15

SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that $250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow wealthy and very giddy. Wallace learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway $1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell. Wallace takes the affair in hand and insists that Broadway hold off for a bigger price and rushes him to Jonesville to consult Judge Spotswood. Broadway finds his boyhood playmate, Josie Richards, in charge of the plant and falls in love with her. Wallace is smitten with Judge Spotswood's daughter, Clara. Josie points out to Broadway that by selling the plant to the trust he will ruin the town built by his ancestors and throw 700 employes out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Broadway visits the plant and Josie explains the business details to him. He decides to take hold of the work at once. Broadway makes a speech to his employes who, in their enthusiasm, carry him around the plant on their shoulders.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"We're just waiting for Pembroke," said Wallace.

"Pembroke! Oh, yes; some of the men told me that he is in town. What's he coming here for?"

"To try to give us a whole lot of money," Wallace answered. "But we're not going to take it." He grinned up at Broadway. "We don't need it, do we?"

Jackson looked at him with mournful eyes, recollecting all the bills he had left behind in New York city. "Don't make me laugh. I didn't sleep well."

The judge saw his young friend's increasing discomfort. "You've made the people of this town very happy today, my boy. You ought to sleep well after this. They owe you a great debt."

Jackson passed the compliment, but winced. "Please don't talk about debts! Let's get on a cheerful subject." With a sickly effort to relieve his mind he turned to Wallace. "How's the barber?"

The judge seized this opportunity to extol a local genius. "Ain't he a nice fellow, though?"

"Yes," said Wallace dryly, "he cut Taft's hair once."

"I shouldn't be surprise," the judge assented heartily. "He's from Hartford."

His remarkable appreciation of the dignity and glories of the little cities was a continual joy to the two friends, who smiled across his nodding head at one another.

Wallace looked around appreciatively. "The old gentleman had pretty nice offices here."

"Yes," the judge agreed. He nodded toward the desk at which Broadway had carelessly taken his position. "Seems strange not to see him sitting at that desk." He sighed. "First, old Oscar Jones sat there, and he died; then John sat there, and he died; then Andrew sat there, and he died; now—"

Broadway, who had listened to the brief but tragical recital with expanding orbs, got up, and, as he edged away from the too fatal piece of office furniture, eyed it with suspicion and distaste. "That's the last time I'll sit there," he declared.

But Judge Spotswood had not seen the byplay and did not hear the youth's resolve. He was launched on reminiscence. "Every man in the plant loved the old gentleman. They all feel mighty bad. Just think—he was alive 72 hours ago, and now the whole town's in mourning!"

It was at this juncture that Higgins, a new and happy Higgins, entered, cap in hand, respectfully. He was smiling genially. "Excuse me, Mr. Jones, the men want to know if you have any objection to their celebrating tonight."

He bowed respectfully to Josie, who entered at that moment.

"They're thinking of having a torchlight parade and fireworks in honor of your taking up things at the works. Is it all right?"

The judge beamed happily. What could be more significant of the new day which had dawned on Jonesville than this speech from Higgins, erstwhile the dissatisfied, the complainer? "That's a bully idea!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Wallace and Jackson looked at one another in a pleased appreciation. It was Josie who instinctively saw the flaw which had escaped the horde of workmen in the shops and which now escaped the four there in the office. "Why, judge!" said she, shocked and scandalized.

"What's the matter?"

But Josie would not even look at him. In a reproachful voice she turned to Higgins. "Tell the men to do nothing of the kind," she said with emphasis. "Don't they realize what has happened? How can they forget so quickly?"

Now a light burst, even upon Higgins. "Oh, that's so, I'll have to remind them of that!"

Wallace was still puzzled, but Broadway was beginning to understand.

"By George," said the judge, "I forgot all about it myself!"

A bright light bursting upon Wallace, he went to Jones and slapped him on the back. "The king is dead," he quoted, "long live the king!"

Jackson winced. He reflected that this showed the gratitude, the cherishing regard of the workingmen. His uncle had just gone to his reward and now, because he, the heir, in a moment of decent impulse, had done the square thing by them, the faithful laborers were quite content to follow their old friend's obsequies by torchlights borne in glory to the new one while brass bands played ragtime!

Josie had looked up the correspondence with the Empire Advertising Agency, and now gave the letters she had found to Wallace.

He looked at them, frowned, shook his head and bit his lip, very much astonished, very much annoyed. "It's the Empire, all right," he was forced to admit. But before he had a chance to read the letters, Sam came in, tramping like a little elephant, threw back his massive head, half closed his eyes and roared:

"Mr.—Pembroke—and—Mr.—Leary—to—see—Mr.—Jones."

