JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

by EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows sight of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works, at a salary of $6,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn, and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace. Rawn became with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence. He frets because his wife does not rise with him in a social way. He gives her a million dollars to leave him. He asks his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, to take charge of his household. Grace moves to Graystone hall, and Halsey continues to live alone in the cottage near the works. Halsey's machine proves a success, but he keeps the fact a secret.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Continually in our American aristocracy—and in that, par consequence, of Europe—we find ladies whose fathers were laborers, shop-keepers, soap-makers, butchers, this or that, anything you like. So only they had money, they did as well as any to wear European coronets, to assist at royal coronations. And, having proved their powers in swift forgetfulness, they offer as good proof as any, of the scientific fact that gentleness of heart and soul and conduct are not things transmisable even to the third and fourth generation, in America or Europe. Your real aristocrat perhaps after all, is made, not born.

As to Virginia Delaware, daughter of the baker, John Dahlen, in St. Louis, she started out in life with the deliberate intent of being a lady, knowing very well that this is America, where all things come to her or her who does not wait. In some way, as has been said, she had achieved graduation at a famous school where the art of being a lady is dispensed. She had, indeed, even now and then seen a lady in real life; not to mention many supposed ladies in theatrical life, playing the part as to them seemed fit, and far better than any lady could.

The soul finds its outward expression in the body. The ambition shapes the soul. It was wholly logical and natural that, having her particular ambition—that of many American girls—Virginia Delaware should grow up tall, dignified, beautiful, composed, self-restraining, kindly, gracious; these being qualities which in her training were accepted as properly pertaining and belonging to all aristocrats. We have already seen that, pit to the test, in the midst of our best aristocrats—those who frequent the finest highly gilded and glazed hotels in New York—she was accepted unhesitatingly as of the charmed circle, even by the head waiters. Had you yourself seen her upon the Chicago streets, passing to her daily occupation, you also in all likelihood would have commented upon her as a rich young woman, and one of birth, breeding and beauty. We have spoken somewhat regarding the futility of mottoes and maxims in the case of an ambitious man. As much might be said regarding their lack of applicability to the needs of an ambitious woman. Virginia Delaware would have made her own maxims, had she needed any; and had she been obliged to choose a coat of arms, she surely would have selected the Christian motto of "Onward and Upward."

The best aid in any ambition lies in the intensity of that ambition. We all are what we really desire to be, each can have what he really covets, if he will pay the price for it. In her gentleness with her associates, in her dignity and composure with her employer, in her conduct upon the street and in the crowded car, in all situations and conditions arising in her own life, Virginia Delaware diligently played the part of lady as best she comprehended that; because she had the intense ambition to be a lady. She continually was in training. Moreover, she had that self-restraint which has been owned by every woman who ever reached any high place in history. She kept herself in hand, and she held herself not cheap. Likewise, after the fashion of all successful politicians, she cast aside acquaintances who might be pleasant but who probably would be of little use, and pinned her faith to those who promised to be of future value. Such a woman as that can not be stopped—unless she shall, unfortunately, fall in love.

If there was calumny, Virginia Dare heeded it not. She accosted all graciously and with dignity, as a lady should. And all this time her great personal beauty increased to such a point as to drive most of her fair associates about the headquarters' offices to the verge of rage. To be beautiful and aristocratic both assuredly is to invite hatred! It is almost as bad as to be rich. Miss Delaware allowed hatred to run its course unnoted. She needed no maxims over her desk, required no ancestral coat of arms. She was an aristocrat, and meant to be accepted as such. In all likelihood—though simple folk may not read a woman's mind—she saw further into the future than did John Rawn himself.

There remained, then, as against the ambition of Virginia Delaware, the one pitfall of love, and even this she easily avoided. Beautiful as she unquestionably was, admired as she certainly was, if there had been fire in this girl's heart for any man, she kept it either extinguished or well banked for a later time. She had gently declined the heart and hand of every male clerk in the office. She had chosen her own ways, and was not to be diverted. Cool, ambitious, perfectly in hand, she went her way, and bided her time.

Cool, ambitious, perfectly in hand, John Rawn also went his way in life. Two more ambitious souls than these, or two more alike, you scarcely could have found in all the descendants of the two bucaneer-monarchs we have named.

