

HOME TOWN HELPS

WAKE REPAIRS WHEN NEEDED

House Owner Owes It to Community to Keep His Property Looking Always at Its Best.

Keeping the house in repair should be the endeavor of every home owner, or the house in poor condition rapidly loses in value and the ultimate repair bill is far beyond the expense necessary to fix it at once. A house should be carefully watched for needed repairs, as there are many little cracks and tears which might require attention that are unnoticed unless the house is systematically gone over once in a while.

A shingle or a square of slate found in the yard is a good indication that the roof needs attention, and the matter should be attended to at once. If it is delayed the next rainstorm might cause enough water to soak through the roof to ruin the ceiling and possibly injure the floors.

A broken pane of glass may seem unimportant to attend to at once, but if the wall paper or polished floor get a soaking it will cost much more than the expense of a pane of glass to repair the damage. If the broken window happens to be in the cellar it may cause the freezing of the water pipes or the boiler.

The paint on the exterior of the house should receive a share of the attention and should be renewed at least every third year. The life of the house depends on its ability to withstand the ravages of weather, and if the paint is in poor condition the house is bound to decrease in value.

CITY MUST LOOK TO FUTURE

Timely Comment Made by Indianapolis Newspaper Is Worth Consideration at This Time.

City planning is of immediate interest to many cities in Indiana besides Indianapolis, remarks the News of that city. Many of them are growing rapidly. They have enjoyed business booms due to war orders, and this prosperity, even though it may not be wholly substantial, makes necessary permanent improvements.

Municipalities are among the few businesses conducted today without a definite end in view. Cities grow as the result of conditions developing from time to time. A private enterprise may—and generally does—expand along definite lines. The desirable condition for a municipality would be to apply similar methods. "The time is ripe," said a Boston official, who made a tour of our cities, "for the state of Indiana to have a city-planning commission law, which will benefit your city (South Bend) as well as every other city in Indiana. . . . Seven states have enacted city planning legislation. The state of Massachusetts was the first to adopt such legislation, and according to the law, every city of 10,000 population must have a city planning commission. No improvements are made in these cities unless the plans have the approval of the commission, which is composed of five members elected by the people."

Successful Community Garden.

To relate the experience of a small borough in northern New Jersey last year may encourage others to go and do likewise.

The inhabitants subscribed to a guarantee fund to finance a community garden. The local clergyman was put in charge of the enterprise. A half day's plowing was donated, but all other labor was paid for, being done largely by the local boys' club. Two sacks of potatoes were planted. The crop was largely sold to people who bought them by the bushel in the ground, doing their own digging. The net result was about forty bushels, and the profit, \$5.51, was donated to the Y. M. C. A. war fund. The members of the committee donated their time and the assets were a few boxes.

Improvements in House Details.

There are odds and ends about a house which, with little renovation and improvements, add to the beauty of the house. Front doors are in this class. Formerly wood was used to great advantage and still has not gone out of favor, but glass and metal are slowly becoming popular in this line of house adornment. The new idea, that of glass and metal, may be used with taste provided the combination is not ridiculous and in striking contrast to the architecture of the house itself.

Plan to Beautify Iowa Capitol.

The state executive council expects to employ a landscape artist to work out the planting scheme on the capitol extension grounds. It is highly important that this work be done by one who is more than a mere tree planter, or one who has trees for sale. The beauty of that future park will depend to a very large extent upon having a real plan, made by a real landscape artist, and then adhered to.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"But you have. Not in words, perhaps, but you have told me. I know. Please go on and tell me all. If you don't," with determination, "I shall make Uncle Elisha tell me as soon as he comes. I shall."

Sylvester sighed. "Well, by George!" he repeated feelingly. "I'll tell you one thing, young woman, you're wasting your talents. You should be a member of the bar. Any one who can lead a battle scarred veteran of cross examination like myself into a trap and then spring it on him, as you have done, is gifted by Providence. I ought not to say another word on the subject," he declared emphatically. "What Captain Warren will say to me when he finds this out is unpleasant to consider. What is it you want me to tell you?"

