WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

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"I'LL SEND HER BACK TO THE UNITED STATES."

John Stuart Webster, mining engineer, man's man, thirty-nine years young, boards a train in Death Valley, California, on his way back to civilization after cleaning up [illegible]. But he looks like a hobo. Then he meets a distressed lady, who makes his heart [illegible] for the first time in all his days. He eliminates the offending man after the style of the man's man the world over. Being what he is and also girl-shy, he does not take advantage of his opportunity. But he just has to find out who the no-longer-distressed lady is, being determined to hatch up a scheme to meet her again and marry her. She is Dolores Ruey. [illegible] John goes to the Engineers' club in Denver, the nearest approach to a home he has known in twenty years. There he is offered a $[illegible]-a-year job, with the certainty of a fortune, by a capitalist friend, Edward P. Jerome. While he is hesitating, being loath to go to work again so soon, he receives a delayed letter from his own particular pal, Billy Geary, asking him to finance a gold-mining proposition in Central America and go fifty-fifty with him on the profits. Thereupon he turns down the big job and decides to answer the call of friendship and adventure to Sobrante. Jerome goes with John to the depot, trying to get him to change his mind. They meet the distressed lady on her way to the same train. John lifts his hat, but gets the cut direct from the girl, who does not recognize him. John tells Jerome the whole story. Jerome secretly sees the girl and later wires her, offering her $[illegible] if she induces John to take his job inside of [illegible] days. The girl wires acceptance. The scene now shifts to Buenaventura, Sobrante, where Geary, on his uppers, is eating his heart out looking for a [illegible] from his old partner.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

For two months he had existed entirely because of the lenlency of Mother Jenks in the matter of credit. He could not pay her cash, devoutly as he hoped to do some day, and he considered it of the most vital importance that in the interim he should somehow survive. Therefore, in lieu of cash he paid her compliments, which she snapped up greedily.

An inventive genius was Billy. He never employed the same defensive tactics two days in succession, and when personal flattery threatened to fail him, a large crayon reproduction of the late Henry Jenks, which hung over the back bar, was a never-failing source of inspiration.

This was the "sainted 'Enery" previously referred to by Mother Jenks. He had been a sergeant in Her Britannic Majesty's Royal Horse artillery, and upon retiring to the reserve had harkened to a proposition to emigrate to Sobrante and accept a commission as colonel of artillery with the government forces then in the throes of a revolutionary attack. The rebels had triumphed, and as a result 'Enery had been sainted via the customary expeditious route; whereupon his wife had had recourse to her early profession of barmaid, and El Buen Amigo had resulted.

However, let us return to our sheeps, as Mr. Geary would have expressed it. Seemingly the effect of Billy's compliment was instantly evident, for Mother Jenks set out two glasses and a bottle.

"I know yer a trifler, Willy Geary," she simpered, "but if I do s'y it as shouldn't, I was accounted as 'andsome a barmaid as you'd find in Bristol town. I've lost my good looks, what with grief an' worritin' since losin' my sainted 'Enery, but I was 'andsome oncet."

"I can well believe it, Mother—since you are handsome still! For my part," he continued confidentially, as with shaking hand he filled his brandy-glass, "you'll excuse this drunkard's drink, Mother, but I need it; I had the shakes again last night—for my part, I prefer the full-blown rose to the bud."

Mother Jenks fluttered like a debutante as she poured her drink. They touched glasses, calloused worldlings that they were.

He tossed off his drink. It warmed and strengthened him, after his night of chills and fever, and bravely he returned to the attack.

"Changing the subject from feminine grace and charm to manly strength and virtue, I've been marking lately the resolute poise of your martyred husband's head on his fine military shoulders. There was a man, if I may judge from his photograph, that would fight a wildcat."