And Rawn continually found something responsive in the soul of this young woman, something that never found its way into speech on either side. She was the type of devotion and of efficiency. Gently, without any ostentation, she took upon herself a vast burden of detail; and she added thereto an unobtrusive personal service upon which Rawn unconsciously came more and more to depend. Did he lack any little accustomed implement or appliance, she found it for him forthwith. Did he forget a name, a date, a filing record, it was she who supplied it out of a memory infallible as a fine machine. From this, it was but an easy step to the point where the young woman's unobtrusive aid became useful even beyond business hours. John Rawn half never studied to play any social role. Did he need counsel in any social situation, she, tactfully hesitatant and modest, always was ready to tell him what he should do, what others should do. Had he an appointment, it was she who reminded him of it, and it was she who had made it. Were there personal bills to pay, it was she who paid them. She presided over his personal bank account, and there was no hour when she could not have named the dollars and cents in his balance. Did he wish to avoid an unwelcome visitor, it was arranged for him delicately and without offense. Little by little, she had become indispensable, both in a business and a social way—a fact which John Rawn did not fully realize, but which she knew perfectly well. It had never been within her plan to be anything less than that. She knew, although he did not, that John Rawn also was indispensable to her.

Rawn came from no social station himself, and as we have seen, had grown up ignorant of conventional life, so that now he remained careless of routine now that this young woman should attend in all his visits to the East in business matters—where, in short, he could not have got along without her. There was talk over this—unjust talk—and much amused comment on the fact that the two seemed so inseparable. Rawn did not know or note it. They literally were running together, hunting in couple in the great chase of ambition. Few knew now what the salary of the president's private secretary represented in round figures. Certainly she dressed as a lady. Certainly also she comported herself as one. It was, in the opinion of John Rawn, no one's business that he registered himself at the New York hotels, and either did not register his companion at all, or else contented himself with the wholly descriptive word "Lady" opposite the number of the room whose bills he told the clerk to charge to his account.

Never was there the slightest ground for suspicion of actual impropriety between John Rawn and Miss Delaware. Abundance of bad taste there certainly was, for Rawn, without explanation or apology to any, always ate in company of his assistant, was constantly seen with her on the streets, at the opera, the play. He showed, in short, that he found her society wholly agreeable upon every possible occasion. If this was in bad taste, if man, or most, in the usual guess, put it at the point of impropriety, John Rawn gave himself no concern. The Rawn aristocracy began in him. He founded it, was its Charlemagne, its William the Conqueror, as ruthless, as regardless of others, as selfish, as megalomaniac as the best of kings. Here, therefore, were two aristocrats! They ran well in couple.

It is not to be supposed that a girl so shrewd as Virginia Delaware could fail to realize the full import of all this. She let the slings and arrows fall upon the buckler of her perfect dignity and her perfect beauty, but she felt their impact. She was perfectly in hand, knew perfectly well her mind, knew perfectly well the price she must pay. She let matters take their course, knowing that they were advancing safely and surely in one direction, that which she desired. She was more skilled in human nature than her employer, saw deeper into a man's heart than he had ever looked into a woman's!

And then, at last, the life schedule of Virginia Delaware was verified. At last, the inevitable happened.

On one of these many trips to New York, Miss Delaware had been alone in her apartments at the hotel for most of the afternoon. In the evening, before the dinner hour, she was summoned to meet Mr. Rawn in one of the hotel parlors. At once she noted his unpressed excitement. He scarce could wait until they were alone, in a far corner of the room, before explaining to her the cause.

"I don't like to say this, Miss Delaware," he began, "but I've got to do it!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Rawn?" she replied in her usual low and clear tones.

"There's been talk!"

"Talk? About what?"

"Us!"

"About us? What can you mean, Mr. Rawn?" she asked.

"The world is so confoundedly small, my dear girl, that it seems everything you do is known by everybody else. Of course, a man like myself is in the public eye, but we've always minded our business, and I ought not to have been anybody else's business beyond that."

"You disturb me, Mr. Rawn! What has happened?"

