I should never let England down; subsequently you gave me a watch to commemorate that promise. Well, sir, I have never forgotten our conversation; ever since I have been trying to redeem my promise. And I shall succeed. If, with a small model I can transmit messages at five miles on a slightly misty night I know I can, with one five times as large do business at twenty-five miles. In clear weather, of course."

"It strikes me," John Angerstein murmured, "that you had better abandon your work in my office for the nonce and devote all of your time to the development of your invention. Call upon me for what funds you may require. If you are successful, Lloyd's will reimburse me." He laughed shortly. "They'd have to, lad, because, if I decided to be dishonest, I could bankrupt all of my colleagues with my early news of losses."

(Continued Next Week.)

CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

316 South Fourth street, across from grammar school, is a branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts. Meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., and Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

Christian Science reading room, 112 North Third street, open week days, except holidays, from 1:15 p. m. until 4 p. m. Evenings, except Wednesdays, from 7 until 9 o'clock.

"Life" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all churches of Christ Scientist, Sunday, January 17, 1937.

The Golden Text is from Psalms 16:5, 11, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot. . . . Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The Lesson-Sermon includes the Bible passage, "For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." (Ps. 36:9.)

Also the correlative from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, "God is divine Life, and Life is no more confined to the forms which reflect it than substance is in its shadow." (p. 331.)

LOTTERY SAID OPPOSED BY RENO INTERESTS

RENO — Legislation proposed by State Senator W. A. Marsh, Nye county; Assemblyman Pat Cline, Clark county, and others which would create a Nevada state lottery will meet with vigorous opposition. This was made evident by statements made by several Reno residents.

Proponents of the lottery proposal forecast that, if the plan were followed through, a \$1,000,000 a month in tickets could be sold and the state would profit to the extent of \$6,000,000 a year, possibly eliminating state property taxes. Nevada, with other forms of gambling legalized, might as well include lotteries, they contend, thereby preventing the flow of American money to the Irish sweepstakes, to Mexico and other countries in which lotteries are held.

If petitions are circulated to legalize a state lottery by an amendment to the constitution a similar initiative move will be started against all forms of gambling, Rev. Brewster Adams of the Baptist church said.

Mr. Cuse, who got the permit to ship a shipload of airplanes to the fighting Spaniards, says that his activities will provide more jobs for American workers. So will there be more things for American workers to do if we have to send a million or so of them over to Europe to fight about something which isn't any of our business.

The ultra modern automobile shiek runs over chickens in the country and picks 'em up in the city.

Arizona Lets Road Contract

The Lee Moor Contracting company were low bidders of the construction of ten miles of highway 93 extending south from the present completed road leading from Boulder dam this way toward Kingman. The bid was \$133,523.98. The next low bid was made by Pearson and Dickerson for \$134,481.24.

This leaves over \$90,000 left in the budget allotment for the construction of the road, to which it has been reported there was added \$215,000 by the highway commission. This would indicate that there is still over \$300,000 on hand to be used on this road but of which there has been no disposition to the present time.

Senator Carl Hayden is taking this matter up with Washington authorities, realizing the importance of this highway and the necessity that it should be completed at the earliest possible date. — Mohave County Miner.

Branson Takes Justice Office

L. C. Branson, former state senator and candidate for governor in 1934, Monday took over the office as judge of the justice court of the district that includes Ely, Ruth, McGill and Kimberly.

Unfortunately no new marriage licenses have been issued this year so Judge Branson has not had an opportunity to perform his first marriage.—Ely Record.