"Tell them to come right in," said Broadway. His neck thrust this way and that—two thrusts in honor of big business.

Wallace smiled. "Judge," he said, "did you ever see a man refuse to take a million and a half?"

"Not yet."

"Well, watch the little professor, over there." He nodded toward Broadway. Then, to the man of whom he had been speaking: "Sit at that desk and look business-like."

"In that chair?" asked Broadway with determination. "Not after what he said! 'And then he sat there, and he died.' No, I'll die standing up."

"Shall I go?" asked Josie.

"No; please don't."

Then Pembroke entered, trailed by a sallow person, young in years, old in expression, and bearing in his hand a new stenographer's notebook and a little group of finely sharpened pencils, which he carried as if they might have been small, very deadly weapons, to be used in time of need upon his master's enemies.

"How do you do, Mr. Pembroke," said Broadway with what he conceived to be great dignity.

"Mr. Jones," said Pembroke, bowing formally.

Broadway waved him to the fatal chair. "Sit right down here," he urged.

"No, thank you," Pembroke countered.

"He's on!" Broadway whispered to Wallace.

Gravely Pembroke bowed to all the others of the party, murmuring, as he did so, their names. But as he bowed to Wallace he said "Wilson."

"'Wilson?'" said the judge and Josie in astonishment and concert.

Bob winked at them. "Yes; that's right," he hissed. That's my name."

This over, Pembroke turned to his stenographer, who had found a seat upon an office stool. "Take the entire conversation, John," he directed.

This feazed Broadway for an instant but he recovered quickly. Was he to be outdone by this emissary of the Gum Trust in presenting evidences of suspicion? Not if he, Broadway Jones, was kept informed of what was going on, he wasn't. He pointed to a youth whom he had seen about the office frequently, and asked Josie: "Stenographer, is he?"

She nodded.

"What's his name?" asked Broadway, in a whisper.

"Henry."

Broadway was content. With a grand air and several protrusions of the neck, he ordered: "Take the entire conversation, Henry." Outdone by anyone like Pembroke! He thought not!

"Are we to talk in the presence of all here?" asked Pembroke calmly, coldly, disapprovingly. He was very cautious.

"I'm satisfied, if you are," Broadway answered. "Sit down, judge."

"Very well, Mr. Jones," said Pembroke gravely. "Mr. Jones, I am not in the habit of doing business through hirelings." He cast a scornful glance at Wallace, who smiled sweetly in return. "Your Mr. Wilson, your secretary as he represents himself to be, and whose impertinance, by the way, is beyond description, has had the audacity to state that I should have to do business through him or not at all."

"Those were my instructions," Jackson answered, never wavering.

"I should like to understand the reason for so unusual an arrangement."

"Well," said Jackson, "you want to buy something that I own. He's the salesman, that's all." He paused, wondering at his own great brilliance. "John Wanamaker owns a store, but he doesn't wait on the customers, does he?"

This was unanswerable. It dumfounded Pembroke; it delighted all the other hearers, saving only the two secretaries, who were bent above their tasks with nervous diligence.

Broadway himself laughed outright.

"How was that?" he asked Wallace in a whisper.

"You're immense, on the square," said Wallace, with intense appreciation.

Pembroke was not thus impressed. He was offended. He was evidently ready for offence from any quarter. "You are flippant, sir," he said with a grave scorn. "You gave me your word that the deal would be consummated at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The price was settled and agreed upon by both of us."

Jackson sat in silence, regarding him with an innocent, unwavering attention which very greatly disconcerted him.

"I returned by appointment to your New York apartment, with my lawyers and papers ready to sign, and upon inquiring from an insolent butler as to your whereabouts I received the information that you were on your way to Egypt."

"Good old Rankin!" muttered Broadway, and decided, then and there, to raise his butler's wages once more.

"He said the only word that you had left for me was a profance request that I go to—er—well, we'll not repeat it."

"I'll make that raise a twenty, not a ten," Broadway reflected.

"Believing you to be a man of integrity," Pembroke went on, "unfortunately for me I had no witnesses present at our closing of the bargain."

Broadway continued to smile expansively.

"Still," said Pembroke, "I ask you,

"We're Not Going to Sell. We're Going to Fight."

as man to man, is your word worthless?"

Broadway looked at him with an intensity of gaze which required three stretchings of the neck to bring about. "When I'm doing business with unscrupulous people, yes," he answered.

