



THE ENTERPRISE Published Thursdays

Views almost every home in Southern Washtenaw, Northern Lenawee and Southwestern Jackson Counties.

MANCHESTER In the southwest corner of Washtenaw County, 22 miles from Ann Arbor.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER No. 48, R. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL No. 24, R. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening.

MANCHESTER LODGE No. 148, F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall Monday evening.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over Union Building.

LEO L. WATKINS Lawyer Office in Watkins Block over Paul Brothers Store.

FRANK A. STIVERS Attorney and Counselor at Law 961-2-3-4-5 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Ann Arbor.

DR. E. M. CONKLIN General Practice Particular attention given to Chronic Diseases.

DR. E. A. LOWERY Dentist MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. Office over Union Building.

G. A. SERVIS Is prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work.

B. A. TRACY Physician and Surgeon MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. Office and Residence on Ash Arbor street.

C. F. KAPP Physician and Surgeon Office at Residence on Clinton street.

L. DAVISSON, M. D. C. Veterinary Surgeon, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. Office at Hotel Grota.

F. D. MERITHEW Licensed Auctioneer MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. Makes in Village or County will be promptly attended to.

J. J. BRIGEL Manchester Hotel Barber Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting, Etc.

CHARLES M. COOLEY General Auctioneer City or Farm Sales on Reasonable Terms and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MAT D. BLOSSER Printer and Binder. Best Facilities for doing all kinds of Commercial, School, Township and Lodge Printing.

FARMERS! Ask for samples and get price of LETTER HEADS AND ENVELOPES

Order your Wedding Stationery of THE ENTERPRISE Various Styles, Latest Style

Lowest Prices. Visiting and Business Cards and Envelopes. MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, Manchester, Mich.

If You Have a Printing Want WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS. Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean ink, but the best obtainable.

DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT

RAILROADS NOT HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ICE AND SNOW PLATFORMS.

SETTLE SCHOOL BOARD CASE Deposed President at Bay City Wins Out and Will Resume Position After Standstill in Business for Months.

Lansing, Mich.—The supreme court holds that a railroad company is not negligent for snow and ice collecting on the platform of trains en route.

Bay City Case is Settled. Edward Lichtig, of Bay City, has won his fight against his opponents in the board of education.

WOMAN WINS IN HIGH COURT Judge Stewart is Ordered to Hear Case Against Real Estate Dealer.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The effort of Mrs. Nellie Merleau to regain property she alleges was taken from her under false pretenses by Fred Morrison, a real estate dealer, has been given assistance by the supreme court.

Will Not Increase Assessments. Muskegon, Mich.—The local board of revision will not attempt any general increase of the city's assessment roll to bring it up to the strict cash value basis of assessment fixed by expert of the state tax commission.

Jackson Brewers Are Sentenced. Jackson, Mich.—Carl Eberle and Steven H. Carroll, of the Eberle Brewing Co., was sentenced to the Detroit house of correction Monday for 90 days and in addition to each pay a fine of \$200 and \$45 costs.

Michigan News Items State Forestry Warden Oates has established patrols on all logging spurs and main lines of every railroad in upper Michigan.

ARREST OF GUST SAVES HIM FROM DEATH IN SEA

Marquette, Mich.—Gust Pannila of Nogaunce is not among the victims of the sunken steamer Empress of Ireland.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Attorney-General Fellows holds that taxes assessed, but not collected in any one year, cannot be re-assessed the ensuing year.

The Neil & Alynwne ice house, the largest in Muskegon, was destroyed by fire Monday, with several thousand tons of ice. The loss is \$5,000.

Arrangements are being made for celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Congregational church at Litchfield on July 14.

The free text book plan at Kalamazoo has been defeated by a big majority. The plan, advanced by union labor, was opposed by both Hollanders and Catholics.

Invitations have been issued for a banquet to be given in honor of Former Governor Chase S. Osborn at the Hotel Downey at Lansing, June 10.

By the senate committee's approval of the rivers and harbors bill, Harbor Beach and vicinity will profit to the extent of \$362,380, which will be spent in dredging and harbor improvements.

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her founding, Whitehall has arranged for a homecoming celebration the week of July 20 to 25.

August Schultz has been awarded the contract to erect the new St. Clair county poor home at Goodells at a cost of \$47,992.

The three-story building in which is located the beater room of the Cheboygan paper mills, was destroyed by fire Monday. The flames were kept from spreading to the rest of the plant.

Rev. W. K. Yonker, moderator of the Kalamazoo Presbytery and pastor of the Presbyterian church in Niles, died at his home in Niles, Monday night after a brief illness from tuberculosis.

Upwards of 50,000,000 fish have been planted in upper Michigan waters this spring. Forty-one millions of the fry were hatched at the state plant at the Soo and the remainder at the federal hatchery at Duluth.

E. J. Rice, of Vassar, one of the board of directors of the new State Home for Epileptics at Wahjameca, states that the site for the No. 2 building will have to be changed on account of striking quicksand while digging for the foundation at the present location.

William Body, of Detroit, injured in 1912 when struck by a Sherman line car, will have another chance to try to obtain a \$10,000 judgment against the road, as the supreme court has reversed the decision of the lower court, which directed a verdict in favor of the D. U. R.

It cost Bert Gilbert, of Cadillac, \$40 for beating his deaf and dumb sister Jennie. A jury heard the evidence Friday afternoon and brought in a verdict about midnight.

Suit has been started in circuit court at Port Huron by the Knights of the Modern Maccabees to ascertain to whom it shall pay \$1,900 insurance on the life of Richard J. Hargreaves, who changed the beneficiary so often before his death that the heirs have demanded a court decision.

Standing at attention before the order to march had been given by the marshal of the day, Comrade G. S. Beardsley, of A. S. Williams post, G. A. R., at Charlotte, reeled and fell dead in the arms of a comrade.

James Cooke Mills, of Saginaw, has completed a new history of Saginaw county which is the most comprehensive ever compiled. The work is now being taken from the press. Mills has made a thorough study of the early days of the county and embodied traditions and facts in an interesting volume.

Verne Simmons, one year old, of Marshall, was bitten on the end of the thumb by a rattlesnake, and his mother, Mrs. L. Simmons, cut the thumb off. The boy will recover.

CARRANZA SENDS NOTE TO U.S. PRESS

REBEL LEADER DOESN'T SEE HOW MEDIATORS CAN FORCE SETTLEMENT.

HAS 50,000 MEN IN THE FIELD Says Occupation of Mexico City is Matter of Only Few Months and That Huerta is to Be Eliminated.

El Paso, Texas.—A semi-official statement from Gen. Carranza's headquarters at Durango, criticizing the actions of the A. B. C. mediators at Niagara Falls, and an announcement from General Villa reiterating his allegiance as a military leader to Carranza, were developments Monday of the Mexican situation here.

The statement from Durango, where Carranza's provisional government was addressed to the press of the United States, with a note to the effect that it had official sanction, although it was not a formal declaration. The telegram, in English, arrived here over the National Telegraph wires.

A copy follows, in part: "The dominant sentiment of the constitutionalists regarding the proceedings of the mediation commission at Niagara Falls is one of astonishment that there should be such an apparent lack of understanding on the part of that body not only with regard to conditions in Mexico, but as to the attitude of the constitutionalists regarding the mediators.

The constitutionalists are especially caustic in their comment on the proposal of the commission to take up the agrarian question and propose some form of settlement. They declare this is a purely internal problem and that they will tolerate no outside interference. Indeed, this is their attitude with regard to the entire proceedings of the mediation commission.

The constitutionalist leaders are wondering how they are to be forced to do this in view of their present accomplishments and by whom they are to be crushed if they decline to obey the commission.

The constitutionalist leaders assert that with an army of approximately 50,000 men in the field, the occupation of the remainder of Mexico, the capture of the capitol and the elimination of Huerta, and his followers is a matter of not more than two months.

"The inference that Huerta might become a candidate for president at a future election is regarded as impossible. He is regarded as a criminal by the constitutionalists and that he should be a candidate for anything, except the guillotine or the electric chair, is not considered seriously by them."

BOY DROWNS AT MT. CLEMENS

Little Fellow Loses Life Trying to Learn to Swim. Mt. Clemens, Mich.—Adolph Plomgren, 9 years old, was drowned here Saturday afternoon in the Clinton river.

He with other boys was in the water for the first time and was trying to learn to swim. Several of his companions heard his cry for help as he became stuck in the mud, but were unable to get to him before he was drowned.

The boy with his mother and sister came here from Philadelphia six weeks ago to visit Mrs. Peterson, of Wells street, his grandmother, and were to leave for home this week. The mother collapsed when informed of the death of her child.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

The senior girls of the University of Michigan have selected "Prunella" for their annual play. Miss Marjory Nicholson, of Detroit, and Harold Nutting, of McConnellsville, O., are in charge of the rehearsal.

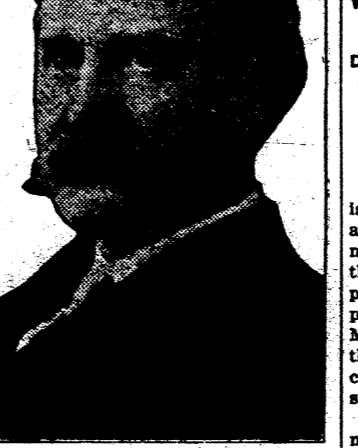
Miss Marian White, who graduated from the University of Michigan, has been named dean of women for the summer session. She has been mentioned as a successor to Dean Grace Fuller, of the state normal, at Ypsilanti, who has resigned.

Authority has been received from Washington for the establishment of a branch local postoffice at Huronia Beach, near Port Huron for the accommodation of summer resorters.

The city of Battle Creek has selected a week in which to learn to swim. An expert, George H. Corson, of Toronto, will be hired, from funds raised by the school board, sanitarium, chamber of commerce, and other subscribers, to teach "all comers" probably at the sanitarium pool, since the "lid" on bathing at Lake Gogaw has not been removed.

NOMINATED IN IOWA TO SUCCEED HIMSELF

Des Moines, Ia.—Senator Albert B. Cummins Monday was nominated for re-election to the United States senate by about 40,000 over A. C. Savage.



Des Moines, Ia.—Senator Albert B. Cummins Monday was nominated for re-election to the United States senate by about 40,000 over A. C. Savage.

AGRICULTURE TO BE TAUGHT

Forty Michigan High Schools Will Have Courses by Specially Trained Teachers in Farming.

East Lansing, Mich.—When the school year opens next September, about 40 high schools in Michigan will offer regular courses in agriculture, taught by specially trained teachers. This number includes 10 schools which will take up the new work for the first time.

The introduction of agriculture as a subject of study into high school courses was begun in the fall of 1908, with one high school experimenting as to the development of the course of study, its scope, arrangement as related to other school work and probable aims for future development.

The result of the experiment was very satisfactory, and the development of agriculture in the public high schools has become a part of the extension service of the agricultural college.

State Finances in Good Shape.

Lansing, Mich.—In his report for May State Treasurer Haarer states that there is more money in the state treasury than at any time since 1906.

In all funds there is \$9,577,754.55. In the general fund there is a balance of \$3,955,604.81, in the specific tax fund \$5,199,238.17, and in the primary school fund \$468,538.22. The specific tax fund will be added to the primary school fund when the distribution is made to the various schools in July, making a total of \$5,507,776.40 for educational purposes.

D. U. R. Loses in Supreme Court.

Lansing, Mich.—The Detroit United Railway and Henry Mincel, Detroit coal dealer, must pay \$5,500 to Rosa Purlewski, the supreme court having Monday affirmed the judgment for that amount granted in the Wayne circuit court.

In March, 1912, D. U. R. car struck a coal wagon belonging to Mincel and a heavy board on the wagon flew off and struck Rosa, breaking one of her legs and inflicting other injuries.

To Build Fine Building.

Saginaw, Mich.—Saginaw is to have a fine home for its board of trade. The building will be from 30 to 15 stories high and be located at the corner of Washington avenue and Genesee avenue, the best corner in the east side business district. The campaign to secure funds has been launched.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Ira Beck, of Battle Creek, was Wednesday chosen grand marshal of the grand lodge, F. and A. M., of Michigan, at the annual communication which was held at Flint. There were seven candidates for the office.

Conductor Thaddeus Fleming, of Battle Creek, has identified Wm. McNamara as the man who held him up while in charge of an Upton avenue trolley car and took \$20 from him. McNamara is being held under \$5,000 bond.

Again this year the custom, inaugurated a year ago of holding county eighth grade graduating exercises in Hillsdale county will be observed. The date is Saturday, June 6, and the place Hillsdale. State Superintendent of Public Instruction F. L. Keeler will give the principal address.

HUERTA READY TO QUIT IN MEXICO

PEACE DELEGATES ANNOUNCE HIS WILLINGNESS TO RESIGN.

WHEN PEACE IS RESTORED Dictator Has Instructed His Representatives That He Will Not Stand in the Way of Any Settlement of Mexican Troubles.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—Gen. Huerta is preparing to resign. He Tuesday authorized his representatives at the mediation conference to announce to the world that "neither mistaken pride nor personal interest" would prevent his withdrawal when once Mexico is "politically pacified," and the government succeeding his is so constituted that it can count on the support of public opinion in Mexico.

The Mexican delegates in their formal statement revealed that they had been instructed from the first to inform the mediators that Gen. Huerta's personality would not be an obstacle toward reaching a peaceful settlement. They also stated in unequivocal terms that the internal situation in Mexico was "necessarily bound up with the international questions," and that this spirit had actuated them in coming to the mediation conference.

RULING OF BOARD REVERSED

Supreme Court Finds That Accident Board Erred in P. M. Case.

Lansing, Mich.—The supreme court Monday decided against the industrial accident board in the case of Phillip Litron v. the Pere Marquette railroad. Litron, while employed by the road, suffered the loss of a foot and was badly jammed up. The industrial accident board decided that the road should pay him one-half his weekly wage during the time of his disability caused by injuries other than the loss of his foot and one-half his weekly wage for 115 weeks for the loss of the foot.

The supreme court says that the ruling of the industrial accident board is erroneous and ordered that it be set aside and vacated. The court further says that the workman's compensation law speaks in terms of disability and that the road shall pay for either one injury or the other and not for both.

M. A. C. Draws All Its Funds.

Lansing, Mich.—The M. A. C. withdrew all funds due from the state treasury Tuesday, amounting of \$48,023. This action was taken in line with the recent decision of the supreme court, which gave the college the right to funds to its credit in the state treasury.

This amount, however, will have to tide the college over until July 1, when \$50,000 in federal funds become available, and the regular appropriation at the rate of the one-tenth mill tax.

Two Brothers Drowned at Lansing.

Lansing, Mich.—Locked in each other's arms as they embraced death together, Albert and Arthur Lietzan, brothers, drowned in Grand river Tuesday, after the boat they were fishing from had sprung a leak and filled before either of the lads realized their danger. Their bodies were recovered almost immediately, and it was thought for a time that Albert's life could be saved, but all efforts were in vain.

