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Matters to be Discussed by the Imperial Conference

(Special to the Guardian) OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 7.—While the agenda for the Imperial Conference to be held in London in October is not yet complete and is still in more or less a provisional stage, certain important matters have already been definitely decided on for discussion and have been communicated to the dominions. Among them are the following: The promotion of inter-imperial trade, including the work of the Imperial Economic Committee and the empire marketing grant. Overseas settlement, Economical defenses. Exhibition within the empire of empire films. Progress of the work of the Imperial Shipping Committee. Airship service and empire air routes. Coordination in technical research. Liability of State enterprises to taxation.

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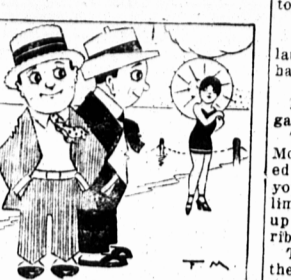
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SMILES



LOVED HER STILL Girlie (recently scolded): Mother, do you love me still? Mother: Yes, be quiet, dear.



A CHICKEN NO DOUBT "A little bird told you I was sporting hard, eh?" "Yes." "I suspect it was a chicken."



MORE KICK "Do you like to watch the tide?" "Yes, but I get more kick out of watching the untied."



STRANGE EXPLOSION "Seems queer to me, last night I went home loaded to the muzzle." "Yes, yes?" "But it was my wife who exploded."



OF COURSE Stevwpan: I hear you got caught in the rain, Mr. Bell. Bell: Yes, and got ringing wet!



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"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

(Continued) CHAPTER XXXIX Without further explanation, Parrish strode away.

Interested, Morton and Nona went into the house. The lower floor was deserted, except for the little housemaid.

"These young ladies are upstairs," she said, grimly. "Come on, we'll look for them," said Morton.

With Nona following after, he started up the stairs. The door of Audrey's dressing room, at the head of the flight, opened.

The blond bobbed her head, and the choristers peeped out. She opened the door wider as she saw Morton.

"He's gone!" she cried. "There came a burst of noisy laughter, and she came out into the hall."

Morton stopped. Nona, beside him, let out a little gasp.

The girl was clad in a suit of Morton's clothes, the trousers turned far up to accommodate the young woman's short and plump limbs, and the sleeves were caught up around the elbows with bits of ribbon.

"The other girls swarmed out on the landing. Audrey was one of them."

Each, except one, wore a man's coat and trousers and shirt and collar, drawn from Morton's wardrobe. One was in a stage dancing costume.

"We told him you were upstairs, and when he came we caught him and made him dance!" shrieked the girl in the loose bathing suit.

"Who—Parrish?" Morton asked. "Who else?" said the blond girl who had peeped out the door. "Did we do wrong?"

"She let out another peal of laughter, in which Morton and Nona joined."

"You girls go and take my clothes off," he directed, still laughing. Audrey descended the stairs, a pair of two. Morton and Nona still were midway, leaning against the rail.

"Let us keep them on," she urged. "Were having such fun!"

He cast a glance upward, to where the girls were skylarking, and dancing, in an exaggeration of the Charleston.

The blond girl ran down the steps, and threw her arms about Morton. "Don't crab the party!" she begged.

He shook himself loose. "Quit it," he protested.

The girl ran up the steps, and blew a kiss to him as she reached the upper hall.

"What did you do with the boys?" he asked Audrey.

"I gave them some breakfast, and turned them out at eight. Dimples, she added, "he didn't say a word the whole time they were here!"

She was wearing his golf jacket and sweater, with the balloon-like knickerbockers doubled about her waist and fastened with a safety pin. Morton and Nona walked down the stairs, Audrey following.

"The girls are more fun!" she said. "They're only seventeen or eighteen, you know. The oldest of them is twenty. And they've almost taken the roof off!"

Nona was looking at Morton, mischievously. "Let's join in!" she proposed.

He raised his eyebrows. "Oh, you're always so correct," she went on. "I won't hurt you. You put on one of the girls' dresses."

"Hanged if I do!" he exclaimed, heartily.

