

ACES OF WORLD TO FLY FOR BIG PURSES SOON

International Air Races to Be Held at St. Louis in October Next

PULITZER TROPHY THE CHIEF FEATURE

Cash Prizes Totalling \$13,000 Will Be Offered and Numerous Trophies

(Associated Press by Leased Wire) St. Louis, June 26.—A programme enabling virtually every type of airplane and dirigible to compete in the International Air Races here, Oct. 1 to 3, has been prepared by the Flying Club of St. Louis.

In addition to the Pulitzer Trophy race, many other events designed to test the speed, durability and construction of the different types of aircraft have been arranged.

For the first time the Pulitzer race probably will assume an international aspect, as assurances have been received that Sadi Lacoate, the French ace, and Brack Pays, Italian aviator, will enter. The British government may enter Herbert James, the English ace, it has been announced.

The races will be over a 50 kilometer (31.07 miles) triangular course, similar to that in Detroit last year. Each corner of the triangle will be marked by a pylon 60 feet high and about 20 feet square at the base for the guidance of the flyers, who, it is expected, will make the turns at high speed.

The list of trophies and prizes has mounted steadily. In addition to cash prizes totalling \$13,000, numerous trophies emblematic of championship in the respective classes will be awarded the winners. Gold, silver and bronze decorations will be given pilots finishing second and third.

A cash prize of \$1,000 and a silver loving cup donated by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis will be awarded winners of the "Op-to-St. Louis" race. About 100 entries are expected from all parts of the United States and possibly points in Canada.

ROYAL VISITORS

Warsaw, June 25.—King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania arrived here yesterday for a brief visit. They were met by President Wojciechowski, General Plonski and by numerous government officials and diplomats.

Los Angeles has a city ordinance just put into effect making it a misdemeanor to feed the pigeons in Pershing Square. The violation of the ordinance carries a fine of an amount not to exceed \$500, imprisonment in jail for not more than six months, or both.

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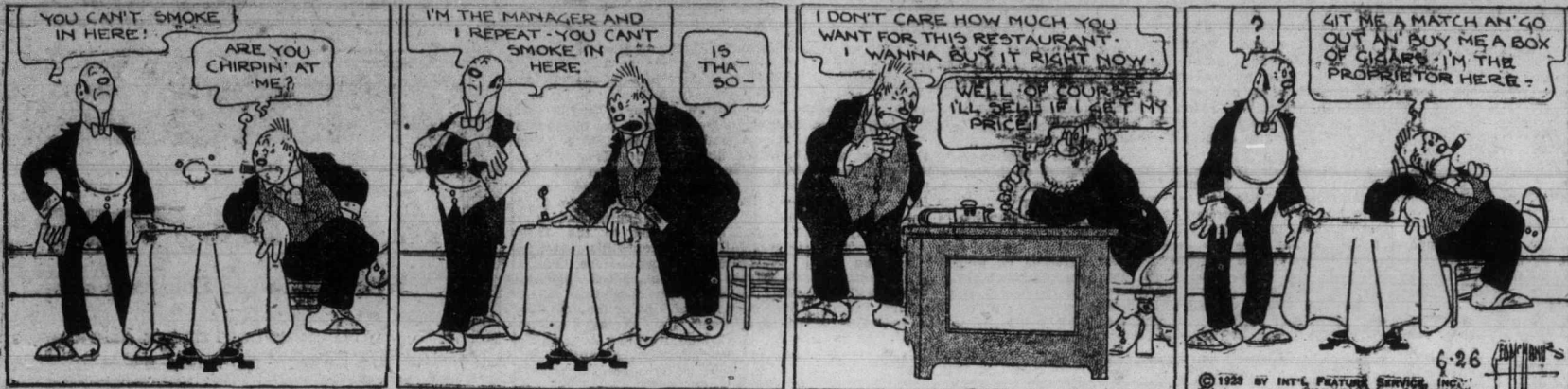
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PERCY AND FERDIE—Hardly to Be Classified, as Art Subjects.



BRINGING UP FATHER



TOOTS AND CASPER—Toots Decides



PLAYING WITH FIRE

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.
Mysteries in Mayfair.

"That night, and for many nights afterwards, Macheon devoted himself to his work in the East End. The fascination of the thing grew upon him; he threw himself into his task with an energy which carried him often out of his own life and made forgetfulness an easy task. Night after night they came, these tired, white-faced women, with a sprinkling of sullen, dejected-looking men; night after night his pleaded and reasoned with them, striving with almost passionate earnestness to show them how to make the best of the poor thing they called life. Gradually his efforts began to tell upon himself. He grew thinner, there were shadows under his eyes, a curious intangible depression seemed to settle upon him. Holderness one night sought him out and insisted upon dinner together.

"Look here, Victor," he said, "I have a bone to pick with you. You'd better listen! Don't sit there staring round the place as though you saw ghosts everywhere."

"But that is just what I do see," he answered. "The conscience of every man who knows must be haunted with them! The ghosts of starving men and unsexed women! What keeps their hands from our throats, Dick?"

"Common sense, you idiot," Holderness answered cheerfully. "There's a refuse heap for every one of nature's functions. You may try to rake it out and cleanse it, but there isn't much to be done. Hang that mission work, Victor! It's broken more hearts than anything else on earth! A man can't do what he may."