Early in the evening the boys, who worked in local factories, had gone on the river for a few hours' fishing.

Washington Postoffice Department Tuesday Ordered the Bondsman of W. Millard Palmer, postmaster at Grand Rapids, to take over that office.

The bondsman will designate a successor to Mr. Palmer, but Senator William Alden Smith will not consent to the confirmation of Charles Hogadone, who has been named by President Wilson as the administration choice for postmaster.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

Hiram Still, a Detroit ship owner and Mason, and for years associated with the Loud interests, was remembered at Saginaw Memorial day by the unveiling of his handsome drinking fountain which his wife has dedicated to him. It stands in Rest-park and has a trough for horses and dogs. Mr. Still died May 30, 1913.

One of the features of Memorial day at Lansing was the presentation of a \$500 diamond-studded badge to United States Marshal Henry Behrendt by a number of citizens and his friends.

Director Raymond Wier, of the Hackley Art gallery, at Muskegon, head of the exhibit department of the Michigan State Art federation, has been signally honored by an invitation to become judge of exhibits in the fine arts section of the twenty-fourth annual Canadian industrial exposition at Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 10 to 13.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock. DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 524; stockers, feeders, handy butchers and bulls steady; heavy grades slow; butchers' cows 10@15c lower; best heavy steers, \$8.75@9; best handy weight butcher steers, \$8.21@8.25; mixed steers and heifers, \$7.75@8.25; handy light butchers, \$7.50@8; light butchers, \$7@7.50; best cows, \$6.50@6.85; butcher cows, \$6@6.25; common cows, \$5@5.30; canners, \$3@4.25; best heavy bulls, \$7@7.25; Bologna bulls, \$6.50@6.85; stock bulls, \$6@6.75; feeders, \$7.25@7.50; stockers, \$6.75@7.50; milkers and springers, \$45@80.

Veal calves—Receipts, 347; market steady; best, \$9@9.50; others, \$7@8.75.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 481; market steady; best lambs, \$7.50@8; fair lambs, \$7@7.25; light to common lambs, \$6@6.75; yearlings, \$6.50@6.75; fair to good sheep, \$5@5.75; culls and common, \$3@4.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,612; all grades, \$8.25.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; heavy grades 15@25c lower; best 1,350 to 1,450 lb steers, \$8.75@9; best 1,200 to 1,300 lb steers, \$8.50@8.75; best 1,100 to 1,200 lb steers, \$8.25@8.45; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.75@8; young yearlings, baby beef, \$8.50@9; medium to good, \$8@8.25; choice handy steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$8.25@8.50; fair to good 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$8@8.25; extra good cows, \$7.25@7.50; best cows, \$6.50@7; butcher cows, \$5.50@6; cutters, \$4.50@5; trimmers, \$4@4.25; best heifers, \$8@8.50; medium-butcher heifers, \$7.50@8; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.75; best feeding steers, \$7.90@8; fair to good, \$7.50@7.75; best stock steers, \$7.50@7.75; common light stock steers, \$6.75@7; extra good bulls, \$7.50@7.75; Bologna bulls, \$6.50@6.75; stock bulls, common to good, \$5@5.50; milkers and springers, \$40@90.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,000; market 10@15c lower; heavy and mixed, \$8.40; yorkers, \$8.40@8.50; pigs, \$7.90@8.25.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 5,000; steady; top lambs, \$7.85@8; wethers, \$6@6.35; ewes, \$4.50@5.50.

Calf steers; tops, \$10.50; fair to good, \$8.50@9.50; grassers, \$5@7.

Grains, Etc. DETROIT—Wheat—Cash and May No. 2 red, 97c; July opened without change at 97 1/2c; touched 88c and declined to 87 1/2c; September opened at 87 1/2c, advanced 1-2c and declined to 87 1/2c; No. 1 white, 96 1/2c.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 73c; No. 3 yellow, 2 cars at 74 1/2c; No. 4 yellow, 2 cars at 72 1/2c.

Oats—Standard, 1 car at 45c; No. 3 white, 44 1/2c; No. 4 white, 43 1/2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 67c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and May shipment, \$2.05; June, \$2.07; July, \$2.10.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, \$7.75; Oe tober, \$8.20; prime, \$10.

Timothy—Prime spot, \$2.35.

Alfalfa—Prime spot, \$8.25.

Hay—Carlo's track Detroit; No. 1 timothy, \$18.50@17; standard, \$15.50@16; No. 1 mixed, \$13.50@15; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.50; heavy clover mixed \$12@13.50; rye straw, \$8@8.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, \$4.50; straight, \$4.50; spring patent, \$5.10; rye, \$4.40 per bu.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$28; standard middlings, \$28; fine middlings, \$32; coarse cornmeal, \$31; cracked corn, \$32; corn and oat chop, \$28.50 per ton.

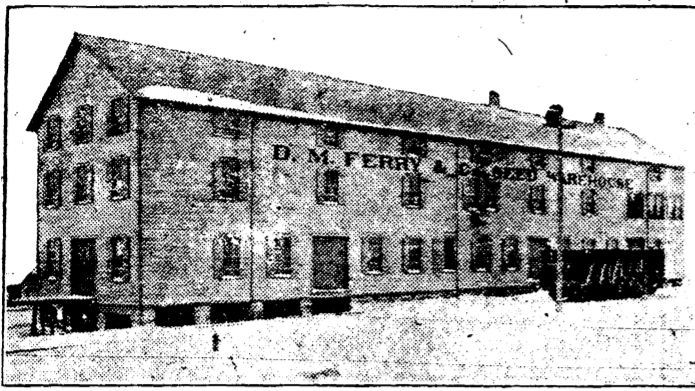
General Markets. Onions—Texas Bermudas, yellow \$2.40@2.50 per crate.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@10c; heavy 8@9 1/2c per lb.

Cabbage—New, \$2.15@2.25 per crate in bulk, 2 1/2c per lb.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey skin-dried, \$1@1.10 per hamper.

GROWING OF SEEDS IS NOW ONE OF BIGGEST INDUSTRIES



Big Seed Warehouse in Charlevoix County.

By H. J. DANIELS.

Although fruit growing and its allied industries have obtained the strongest foothold in western and northern Michigan, and in the main offer the greatest opportunity for expansion, the growing of seeds for the several great seed companies shows the most phenomenal growth. Many of the seed concerns have branches scattered through the northwest portion of the state, others have forces of men always on the lookout for acreage, and are but awaiting the day of securing sufficient acreage to establish branches; while still others with a view of future action, are looking the country over and investigating its resources.

One company alone, at one of its branch warehouses, bought and stored in one season 30,000 bushels of pea seeds. Another firm, which did not believe it could secure sufficient acreage for its needs, cleared up and planted last spring 4,000 acres of the same vegetable.

Clover seed, too, grows to great advantage on the sandy plains of the north and northwest. There are records of men, who, buying such land sometimes at prices less than \$5 an acre, have in the first season raised clover seed enough to pay for their land several times over, besides yielding their living. Plains-grown clover seed, because of its purity and freedom from weed seeds, and because of the exceeding plumpness of its kernels, has practically necessitated the establishing of a new grading superior to prime in Toledo, the clover seed market of the United States.

Beans, corn, potatoes, almost any variety of grain or tuber does equally as well, and finds the same demand. By actual test, in widely separated communities, under most diverse conditions, the seed companies have demonstrated to their entire satisfaction that northern grown seeds will, when planted in Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Florida or Louisiana, germinate and mature more quickly than seeds grown in the south. Michigan seed grown in western Michigan and planted in the south are uniformly ready for the market two or three days to a week earlier than those grown from southern seed, while corn shows difference of two weeks. The southern farmer bends every effort to catching the early market so it is readily seen what it means to him to get the northern grown seed.

FARMERS AT FAULT.

C. K. Bassett of the market department of agriculture at Washington addressed a body of farmers at Owosso recently and told them that the farmers themselves are at fault for the unsatisfactory condition of the bean market today. Dumping the entire bean crop on the market in the fall, which records show has often been the habit of Michigan farmers, is blamed by Mr. Bassett for the bad conditions.

The market department is making an investigation all over the country of the bean, fruit and other markets with a view of alleviating unsatisfactory conditions. In Michigan the farmers believe they are not getting enough for the beans, while the consumers think they are being compelled to pay too much for them. It was for the purpose of seeing who is

right that the market department sent Mr. Bassett out.

The record of one large bean jobbing house in Michigan for the past five years was submitted at the meeting. It showed that practically all the bean crop each year had been sold in the fall. The practice of marketing nearly all of the bean crop in two months, when it takes 12 months to consume it, is wrong, Mr. Bassett told the gathering. The beans should be placed on the market in quantities proportionate to the immediate demand. Mr. Bassett said he would go back to Washington, make his report, and if it was deemed advisable by the head of the department a man would be sent to Michigan to remain several weeks for the purpose of educating farmers as to the proper method of marketing their crops.

CUCUMBERS AS CASH CROPS.

The growing of cucumbers under contract for the various pickling stations in several sections of the state is being advocated as a cash crop by many farmers throughout the state who speak from a profitable experience.

The advantage of growing cucumbers is that the picking season comes after the grain harvest and before the corn time—generally a slack time on the average farm. Until picking begins there is very little expense, and that is the chief expense. A large crop does not depress the market as they are contracted for at a guaranteed price.

The cucumber thrives best on clay or sandy loam well supplied with humus or decayed vegetable matter. Or the land can be treated with a commercial fertilizer analyzing about two per cent nitrogen, seven per cent phosphoric acid and ten per cent potash. For extra good results 400 pounds to the acre should be used about a week before planting time.

The seed is usually furnished by the salters at a low figure and it requires about a pound to the acre. They

Proof of Value

of the time-tested, world-tried, home remedy—proof of its power to relieve quickly, safely, surely, the headaches, the sour taste, the poor spirits and the fatigue of biliousness—will be found in every dose of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold every-where. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drug stores. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

BLACKS OPTICIANS

ESTD. 1830—DETROIT

156 WOODWARD AVE.

TRITE REMARK STIRRED HIM

Superfluous Remark Unwelcome to Man Who Knew Very Well That It Was Raining.

"It's quite a heavy shower we're having," he said, cheerily, to the man who had entered with his clothes soaked and his umbrella dripping. "Yes, sir," replied the stranger, testily, "it is a heavy shower; but you have failed to remark also the interesting facts that the shower is falling downward from above, that it's a wet shower, and that it is raining on both sides of the street. Also you have neglected to observe that this is the year 1914, that the earth is round, and that there are four seasons each year. But I'm obliged to you for your information about the weather."

And the stranger walked away, with a glitter of vindictive triumph in his eye.

Thought He Was at a Christening. Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I bought one of those new things to suspend a milk bottle against the side of a house instead of leaving it on the doorstep. Mrs. Yocat—How does it work? "It was a failure. My husband came home late the other night and thought the house was a new battleship to be launched, and in the morning we had no milk."

The Last Straw. "Everybody knocks that fellow who wants to be a soldier." "That's so. Even his gun kicks."

POINTS IN POTTING PLANTS



Double Yellow Jonquils in Eight-inch Low Pot.

By EVA RYMAN GAILLARD. Plants grown for the beauty of the foliage should be given rather large pots holding plenty of rich soil, while those grown for blossoms should be in smaller ones.

Root-bound plants seem to produce more and finer blooms, but this should not be construed to mean keeping them so tightly root-bound that they starve to death. When the pot is full of roots shift the plant to one an inch or two larger and fill the space with good soil.

Never fill a pot so full of soil that the water runs off the top instead of settling into the soil. Leave a space vacant in the top of the pot, an inch or more, according to the size of the pot and the amount of water needed by the plant.

For plants having hard, woody stems the soil may be level on the surface and no harm is done, and the water

standing around the stem will not injure it, but for soft crown-centered plants like the primrose the soil should be higher in the center than at the edge.

It is well, too, to avoid pouring water into the crown of the plant, as the manner in which the leaves come up makes them drain the water down into the crown of the plant and produce what is known as "crown-rot," which kills all buds that form.

Much is said of using "thumb pots" in which to root cuttings, but (after rooting hundreds) I prefer three-inch pots to smaller ones. If tiny seedlings are to be potted off, then the thumb pot may be best for the first transplanting; but even here I would use small, shallow boxes for "fats" until the third transplanting would bring the plants up to where they are ready for the three-inch pot, or the open ground.

Maw Has the Last Word. Willie—Paw, is there a man in the moon? Paw—No, my son. It is a woman. Willie—But maw says there is a man in the moon. Paw—Your maw is wrong. If it was a man it wouldn't change so often. Maw—You go to bed, Willie.

Well Paved. It's a good thing the way of the transgressor is hard, or it wouldn't stand the heavy traffic.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

And Wood Wouldn't. Marks—I hear that the Woods have separated. What was the trouble? Parks—It seems that Mrs. Wood wanted him to dye his white hair to match her new lavender wig.

Queer Fact. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well, they say." "What of it?" "Yet you can't raise it by any hot-air system."

Anyway, a man never sits down on the floor when he puts on his hosiey.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE
was the yield of WHEAT

100 FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

On many farms in Western Canada in 1913, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. As high as 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats.

50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bus. for flax.

1. Keys arrived in the country 3 yrs. ago from Denmark with very little money. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land. In 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 66 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

M. V. McInnes,
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

WANTED
100

Active houses to home agents to sell our window shades and extension shades. Every housekeeper needs nine to twelve pair. Make one week's salary in one day. For particulars write to

The Crosby Co., 5100 Tenth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TYPEWRITERS—Great Sale

All makes—Vernor, Oliver, Smith, Underwood, Remington, etc. Pay only for a day or rent apply. Catalog free. U. S. Typewriter Co., 24 Fisher Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

STOP—LOOK—READ

Chicago, Peoria, St. Paul, St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla. Sterling silver stickpins, penknives, etc. gold filled penknives, etc. gold filled pens, etc. R. A. TAYLOR CONTACT, 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, C.T.

SHOULD GET LARGER CROPS

American Farmers Might Largely Increase Their Production Through Scientific Methods.

Our Pennsylvania Dutch are good farmers, but not so good as their relatives in Germany. For every bushel of wheat a Pennsylvania farmer produces from one acre the German grows two and a tenth bushels.

His farm is small, but the man who delves beyond the Rhine makes each acre produce exactly twice as many potatoes as do our farmers.

The man who bows to a kaiser instead of a president extracts just a half more oats and over a third more barley and about 60 per cent more rye from each acre than does the improvident American.