At this moment there was renewed disturbance up stairs, and the girls, shrieking, tumbled down the stairs. They fell upon Morton, where he stood in the hallway, and seized him in strong young arms.

"Hold him—hold him!" they cried, as he tried to break away. "Throwing themselves on the floor, two of them took him by the legs, and four more held to his arms. Seeing himself overpowered, he was quiet."

The girl in the dancing costume bore a lipstick, and with this, hastily, she laid a coat of brilliant crimson on the end of his nose. She took an eyebrow pencil, passed it over her eye, and drew a fantastic line along his eyebrows, extending them upward to his temples. Then she drew, sketchily, the black semblance of a mustache on his upper lip.

"Look! Look!" she cried delightfully. Audrey and Nona, standing to one side, refused his mute plea for help, and laughed at him as the decoration of his face proceeded.

When at last they let him loose, he strode to the mirror.

"Good land!" was his only comment. "He looks like a gambler—a gambler in a show!" cried Audrey, gasping for breath. "Oh daddy, you're so funny!"

He shrugged his shoulders. Fishing in his pocket, he drew forth a cigarette case, and taking one of the little white rolls, lit it.

"All right—what do I do now?" he inquired.

"Come on," shrieked the little blond, "we're going out in the street!"

"We are NOT!" he countered, firmly. "That's where I draw the line."

She had him by the coat sleeve, but picking her up, his hands beneath her arms, he sat her down in a chair.

"We can't go out," Audrey said. "But we can have just as much fun in here. Come on, Nona—you dress up."

The older girl hesitated, looking at Morton.

"Not now," she said, "I'm a little tired." The girls, turning their minds to further enterprises, trooped into

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the kitchen, where presently sounded the clatter of chinaware. Audrey followed them, and Nona dropped into a chair.

"I'd like to dress up, but—" "But what?" said Morton.

"I don't want to look funny before you," she confessed. He motioned toward his face.

"But how about me? I'm ridiculous enough."

"No," she told him, "Somehow, you don't look funny. Just—just—"

He got up and looked again in the mirror.

"Sort of dissipated, and evil-minded, eh?" he commented, returning to his seat.

"A little like Satan," she told him.

An increasing clatter sounded from the kitchen, through the dining room and butler's pantry that intervened. Morton went to investigate. When he returned, he was driving the entire crowd before him.

CHAPTER XL

"But, daddy, you can't go with your nose that way!" Audrey gasped, coming into the room and closing the door.

"And what will I do with the girls?"

Parrish has been eyeing his employer's reddened feature. "I noticed your face, sir," he interrupted. "Is it a boil?"

Morton put his hand to his nose. "It's just those fool girls. They've daubed a lot of lipstick on me, and it won't come off."

Parrish stared, and then his face expanded in a laugh. "What a queer prank!" He continued to chuckle.

"Glad to see you break loose and laugh about something, commented the older man. "You're so interminably solemn."

"I'll have to go with the illumination the way it is. And you're not going. The girls can stay here, and Parrish will look after them."

Parrish's face suddenly fell. "I can't stand those girls!" he protested.

"But daddy, I want to go along!" Morton ruled against them. "I can't take Audrey, for various reasons," he told Parrish, "and you'll have to stick around and look after more than just her."

The girl woefully had sunk into Morton's armchair—"I'm sorry, I'd like to take you. But I can't. You must stay here and keep house. Let the girls stay—you won't have any dull times, then."

He tossed his mail to Parrish, who atoned it in his briefcase. "Get me a drawing room tonight, and a ticket through to Yuma," Morton directed.

"He went to the door, and opened it. The girls were clustered in the brief dining room, moist with perspiration. Parrish moved into a corner of the study, where he could not be observed.

"I've got to leave Audrey alone here," Morton told the girls. "You're to stay and be her guests. The house yours—but don't take it entirely to pieces."

He paused and smiled. "Mr. Parrish will be in every day."

There was a squeal of delight. "Is he the boy who danced with us upstairs?" cried the little blond girl.

Morton nodded. "Happy days!" she caroled. The study door behind Morton was shut abruptly, from within. He jerked his thumb rearward.

