



CAST OF PLAY AND LANDSCAPE

ALTHOUGH the recent terribly destructive conflagration destroyed the whole of the manufacturing section of Salem, Mass., there still sits the ancient city dreaming long dreams of a historic past.

More and more, as the years slip by, Hawthorne comes to be the great genius of Salem, and pilgrims to increasing numbers come back to seek the few abiding traces of his life there; and though they go to Gallows hill and also to the ruins of the old merchants and their portraits and the pictures of their ships they go first to the house where Hawthorne was born, to the orchard where he lived and worked, and to the sleepy, dignified old custom house from whose drab duties grew the strange flower of weird romance.

Madness of Witchcraft. Never again, the world surely hopes, can come upon a fonder people so notorious a madness as the Salem witchcraft delusion, yet in it were set the roots of temperament which made Hawthorne what he was. His gruesome mystery seems to brood in all the air and one cannot visit the haunts and the scenes of its terror today without feeling some atmosphere of it still hovering about the place.

The spring sun and the spring rain fall gently on Gallows hill. It stands bare and wind-swept lonely as it did when the witches met their fate there, as it stood since the glimmers ground over no one knows how many thousand years ago. The tough rock of which it was built shows everywhere the traces of the fire which melted and fused it in its present form, its jagged coloration burnt into it as the story of the deeds wrought on its summit is seared into the annual of old Salem.

Salem's golden days began a century or more after the witchcraft delusion had burned to ashes the bones of its own fire. Certainly the descendants of the men who feared the devil and his emissaries feared little else. It might be formidable standing at night with withered crones on the wild hills of Salem pastures, but they laughed in his face when he came on the high seas with shotted guns and foreign sailors outumbering their own guns and crews two to one.

It was in November, 1875, that the great annual of old Salem was cleared and commanded by Ebenezer West cleared for Canton, China, the first American ship to seek this round-the-world voyage. The ship was returned, the result of her voyage, for one thing, being a cargo that brought her owners twice more capital than she had started with. The merchants often sold not only the cargo but the ship itself in these far-distant ports, and later the Grand Turk Cape, and later the Grand Turk Cape, and later the Grand Turk Cape, and later the Grand Turk Cape.

FAITHFUL FRIEND

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

A woman shrieked and fainted away, a gathering of street loafers parted summarily, expressions of excitement, wonder and then horror were cast upon the ambient afternoon air at Purdy Corners.

Tragically and without warning there had sped around the corner of the public square a panting, bristling wild-eyed collie dog. Its fleetness was that of a greyhound, its progress that of a khal, intelligent dumb animal bent upon some mission of vital urgency.

"Old Judge Warren's dog!" shrieked a dozen voices in unison. "What's he up to—gone mad?" "No, he's been hurt—look at the blood on him!"

The last speaker was the village smith. To him both dog and owner had been known for years. With him Don had been always friend and favorite. The animal swung its blood-shot gaze towards him. There was pathos and pleading in the glance, a few whimpering howls, but Don kept striding on until he reached the stone steps leading up into the little county courthouse.

It was there, ever since he had done with his dog and active business cares, that Judge Warren had come daily to keep in the routine of old acquaintance. That morning he had been missed, and now his usual companion had appeared in a manner that indicated the mysterious, the terrifying, the tragic.

For only a moment Don faltered at the steps. Then he sprang up the crowd followed. There was a sudden hush over all the scene. It was as if the dog had been struck by lightning.

The shadow of the tragedy never entirely was dispelled in the life of Don, but out of the unshakable love of Walter Burdett she forgot most of its bitterness.

ARE HARD TO REASON WITH. Patrons of Stores Adverting to Refund Money on Request Some Times Make Queer Claims.

The clerks stationed at the exchange bureau of the large stores tell of many curious incidents that take place every day, as note the following incident:

A lady in a great hurry one day rushed up to the exchange desk of a well-known store and said: "Exchange this money for me, please."

The clerk opened the package and asked in a polite manner: "Where is your purchase slip, madam?"

"Oh," said the lady in great haste, "I bought my meat here, and I want my money back."

"But," continued the clerk, "we cannot refund money on this article unless you have the sales slip so we can see the date of purchase."

"I bought it at the beginning of winter," she continued, "I used a ham muf while it was cold, but now I have no further use for it, and wish my money back. You advertise to refund money on request, so I require the money be given me in exchange for my muf. You see, it is in very good order, and you can sell it again next winter."

TO CONTROL THE MISSISSIPPI. Famous British Engineer Comes Forward With Idea That He Thinks Would Solve Problem.

Sam William Willocks, builder of the Assuan dam in Egypt, told in a recent issue of the "Engineering Record" how he would control the Mississippi river.

Then came a reluctant mournful mission for Burdett. Judge Warren had one living relative in the world—a young girl, who was at a boarding school 200 miles away. Some one must advise her of the death of her only friend in the world. Burdett departed for the first time.

He was amazed when he first burst of grief was over with the young girl to observe that into her fair face there had come a certain sternness, as though the murder of her friend had changed all the currents of her being.

And, as if registering a solemn promise, Walter Burdett looked into the eyes of the girl and said: "I will not fail in his chosen mission."

became necessary. Don, recovering from his fearful wounds, refused to leave the grounds. He would stand all day and night near the closed door way of the house, looking up and down the road constantly as if expecting some one by whom he was looking for to pass by.

Walter finally dragged the dog house to the spot, chained up Don and morning and night brought him his meals.