Pembroke, shuddering, turned to his stenographer. "Have you got that, John?" And John nodded.

"Got that, Henry?" Broadway demanded of his man. And Henry nodded.

Then Broadway walked the floor, keeping the astonished Pembroke fixed with a glittering eye. That careful, able, very modern business person was rather notably surprised by the young man. Somehow he seemed to have developed since the hour, so short a time before, when first he had encountered him in New York city.

"When I fell for your rush football business methods yesterday and agreed to sell," said Broadway, his voice assuming an extraordinary singsong, to his friends unusual, to himself astonishing, to Pembroke disconcerting, and, in later years, a celebrated thing, "I wasn't aware of the low, contemptible tricks to which your company had stooped in order to put my poor old uncle out of business." His voice thrilled with feeling when he used those touching words "my poor old uncle." His "poor old uncle" would have been emphatically surprised had he been there to hear that thrill.

"I didn't k-n-o-w it was the result of the business blows you'd dealt him that sent him to his g-r-a-v-e." (I am endeavoring, by means of hyphens, to indicate the lingering, scathing emphasis which Broadway, this day saturated in the soul of oratory, was giving now to certain words.) "I didn't k-n-o-w it was the purpose of the concern with which I was dealing to throw out of work hundreds of men that owed to that thing I was selling their very means of livelihood, food for their babies, education for their growing sons and d-a-u-g-h-t-e-r-s."

Even Wallace looked at him amazed. The tremolo, the emphasis, the feeling which Broadway was putting into this extraordinary line of talk to the trust agent were all new and beautiful to him.

"Lots of things I didn't know yesterday, Mr. Pembroke," said the young man in conclusion, "but I've found them out since then, and that is why I've broken my word."

Pembroke's impassiveness was ruffled; there was not the slightest doubt of that.

On Josie's face there was a look of admiration which was balm to Broadway's soul; the judge had listened with a mouth continually opening wider; Wallace was frankly triumphant.

"You didn't think that I could talk that way, did you?" asked Broadway of his adversary. Then, to Wallace: "How was it?"

"Great!"

"Great?" said Jackson. "It was wonderful! I never knew it was in me." He was completely satisfied with Broadway Jones. He whirled again on Pembroke. "Go on, say something else."

But Pembroke kept a stony silence.

"Tell you what I'll do," cried Broadway, "I'll talk you for a thousand dollars a side."

Pembroke scorned this proposition. Plainly he was not a sport. "Then I am to understand the price is—"

"The salesman will state the price. I'm the owner."

"I don't consider any commercial trade-mark worth a million and a half of dollars," Pembroke said with emphasis.

"Neither do I," said Wallace cheerfully.

"Still," said Pembroke slowly and coldly, "even in business we sometimes desire to satisfy our pride. It has always been the ambition of our company to control this output. For ten years we have tried to absorb it into the Consolidated without success. I have communicated with my people in Ohio, and, while we feel and know the price to be highly exorbitant, we have decided to take it over. I am prepared to buy."

"Well, we are not prepared to sell," said Wallace slowly and emphatically.

"What! I've agreed to your own terms!"

"I heard everything you said."

"I don't quite gather your meaning."

"No; and you're not going to gather our chewing-gum either. We're not going to sell. We're going to fight. You haven't a tottering old man to deal with now, but a young man—full of fire and fight, of energy and ambition! Look!"

Bob himself knew this to have been a fine flight. He pointed with a gesture full of drama at Broadway, who did the best he could to meet the situation with an attitude which might have broken Pembroke's gravity had he been less absorbed and incensed.

"We have an article which, on its own merits, has stood up under almost impossible competition," Wallace continued in a tone of triumph. "We have the goods to deliver, and we're going to fight and beat you at your own game. We're going to make you take your own medicine, Mr. Pembroke. We're going to make you compete with us. We're going to advertise as no article was ever advertised before. We're going to post and plaster from one end of the country to the other. We're going to snow you under, that's what we're going to do, and we're in a position to do it."

Broadway was as proud of Wallace as he had been of himself. "What do you think of that?" he asked the startled Pembroke.

Pembroke smiled. He had a well trained face. He also was an egotist, both for himself and for his company. "We spend a million dollars annually in advertising, Mr. Wilson."

"No you don't," said Wallace promptly. "I know what you spend better than you do yourself. And my name is not 'Mr. Wilson,' and I'm not Mr. Jones' secretary." He pulled a card out of his pocket. "Here's my name and here's my business."

