CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION" ETC.,

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY JR.

BERTRAM MEADE FACES ANOTHER GREAT CRISIS AND APPARENTLY DESERTS HIS SUPERIOR AT THE CRITICAL PERIOD

Following the collapse of an international bridge which his father, a noted engineer, had planned, and the old man's sudden death from diagrace and shock, Bertram Meade takes the blame for the disaster which cost many lives and disappears from his home in New York. He goes to the southwest gets a job under the name of Roberts on an irrigation dam project and makes good. Meanwhile, Helen Illingworth, Meade's sweetheart, and Rodney, an old friend, are quietly working to clear the young man's name and learn his whereabouts. They are particularly anxious to get hold of a letter written by the elder Mende to assume responsibility for the accident. This paper is secretly held by Shurtliff, who had been the old man's devoted private secretary for many years. This installment opens with the threat of disaster to the dam through flood og by cloudburst.

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued.

roadway on top of the dam. A man ized his slip, so he did not observe the was kneeling beyond it, his figure seen light in Vandeventer's eyes. However, dimly in the faint light of the lantern. the resident engineer was a good sort. He was staring intently down the "You are right," he said quickly. "I Ing!

The face of the kneeling man was had been here six weeks ago." hidden by a mou'wester and he had on "We might set the men to work on a heavy black rubber raincont. Van-that rock now," said Mende. him on the shoulder.

naked.

at the recognition.

"I just came out to look at the wa- out at once." ter. I couldn't sleep with all that penading on the iron roof of the quarters, so I dressed and came out."

reservoir

new it, and with this rain-" "It's not coming down so hard as

It was when I first came out here," palisade with galvanized iron sheets said Mende. "I think you can see it from the houses," said Mende, sinchaning yourself."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, fully, "we ought to be safe."

were interchanging thoughts and ideas time may be precious." on terms of perfect equality. It did not occur to Vandeventer to question

shed for some time."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, "that of course, but if the rain stops everywhere we can scarcely have a They've had six hours' sleep anyway.' rise of more than five or six feet, and that would still be a little below the aptliway."

"It's stopping here now," pointed out Meade, and, indeed, the force of the downpour was greatly diminished.

ly censed. The nir was misty and heavy with moisture, but the rain was certainly over for the time at any rate.

"Thank goodness," said the resident

to think it has stopped everywhere. Whoever thought it would rain in Janyears, or since there have been any added to the din. records. Why in heaven's name it had to come now I don't see."

"I sok here, Roberts," said Vandeventor suddenly, "you know you're a from the front of it. Big sheets of first class engineer.

Meade shook his head.

man. "Tve watched you. You know branches and brushwood were thrown more about the game than anybody down before it. Bowlders and big here except myself. You don't choose to confide in me, although I like you, the wagons and thrown down on the and I am in a position to help you."

deventer," returned the other; "there membered houses were driven into the is no one to whom I should rather tell earth to serve as braces behind the the whole story than to you, but I palisade; a bank of earth was piled can't not yet."

"Well, keep your own counsel, but if you ever want a friend, count on me; the chiefs themselves, labored with meanwhile, as a man of experience and breathless energy. The water was still of thunder was appalling. ability, what would you do?"

temporary dam on the top of the road- but the rise was slower. way here, to turn the flow over to the east bank and make the spillway do carefully measured the depth of the more work."

"But the rain has stopped."

stopped-still you never can tell. A the top it was gravely questionable few more hours of rain like that we've whether the palisade would hold it at had and the whole thing would go. If all, yet there was no other way of inthe water were as high as the top creasing the depth of the spillway there'd only be two feet of head in the enough to discharge the flood volume. uncompleted spillway, and that the rate it's been coming in."

gies, he added, had been trighttut. | German institutions in Norway,

An idea suddenly came to him. Meade The lantern was standing on the had turned away his head as he real-

front of the date at the water. The hate to call out the men, but we've got lantern was near the edge and it faint- a little chance, now the rain has by illuminated the black, rain-lashed stopped, and we can work to advantage surface below. Vandeventer realized in spite of all this awful mud"-he liftwith a shock of horror how much more ed his foot up and disclosed it caked rapid the rise had been. A quick esti- and clogged with masses. "I'll take mate convinced him that the level of charge in the center here, and Stafford the water was now within eight or nine on the left, and I'm going to give you feet of the dam-and it was still rain- charge of the east end of the dam, over by the spillway. If only those drills

deventer reached over and touched "It would be useless. There's too much of it. No, if we're going to save "What are you doing here?" he the dam, we've got to build it up and try to keep ahead of the waters if The kneeling man sprang up with an they rise any more. The higher we exclamation. It was Meade. The re- can build it the greater will be the Hef in Vandeventer's mind was great head on the spillway, and the more will be discharged. I'll turn the men