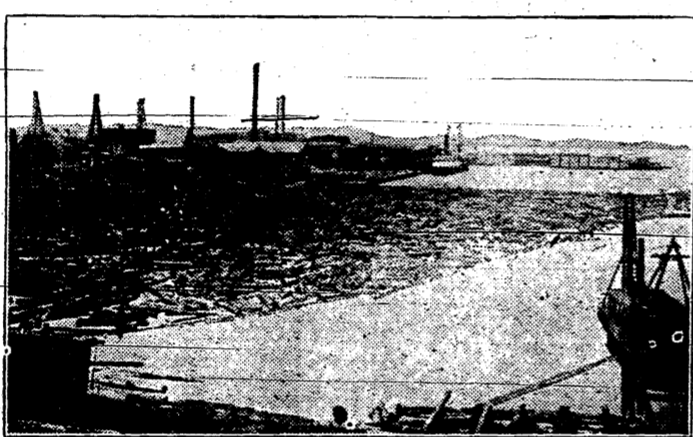
The man who has but a dollar can live for a long time on it, whereas the prodigal can waste a \$10 bill on one dinner. The German has so little ground that he makes it work doubly hard.

When the United States has 200,000,000 population our farm production an acre will likely have doubled from sheer necessity.—Public Ledger.

Attractive. "What's that crowd of men after?" "You mean the tough crowd over there?" "Yes." "They're trying to get into our new uplift jail."

For the man with a chip on his shoulder—get an ax.

IS LARGEST LUMBER OPERATOR IN SECTION.

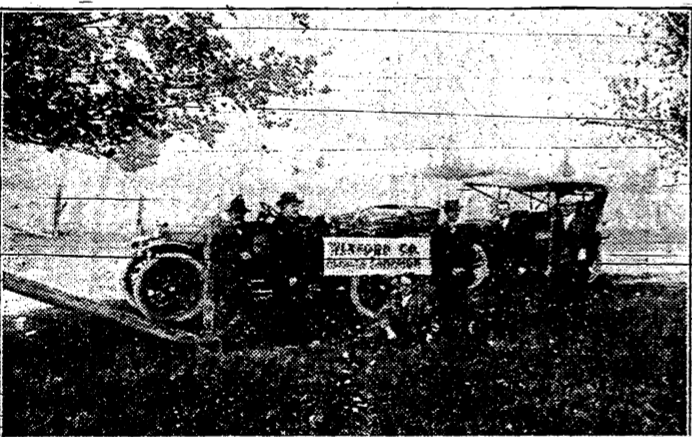


Louis Sands Lumber Company's Plant at Manistee, Mich.

The suspension of a large part of its operations around Manistee of the R. G. Peters' Salt & Lumber company, after many years of activity there, leaves the Louis Sands Lumber company one of the largest operators there, or, indeed, in Michigan. Sands has large holdings in Manistee and Wexford counties and will be able to run for a considerable length of time, but will be closed out finally at about the time the lumbermen in Wexford county are cutting their last pieces of

hardwood, from ten to twenty years hence. Then such a scene as that in the accompanying picture will have become a thing merely of history. The Manistee river, which has fostered as many million feet of logs as any other stream in the state, will be wholly barren of floating timber, and lumber mills will have to be razed to make way for other industries—that will then be more profitable, if the old lumber cities are to hold their own in the progress of the state.

AGRICULTURE MAKES STRIDES IN WEXFORD COUNTY.



Wexford County Alfalfa Campaigners.

Wexford county is one of the comparatively new counties in Michigan, yet experts traveling through it this spring were greatly surprised at the evidences of agricultural progress there. An alfalfa campaign has just been closed in which agricultural college experts, field men from Washington, county school commissioners and county agriculturists and others took part, accompanied by bankers of Cadillac and surrounding towns. The experts were nonplussed to find so many acres of alfalfa growing, and alfalfa, at that, grown according to scientific methods. The speakers said they had

seen more alfalfa fields in traveling from Manton to Mesick, a distance of but 12 miles, than in any other similar section in the whole state of Michigan. At several places along the way there were many fine fields of alfalfa on both sides of the road. To the great surprise of the visitors they found the farming territory pretty well settled up. They found substantial farm houses, large barns, windmills, sties and old orchards. The road, a greater part of the distance, was in good condition and made traveling pleasant as well as rapid throughout the campaign.

should be planted in hills a little more than four feet apart and 12 seeds to the hill, with better than an inch of soil pressed firmly down on them. After the danger of insects is passed the plants should be thinned out to three in a hill. The time to plant cucumbers in most parts of Michigan is about June 10.

AROUSES ENTHUSIASM.

The fruit growers of western Michigan are becoming enthusiastic over the proposition of setting aside trees and giving trees especial care for the purpose of growing extra fine specimens of fruit for exhibition at the West Michigan state fair in Grand Rapids next September. Gilbert Dame of Northport, who has the matter in hand, reports that the men whom he has traveling from orchard to orchard, picking out the trees, are meeting with success. O. W. Braman, whose orchards lie near Grand Rapids, has agreed to set aside 70 trees, and Charles W. Wilde, also near Grand Rapids, will set aside 40 trees. Other fruit growers throughout the southern portion of western Michigan, have promised smaller numbers of trees. When the field men reach the northern fruit section, it is expected that they will be as warmly received as they have been in the southern counties. It is believed fully 1,000 trees will be set aside for special care in the matter of cultivation, fertilization and thinning this season and that the finest fruit ever seen in this state may be harvested and put on display.

MICHIGAN RANKS HIGH.

Do you know that Michigan ranks high among the states in the value of her agricultural products, standing first, second or third in many important crops? The state is notable because of its enormous annual production and the unsurpassed variety of its products. The horticultural interests have long given her a position of national importance. In addition to this it is an important fact that the possibilities for future development are very great for as yet only

51.5 per cent of the total land area is included in farms with enormous areas of good soil remaining to be reclaimed.

SETS OUT DEWBERRY PLANTS.

Luther Hedges, of near Dowagiac, has set out two acres of dewberry plants on the east shore of the larger lake of the two beautiful bodies known as Twin lakes, and he is also erecting power for irrigating the plants when needed. A gasoline engine will furnish the

power and as the fruit will be planted in the field just at the top of the lake bank there will be no trouble in getting a good supply. Mr. Hedges says that the supply being lake water it will be warmer and more natural than water from a well.

The dewberry under such conditions will be a prolific bearer, and the acreage will be added to if it is a success in other ways.

The laying hen consumes more food than the one not laying.

For a Good Hog.

The feeding and care are as important as the breeding in producing a good hog. Plenty of feed and good care may make a good hog out of a runt, but lack of it will always make a runt out of a good pig.

Healthy Eyes Best.

Eyes kept in good health condition are stronger physically and more able to perform their natural duty of producing a large flow of nourishment for their rapidly growing progeny.

BARBER TURNS SCALES.

There is an interesting story in connection with the introduction of a four-year course in agriculture to the high school curriculum in the village of Manton, Wexford county. It is said that one of the barbers in Manton turned the scales when the subject was under discussion by the school authorities. There were those who questioned the wisdom of introducing scientific methods and others who were anxious to see an agricultural course established. The barber, how-

Exercise is a great egg tonic.

"Some Of These New Fangled Foods Are Mighty Good."

People are sometimes slow to change—even in summer—from the old-time heavy breakfast of fried bacon or ham and eggs.

But the "world moves," and in thousands of homes a wise change has been made to the new-time breakfast—

Post Toasties

—with cream.

These sweet flavoured flakes of corn, toasted crisp and ready to eat direct from the package, are "mighty good" from every angle. Labor-saving—nourishing—delicious!

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

MRS. LYON'S ACHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking
Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg-
etable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly stating their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Anxious Moment.
Lucille (earnestly)—Karl, I want to ask you one question.
Karl (also earnestly)—What is it, sweetheart?
Lucille (more in earnest than ever)—Karl, if you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?—Life.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

A Better Plan.
"The people next door play the graphophone incessantly."
"Still they seem kind-hearted. They have offered to loan us any records we like."
"I should prefer to borrow some of those we don't like, and thus get them out of commission for a few days."

Justice is the Word.
Church—I see the New York Legal Aid bureau for a fee of ten cents furnishes a lawyer to assist immigrants and poor persons in obtaining justice. Gotham—Now, just look at that!
And I know men who have spent thousands of dollars to get justice—and they're still out of jail.

Spoiled children and foolish parents are often found in the same house.

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 75% in twenty years. People do not realize in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys.

Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When backache or urinary-ills suggest weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, drink water freely and reduce the diet. Avoid coffee, tea and liquor.

Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.

"I am sure that Doan's Kidney Pills were the means of saving my life when I was seriously afflicted with kidney trouble," says Amos E. Eaton, Rapid, Mich. "Since then I have used Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally when over-exerted."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-BLUMEN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S
ASTHMA
Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for full particulars to Dr. J. D. Kellogg, Ltd., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOME RUNS THAT HAVE BECOME FAMOUS



Heinie Zimmerman of the Chicago Cubs.

Some of the famous home runs made in the major leagues may be cited as follows:
Hans Wagner's four-base swat in Pittsburgh which broke the windshield of an automobile standing outside the grounds.
Chief Wilson's drive, which landed 320 feet from the St. Louis Cardinal park home plate.
Gus Williams' drive over the right field wall of the St. Louis American league park. It also was a 320-footer.
Big Bill Lange's homer over the center field fence in Cincinnati. It



Nap Lajoie of Cleveland.

smashed through a plate glass window of a saloon and broke up a pinocchio party.
Bud McLean's peculiar wallop, made on the Pacific coast. The ball went through the only knothole in a short right field fence.
Jake Stahl's homer at Hot Springs.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Johnny Evers continues to be the hitting mainstay of the Braves.

Lack of good outfield material is troubling Connie Mack more than anything else.

Babe Adams and George McQuillan are doing yeoman service for the Pirates in the box.

According to the Kansas City critics George Stovall has assembled a band of demon stickers.

Mike Doohan is making plays in Baltimore which recall the shortstopping of Hughey Jennings.

All you have to do if you want to get George Stallings angry, is to refer to him as "a good loser."

Charley Herzog doesn't care how many men he has to use as long as they bring home a victory.

"Wild Bill" Donovan says Jim Shaw, the Pittsburgh boy with Washington, is a second Walter Johnson.

"If we ever get a batting streak we'll break up the league," says Clark Griffith, leader of the Senators.

Claude Cooper, who served a year's apprenticeship with the Giants, tops the batting order of the Tip Tops.

Charley Herzog evidently has his men hustling. They're making a good many runs in proportion to their hits.

It is said that inside baseball is what destroyed Johnny Evers' chance of coping a pennant and making good as manager of the Cubs.

QUEER ANGLE IN BASEBALL

Umpire Brennan Allows Runner to Score a Run After Third Man Had Been Touched Out.

"Speaking of intricate plays on the ball field," mused Bill Brennan, umpire-in-chief on the Federal league staff, in a fanning bee the other day, "a play that puzzled the crowd for a time came up in that final Duns-Packers game, when I allowed a score to count after three men had been retired."

"Scoring a run after a side is out is a ticklish situation for any umpire, and I can honestly say that seldom before have I heard of an instance where an umpire must rule on such an affair. There were three Kansas City men on the bags, and two out. The batter had three balls and one strike, and apparently a hit-and-run signal was given. As the Buns' pitcher wound up, the men on first and second started out on a gallop, but the man occupying third saw that the ball was wild, and he started off slowly to stroll home, as the run was forced in. The runner who had been on second, however, had decided to give an exhibition of speed, I guess, for he dashed around third and took a big lead toward the plate. Quick as a flash Wilson pegged the ball to Zeider, and the runner was tagged out.

That out was made before the straggle who had been on third reached the plate, and there we have a situation that would puzzle anyone for an instant. The Packer lagging from third continued to walk home, and he registered the run probably three seconds after the third man had been retired at third. There was nothing to do but to allow the run, as the pass issued with the sacks full forced in a run which must be counted, even though a speed boy pulled a bone on the sacks."

COVER PROTECTS BALL FIELD

Canvas Tarpaulin Screen, Attached to Hangers, Sliding on Cables, Makes Sloping Roof.

To protect baseball diamonds and other athletic fields from rain and avoid postponement of games on account of "wet grounds," two St. Louis inventors have devised and patented a cover that may be spread over the field when it is not in use. The cover is arranged in two forms to be used with or without a grandstand. In one form, cables are run out from drums



A Canvas Cover Stretched Across the Field From the Grandstand.

under the eaves of the grandstand and anchored beyond the outside baseline; a canvas or tarpaulin cover, attached to hangers sliding on the cables, makes a sloping roof over the "skinned" portion of the field, says the Popular Mechanics. In the other form, the cover is supported by a steel mast and swinging boom placed near the field. When the boom is swung out



Mast and Boom for Lowering a Pyramidal Tent Over a Baseball Field.

over the field, a tent in the form of a pyramid or cone with its center over the pitcher's box is let down and anchored with its edges outside the baselines. In either form, the cover can be quickly spread over the field or cleared away, by electric power.

CUTTING OUT THE BLEACHERS

Baseball Magnates Killing 25-Cent Ball by Reducing Seating Capacity—Rules Obeyed.

Twenty-five-cent baseball seems to be disappearing from the major league parks. Just now it is a case of "If you haven't got four bits you needn't come around."

Until a few years ago, when most of the club owners in the American and National leagues began constructing new stands, there were many 25-cent seats. But since then they have been growing scarcer and scarcer. The old bleacher areas in most of the parks has been cut into three parts, the two parts nearest the home plate selling at 50 cents, and only the little stretch that is farthest away from the plate being allotted to the 25-cent fans.

The rules of the big leagues provide for 25-cent seats, but they do not specify the number. Because of that little error that would have protected the 25-cent fans the magnates have reduced the bleacher seats from numbers far into the thousands to numbers in the hundreds.

Wagner Wants to Boss.
Al Wagner, who was the real baseball star of the Wagner family long before he put his Brother Honus on the track toward fame, years to come back. With 25 years of experience as a player, Al should make a good manager for some strong independent club or minor league outfit. Like Honus, however, he does not want to get too far from Carnegie and he prefers something in western Pennsylvania—preferably a club around what was known in his best days as the oil and ore outfit. Although he has seen his best playing days, Al can still don a uniform and do a few turns around third base.

Boston fans are already proclaiming young Scott a wonder. The St. Paul rookie is filling Heinie Wagner's place at short and seems to be making good.
Fred Clarke wants to win a pennant and world's championship before retiring. So does Earl Mack, the young son of Connie Mack, who manages the Raleigh, N. C., club.

The Weapon.

"This letter plainly evened my father's mind against me. How do you suppose the writer did it?"
"I suppose, to be in the fashion, he used a poisoned pen."

Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

Adapted.
"When you go out automobiling and see a suspicious policeman, you want to remember the improved proverb."
"What's that?"
"A spurt in time save fine."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Paste, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Just the thing for dancing. Refuse substitutes. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y. Adv.

The New Dances.
Billy Sunday, the remarkable evangelist, was asked after his successful Philadelphia season what he thought of the new dances.

"What do I think of the new dances?" said Mr. Sunday, with a laugh. "Well, let me tell you a story. A young man and a girl in evening dress sat in a conservatory. A fountain trickled and gurgled in a marble basin before them. Palms drooped their long leaves over them. The light was dim. Distant music sounded softly."
"Suddenly the young man, overcome by the girl's beauty, seized her in his arms and crushed her madly to his breast."