Pembroke took the card, looked at it, and was really affected. As far as he was capable of showing real uneasiness he showed it then.

"You mean the Empire Advertising company is behind this business?"

The Empire Advertising company, it must be remembered, was the largest in the world.

Wallace had not thought of that. He had not meant to say the Empire was actually behind Jones' Pepsin gum. But now that Pembroke had suggested it, it seemed to him to be a good idea, and, without taking into consideration the important fact that his father, not himself, was president of the Empire Advertising company, he took the plunge.

"That's just what I mean, and we're going to do five times as much advertising as you ever did, and at one-tenth the cost."

"Then my people do no more business with the Empire."

"All right," Wallace positively sneered, "then let's see how much outdoor advertising you get this side of the Rocky mountains."

Pembroke rose. He was not happy, but he did his level best to hide his worry.

"Very well, I'll take the 11:40 back

"I Think You Can Catch Him if You Hurry."

to New York. Come, John." He turned, then, to Broadway, and spoke ominously. "You mark my word, Mr. Jones, you'll be glad to do business with us before another year has passed."

"All right," Broadway answered, "come around and see me in about twelve months. I may want to buy your company."

"Come, John," said Pembroke without answering.

"Say, John, take down that last one I said," Broadway called after him. "I thought it was a corker."

The judge rose from the chair in which he had been sitting in a sort of joyous trance. "I'd give ten years of my life rather than have missed that."

Josie, who, as spellbound, had been watching from the side, sighed happily: "It was all wonderful!"

Wallace smiled at her. "Have the stenographer make carbon copies of all that Pembroke said—the entire conversation. We may need them."

"Incriminating, nearly every word of it," the judge agreed.

"Didn't I tell you I'd scare the life out of him?" Wallace asked in boastful tones.

"Did you?" said Broadway. "I wasn't so bad myself, was I?"

The judge grinned at him in commendation. Then: "I'll tell Higgins that Pembroke has gone about his business. Perhaps they'll raise another cheer. It will make them all feel just a little better—if they could feel any better. He'll spread the news in a jiffy."

"Well, what did you think of it?" Wallace asked of Jackson. "How about it, now that it's all over?"

Broadway was a little dubious. "It's a good plot, but how are we going to play it?" he inquired, reverting to theatrical slang of that street he had loved and lost so much on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Elephants and Their Young.

Very little is known of the breeding habits of elephants or their manner of caring for their young. A gentleman whom we became very well acquainted while on the Mount Kenia trip, was not a professional elephant hunter, nevertheless he had killed several elephants on Kilimanjaro. Once by mistake he shot and wounded a cow elephant that ran some distance before falling. On overtaking her he found that she had fallen in a kneeling position. A little calf was pinned under her knee by a leg that was driven deep into the soft earth. A close examination of the route over which the old elephant had passed failed to reveal any of the little one's tracks. This, together with the fact that the calf was not hitherto seen and the peculiar manner in which it lay, might be taken as proof that the mother was carrying it in her trunk, or perhaps resting it on her tusks, with her trunk holding it in position.—Outing.

HE MADE HIS OWN PLACE

Successful and Highly Praised Writer Virtually a Graduate From the "Ranks."

"I was a mechanic, and there wasn't much of any kind of machinery I wasn't good at from cutting screws to a thousandth of an inch to working at locomotive building. But I was an uneducated man until I took myself in hand and educated myself in the last three years. Even now I haven't read more than one-third of Shakespeare and not much Browning, and not very much else on poetry. But biology I am keen on." This, according to the Kansas City Star, is the way in which John Helston, the author of "Aphrodite and Other Poems," describes himself.

Helston, whose discovery seems to be a disputed point between Lady Margaret Sackville and the English Review, since his sudden recognition last March, has done other manual tasks besides screw cutting and locomotive building. Of a long list there might be mentioned electrician, engineering, sword making and work in a motor car factory; he was discharged from the latter for smashing a lever or something. Then being fond of betting, he followed the horses as a business and wrote for racing papers. Finally he showed some verses he had written to Lady Margaret Sackville. Now he is a poet, a remarkable poet, and has been duly lionized by London society. He rode on a bicycle to a banquet given in his honor and arrived so late that, as the report has it, there was nothing left but cold chicken and Ezra Pound, the American poet.

Reading "Aphrodite and Other Poems" and finding as you will many a line of exquisite workmanship, it may well prove difficult to reconcile the author's command of meter and the music of the time to the tale of his untutored past.

Men and Women Typtists.