"But what are you going to do?" "I'm going to palisade the top of the

dam. There's plenty of timber already Vandeventer opened the slide of his cut down, and we will cut a lot of own lantern and threw the light on the young pines and build a palisade wall of timber across the top three or four "It's risen eight or ten feet since we feet back from the edge. Well banked on the downstream side, it may hold," "It might be worth while to line that

"A good idea," said Vandeventer, "and we'll pile what underbrush and listening a moment, "I believe it is. If small stuff we have in front of the It stops now," he continued thought pelisade and heap what rocks we can find on top of that, and we'll bank it

"Yes, I think so," answered Mende. up on the other side with earth. It's a In the night alone, together in that poor dependence, but it will hold for a erfals in their fortunes, the two men while anyway, and every moment of "How about sandbags, sir?"

"We've got a few hundred cement

why, and that they were doing so bags, but not enough. I wish we had aroused no surprise in the mind of a few thousand; however, we will fill what we have, and if the water rises "Of course," continued Meade, "even and begins to trickle over the top and if it does stop raining we'll continue through the palisade, we'll jam those to get a lot of runoff from the water- down at the danger points. Can you suggest anything more?" "Nothing."

"Good. We'll turn out the men.

CHAPTER XV.

The Battle

It was now three o'clock in the morning. In about half an hour the The two stood watching the dam and men, naturally grumbling and protestthe black lake beyond it in silence for ling at being deprived of any of their a few moments until the rain practical. sleep, were out and at work. Lanterns were lighted everywhere. The rain had fortunately not resumed, and the air was soon filled with noise and confusion. Men with axes were busy on engineer in great relief. "Now if it's the hillside cutting the young pines. stopped everywhere we'll be all right." Horses were hitched to the dump wag-"Yes," said Mende, "and I'm inclined ons, the steam shovel began tearing away the hillside. Some of the men were detailed to knock down some uary here? There hasn't a drop, to of the gulvanized iron houses and the speak of, fallen in January for twenty battering of the hammers on the metal

Under Vandeventer's personal direction a row of stakes was driven into the top of the dam about three feet phrases from one to another; in words overlapping galvanized iron were nailed roughly to the fronts of the "You can't fool me," said the older firmly bedded stakes and the small stones were carried out on the dam in brushwood; spare timbers, broken "I appreciate what you say, Mr. Van- wagon beds, old wheels, joists of disup behind it, on which every man who could be spared from other tasks, even rising, although the rain had stopped; "Get out the men and build up a the natural drainage would cause that,

At dawn Vandeventer personally water and gauged it again. It was a scant six and a half feet below the top "And in all probability will stay of the dam. If the water rose above

Working as hard as they could, they wouldn't be enough to discharge it at had barely succeeded in raising the earth bank back of it a foot high. "Of course," said Vandeventer They kept at it unremittingly, although not give up, and no man working with thoughtfully. "And if the dam goes," it did not seem to be of much use, them should flee his task or shirk his he added, "there are ten miles of back Vandeventer, Stafford and Meade gath- duty. By the living God, whose sport water up there and millions of cubic ered together and scanned the sky, and plaything they seemed to be, they yards impounded, which would sweep seeking to discern the signs of the swore it; and so weak and strong. down the valley. There wouldn't be time, the purpose of the heavens. It, bold and timid labored on-despera thing left of the camp, the town, the was clearer in the east. The clouds to ate, resolved, godlike in their cournew railroad bridge, or anything else." the northwestward were in violent ac- age and persistence. "Coming on top of the International, tion apparently. Lightning flashed The clouds were moving swiftly the loss of this big and expensive via- through them and over the great range now. To the east it had been clear, were too enthused, too desperate, to tablish their contention beyond perad-

served all this carefully and Vandelooks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"It does," answered Meade, while Stafford nodded his head.

of the danger and bid them prepare mites he commanded.

for it?" "I tried to telephone them a while ago, but the connection has been bro- der peals, "we'll beat it yet." ten; the storm has played havoc with the line probably," answered the as-

sistant engineer.