"Why, Mr. Trevanion," she said, putting her white hand on his shirt bosom and pushing him coldly away, "you forget yourself. This sort of thing isn't proper—here."
"So saying, she took his arm and they went out on to the ballroom floor and indulged in a mazurka."

SUCCEEDS IN CANADA

An interesting and successful American farmer, Lew Palmer, of Staveley, Alta., passed through the city today. Mr. Palmer came from Duluth, Minn., just ten years ago, and brought with him four cows and three horses—and that was his all. He homesteaded in the Staveley district, and today has 480 acres of land, \$3,000 worth of implements, 34 Percheron horses, made \$1,000 out of hogs last year, raised 7,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 12 acres of potatoes, and 18 tons of onions. His farm and stock is worth \$30,000, and he made it all in ten years.—Exchange.—Advertisement.

Not Out of Place.
Twamley—Wouldn't girls look funny if they had mustaches on their lips?
Sammy—I guess they have them there pretty often, but the lights are generally turned too low to see if they look funny.

Not That Stingy.
"Hogan," propounded Schmidt, "if a hen unt a half laid an egg unt a half a day, how long would it take a hen to lay half an egg?"
"A hin," promptly responded Pat, "wud scorn to short change her owner by layin' half an egg. An' nobody but a tightwad wud iver think av such a thing."—Judge.

Practises Watchful Waiting.
"How often do you cut your grass?"
"Every time my neighbor has his lawnmower sharpened."

But the man who restricts his joy riding to street cars doesn't have to worry about punctures.

One Himself.
Gertrude Vanderbilt had been lunching with a friend at Murray's. As they left the restaurant a seedy-looking mendicant approached Miss Vanderbilt and held out his hand.
"Can't you give me a few pennies, lady?" he pleaded. "I'm hungry and a broken-down sport myself."
Miss Vanderbilt had coughed up a quarter before the full impact of his remark struck her, then she began to laugh.
"I suppose I should have given him a dollar," she observed. "At least the man was brave."
Patience may be the lazy man's only virtue.

Man's Drink—
Woman's Drink—
Everybody's Drink

Coca-Cola

Vigorously good—and keenly delicious. Thirst-quencher and refreshing.

The national beverage—and yours.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

Let's Have a Porch Party with **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

It's the ideal offering to guests or family, especially after dinner. It's the hospitality gum—so perfectly packed that it stays perfectly fresh and clean.

It costs almost nothing but people like it better than much more costly things.

It relieves all "over-eaten" feelings—refreshes the mouth—cleanses the teeth beautifully.

Chew it after every meal.

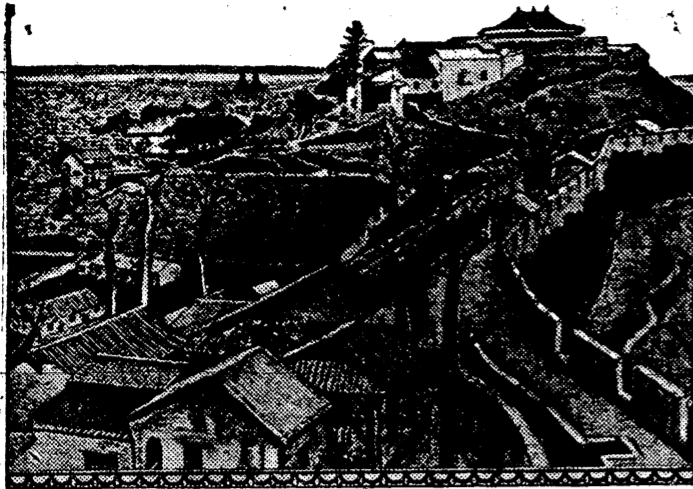
EVERY PACKAGE TIGHTLY SEALED!

Remember—the new seal is airtight and dust-proof! It's the best gum in the best package.

Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S. Look for the spear.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
THE SPEARMINT FLAVOR
LASTS

A TRIP THROUGH CANTON



QUEEN OF HEAVEN MOUNTAIN, CANTON

MOST people have read highly colored descriptions of Canton as a barbarous city. What the traveler finds within a few yards of the landing-stage, 30 miles up the Pearl river from Hong Kong, is a solid row of European buildings, public gardens leading to a series of tennis courts, and a British consulate. The appearance of the Shameen, the narrow island of the concession, with its churches, its lofty blocks of merchants' offices, its spacious tree-shaded boulevards, its handsome international club, and its numerous official buildings, gives an immediate feeling of confidence to any Western stranger, writes A. H. Fisher in Illustrated London News.

After I had secured a room at the Victoria hotel, I crossed the creek by the British bridge with two resident acquaintances, and entered Chinese territory. Tall-ribbed buildings, with shops on the ground floor, seemed pushing out into the thronged roadway along which we walked to a part whence I could get a good view of the Water-town. Here a vast population lives in various kinds of craft from small Sahtungs or sand-boats to the gaily decorated "flower boats" with their gold-fretted fronts stuck over with mirrors.

A Floating City.
Along a narrow wooden footway, built upon piles, we walked for half a mile till we seemed to be in the middle of a floating city, but away, farther to the west, I could make out an iron-roofed building, which, I learned, is the terminus of the railway from Samsin to Canton, and a pair of sheerlegs, which marked the position of the Canton-Hankow railway, connected with the other by a ferry-boat service and likely, ere long, to become the regular route for reaching the Trans-Siberian line. Looking back towards the town, I had pointed out to me a tall, gray stone building as a pawnshop, an institution regarded in China as a kind of bank.

We now turned away from the creek up a narrow street where all the buildings were wholesale rice stores. Almost every street is set apart for one trade or industry. In Sap-Pat-Po (otherwise Ward 18), however, the chief business street of Canton, the shops were filled with general manufactured goods—German and Japanese clocks, American soaps, gramophones and sewing machines. Here were strange articles of diet also—edible beetles, giant wehks, bamboo shoots and dried cuttle fish. There were bankers shaking coins into trays till each of a hundred circular depressions was filled, as a way of counting, dealers in old pictures, a lottery shop, where prizes were being paid out for a lottery lately drawn, and an ancestral hall or meeting place for some particular clan or guild. Then came a whole street of the makers of "Old-Age Clothes," as the Chinese call their coffins, and a street of pewter workers, and a street of smiths—and all this time we had only reached a gateway of the outer wall of Canton. Inside this, after passing a small island of shops, we went under the semi-circular arch of the Great West Gateway, where the wall was 17 yards thick.

We climbed from within on to the top of the wall, and above there was a sudden peace and quietness. Here and there about the bastions were old British muzzle-loading guns on wooden carriages. On one I read the date 1812, and on another 1816. We followed the top of the wall for some distance to the great five-story pagoda, and began to climb it from floor to floor, passing through the flap doors which shut down over the stairs of each. On the fourth floor was the special tea house, and on the uppermost a group of figures of Chinese deities. From the balcony a number of people were enjoying the view over the city. In the distance rose the twin spires of the French cathedral, which the Chinese thought would attract dev-

Queer Bequest.
One London church has an annual income of \$5,000 from a charity fund, but the charity is not dispensed today in precisely the terms of the original bequest. For, if the terms of that bequest were carried out literally, \$5,000 worth of bread and cheese would be thrown annually from the steeple. The income consists of rent derived from a certain piece of land. In Tudor times, when the bequest was made, the land was probably worth \$10 a year, and the scattering of \$10 worth of bread and cheese was not an extravagant charity. Today the land yields \$5,000 a year, and more suitable ways for distributing it among the poor have been found.

Demolition of First Sky Scraper.
There has recently been demolished to make way for a larger structure, a ten-story tower building, at 60 Broadway, New York city. The building was erected in 1889 and has been in service for a quarter of a century. Naturally the condition of its framework was a matter of interest for architects and engineers. The frame consisted of cast

its until they reflected that the second spire neutralized the bad effect of the first.

Beyond the city we could see the Pearl river, and near it the Normal college for training Chinese teachers, which stands upon the site of the old examination-cells. By the lower slopes of the hill called Queen of Heaven Mountain, we found the famous City of the Dead, where bodies of defunct Chinese wait in their coffins, sometimes several years, before the priests are able to determine an auspicious day for interment. The City of the Dead has many mansions, if by that name may be designated the little rooms, each 10 by 15 feet, with whitewashed brick walls and paved with pale-red tiles. Before the coffin hung a curtain, and in front of this stood an empty chair, a table spread with food and—in the case of a man—tall dolls standing on either side to represent gift attendants.

Eggs Eighty Years Old.
Near the Flowery Pagoda in the old deer park, formerly part of the Tartar General's palace grounds, I visited the British Yamen, where English cadets studying Chinese used to be quartered before it became customary for them to go to Peking. Very different from the quaint charm of these buildings was the somewhat squalid aspect of the courts of the famous temple of Su Mong Kiu.

One evening I was shown a number of the tantan gambling houses, in which the banker puts on the table a double handful of the common coins called "cash," and then withdraws them in fours with a small stick, the game being to bet on the last remaining being either one, two, three or none. At a restaurant my friends entertained me to a typical Chinese feast. Nearly all the dishes were palatable, and several extremely good, especially some eggs which were reputed to be eighty years old and tasted like a glorified almond paste.

WORSHIP A SPURIOUS RELIC

"Tooth" of Buddha, Venerated by Millions, Not the Sacred Object It is Believed to Be.

At Kandy, in Ceylon, is kept Buddha's tooth, which is the object of the unbounded reverence of more than four hundred million people. When this holy molar was brought to Ceylon in the sixteenth century, Kandy was only a mountain village. Now thousands of pilgrims go every year to the gorgeous temple where the tooth reposes, bringing gifts of every kind, gold and silver ornaments, coins, jewels and even fruit and flowers. The kings of Burma and Siam send annual contributions toward the support of this temple that holds the sacred relic, which has a rather strange history.

It is said to have been the left eye-tooth of Buddha and to have been taken from his ashes 2,500 years ago. For centuries it was the marriage dower going with certain favored princesses.

In the fourth century after Christ it was taken from India, then the Malabars secured it. It was afterward captured by the Portuguese, who took it to Goa, where it was burned in 1600 by the archbishop in the presence of the viceroy of India.

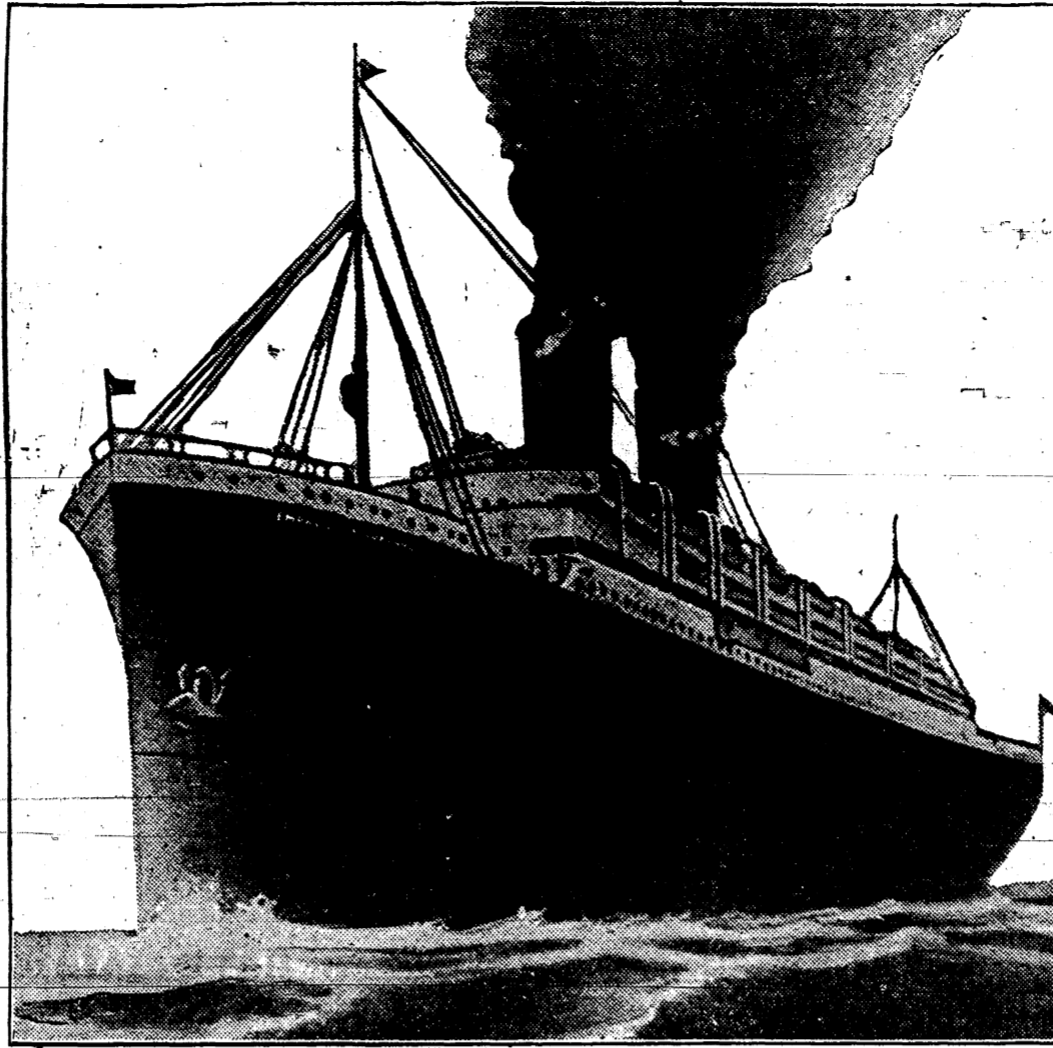
But a spurious tooth had to be provided to effect an international marriage, and the molar of a wild boar or ape was used. Its dimensions show that it could not be a man's, for it is two inches long and an inch in diameter.

On important occasions it is displayed, but only at a distance. It is sometimes carried in processions on the back of an elephant.

A girl who is chummy with her mother can manage to get along pretty well without a chaperon.

Woes of Women.
"What's the matter, girly?"
"I have lost my ideal. He has married another."
"I lost mine in a slightly different way," said the older woman reflectively.
"How was that?"
"He married me."
Another Egolistic Theorist.
"You can't deny that the country has enormous wealth."
"Yes," replied Mr. Growscher; "but I don't get any. I'm beginning to think the country is suffering from misplaced prosperity."

LOST OCEAN LINER EMPRESS OF IRELAND



969 PERISH IN SEA DISASTER

Great Liner Goes to Bottom at Mouth of St. Lawrence River Following a Collision With a Collier.

Rimouski, Que., May 31.—Nine hundred and sixty-nine persons lost their lives Friday morning when the great Canadian Pacific twin screw liner Empress of Ireland was rammed amidships in a thick fog off Father Point in the St. Lawrence and sunk by the Norwegian collier Storstad.