"—But now, to-night, now—just a little while ago—I met this fellow Ackerman—you know him—big man in the company—used to be general traffic manager down in St. Louis, on the old railroad where I began—well, he was drunk, and he talked."

"What could he say?"

"He got me by the coat collar and proceeded to tell me how much—how much—well, to tell the truth, he connected your name and mine. If he wasn't drunk—and a director—I'd go down there yet and smash his face for him! What business was it of his? Of course, men don't mind such things so much. But when it comes to you—why, my dear girl!"

The truth has already been stated regarding John Rawn; that, batrachian, half dormant for almost half a century, and then putting into business what energy most men put into love and sex, he had passed a life of singular innocence, or ignorance, as to womankind. He had never countenanced much gossip about women, because he had little interest in the topic. The grande passion marks most of us for its own now and again, or is to be feared now and again; but the grande passion had passed by John Rawn. He was now approaching fifty years of age. Married, he had been, and divorced; but he had not yet been in love.

He now spoke to his like, his mate in the hunt, of the opposite sex. A young woman who at that very moment was as beautiful a creature as might have been found on all Manhattan, a woman known in all Manhattan now as the mysterious "Lady of the Lightnings," the goddess of the stock certificates of one of the most mammoth American corporations, a creature over whom Manhattan's most critical libertines were crazed—and helpless; moreover, a woman who, out of all those in the great caravanserai at that moment might as well as any have been chosen as the very type of gentle breeding and of gentle womankind alike. But she had not yet been in love.

"I don't understand, Mr. Rawn," repeated she slowly. "What possible ground could Mr. Ackerman have had? You surely don't think he could have spoken to anyone else?"

"I wouldn't put that past Ackerman when he's drunk. If he'd talk to me, he would to others. And you know perfectly well that when talk begins about a woman, it never stops."

"No, that is the cruel part of it."

Her voice trembled just enough, her eyes became just sufficiently and discreetly moist, she choked a little, just sufficiently.

"It is cruel," she said, with a pathetic little sigh, "but the hand of every man seems to be against a woman. Did you ever stop to think, Mr. Rawn, how helpless, how hopeless, we really are, we women?"

He flung himself closer upon the couch beside her, his face troubled, as she went on with her gentle protest.

"All my life I've done right as nearly as I knew, Mr. Rawn. Perhaps I was wrong in coming to trust so much to you, when you put on you so much. It all seemed so natural, that I've just let matters go on, almost without any thought. I've only been anxious to do my work—that was all. But this cruel talk about us—well—it can have but one end! I must go."

"Go? Leave me? You'll do nothing of the sort! I'll take care of this thing myself, I say—I'll stand between you and all that sort of talk."

"Mr. Rawn, I don't understand you."

They sat close together on this brocaded couch among many other brocaded couches. Crystal and color and gilt and ivory were all about them; pictures, works of art in bronze and marble and costly porcelains. The air was heavy with fragrance, dripping with soft voluptuousness. She was beautiful, a beautiful young woman. He caught one glance into her wide, pathetic eyes ere she turned and bent her head. He caught the fragrance of her hair—that strange fragrance of a woman's hair. Dejected, drooping as she sat, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, he could see the bent column of her beautiful white neck, the curve of her beautiful shoulders, white, flawless.

The flower on her bosom rose and fell in her emotion. She was a woman. She was beautiful. She was young. Something subtle, powerful, mysterious, stole into the air.

She was a woman!

Suddenly this thought came to John Rawn like a sudden blow in the face. It came in a sense hitherto unknown to him in all his life. Now he understood what life might be, saw what delight might be! He saw now that all along he had admired this girl and only been unconscious of his admiration. God! what had he lost all these years! He, John Rawn, had lived all these years, and had not loved!

He reached out timidly and touched her round, white arm, to attract her attention. She flinched from him a trifle, and he also from her. Fire ran through her veins as from a cup of wine, heady and strong. He was a boy, a young man discovering life. The glory of life, the reason, had been before all this time, and he had not suspected it. What deed of pity had been wrought! He, John Rawn, never before had known what love might be! He was the last man on Manhattan to go mad over Virginia Delaware.

