JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

By EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE; 54-40 OR FIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY EMERSON HOUGH

11

SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs 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 $100,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. 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 bargains 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. Virginia Delaware becomes more and more indispensable to Rawn. He takes her to New York on a business trip. His talk prompts him to offer her marriage.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

The net was thrown. Silently, gently, she tightened its edges with the silken cords. He loved her. The rest was simple. She saw the world unrolling before her like a scroll. All else was but matter of detail. Above all, she exulted in her strength at this crucial moment. She knew that love is dangerous for a woman, always had feared, as any woman may, that love might sweep her away from her own safe moorings. She rejoiced now to see this danger past, rejoiced to find her pulses cool and even, her voice under control, herself mistress of herself. She did not love him.

But she drew back now apparently startled, apprehensive. "We must go, Mr. Rawn," she said; and would have risen.

He put out a hand, almost rude in its vehemence. "You shall not go! I've got to tell you. Sit down! Listen! We'll separate in one way, yes. You're alone now with your clerking days for ever. But you're going to be my wife. I want you; and, by God, I love you!"

His voice rose until she was almost alarmed. She looked about in real apprehension. She turned, to see John Rawn's face convulsed, suffused, his protruding lower lip trembling, his eyes almost ready to burst into tears. She might almost have smiled, so easily was it all done for her. Yet this baker's daughter dared to make no mistake in a situation such as this!

"Mr. Rawn," she began, casting down her eyes, although she allowed him to retain her hand, "what can you mean? Surely you must be in jest. Have you no regard for a poor girl who is trying to make her way in the world? I've done my best—and now—"

"Make your way in the world! What do you mean? It's made now! Look down the list as far as you like. Is there anywhere you want to go? Is there anything you want to do? Can you think of anything I'll not get for you? Look at your neck, your hands—you've worn those jewels almost ever since you selected them; and no one else has, though I told you once there was a string to them. There's no string to them now. The first time you wore them, down there in the dining-room, below, I told you they were now yours, that they were only loaned to you for one night, that we were only both of us masquerading, trying our selves out! I told you then you'd do; but I didn't know what I meant. I don't believe I loved you then, although now it seems I always have. I know I always will. Those things are nothing—you shall have everything you want—handfuls of jewels. There's nothing you want to do that you shall not do! You can't dream of anything that I'll not get for you! You were made for me in every way in the world—every little way, as I've come to know, little by little, all this time. But now, to-night, it's all come over me at once. I don't know that I planned, when I came here, to do more than to stand between you and talk! But—this—caught me all at once. I don't know how it's the truth before God! I never loved a woman before now—I don't know what it was. Virginia—Jennie—girl—I love you! We're going to be married to-morrow!"

"Mr. Rawn," she said, her voice trembling, "I must ask you to consider well before you make any mistake—a mistake which would mean everything for—for me. You have no right to ask."

"I'll show you who's in earnest!" he retorted, his hand cruelly hard on her wrist as he forced her back into the seat. "We'll go home from here as man and wife, that's what we'll do. We'll go from the train, not to the office, but to Graystone Hall. I'll find a preacher in the morning here. It's wonderful! I love you! If they want to talk, we'll give them something to talk about! Let them come to the Little Church Around the Corner—to-morrow—and see us, you and me!"

He had both her hands in his large ones now, and was looking into her eyes, intoxicated, mad. She leaned just gently toward him.—Forgetful of their situation, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her full.

"Mr. Rawn, how could you!" she said at last, softly, seeking to disengage her hand. "It's like a dream! I have worked so hard, so long. Life has had so little for me!"

"But you love me—you can?" he demanded.

"Oh, Mr. Rawn!" she said, lifting her eyes to his face, then gently turning them aside.

"You do—you have—tell me! Confess it!"

She laughed now, rippingly, her color rising, and at least was spared that instance of her perjury. John Rawn accepted it as her oath.

They parted after a time, she scarce remembered how, he to a couch which knew no sleep, she to one that long remained untouched.