Four hundred and eighteen survivors were picked up from floating wreckage and two lifeboats. And only 12 of the saved are women. Gathered piecemeal from survivors the horror of this wreck grows with the telling.

Waters Quickly Engulf Ship.

The doomed ones had little time even to pray. They were engulfed by the crushing waters that swallowed the big ship inside of nineteen minutes from the time she was struck. The wireless operators on the Empress, sticking to their posts to the last, had time only to send a few "S. O. S." calls for help when the rising waters silenced their instruments. That silence told the rescuers miles away more overtly than a bugle that doom had overtaken the ship.

Only six hours before this fateful collision the passengers sang as the great night hymn "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," played by the Salvation Army band on board.

The members of that band and most of the 165 Salvationists were among the lost.

Survivors Tell of Fog.

It was foggy, according to survivors, when the Empress of Ireland, a steel-hulled, steel-bulkheaded ship of more than eight thousand tons, left Montreal at 4:30 Thursday afternoon in command of H. G. Kendall of the Royal Naval Reserve, one of the most skilled of transatlantic navigators.

Forest fires also obscured the atmosphere and the big ship, in charge of a pilot, proceeded slowly on her way to sea. At midnight the pilot aide left near Father Point, shouting a merry "Bon Voyage" as he went down their ladder to his waiting boat.

The darkness at this time was intense and the ship under the slowest speed possible with steerageway held her course. Her decks were deserted. The passengers had all sought their berths with no thought of impending death.

Out of the darkness, on the port side, soon after 2:30 in the morning there loomed the little Norwegian collier, not half the size of the Empress, but destined to be her destroyer.

Not until the collier was almost abreast of the big liner was the danger known on either ship. The fog had blotted out the lights as well as the port and starboard lights of both ships. Quick orders trumpeted on both vessels were heard. But they came all too late.

Strikes Ship Amidships.

The steel-pointed prow of the Storstad struck the liner amidships and then forged aft, ripping and tearing its way through the Empress of Ireland. Clear to the stern of the Empress of Ireland was the great steel shaving cut from her side, from the top of the hull far below the water line. Into

struck by the cold water. A geyser of water shot upward from the midship section, mingled with fragments of wreckage, that showed down upon the passengers still clinging to the rails forward and upon those struggling in the water.

The explosion destroyed the last hope of the ship's floating until succor could arrive for the shock had smashed the forward steel bulkhead walls that had up to then shut out the torrents invading the after part. The water rushed forward and the Empress of Ireland went swiftly to her doom, carrying down with her hundreds of passengers who stood on her blinding deck, their arms stretched upward and their last cries choked in the engulfing waters.

One of the survivors, relating that last tragic scene on the decks of the liner, said:

"I was asleep like most of the passengers when the collision came. There was a sickening crunching of wood and steel and then a grinding, ripping sound as the Storstad smashed her way along the port side of our ship.

"I knew that we had been struck and I rushed to the staterooms of some friends and shouted to them to get up, as the ship was sinking. Stateroom doors flew open all along the corridor and men and women began to rush for the grand companion forward. Those aft must have been drowned in their berths.

Darkness Is Intense.

"On deck officers of the ship, partially dressed, were rushing about urging passengers to be calm. Sailors under orders were trying to launch the lifeboats.

"The darkness was intense and a few minutes after I reached the deck the electric lights went out. At that time there were still hundreds of passengers below trying to grope their way through the darkened corridors to the companionway and reach the deck. Most of them went down with the ship, for the corridors below filled right after the explosion of the boilers.

"I leaped overboard in despair just before the ship went down and managed to find a bit of wreckage to which I clung.

"The gray dawn revealed the government steamers Lady Evelyn and Eureka near the scene of the disaster and hastening to aid.

Some of those in the water tried to swim to the Eureka as she neared the point where the Empress had gone down. One woman, wearing only an undervest, swam to the Lady Evelyn, and was helped on board, but died of exhaustion soon afterwards.

The work of rescue still was going on when the sun arose in a cloudless sky.

Men and women were clinging to spars and bits of broken planks. Many of the survivors were injured. Some had broken legs, others fractured arms and still others had been injured internally in that last mad rush to get away from the sinking liner.

Women clinging with one hand to little ones, while with the other they tried to keep clutch to pieces of wreckage, were picked up by the lifeboats and carried on board the rescuing vessels.

"The collier, being only something over 3,000 tons, did not reach up even to the upper or topmost deck of our hull. Her bow cut under the upper deck and took a peeling off the side of our ship that allowed the water to rush into the lower decks. Then the liner heeled over, and even those in the superstructure deck rooms had no chance to save themselves. Hundreds of them must have been dumped out of their berths and slammed against the walls with stunning force."

Kendall Blames Collier.

Rimouski, Que., June 1.—Capt. Harry G. Kendall of the Empress of Ireland blames the commander of the collier Storstad for the sinking of the liner. Before the coroner's jury Saturday he told how the Empress dropped its pilot Thursday night at Father Point, near which the disaster occurred.

"We then proceeded full speed," continued Capt. Kendall. After passing Rock point gas buoy I sighted the steamer Storstad, it then being clear. "The Storstad was then about one point, twelve degrees, on my starboard bow. At that time I saw a slight fog bank coming gradually from the land and knew it was going to pass between the Storstad and myself. The Storstad was about two miles away at that time.

Blows Whistle as Warning.

"Then the fog came and the Storstad's lights disappeared. I rang full speed astern on my engines and stopped my ship.

"At the same time I blew three short blasts on the steamer's whistle, meaning (I am going full speed astern.) The Storstad answered with the whistle, giving me one prolonged blast.

"I then looked over the side of my ship into the water and I saw my ship was stopped. I stopped my engines and blew two long blasts, meaning 'My ship was underway but stopped and has no way upon her.' He answered me again with one prolonged blast. The sound was then about four points upon by starboard bow.

Lights Appear From Gloom.

"It was still foggy. About two minutes afterward I saw his red and green lights. He would then be about one ship's length away from me. I shouted to him through the megaphone to go full speed astern, as I saw that the collision was inevitable; at the same time I put my engine full speed ahead with my helm hard port, with the object of avoiding, if possible, the shock. Almost at the same time he came right in and cut the Empress down in a line between the funnels.

"I shouted to the Storstad to keep full speed ahead to fill the hole he had made. He then backed away. The ship began to fill and listed over rapidly. When the Storstad struck the Empress I had stopped my engines.

Should Have Heard Call.

"What was the cause of the collision?" asked the coroner.

"The Storstad running into the Empress of Ireland, which was stopped," answered Kendall.

Capt. Kendall, in answer to a question by a juror said that when he stood fast he received no answer. It was impossible for him not to have been heard; he added:

"I shouted five times; I also shouted 'Keep ahead.'" said Capt. Kendall, "and if he did not hear that he should have done it, as a seaman should have known that."

Not His Fault, Says Andersen.

Montreal, Que., June 1.—With its bows crumpled in and twisted around at an angle to the port, and with a gap showing on the port side, only a foot or so above the water line, the Norwegian collier Storstad, which rammed the liner Empress of Ireland, limped into the harbor.

A few minutes later a warrant of arrest, taken out by the Canadian Pacific railway, was nailed to its mainmast by order of W. Simpson-Walker, K. C., register of the Quebec admiralty.

Subsequently a statement based on Capt. Andersen's report, as well as the reports of other officers, was given out.

According to the captain and officers, contrary to what has been stated by the captain of the Empress of Ireland, the Storstad did not back away after the collision. On the contrary, it steamed ahead in an effort to keep its bows in the hole it had dug into the side of the Empress.

Denies Vessel Moved Away.

"The Empress, however, according to the Storstad's officers, headed away and bent the Storstad's bow over at an acute angle to port. After that the Empress was hidden from the view of the Storstad, and, despite the fact that the Storstad kept its whistle blowing, it could not locate the Empress until the cries of some of the victims in the water were heard.

NECESSARY TO LIFE

Wholesome Fear Should by No Means Be Entirely Cast Out by Mankind.

Fear is a word out of favor—almost in disgrace—in these days. We are exhorted zealously to be without fear, because there is nothing in the universe of which we need to be afraid.

"Fear is said to be the beginning of folly, of failure, of disease and destruction. It cannot possibly be the beginning of wisdom or of any good thing.

If we maintain that fear is a necessary element in our philosophy of life, we are beset on every hand by a bewildering variety of cults which discredit such philosophy as antiquated and unwholesome—a relic of that dreadful period before we had found out that all evils are imaginary, and that there is nothing but good in the universe.

In this world, where dangers abound, we ought to recognize fear as one of our very good friends. From the cradle to the grave it is our daily teacher, guardian and guide.

It is out of fear of the loathsomeness and fatal consequences of diseases of smallpox and the bubonic plague that men have so bent their energies to finding out means of prevention and cure. It is because we are so wrought up with fear of the terrible white scourge, consumption, that the whole civilized world is now being organized to do battle against it.

What Fear Has Done.
Fear puts safety couplers onto cars and equips the railroads with black signals. It furnishes steamships with life preservers, boats and rafts, makes them virtually non-sinkable with watertight compartments, and now adds the wireless telegraph, so that they may never be out of reach of some human ear that shall hear a call for help.

It is fear that has given to us the modern sanitary home in the midst of a sanitary city, wherein we may dwell free from constant dread of the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

Illustrations of the practical uses of fear suggest themselves endlessly. We know that we are in an infinite universe, surrounded by infinite powers. We must yield obedience to these powers or suffer the consequences.

Reasonable fear is the gift of God to his children. It keeps us in mind of our limitations. It gives us a lively realization of the consequences of disobedience. It spurs us on to find out the real conditions that surround us, so that we may guard ourselves against evils and dangers. Out of the fertile soil of fear springs the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Pain Is for All.

"Be strong in pain," is the exhortation which hangs on the study wall over the desk of Emperor William of Germany.

It is not "Be strong because there is no pain." It is not "Be strong because there is nothing to endure that requires your strength." It is, "Be strong in pain." And the pain means, in every man and woman in the world—You will fear it. You can't help that. The fear is wholesome. It will keep you from encountering pain recklessly.

Though love may, indeed, cast out that base fear which covers before God as a tyrant who inflicts unimaginable punishments, must we not continue to fear, when we present before him who is perfect wisdom, perfect love and perfect holiness, our imperfect, ignorant, willful and sin-stained natures?

We may say, and with good right, that we are children of God, and therefore of the same spiritual nature as he; but how infinite is the distance between our low estate and his height of holiness, and how shallow and thoughtless we are if we do not fear before him when we worship!

Need Revival of Honesty.

I believe the reason we do not have better work in this country is because there is so much sham. We do not go down into the bottom of things. We need a revival of honest, downright, upright honesty. That is what we want—right living. If it costs the right eye, out with it. That is what repentance means. It is not just mere sentiment—going to meeting and praying and having a good time, not squandering our life according to the Scriptures.

God is going to draw the plummet line by and by, and he will have it right. We may deceive our friends and deceive one another; but let us keep in mind we cannot deceive God. If we attempt to cover up some sin, some dishonest act, and come to God with our prayers, he will not accept them. They will not go higher than our heads. It is more important to live to please God than man.—Dwight Moody.

The Winning Power.

Christian arguments and appeals, reinforced by the power of Christian example, are most persuasive, and bring many into the freedom of the Christian life. We should have more faith in the power of appeals conveyed in the pulpits and in the religious press. But, best of all, whenever a true word is spoken for Jesus Christ, an ally of the truth appears in the Spirit of God working upon the minds of those who hear, and the ultimate explanation of the fact that many are being led back to religion is found in the unspeakable yearning of the Holy Spirit, and in his tender and constant work in winning the wills of errant men to an acceptance of the duties of the only rational existence that is possible for man—the life that is hid with Christ in God. In view of this great outreach and uplifting love of God for men, we should not be surprised that multitudes are being drawn back to religion, while at the same time we ought never to intermit prayerful and earnest effort to reach with the gospel those who so greatly need its quickening and sustaining power.—Don's Herald.

WIRELESS AGAIN PROVES DEATH NEMESIS ON SEA.

Wireless telegraphy, which has been the savior in the hour of gravest danger to thousands of helpless victims in disasters at sea, and which flickered out the sturdy "S. O. S." that brought succor to the Empress of Ireland early today, has again proved itself the Nemesis of death on the ocean.

Statisticians who became busy chalking up and adding the human credit marks that wireless has earned, declared that probably 6,000 persons owe their lives to the fact that a wireless station was near them in some disaster. They declared it has reduced the terrors of ocean travel as nothing else under Providence has. It came into practical use in 1909. The steamship Republic, threatening 1,500 lives in a head-on collision with the Florida, that year, gave it its first real sea try-out.

The Alaska was the next. In mid-

ocean with not another smokstack in sight, flames burst out. The wireless operator, unmindful of his danger, kept clicking and clicking, and just as the boat was going down, help arrived and the 123 passengers aboard were saved.

Then came the Kentucky in 1910. In the same year 19 were saved in the Koenigsen Luisa. Death was cheated in the instance of the burning freighter, Templemore, when all on board, 844, were saved.

Following close on this record, the Lexington was caught in a hurricane unprepared. All were saved by the help the "S. O. S." summoned. The Niobe, wrecked off Cape Sable, filled in the intermission until the great sea disaster of the Titanic claimed world attention by the unparalleled summoning of assistance from many different sources.

Some people hear three kinds of trouble—all they ever had, all they have now and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON; COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY



At 11:30 P. M.
"Wife, why does that young cub stay out so late?"
"I believe he's pleading with Mabel for a good-night kiss."
"Well, if that is the only way to get rid of him, authorize her to bestow it."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children; and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

SYNOPSIS.

Charles Wrاندall is found murdered in a room near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identified the body of a young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her duty in killing her husband she takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton and the funeral of Charles Wrاندall and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl to reveal to her. Hetty returns to New York and security from her account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Charles Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Charles, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie the possibility for revenge on Wrاندall and she arranges with the Wrاندalls and repays her for the love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has been Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Givan, an English actress who resembled her very much. Leslie Wrاندall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and demands he is going to promise to Hetty at the first opportunity.

Never mind! I'll get it from the side-board. I'm—d—d!

He dropped heavily into a chair at the end of the table and looked at her with glazed eyes. As she stared back at him she had the curious feeling that he had shrunk perceptibly, that his clothes hung rather limply on him. His face seemed rather lost all of its smart symmetry; there was a looseness about the mouth and chin that had never been there before. The saucy, arrogant mustache sloped dejectedly.

"I fancy you must have gone about it very badly," she said, pursing her lips.

"Badly?" he gasped. "Why—why, good heavens, Sara, I actually pleaded with her. I went on, quite pathetically, 'All but get down on my knees to her, D—n me, if I can understand myself doing it either. I must have lost my head completely. Begged like a love-sick schoolboy! And she kept on saying no—no! Do—do, and I like a blithering ass, kept on telling her I couldn't live without her, that I'd make her happy, that she didn't know what she was saying, and— But, good Lord, she kept on saying no! Nothing but no! Do—do you think she meant to say no? Could it have been hysteria? She said it so often, over and over again, that it might have been hysteria. I never thought of that."