She drew back from him, seeing the flush upon his face, color rushing to her own. Indeed, the power of the man, his sudden, vast passion, were not lost upon her, different as he was from the idol of a young girl's dreams. But Virginia Delaware saw more than the physical image of this man beside her. She knew what he had to share, what power, what wealth, what station. She knew well enough what John Rawn could do; and she gazed her own value to him by the flush on his face, the glitter in his eye.

For one moment she paused. For one moment heredity, the way of her own people, had its way. For one moment she saw another face, different from this flushed and corded one bent near hers. For but a moment; then ambition once more took charge of her soul and her body alike.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Had Chosen Her Own Ways.

Offers Hair for Pardon.

Mrs. Irvin Dodd of Boston, imploring the pardon committee of the governor's council to release her husband, serving two years for larceny, offered to sell her raven black hair, which reached to the ground, if thereby she could secure money to pay back an express company the $500 which he was convicted of stealing. Dennis D. Driscoll, assistant penal commissioner, appeared before the committee to urge that the pardon be granted Judge Ely, who sentenced Dodd, sent a letter favoring a pardon.

MENTAL PROCESS OF WOMEN

Mistake to Assume That Because It Seems So, the Majority of Sex Thinks Superficially.

Take, for instance, the assumption that most women think superficially and with less logic than men, which is probably a fact. Ward (Lester F.) says they reach conclusions by intuition, a sort of short-cut method evolved by the emergencies of their lives. Yet any woman knows from her childhood that men prefer to do her thinking for her, and will disapprove of her if she sets up an opinion against theirs. In primitive ages not only was thinking unnecessary for a woman, beyond the narrow range of her traditional duties, but it was an actual impropriety.

Now, only a genius, a reformer, or a mad person does what will be disapproved of. Until the last half century marriage was the only career open to women—a thinking woman was not attractive to men—therefore the astute young woman either stopped reasoning as far as possible when she came to years of discretion, or concealed her mental operations. Many a woman who attains her ends by coquetry and subterfuge is, like the parrot who couldn't talk, "keepin' up a devil of a thinkin' all the while;" and will confide to another woman, who is in the secret, a keen analysis of the issues involved.—Mary Roberts Coolidge.

The First Pump.

The first pump ever invented was the heart of a man or animal, and it is today one of the most perfect pumps in use. The heart as a pump is decidedly up to date, and engineers unanimously agree that its principles of construction for the highest efficiency are correct, and that it is not surpassed by any pump invented by man. It is not only a powerful force pump of incredible efficiency, but it is self-repairing and self-renovating. While the mechanism is in action, it cleanses and purifies itself. For its size and work it is the greatest pump of the age.—From George Ethelbert Walsh's "The First Invention," in St. Nicholas.

ALARM CLOCK OF NO AVAIL

Timepiece Did Its Duty, but Sound Simply Brought Familiar Phrase from Sleepy Operator.

In the telephone office there was one girl who was always late in the morning.

Time and again the local manager requested her to be more punctual; but her tardiness still continued, until he was moved to use desperate methods.

"Now, Miss ——," said he as he came to her exchange board one morning carrying a package in his hands, "I have a little scheme that I hope will induce you to arrive at the office in time. I have bought this fine alarm clock for you. Please promise me that you will make proper use of it."

The young woman promised, and the first night set the alarm at the required hour for rising the next morning.

At the indicated hour the clock set up a tremendous whirring, loud enough to awaken the whole house. But the sleepy little lassie turned over in bed, and said in her sweetest tone:

"Line's engaged; call again, please."—Tit-Bits.

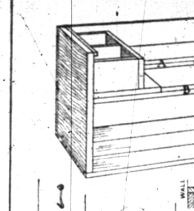
Quaker's Views on the Soldier.

Aimless is military life, except betimes its aim is deadly. Idle life blends with violent death-struggles till the man is unmade a man; and henceforth there is little of manhood about him. Of a man he is made a soldier, which is a man-destroying machine in two senses—a thing for the prosecuting or repelling an invasion like the block of stone in the fortress or the plate of iron on the side of the Monitor. They are alike. I have tried in vain to define a difference, and I see only this. The ironclad with its gun is the bigger soldier; the more formidable in attack, the less liable to destruction in a given time; the block the most capable of resistance; both are equally obedient to officers. Or the more perfect is the soldier, the more nearly he approaches the block in this respect.—Cyrus Guernsey Pringle, in the Atlantic.