In her own room Virginia Delaware stood for a long time before her mirror, in silent questioning of herself, her brows just drawn into a faint vertical frown. At last she nodded approvingly, satisfied that she would do. A wave of sensuousness, of delight in her own triumph, swept across her. She stood straight, swung back her shoulders, gazed at the superb image in the glass through half-shut eyes. There was no question of it! She was a very beautiful woman, stately, gracious—and aristocratic. So, it was done. She had won. She caught glimpses of the jewels blazing at her throat. She removed them and tossed them lightly on the dresser top as she turned to call for her maid.

"Madam is very beautiful to-night," ventured that tactful creature when at last she had performed her closing duties for the day.

Virginia Delaware looked down upon her with the amused tolerance of the superior classes.

"You may perhaps find a little silver on the dresser, maid," said she graciously.

"I Want You."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Royal Progress of Mr. and Mrs. Rawn.

So they were married. Graystone Hall at last had a mistress worthy of its architect and decorator when—love and affection and other good considerations moving thereto, as the law hath it—the new Mrs. Rawn moved into the place of the old Mrs. Rawn. Thereafter matters went at least as merry as most marriage bells celebrating the nuptials of middle age and youth, of wealth and beauty.

As Mr. Rawn had spent a million dollars to free himself from one wife, he seemed willing to spend much more in the process of taking on another. It became current rumor that the one great diamond show of the western city was Virginia Rawn. The sobriquet, "The Lady of the Lightnings," passed from New York to Chicago and became permanent there. Not that that lady delighted in display; but there were occasional operatic or theatrical events which demanded compliance with her husband's wishes, in which event she blazed almost better than the best.

But, gradually, she showed the taints of the aristocrat, as alien to vulgar display as to crude, manners. Gradually the tone, color, atmosphere, of Graystone Hall began to change. The porcelains which Virginia Rawn purchased were not large and gorgeous, but a connoisseur would have called them worthy. The vast and brilliantly framed paintings came down one by one, and one by one masterpieces went up, selected by one who knew. The walks, the grounds, took on simpler and cleaner lines. Rawn of the International got a new credit as a person of taste. He was accepted as a collector, a patron of the arts, a connoisseur, in fact, yet more a worthy and a rising citizen.

The hospitality of Mr. Rawn's mansion house, also now increased perceptibly, and delighted that the last numbers came to see him. Mr. Rawn at first did not analyze those numbers very closely. Even the fastidious, many of whom came to be amused, were unanimous in the feeling that Mr. Rawn's being, its furnishings, its decorations, its pictures, its works of art, its hospitality, also, were beyond reproach. The trace of gaucherie was gone. The spirit of the place was delicately reserved, dignified, yet well assured. The seal of approval was placed upon Graystone Hall. Who, indeed, should smile at the man who had made so meteoric a rise, who had by a few years of labor become master of this mansion, its furnishings and its mistress? Who, upon the other hand, might smile at that mistress, whose appearance upon the front page of the leading journals of the city became now a matter of course—a lady of such reserved tastes as led her to forsake the larger marts, and to set the seal of fashionable approval upon a little florist, a little modiste, a little milliner all her own—even a little surgeon hitherto unknown, who honored a little hospital and made it fashionable, by taking there this distinguished patient for a little operation?

Rawn himself expanded in all this social success. He saw doors hitherto closed, opening before him, saw his future unrolling before him also like a scroll. A hundred times a week he walked to his young wife, caught her in his arms, unceremoniously interrupted with her youth, her beauty, her aplomb, her fitness for this life which he had chosen. For once he almost forgot to regard himself as a collector of beautiful objects, although the truth was that his wife, Virginia, became more beautiful each day, more superb of line, more calmly easy in air, more nearly faultless of garb and demeanor. She took her place easily and surely among the young matrons of the wealthier circles of the western city. Whereas thousands of auto-cars had passed by Graystone Hall and only a dozen stopped, scores now, of the largest, drove up its winding walks and halted at its doors. The dearest dream of both seemed realized. The hunt in couple had won! They had gained what they desired; that is to say, self-indulgence, ease, idleness, adulation, freedom from care. What more is there to seek? And is not this America?

