Holdup In Broad Day Light Succeeds

FOR two days now Ted Grimes had not had food. He was a fugitive from justice, a bandit, playing a lone hand. Having been recognized and narrowly escaping in his last deal, he dared not venture forth yet, but had taken refuge in a thickly wooded, unsettled portion of the country. As he wandered along the creek banks of his hide-out, his hand ironically touched the thick wallet nestling in an inner pocket of his clothes. Little good it was doing him now, he mused, as the pangs of hunger began to gnaw afresh. More than five hundred dollars in his pocket, yet he could not buy himself a sandwich!

For a half hour a tantalizing breeze had brought the savory odor of cooking food to his nostrils. The scent was nearer now, increasing the desperation of his hunger. Cautiously making his way through the brush and tangled vines of undergrowth, he came to the edge of a clearing. Peering out, he saw, a short distance away, a little weather-beaten farmhouse—evidently the source from which came the wonderful and pleasant aroma.

Circling the edge of the clearing, he drew near, and soon learned to his satisfaction that only an old lady seemed to be the house's occupant. To and from the kitchen door she passed, dashing things out of pans, drawing water from the pump outside, and apparently preparing the usual noonday meal.

Boldly, Ted Grimes walked up to the back door, and politely doffing his cap, said: "Excuse me ma'am, but I am hungry and would like to have a meal's victuals."

The old lady invited him in, apparently suspecting nothing other than his momentary need.

Hurriedly finishing preparations of the dinner, she placed it on the table, and cordially invited him to "set down and he'p your se'f."

The wayfarer needed no second invitation, but sat down and helped himself to large portions of the simple but wholesome food. Before he finished, there came a loud knocking at the front door.

Hastily the old lady retreated into the adjoining room to answer the summons.

"Ah, sheriff, come in," her quavering voice was heard in greeting.

Ted Grimes had risen and was cautiously edging his way to the rear door when his ears caught the sheriff's words.

"Have you managed to raise the money yet, Mrs. Jackson?" his authoritative yet kindly voice boomed.

"No, but my ole man is out a tryin' to borrow it now; though I don't guess he's goin' to have a bit o' luck," she replied.

"Well, I'll be back a little later today, and if he ain't got it by then, I have orders to foreclose on the mortgage. I am sorry, Mrs. Jackson." Then, bidding her good day, the sheriff mounted his horse and rode off.

Relieved, the bandit quickly resumed his place at the table. The old lady returned and, seating herself, tearfully explained the situation.

"My ole man and me has worked hard, these many years, tryin' to pay fer this place, but the crops has failed fer the last two years, and—now we air goin' to lose our home!" she sobbed.

"How much do you owe on it?" asked the bandit between huge mouthfuls of food.

"Nigh to five hundred dollars. 'Taint so much side o' what we've saved up and paid in—but we ain't got no chance at all o' raisin' that amount right now!"

Her listener grunted sympathetically, as he leisurely finished his meal. Then he rose and, drawing his wallet from his pocket, extracted its contents and laid it on the table as he said: "I think my dinner is worth that amount, ma'am."

Amid the incredulous surprise and joy of the old lady, Ted Grimes quietly fled through the door and disappeared.

The sheriff returned. He was a little surprised at receiving the money, but asked no questions. The papers releasing the mortgage were duly signed and handed over to the old lady. Then, pocketing the money, he remounted his horse and rode back towards town.

Contented with the satisfactory outcome of things, the sheriff hummed a little tune as he jogged along.

Presently the road crossed a densely wooded ravine. As he entered this, there suddenly leaped from beside the road the figure of a masked man, who, grasping the horse's reins, brought the rider to an abrupt halt.

"Stick 'em up high, pard," the masked man commanded, and the sheriff found himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

Taken off his guard by the sudden happening, the sheriff had no alternative but to obey the command.

In the twinkling of an eye the bandit had relieved him of guns and purse, then with a crashing report he sent a bullet whizzing into the ground at the horse's feet which sent the animal rearing and plunging down the road in a cloud of dust.

By the time the sheriff had reined in his horse and collected his scattered wits, the bandit had vanished.

"A holdup in broad daylight! Gad! and he took the mortgage money which the old lady just paid me!" wrathfully exploded the sheriff.

Lose Yourself In Your Job

I have never been quite happy unless lost to myself in what I was thinking, feeling, or doing. Unselfconsciousness seems to be the keynote of happiness. I am certain that to be completely lost in what one is thinking, feeling, or doing is the only way to scotch the kind of malaise which self-consciousness brings. Nature, watchful as an old spider, spies the cases of self-consciousness and throws up a philosophy by way of cure.—John Galeworthy.

An English writer suggests that divorces be put on sale in the stores at five cents apiece. With the price so attractive, it is believed that they would soon rival aspirin tablets as a headache remedy.

Way of the World

Buy provisions from a man for a year, or ten years, and he remains an impersonal institution known as a grocer; ask him for an empty packing box and he becomes your personal friend.

The Golden Rule was given us by the Founder of Christianity, whom the world is coming to recognize as the best of all the world's workers.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Purgatory Waits

Disgruntled Daniel—"You can't see me tomorrow because you're going to a lecture at the Philatelic society; last night you went to that debate on capital punishment; dash it, Egbert, you're always off making whoopee somewhere!"—London Opinion.