Good women typists usually exhibit a marked development of tactile and muscular sensibility and an excellent memory for letters, and especially for concrete phrases, remarks the Scientific American. The right and left hands are nearly equal in strength and their attention is keen and well sustained. Their relative slowness of auditory reaction is a theoretical defect, but the value of a typist depends rather upon a combination of good points than upon a great superiority in one particular.

Men exhibit greater uniformity than women, but the difference between good and poor typists are, nevertheless, well marked. In general, men surpass women in rapidity of auditory action and consequently in speed of work, but are inferior to women, perhaps, in power of sustained attention.

Some Elevator.

One of the elevators in the Hearts building carried a woman of ample size past the floor she had called. The obliging elevator man perceived his mistake, quietly reversed his machine and landed the passenger at the right floor. "Well, now, whot do you know about that!" exclaimed the woman as she trundled her way out of the car. "Sure, this is the first elyvator I ever saw that would go back without stopping."

GROWING CHILD NEEDS REST

According to Eminent Authority, Hours of Study Should Be Restricted With Much Care.

As soon as the child begins to grow rapidly all intellectual exertion should be checked. Such is the theory which Dr. C. Mercier, the famous English authority on children, expresses in an article in the London Lancet. Especially when there is any family tendency to nervous or mental disorder, rapidly growing children should be withdrawn from school altogether until the period of rapid growth is over.

Mercier does not think that intellectual work at high pressure is harmful to either boys or girls as long as food, sleep and bodily exercise are sufficient; but he is sure that pressure of intellectual work in those who are growing rapidly should never be permitted; and if growth be proceeding very rapidly all intellectual work should be put aside.

Doctor Mercier insists that it is scarcely possible to give growing children too much to eat, and it should always be borne in mind that the carbohydrates—starch, sugar and fat—are mainly fuel that is burnt up in producing muscular movement, and that the proteins are the main elements in the formation of tissue. Consequently, it is a mistake to restrict the meat ration of children.

Alfonso Incognito.

When Alfonso XIII. of Spain recently paid a visit to Paris he made his journey from first to last strictly incognito. A Parisian paper describes the success with which this incognito of the royal visitor was maintained. He was received incognito at the railroad station of Rambouillet by a squadron of curiassiers, by the prefect of police and by the mayor; the city was decorated incognito with flags and the inhabitants acclaimed him incognito king of Spain. As he wore a hunting cap with which it would have been difficult to salute the enthusiastic populace who welcomed him, he maintained his grateful incognito by journeying from the station to the chateau where he was received by a barehead ed incognito.

UNDER FEET OF GENERAL LEE

George Kimball of Lexington, Mass., Lay Wounded in Hallway During Last Day's Fight.

"I had just arrived from my home in Maine," said George Kimball of 21 Forest street, Lexington, Mass., "when the war broke out. I was twenty-one years of age and just ripe for fighting. I enlisted in Company A, Twelfth (Webster) regiment.

"I was wounded at Fredericksburg and got back to my regiment two weeks before the march to Gettysburg. Never have I seen such enthusiasm as was shown when the boys were told that we were to march to Gettysburg, the thought of the army getting out of Virginia into free country being a very bright one.

"As we came nearer we could hear the firing and as we marched on we met A. P. Hill, who had just come up with troops to Seminary Ridge and had had a lively fight for four hours.

"My regiment stood against the enemy until we had fired all our ammunition and then fought with clubbed muskets and bayonets.

"We were then ordered to charge on Iverson's North Carolina brigade and as we went forward many of the rebels shook their handkerchiefs in the air as a signal that they would quit and came toward us.

"In the excitement, somehow, my comrades had gotten away from me and suddenly I discovered that I was alone in the bunch of Confederates who had given up. We had been talking for some little time and the rest of my comrades had evidently fallen back.

"I started to get away, but the Confederates, seeing that I was alone, ordered me to halt. I started to run and they fired. At this time a cross fire was coming in from the Union soldiers and as I ran I was struck in the groin, the ball passing through to my hip.

"I lay there and saw the armies sway back and forth and after a time was carried into the home of Rev. Mr. Baugher, near by, by the Confederates. I was there during the battle and for five days afterward. I was placed on the floor of the front hall and received good care from the Confederate surgeon, Doctor Fraser, who used to remark, 'We're all human, don't be afraid.'

"I remember one incident as I lay on the floor. General Lee came into the house to watch the progress of the battle from the upper floor of the house and in passing through the house he stepped over me very carefully.

