

WHITE MAN

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

Author of
"Home," "Through Stained Glass," "John Bogardus," etc.

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Continued from first page, this section.

ing its vast wings on the distant sands seemed like a giant moth, strayed from some Arabian Night and sent in answer to the cry of childhood's valiant fancy.

Who were those midget dots? Were they men or geni? Whence had they come and whither would they go? Did they talk with tongues or like Brown-

ies, with their toes and eyes? Andrea wondered all these things, suddenly stopped wondering, skipped up the ladder-like stair from the garden to her room, snatched up a warm cloak affair which buttoned in a high collar at her neck and that fell sheer in ever-widening folds from her shoulders to her ankles, and in less time than it would take to say Jack Robinson a hundred and fifty times she was slipping and sliding down the path of many slants.

denly that as she upon the airplane so sated at its gross material, he disappointed very real indeed; so were the men. It was attended it. One was the tallest, blackest, nakedest native she had yet seen, a mighty statue in unimagined bronze, pegged only at the joints with a spotted pelt. The other was a white man gone brown in the sun. He was neither very young nor old, he carried himself erect with the bearing of a man who is full-grown and knows it, and when he moved he gave an exhibition of long, thin muscles under a perfect control.

His mouth seemed to be possessed of a stifle that never wavered in spite of the fact that he held a piece of wire between his teeth and was otherwise intent on a number of things.

It was the black man who first sensed Andrea's presence and gave warning to his master in a low, guttural, rolling string of blowing vowels. The white man did not look round; he merely shrugged his shoulders and went on with his job. Andrea watched him in silence until she was convinced that everything that could be done to the machine was about to be accomplished and its proprietor on the verge of flying away and then, emboldened by that unwavering smile, she said in such a voice as children use when pleading for cake, "Please, Mr. Man, take me with you."

She knew a good deal about flying machines; she knew they couldn't stay up very long and that if they were worth anything at all they invariably came back to where they started from like well-trained pigeons. She had left her door locked and she figured that she would be back long before Auntie Gwen could work herself up to the point of having it broken in. When her voice rang across the silence of the false dawn, clear and light as a silver bell-giving tongue across snow, the white man started and dropped the wrench he was manipulating. He caught it in midair; then let it fall to the ground deliberately and turned to look her over.

She was certainly something to see and to wonder at. Her eyes of Irish blue danced with a light younger than her face—a light that attends the eternal wistful child within us—but beneath their shining gaze were shadows and her cheeks were over-pale. Just to one side of her rounded chin was a bit of black court-plaster, shameful mask of a tiny sign of too much chocolates and too little exercise. She was slim enough to look tall in spite of that cloak-like affair of dark blue glove cloth that fell from her shoulders to her ankles in ever-widening folds.

Through all his inspection the man's face never changed. He looked her over deliberately, judged deliberately, and deliberately let down the little ladder that gave access to the observer's seat. He helped her up without a word, strapped her in and then turned to pour out voluble instructions in dialect to the bronze statue that stood at attention, black eyes fixed on his master's face, red lips repeating like a prompter in a Latin theater all that his master said.

The white man clambered to the driver's seat, placed before Andrea's, and shouted a word of command. The plane swayed, moved slowly forward, raced fast down the sand and faster, until with a billowy lift it rose straight in the eye of the rising sun.

Andrea started to draw a full breath of absolute joy and instead swallowed an entire gale of wind. It almost burst her open. She had to clench her teeth to conquer it, and with her hands made a vizor for her eyes, a wind mask for her mouth. She wanted to sing, but she was inarticulate in the face of an element at large and sparring for another chance to rush down her throat. She felt the cheated song racing around in her

blood, swelling her heart, informing all her limbs with a new joy, a new life.

She swayed this way and that, looked up and down; then she leaned far out to study the rugged brown face of Mr. Man, the face that always smiled. From where she sat at his shoulder the goggles were not so complete a mask. She looked and her eyes became fixed in a fascinated stare. Two deep lines lay like parentheses from the man's nostrils to the corners of his mouth. They made his mouth look as though it smiled, but the man was not smiling. Suddenly she knew that through it all, from the moment he had laid his masked eyes upon her, he had never smiled. Her heart turned cold.

(Continued next week.)

EIGHT ARRESTED IN MURDER CASE

Driver in Cross-Country Auto Race Shot in Back. Four Women Among Arrests.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 2.—Major F. M. Scanlon, U. S. A., and seven others, including four women, were arrested tonight at Las Cruces, N. M., charged with the murder of John T. Hutchings, of Alamogordo, who was fatally shot today while driving an automobile in a cross-country road race.

The cause of the shooting has not been ascertained.

Besides Major Scanlon, the arrests include Fred Jackson, of Alpine, Tex.,

and Harry G. Overstreet, "Chalk" Altman, Miss Billie Bennett, Mrs. Overstreet, Mrs. P. L. Holbrook and Mrs. E. M. McPherson of El Paso.

The shooting occurred near Lanark, N. M., sixteen miles west of El Paso, during an El Paso to Phoenix race.

Hutchings was shot in the back, a bullet penetrating the automobile seat and lodging near the base of his spine. His motor car was said to be traveling forty-five miles an hour at the time.

Oliver Lee, Hutchings' mechanic, said he heard six shots fired.

Lee piloted the car with its wounded driver to Lanark. There Lee borrowed a rifle and returned to the scene of the shooting with Winchester Cooley and District Judge W. B. Howe, where they took into custody the eight persons held at Las Cruces. The four men and four women were occupants of an automobile.

Hutchings was chauffeur for Gen. John J. Pershing when Gen. Pershing commanded the American punitive expedition into Mexico. He had won numerous automobile races in El Paso and Juarez, Mexico.

Daily Thought.

Better not be at all than not be noble.—Tennyson.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Take notice that on the 11th day of

November I will render a final account of my acts and doings as Administrator of the estate of A. B. Alexander, deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens county, at 11 o'clock, a. m. and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from my trust as Administrator.

Any person indebted to said estate is notified and required to make payment on that date; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven or be forever barred.

J. C. COX,
Administrator.

Oct. 8, 1919. 12-51-A

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