FIN FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—$600 down, balance same as rent!—on Staten Island. Dick Meade, newspaper man, cynic, socialist, takes dinner and spends the night. Dick warns Bob against John Brand, Bob's old schoolmate, now a pioneer of "the system," who is expected to call. Brand, Hughes Cement company president, offers Bob $40,000 to use his position as chemist with the United Construction company, to cheat the specifications for cement work on the Pecos River dam. Jane overhearing, asks Bob to accept. His refusal, in the face of their poverty, chills her. Brand wines Jane into a conspiracy to make Bob "earn" the $40,000. He takes her for an auto ride and they are seen by Dick. She receives $100 "conspiracy money" by mail from Brand, and in the sudden change from a skimping economist and unpaid bills to ready money loses all sense of true moral values. The clandestine auto rides continue. Jane tries in vain to influence Bob to accept Brand's offer. Dick arrives unusually early on his regular Wednesday visit. On the heels of Bob who arrives unexpectedly, come Mrs. Collins, Jane's chaperon, arrayed for a ride, and Brand, with his auto. The four actors are together on a stage set for tragedy. Jane explains the conspiracy. Bob again refuses to stake the $40,000, and Jane leaves him—for good, unless he reconsiders. Bob bugles his conscience and Jane gets her fine feathers. They become social friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brand. Dick disappears from their life. Bob begins to tipple.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Paying the Price.

With all their money and all Mrs. Brand's charm the Brands were not within the inner circle of New York society. Just what the circle is, is hard to say. Those who try to define it are generally those who know little about it, or who at least are not part of it. The circle is composed of many segments. There are times when these segments vie with others so that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. But the boundaries are there, and, generally speaking, they may be determined by the horizontal and vertical lines. New York has grown vertically; its skyscrapers stand as monuments to millions, but from the Battery to the Bronx it measures the same number of feet and inches as in the day of Peter Stuyvesant, and it is the landholders of New York that dominate the circle. Within its circumference there have been many encroachments. Savants are welcomed, toasted and forgotten. Marriage and intermarriage have brought many newcomers; millionaires and billionaires have been tolerated, but the oligarchy remains.

The Brands had neither antecedents nor matrimony as passports. Brand's wife had beauty, culture, wealth; all the reciprocal means that society loves, but she lacked incentive and ambition. Her nearest approach to the inner circle was the Long Island hunting set. She was an ardent horsewoman and rode and drove admirably. She had been received by some very smart people of the younger set in the hunts at Hempstead and Meadowbrook and if she had pursued these acquaintances, might have found an entering wedge to the sacred sphere. But the Brands lived on Little Rock Bay and it was something of a hardship for Mrs. Brand to shift her mounts from her stable half way across the island. An ambitious woman would not let such a little matter as that stand in the way of social preferment, but she found the effort irksome. She entered a few of her favorites in the horse show, but more from pride for her horses than in social quest. In fact, Mrs. Brand was not society mad. She courted comfort and liked her own amusements.

When Jane came upon the scene the situation changed. What Mrs. Brand lacked in way of aspirations, Jane supplied, and what young Mrs. Reynolds lacked in matter of ease was amply furnished by her new friend. Jane wanted all or nothing. She craved not only entree to the circle, but admittance to its most sacred confines. She urged Mrs. Brand to seek every possible avenue of approach to social recognition and influenced her to attempt lavish entertainments. Brand was agreeable enough. He rather enjoyed the energy and zeal that Mrs. Reynolds displayed and approved of the effect it had on his wife. He assisted with a supply of unlimited cash. Jane's only sesame to her goal was through her friend and by the means of her own personal attraction. She made the most of the latter and the little from her modiste and milliner caused Bob many a misgiving, despite the abandon with which he made and spent his money. He liked to see his wife look as good as the best and he plunged harder and deeper so that he could outfit her every wish without the semblance of question. Economy was a word that he had banished for ever and if their house had permitted it he would have urged her to attempt some of the prodigious affairs that she shared at the Brands.

Yet, while Reynolds indulged and encouraged his wife he found himself often assuming a care free spirit that he did not feel. There came moments when the false glamor of his life palled and he gave way to deepest melancholy. More and more he resorted to the bracing influence of stimulants and a cessation from this practise only accentuated his morbidness.