Gradually John Rawn had been losing the rusticity which had accompanied him well up to middle age. The city now began to leave its imprint. The waistcoat of Mr. Rawn gradually attained a curve unknown to it in earlier years, so that his watch fob now hung in free air when he stood erect. His face was perhaps more florid, his hair certainly more gray. His skin remained fresh and clean, and always he was well groomed, having the able assistance of his wife now in the selection of his tailoring, as well as her coaching in social usage. They always looked their part. At morning, at noon, or at dewy eve, in any assemblage or any chance situation, they both played the role assigned to them in their own ambitious born of an environment wholly unconventional, they now took on that of conventionality as though born to that instead. You could not have found a more perfect type of respectability than John Rawn, a more absolutely valid exemplar of good social form than his wife, Virginia. All things prospered under their magic touch, the genii of the lamp seemed theirs. No problems remained for them to solve. They had in their own belief attained what may be attained in American life, and they were happy. Or, that is to say, they should at least have been happy, if their theory of life and happiness, and of those like to theirs, be correct. At least they were what they were—products of a wonderful country which makes millionaires overnight and produces out of bakeries women of one generation fit to be the wives of princes born of forty kings.

We are, some of us at least, accustomed to worship such as these as they ride by upon the high car of success, accustomed to envy and to emulate them. If that vehicle be the car of Juggernaut, crushing under its wheels multitudes of those who worship, it is no concern of those who sit aloft. For a long time Mr. Rawn and his wife remained ignorant of the fact that one victim of the wheels of their success was none other than Rawn's daughter, Grace.

Alas! for that young lady. She unfortunately had been now for almost a year an aspirant in her own right to a seat upon the car of ease and luxury; yet here she saw herself swiftly supplanted, and worse than that, swiftly forgotten! Her year of quasi-place and power had left her unwilling to return to her own humble home. She remained on at Graystone Hall, now rarely visited by her husband. She found herself calmly accepted, yet calmly neglected as well. Very naturally she hated the new Mrs. Rawn with all her soul; a hatred which, that lady replied in nothing better than a straight look into Grace's eyes, a look innocent, calm, and wholly fearless. Grace must now see the very jewels her own mother should have worn, blazing at the neck and hands of her stepmother, must see that lady taking easilycdy and as of right, what Grace could now never ask or expect for herself. With an unapproachable and wholly hateful air of distinction and good breeding which rankled most of all in crude Mrs. Halsey's heart, Virginia Rawn sat high on the car of Juggernaut, and the car of Juggernaut passed on. In pride and delight over

Fancied Himself to Be a Figure of Dignity.

his young wife, John Rawn really forgot his daughter. The young new wife did the same, or appeared to do so.

John Rawn had told the truth to his wife when first he had declared his sentiments toward her—he never before that time really had known love, or at least had not known infatuated love such as that he felt for her. He exulted in the vistas of delight which he saw before them, fancying them endless. The very sight of his wife, cool, faultless, self-possessed, haughty, filled him with a sense of his own importance, making him feel that he was one of God's chosen. She was his, he had found her, discovered her, collected her. She was his to put upon a pedestal, to admire, to display, to worship, to load down with jewels. He had something now which other men coveted and envied. He flaunted his ownership of such a woman in their faces. What more can a rich man do than that same? Is that not the dream and test of power—to secure what others may not have, to secure special privileges in this life? And is not the quest of beauty the first business of him who has attained power? Of all these special privileges which had come to John Rawn so swiftly in these late rapid years, none so delicately and warmly filled his heart as that of being able to call Virginia Rawn his own. Why blame him? The sultans of thirty or forty generations have devised nothing better than this test of power.

John Rawn, with all properly aristocratic leanings toward sultanry, lacked certain elements of sultanhood in strength, but had others in weakness. He did not know that in reality he was in the hands of a stronger nature than his own. "She's got him jumping through hoops," was the comment of one young man. "He'll sit up and bark whenever she gives the word!" But Rawn did not know that he was barking and jumping, his tongue hanging out excitedly, in all his mental pictures of himself he fanned himself to be a figure of dignity, of strength, indeed of majesty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When a Man's in Love.