"No, Leslie, it wasn't hysteria, you may be sure of that," she said deliberately. "She meant it, old fellow."

He sagged deeper in the chair.

"I can't get it through my head," he muttered.

"As I said before, you did it badly," she said. "You took too much for granted. Isn't that true?"

"God knows I didn't expect her to refuse me," he exclaimed, glaring at her. "Would I have been such a fool as to ask her if I thought there was any remotest chance of being—?" The very thought of the word caused it to stick in his throat. He swallowed hard.

"You really love her?" she demanded.

"Love her?" There was a sob in his voice. "I adore her, Sara. I can't live without her. And the worst of it is, I love her now more than I did before. Oh, it's appalling! It's horrible! What am I to do, Sara? What am I to do?"

"Be a man for a little while, that's all," she said coolly.

"Don't joke with me," he groaned.

"Go to bed, and when you see her in the morning tell her that you understand. Thank her for what she has done for you. Be—"

"Thank her?" he almost shouted.

"Yes; for destroying all that is detestable in you, Leslie—your self-conceit, your arrogance, your false notions concerning yourself—in a word, your egotism."

He blinked incredulously. "Do you know what you're saying?" he gasped. She went on as if she hadn't heard him.

"Assure her that she is to feel no compunction for what she has done, that you are content to be her loyal, devoted friend to the end of your days."

"But, hang it, Sara, I love her!"

"Don't let her suspect that you are humiliated. On the contrary, give her to understand that you are cleansed and glorified."

"What utter tommy—"

"Wait! Believe me, it is your only chance. You will have to learn some time that you can't ride roughshod among angels. Think it over, old fellow. You have had a good lesson. Profit by it."

"You mean I'm to sit down and twirl my thumbs and let some other chap snap her up under my very nose? Well, I guess not!"

"Not necessarily. If you take it manfully she may discover a new interest in you. Don't breathe a word of love to her. Go on as if nothing had happened. Don't forget that I told you in the beginning not to take no for an answer."

He drooped once more, biting his lip. "I don't see how I can ever tell mother that she refused—"

"Why tell her?" she inquired, rising. Her eyes brightened. "By Jove, I shall," he exclaimed.

"I am going up to the poor child for her age, according to the Washington Herald. Yet she was still a child in her absorbing taste for sweets. Not far from her home the food shop, which is held annually in Washington, was going on, and the tins and there were pounds of cakes, jellies and chocolates all ready to be eaten as she wended her way to school past the building. This proposition of thought resulted in arithmetic in which four quarts equaled one yard, and Napoleon crossed the Rubicon on the ice in history lessons. But Audrey was a modern girl, and soon found a way out of her trouble.

Saturday she decided to put her plan into execution. Mother had gone to work at the treasury, and Audrey was monarch of all she surveyed literally. She could not get into the food shop without being accompanied by an adult. Now, adults in such cases being regarded as necessary evils, the girl determined to be one herself for the occasion.

On the tenth-cent store she bought a diamond ring and a smaller one of plain gold. Then she hid home, arrayed herself in her mother's best suit, put on a picture hat with a big veil and went to the food shop. The doorkeeper passed her in unnoted in the crowd of others streaming in, for the figure seemed that of a short woman. Inside, Audrey did her duty. There was not a bit of food in the house she did not sample, nor a cake nor candy of which she did not bring away specimens. When she went home she was

her nervous, excited pacing of the floor. She was very pale, but there was a dogged, set expression about her mouth.

"Come in, dear," she said, in a manner that showed she had been expecting the visit. "Have you seen him?"

Sara closed the door, and then stood with her back against it, regarding her agitated friend with serious, compassionate eyes.

"Yes, he is terribly upset. It was a blow to him, Hetty."

"I am sorry for him, Sara. He is so dreadfully in earnest. But, thank God, it is over!" She threw back her head and breathed deeply. "That horrible, horrible nightmare is ended. I suppose it had to be. But the mockery of it—think of it, Sara!—the damnable mockery of it!"

"Poor Leslie!" sighed the other.

"Poor old Leslie."

Hetty's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, I am sorry for him. He didn't deserve it. God in heaven, if he really knew everything! If he knew why I could not listen to him, why I almost screamed when he held my hands in his and begged—actually begged me to—"

"Oh, it was ghastly, Sara!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept as if about to fall. Sara came quickly to her side. Putting an arm about the quivering shoulders, she led the girl to the broad window seat and threw open the blinds.

"Don't speak of it, dearest—don't think of that. Sit here quietly in the air and pull yourself together. Let me talk to you. Let me tell you how deeply distressed I am, not only on your account, but his."

They were silent for a long time, the girl lying still and almost breathless against the other's shoulders. She was still wearing the delicate blue dinner gown, but in her fingers was the exquisite pearl necklace Sara had given her for Christmas. She had taken it off and had forgotten to drop it in her jewel box.

"I suppose he will go up to the city early," she said monotonously.

"Leslie is a better loser than you think, my dear," said Sara, looking out over the tops of the cedars. "He will not run away."

Hetty looked up in alarm. "You mean he will persist in—in his attention," she cried.

"Oh, no. I don't believe you will find him to be the bugbear you imagine. He can take defeat like a man. He is devoted to you, he is devoted to me. Your decision no doubt wrecks his fondest hopes in life, but it doesn't make a weakening of him."

"I don't quite understand—"

"He is sustained by the belief that he has paid you the highest honor a man can pay to a woman. There is no reason why he should turn his back on you, as a sulky boy might do. No, my dear, I think you may count on him as your best, most loyal friend from this night on. He has just said to me that his greatest pain lies in the fear that you may not be willing to accept him as a simple, honest, unpresuming friend since—"

"Oh, Sara, if he will only be that and nothing more!" cried the girl wnderingly.

Sara smiled contentedly. "I fancy you haven't much to fear in that direction, my dear. It isn't in Leslie Wrاندall's make-up to court a second repulse. He is all pride. The blow it suffered tonight can't be repeated—at least not by the same person."

"I am so sorry it had to be Leslie," murmured Hetty.

"Be nice to him, Hetty. He deserves that much of you, to say the least. I should miss him if he found it impossible to come here on account of—"

"I wouldn't have that happen for the world," cried the girl in distress.

"You are very good to me, Sara," sobbed Hetty.

"You will be nice to Leslie?"

"Yes, yes! If he will only let me be his friend."

"He asks no more than that. Now, you must go to bed."

Suddenly, without warning, she held the girl tightly in her arms. Her breathing was quick, as if of one moved by some sharp sensation of terror. When Hetty, in no little wonder, opened her eyes Sara's face was turned away, and she was looking over her shoulder as if cause for alarm had come from behind.

"What is it?" cried Hetty anxiously.

Sara saw the look of dread in her companion's eyes, even as it began to fade.

"I don't know," muttered Sara. "Something, I can't tell what, came over me. I thought some one was stealing up behind me. How silly of me."

"Ah," said Hetty, with an odd smile. "I can understand how you felt."

"Hetty, will you take me in with you tonight?" whispered Sara nervously. "Let me sleep with you. I can't explain it, but I am afraid to be alone tonight." The girl's answer was a glad smile of acquiescence.

"Come with me, then, to my bedroom while I change. I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

Hetty held back, her face blanching.

"No, I am not afraid," she cried at once, and started toward the door.

"There is some one in this room," said Sara a few moments later, when they were in the big bedroom down the hall.

"I wonder," murmured Hetty. And yet neither of them looked about in search of the intruder!

Far into the night Sara sat in the window of Hetty's dressing room, her chin sunk low in her hands, staring moodily into the now opaque night, her eyes somber and unblinking, her body as motionless as death itself. The cooling wind caressed her and whispered warnings into her unheeding ears, but she sat there unoppressed against its chill, her nightdress damp with the mist that crept up with sinister stealth from the sea.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Shadow of the Mill.

The next day but one was overcast. On cloudy, bleak days Hetty Castleton always felt depressed.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she did not want to go for a long walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation.

"Tomorrow Leslie will be here and I shan't see as much of you as I'd like," he explained, rather wistfully. "Three is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said, and was instantly surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window; she even looked for the sun in her eagerness.

It was then that she knew why the world had been bleaker than usual, even in its cloak of gray.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept him at the gates. Unknown to her, Sara sat in her window, and viewed her departure with gloomy eyes. The world also was gray for her.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet his eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange shyness attended them. She experienced the faintness-of-breath-that-comes-when-the-heart-is-filled-with-pleasant-alarm. As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms, to keep her there forever, to exert all of his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself but a part of him.

They uttered commonplaces. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must paint you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are today—an outdoor girl, a glorious outdoor girl in—"

"In muddy boots," she laughed, drawing her skirt away to reveal a shapely foot in an American walking shoe.

He smiled and gave voice to a new thought. "By Jove, how much better looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!"

"Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, do you?"

"Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

"Oh, how tired you will become of me!"

"Try me!"

"Besides, you are to do Sara at once. She has consented to sit to you. She will be wonderful, Mr. Booth, oh, how wonderful!"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of this opinion.

"Stunning," was his brief comment. She was silent for a long time, so long indeed that he turned to look at her.

"A thoroughly decent, fair minded chap is Leslie Wrاندall," he pronounced, for want of something better to say. "Still, I'm bound to say, I'm sorry he is coming home tomorrow."

The red crept into her cheeks again. "I thought you were such pals," she said nervously.

"I expect to be his best man if he ever marries," said he, whacking a stone at the roadside with his walking stick. Then he looked up at her furtively and added, with a quizzical smile: "Unless something happens."

"What could happen?"

"He might marry the girl I'm in love with, and, in that case, I'd have to be excused."

"Where shall we walk to this morning?" she asked abruptly. He had drawn closer to her in the roadway.

"Is it too far to the old stone mill? That's where I first saw you, if you remember."

"Yes, let us go there," she said, but her heart sank. She knew what was coming. Perhaps it were best to have it over with; to put it away with the things that were to always be her lost treasures. It would mean the end of their companionship, the end of a love dream. She would have to live to tell him she did not love him.

Coming to the jog in the broad macadam, they were striking off into the narrow road that led to the quaint old mill, long since abandoned in the forest glade beyond, when their attention was drawn to a motor car, which was slowing down for the turn into Sara's domain. A cloud of dust swam in the air far behind the machine.

A bare-headed man on the seat beside the driver waved his hand to them, and two women in the tonneau bowed gravely. Both Hetty and Booth flushed uncomfortably, and hesitated in their progress up the forest road.

The man was Leslie Wrاندall. His mother and sister were in the back seat of the touring car.

"Why—why, it was Leslie," cried

Embarrassing for Rector.
A rector of a certain English church is a somewhat portly gentleman, and a little inclined to be pompous. He owns a small terrier called Rags. On one occasion last summer Rags escaped from his guardian and wandered into the church just as his master was facing the congregation, holding up the alms basin in both hands. That was Rags' opportunity. He made a bee line for the chancel, and pausing before his master, whose eyes were piously elevated to the ceiling, he sat up and begged!
Delight of the wicked and horror of the pious!

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

833 South Scoto St., Circleville, Ohio.—"My little girl's trouble first started on her head in a bunch of little pimples full of yellow-looking matter and they would spread in large places. In a short time they would open. Her scalp was awfully red and inflamed and the burning and itching were so intense that she would scratch and rub till it would leave ugly sores. The sores also appeared on her body, and her clothing irritated them so that I had to put real soft cloths next to her body. She would lie awake at nights and was very worrisome. At times she was tormented with itching and burning.

"I tried different remedies with no benefit for months. I had given up all hope of her ever getting rid of it, then I concluded to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The second application gave relief. In a short time she was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Kirlin, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Language Not Likely to Last.
Mistral, the great Provencal poet, whose death was announced lately, has been likened to Robert Burns for the work he did. But Burns' task was child's play compared with Mistral's. The Scottish poet found his language fully grown and completely alive; Mistral had to create his means of expression. Provencal had lost every resemblance to a literary tongue, and the new poet-patriot had to mold it afresh, to recreate and to build up on the ruins left by the vineyard and the farm. "Our Provencal," said Mistral, "was a country lass ragged and wild." She is now a wonderfully beautiful creature; but it is doubtful whether all the genius of Mistral can keep her alive. The educational reformer in France does not like such irregular beauty.

Ravaged Eastern Coast.
One hundred years ago the British blockade runners were committing many depredations along the New England coast. Their method was to land boats crews from the vessels at nightfall, surprise the inhabitants of one of the smaller towns, and after plundering the storehouses and burning the shipping at the wharves, retreat to their boats before the villagers fully comprehended the blow. The boatsmen took place at many of the coast towns and, in most cases, the militia proved powerless to check the enemy. All up and down to the mouth of the Connecticut river, the people were kept in a state bordering on panic during the greater part of the summer of 1814.

Up-to-Date.
Church—It's hear you've got a new up-to-date typewriter.
Gotham—That's what I've got.
"Is she blonde or brunette?"
"Neither; green wig!"

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes: "I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache.

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum.

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully.

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad."

"She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 60c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He looked as though he expected nothing. He could only sit back and wonder why the deuce Sara meant by behaving like this.

They returned at seven. Dinner was unusually merry. Sara appeared to have recovered from her indisposition; there was color in her cheeks and life in her smile. He took it to be an omen of good fortune, and was immeasurably confident. The soft, cool breezes of the starlit night blew visions of impending happiness across his lively imagination; fanned his impatience with gentle ardor; filled him with suppressed sighs of contentment, and made him willing to forego the delight of conquest that he might live the longer in serene anticipation of its thrills.

Ten o'clock came. He arose and stretched himself in a sort of ecstasy.



"Damn it all, Sara! She—She Turned Me Down!"

His heart was thumping loudly, his senses swam. Walking to the veranda door he looked out across the moonlit sound, then down at the selected nook over against the garden wall—spot to be immortalized—and actually shivered. In ten minutes' time, or even less, she would be down there in his arms! Exquisite meditations!

He turned to her with an engaging smile, in which she might have discerned a prophecy, and asked her to come with him for a stroll along the wall. And so he cast the die.

Hetty sent a swift, appealing look at Sara's purposely averted face. Leslie observed the act, but misinterpreted its meaning.

"Oh, it is quite warm," he said quickly. "You won't need a wrap," he added, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. Of course she wouldn't need a wrap!

"I have a few notes to write," said Sara, rising. She deliberately avoided the look in Hetty's eyes. "You will find me in the library."

She stood in the doorway and watched them descend to the terrace, a sphinx-like smile on her lips. Hetty seemed very tall and sweet, as one going to meet a soldier's fate.

Then Sara entered the house and sat down to wait.

A long time after a door closed stealthily in a distant part of the house—the sun-parlor door, she knew by direction.

A few minutes later an upstairs door creaked on its hinges. Some one had come in from the mellow night, and some one had been left outside.