There came a climax. One moonlight evening Walter had just attended to the wants of the poor, faithful animal when an automobile sped by. Don had made a sudden leap, with a sharp, wild cry. He tugged at his chain, he glared at the disappearing machine. Plainly in the clear moonlight Walter saw that it held but one person, a man, apparently a stranger in the neighborhood.

Don leaped into the air. He hit his chain, he was fairly frantic. A speedily thought impressed Walter, as following upon him with his eye, he saw it turn into a wooded stretch away from the traversed roadway.

Had the dog's instinct guided him to recognize in the automobile the slayer of his master? The impression led Walter to trace down the machine. It had halted in a dense grove, one edge of which was bounded by a deep ravine. There the stranger was reaching into the trunk of a hollow tree. He drew out a small iron box. Walter recognized it as the missing possession of his dead client.

"You are the man?" he shouted, springing upon the murderer. "And you know too much!" growled the other. They clinched, Walter fell underneath. The man had drawn a knife. Kneeling upon the breast of his adversary, he raised it menacingly.

At that moment there was a metallic clink, then a weird shrill scream. Don, broken free from his captivity, had sprang upon the shoulders of the man. Over and over they rolled.

There the man died, his victim's cruel fate avenged. Don, stark and wild as he had ever been, disappeared over the edge of the ravine.

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CHALLENGE THE MURDER OF MADERO

CARRANZA SAYS NO UNIVERSAL VENGEANCE NEED BE FEARED.

REFERS TO LINCOLN TRIAL. Foreign Landholders in Lower California Who Hold Land Grants From Diaz and Huerta to Be Ousted.

Laredo, Texas.—"No nation need fear an indiscriminate taking of vengeance against the federal," General Carranza Monday told representatives of President Wilson, according to reliable reports, which Tuesday reached the border.

When Philip C. Hanna, United States consul general, John R. Silliman and T. Ayres Robertson questioned General Carranza as to his plans, they were told, it was said, that there would be neither universal political amnesty nor universal condemnation of political prisoners. Each case would be dealt with "according to the procedure of civilized countries which have passed through a similar stress of civil war."

It was made plain, however, that the men implicated in the death of President Madero and Vice-President Suarez would be dealt with severely.

"Carranza, it was said, referred to the military trial of those connected with Lincoln's assassination, which he said "met the approval of the civilized world."

At a night constitutional assembly at Nuevo Laredo, opposite here, Tuesday said General Carranza had issued an edict forbidding all constitutionalists to hold office with "according to the presidency of Mexico at future elections."

TO ANNUAL HUERTA CONCESSIONS. Los Angeles, Cal.—American, French and Japanese landholders in Lower California, who received concessions from the late Diaz, are to be ousted and their land turned over to the Mexican people by Adolfo Carranza, according to Adolfo Carranza, according to Adolfo Carranza, according to Adolfo Carranza.

Huerta Sails From Mexico. Puerto Mexico, Mex.—The German cruiser Dresden with General Huerta and his family and former War Minister Blaquez, Senora Blaquez and their daughter aboard, sailed at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening for Jamaica.

TWO PERISH AS HOME BURNS. Fire at Farm House Takes Toll of Two Lives at Bingham.

Traverse City, Mich.—When fire destroyed the farm house of Will Michem, of Bingham, Monday morning, his mother, Mrs. John Martin, and his 11-year-old brother, of this city were burned to death.

Factory at Saginaw Burns. Saginaw, Mich.—The "wiped out" plant of the Michigan Transfer Co. here at 11:30 Tuesday night. The loss will aggregate \$50,000, part of which is covered by insurance. The fire, the company says, was caused by a gas leak, started in the long frame building and spread so rapidly that the combined efforts of nearly all the Saginaw apparatus could not check it.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST. The approximate assessed valuation of the state this year is \$2,700,000,000, which is \$874,556,958 higher than in 1911.

For Picnickers. Attractive sets of plates, doilies, napkins and a tablecloth, all of paper, are sold for 40 cents. All the articles are decorated with flowers in color or with other designs. There are 12 doilies, 12 plates, 12 napkins and one tablecloth. These sets are especially useful for picnickers and they can also be used for lawn parties and porch parties.

Colored Mosier. There is no use in evading the question of colored history any longer, for it has returned to prominence with stockings of the most brilliant hue being the fad for summer wear. One store is showing a line of Halse stockings in especially good colors for 60 cents a pair, and at another store are shown stockings in all the intense new shades for \$1 a pair.

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Scarf-Mantle and Medici Collar



ONE way of arranging a scarf so that it becomes a mantle is very clearly shown here. A three-yard scarf of chiffon is finished with hem-stitching at the head of a two-inch hem on three sides and has a half-inch hem on the fourth side. A tuck, equal in width to the hem, and an inch above it, is placed across each end.

Masculine Outfit for Tiny Boy. The little gray hat of felt has a ribbon of red and a ribbon of blue. These ties add the lad's curls are all that is left to him of babyhood, and by the time his years amount to four they must disappear.



ON THAT happy day when the baby discards dresses and promptly disdains them forever afterward he dons a distinctly masculine outfit like that pictured in the pleasing illustration given here. Lace and other fabrics are a thing of the past with him, and he is hereafter to be clothed in substantial stuffs to fit the rough-and-tumble experiences of his boyhood which lie before him.

All the world over mothers might follow this manner of dressing the small man, and it is every way the most satisfactory of styles. It allows the child absolute freedom, is easily kept clean and is smart in appearance. It is simple in construction that the most ordinary of needlewomen can undertake the making.

Flounces for Negligees. Flounces of mousseline de soie arranged on the latest negligees of crepe de chine. They are gathered or cut circular, rippling full at the lower edge.

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