

**SEALED AT THE FACTORY**  
**STANLEY'S**  
 THE BEST  
**MACARONI**  
 CAPRI  
 THE ITALIAN  
 MACARONI

**SAYS ALL CHILDREN DO IT**

University President Startles Heaters by Declaring Youth Like to "Take" Things.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, speaking on "Religion and Education," the other day, tossed off a number of opinions that rather startled some of his hearers. "Say, 'danna' once in a while if the occasion demands," Doctor Hall advised, and when the speaker had subsided he gave it as his belief that slapping children was a good practice if the slappings were administered vigorously and "not more in sorrow than in anger."

"By very kind about stealing," said the wise doctor, "for all children do it."

"That appears to be a pretty broad assertion," says the Dayton News. "Perhaps the doctor is right, but if we hope that he has overstated the case. In justice to him it must be added that he qualified his assertion concerning the thieving propensities of children by saying:

"Possibly there is not a person here, a man at least, who has not stolen apples, turned up watermelons, or if they had been caught in the city they would have been branded as criminals."

"We can understand the doctor's conclusions concerning apples and watermelons, but why should any boy want to steal trinkets? As well as accuse all boys of preferring watermelons, why refuse to believe that Doctor Hall was not too general in his accusation."

**LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS**

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati method.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezeone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the corn, root and all, lifts right out. This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezeone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from your feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezeone for you from his wholesale drug house.—M.V.

**A Sticky Story.**  
 Mr. Barry had the famous humorist, as is never in telling a good story as he is at writing one. Some time ago he was present at a gathering of artists, and by the course of the evening he rose to make a speech, "Gentlemen," he said, "being present at a gathering in which art is so largely represented, I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words concerning the subject of painting. Speaking personally, my only efforts in that direction were on an occasion when I emulsified our bath. My friends said to me, 'My dear fellow, it's no good your going in for painting unless you're prepared to stick to your work.' Well," concluded Mr. Pain, amidst the laughter of his audience, "I did."—London Tit-Bits.

**Full Speed Ahead.**  
 They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.  
 "There's a sign, dear. Are we on the right road?"  
 With his flashlight he read, "To the Posthouse."  
 "Yes," he answered, "We're on the right road and we didn't know it."—Christian Register.

Polishing furniture by machine instead of by hand is made possible by a recent British invention.

No matter in what position it is attached, the seat of a new bathtub chair remains level.

**POSTUM**

A wholesome table beverage with winning flavor.

Used everywhere by folks who find that coffee disagrees.

"There's a Reason"

**THE ESCALANTE**  
 By FRANCIS LYNDE

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**CHAPTER XIV—Continued.**

Stanton was wrestling with his problem when the "handsome couple" returned from the play. The trust field captain saw them as they crossed the lobby to the club and again remarked the little evidences of familiarity. "That settles it," he mused, with an outburst of the pugmugger's jaw, "I know more about Smith than anybody else in this neck of woods—and she's got it to tell!"

Stanton began his explanation for the bejeweled lady by his ally, Miss Richlander, who was alone and unfriended in the hotel—and also a little bored. Hence she was easy of approach; so easy that by luncheon time the sham prospector's wife was able to introduce her husband, Stanton lost no moment in investigating. For the inquiring purpose, Smith was made to figure as a business acquaintance, and Stanton was generous in his praise of the young man's astounding financial ability.

"It's simply a wonder, Miss Richlander!" he confided over the luncheon table. "Coming here a few weeks ago, absolutely unknown, he has already become a prominent man of affairs."

"No?" said Miss Verda. "How singular!" But she did not volunteer to supply any of the missing biographical facts.

"Absolutely nothing," Stanton went on smoothly. "April, of course, his assistance about himself has been grossly misinterpreted. I have even heard it said that he is an escaped convict."

"Isn't it? But you know how people will talk. They are saying now that his name isn't Smith; that he has merely taken the surname name in the category as an alias."

"I can't contradict that, anyway," Miss Richlander offered. "His name is really Smith, isn't it?"

"You have known him a long time, haven't you?" inquired the lady with the headlight diamonds.

"That was back in New York state," Stanton slipped in.

"In the East, yes. He comes of an excellent family. His father's people were well-to-do farmers, and one of his grandsons on his mother's side was on their farm, raising the big head trout; but if he had no backers the other hypothesis eliminated itself instantly—he was in hiding; he had done something from which he had run away."

"What state did you say?" queried Stanton craftily. "But Miss Verda, I far too wide-awake to let him surprise her."

"Our home state, of course. I don't believe any member of Mr. Stanton's immediate family on either side has ever moved out of it."