For a long time he kept the real state of his mind from Jane and the necessity for the deception carried him farther and farther away from her. In this life of wealth and gaiety the words of Brand now came home to him with poignant sting. He was, indeed, on the outside looking in. He saw his wife, through his spontaneity, mount higher to the goal of her ambition while he sank lower and lower. The metamorphosis of soul began to take on physical expression. The candor of his expression changed to cunning and craftiness and an inherent frankness of manner gave way to constraint. At the club the change became noticeable. His evenings there were not of the convivial sort as before. He sought only one form of amusement—gambling. He played heavily and lost oftener than he won. His speculations in the street also went awry. Within a year from the date of his ill-gotten prosperity, Reynolds had begun paying the price. He paid heavily and alone.

His thoughts often turned to Dick and the happy hours they had spent in the little bungalow. And Jane had seemed happy, too, for the reporter's boyish nature and lovable ways had endeared him to both. Reynolds forgot all the difficulties of their life across the bay and dated every element of discontent and unrest from the time of Brand's coming. Brand's coming—the thought of it made the blood surge through his veins—he cursed the day that he had ever made the millionaire's acquaintance and the day it had been renewed; and he cursed Brand himself. What had Brand ever done or intended to do for him? He had used him as a pawn in the game of spoil! A cat's-paw to drag a chestnut from the flame, and then he had thrown him the shell. And for such little gain as was his he had suffered an incomparable loss. He was burned and seared forever. In the bitterness of his reflections Reynolds did not scoff at his friend or rail at his seducer. He pitied Reynolds, not only for what he had done but for what he was—a palpable victim of the system's way. And the very worst kind of a victim, for at first the system had merely stolen a part of the man's earning power and now it had stolen the man himself. The reporter knew beyond a doubt that the false premises on which Bob had founded his new prosperity presaged only one thing—collapse. And unlike Reynolds, he had not simply wondered and dreamed. He had watched. He had kept himself informed about Bob, ready when the inevitable should come, to extend the needed aid.

Dick rose now, put on a well fitting tweed hat and walked leisurely over to the subway. He got off at Wall street and made his way to the offices of a prominent broker. He gave his card to one of the clerks and in a moment was shown into the private sanctum of the firm's head.

"Hello, Meade," the broker greeted. "You look prosperous. What can I do for you, business?"

The young writer smiled and twirled his stick.

"No," he replied, "I guess you've had about enough for one day. Broke pretty good for you, didn't it?"

"In amount of trade, yes. That's the only way it ever breaks good for us. Commissions are all we ask, Meade. Never speculate."

The broker pressed his lips firmly together as if he feared they might part and curl into a treacherous grin.

"Tut, tut," his caller cautioned, "you might make it seldom, to say the least." But he changed his bantering tone to one of sharp businesslike inflection.

"Henning," he said, "time is money to you and to me, too. I know something and I want to know a little more. Bob Reynolds speculates through your house. There was an awful slump in Consolidated Wire today. How badly was he stung on it?"

"Why, that's confidential, Meade. You don't expect me to tell my customers' business to everyone who inquires about it?"

Dick got up and walked over to the broker. He commanded attention this time in such a way that Henning was unable to evade his look.

"Don't quibble with me, Henning," he counseled. "You know that my inquiries into Reynolds' business aren't calculated to do him harm. I have heard something which makes me think he was caught pretty bad today. Now it's yes, or no. If you don't want to enlighten me, say so. Don't stall."

"That means," said the broker, "if I don't answer that you'll find out somewhere else. Well, then, he was hit a plenty. About forty thousand, and if I know anything about Mr. Reynolds' affairs, he was cleaned."

"All on one stock?" Meade asked.

"One was sweet enough," replied the broker. "Consolidated Wire did the trick."

"Quite an unexpected drop, wasn't it?" the young journalist commented. "Oh, by the way," he added lightly, "Mr. Brand, of the Hudson company, has been trading in Consolidated. I suppose he took a tumble, too."

Henning laughed outright.

"Yes, he took a tumble all right, but he took it first—before the drop—and sold. Stocks go up on a rising market," he said placidly. "They go so far and then they usually go down."

"And very reasonable of them, too," Dick feigned no surprise at Brand's good fortune. He got up and walked about the room, inspecting, in turn, the mural decorations. Then quite casually he fingered a pad of paper on the broker's desk and toyed with a convenient pencil. Unwittingly he drew some little lines on the paper, two vertical, and across them, two horizontal ones. Then he drew them again—a double cross.