"Oh, m'ybe 'e wouldn't!" Mother Jenks hastened to declare. "You know, Willie, I was present w'en they shot 'im, a-waitin' to claim 'is body. 'E kisses me good-bye, an' says 'e: 'Brace up, ol' girl. Remember your 'usband's been a sergeant in 'Er Majesty's Royal 'Orse artillery, an' don't let the bloody blighters see yer cry.' Then 'e walks out front, with 'is fine straight back to the wall, draws a circle on 'is blue tunic with white chalk an' says: 'Shoot at that, yer yeller-bellied bounders, an' be d—d to yer!'"

"To be the widow of such a gallant son of Mars," Billy declared, "is a greater honor than being the wife of a duke. Ah, Mother," he added with a note of genuine gratitude and sincerity, "you've been awfully good to me. I don't know what I'd have done without you." He laid his hand on her fat arm. "Mother, one of these days I'll get mine, and when I do I'm going to stake you to a nice little pub back in Bristol."

She smiled at him with motherly tenderness and shook her head. In a concrete niche in the mortuary of the Catedral de la Vera Cruz the bones of her sainted 'Enery reposed, and when her hour came she would lie beside him.

"Yer a [illegible]," she told him, "an' I'd trust yer for double the score, s'help me, 'Eving knows. I 'aven't much, but wot I 'ave I shares freely with them I likes."

Mother Jenks preceded him into the shady side of the veranda, where ordinarily she was wont to breakfast in solitary state. Her table was set for two this morning, however. Billy flipped an adventurous cockroach off the table and fell to with fine appetite.

He was dallying with a special brew of coffee, with condensed milk in it, when the Jamaica negro entered from the cantina to announce Don Juan Cafetero with a cablegram.

"A cablegram!" Mother Jenks cried. "Gord's truth! I'll wager the pub it's for you, Willie. Bob"—turning to the negro, and addressing him in her own private brand of Spanish—"give Don Juan a drink, if 'e 'asn't helped 'imself while yer back is turned, an' bring the cablegram 'ere."

Within the minute Bob returned with a long yellow envelope, which he handed Mother Jenks. Without so much as a glance at the superscription, she handed it to Billy Geary, who tore it open and read:

"Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A., August 15, 1913.

"Henrietta Wilkins, Calle de Concordia, No. 19, Buenaventura, Sobrante, C. A.

"Leaving today to visit you. Will cable from New Orleans exact date arrival. DOLORES."

The shadow of deep disappointment settled over Billy's face as he read. Mother Jenks noted it instantly.

"Wot's 'e got to s'y, Willie?" she demanded.

"It isn't a he. It's a she," Billy replied. "Besides, the cablegram isn't for me at all. It's for one Henrietta Wilkins, Calle de Concordia, No. 19, and who the devil Henrietta Wilkins may be is a mystery to me. Ever have any boarder by that name, Mother?"

Mother Jenks' red face had gone white. "'Enrietta Wilkins was my maiden nyme, Willie," she confessed soberly, "an' there's only one human being as 'ud cable me or write me by that nyme. Gord, Willie, wot's 'appened?"

Billy read the message aloud, and when he had finished, to his amazement Mother Jenks laid her head on the table and began to weep.

CHAPTER V.

Without quite realizing why he did so, Billy decided that fear and not grief was at the bottom of the good creature's distress, and in his awkward, masculine way he placed his arm around Mother Jenks' shoulders, shook her gently and bade her remember that chaos might come and go again, but he, the said William Geary, would remain her true and steadfast friend in any and all emergencies that might occur.

"Gor' bless yer 'eart, Willie," Mother Jenks sniffled. "I dunno wot in 'ell yer ever goin' to think o' me w'en I tell wot I've been up to this past fifteen year."

"Whatever you've been up to, Mother, it was a kind and charitable deed—of that much I am certain," Billy replied loftily and to his own surprise—sincerely.

"As Gord is my judge, Willie, it started out that w'y," moaned Mother Jenks, and she squeezed Billy's hand as if from that yellow, shaking member she would draw aid and comfort. "'Er nyme is Dolores Ruey. 'Er father was Don Ricardo Ruey, president av this blasted 'ell on earth w'en me an' my sainted 'Enery first come to Buenaventura. 'E was too good for the yeller-bellied beggars; 'e tried to do somethink for them an' run the government on the square, an' they couldn't hunderstand; all along o' 'avin' been kicked an' cuffed by a long line of bloody rotters. It was Don Ricardo as gives my sainted 'Enery 'is commission as colonel in the hartillery.