Many minutes passed. She sat there at her father's writing table and waited for the other to come in. At last quick, heavy footsteps sounded on the tiled floor outside—and then came swiftly down the hall toward the small, remote room in which she sat. She looked up as she unceremoniously burst into the room.

He came across and stood over her, an expression of bitter bewilderment in his eyes. There was a ghastly smile on his lips.

"D—n it all, Sara," he said shrilly, "she—she turned me down."

He seemed incapable of comprehension.

She was unmoved. Her eyes narrowed, but that was the only sign of emotion.

"I—I can't believe—" he began questioningly. "Oh, what's the use? She won't have me. God! I'm trembling like a leaf. Where's Watson? Where can I get me something to drink?"

"Damn it all, Sara! She—She Turned Me Down!"

He looked at her with a ghastly smile on his lips.

"D—n it all, Sara," he said shrilly, "she—she turned me down."

He seemed incapable of comprehension.

She was unmoved. Her eyes narrowed, but that was the only sign of emotion.

"I—I can't believe—" he began questioningly. "Oh, what's the use? She won't have me. God! I'm trembling like a leaf. Where's Watson? Where can I get me something to drink?"

"Damn it all, Sara! She—She Turned Me Down!"

He looked at her with a ghastly smile on his lips.

"D—n it all, Sara," he said shrilly, "she—she turned me down."

He seemed incapable of comprehension.

She was unmoved. Her eyes narrowed, but that was the only sign of emotion.

"I—I can't believe—" he began questioningly. "Oh, what's the use? She won't have me. God! I'm trembling like a leaf. Where's Watson? Where can I get me something to drink?"

AUDREY EQUAL TO OCCASION

Hard to Refrain From Admiring Ingenuity of This Little Washington Girl.

Audrey was thirteen, but a big girl for her age, according to the Washington Herald. Yet she was still a child in her absorbing taste for sweets. Not far from her home the food shop, which is held annually in Washington, was going on, and the tins and there were pounds of cakes, jellies and chocolates all ready to be eaten as she wended her way to school past the building. This proposition of thought resulted in arithmetic in which four quarts equaled one yard, and Napoleon crossed the Rubicon on the ice in history lessons. But Audrey was a modern girl, and soon found a way out of her trouble.

Saturday she decided to put her plan into execution. Mother had gone to work at the treasury, and Audrey was monarch of all she surveyed literally. She could not get into the food shop without being accompanied by an adult. Now, adults in such cases being regarded as necessary evils, the girl determined to be one herself for the occasion.

On the tenth-cent store she bought a diamond ring and a smaller one of plain gold. Then she hid home, arrayed herself in her mother's best suit, put on a picture hat with a big veil and went to the food shop. The doorkeeper passed her in unnoted in the crowd of others streaming in, for the figure seemed that of a short woman. Inside, Audrey did her duty. There was not a bit of food in the house she did not sample, nor a cake nor candy of which she did not bring away specimens. When she went home she was

one of the fullest and happiest children in Washington. And yet men talk about woman's lack of inventive power.

Blucher Solved Problem.

One hundred years ago the plenipotentiaries of the allied nations were conferring on the future of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, which now seemed inevitable. The invasion of France, which was the first great task undertaken by the allies, had been accomplished, and there now remained only the march upon Paris. So far the coalition had accomplished its work well. But at this point the plenipotentiaries favored pushing on to Paris without delay. But the Austrians were not eager to hasten the advance of the armies and thus insure the triumph of Russia and the passionate vengeance of the Prussians. At this juncture Marshal Blucher solved the problem by boldly continuing his advance on the French capital without waiting for the plenipotentiaries to agree.

Evil of Gossip.

Every man and woman will be entitled to think better of themselves and will have a stronger claim to the regard of others, if they cease to be on the lookout for something to find fault with, to treasure up and repeat and magnify every scandal, little and big, and to retail and spread every small item of tea table gossip, which carries with it ridicule or censure for some one. Suppose all that were dropped, and really it is unworthy of intelligent, well-meaning people, and the habit formed of only speaking well of others. Would it, after all, be as stupid as some seem to think?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Shadow of the Mill.

The next day but one was overcast. On cloudy, bleak days Hetty Castleton always felt depressed.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she did not want to go for a long walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation.

"Tomorrow Leslie will be here and I shan't see as much of you as I'd like," he explained, rather wistfully. "Three is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said, and was instantly surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window; she even looked for the sun in her eagerness.

It was then that she knew why the world had been bleaker than usual, even in its cloak of gray.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept him at the gates. Unknown to her, Sara sat in her window, and viewed her departure with gloomy eyes. The world also was gray for her.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet his eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange shyness attended them. She experienced the faintness-of-breath-that-comes-when-the-heart-is-filled-with-pleasant-alarm. As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms, to keep her there forever, to exert all of his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself but a part of him.

They uttered commonplaces. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must paint you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are today—an outdoor girl, a glorious outdoor girl in—"

"In muddy boots," she laughed, drawing her skirt away to reveal a shapely foot in an American walking shoe.

He smiled and gave voice to a new thought. "By Jove, how much better looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!"

"Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, do you?"

"Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

"Oh, how tired you will become of me!"

"Try me!"

"Besides, you are to do Sara at once. She has consented to sit to you. She will be wonderful, Mr. Booth, oh, how wonderful!"

CHAPTER XI.

In the Shadow of the Mill.

The next day but one was overcast. On cloudy, bleak days Hetty Castleton always felt depressed.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she did not want to go for a long walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation.

"Tomorrow Leslie will be here and I shan't see as much of you as I'd like," he explained, rather wistfully. "Three is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said, and was instantly surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window; she even looked for the sun in her eagerness.

It was then that she knew why the world had been bleaker than usual, even in its cloak of gray.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept him at the gates. Unknown to her, Sara sat in her window, and viewed her departure with gloomy eyes. The world also was gray for her.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet his eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange shyness attended them. She experienced the faintness-of-breath-that-comes-when-the-heart-is-filled-with-pleasant-alarm. As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms, to keep her there forever, to exert all of his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself but a part of him.

They uttered commonplaces. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must paint you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are today—an outdoor girl, a glorious outdoor girl in—"

"In muddy boots," she laughed, drawing her skirt away to reveal a shapely foot in an American walking shoe.

He smiled and gave voice to a new thought. "By Jove, how much better looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!"

"Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, do you?"

"Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

"Oh, how tired you will become of me!"

"Try me!"

"Besides, you are to do Sara at once. She has consented to sit to you. She will be wonderful, Mr. Booth, oh, how wonderful!"

She Made No Response.

Booth, looking over his shoulder at the rapidly receding car. "Shall we turn back, Miss Castleton?"

"No," she cried instantly, with something like impatience in her voice. "And spoil our walk!" she added in the next breath, adding a nervous little laugh.

"It seems rather—" he began dubiously.

"Oh, let us have our day," she cried sharply, and led the way into the by-road.

They came, in the course of a quarter of an hour, to the bridge over the mill race. Beyond, in the mossy shades, stood a dilapidated, century structure known as Rangely mill, a landmark with a history that included incidents of the Revolutionary war, when eager patriots held secret meetings inside its walls and plotted under the very noses of Tory adherents to the crown.

Pausing for a few minutes on the bridge, they leaned on the rail and looked down into the clear, mirror-like water of the race. Their own eyes looked up at them; they smiled into their own faces. And a feecy white cloud passed over the glittering stream and swept through their faces, off to the bank, and was gone forever.

Suddenly he looked up from the water and fixed his eyes on her face. He had seen her clear blue eyes fill with tears as he gazed into them from the rail above.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried. "What is it?"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes as she quickly turned away. In another instant she was smiling up at him, a soft, pleading little smile that went straight to his heart.

"Shall we start back?" she asked, a quaver in her voice.

"No," he exclaimed. "I've got to go on with it now, Hetty. I didn't intend to, but—come, let us go up and sit on that familiar old log in the shade of the mill. You must hear!"

She suffered him to lead her up the great beam that protruded from the shattered foundations of the mill and sat, rose above them and threatened to topple over if they so much as touched its flimsy supports.

He did not release her hand after drawing her up beside him.

"You must know that I love you," he said simply.

She made no response. Her hand lay limp in his. She was staring straight before her.

GO ON CONTINUED.

Up-to-Date.
Church—It's hear you've got a new up-to-date typewriter.
Gotham—That's what I've got.
"Is she blonde or brunette?"
"Neither; green wig!"

Home Department of Enterprise

Features Especially Selected for the Family Reading Tables of Manchester and Vicinity.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A surgeon may as well attempt to make an incision with a pair of shears, or open a vein with an oyster knife as a cook pretend to dress a dinner without proper tools.

SOME ODD DISHES.

Mashed potatoes as a luncheon will make a most delicious finger dish as follows: Take a pint of well-seasoned mashed potato and add an egg without separating the yolk from the white, but have it well beaten. Have ready eight timbal molds, grease them with butter, then sprinkle with crumbs, sifted. Fill the molds with potato, take out the center of each and fill the space with ham and cream sauce. Cover with potato and set in the oven ten minutes. Turn on a serving dish and serve with tomato sauce.

Egyptian Chicken.—Select a well-fattened hen of a year old, rub well inside and out with salt, pepper and butter. Put three tablespoonfuls of rice inside the bird and a cupful around the fowl in the pan in which it is to be cooked. Season the rice with salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of curry. Set in a tight dish in a steamer and cook for at least four hours. The giblets may be made into a sauce and poured around the rice.

Chicken Croquettes With Rice.—Take one cupful of boiled seasoned rice, one cupful of chopped chicken which has been left over, salt, pepper and butter to season, one-half cupful of milk and one egg. Put the milk on to scald, add chicken, rice and seasoning, when this boils, add the egg well beaten and roll in egg and crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat.

Salmon Souffle.—Take one can of salmon separated with a fork. Cook together two-thirds of a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of flour, and one of butter blended, one scant teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Take from the fire, stir in the flaked fish, then the whites of three eggs whipped lightly. Turn into a baking dish, cover lightly with crumbs and bake about twenty minutes. If the pan stands in hot water while baking the souffle will be better.

Quick Dessert.—A pretty and delicious dessert is this: Break up bits of sponge or pound cake into sherbet cups, add a little fresh pineapple or a mixture of banana, pineapple and orange, pour over a thin custard and serve with whipped cream.

Tea! thou soft, sober, sage and venerable liquid; thou female tongue-running, smile smoothing, heart burning, weak-toppling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life, let me fall prostrate.—Chamber.

SOME GOOD DISHES TO TRY.

A delicious strawberry pudding is made by baking drop cakes, or baked in gem pans if so desired, and when cool open and stuff with mashed and sweetened strawberries or a berry of the season, cover with whipped cream and serve. These cakes may be served hot and are so liked by many.

Heinlein Dried Beef.—Take two cupfuls of chopped boiled potatoes, add three-fourths of a cup of finely cut chipped beef, season with salt and pepper. Cut up a slice of salt pork in dice and fry it a third of a cupful of fat. Remove the pork scraps and add the potato mixture and stir until well mixed with the fat. Cook slowly until well browned underneath. Fold over and serve as an omelet.

Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.—Make a custard of four eggs, quart of milk and sugar to taste. Pour hot over a cupful of finely chopped raisins, one pound of almonds chopped after blanching and a cupful of mashed and sweetened strawberries; preserves may be used. Flavor with vanilla and freeze. When partly frozen add a pint of whipped cream sweetened.

Strawberry Puffs.—Half a cupful of strawberries, sweeten to taste. Cream a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter and add two beaten eggs, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a cupful of milk and a pinch of salt. Stir in the berries at the last. Serve with or without sauce.

Frosted Currants.—When currants are in season use the large cherry currants, dip them in beaten white of egg, then in powdered sugar; dry and serve chilled. These are nice for a garnish to many desserts.

Tomato Salad.—Peel and slice a tomato for each person, keeping the slices from each tomato so they may be put together again in the original shape. Sprinkle each slice with finely chopped mint, dress with oil and lemon juice, salt and pepper. Build up to tomato again and set on ice until needed. Serve with a dash of whipped cream or a ring of sweet green pepper.

Go forth into the busy world and love it, interest yourself in its things, mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows, try what you can do for men, rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know what it is to have men yours, better than if you were their king or master.

VEAL DISHES.

The best season for veal is from April 15 until the first of July.

Filet de Veau.—Lard the fillet with strips of salt pork. Brown in butter or other drippings until well browned, then lay the larded side up. Add one and a half cupfuls of good stock, one cupful of tomato juice, a ring of a quarter of an orange, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently for twenty minutes, then set the pan in the oven and cook a half-hour to brown the meat. Serve on a platter with cream or parsley at the end. New potatoes and peas with carrots make good vegetables to serve with it, or to cook with it.

Veal suffers in reputation because it is often put on the market too young. It should be at least six weeks old before butchering, and if well cooked and properly masticated is not hard to digest. Veal, because of its gelatinous composition, slips down too easily when being masticated, and so often it is not well divided in the mouth and consequently causes intestinal troubles.

Veal also spoils quickly and is hot weather should not be kept long. Veal with a bluish tinge is not fit to buy, it either indicates an undernourished animal or, more probably, too young for the market.

When buying veal select only that which is pinkish (sakes of roses); this will, if the flesh is firm, insure a good product.

Heaven sends us good meat but the devil sends us cooks.—Garrick.

Hunger is the best seasoning for meat.—Cicero.

May every bite please your appetite.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Calf's liver is good at this season and more plentiful. Did you ever try serving it sliced cold? It is a delicate tidbit.

Braised Calf's Liver en Casserole.—Lard a liver weighing two pounds or two and a half. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a casserole, salt and pepper the liver on all sides; add three small onions, four carrots cut lengthwise in quarters, add one and a half cupfuls of stock, cover the casserole and cook one hour. Take out liver and arrange the vegetables around it. Make a gravy with the liquor in the casserole.

Normandy Cake.—Take a loaf of cake, cut a slice from the top and hollow out the rest, leaving a box a half inch thick on sides and bottom. Fill with crushed sweetened strawberries, put on the top a heaping layer of sweetened whipped cream. The crumbs from the center may be reserved for another dish or added to the berries.

Parfait d'Amour.—Fill sherbet glasses with strawberry ice cream, add a spoonful of strawberry sirup to each glass and garnish with sweetened whipped cream and a whole strawberry.

Frozen Strawberry Shortcake.—Make cup cakes, and when cold hollow out and fill with strawberry ice, top with whipped cream and a fresh berry for garnish.

Tomato and Pineapple Salad.—A slice each of pineapple and tomato put together in the form of a sandwich with mayonnaise dressing between is a very good combination.

Junket with Chopped Pineapple.—Junket with chopped pineapple makes a most delightful and refreshing dessert. Serve the chopped pineapple on the junket at the table, as it will keep better than if allowed to stand.

Beauty of the Hands.—The woman who desires to keep her hands in good condition and free from chaps must first pay attention to the cleaning, and it takes no more time to cleanse the hands properly than it does to half wash them. Soap and water will remove the dirt from the outer skin, but it requires an application of cold cream to take the dirt from the pores, and the cold cream also prevents chapping. Wipe off the cream after gently rubbing, wash the hands with warm water and soap.

