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BERLIN, Aug. 19—(AP)—Sections of the Russian-controlled German press charged today that contradictory attitudes of the western powers bogged down Moscow talks on the Berlin crisis and the German problem. The intention of the attacks by the Communist press here on the city government and the western powers seemed to indicate that the deadlock is continuing on major issues in Moscow.

Quickies By Ken Reynolds



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The Queen's Holiday

BY Elizabeth Corbett

The countess groaned. "That I should have lived to see this happen! I could almost find it in my heart to wish we had stayed in Leucadia and perished with our order."

"The order has not perished," grunted the baron. "These malcontents will soon find that the framework of society is, not to be permanently disjoined just by a few upstarts imbued with mad doctrines of revolt."
Her Highness patted the countess's hand, but the baron proceeded to treat her with the sternness which is recommended for dealing with hysterical women. Don't be silly, Countess! At least, don't be any sillier than you can help being." Then a little more gently he added, "I see you have brought along your tea basket. Why not have some tea and try to get a little rest?"

"Tea—after a revolution?" she protested. But she began to fumble with the fastening of her basket.

"Don't keep calling it a revolution!" snapped the baron. "The last word hasn't been said yet in Leucadia. Your Highness."

"I think it has, Baron. I think I said the last word myself, at eight o'clock this very evening."

Carl's face puckered like a baby's when it is about to cry. "When I think of that scene, Your Highness! You so cool in facing that mob—and then in signing away the throne of your ancestors!"
"I found out who my loyal friends are, anyhow," said the young woman very kindly. "By the way, there are certain adjustments to be made in our changed circumstances, and I think we had better make one of them at once. I've been off the throne of my ancestors only a few hours, but I may as well begin to get used to it. The first step will be for me not to be addressed any longer as 'Your Highness.'"

"I shall never think of Your Highness in any other way," said the countess firmly.

"Nor I!" said Carl.

But the baron, soothed a little by his tea, asked quietly if gloomily, "What would Your Highness prefer to be called?"

"Well, I'm no longer a queen, and I have no special yearning to be known as 'the ex-queen.' So suppose I drop back to my second title, and call myself 'the Duchess of Grantheim.'"

"Grantheim is still the name of your capital. I think that title will do very nicely for the moment. Your Grace," somewhat stiffly the baron lowered himself to his knees on the floor of the car and kissed her gloved hand. The countess and the lieutenant knelt in their turn.

"The girl blinked hastily. Then she said as cheerfully as she could, "Very well, that's settled! We can arrange my passport in that name, too can't we? I suppose we shall need passports?"

"That can be taken care of," the baron assured her. "Your High—Your Grace did well to settle the matter this way. It will be advisable for you to wear an incognito, I think, at least for the time."

"It may be a long time," said the girl firmly. "Meanwhile are we going now, and what do we plan to live on?"

"Oh, Your Grace's private fortune will be ample for all your needs! Most of it has been invested outside of Leucadia. For the past ten years we have known that such an uprising might happen. Of course we prayed that it would not, but we took precautions."

"That's fine. And now the other question?"

"This train is taking us to Paris," said Carl.

"Oh, but we don't want to stay in Paris!" cried the countess. "That is where my husband is. Or at least that is where he was the last time I heard from him."

Her moment of accord with the baron was brought to an end by her casual mention of her "husband." The old man said savagely, "So it makes a city uninhabitable for you if that is where Prince Paul is? Had Your Grace any other country in mind?"

Elsa drew a long breath. "I have always thought," she said in her pleasant clear voice, "that I should like to pay a visit to America."

"America!" echoed Carl, as dumfounded as if Elsa had named the lost Atlantis.

"America!" echoed the countess, as offended as if Elsa had used a word which should not be in any lady's vocabulary.

But the baron knitted his brows and considered. "America! Yes, we have funds in America. We have friends there, too. And the language and the customs will not be too difficult for us to grow accustomed to."

"I've heard that the food in America is heavenly," muttered Carl.

"I've always understood that they overheat their houses abominably. But of course it may not be for long," conceded the countess.

With incredulous delight Elsa looked from one face to another. She hadn't believed for an instant that Baron Goldlieb, her Prime Minister ever since she had been queen, and her mother's before her—would agree to America.

Indeed she had never supposed that the baron would accept from her any idea which he had not himself originated. At this rate she was going to like private station! But having gained so dashing a victory, she felt unsafe in pushing it for the present further than to say, "And now that that's all settled, suppose we try to get some rest. When we have to begin a new life tomorrow, we

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Claims Size Limit Of Lobsters Too Low

MONTGON, N. B., Aug. 21—(CP)—A grim warning against too rapid depletion of Canada's lobster supply was sounded here today by Emile Paturel, of Shediac, N.B., manager of the big fish shipping and canning plant at Cape Blomet. Mr. Paturel claims that the size limit of seven inches for canning lobsters set by the Canadian Government is too low. Canning lobsters should not be under eight inches, he declared. This might mean that canning lobsters would be scarce for a couple of years, he said. After that time there would be an increase in market lobsters, of big size, which would bring in more money to both the lobster fisherman and lobster packing companies. Average catch is very high this year, about 10 per cent higher than last year, said Mr. Paturel, but there is a definite scarcity of market lobsters. In his opinion, this points to the fact that too many of the smaller lobsters are not being given a chance to grow to maturity and reproduce. Mr. Paturel feels that in time, if the size limit is not raised, there is a chance that the lobster population may suffer the same fate as clams, which are a rare commodity these days.

BERLIN, Aug. 19—(Reuters)—Two children about to be "sacrificed" to prevent the end of the world at 3 p.m. next Monday have been rescued by German police who raided a religious sect headquarters at Bockholzberg, in the British zone. The Communist-controlled Neues Deutschland said today. The newspaper said the children were found tied to chairs in a building occupied by the sect of continuous prayers, which firmly believed that it knew the exact hour the world would end.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



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