"You've 'eard me tell," Mother Jenks continued, "'ow the rebels got 'arf a dozen Hamerican gunners—deserters from the navy an' blew 'Enery's battery to bits; 'ow the government forces fell back upon Buenaventura, an' as 'ow w'en the dorgs begun to wonder if they mightn't lose, they quit by the 'undreds an' went over to the rebel side, leavin' Don Ricardo an' 'Enery an' m'ybe fifty o' the gentry in the palace. In course they fought to a finish; 'ristocrats, all of them, they 'ad to die fightin' or facin' a firin' squad."

Billy nodded. He had heard the tale before, including the recital of the sainted 'Enery's gallant dash from the blazing palace in an effort to save Don Ricardo's only child, a girl of seven, and of his capture and subsequent execution.

"That ended the revolution," Mother Jenks continued. "But 'ere's somethink I've never told a livin' soul. Shortly before 'Enery was hexecuted, 'e told me where 'e'd 'id the youngster in a culvert out on the Malecon; so I 'ired a four-wheeler an' went out an' rescued the pore lamb. I 'id 'er until the harrival o' the next fruit steamer, w'en I shipped 'er to New Orleans in care o' the stewardess. Hi 'ad 'er put in the Catholic convent there, for as 'Enery said: ''Enrietta, keep an eye on the little nipper, an' do yer damndest to see she's raised a lydy. 'Er father was a gentleman, an' you never want to forget 'e made you Mrs. Colonel Jenks.' So Hi've made a lydy out o' her, Willie—education, planner lessons, paintin', singin', an' deportmint. After she graduated from the convent, I 'ad her take a course in the University o' California. New Orleans wasn't 'ealthy for 'er, an' she needed a chynge o' climate, an' for the last two years she's been teachin' in the 'igh school in Los Angeles."

"And you haven't seen her in all these years?" Geary demanded.

"Not a look, Willie. She's been after me ever since she graduated from the convent to let her come 'ome an' wisit me, but Hi've told 'er to wyte—that I'd be comin' soon to wisit her. An' now, s'help me, she won't wait no longer; she's comin' to wisit me! Gor', Willie, she's on her w'y!"

"So this cablegram would indicate," Geary observed. "Nevertheless, Mother, I'm at a loss to know why you should feel so cut up over the impending visit."

There was real fear in Mother Jenks' tear-dimmed eyes. "I cawn't let 'er see me," she wailed. "I wasn't this w'y w'en my sainted 'Enery hentrusted the lamb to me; it wasn't until awfter they hexecuted 'Enery that I commenced to slip an' now look at me. Look at me, Willie Geary; look at me, I s'y. Wot do yer see? Aw, don't tell me I'm young an' 'andsome, for I know wot I am. I'm a frowsy, drunken, disreputable baggage, with no hedication or nothink. All along, hever since she learned to write me a letter, I've been 'Enrietta Wilkins to 'er, an' Mother Jenks to every beach-combin' beggar in the Caribbean tropics. I've lied to 'er, Willie. I've wrote 'er as 'ow 'er fawther, before 'e died, give me enough money to heducate 'er like a lydy—"

Again Mother Jenks' grief overcame her. "Gor', Willie, I ain't respectable. She's comin' to see me, an' I cawn't let 'er. She mustn't know 'ow I got the money for 'er hedication—sellin' 'ell-fire to a pack of rotten dorgs an' consortin' with the scum of this stinkin' 'ole! Oh, Willie, you've got to 'elp me. I cawn't 'ave 'er comin' to El Buen Amigo to see me, an' I cawn't ruin 'er reputation by callin' on 'er in public at the 'Otel Mateo. Oh, Gor', Willie, Mother's come a cropper."