New Ideas for Handy Boys

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handbook for Handy Boys," "The Boy Craftsman," etc.

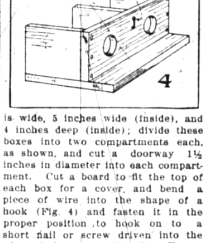


A CAGE FOR WHITE RATS.

White rats are interesting pets for a boy to keep, they are little trouble to take care of, and raising white rats is a profitable pastime by which a boy can easily earn spending money. A pair of rats of good breed can be bought for a dollar, and the rat cage need cost you little or nothing, because "pick-up" material may be used in its construction.

Fig. 1 shows a good form of home-made cage. It is built out of a box 14 inches deep, 14 inches wide, and 3 feet long, which is a size that can generally be obtained at a grocery store. After procuring the box, remove one side (this side will be the front of the cage) (Fig. 2), then cut two strips 3 inches wide by the length of the box inside, and fasten them midway between the top and bottom of the box, one along the back and the other along the front (A and B, Fig. 2).

Make a couple of nest boxes, as shown in Fig. 4, as long as the cage is wide, 5 inches wide (inside), and 4 inches deep (inside); divide these boxes into two compartments each, as shown, and cut a doorway 1½ inches in diameter into each compartment. Cut a board to fit the top of each box for a cover, and bend a piece of wire into the shape of a hook (Fig. 4) and fasten it in the proper position to hook on to a short nail or screw driven into the edge of the cover (Fig. 2). Fasten the nest boxes on top of strips A and B, and tack a strip to each end of the cage just above the nest box cover to hold down the back edge (Fig. 2). When the cover is unhooked, it can be slipped from under this strip and removed.



Make the stairs leading to the nests out of a strip 3 inches wide, tack cross-pieces to it about 1½ inches apart, and fasten it to strip A and to the floor, in the center of the cage.

Strips A and B, together with the platforms in front of the nest boxes, furnish an elevated "race track" which your rats will make good use of, especially the frisky young ones who love to chase one another about as well as any children do.

Ordinary screen wire cloth is the most satisfactory covering for the front of the cage, and the best method of putting this on is by making a wooden frame out of strips 3 inches wide, with the corners mitered and nailed together (Fig. 5), and tacking the wire to the inside face of this. The frame can be nailed or screwed to the cage (Fig. 1). This is a better method than that of tacking the wire over the edges of the box, as the wire can be stretched tighter and looks neater, and, what is more important, it prevents the wire from bulging out between the tacks and providing the rats with a chance to gnaw away the edge of the box at those points until the space is big enough to escape through.

The top of the cage should project about ½ inch over the ends and 2 inches over the front. First nail a hinge-strip across the top at the back, then fasten together the remaining boards, and hinge them to this strip (Fig. 3). By driving a staple into the under side of the cover and another into the screen frame, so the two will come together side by side when the top is closed (Fig. 3), the cage may be padlocked.

Whitewash the inside of the cage, and cover the floors with a thick layer of sawdust. You can get sawdust from your grocer. Clean out the cage twice a week, and replace the old sawdust with fresh, to keep conditions sanitary. Place hay in the breeding compartments for the nests. Use a shallow bowl or saucer for a drinking water receptacle.

(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall.)

Solution for Spraying Roses.

Into one pound of fresh slacked lime mix two pounds powdered sulphur. Stir this into one gallon water and boil one hour. This makes a golden brown liquid. Let settle and bottle the clear liquid. This will keep for months. For spraying dormant trees to eradicate enemies that secrete themselves in the bark, add one part of the above solution to six parts of water. It eradicates scale and aphis.

For spraying the foliage of trees and plants use one part solution to 15 parts water, or as strong as foliage will bear. A few ounces of fresh slacked lime may be added to mark the foliage sprayed, if desired.

This will destroy lice, slugs, hoppers, thrips, etc., that work upon roses and other plants. It should be applied early before they injure the plants, then, if needed, once in two weeks during the early summer. A good spraying holding one quart may be purchased for 35 cents. Home Department, National Magazine.

Woman Fell From Balloon.