"The refuse heap is man's work!" Macheon muttered.

"But not wholly his responsibility," Holderness declared. "We're part of the machine, but remember the wheels are driven by fate, or

God, or whatever the hidden motive force of the universe may be. Don't lose yourself, Macheon! Sentiment's a good thing under control. It's a sickly master."

"You call it sentiment if one feels the horror of this barbage heap! Come to-night and look into their faces!"

"I've done it," Holderness declared. "I've been through it all. Hang it all, do you forget that I'm the editor of a Socialist magazine? No! feel it you must, but don't let it upset your mental balance. Don't lose your values!"

Macheon left his friend in a saner frame of mind. His words came back to him that night as he watched the little stream of people file out from the bare white-washed building, with its rows of cheap cane chairs.

It was so true! To give way to despair was simply to indulge in a sentimental debauch. Yet in a sense he had never felt so completely the pitiful ineffectiveness of his task. How could he preach the Christian morality, expound the Christian doctrines, to a people whose sufferings, whose constant agony, was a hideous and glaring proof that by the greater part of the world those doctrines were ignored?

A man ran into his room afterwards, as he was putting on his overcoat. Almost with relief Macheon saw that he at least had no pitiful tale to tell. He was a small, dapper man, well dressed, and spoke with a slight American accent.

"Mr. Macheon," he said, "I'm taking the liberty of introducing myself. Peter Drayton, my name is never mind my profession. It wouldn't interest you."

Macheon nodded.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Say, I've been much interested in these talks of yours to the people," Mr. Drayton remarked. "But it's occurred to me that you're on the wrong end of the stick. That's why I'm here. You're saying the right things, and you've got the knack of saying them so that people have just got to listen, but you're saying them to the wrong crowd."

"I don't understand," Macheon was forced to confess.

"Well, I reckon it's simple enough," Drayton answered. "These people here don't need to have their own misery thrust down their throats, even while they're trying to show them how to bear it. It's the parties who are responsible for it all that you want to go for. See what I mean?"

"I think so," Macheon admitted, "but—"

"Look here," Drayton interrupted, "you're a man of common sense, and you know that life's more or less a stand-up fight. Those that are licked live here in Whitechapel—if you can call it living—and those who win get to Belgravia! It's a pitiless sort of affair this fight, but there it is. Now which of the two do you think need preaching to, these people, or the people who are responsible for their misery? You've started a mission in Whitechapel—it would have been more logical if there's a word of truth in your religion, to have started it in Mayfair."

Macheon laughed.

"They wouldn't listen to me," he declared.

"I'd see to that," Drayton answered quickly. "It's my business. I want you to give a course of—well, we'd call them lectures in the West End. You can say what you like. You can pitch into 'em as hot as Hell! I'll guarantee you a crowded audience every time."

"You call it sentiment if one feels the horror of this barbage heap! Come to-night and look into their faces!"

"Exactly," Drayton answered. "I want you to stir up the people who can really help, people who can give millions, pull down these miles of fever-ridden rat holes, endow farms here and abroad. Last thing till their conscience squeaks! See? What's the good of preaching to these people? That won't do any good! You want to preach to the really ignorant, the really depraved, the West Enders!"

"Do I understand," Macheon asked, "that you have a definite scheme in which you are inviting me to take part?"

Drayton lit a cigarette and led the way out.

"Look here," he said, "I'll walk with you as far as you're going, and tell you all about it, but you must be quick. Our phone number at any hour is 239."

It was a sort of pilgrimage which Macheon undertook during these restless nights, a walk seemingly purposely, the sole luxury which he permitted himself. Always about the same hour he found himself on the garden side of Berkeley Square, always he stood and looked, for a period of time of which he took no count, at the tall, dimly lit house, across whose portals he had once passed into fairyland. Then came a night when everything was changed. Light flashed from the windows, freshly painted window-boxes had been filled with flowers, scarce enough now; everything seemed to denote a sudden spirit of activity.

Macheon stood and watched with a curious sense of excitement stirring in his blood. He knew very well what was happening. She was coming, perhaps had already arrived in town. He realized as he stood there, a silent motionless figure, how far gone in his folly he really was, how closely woven were the bands that held him.

For time seemed to him of no account beside the chance of seeing her, if only for a moment, as she passed in or out. He never knew how long he waited there—it was long enough, however, for his patience to be rewarded. Smoothly, with flashing lights, a little electric brougham turned into the square and pulled up immediately opposite to him. The tall footman sprang to the ground, the door flew open, he saw a slim, familiar figure, veiled and dressed in a dark travelling costume, pass leisurely up the steps and into the arc of light which streamed through the open door.

(To be continued.)

SHOT BY SENTINEL

Duesseldorf, June 25.—A captain of the 67th French Infantry regiment was accidentally killed by a sentinel at Bollingen, in the Ruhr, Sunday night. It was announced here to-day. The fatal shooting occurred while the officer was making his rounds.

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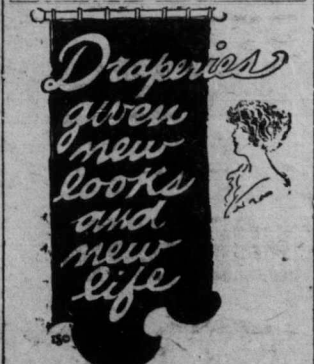
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