Love was under discussion and the time-old "When-is-a-man-in-love" question came up. "A man is in love," said one, "when it gives him physical pain to tear up the slightest of her notes." "Nonsense—but it would be violating confidences to tell other answers. One only—the best—he begged leave to print. "A man isn't really in love," said this romantically astute old gentleman, "until he begins to skip the descriptions of heroines in novels he was praying. What's the use of reading that? I'll have her looking like her and talking like her anyway."—Metropolitan.

Enchanting and Faultless Millinery

MILLINERY so enchanting as that portrayed in these two models for dressy wear, does not come under the eye everyday.

We are so accustomed to good lines in shapes which are fashionable that few people realize how much thought and effort are required to bring out a new variety in the accepted styles. Lines must balance and the effect of trimming be considered. And when the shape is finally made the trimmer must see its possibilities in conjunction with the trimming stuffs at her command.

A happy combination of shape and trimming is evident in the soft fur hat trimmed with shaded ostrich, shown in the picture. The plain soft crown is oblong and rather small. The brim has a divided and even roll, turning up from the face but fitting well down over the head. The covering of sealskin is a marvel of perfect fitting.

This shape would be pretty on the head with the simplest of decorations or with none at all. But the rich ostrich in natural colorings is exactly suited to it and makes it the most elegant of hats.

One can hardly imagine a costume with which it would not look well, or a face that it would not suit. Not the least of its attractions is the apparent lack of any striving for effect. It seems the simplest of ideas and is indeed only the carrying out of a perception of the fitness of a certain trimming to a certain shape.

An equally beautiful but entirely different model is shown in the second figure. In this the trimmer has thought out a novel and wonderfully pretty arrangement of several trimming materials in a plain velvet shape. It is unusual and worthy of study and the effect is altogether successful.

The shape has a bonnet-like droop in the brim at the front. There is a short upward lift at the side and toward the back. Fine mallice finished with hemstitched edge and supported by the tiniest of wires, extends in airy tiers about the front and one side of the crown. Very scant ruffles of it fall over the brim, making a soft finish for the edge.

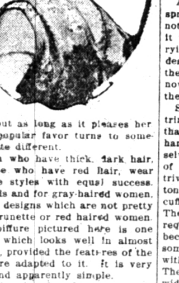
A folded collar of moire ribbon extends about the crown in a shade of Nattier blue, finished at the back with loops and ends. One large rose in silk and velvet, with a spray of foliage, is posed on the left brim.

Finishing the hat is a bride made of the ribbon doubled and stitched in to a narrow strip.

The hair is dressed in the Colonial style with short uneven ringlets at the side, but the coil instead of being placed high, is at the nape of the neck. This arrangement is demanded by the shape, which could not be worn without sufficient hair at the back to fill in nicely the space under the brim.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WAVED COIFFURE WITH SIDE PART MOST EFFECTIVE



NOW that the styles in hair dressing are undergoing a change, it seems that each fair lady may experiment for herself and wear what pleases her most. But she must remember to wave her hair, and to accomplish a coiffure which suggests an abundant supply of her crowning glory. Having found what is most becoming and pleasing in the way of hair dressing, the discriminating woman affects one style about as long as it pleases her even if popular favor turns to something quite different.

Women who have thick, dark hair, and those who have red hair, wear the same styles with equal success. For blonds and for gray-haired women, there are designs which are not pretty for the brunette or red haired women.

The coiffure pictured here is one of those which looks well in almost any color, provided the feature of the wearer are adapted to it. It is very refined and apparently simple.

A small and rather flat hair roll is needed for this style, and two side combs for supporting the twist or coil at the back. One need not possess more than the average growth of hair, and even less than that may be made to do up effectively, with the support of a hair roll. If the hair is very thick the coiffure may be managed without a roll. But it is better to use a roll for any style than to "fluff" the hair by combing it toward the roots. This process fluffs it but ends by breaking it badly and wears it to thinness.