Willie agreed with her. He patted the sinful gray head of his landlady and waited for her to regain her composure, the while he racked his agile brain for a feasible plan to fit the emergency.

"She been picturin' me in 'er mind all these years, Willie—picturin' a fraud," wailed Mother Jenks. "If she sees me now, wot a shock she'll get, pore sweetheart—an' 'er the spittin' himage of a hangel. And oh, Willie, while she don't remember wot I looked like, think o' the shock if she meets me! In 'er lawst letter she said as 'ow I was the only hanchor she had in life. Ho, yes. A sweet-lookin' hanchor I am—an' Hi was 'opin' to die before she found hout. I've got a hanurism in my 'eart, Willie, so the surgeon on the mail boat tells me, an' w'en I go, I'll go like—that!" Mother Jenks snapped her cigarette-stained fingers. "I'm fifty-seven, Willie, an' since my sainted 'Enery passed away, I 'aven't been no bloomin' hangel." She wrung her hands. "Oh, w'y in 'ell couldn't them batteries 'ave busted in time to save my lamb the 'umiliatin' knowledge that she's beholdin' to the likes o' me for wot she's got—an' 'ow I got it for 'er."

The Sainted 'Enery's Gallant Dash.

Billy Geary had a bright idea. "Well," he said, "why not die temporarily—if you feel that way about it? You could come back from the grave after she's gone."

But Mother Jenks shook her head. "No," she declared. "While Dolores is self-supportin' now, still, if anythink 'appened an' she was to need 'elp, 'elp is somethin' no ghost can give. Think again, Willie. Gor, lad, w'ere's yer brains?"

"Well," Billy countered thoughtfully, "apparently there's no way of heading her off before she takes the steamer at New Orleans, so we'll take it for granted she'll arrive here in due course. About the time she's due, suppose you run up to San Miguel de Padua for a couple of weeks and leave me to run El Buen Amigo in your absence. I'll play fair with you, Mother, so help me. I'll account for every centavo. I'll borrow some decent clothes from [illegible] the day the steamer gets in; then I'll go aboard and look over the passenger list, and if she's aboard, I'll tell her you closed your house and started for California to visit her on the last north-bound steamer—that her cablegram arrived just after you had started. Let the cable company, knowing I am a friend of yours, showed me the message and that I took it upon myself to call and explain that as a result of your departure for the United States it will be useless for her to land—useless and dangerous, because cholera is raging in Buenaventura, although the port authorities deny it."

"Willie," Mother Jenks interrupted impressively, a ghost of her old debonair spirit shining through her tears, "yer don't owe me a bloomin' sixpence! Yer've syved the day, syved my reputation an' syved a lydy's peace o' mind. Kiss me, yer precious lydy."

So Billy kissed her gravely and with filial reverence, for he had long suspected Mother Jenks of being a pearl cast before swine, and now he was certain of it.

"I'll send her back to the United States and promise to cable you to await her there," Billy continued. "Of course, we can't help it if you and the cablegram miss connections, and once the young lady is back in the United States I dare say she'll have to stay there a couple of years before she can save the price of another sea voyage. And in the meantime she may marry."

"Or that hanurism may 'ave turned the trick before that," Mother Jenks suggested [illegible] but joyously. "In course she'll be disappointed, but then disappointments never lays 'eavy on a young 'eart, Willie; an' bein' disappointed at not seein' a person you ain't really acquainted with ain't as bad as some disappointments."

"I guess I know," Billy Geary replied bitterly. "If that cablegram had only been for me! Mother, if my old partner could, by some miracle, manage to marry this Dolores girl, your arteries and your aneurisms might bust and be damned, but the girl would be safe."

"M'ybe," Mother Jenks suggested hopefully, "yer might fix it up for her w'en I'm gone. From all haccounts 'e's no end a gentleman."

"He's a he-man," Mr. Geary declared with conviction. He sighed. "John Stuart Webster, wherever you are, please write or cable," he murmured.

CHAPTER VI.

