The Jeffries Mansion Was Besieged by Callers.

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of $500 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his ears. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Not this lady," said the boy. "The other lady. I think she said Jeffries, or Jenkins, or something like that."

The captain waved his hand toward the door.

"That's all right—go. We'll find her all right."

The boy went out and the captain turned round to Annie.

"It'll be rather a pity if it isn't you," he said, with a suggestive smile.

"How so?" she demanded.

The captain laughed.

"Well, you see, a woman always gets the jury mixed up. Nothing fools a man like a pretty face, and 12 times 1 is 12. You see if they quarreled about you—your husband would stand some chance." Patronizingly he added, "Come, Mrs. Jeffries, you'd better tell the truth and I can advise you who to go to."

Annie drew herself up, and with dignity said:

"Thanks, I'm going to the best lawyer I can get. Not one of those courtroom politicians recommended by a police captain. I am going to Richard Brewster. He's the man. He'll soon get my husband out of the Tombs." Reflectively she added: "If my father had had Judge Brewster to defend him instead of a legal shark, he'd never have been railroaded to jail. He'd be alive to-day."

Capt. Clinton guffawed loudly. The idea of ex-Judge Brewster taking the case seemed to amuse him hugely.

"Brewster?" he laughed boisterously. "You'd never be able to get Brewster. Firstly, he's too expensive. Secondly, he's old man Jeffries' lawyer. He wouldn't touch your case with a ten-foot pole. Besides," he added in a tone of contempt, "Brewster's no good in a case of this kind. He's a constitution lawyer—one of them international fellers. He don't know nothing—"

"He's the only lawyer I want," she retorted determinedly. Then she went on: "Howard's folks must come to his rescue. They must stand by him—they must—"

The captain grinned.

"From what I hear," he said, "old man Jeffries won't raise a finger to save his scapegrace son from going to the chair. He's done with him for good and all."

Chuckling aloud and talking to himself rather than to his vis-a-vis, he muttered:

"That alone will convince the jury. They'll argue that the boy can't be much good if his own go back on him."

Annie's eye flashed.

"Precisely!" she exclaimed. "But his own won't go back on him. I'll see to it that they don't." Rising and turning toward the door, she asked:

"Have you anything more to say to me, captain?"

"No," replied the captain hesitatingly. "You can go. Of course you'll be called later for the trial. You can see your husband in the Tombs when you wish."

No man is so hard that he has not a soft spot somewhere. At heart Capt. Clinton was not an unkind man. Long service in the police force and a mistaken notion of the proper method of procedure in treating his prisoners had hardened him and made him brutal. Secretly he felt sorry for this plucky, energetic little woman who had such unbounded faith in her good-for-nothing husband, and was ready to fight all alone in his defense. Eyeing her with renewed interest, he demanded:

"What are you going to do now?"

Annie reached the door, and drawing herself up to her full height, turned and said:

"I'm going to undo all you have done, Capt. Clinton. I'm going to free my husband and prove his innocence before the whole world. I don't know how I'm going to do it, but I'll do it. I'll fight you, captain, to the last ditch, and I'll rescue my poor husband from your clutches if it takes everything I possess in the world."

Quickly she opened the door and disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

The American dearly loves a sensation, and the bigger and more bloodcurdling it is the better. Nothing is more gratifying on arising in the morning and sitting down to partake of a daintily served breakfast than to glance hurriedly over the front page of one's favorite newspaper and see it covered with startling headlines. It matters little what has happened during the night to shock the community, so long as it satisfies one's appetite for sensational news. It can be a fatal conflagration, a fearful railroad wreck, a gigantic bank robbery, a horrible murder, or even a scandalous divorce case. All one asks is that it be something big, with column after column of harrowing details. The newspapers are fully alive to what is expected of them, but it is not always easy to supply the demand. There are times when the metropolis languishes for news of any description. There are no disastrous fires, trains run without mishap, burglars go on a vacation, society leaders act with decorum—in a word the city is deadly dull. Further consideration of the tariff remains the most thrilling topic the newspapers can find to write about.