Vandeventer a little impatiently. but he ought to get there by nine bled in the balance. own part of the dam.

keep on."

sweat from his forehead.

said Meade.

chances of this palisade of ours?" Meade shook his head.

water rises more than seven or eight feet_'

"Say it," said Vandeventer. "The dam would go like a house of

cards."

"Exactly. And look at that cloudbank over there in the northwest. It's spreading."

"What wind there is," sald Meade moistening his finger and holding it up to feel the direction, "is blowing the engineer. the opposite way down here, but you can't tell what is happening up there. Well, all we can do is to fight on."

And fight they did. It was almost at first sight like the hand of man against



A Man Was Kneeling Beyond It.

the hand of God. There was no more room for engineering expedient. It was chop and hew, break and pound, dig and drive, carry and pile. Throwing off his coat, Vandeventer seized a other laborer, and the rest of the higher men followed his example. At six o'clock the blackness hanging

in the northwest began to turn their way. It was coming down the mountain. It was headed for the valley Vandeventer saw it, every teamster, every common laborer saw It. It was coming. Unless heaven itself interfered there would be more rain. They had worked desperately before, but now they applied themselves to their tasks with a kind of wild fury. A sort of insanity took possession of them. They would not be beaten, They | feet was small. By nine o'clock it was cried, at first shrilly and then hoarsely and raucously, encouraging words and vivid, profane, desperate. They stood there and they heaved and dug and piled and hammered and hurled and drove fiercely. It was a battle madness that came into them. They saw red like the berserker of old. Yes, it was not unlike a battle in other ways. for with the rush of the northwest storm came roaring mighty thunder and vivid and terrifying lightning. It was as if great darts of light literally were hurled by some gigantic hand behind the black screen of sweeping cloud down upon the granite mountains. They saw splinters of fire where the thunderbolts struck. The pealing

Their frail palisade backing was not half completed. It must be raining somewhere, for the water was still slowly rising. It was five and a half feet now from the crest. It was hopeless if another rain fell, and the rain was coming. There was an added chill in the still air of the valley as the storm drove down upon them. A few of the fainter hearts flung down pick and shovel and ax and stood craven. Onths, curses, blows even, from those of the braver sort shamed them into work again. These brave hearts and true might be swept away with the dam if it gave way, but they would

the lass of this big and the Martiet liself; low, muttered peals of thunder but now it was also black, and then feel their weariness. They had not venture in the face of Meade's direct take one bone and reconstruct a din-

in the blackness overhead. They ob- a thousand thunderclaps, the wind was the last possible nervous outburst tion. They could not establish it in the venter turned away, shaking his head, narrow canyons, into the valleys, it up a little longer-till they dropped Meade and Shurtliff remained silent. "I don't know," he began-the three shricking in the pines, and fell upon dead. As the mad thoroughbred falls If either one or the other of the two of them were over on the east side them and hurled them down and in his stride on the track, pushed be- conspirators could be brought to tell the better to see up the valley-"it brushed them back. And after the yond his power of endurance, as even the truth, Meade could be restored, at "And, by the way, Stafford, have you head and stared and shook his fist at mingling with the rain on their sodden to her father. It was that to which she notified the town and the bridge people | the sky and turned to the human ter- | bodies, would go till they broke. They | gave the most thought, it was for that

"Carry on, carry on, boys," he cried, shricking to be heard above the thun-

A cheer rose about him and was again the dam might go, and if it did unaware of the feebleness of the pall- of earth. It would go with a rush; that the water sade, the more knowing indifferent to was now only six feet below the level, it, seeing only the job, alike realized and that they had better get up on the only their duty to fight on, to answer hills. Of course, last night's rain must | the appeal to their manhood, to refuse have made the road almost impassable, to admit defeat even when life trem-

people to take whatever steps they the fountains of the great deep were could devise to hold their viaduct and broken open. What had befallen them dam as was possible through the drivtheir machinery," answered Stafford, before was nothing to this. The hard as he turned and walked toward his rain of the night seemed trifling compared to this avalanche of water. This ing to a red trickle—it seemed to him "Good," exclaimed Vandeventer, was a cloudburst indeed. And to like blood, taking its hideous hue "There's nothing left for us to do but make it worse, to make their task from the red clay of the banks-where harder, to render their efforts useless, the water had found a low spot and The resident engineer looked white the high wind roaring down the valley was washing across the top and and haggard. Although it was cold piled the water up and drove it in trickling through the new wall and and raw in the wet air, he wiped the thunderous assaulting waves against down on the other side. Even as he