The ancient bromide to the effect that man proposes but God disposes was never better exemplified than in the case of John Stuart Webster, who, having formulated certain daring plans for the morrow and surrendered himself to grateful slumber in his stateroom aboard the Gulf States Limited, awoke on that momentous morn to a distinct apprehension that all was not as it should be with him. His mouth reminded him vaguely of a bird-and-animal store, and riot and insurrection had broken out in the geometric center of his internal economy.

Webster was sufficient of a back-leg doctor to suspect he was developing a splendid little case of ptomaine poisoning. He decided to go into executive session with the sleeping-car conductor, who wired ahead for a doctor to meet the train at the next station. And, when the sawbones came and viewed Jack Webster over, he gravely announced that if the patient had the slightest ambition to vote at the next presidential election, he should leave the train at St. Louis and enter a hospital forthwith. To this heart-breaking program Webster entered not the slightest objection, for when a man is seriously ill he is in much the same position as a politician—to wit: He is in the hands of his friends.

However, life had the habit of going hard with Webster so frequently that fortunately he was trained to the minute, and after three days of heroic battling the doctor awarded Jack the decision. Thereafter they kept him in the hospital ten days longer, "feeling him up," as the patient expressed it—at the end of which period Webster, some fifteen pounds lighter and not quite so fast on his feet as formerly, resumed his journey toward New Orleans.

In the meantime, however, several things had happened. To begin, Dolores Ruey spent two days wondering what had become of her quondam knight of the whiskers, at the end of which period she arrived in New Orleans with the conviction strong upon her that while her hero might be as courageous as a wounded lion when dealing with men, he was the possessor, when dealing with women, of about two per cent less courage than a cottontail rabbit. Being a very human young lady, however, she could not help wondering what had become of the ubiquitous Mr. Webster, although the fact that he had mysteriously disappeared from the train en route to New Orleans did not perturb her one-half so much as it had the disappearee. She had this advantage over that unfortunate man: Whereas he did not know she was bound for Buenaventura, she knew he was; hence, upon arrival in New Orleans she dismissed him from her thoughts, serene in abiding faith that sooner or later her knight would appear, like little Bo-Peep's lost sheep, dragging his tail behind him, so to speak.

Dolores spent a week in New Orleans renewing schoolgirl friendships from her convent days in the quaint old town. This stopover, together with the one in Denver, not having been taken into consideration by Mr. William Geary when he and Mother Jenks commenced to speculate upon the approximate date of her arrival in Buenaventura, resulted in the premature flight of Mother Jenks to San Miguel de Padua, a fruitless visit on the part of Billy aboard the Cacique, of the United Fruit company's line, followed by a hurry call to Mother Jenks to return to Buenaventura until the arrival of the next steamer.

This time Billy's calculations proved correct, for Dolores did arrive on that steamer. The port doctor came aboard, partook of his customary drink with the captain, received a bundle of the latest American newspapers and magazines, nosed around, asked a few perfunctory questions, and gave the vessel pratique.

Dolores observed a gasoline launch shoot up to the landing at the foot of the companion-ladder and discharge a well-dressed, youthful white man. As he came up the companion, the purser recognized him.

"Howdy, Billy!" he called.

"Hello, yourself!" Mr. William Geary replied, and Dolores knew him for an American. "Do you happen to have as a passenger this trip a large, interesting person, by name John Stuart Webster?" added Billy Geary.

"I don't know, Billy. I'll look over the passenger list," and together they moved off toward his office. Dolores followed, drawn by the mention of that magic name Webster, and paused in front of the purser's office to lean over the rail, ostensibly to watch the cargadores in their lighters clustering around the great ship, but in reality to learn more of the mysterious Webster.

"Blast the luck!" Billy Geary growled, "the old sinner isn't here. By the way, do you happen to have a Miss Dolores Ruey aboard?"

Dolores pricked up her little ears. What possible interest could this stranger have in her goings or comings?

"You picked a winner this time, Bill," she heard the purser say. "Stateroom sixteen, boat-deck, starboard side. You'll probably find her there packing to go ashore."