FORM DROUGHT LOAN CONCERN

Formation of the Maryland Drought Loan Corporation, designed to provide emergency credit to creditless farmers in drought-stricken sections of Maryland, was completed Monday afternoon at a meeting in the offices of Waldo Newcomer, chairman of Governor Ritchie's State Drought Committee.

Mr. Newcomer, president of the Baltimore Clearing House Association and board chairman of the Baltimore Trust Company, was elected president of the new corporation, capitalized at $50,000. James W. Davis, president of the Farm Bureau Federation, was elected vice-president, Dr. Thomas B. Symons, director of the University of Maryland Extension Service, was made secretary-treasurer.

The dicrectorate comprises the three officers mentioned and the following:

Dr. Raymond A. Pearson, president University of Maryland; Abram G. Ensor, master, Maryland State Grange; Charles E. Rieman, president, Eastern Shore Trust Company; I. W. Heaps, secretary-manager, Maryland State Dairymen's Association; Alexander Armstrong, Baltimore, attorney and banker.

The corporation will not begin to function unless and until it has been clearly demonstrated the regular banking channels cannot take care of the farmers whose crops were ruined by the drought, Mr. Newcomer emphasized.

The corporation is believed the first of its kind, and its scheme of work the first devised which creates a method of extending credit for farmers without the collateral which banks demand.

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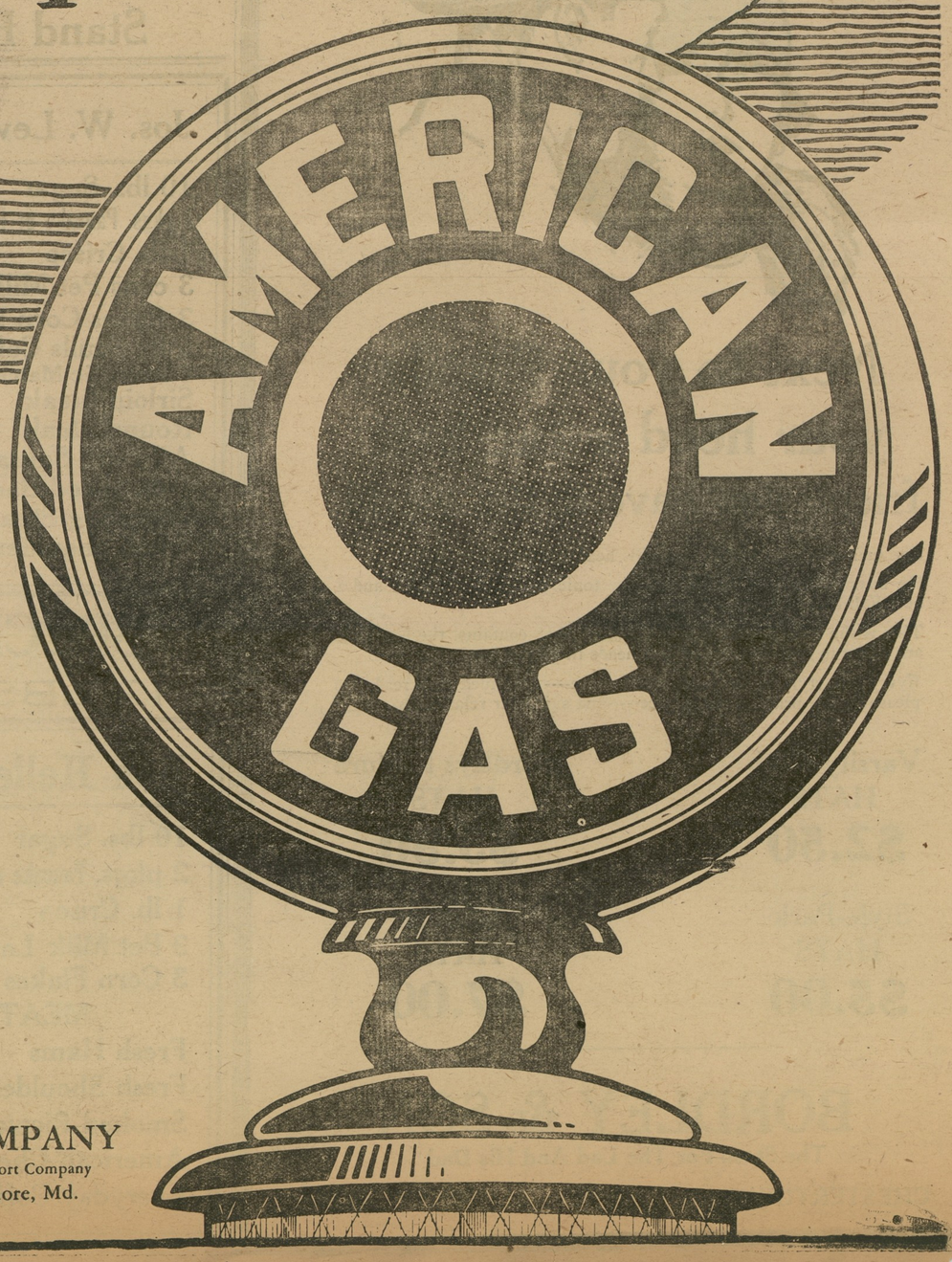

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