Henning, a keen observer of this artistic trifling, reddened slightly, but his immobile features underwent no change. He watched the writer reach for his hat and neither spoke. As Dick opened the door the broker offered no commonplace good-by. His words might be considered somewhat irrelevant, but for the little cross Dick had scratched upon the pad.

"Meade," he said, without rising, "you're wasting your time at that magazine stuff. Why don't you come down here and get in with the live ones? You could make your fortune in the street beyond a doubt."

"Thanks," answered the journalist complacently. "Coming from you that's quite a compliment. But even a broker can't ignore some truths. If you don't mind I'll give you a motto for Wall street. 'Unto him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even more than he hath.' A slight revision of the original text but for the purpose a just one. Good-by, Henning."

"Wait!" called the broker.

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"Wait. I didn't know Reynolds was such a friend of yours. Maybe he isn't flat. Maybe we can fix him up a bit."

"I'm afraid not," Dick answered. "From what I knew and from what I've learned now, I fear he's past fixing."

He went out into the crowd. It was four o'clock. Wall and Broad streets were filled with a hurrying, scurrying throng.

Dick, in no mood for haste, was shoved and jostled, as he hugged the sides of buildings in his more leisurely progress toward the subway. When he saw the mobs pouring down into the tube at Wall and at Dey streets he wormed his way northward along Broadway till he found a taxi and headed for the Thirty-fourth street ferry.

The boat made its slip at Long Island City and he caught a train for Bayside where the Reynolds lived. Where they lived, but would live no more. Poor Bob! he thought, and poor Jane! For his heart went out to Jane as much as to his friend. She was but a girl, blinded by the glamor with which the trap had been baited and Bob was a man who had stepped boldly into it.

The end had come quicker than Dick thought it would. It was but a matter of time, he knew, but he would have given Bob more than a year.

He learned that the Reynolds' house was some thirty minutes walk from the station. He could find no means of conveyance, so he set out on foot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"We've Got a Fortune. Do You Realize It?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Unto Him That Hath.

Mr. Richard Meade it was now—not Dick. If Reynolds had followed the activities of the times he would have seen his friend's signature over articles of import in an enterprising weekly. For the reporter had abandoned his newspaper work and joined the staff of a powerful publication. He was a valued man, a "muck-raker" and crops were fine.

If a year had wrought so much to the detriment of Bob, it had been, on the other hand, equally beneficent to Dick. In the clearness of eye, directness of purpose and quiet reserve and tread accomplishment of purpose, Dick was a success, and the reward of success was manifest in his outward appearance, and his environment. He sat at a desk as big as Brand's in a suite as finely furnished and as richly carpeted. He looked out upon a busy thoroughfare, one of the cross streets in New York's colony of publishing houses. He inspected the passing throng, not with a restless spirit of inquiry and conjecture, but with calm acquiescence and quiet analysis. He was still a socialist, but a socialist of deeds, not words. He had learned to subdue his direct frontal attacks on the enemy and to take more credit unto himself and his kind. In this respect he had gratified some his employers and his writings attracted serious attention from the men who think.

When Dick thought of Bob and his venal surrender to Brand he did not scoff at his friend or rail at his seducer. He pitied Reynolds, not only for what he had done but for what he was—a palpable victim of the system's way. And the very worst kind of a victim, for at first the system had merely stolen a part of the man's earning power and now it had stolen the man himself. The reporter knew beyond a doubt that the false premises on which Bob had founded his new prosperity presaged only one thing—collapse. And unlike Reynolds, he had not simply wondered and dreamed. He had watched. He had kept himself informed about Bob, ready when the inevitable should come, to extend the needed aid.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Century Ago.

One hundred years ago the American privateer General Armstrong, in command of Capt. Guy R. Champlin, arrived at New York after a cruise of four months, in the course of which she had captured 11 British vessels. Only the day previous to her arrival in New York, while off Sandy Hook, she had captured the sloop Henrietta, laden with stores for the British fleet in Chesapeake bay. The General Armstrong was perhaps the foremost of the fighting privateers engaged in the second war with Great Britain. She was armed with nine large guns and carried a crew of 90 men. Early in her career, while cruising off the coast of South America, she battled for more than an hour with a British man-of-war carrying 27 guns, and then made good her escape from her more powerful adversary.

Chimney Built in Sixteen Days.