"Stanton gave up if for the time being, and was contented upon the whole. Smith might have business reasons for secrecy—he might have backers who wished to remain completely unknown in their fight against the big head trout; but if he had no backers the other hypothesis eliminated itself instantly—he was in hiding; he had done something from which he had run away."

It was not until after office hours that Stanton was able to verify his equation to its simplest terms, and it was Shaw, dropping in to make his report after his first day's work as clerk

of the High Line, who told him that his half-closed eyes had a murderous glint in them.

"For instance?" he inquired cynically.

"Anybody," said Stanton absently. "He was going over the list of stockholders to get the water covered in the old charter, on condition that the project should be completed, or at least be far enough along to turn water into the ditches by a given date. This time limit, which carries over from Timanony Ditch to Timanony High Line, expires next week. We're petitioning for an extension, but if we don't get it we shall still be able to back the water up so that it will flow into the lower level of ditches by next Thursday, that is, barring accidents."

"Yes; with no accidents," mused Starbuck. "Can't get shut of the 'if,' so say not about that, can we? So that's why the Stanton people have been fighting so wolfishly for delay, is it? John, this is a wicked, wicked world!"

Then he switched abruptly. "Where did you corral all those good looks you took to the opera house last night, John?"

Smith's laugh was strictly perfumery.

"That was Miss Vera Richlander, an old friend of mine from back home. She is out here with her father, and the father has gone up into the Topaz country to buy him a gold brick."

"Not in a Topaz," Starbuck struck in loyally. "We don't make bricks up there—the phony kind. But let that go and tell me something else. A while back when you were over, I saw a little song and dance about the colonel's daughter, you mentioned another woman—though not by name if you happen to be reticent—wasn't I wondering if this Miss Rich-people, or whatever her name is, might be the other one?"

"I can't remember the name," Stanton called the note without embarrassment. "You've called the turn, Billy. She is the other one."

"Oh, no; it was just one of the near-neighbors. She didn't know I was here, and I had no hint that she was coming."

"All right; it's your room; not mine. But I'm going to pull you chestnut out of the fire for you, even if I do get my fingers burned. This Mr. Rich-folks has had only one day here in Brevelor, but she's used it in getting mighty chummy with the Stanton girls. Does that figure on news to you?"

"It does," said Smith simply; and he added, "I don't understand it."

"Funny," remarked the ex-cowman. "It didn't half up for me, then, a minute or two. Stanton fixed it some way—because he needed to. Tell me something, John; could this Miss Richlander half Stanton out in any of his little schemes if she took a notion?"

Smith turned away and stared at the blackened square of outer darkness lying beyond the office window.

"She could, Billy; but she won't," he answered.

"You can dig up your last dollar and bet on that, can you?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Yes; that's just what I was most afraid of."

"You're being an ass, Billy."

"You're trying mighty hard not to be, John, but sometimes the cars will go on the best of us—in spite of the devil. What I mean is this: I set you two back when you came out of the Hophra dining-room together last night, and I saw the look in that girl's eyes. Do you know what that look was, John? John? I said: 'Oh, your little girl at the Hillcrest ranch—good-by, you!'"

Smith's grin was half antagonistic. "You are an ass, Billy," he asserted. "I never was in love with Verda Richlander, nor she with me."

"You're just making it hang there, John. You can't speak for the woman—no man ever can. What I'm telling you now is that I've seen her making about you that Stanton could make use of."

thing that worries me now is the time limit."

"The time limit," echoed Starbuck. "What's that?"

"It's the handicap we inherit from the original company. Certain state rights to the water were conveyed in the old charter, on condition that the project should be completed, or at least be far enough along to turn water into the ditches by a given date. This time limit, which carries over from Timanony Ditch to Timanony High Line, expires next week. We're petitioning for an extension, but if we don't get it we shall still be able to back the water up so that it will flow into the lower level of ditches by next Thursday, that is, barring accidents."

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train pulled out and let Crawford make his get-away. You guess, and I'll guess, and we'll both say it is about this Escalante snap which is aiming to be known as the Escalante deal. Ain't it the truth?"

"Again Smith nodded, and said, "Go on."

"After number five had gone Stanton broke for his ambulance, looking like he could hit his nail in the hammer to hear the order he gave the shover, and I had my cayuse hitched over at Bob Starbuck's joint. Naturally, I ain't a single word, and when I got there I didn't, but him to it, I got there soon enough. It was out at Jeff Barton's roadhouse on the Topaz trail, and Stanton was stuck up in the back room with a sort of in-horn 'bad man' named Lanterby."

"You listened?" said Smith still without eagerness.

"Right you are. And they fooled me. Two schemes were on tap; one pointing at Williams and the dam, and the other at you. These were both 'fast' jobs."