"As I got a little strength I could shift myself about and look out onto the field of battle. I saw Pickett come out of the forest into the open and make that famous charge. Out of the din of battle I heard a mighty cheer go up from the Union soldiers and I knew what that meant. Then I saw Pickett's men come straggling back carrying their wounded with them."

Mr. Kimball visited Miss Baugher in 1883 when a member of a committee sent to mark out various spots on the battlefield. Again in 1885 he visited the place and paid a visit.

OFFICERS TO DISCARD SABER

Weapon Considered Out of Date and Will Be Replaced by Straight Sword for Stabbing.

The cavalry of the United States is to lose a weapon which has been associated with that military arm in all countries since time immemorial. It is the saber that is to go.

The saber, as everybody knows, is a sword of curved shape, meant for a slashing blow. Under earlier conditions of warfare it did effective work. It is now considered out of date. To take its place the cavalryman of the regular army is to be provided with a straight sword for stabbing.

The new sword will be carried at the saddle of the fighting man on horseback, who, it is expected, will be deprived of the revolver which he has hitherto worn in a holster at his belt.

The reason for taking away the pistol is that the cavalryman does not need more than one weapon to shoot with, namely, the rifle, which is suspended in a boot by his side. This rifle is shorter than the equivalent arm with which the soldiers of European nations are equipped; but it is the same weapon provided for the American infantry.

It is considered that, with one weapon for shooting and another for stabbing, the cavalryman is adequately armed. But the saber is a back number, and the new sword is expected to prove much more useful in practical warfare.

Why He Went.

Jones, who doesn't own a motor car, and is never likely to, was met at the motor show by a friend, who expressed surprise to see him there. "Well," said Jones, "it's lovely once a year to come and look at a whole mass of cars that you don't have to dodge."—Christian Register.

For Your Plants.

Carbide, the pearly gray powder left from acetylene lamps, is excellent for use around plants. It stimulates the growth of both flowers and foliage.

To Remove Mildew.

Mildew is best removed by dipping the goods into a weak solution of chloride of lime, then placing the garment in the sun for a few minutes, after which rinse thoroughly. A heaping teaspoonful of lime to a quart of water is about the right proportion.

Might Have Made It Stronger.

Mother—"What did you mean, Dorothy, when you said your teacher was 'queer'?" Little Dorothy—"I was des' too p'lite to 'xpress my real 'pinion of her."

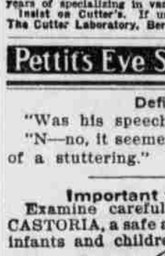
Have You a Bad Back?

Whenever you use your back, does a sharp pain hit you? Does your back ache constantly, feel sore and lame?

It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered too, passages scanty or too frequent or off color.

In neglect there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

A Texas Case



Mrs. B. F. Benson, Anderson Ave., Houston, Tex., says: "Two operations failed to relieve my kidney trouble. I had hemorrhages of the kidneys and passed pure blood. The pain and suffering in my back was terrible. I was nothing but skin and bones. When I had given up hope, Doan's Kidney Pills came to my rescue and cured me. To-day I am in better health than ever before."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must be Signature

Brent Good

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills $1.00 50-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

Pettit's Eye Salve RELIEVES TIRED EYES

Defined.

"Was his speech exegetical?"

"N—no, it seemed to me to be more of a stuttering."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Only Too Willing.

Optimist—Be a hero and always pay your taxes with a smile.

Taxpayer—I would like to, but they won't accept them. They insist upon money.

Had the Right Idea.

Small Chris had been given a toy bank and was told to save all his pennies. The next day he said: "Mamma, please give me a quarter."

"What do you want it for?" she asked.

"I want," replied the young financier, "to get it changed into pennies to save."

No Better, But Worse.

Apropos of a policy of trust reformation, ex-Mayor Shank of Indianapolis said at a banquet in New York: "If a trust is inherently bad, kill it. You can't reform it. It's like the singing lady. One man said to another: 'I hear your wife has been taking singing lessons.' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, what do you think of her voice, since it's trained?' 'It's no better, but there's a lot more of it.'"

Diplomacy.

Consul T. D. Edwards at Juarez is winning high praise for his diplomacy in keeping the peace.

At a recent dinner in Juarez a Mexican who desired to insult America—the story comes from a New York fruit rancher—stared defiantly at Mr. Edwards, raised his glass and said:

"To the Yankees. They are all curs. I make no exceptions."

"To the Mexicans," Mr. Edwards tranquilly retorted. "They are all gentlemen. But I make exceptions."

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee troubles and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat — felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, today I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.