"Yes," said Vandeventer, "many of not dare to throw it down, lest his ac- in front of the palisade, right where them have their wives and children tion be misconstrued-went from gang the leak had occurred. Other men back in the town. Some of the Ital- to gang, from man to man, talking to heaped up the earth behind the wall, ians have bought land on the prairie, them, appealing to them, pointing out seeking to smother it and stop it. The and are going to settle here. They're weaknesses here and there, inspiring water checked there, they were forced fighting for everything they've got on them, holding them up as a man might to do the same thing at another place. earth. What do you think of the hold a stricken line against the on- Desperately they dropped their sandslaught of a victorious and overwhelm- bags, sturdily they plied their shovels "It's all we can do, sir, but if the in that thick darkness, blinded by the they ran from leak to leak. They liftflashing lightning, stunned by the peal- ed the heavy bags of sand as if they they toiled on and on and on.

wherever he stopped the fury and des- the work all the harder. The water along the muddy roadway to the part of brush and surging against the palicommitted to Meade he did not find sade. Where it did not let the water

"Where's Roberts?" he yelled above ning to bend backward. the noise of the storm,

"He and two men have gone, sir." the rest of us to take their places."

point and himself directed their work. rise. Now it takes time for water to rise five feet, even in a cloudburst or a succession of them. The rain constant- fought a good fight. He could do no ly seemed to increase as the wind more. There were no more bags of the dam was doomed, that the sluice the wall here and there and everybined could discharge only a small part stand and wait, having done all. As story back of these plows. of the flow, but he knew that he would one man saw another the whole hunhave two hours at least to work be- dred and fifty caught the contagion fore the water could pass the crest, and threw themselves against the paliundermine, and batter down the paliside and begin to trickle over. Just but yet madly, recklessly, Americans as soon as it did roll over the top, and foreigners alike. They would hold unless they could stop it, the whole it by main strength for another minthing was gone. For those two hours ute, they swore, oblivious to the fact the supermen labored unremittingly in that just as soon as it went it would the downpour with a persistent and heroic courage that should have been recorded in song and story but which a while by none rave a few. To the work!"

The undersluice in the side of the spade and began to work like any been open since the rain began. It it, swept down the slope of the dam,

discharge would be increased enough across them. to stop the rise, but at present the ef-



within a foot of the top. They began to measure its rise by inches. Although the dam had been carefully kept level sading and revetting had caused little trickle over!

Just would about the state of t

tore down the mountains, through the with most of them. They could keep

had not quite reached that point yet. she planned and longed. There were some five hundred heavy cement bags which had been filled with mutual consent to dismiss from their sand and piled up on the roadway at daily thought and conversation any convenient points. As a forlorn hope, subject whatsoever without introduccaught up and ran along the top of as a last try, Vandeventer called all ing in place of it a certain constraint. the great dam. The half-maniacal yell the diggers and ditchers, and hewers It is as futile to attempt to dismiss "Well, what did you do then?" asked was such a cry as men might give and drivers, and bade them tackle the vent to in the heat of battle, the ex- sandbags. The timber wall that rose "I sent a man down on horseback in citement of wild charge, and then they to four or five feet was now packed to a hurry to warn them that if it rains fell to it again. The more ignorant, a height of three with an unequal wall

The waves were beginning to roll against the rampart, although their force as yet was broken by the brushwood. Vandeventer jumped up on the palisade near the center. There were some large logs there where he could o'clock. I told him to tell the Martlet Yes, to use the ancient simile again, stand, and whence he could get as clear a view of the whole top of the