"Thanks," Billy replied and stepped out of the purser's office. Dolores turned and faced him.

"I am Miss Ruey," she announced. "I heard you asking for me." Her eyes carried the query she had not put into words: "Who are you, and what do you want?" Billy saw and understood, and on the instant a wave of desolation surged over him.

"I dare say you passed each other on the road—here, here, Miss Ruey, don't cry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HELPED OUT REIGNING BULL

Kindly Act of New Member of Herd Something the Keepers Had Never Seen Before.

Usually when a new bull is taken into the buffalo herd at Golden Gate park in San Francisco his standing is promptly decided by a challenge from the head of the herd. The newcomer either wins the fight and in turn is exalted to the rank of sovereign or he is defeated and shown his place. But a new bull, Mogul, recently proved to be an exception. He was two years old, a fine example of what a young buffalo should be, and he seemed thoroughly content to mind his own business and to let the other bulls mind theirs. No one would have known that there was a new buffalo in the herd.

One morning the keepers saw that there was something in the air. Mogul was stalking round the reigning bull. They were apart from the herd, heads down, and were moving round slowly. It was the queerest beginning of a bullfight that the keepers had ever seen. It appeared as if Mogul would knock out the old bull with one toss.

As they moved round and round Mogul seemed to be horning the other bull in the eye, and the other bull did not seem to be making the least resistance. Then they pulled apart and Mogul put down his head.

The old bull had a bunch of thorny cactus sticking over his right eye, and Mogul was horning it off as best he could with his clumsy short little horns. Finally, after two more attempts, circling round as before, he got the cactus off, and each moved away about his own business.—Youth's Companion.

Sharing Your Books.

The world is full of shut-ins, and there are those who are starving for books and papers, but how many of us make any effort to search them out?

A clever article on books which I lately read annoyed me by explaining how stupid is the custom of borrowing books, and how vastly more desirable it is for each man to own his own. I decided that the writer was a rich man (although my better judgment should tell me that writers seldom are rich), and I decided also that he was missing a lot of good things if he neither lends nor borrows books. I believe that a book is about the pleasantest thing there is to share. It produces such a bond of sympathy if it is enjoyed by a friend, and it provides at once something worth while to talk about.

And people do return books, especially if you put your name and "please return" inside and remember where your books are visiting.—Ella Wister Haines in Christian Herald.

In One Direction Around World.

A person starting on the equator on a trip around the world would go east all the way providing he started east. He would not go east half the way and west the other half. If the journey is started toward the west that direction would be maintained until reaching the starting point again.

GOOD ROADS

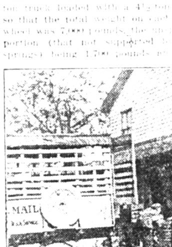
QUALITY OF ROAD MATERIALS

Bureau of Public Roads Seeking Information of Especial Value to Highway Engineers.

Such important questions as how hard a heavy motor truck pounds a pavement when going at 5 miles an hour and at 15 miles an hour are being answered by investigators for the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, in a series of scientific experiments, which, when completed, promise to be of great value to highway engineers. Already sufficient tests have been made to show that increased speed of a vehicle equipped with hard rubber tires tremendously increases the impact which its wheels make on the roadway where there is any unevenness. On the other hand, where pneumatic tires are used increased speed adds comparatively little to the impact. It has been suggested that these tests will be of great value not only in settling questions of design but may also lead to a rational basis for determining license fees for motor vehicles.

Trucks have been used in these tests varying in size from a 1-ton truck up to a $7\frac{1}{2}$-ton truck carrying an excess load. Each truck was run over a special recording device embedded in a roadway and the impact made by a 2-inch drop from a ledge built in the surface caused the deformation of specially prepared copper cylinders forming part of the apparatus. The magnitude of the blow was accurately ascertained in pounds by measuring the extent to which the cylinder had been forced out of shape.