The murder at the aristocratic Astruria, therefore, was hailed by the editors as an unmixed journalistic blessing, and they proceeded to play it up for all it was worth. All the features of a first-class sensation were present. The victim, Robert Underwood, was well known in society and a prominent art connoisseur. The place where the crime was committed was one of the most fashionable of New York's hostelries. The presumed assassin was a college man and the son of one of the most wealthy and influential of New York's citizens.

True, this Howard Jeffries, the son, was a black sheep. He had been mixed up in all kinds of scandals before. His own father had turned him out of doors, and he was married to a woman whose father died in prison. Could a better combination of circumstances for a newspaper be conceived? The crime was discovered too late for the morning papers to make mention of it, but the afternoon papers fired a broadside that shook the town. All the evening papers had big scare heads stretching across the entire front page, with pictures of the principals involved and long interviews with the coroner and Capt. Clinton. There seemed to be no doubt that the police had arrested the right man, and in all quarters of the city there was universal sympathy for Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr. It was terrible to think that this splendid, upright man, whose whole career was without a single stain, who had served his country gallantly through the civil war, should have such disgrace brought upon him in his old age.

Everything pointed to a speedy trial and quick conviction. Public indignation was aroused almost to a frenzy, and a loud clamor went up against the law's delay. Too many crimes of this nature, screamed the yellow press, had been allowed to sully the good name of the city. A fearful example must be made, no matter what the standing and influence of the prisoner's family. Thus goaded on, the courts acted with promptness. Taken before a magistrate, Howard was at once committed to the Tombs to await trial, and the district attorney set to work impaneling a jury. Justice, he promised, would be swiftly done. One newspaper stated positively that the family would not interfere, but would abandon the scapegrace son to his richly deserved fate. Judge Brewster, the famous lawyer, it was said, had already been approached by the prisoner's wife, but had declined to take the case. Banker Jeffries also was quoted as saying that the man under arrest was no longer a son of his.

As one paper pointed out, it seemed a farce and a waste of money to have any trial at all. The assassin had not only been caught red-handed, but had actually confessed. Why waste time over a trial? True, one paper timidly suggested that it might have been a case of suicide. Robert Underwood's financial affairs, it went on to say, were in a critical condition, and the theory of suicide was borne out to some extent by an interview with Dr. Bernstein, professor of psychology at one of the universities, who stated that he was by no means convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and hinted that the alleged confession might have been forced from him by the police, while in a hypnotic state. This theory, belittling as it did their pet sensation, did not suit the policy of the yellow press, so the learned professor at once became the target for editorial attack.

The sensation grew in importance as the day for the trial approached. All New York was agog with excitement. The handsome Jeffries mansion on Riverside drive was besieged by callers. The guides on the sightseeing coaches shouted through their megaphones:

"That's the house where the murderer of Robert Underwood lived."

The immediate vicinity of the house the day that the crime was made public was thronged with curious people. The blinds of the house were drawn down as if to shield the inmates from observation, but there were several cabs in front of the main entrance and passers by stopped on the sidewalk, pointing at the house. A number of newspaper men stood in a group, gathering fresh material for the next edition. A reporter approached rapidly from Broadway and joined his colleagues.

"Well, boys," he said cheerily. "Anything doing? Say, my paper is going to have a bully story to-morrow! Complete account by Underwood's valet. He tells how he caught the murderer just as he was escaping from the apartment. We'll have pictures and everything. It's fine. Anything doing here?" he demanded.

"Naw," grunted the others in disgruntled tones.

"We saw the butler," said one reporter, "and tried to get a story from him, but he flatly refused to talk. All he would say was that Howard Jeffries was nothing to the family, that his father didn't care a straw what became of him."

"That's pretty tough!" exclaimed another reporter. "He's his son, after all."