"Everything. I want you to sit down here by me and tell me the whole story from the beginning. Please."

He hesitated a moment longer and then, his mind made up, returned to his chair, crossed his legs and began. "Here it is," he said.

"Caroline, about twenty years ago or such matter your father was a comparatively poor man—poor, I mean, compared to what he afterward became. But he was a clever man, an able business man, one who saw opportunities and grasped them. At that time he obtained a grant in South America for—"

"I know," she interrupted. "The Akrae Rubber company was formed. You told Steve and me all about that. What I want to know is—"

"Wait. I did not tell you all about it. I said that another man invested \$10,000 with your father to form that company. That man, so we now know, was your uncle, Captain Elisha Warren."

"I guessed that. Of course it must have been he."

"It was. The captain had saved some money; also at that time he idolized his brother and believed in his shrewdness and capability. He invested this \$10,000 on Rodgers Warren's word that the investment was likely to be a good one, that and to help the latter in business. For a few years the company did nothing. During that time your father and uncle disagreed—concerning another matter, quite unconnected with this one—and they did not see each other again while Rodgers lived. In that long period the Akrae company made millions. But Elisha supposed it to be bankrupt and worthless, because—well, to be frank, because his brother wrote him to that effect."

"Now we come to the will. Your father, Caroline, was not a bad man at heart. He realized how he had defrauded the brother who had been so kind to him, and he kept promising himself to some day repay the money he had taken. To insure that he put that note with the other papers of the company. If he did repay it could be destroyed; if he did not, if he should die, it would be there to prove what it did prove. But always in his mind was the thought of you and Steve, the children he loved. He had quarreled with his brother, it is true. He had cheated him, but restitution for that cheat he had provided. But what would become of you, left—in case he died without making restitution—peniless? He knew his brother, as I said, knew his character, respected his honesty and believed in his conscientiousness and his big heart. So he made his will, and in it, as you know, he appointed Elisha your guardian. He threw his children and their future upon the mercy and generosity of the brother he had wronged. That is his reason, as we surmise it, for making that will."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Yes, because I want him."

SYLVESTER paused. Caroline did not speak for a moment; then she asked:

"And no one knew—you or my uncle or any one—of all this until last March?"

"No. Graves had, with his usual care and patience, pieced together the evidence and investigated until we were sure that a stockholder in the Akrae company existed and that all of your father's estate belonged to him. Who that stockholder was we did not know until that day of the meeting at our office. Then Captain Warren told us."

"But he did not know either?"

"Not until then. He supposed his Akrae stock worthless and had practically forgotten it. When we told him of its value, of the note and of the missing shareholder, he knew, of course, one would have thought he was the wrongdoer and not the wronged."

When One Chinaman Prayed.

In "Rough Hearts—But Gentle Hands," in the American Magazine, the author of the story writes:

"A pregnant hush filled the room, and I held Maria closer to still her trembling. Then a voice broke the silence:

"You not know me, God. I just Duck Sing. China cook on Liso Lango, and we not want to talk about us, but one time in mission long time ago, man tell me 'God is love,' and that he take care of good man after he go

you and asked your pardon if we would have permitted it."

"But, Mr. Sylvester, now we are coming to the part I cannot understand. Of course the estate belonged to him. I know that. It is his. But why didn't he tell Steve and me the truth then, at once?"

"Caroline, Caroline, do you understand yet? Do you imagine for one moment that your uncle intends keeping that money?"

She stared at him in utter amazement.

"Keeping it?" she repeated. "Why not? It is his. It belongs to him."

"Caroline, I'm afraid you don't know him even yet. He was for going to you at once and destroying the note in your presence. He would have done it, but he persuaded him to wait and think it over for a day or two. He did think and then decided to wait a little longer for your sake."

"For my sake? For mine?" She passed her hand in a bewildered way across her forehead. "Mr. Sylvester, I don't seem to understand even now. I—"

"For your sake, Caroline. Remember, at that time you were engaged to Malcolm Dunn."