About the only misadventure in ballooning in America is an occasional—and not repeated—fall with a parachute that failed to open. As the usual thing, of course, an amateur landing is made without the spectacular leap by the expedient of letting out gas until the bag comes more or less gently to the earth.

In attempting a landing of this sort near Munich recently a Swiss balloonist fell out of the car. This caused the balloon to reascend rapidly with a woman hanging half out of the car. One of the men in the basket was engaged with the ropes, trying to let out more gas, while the other grasped the woman and held her. Overpowered by the strain, he finally let go of her and she fell 600 feet to earth. The balloon was brought down almost immediately by the pilots, both of whom went in a motor car and picked up her body.

Proper Beneficiary.

"Since you worked your examples so nicely," said the pretty teacher, "I shall give you a kiss." "Teacher, I didn't know there was to be a reward," responded the honest urchin. "It's only fair to tell you that my big brother did them sums."

Blessing of a Good Name.

One of the purest and most enduring of human pleasures is to be found in the possession of a good name among one's neighbors and acquaintances. . . .

This is not fame, or even distinction; it is local reputation among the few scores or hundreds of persons who really know one. It is a satisfaction quite of this world, and one obtained by large number of quiet men and women whose names are never mentioned beyond the limits of their respective sets of acquaintance. Such reputation regards not mental power or manual skill, but character; it is slowly built upon purity, integrity, courage and sincerity. To possess it is a crowning satisfaction which is oftenest experienced to the full near later in life, when some other pleasures begin to fade away.—"The Durable Satisfactions of Life," Charles W. Eliot.

World Beyond Our Ken.

There are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence. We men are poor, restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the wall of a cell, hearing only a part of Nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly; seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially.—From "Unpathed Waters," by Frank Harris.

Get Sugar in Other Ways.

It is significant that the nations who consume the most oil and light wines, all of which contain greater or less amounts of compounds of carbon and water, consume the least sugar per capita. The natives of Italy, Greece and Turkey, for example, consume annually but one-twelfth of the amount of sugar per capita that is consumed by the natives of Great Britain.—American Food Journal.

Progressive Science.

Medicine is a progressive science. It is now only 2,500 years since Hippocrates' time and a cure for whooping cough is believed to be in sight. At least the specialists of Paris hope so.—Chicago News.

NOT A SENTIMENTAL SPEECH

Central Figure in Moving Pictures Had Much More Important Matter on His Mind.

Lieut. John H. Towers of the United States navy, is the man who miraculously escaped death last summer when he fell 1,600 feet with an aeroplane into the waters of Chesapeake bay. He is also the man who played the part of ardent young lover in the moving pictures produced by the navy department some time ago—pictures for which $20,000 worth of powder was used and seven warships employed in a great battle scene.

In the picture, the young hero, the naval officer, comes upon the scene to bid a tragic farewell to his lovely sweetheart. His lips move slowly and with effort. The girl looks up at him in sadness. It is easy to imagine the tender words from his lips.

According to those who saw the pictures made, what he actually did say at this junction was:

"Let's hurry and get this over, and go out for something to eat. I'm starved."—Popular Magazine.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move the bowels, regulate the Stomach, are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. They are so pleasant to take, and children like them. Never fail. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Absent Treatment.

"Now people are being advised to choose dress to match their souls."

"With a good many people that will be like a bald-headed man choosing clothing to match his hair."

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Slight Resemblance.

"Rather queer plumes women are wearing in their hats these days."

"Yes. I suspect the milliner who designed them must have gotten the idea from a pipe cleaner."

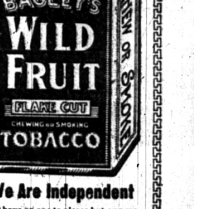
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

Keeping Her Word.

"Did Alice make a name for herself, as she said she would do?"

"Uh huh. Alyce."

To Pipe Smokers



We Are Independent

and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high-grade smoking tobacco for more than a half a century and "Wild Fruit" is our best effort. It is Union Made. Packed in five cent foil packages, ten cent cloth pouches, eight and sixteen ounce tins. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you fail to find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send us five cents in postage stamps and we will mail you an original package.

Jno. J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which I left in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

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