"Oh, you don't know old Jeffries," chimed in a third. "When once he makes up his mind you might as well try to move a house."

The afternoon was getting on; if their papers were to print anything more that day they must hasten downtown.

"Let's make one more attempt to get a talk out of the old man," suggested one enterprising scribe.

"All right," cried the others in chorus. "You go ahead. We'll follow in a body and back you up."

Passing through the front gate, they rang the bell, and after a brief parley were admitted to the house. They had hardly disappeared when a cab drove hurriedly up and stopped at the curb. A young woman, heavily veiled, descended, paid the driver, and walked quickly through the gates toward the house.

Annie tried to feel brave, but her heart misgave her when she saw this splendid home with all its evidence of wealth, culture and refinement. It was the first time she had ever entered its gates, although, in a measure, she was entitled to look upon it as her own home. Perhaps never so much as now she realized what a deep gulf lay between her husband's family and herself. This was a world she had never known—a world of opulence and luxury. She did not know how she had summoned up courage enough to come. Yet there was no time to be lost. Immediate action was necessary. Howard must have the best lawyers that money could procure. Judge Brewster had been deaf to her entreaties. He had declined to take the case. She had no money. Howard's father must come to his assistance. She would plead with him and insist that it was his duty to stand by his son. She wondered how he would receive her, if he would put her out or be rude to her. He might tell the servants to shut the door in her face. Timidly she rang the bell. The butler opened the door, and summoning up all her courage, she asked:

"Is Mr. Jeffries in?"

To her utter amazement the butler offered no objection to her entering. Mistaking her for a woman reporter, several of whom had already called that morning, he said:

"Go right in the library, madam; the other newspaper folk are there."

She passed through the splendid reception hall, marveling inwardly at the beautiful statuary and pictures, no little intimidated at finding herself amid such splendid surroundings. On the left there was a door draped with handsome tapestry.

"Right in there, miss," said the butler.

She went in, and found herself in a room of noble proportions, the walls of which were lined with bookshelves filled with tomes in rich bindings. The light that entered through the stained-glass windows cast a subdued half-light, warm and rich in color, on the crimson plush furnishings. Near the heavy flat desk in the center of the room a tall, distinguished man was standing listening deprecatingly to the half dozen reporters who were bombarding him with questions. As Annie entered the room she caught the words of his reply:

"The young man who has inherited my name has chosen his own path in life. I am grieved to say that his conduct at college, his marriage, has completely separated him from his family, and I have quite made up my mind that in no way or manner can his family become identified with any steps he may take to escape the penalty of his mad act. I am his father, and I suppose, under the circumstances, I ought to say something. But I have decided not to. I don't wish to give the American public any excuse to think that I am palliating or condoning his crime. Gentlemen, I wish you good-day."

Annie, who had been listening intently, at once saw her opportunity. Mr. Jeffries had taken no notice of her presence, believing her to be a newspaper writer like the others. As the reporters took their departure and filed out of the room, she remained behind. As the last one disappeared she turned to the banker and said:

"May I speak to you a moment?"

He turned quickly and looked at her in surprise. For the first time he was conscious of her presence. Bowing courteously, he shook his head:

"I am afraid I can do nothing for you madam—as I've just explained to your confreres of the press."

Annie looked up at him, and said boldly:

"I am not a reporter, Mr. Jeffries. I am your son's wife."

The banker started back in amazement. This woman, whom he had taken for a newspaper reporter, was an interloper, an imposter, the very last woman in the world whom he would have permitted to be admitted to his house. He considered that she, as much as anybody else, had contributed to his son's ruin. Yet what could he do? She was there, and he was too much of a gentleman to have her turned out bodily. Wondering at his silence, she repeated softly:

"I'm your son's wife, Mr. Jeffries."

The banker looked at her a moment, as if taking her in from head to foot. Then he said coldly:

"Madam, I have no son." He hesitated, and added:

"I don't recognize—"

She looked at him pleadingly.