"Stanton Fixed It Some Way."

resort; Stanton said he had one more strike to pull first. If that broke well, I've said I half a dozen times already, John, you either have to be a fool or you've got to be a genius. I'm telling you right here and now, that bunch is going to get you, even if it costs money."

"You say Stanton said he had one more string to pull; he didn't give it a name, did he?"

"No, but I've got a notion of my own. Was the really answer. "It's trying to get next to you through the women, with the Miss Rich-people for his own opener. But when everything else fails he is to send a messenger to Lanterby, one of two passwords. 'Williams' means dynamite and the dam; 'Stark' means the removal from the map of a fellow named Stark. Nice prospect, isn't it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**IMPORTANT THINGS TO KNOW**

Knowledge of How to Keep Alive and Well, Placed First by the List by Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer analyzed the different kinds of knowledge necessary for success in order of their importance:

1. Knowledge of how to keep alive.
2. Knowledge of work which gives you means to live.
3. Knowledge of how to rear children.
4. Knowledge of your proper social and political position.
5. Knowledge of art and music and amusements, etc.

It is feared there is a reverse often and a disposition, for instance, to put amusements and fashion ahead of the knowledge of how to keep well. It is not entirely so, but there is in fact work and duty in the background which are of the greatest importance.

By Night (St. Augustine) you may hear the negroes sweeping the streets, doubly darkling over their surface and softly gossiping together, writes W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine. They are not the only things that you hear, for the usual race seems to have no more staid hours for sleeping than eating. Their mellow murmurs, especially when the night is still, rise up like what seems perpetual joking, as if from their humorous pleasure at being alive together in the same atmosphere of life.

Rare Animals Coming. The British Museum of Natural History is looking forward to adding to its collection specimens of gorilla, serow and sambar. For Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, its president, has received from Roy C. Andrews, in charge of the museum's expedition to Yunnan, China, that he has succeeded in getting some splendid specimens of the "frontiers of Tibet and Burma. These animals, which live at the edge of the straits, are exceedingly rare.

Puppy Love. The bride was found in tears, clutching her little woolly dog Mullins and at intervals musing to herself, "Sweetheart, sweetheart!" said her terrified husband, "what is the matter? Tell me; what is the matter?" "Oh-o-h," she wailed between agonized sobs, "Muffin is going to be sick—I know he is. He bit a piece out of a peddler's leg today."

More of Same Goods Wanted. "You are charged with kissing this young lady."

"Good! I'd like to have the charge account kept open indefinitely."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. "My eyes were so sore and itched that I could not see a thing. After using Murine Eye Remedy for a few days they were perfectly cured. I can see now as well as ever."—Boston Evening Transcript.



As beneficial as it is enjoyable—in other words, doubly beneficial: that's why

**WRIGLEYS**  
 is popular the world over. Many a long watch or a hard job is made more cheerful by this long-lasting refreshment.

After Every Meal The Flavor Lasts

Aids appetite and digestion

**WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT** Always thirst and fatigue

**WRIGLEYS' DOUBLE MINT** Refreshing Gum

**WRIGLEYS' JUICY FRUIT** THE MOUTH-REFRESHING CANDY

**SAXON \$395**  
 With full electric equipment

**\$395 Buys Saxon Roadster**  
 Greatest Automobile Value Ever Offered

Never has there been an automobile value that can compare with this. Just stop and figure up all that you get for \$395.

First and foremost, full electric equipment (Wagner 2-unit type starting and lighting system); high-speed Continental motor; demountable rims; 30 inch by 3 inch tires; 3-speed transmission; heavy quiet bearings; Forders honeycomb radiator; smart steering knobby Awater-Kon ignition system; cantilever type valvular steel springs of extra length and strength; Schaebler carburetor; dry plate clutch and twenty further features of costly car quality. Price, now, \$395, F. O. B. Detroit. Saxon '25, 100 c. h.

**Saxon Motor Car, Detroit**  
 See your local dealer NOW or write to us direct. Responsible representatives wanted in all open territory.

**Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!**  
 Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields  
 On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

**The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America Will Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.**  
 A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of Agriculture of the United States and the Department of Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the farm workers that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to go over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the wheat belt have been harvested and to save the enormous crop in Canada which at that time will be ready for harvesting.

**HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!!**  
 Canada Wants 40,000 Harvesting Hands to Take Care of Its 15,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the international boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the international boundary.

**High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.**  
 An identification card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee the harvesters of Canada and the United States.

**AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and gain your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his this way or starve his. "Win the War." For particulars as to identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.**

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

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**More of Same Goods Wanted.** "You are charged with kissing this young lady."  
 "Good! I'd like to have the charge account kept open indefinitely."  
 "What did the doctor say?"  
 "He told him there was no hope whatever. The chances were my uncle would get well enough to marry his housekeeper."