"That's Parrish inside there now," he informed them. As they danced around the door, and pounded upon it, he went upstairs. His clothing was scattered among all the rooms, and he was patiently gathering it together when Audrey joined him.

"He looks so loose and ran away," she said. "The girls chased him clear out in the street."

"In those costumes?"

She nodded. "It looked as if the entire neighborhood turned out to see," she told him.

"Well, we're disgraced properly now. I hope you have a nice time while I'm gone. Audrey!"

He went ahead, packing his bags, the girl helping him. She did not ask him why he was going away. His long habit of silence about his affairs, had accustomed movement, without question, any when he returned to the lower floor. Audrey herded the girls back to their rooms, to bathe and resume their normal clothing.

Nona, in the music room, was softly strumming on the piano. Morton entered, and quietly took his seat in the corner.

"Please go on playing," he told her. She complied. Her mood was tender, and she played old, simple songs. "Juanita," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Spanish

you've been over this road," said the driver.

"But you'll recognize all the bumps. I wish it would rain here sometimes, and wash some of them old ones away, and make new ones."

"How are you, anyhow, Eli?" inquired Morton.

"Can't complain. You haven't changed much, Harry. Little gray on the temples. How's the baby?" "Young lady now," Morton told him.

"And pretty as a picture, I bet," said Eli. "Looks like her mother, don't she?" "There was a moment's silence. "I hadn't ought to have said that, I guess," the man gup-jumped. He changed the subject. "Tom Burry got bumped off about ten years ago, and Miss Meeter, who married the ranch boss at Bar K has twins—they're about twelve years old, now—and that new shaft we sunk is going to be a winner, all right."

Morton said nothing, as they left the paved highway and turned onto a trail that led across the abrupt rises and sharp depressions of the sun-baked desert, over a range of hills.

"How're your Nevada mines doing?" Eli asked, at length. "The ones that syndicate took, that went busted?"

"They're cashed in," Morton told him. "Settled at seventy cents on the dollar. They're working the old drifts, now."

"You must have made a million," Eli commented the other man.

He steered the car expertly through an arroyo, and up the steep bank on the opposite side. Then, reaching into his hip pocket, he drew forth a plug of tobacco, and bit from it a generous

chew. "I'm glad you made it," he continued. "Remember when you first came down here, hungry as a pup?"

"I remember," assented Morton. "You didn't know nothing," pursued the other. "Greenest hand I ever laid eyes on, long before I had a canvas and a box of paints. Ditch 'em all, when you got rich, didn't you?"

"Long before I got rich," Morton said, soberly. "I couldn't pack them on my back across the desert. I threw them away long before I ever located that first mine."

Eli mounted a hill, topped with his coat into the rear seat, with his collar and tie, and sat, with his shirt open down the front, perspiring heavily.

"Queer how you find bad luck, sometimes, and tackle it and there's good luck waiting underneath," he philosophized. "You find Audrey, laying there—and right behind the cabin there's your mine, waiting!"

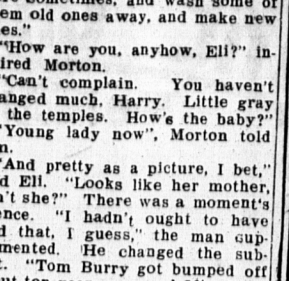
Morton winced. "For God's sake talk about something else!" he begged.

The machine churned through a patch of soft sand.

"Too bad you didn't locate here,"

shouts the road. (To be continued)

Good luck in baking is usually due to good judgment in using



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

International Fishermen's Race (Canadian Press) GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 8.—Prospect for resumption of the international fishermen's race after a three year lapse loomed brightly here tonight. The American race committee has decided to accept a tentative offer from the Canadian board of trustees, as a challenge and announced immediate preparations for a race off Gloucester between October 9th and 12th.

(Special to the Guardian) PARIS, Aug. 7. By a vote of 281 to 6 the French Senate today adopted the amortization fund project of Premier Poincare's financial projects. The Bank of France was also adopted, the vote being 271 to 11. The votes are considered as tantamount to votes of confidence in the financial policies of the Poincare regime.

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Canada Cannot Stand Another Four Years of King Government