"But I want to speak to you, sir."

Mr. Jeffries shook his head, and moved toward the door.

"I repeat, I have nothing to say."

Annie planted herself directly in his path. He could not reach the door unless he removed her forcibly.

"Mr. Jeffries," she said earnestly, "please don't refuse to hear me—please—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRACTICAL CONSTRUCTION OF COMFORTABLE HOG BUILDINGS

Floor Problem Is Still an Unsettled Question—Concrete Is Satisfatory If Covered With Plank Overlays or False Floors—Ventilation Is Important Factor Often Overlooked.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

The hog house floor is an unsettled question. A good floor is the ground with woven wire stretched on top to prevent the hogs from rooting. Electrically welded corncrib wire is very satisfactory. This makes a floor which is easy on the hogs, almost free from rats, and, if properly bedded, warm and dry. It is, however, more difficult to keep free from dust than some other floors. Many concrete floors are used, but they are cold, liable to be wet, and are hard on the hogs' feet. Often almost an entire pig crop and many sows are lost by taking cold on concrete floors. Concrete floors are, however, very satisfactory when covered with plank overlays, or false floors, which should be raised from the concrete about an inch by nailing cleats on the under side. The wood portion of this floor consists of 2 by 4 inch timbers laid about one-fourth inch apart to allow drainage.

Board floors are expensive, short lived, cold if up off the ground, and make the worst kind of rat harbors. The writer once visited an old hog house with wood floor in which the owner said the rats had gotten over

Feeding Floor.

half the pigs. Several men report that rats may be kept out by packing sand or cinders to the top of the joists before laying the floor, but these materials are often too expensive to be used for this purpose.

In making the inside partitions, care should always be taken to have them perfectly tight at the floor and for about 10 to 12 inches above, so that young pigs cannot crawl through, and so sows in the adjoining pens cannot get hold of them and pull them through. A sow will often pull a newly born pig through under a partition and eat it, when, if the pig was in the pen with her, it would be perfectly safe. Above the first 10 or 12 inches it is better to have the partitions open enough so the hogs can see out, otherwise at every sound the sows will be up on the partitions to see what is going on.

Pig rails or guard rails should be placed on the inside of the pen, from 6 to 10 inches from the floor, according to the size of the sow, and should stand out 6 or 8 inches to prevent the sow from mashing the pigs against the wall.

It will be found convenient to have the alley gates removable by lifting out. It is sometimes helpful, also, to have part or all of the partition fences removable. All partitions should be 30 to 36 inches high.

Six by 8 feet is generally found to be a very satisfactory size for pens, but if feeding is to be done inside, the pens will need to be longer in order to give room to feed and water without getting the bed befouled. Very large sows, such as are sometimes kept by breeders, may need more room, but the producer of pork will not need a larger pen. Small sows do not need this much room, and it might be good economy to make half of the pens 5 feet wide. Five by 7 feet will accommodate a small sow very well.

How doors should be 22 to 23 inches wide and 30 to 31 inches high in the clear. In cold weather a piece of burlap or ducking hung at the top of the hog door, with a stick a little shorter than the width of the door nailed across the bottom to prevent the wind from blowing it back, will help materially to keep the pigs warm. The pigs will soon learn to lift the curtain when they want to go through. The board doors in cots would not then need to be closed except in very bad weather, or while the pigs are very small.

In most cases either ventilation is lacking or the house is drafty. In a well-ventilated, double-walled building, little moisture will gather on the walls even in very cold weather, while in a poorly ventilated one thick coats of frost will often gather, and the whole house will be damp when the frost melts. It is not easy to secure a good supply of fresh air and prevent all drafts from striking the pigs. There are, however, several quite satisfactory methods of ventilation in use. The commonest one is to make some of the windows so they will either slide or swing on hinges. The cloth curtain window also does good work.