After the hair has been waved all around the head half of it (parted off at the crown) is to be combed forward. The roll (pressed rather flat) is then pinned across the top of the head. The front hair is combed back over it and all the hair tied in loosely together below the crown, about at the base of the skull. Here it is coiled or arranged in a large puff and pinned to the head. It is not to be drawn back tightly at any place, but loosely, so that it can be arranged about the face becomingly.

A short part is made at the side (or in the middle of the forehead if preferred). There is more style in the side part. Small invisible pins catch the front hair to place so that it will remain without a net.

Finally the combs are inserted and the coiffure completed. The style is well suited to the present styles in millinery and is unusually graceful in outline.

CUFFS OF FUR USED AS MUFF

Designer's Clever Idea Has Proved Popular, and Really Has Much to Recommend It.

Although the bolster muff has sprung again into prominence, this is not the sole novelty of the season. It is to save women the trouble of carrying any muff at all that some clever designer evolved the notion of using the immensely wide cuffs of fur that now appear on the newest wraps of the season.

So roomy and wide are the sleeves trimmed with the deep cuffs of peltry that there is ample space for the fair hands of the wearer to wrap themselves comfortably within the recesses of the muff. The fastening is contrived by means of snaps or press buttons which are sewn in beneath the cuffs and form the connecting link. These are easily pulled apart at the required moment and the cuffs again become separate. As a matter of fact some women even dispense altogether with the actual fastening of the cuffs. The main point is the right depth and width of the cuff, which must extend from the wrist.

Hook Hint.

You know what a bother it is to sew hooks on the edge of a waist, without the stitches showing on the right side. My cousin has found an easy way to do this, writes a correspondent. She makes the hem the right width and runs an old corset steel through it, then sews on the hooks and pulls out the steel. She always uses eyes that are one size smaller than the hook and says they never come unfastened.

EVICTED VICEROY FROM HOME

Element of Humor in Recent Action of Petulant Government of New South Wales.

Australia is a land of political experiments. The latest of these is the eviction of the governor-general or viceroy, the official representative of the king. It is the government of New South Wales that has perfumed this astonishing feat, and the indignation which burst forth at the moment is giving way to prolonged laughter. Since the union of the colonies under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia, it has been the habit of the governor-general to live for a part of the year at Sydney, New South Wales, and for the other part at Melbourne, Victoria. Government house at Sydney is the property of the government of New South Wales, having been the residence of the governors of that colony before the commonwealth was formed; but the colonial government gladly lent it to the viceroy of all Australia for the honor of his presence in the city.

But the government of the colony recently took offense at the proposal of the federal government for the establishment by the commonwealth of a post office savings bank, which would have come into competition with the New South Wales State Savings bank, and rashly resolved to emphasize its opposition, hoping perhaps to frighten the federal government from its purpose, by resuming possession of government house and thereby turning out the governor-general. The deed has been done, and Lord Denham has left the city, cheered all along the route to the railway station by the citizens, and presented on their behalf, by the lord mayor with an address expressing love and loyalty, condemning the action of the government as an indefensive outrage on the national hospitality, and affirming the official residence at Sydney re-established. Alas for the spiteful landlord! There is in this affair the libretto for a comic opera.—Boston Herald.

Twelve Parts in Chinese Day.

The Chinese day is divided into 12 parts.

TWO VALUES TO CERTIFICATE

Obtained From Teacher to Secure Position as Caddy, It Also Serves as Business Recommendation.

The certificate of character that wins a boy a position on the golf links very often serves a double purpose. When the life of a caddy palls that same certificate is found useful to securing an office position. Some employers do not know what to make of that unusual recommendation.

"What's this?" said one man suspiciously to the boy who had applied for a situation. "It doesn't say a word about your writing or spelling or industry; it just states that you can be relied upon as a faithful caddy. What has that got to do with holding a steady job?"

"A whole lot," said the boy. "My teacher signed that. Most of the chaps up at the links have certificates of character from their teachers. If a fellow can be depended upon up there, why can't he be depended upon down here?"