A firm in St. Louis built last winter a chimney 85 feet high and three feet inside diameter in seven days' working time. It was actually in service, according to the Engineering News, sixteen days after receipt of the order to begin work. It was built of reinforced tile concrete on a reinforced concrete foundation. At no time during the building was the morning temperature higher than 20 degrees Fahrenheit. The materials were heated before mixing and placing, and fires were kept in the chimney constantly.

Royalty and Politics.

It is difficult for people in this country to understand how it happens that in Europe all family affairs are mixed up with politics. Five years ago the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg married the Prince Danilo, heir to the crown of Montenegro. She is now at Jena, Germany, being treated for a serious nervous affection. It is well-known, say foreign papers, that this state of ill health is due to the reception she recently met at the court of Cettinje. King Nicholas has obstinately refused to see his daughter-in-law. The support given by Austria and Germany to Italy to force him to abandon Scutari roused him to fury. King Nicholas will not pardon his daughter-in-law for being German, and by his orders she was sent over the frontier. The efforts made by Prince Danilo for the reception of his unoffending wife only meet this response from the fierce old king: "No Germans about me! Do you hear that?"

Overcome.

"Now that you have heard my daughter sing, professor, what do you think of her voice?"

"Tomorrow, madam, I will tell you. Today—ach gott!—it is imboseible."

College Heads Variously Named.

Heads of colleges in British universities are variously known as wardens, masters, principals, rectors, provosts, presidents, deans and censors.

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

It was as a boy, long-legged, lanky and just into my teens that I made my application for a "job" with one of the mercantile concerns that was making an effort to secure trade from the people in the towns and country adjacent to one of our big western cities.

I had arrived in the city, having quit my job in a smaller metropolis many miles away after serving an arduous term as office boy and all-around "chore" in a small store. My self-confidence was small and my diffidence abnormal. I suppose I stood outside the store entrance for fully an hour before I mustered up courage enough to go in.

"I want to see the boss," was my statement to a rather flashy appearing man who asked me what I wanted.

"What for?"

"I want a job."

He sized me up quizzically and then pointed to a door leading into a dingy little office in the corner. There was a long counter, behind which a sleepy-looking bookkeeper was engaged in adding figures and within the office I could see a tall, angular man reading letters. Timidly I knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the angular man, in a deep, bass voice.

Tremblingly I approached him. He looked at me with a keen glance and asked me what I wanted.

"I want a job."

"What can you do?"

"Work around a store."

Then followed a series of questions, which I answered freely as I became more at ease.

"I need a good, hard-working boy," he said, "one that is honest and reliable. Have you any references?"

"No, sir." I explained that I had been refused a reference from my last employer because he did not wish me to quit and he had taken this petty revenge. Then he asked me a lot more questions about my work, etc., and finally he said:

"A reference doesn't amount to anything, anyhow. Men will give a reference to get rid of a fellow, lots of times. I've done it myself. You show me that you are all right, and we'll have no bother about the reference. I'll give you a job. Where are your things?"

"What things?"

"Why, your trunk or your valise or your bundle."

It was with humiliation that I confessed that I did not have anything except the clothes I had on. I did not confess to the possession of a pair of neatly darned socks, which I had in one jacket pocket. As for linen, why, I had the shirt I was wearing and my celluloid collar had been, so far, all sufficient, as I could launder it in a minute in a basin of water.

He laughed and said, "All right, sonny; start right in and see that you don't take away from my store any more than you fetched into it."

I barely existed on the three dollars a week he paid me, but managed to make shift by sleeping on a cot in the rear of the store.

"You can go out in the store and straighten up stock," he said, "and fix everything up in good style. Every morning you will take the broom and sweep out, and if you find anything on the floor, bring it to me. I belong to me because this is my store, understand?"

I nodded assent.

"During the day you can help around the store, wrapping up bundles, filling orders and doing anything that comes handy, but keep busy."

In my after years I realized how pitiful, how utterly inadequate, how worthless for all practical purposes was the "junk"—yet, it was no better—that he had in stock. As a buyer I have since visited the biggest markets in all of the principal cities, and I have never seen anything like the stuff he had piled on his shelves. There was a long table with clothing, made from material known as "shoddy." When you wore it out in the rain it became a pulp and lost any semblance of shape. There were shoes, made of the cheapest leather, with insoles of paper; there were barrels of brown sugar, "coffee A," etc., and a big canister of "white" sugar. There was coffee, which I mixed with roasted beans and corn and ground by hand in the "mill" screwed to the dirty pine counter. There were prunes, raisins, currants, apples, all dried.