Whitewashing the inside of the house is an excellent practice. Besides going a long way toward disinfecting, it increases the light materially. When the sunshine strikes a whitewashed wall, much of it is reflected to the floor and does a great deal of good. Dark houses which must be used will be much improved by whitewashing.

BENEFITS OF FARM WINDMILL

In Some Respects it Serves as Hired Man—Affords Fresh Water for the Live Stock Day and Night.

(By F. H. HATLEY, Kentucky.)

I use my windmill to a great advantage on my farm. In some respects it serves as a hired hand. When I purchased my windmill I secured two pieces of timber, nine feet long, five inches thick and eight inches wide.

I placed the legs of the windmill on the two pieces of timber which has a bevel on the bottom like a sled runner. I firmly screwed the legs to the timbers and nailed braces across from one to the other making it steady. Then it was ready to move from place to place by means of a pair of horses.

In the summer months when it is hot and dry I hook onto my windmill and take it to the pasture and connect it with the pump, keeping fresh water for the stock day and night. I save the labor of doing the pumping myself which before, took me about two hours twice a day and my stock enjoyed two good drinks a day. Now they enjoy cool, fresh drink at all times through the day.

I have a pen around my windmill and pump to keep my stock from damaging either. My watering trough is made from gum lumber 18 feet long and 14 inches wide, 1½ inches thick and is 18 feet long, 28 inches wide and 14 inches deep.

I have a rubber hose to fit over the mouth of the pump which is five feet long and leads to the trough and at the end of my trough I have an inch and three-quarters iron pipe that intersects it about one inch from the top. It comes straight down to the ground with an elbow allowing it to go along on the ground to a ditch.

My pipe is three inches under the ground from being mashed by the larger animals.

When the summer is over and it begins to rain I hook up to my windmill and bring it to the house, which requires but a short while, connect it to my pump at the house to use in pumping water for my stock after I bring them into winter quarters and also for the use of watering the house.

I have a rubber hose 14 feet long which I use in washing off my buggy and wagon. I also use it for washing my horses' feet and legs as the windmill forces a powerful and effective stream.

By means of the patent self-locking and unlocking method I can stand on the ground and stop or start my windmill by pulling the cord which hangs down beside the frame. My windmill cost me $54 but a good mill can be purchased for $27.50 and up.

Counting the three months that I keep my stock in the pasture and three hours' work per day at 10 cents per hour which is the minimum wages for farm hands, the windmill will save $27—half the price of the mill, while it would cost me that amount if I did not have it for a hand to pump water for the stock.

There are several other advatages that the windmill is to the farm. It can be attached to the grindstone, the cream separator, churn, etc., making it one of the most useful implements on the farm.

Harrowing vs. Praying for Rain.

"If I were to come onto your farm and set 750 teams to work for a week hauling water onto a quarter section at the rate of four tons a day I would then only put on as much water as evaporates in a week when there is a good moisture content in the soil." This is the striking illustration that President Worst of the North Dakota Agricultural college gives of the tremendous amount of water that escapes by evaporation. He then concludes: "A thorough harrowing will stop this evaporation and save that amount of water."

Rid Garden of Grub Worms.

Under no circumstances should you use the same garden spot again until you have rid the soil of the worms and grubs. To do this plow the land, roll, drag and roll again to hold the moisture. Then give it another thorough working.

In September go over the ground again making sure all weeds are destroyed, and next spring you may again use the space for a garden.

Coin Something of a Freak

Atlantan the Possessor of Silver Dollar with Two Heads—Its History.

Hansel W. Compton has just returned from New Orleans, La., where he went upon a business trip, bringing with him the only genuine silver dollar with heads stamped on both sides ever seen in Atlanta. And thereby hangs a tale, relates the Atlantic Constitution.

Mr. Compton got this silver dollar in change and did not notice the unusual fact about it at the time. Some time later he was matching a friend for car fare, happening to use this silver dollar, when he noticed that the coin fell 'heads' every time. He looked closer and saw that there was a head on each side of the dollar. Under one head were the figures "1906," the date of the initial stamping, and under the other "1909," the date of the second stamping.