GOWNS IN ALL COLORS

FABRICS FROM THE BRIGHTEST TO THE PALEST HUES.

Seemingly No Costume Can Be Too Gaudy to Have the Sanction of Fashion—Satin Frocks Strictly in the Vogue.

By MARY DEAN.

Undoubtedly, the taffeta two-piece and three-piece suits will be a feature of the summer styles. Already the shops seem to be crowded with such suits.

An example was an exceedingly good-looking brown costume, an imported model, in taffeta, combined with a fine sponge weave of silk and wool mixture. The bolero and long full tunic were of brown and white striped taffetas, while the under skirt was of plain brown sponge.

There are many costumes illustrating this same principle of taffeta in combination with serge, with voile, with crepes, with voiles with sponges and with foulards.

There are also a great many frocks of satin noted this season, and of charmeuse, crepe and crepon fabrics, too. Lovely evening coats and dressy afternoon frocks are made of the new



material called cascadeuse, and among the examples is an exceedingly attractive frock made of this material in silver gray. A relieving color note is shown in the soft crush grille of indescribable blue, ornamented at the front by two roses of the same shade. There is a full tunic of the material, underneath which falls down the front of the frock a long saffron end-of-the-grille ornamented at the end by a silver ornament and tassel.

This season's fabrics show all the colors of the palette from the brightest to the palest hues. There are intense colors, such as bright sea blue, ruby red, yolk yellow and vivid shades of green. The more delicate and uncertain shades are bluish lilac, dove gray, silver gray, mouse gray, faded blue, the gray of an early dawn and straw and lemon yellow and all the rose shades.

WITH BROCADED SILK TOP

Appendage Necessary if Shoes Are to Be of the Latest Effect of Fashion.

The smart buttoned boot for formal wear has had a contrasting top for some time. Early in the winter buttoned boots of distinction had a suede top; later the fashionable top was of light cloth; now it is of brocaded silk fabric. But the top, whatever its material, is always buttoned, for this style of boot, only, is permitted by Madame Mode with costumes of a formal or semi-formal nature. The silk topped boot is a very dainty and luxurious affair withal, having a very light welted sole and a tall curved heel, the silk material of the top coming quite down to the heel while the toe is boxed with patent leather in dressy style.

These boots have tops of brocaded silk in light gray, smoke and slate gray and in various shades of brown. They may be ordered with tops of prune, raisin or other fashionable shades to match the costume.

USE FOR WORN TABLE LINEN

Cloth That Has Succumbed to Hard Service Need Not Be Cast Aside as Worthless.

So many are the uses to which table linen may be put that the wearing out of a handsome tablecloth is not the calamity that it at first appears. The fact that a cloth invariably wears in a few places where the most hard use has come, leaves the sides and ends sufficiently strong to make preservation well worth while.

A somewhat unusual way of utilizing the border of a handsome damask cloth is to make it into a "runner" down the entire length of the table. If the damask is sufficiently handsome to warrant the handwork, shallow scalloping is by far the best appearing finish for the edge, but a narrow Cluny edge, sewed on by hand and filled only at the corners, is an effective finish and much more quickly accomplished.

In this case a row of Cluny insertion should be added at each end, about the lace edge. Where preferred, the edge finish may be simply a hem caught with exceedingly fine stitches.

Where the tablecloth is little worn except directly in the center strip which has received the greatest test of endurance, it is a good idea to cut the cloth in half lengthwise, taking the outside edges for the middle of a new cloth.

Where the material is not particularly handsome, the salvage edges should be neatly joined with the old-fashioned over-and-over stitch and then rubbed open until the seam has more the appearance of a crease in the damask than an actual joining of two selvages.

This brings the unworn part of the cloth where it will receive the hardest usage and the worn sides, which were formerly in the thick of the wear and tear on top of the table, can be cut away sufficiently to remove all unsightly places and the raw edges neatly hemmed.

MEN BEST NECKWEAR JUDGES

Woman Makes No Mistake When She Submits Collar Effect to Criticism of Husband.

The collar makes a difference in every garment. The woman who considers it a negligible part of her costume makes a serious mistake. On its fitness, on its perfection of shirring, cut and fastening, rests the beauty or the ugliness of the woman's head.

Many a woman has a reputation for being well dressed or good looking through the efforts she has made at draping her neck. It is an odd fact that men, who are more admirable judges of linen than women, because, as Paul Poiret says, their minds are geometrical and architectural, decide on a woman's appearance by her neck arrangement. If a woman is in doubt about the neck line of her bodice let her appeal to a man. He may know nothing of style, but he will never make a mistake about line. A well-dressed woman with whom the public is quite familiar because of her social position and good works confessed that she bought all her clothes unlabeled until she arrived at her collar. These and her cuff were submitted to her husband; he never failed to be able to hit exactly on the faults or virtues of each. When she told this to a few intimate friends they decided to have her husband pass judgment on their costumes. He came to the talk with good-natured alertness, and passing down the line, he made his expert criticism. Each woman confessed that upon remedying that one fault she appeared to better advantage.

Suppose you try this out with a man and see how it works?

NEWEST IN BONNETS



In the most charming way this little chapeau suggests the revival of bonnets, but it lacks the necessary bow under the chin, the wide strings in the case hanging loose down in front. This fascinating confection is of plaited linen with ostrich tips and decorated with bunches of flowers and ribbons.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 7

COMING OF THE KINGDOM.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 17:20-27. GOLDEN TEXT—"Lo, the Kingdom of God is within you."—Luke 17:21.

I. The Kingdom Present, vv. 20, 21. The Pharisees held some peculiar ideas about the coming of the kingdom. Contrary to their ideas there are no special outward signs to herald its coming. The word "observation" v. 20, is an astronomical one and suggests that the kingdom was to come in a bodily shape from the sky, a current expectation on the part of the Pharisees.

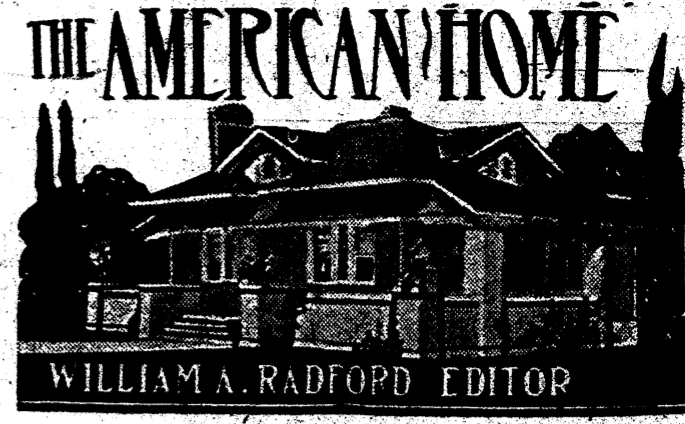
In answer to the boastful Pharisees (v. 20) Jesus plainly told them that he himself is the kingdom, and that that kingdom was in their midst or "among you," see (v. 21) margin. Their question was a flippant one, one of unbelief, and to it Jesus makes a characteristically brief, but clear reply, that partook of the nature of a rebuke. The kingdom would not come with trumpets and drum. They could not say, "Lo here! lo there!" Its coming was not to be spectacular, arresting the attention of some who in turn brought it to the attention of others. The authorized rendering "within you" does not imply that the kingdom already existed in the individual lives of his questioners. Subsequent teaching of Jesus shows that he here refers to another and a final coming of the kingdom, at the time of the final coming of the son of man. What he desired to teach these Pharisees was that the kingdom of which they spoke had already appeared due to the fact of his presence in their midst. The carpenter Pharisees withdrew and Jesus speaks openly to his disciples of the days that will come, a time of persecution when they will long for comfort.

Prophecy Fulfilled. II. The Visible Son of Man, vv. 22-24. The kingdom in its outward form was rejected by the Jews, John 1:26, 27. In its spiritual form it is now in the hearts of believers (Rom. 14:17), but he who was rejected with contempt will one day be sought after, though in vain, Matt. 23:37-39. During the time of his absence many shall claim to be Christ (v. 23), but we are not to believe such claims. History has abundantly proved and fulfilled this prophecy. When he really comes there will be a sudden publicity (v. 24) that shall flash from one corner to the other of the heavens, Matt. 24:27; then "every eye shall behold him." "So shall the son of man be in his day." This instruction Jesus gives to his disciples. Men shall search for him, a time when he shall not be present as he then was. After the false ones will come a day of revelation when the whole heavens will reveal him and all will know it.

Finality of Events. III. The Day of the Son of Man, vv. 25-27. Before that day comes, however, he must suffer and be rejected, but following that rejection men will marry, carry on merchandising and merriment as in the days of Noah and of Lot. In the days of Noah and of Lot there came a sudden fall in these activities and a judgment of flood and fire, even so "after the same manner shall it be in the day that the son of man is revealed," v. 30. This refers to the finality of events when the kingdom of God comes by way of judgment. Here Jesus sets his seal upon the truthfulness of these two events which preceded his first advent. If they be not true then he is a false teacher. Like as men discredit those events they likewise will set aside his teaching about his second advent. Many claim that verse 31 refers to the destruction of Jerusalem; the context to us clearly disproves any such interpretation. Verses 32 and 33 must be taken together.

Summary. Quite emphatically this passage is a teaching on the subject of the coming of the kingdom of God. That kingdom came when Christ came in grace. It will come when he comes in judgment. It is coming constantly between the two advents. Remember his reading of Isaiah's prophecy, Luke 4:18, 19; cf. Isa. 61:1-3. In his first advent he did come to preach the acceptable year, the year of grace. That day is still with us. In his second advent he will proclaim the day of the vengeance of God. He will establish the kingdom, will build the waste places and raise desolations. Today the kingdom of God is among us in power through the presence of Christ by the spirit in the living church.

To the Pharisees he said: "Neither shall they say, lo here! lo there! for the kingdom is in your midst." To his disciples he said: "They shall say lo here! lo here! not away nor follow them." We cannot localize the kingdom. On an ancient Syrian fragment the words of Luke 1:33 read, "and to his kingdom there shall be no frontier." On the lips of the Pharisees, kingdom meant a political organization and empire. With Jesus it means a spiritual realm universal in extent, a rule of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. When he appears all will know.



WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 127 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This bungalow, as the plan shows, has a wide porch extending around three sides. Shrubbyery can be banked in not too great profusion about this, with flowers at the outer border. A delightful living room is provided, with an open fireplace. This room is 21 feet long and 14 feet wide. There is a wide doorway into the dining room, from which entrance is had from the porch. A bedroom is provided at the left. The bathroom, pantry, and kitchen are conveniently arranged.

The cost of this bungalow will be within the reach of almost anybody who is thinking of a home. If it is finished in cement plaster, the gray color will harmonize beautifully with the shrubs that may surround it.

SURELY THE RIGHT PLACE

Anyone Who Has Eaten Dried Beef and Crackers Will Agree With Uncle Hiram.

The talk topic turned to the natives of the clover zone the other night, when Congressman Joseph T. Johnson of South Carolina became reminiscent along that line.

Some time ago, he said, Uncle Hiram, who lived about five miles farther out than the Cross Roads, went to the county seat to buy some tarred rope and to get wise upon the politics of the day. Finally Hiram became hungry and rambled into the nearest store.

"Say, little gal," said he, addressing a pretty young saleswoman, "jest gimme ten cents' worth o' dried beef 'n' crackers."

"You have evidently made a mistake, sir," was the smiling response of the saleswoman. "This is a dry goods store."

"Then I'm in the right pew, all right," promptly rejoined Uncle Hiram. "If there's anything drier than dried-beef 'n' crackers-I hain't never yet chewed on 'em."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Says Hospitals Need Humanizing.

Hospitals need humanizing and doctors need socializing, so that both may give the community medical social service, according to Dr. Stephen S.



ed; or they may be massed for dense and solid effects. The latter is the better use of them, but there are situations where the former planting is advisable and appropriate. The "mass" planting never fails to add harmony and beauty to a yard, large or small, and contributes unity to its plan of ornamentation. The wide variety in habit of growth, in foliage, and in bloom, gives greatest value to shrubs. They can be had for every situation. Whether tall-growing or low-growing shrubs are wanted; whether spring effect, summer effect, or fall effect is wanted; whether flower, fruit, or foliage is the conspicuous feature to be observed—the shrubs will serve. They lend themselves to the masking of foundations, unsightly views, and outlooks; they make excellent backgrounds for flowers; they break the

Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue, who spoke at a meeting of the New York Conference on Hospital-Social Service.

"We have a right," said Dr. Wise, "to ask of hospitals more than mere treatment of disease. They should tell us the causes of social disease. We ask hospitals to do more than give remedial attention to tuberculosis. We ask them to tell everyone the causes of tuberculosis. But hospitals can't become real social centers until their boards of directors and physicians are socialized. We want to give them a social consciousness. Physicians especially must get a social vision, they must realize their relation in the social order."

Dr. Wise added that many hospitals and physicians had become socialized. —New York Times.

Fund for Teaching Hebrew.

A mass meeting, under the auspices of the Palestine Hebrew schools fund committee, which is dealing with the problem of establishing Hebrew as the language of instruction in schools of Palestine, was held at Cooper Union, New York city, Jacob H. Schiff was present and Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia university was chairman of the meeting. The mass meeting marked the commencement of an organized campaign for raising \$100,000 annually toward the support of Palestine schools that use Hebrew as the medium of instruction.

Found.

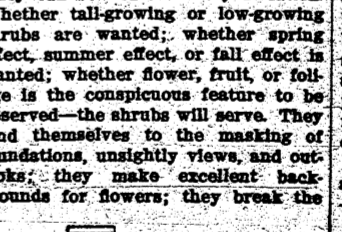
This story is told of an absent-minded professor at Drew Theological seminary. One evening while studying he had need of a book-mark. Seeing nothing else handy, he used his wife's scissors, which lay on the sewing table. A few minutes later the wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search failed to reveal them. The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the lost scissors. He picked them up and, holding them above his head, shouted: "Here they are, dear!" Yes, the class got it—Everybody's.

Wash Sales.

"How's business?" inquired the life insurance agent. "Haven't turned a trick this week," said the book agent. "Same here. I'll tell you what I'd do." "What?" "I'll buy a set of books if you'll take out some insurance."

contrast between flower borders and trees; they make excellent ground covers on steep banks; and they are equally serviceable in breaking levels. Planted where they are desired that a walk shall turn or bend, they supply motive for the change in direction. And, no matter to what use they are put, once established, they require comparatively little attention.

Now, this bungalow is suggested as an admirable design for construction on a lot where there will be ample room for the planting of shrubbyery in an artistic way. It is well adapted for a corner lot. The little house presents the idea of coziness; and the grounds, if arranged so that the indoors will seem to join hands with the outdoors, add a most pleasing effect.



Floor Plan.