The dry goods would now be considered utterly worthless. Thin, scrawny and shapeless, the stuff would unroll from the bolts, while the ribbons were flyspecked and dirty. Then there was a stock of "notions," a stock of hardware, more groceries, not forgetting a barrel each of whisky, rum, molasses and vinegar. There were other things, numerous to mention, but all of the same questionable value.

The store made pretensions to being quite an establishment, but I will state honestly that as I remember that awful stock of merchandise it would not offer $100 for the whole outfit, were I to appraise it today.

So I swept out the store mornings, tied up bundles and waited on customers during the day and at night I crawled under the counter, too tired to dream, and slept amidst the odors from the barreled and boxed groceries.

He showed me how to manipulate the old-fashioned scales so that I could cheat an old woman out of a pound or two of sugar or flour. Our pint, quart and gallon measures had false bottoms. Our peck and bushel measures were fixed for false measure, and there was ample material for adulteration of all commodities. He instructed me in their use, and one day he bounced me without mercy because he observed that I did not sufficiently adulterate the purchase of an old Irishwoman who did my other shirt up (for I now had two) and who mended my socks for a few pennies a week.

"You'll never learn the business," he said, rather sadly, "unless you watch every chance to make a penny. It's the pennies that count in this business."

"Get their money," he used to say with great unction, "get all you can out of them for as little as you can give. If they come back and holler it is plenty of time enough to make it right. Then, of course, it was a mistake, but be careful and don't give too much, even then."

And then this old rascal began to make it a practice to call me into his office when a customer came in to complain of short weight or short measure, and put the blame on me for it. If the kick was a strong one he would "fire" me then and there, and I used to go out into the back room and loaf until the customer had gone. But I had no chance to lose my job.

He made it a point to wait on little children who came into the store, and I realize now that his purpose was to short-change them out of a few pennies.

It came about that I filled all the orders sent in by mail or that were left to be filled for farmers who brought in an order made out by the wife. Many and many a wigging was had by innocent farmers who were blamed by their wives for "forgetting" to order certain articles. Of course the things were never put into the package, although paid for.

I knew it was wrong. I knew I was cheating these customers, but, here was this old hinger who went to church regularly and was a deacon in the leading house of worship. His argument when I made a weak objection to this method was that he was in business to make money and that the thefts were so small that nobody missed the money. Besides, he was my "boss," and he was responsible. That is what he told me in so many words.

One day I told him I was going to quit. Here I was a half-starved and wholly overworked boy, ignorant of the world and without a penny saved, and absolutely dependent upon my daily wage for food, but desiring strongly to escape from this old scoundrel.

When I told him I wanted to quit he dragged me into the office and beat me with a strap. He threatened me with an awful death, cutting my throat, and that sort of stuff, if I tried to get away. And I believed him and I did not sleep soundly that night as I pictured in my boyish mind the horrors and tortures he had threatened me with.

After that I planned. I planned to murder him. I planned to burn down the store. I planned to do anything and everything that might offer me a chance to get away from the hateful place. And one day the chance came.

Back behind the counter one afternoon I found a pocketbook. It belonged to him. I knew if as I knew my own right hand, for it was from this selfsame pocketbook that he gave me grudgingly every Saturday night, so slowly and grouchily that I feared each time that he would change his mind and withhold it, my three dollars. In the pocketbook were bills to the amount of $30.

Fear assailed me at this discovery, but conscience never spoke. I buried it in the prune barrel and continued my work. He searched for it everywhere. He gave me a brutal questioning and tortured me by twisting my arm until I screamed with pain. But wild horses would not have dragged my secret away.

In the pocketbook were some notes and other papers identifying it. I took out the currency and hid it again in the prune barrel after a few days. Then, one night, I slipped out and left the pocketbook, with the papers in it on the wooden sidewalk, because he had made his loss known by word of mouth and had announced that he would give $5 for its return.

The next day the pocketbook was brought into the store by a man who said he had found it and who demanded the reward. The boss opened it, found that the $30 was missing and accused the finder of being a thief. He refused to pay any reward.