Recent tests were made with a 3-ton truck loaded with a $4\frac{1}{2}$-ton load so that the total weight on each rear wheel was 7,000 pounds, the unsprung portion (that not supported by the springs) being 1,700 pounds and the



Army Truck Remodeled by the Post-office Department for Rural Service—Pneumatic Tires Are Used.

sprung portion (that portion supported by the springs) 5,300 pounds. The truck was equipped first with an old solid tire that had been worn down to a thickness of 1 inch. Then, with exactly the same load on the truck, a wheel was used fitted with a new tire $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness. And finally the truck was equipped with pneumatic tires 42 by 9 inches and blown up to a pressure of 142 pounds per square inch. The test demonstrated very clearly the bad effects an old tire is likely to have on a road surface and the greatly lessened impact produced by trucks when they are equipped with pneumatic tires. The tests show that as the vehicle's speed increased the impact from the old hard rubber tire increased greatly. The impact from the new hard rubber tire was somewhat less.

BUILDING PERMANENT ROADS

Eventually Highways Will Be Made Suitable for Bearing Burdens of All Vehicles.

Only cardinal roads can be made of expensive material at great cost in money and labor, yet every road should, and will, eventually be made suitable for bearing the burdens in proportion to the number and weight of the vehicles that use them.

HELP APPEARANCE OF ROADS

Trees and Shrubbery Should Be Planted at Various Places Without Obstructing Traffic.

Now is a good time to give some attention to the appearance of public highways in the community. There should be trees and some plantings of shrubbery at places where they will not interfere with traffic.

Obstacles In Road Building.

The building of improved roads to meet the traffic requirements is fraught with almost as many obstacles at the present day as that of half a century ago.

Best to Improve Roads.

It is better to improve the roads than to pay an indirect tax for bad ones.

Highways Are Favored.

Highways in place of railways are favored in Great Britain.

Good Money in Ducks.

There is good money in raising ducks if the business is properly handled. At the present time there is a big opening for a green duck industry. There is also good money in marketing matured ducks and breeders.

Market by Parcel Post.

In most communities there is a great opportunity for marketing eggs and poultry by parcel post. Often this plan gives better satisfaction than the usual method.

COULDN'T STAND WORK UNTIL HE TOOK A TONIC

Lost 20 Pounds in the Army—Appetite Fell Off and He Became Weak, Run-down.

TOOK HYPO-COD KNOWING FORMULA WAS GOOD

"I was in the Army and exposed to all sorts of weather and to that, always having an inside job it nearly put me down and out. I wasn't used to the exposure and grind and lost twenty pounds in weight. My appetite fell off and I became all weak and run down. I surely looked bad and nights even after I got back on the job I couldn't sleep and would toss and roll half the night. My appetite didn't come back either and my digestion was upset, but just as soon as I started on a bottle of Earle's Hypo-Cod I began hitting on all cylinders and feeling tip-top," declared N. C. [illegible], popular pharmacist and manager of [illegible] Drug Store, 155 [illegible] Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"I picked out Hypo-Cod because I knew the formula was right, and to show how strong and quick it is from the first dose, my appetite picked up and my digestion was good in a couple days. I could soon eat anything—even Army beans," laughingly asserted this [illegible]. "I am sleeping better, too, and feeling better all over, and today I feel as good as I ever did in my life. It has my endorsement and I recommend it to everyone needing a tonic," continued Mr. Clarke, Ph. G., who has many friends that say he looks like a different man now.

When a regular druggist selects a tonic from among all the various ones on the shelf to take himself, one may be quite sure that the formula is right. That he knows the people make it are absolutely reliable and then when he gets results even better than he has a right to expect, he is sure to be enthusiastic. Drop in at the drug store tonight and read over the formula which is on each bottle. Take home a bottle for the whole family to try. We are sure you will be delighted the way it works, and with its pleasant taste. Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold here by all good druggists, and the leading druggists in all nearby towns.—Adv.

Some men become crooked in trying to make both ends meet.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Womens' complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

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A confidence man has very little confidence in other men.

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Ambition is always boxing contentment on the ears.

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