He showed it to several New Orleans men, who offered him various premiums the highest being $10, all of which he refused.

The story in connection with this coin is as follows: An employe in the New Orleans mint, whose duty it was to run the silver coin through the dies to have the head stamped upon it substituted a current silver dollar for the coin immediately after the head had been stamped upon it, with the other side unstamped and perfectly slick. This was in 1906. Three years later he ran the coin through the stamper for the reverse side, impressing another head and 1909 upon it. The fact that a coin had been put in, at the first instance, to replace the half-coined dollar, prevented detection. In this manner, it is explained, the silver dollar came to have its two heads.

The First Necessity.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Paley.

CONSTRUCTING MILK COOLER

The tank is made of galvanized iron and is set near the well with a pipe connecting from well to tank at the top of the cream house. In one side of the tank make a hole for a piece of gas pipe using a couple of locknuts, one on the inside, the other on the outside to keep from leaking. On the inner end of this outlet which connects with the water tank for cattle, use an elbow with a piece of gas pipe about sixteen inches long turned down so that the circulation is good in this tank, the water going in at the top and out at the bottom. All the water for cattle must pass around the cream where the cream can is set as soon as separated.

Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

Clubs for farm boys and girls to stimulate interest in improved methods of agriculture and better living conditions on the farm now have a total membership of 144,000 in the United States.

NOT FOR MRS. PILKINSON

Wife of Husband, Drafted for the War, Looked With Disfavor on Proffered Substitute.

Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was drafted for the services of his country during thoe Civil war. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of information, was one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, ma'am, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinston, "though, dear knows, there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinston, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond," cried Mrs. Pilkerston, as she discharged the dirty soapsuds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

IN AGONY WITH ITCHING

"About four years ago I broke out with sores on my arms like boils. After two months they were all over my body, some coming, and some going away. In about six months the boils quit, but my arms, neck and body broke out with an itching, burning rash. It would burn and itch, and come out in pimples like grains of wheat. I was in a terrible condition; I could not sleep or rest. Parts of my flesh were raw, and I could scarcely bear my clothes on. I could not lie in bed in any position and rest. In about a year the sores extended down to my feet. Then I suffered agony with the burning, itching sores. I could hardly walk and for a long time I could not put on socks.

"All this time I was trying everything I could hear of, and had the skill of three doctors. They said it was eczema. I got no benefit from all this. I was nearly worn out, and had given up in despair of ever being cured when I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura Remedies. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and used exactly as directed. I used the Cuticura Remedies constantly for four months, and nothing else, and was perfectly cured. It is now a year, and I have not had the least bit since. I am ready to praise the Cuticura Remedies at any time. (Signed) E. L. Cate, Exile, Ky., Nov. 10, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 21, K Boston.

THE MARTYR.

Polly—So Mrs. Highmere's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?

Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmere invited us all to an afternoon tea so she could tell us how she suffered in silence!

The Summer Toast.

In all her business life the bit of work she is now completing has been most pleasant, says the free lance stenographer.

"I have been typewriting toasts on paper napkins," she said. "A society of club women who have planned to do a lot of outdoor entertaining this summer expect to use thousands of paper napkins, and I have had the job of typewriting a toast on each napkin. It is a pretty idea, and I tried to meet the charming sentiment of the ladies half way by using a good non-copying ink, but in spite of that precaution I am afraid that many a guest will leave the lunch table with a purple ink smudge on her face."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Personal.

Garrulous Barber—As the sayin' goes, "There's always room at the top."

Sensitive Customer—How dare you refer to my baldness!

If a man would work at some employment half as hard as he will trying to get a public office at a low salary he could make a fair living.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

There are some things that even the most absent-minded of us can't forget.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

It's the land of the free—for spinsters and bachelors.