"There," shouted the engineer, pointthe great mound of earth on which the pointed, the trickle became a stream "The men are doing splendidly, sir," men struggled and labored frantically, and the stream bade fair to be a flood. Vandeventer, shovel in hand-he did Men ran and dropped sandbags over ing force. And against wind and rain in the mud; scrambling and yelling, ing thunder, with zeal superhuman had been loaves of bread and jammed them down. They swung pick and Back and forth went the chief, show- shovel like toys, although the rain ing himself a leader of leaders, and made all the earth sticky mud and peration of the effort to stem the tide was clear over the top of the dam now, increased. When he came plodding and streaming through the revetment through, the line of stakes was begin-

The men who had expended their PLOW IS MOST ANCIENT TOOL sandbags and could get no more, in "Gone?" cried Vandeventer, cut to one final effort ran to the palisade, dug Has Been Used by Man Since He First the heart at what he thought was a their heels madly in the wet, slimy desertion. "Well," he shouted, realiz- varth and put their shoulders against ing there was nothing he could do then the bending stakes as if to hold them and that he had neither breath nor up by main strength. Thin streams time to waste, "there's more need for were flowing here and there, now unneeded. Checked and held in one spot, He drew a man or two from the the water broke through at another. other gangs to re-enforce this danger The spillway could not control the

"She's gone, she's gone!" gasped Vandeventer under his breath. He had sade, wet and chilled from the rain, go with a rush.

The stockade would be swept away first, and they would go with it. What was not. It was remembered after of that? The men back of it matched their brawny arms against rain and many it was only "all in the day's wind, the powers of man against the powers of God, but not mockingly. It is perhaps doubtful if they realized dam which would later serve as head- what they did. It was instinct, habit, gate for the canal had been intended blind desperation now. If the flimsy to pass the smaller floods which might wall failed under the terrific water occur during the construction and had pressure, they would be hurled beneath carried off a great volume of water, thuried in the debris as it was swept but hopelessly little in comparison with away, caught up if they by any chance the flood. Foot by foot in the torren- survived so far, and hurled, broken and tial downpour the water rose. At half battered, down the valley in the terafter eight it reached the level of the rible flood that would ensue. What spillway and commenced to rush did they know about that, or knowing, through in ever-increasing volume, but what did they care, as they strained the flow into the reservoir was far at the wavering timber wall? And greater than the spillway's capacity. still they held as the rain poured down Still the sight of the rushing water, on them, soaking through their soggy encouraged the men. Every one of clothes, the colder on their exhausted them felt that if the palisade held the bodies for the keen wind that blew

Well, they had done everything they could. Vandeventer jumped down and pressed himself against the nearest timber with the men and waited, silent. He had never sustained such a pressure in all his life. Like Atlas, he felt as if he were holding up a world. And the mocking thing about it all was his feeling, nay his realization, that he was not really holding anything, that if the pallsades failed, his pressure, his resistance and that of all the other men amounted to nothing. Yet he held on, and they, too-demigods.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Ancient Art of Fascination. of work took place under the observa- Post. tion of a woman!

From the top of the big mesa there was a clear view of the new reservoir, witness.

as it was built, the trample of horses no results. A careful study of Rod- illustrated in "Parthenissa," by Roger and men, the present digging and pali- ney's notes upon the subject had only Boyle, earl of Orrery, in which the depressions. Now the water rose to them that Meade was blameless. But chief characters still engaged in the the level. Here and there it began to the most assiduous effort with the heartiest will in the world and the each other, begun on page one. The rain coming down from the promptings of devotion and affection mountain tops was as cold as ice, yet | could not make a case out of these the men were in a fever of excitement. suggestions and their inferences that They had got their second wind. They would hold water. They could not es-

public mind by any evidence at all if

wind, the rain. A drop or two struck the common carthorse can be made to least sufficiently so for the purpose of Vandeventer's cheek; another, another go until he drops, so these men, white, argument; the argument that Helen er, and then the flood. He lifted his haggard, nervous, drawn-faced, sweat | Illingworth sooner or later must make

Two people cannot recoive, even by



Helen Illingworth Stood Exposed to Both Attacks.

anything absolutely from the human mind as is the oft-suggested cure for rheumatism - doing certain things without thinking of the disease sought

The next installment brings the climax of the story. The most important developments in the lives of Meade and his friends are described.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Attempted to Make the Earth His Servant.