That was an argument that fetched that particular employer and it has fetched many another man to whom similar references have been presented.

Cement Gun.

There is a cement gun which is used to apply a mortar covering to structural steel work. A mixture of dry sand and cement is shot from a nozzle by compressed air. A second hose delivers to the same nozzle a supply of water under pressure, and the mixture of sand, cement and water is shot out with a velocity of about 350 feet a second. The nozzle is arranged to produce a thorough wetting of the material. As the mixture strikes the surface to be covered, the coarse sand grains rebound until the fine cement mortar, which adheres immediately, has formed a plastic base in which the coarse particles become imbedded. A covering of any required thickness is then rapidly built up.

One of these guns has been used on the Panama canal in covering the sides of the Culebra cut with cement, to prevent the unstable earth from sliding into the canal.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE CANADIAN WEST

The Cities of Western Canada Reflect the Growth of the Country.

As one passes through Western Canada, taking the City of Winnipeg as a starting point, and then keeping tab on the various cities and towns that line the network of railways that cover the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and covering the eyes as the gaze is bent on these it is felt that there must be "something of a country" behind it all. Then gaze any direction you like and the same view is presented. Field after field of waving grain, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. Farm hands and laborers are at work converting the virgin prairie with more fields. Pasture land in every direction on which cattle are feeding, thriving and fattening on the grasses that are rich in milk and beef properties, but it is unfortunate that more cattle are not seen. That, however, is correcting itself. Here we have in a large measure, the evidence of the wealth that helps to build up the cities, and it should not be forgotten that the cities themselves have as citizens, young men who have come from other parts, and brought with them the experience that has taught them to avoid the mistakes of eastern and southern cities. They also are imbued with the western spirit of enterprise, energy and push, and so Western Canada has its cities. At a banquet recently given in Chicago, a number of prominent citizens of Winnipeg were guests. Among the speakers was Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg. In speaking of the remarkable growth of that city, which in thirty years has risen from a population of 2,000 to one of 200,000, he spoke of it as being the gateway of commerce and continued:

"Now, how do you think that tide of commerce is you will have some conception of when I tell you that the wheat alone grown in the three prairie provinces this year is sufficient to keep a steady stream of one thousand bushels per minute, continuously night and day, going to the head of the lakes for three and one-half months, and in addition to that the oats and barley would supply this stream for another four months.

"The value of the grain crop alone grown in the three prairie provinces would be sufficient to build any of our great transcontinental railroads and all their equipment, everything connected with them, from ocean to ocean.

"Now, if we are able to do this with only ten per cent. of our arable land under cultivation what will our possibilities be when 288,000,000 of acres of the best land that the sun shines on is brought under the plow? Do you not see the possibilities of a great, vigorous, populous nation living under those sunny skies north of the 49th parallel? And if with our present development we are able to do as we are doing now, to purchase a million dollars' worth of goods from you every day of the year, what will our trade be worth when we have fully developed the country?

"Now, who shall assist us to develop this great empire that is there? Shall it be the alien races of southern Europe or shall it be men of our own blood and language? In the last three fiscal years no less than 358,000 American farmers have come into Western Canada, bringing with them goods and cash to the value of $350,000,000. And I want to say here that the man who sets foot on our shores is more entirely and heartily welcome than the agriculturist from the south.

"So long as these conditions remain I consider that this is the best guaranty that the sword will never again be drawn in anger between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The grain crops of Western Canada in 1913 have well upheld the reputation that country has for abundant yields of all small grains.—Advertisement.

Almost a Straight Line.

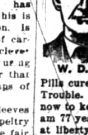
"What's the title of this moving picture?"

"'A Drunkard's Career,' in three reels."

"Pshaw! A drunkard's career that contains only three reels is nothing to be excited over."

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I am not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.



W. D. Smith.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

A Doubt.

"Did you read where some expert says kissing is immune from germs?"

"Even germs of affection?"

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

Natural Kind.

"I caught a firebug yesterday."

"A confirmed criminal?"

"No; a glowworm."

So thoughtful people use Bluid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

The man who has horse sense seldom feels his oats.