They fought all over the store. The boss was soundly trounced, and I, pitiful object of humanity, a scrawny, half-starved boy and the author of his misfortune, sneaked behind the counter and choked my mouth with a shoddy coat sleeve to keep from shrieking with unholy joy.

Some days later I resurrected the $30 from the prune barrel and with this modest fortune left in the night for parts unknown.

Did I return the money in my later years of prosperity? I did not.

Best Way to Keep Apples.

The best vessels in which to keep apples are crates or baskets that permit ventilation, and great care in handling the fruit to prevent bruising. When it commences to reach its full stage of ripening it is well to sort it occasionally, and remove and use any that are commencing to decay, or that are becoming soft or overripe. Firm specimens can be wrapped in pieces of ordinary newspaper and put in ventilated crates, baskets or barrels in a cool place, and there kept for a longer time than when not so wrapped.

Land Holdings in Mexico.

It is said that land holdings today are so concentrated in Mexico that 7,000 families hold practically all the arable land. If the distribution were in proportion to that in the United States, John Kenneth Turner has reckoned, there would be 1,000,000 Mexicans holding land instead of 7,000. In the state of Morelos 12 proprietors hold nine-tenths of the farming district. In Chihuahua the Terrazas family held nearly twenty million acres. Yucatan is held by the Sisal kings, 30 men only.

She Didn't Need Help.

Bill—And did Lulu cry for help when you tried to kiss her?

Jill—Certainly not. Why should she want help? I didn't try to run away.

Backache Spells Danger

Do you know that your bad back may be merely a hint of some hidden, deep-seated kidney disorder? Cause records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 10 years. Backache can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming rheumatism, gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment—the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Anna Wright, 418 Vermont Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "I suffered intensely from a dull, aching, dragging pain in my back. My kidneys were weak and disordered and I was unfitted for work in the secretaries. I tired easily, lacked ambition and had a bad headache. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me as soon as I used them. I have never suffered since."

Two boxes cured me.

Get Doan's at any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

IS MATTER OF COMPARISON

True Significance of World's Styling a Man Wise and Virtuous Beyond His Fellows.

It is usual to compare one man with another; and finding very few whom we can call wise or virtuous, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe that the honorable appellations of wise and virtuous are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of wisdom and virtue, but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man; so that to say there are few wise men in the world is really to say nothing; since it is only by their scarcity that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Lord Bacon, we should still have reason to say that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a singular homage to anyone who was not singularly distinguished by his talents.—David Hume.

FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed on the surface, afford immediate relief and point to speedy healment of sleep-destroying eczemas, rashes, itchings, burnings, scalings and crustings of the skin and scalp of infants and children, bringing rest to worn-out anxious mothers and peace to distracted households. For free sample each with 32 p. Skin Book, address postcard Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Early Dams on the Nile.

What the British are undertaking in the Nile country, in the introduction of irrigation works, is carried out to an interesting extent about 6,500 years ago by King Menes. He is credited with the earliest irrigation works, when dykes were made on the west bank of the Nile to retain the flood waters on the land for a longer period, the east bank being left open for the inundation to spend itself freely. Two thousand years later Amenemhat III extended the same system of "basin irrigation" to the east bank, and in order to ward off the danger of a high flood he made a lake where is now the Fayum. Into this great artificial lake, one of the wonders of the world at that period, the high waters were allowed to escape, and from it, when the crest of the flood had passed, the basins of lower Egypt were kept supplied, without danger of overflooding.

Neutral.

"Can't ya give a poor old soldier a dime?" whined the panhandler. "I just come over from fightin' fer France and I ain't gotta cent to my name."

"Sorry, old man," said Dingbat, with a deep sigh, "I'd like to help you out, but in these delicate moments I must adhere to our national policy and decline to give aid to belligerents."—Judge.

Worth Hoping For.

Pa—What's that dreadful noise in the parlor?

Ma—Sarah's new beau is showing her how he can throw his voice.

Pa—Well, don't disturb him; maybe he'll throw it so far he won't be able to get it back again.—Youngstown Telegram.

Of His Heir.

Alice—What is your favorite air, Betty — The millionaire. — Boston Evening Transcript.

A woman hates a male flirt worse than she hates a mouse—unless he's flirting with her.

Good Nights

are enjoyed by those in good health. The perfect digestion, clear system, and pure blood upon which sound health depends, will be given you by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHRUP & LYMAN CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore the Hair to Health.