Three very ancient implements have been used in human industry-the plow, the sword and the pen. Of the three, the oldest is the plow. A history of the development of this agricultural tool would take us back through centuries to the time when man began to subdue the earth and FAMOUS MEN WERE "BROKE" make it his servant. Thousands of plow models are now to be seen in the Many Celebrities Who Have Swayed drove it on. Vandeventer knew that sand. Save for the men straining at patent office at Washington. These and the half-finished spillway com- where, there was left nothing but to ors in recent years, but there is a long

> in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Doctor Clay concluded that he had found a true picture of continents, commanded mighty armies the first plow, which was invented by have not always been blessed with Abraham. For his proof that Abra- money. ham was the inventor of the plow, Doctor Clay refers us to the "Book of Jubilees," which was published in the lay hand on, and the same may be second century B. C. This book says said of Marshal Soult, who, long bethat the Babylonians were punished fore he became duke of Dalmatia was because they had yielded to satan without a penny, says London Anand that the form of their punishment | swers. Nor was his great comrade-inwas that the ravens came and ate up arms, the heroic Ney, any better off the grain they had sowed in the fields, when in his youth he donned the uni-Abraham devised an instrument that form of a private soldier. should sow the seed in a furrow, in

> cient brick is a sort of combination ones which tried his heart, his pocket plow, planter and harrow. It required often being empty. three men to operate it. When the commands, they feared neither the ra- author of "Monte Cristo," died a devens nor the birds. Whatever the pendent. value of the story in the "Book of Jubilees," the brick, at least, gives a picture of perhaps the most ancient tool used by man.

> > Just Enough.

Mandy, who was a housemaid and black, arrived late to begin her duties one morning and her mistress inquired

as to the cause of delay. "I's sorry, Miss Clara: indeed I is!" stated Mandy. "But I jest natchelly couldn't got here no sooner'n whut I is got here. I been at the party give by the Sistern of the Mysterious Ten at the Cullid Odd Fellers' hall, right up the street. They started in dancing and carryin' on last night and they's still in full swing. You never seen sc many folks packed in one little hall in all yore bawn days; and right now, et you'll poke yore haid outen yore side winder you kin hear them folks whoopin' and laughin', and hear the orches-

tra playin'." "Wasn't it rather tumultuous, Mandy?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, nome!" said Mandy. 'Hit wuzn't a bit too mulchous-jest about And much of the last wild hurricane mulchous enough!"—Saturday Evening

When Novels Were Really Long. Though William De Morgan wrote from the dam on one side far back into some of the longest novels of recent the hills on the other. In spite of times, his efforts were conciseness itthe tremendous downpour and the self compared with the works of some flerce gale Helen Illingworth stood ex- of the seventeenth century romances. posed to both attacks, and, indeed, in- Mile. De Scudery's once famous story, different to them-albeit protected by "Le Grand Cyrus," for instance, fills slicker and boots and sou'wester-fas- five folio volumes of 500 pages each cinated by the titanic struggle between in the English translation; and her nature and man of which she was a contemporary, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, his "Cleopatre" run-The general investigation by Rodney ning into 23 volumes. The leisurely and Miss Illingworth had produced methods of the early novelists is well served the more thoroughly to convince eight hundredth page finds the two process of introducing themselves to

Old Stuff.

"A scientist can take one bone and reconstruct a dinosaur."

"That's nothing. Our landlady can

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Millions and Ruled Continents Felt Pangs of Poverty.

Being "broke" is an experience through which some of the greatest n in history have had to pass. Men who have swayed millions, ruled

Hard cash was the one thing which in the early days Napoleon could not

We do not know for certain whethorder that it might be covered up so er Columbus ever carried his coat to that the birds of the air could not eat | the pawnshop, but the miseries of a it. The apparatus shown on the and dungeon were certainly not the only

Owing to poverty, Dickens knew people sowed according to Abraham's hardships as a boy, and Dumas, the

Otherwise Engaged.

"So you think you will stand a better chance with your gardening this "Yes," replied Mr. Crosslots. "All

laughing at me." Good resolutions are formed most easily just before one gets up on the

the neighbors will be making gardens

themselves, instead of standing around

Many a man who claims to be self made does his tailor a great injustice

morning after the night before.

GOOD LIVING

is excellently attained by adding to the daily menu a ration of

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