Her intent gaze wavered. She drew a long breath. "I see," she said slowly. "Oh—I see."

"Yes, Captain Warren is one of the best judges of character I ever met. The Duns did not deceive him for one moment. He was certain Malcolm intended marrying you because of your money. For that matter, so was I. He knew you must see the proof with your own eyes. And he showed it to you."

"But then," she begged distractedly, "why couldn't he tell me after that? I—I am so stupid, I suppose—but, Mr. Sylvester, all this is—"

"He might have told you then, but he did not think it best. Caroline, your uncle has always believed in you. Even when you sent him from your home he did not blame you. He said you were deceived—that was all. But, too, he has always declared that you had been, as he expressed it, 'brought up wrong.' Your money had, in a way, warped your estimate of people and things. And there was Steve. You know, Caroline, that money and what it brought were spoiling Steve. He has never been so much of a man as during the past year, when he thought himself poor. But your uncle has planned for him as well as for you, and when he believes the time has come he—"

"Please," she interrupted falteringly—"please don't say any more. Let me think, Mr. Sylvester. You say that Uncle Elisha intends giving us all that father took from him—all of it?"

"Yes, all. He considers himself merely your guardian still and will accept only his expenses from the estate."

"It is wonderful!" she repeated brokenly. "Even though we cannot take it, it is wonderful!"

"What? Cannot take it?"

"Of course not! Do you suppose that either my brother or I would take the fortune that our father stole—yes, stole—from him, after he has been living almost in poverty all these years and we in luxury—on his money? Of course we shall not take it!"

"But, Caroline, I imagine you will have to take it. I understand your feelings, but I think he will compel you to take it."

"I shall not!" She sprang to her feet. "Of course I shall not! Never! Never!"

"What's that you're never going to take, Caroline—measures or another trip down in these parts? I hope 'tain't the last, 'cause I've been cal'latin' you'd like it well enough to come again."

Caroline turned. So did Sylvester. Captain Elisha was standing in the doorway, his hand on the knob. He was smiling broadly, but as he looked at the two by the fire he ceased to smile.

"What's all this?" he asked suspiciously. "Caroline, what—Sylvester, what have you been tellin' her?"

Neither answered at once. The captain looked from one to the other.

"Sylvester!" Caroline had never seen her uncle thoroughly angry before. "Sylvester," he cried, "have you—have you dares to tell her what you shouldn't? Didn't you promise me? If you told that girl I'll—"

His niece stepped forward. "Hush, Uncle Elisha," she said. "He didn't tell me until I knew already. I guessed it. Then I asked for the whole truth, and he told me."

"The whole truth?" Caroline?

He wrung his hands.

"Yes, uncle, the whole truth. I know you now. I thought I knew you before, but I didn't—not half. I do now."

"Oh, Caroline!" He stepped toward her and then stopped, frantic and de-

spaired. "Caroline! Caroline!" he cried again. "Can you ever forgive me? You know—you must know I ain't ever meant to keep it. It's all yours. I just didn't give it to you right off because—because— Oh, Sylvester, tell her I never meant to keep it! Tell her!"

The lawyer shook his head. "I did tell her," he said, with another shrug, "and she tells me she won't accept it."

"What?" The captain's eyes were starting from his head. "What? Won't take it? Why, it's hers—hers and Steve's! It always has been! Do you cal'late I'd rob my own brother's children? Don't talk so foolish! I won't hear such talk!"

Caroline was close to tears, but she was firm.

Captain Elisha looked at her determined face, then at the lawyers. But he found no help there. His chin thrust forward. He nodded slowly.

"All right! All right!" he said grimly. "Sylvester, is your shop goin' to be open tomorrow?"

"Guess not, captain," was the puzzled reply. "It's Thanksgiving. Why?"

"But Graves'll be home, won't he? I could find him at his house?"

"I presume you could."

"All right, then. Caroline Warren, you listen to me. I'll give you till 2 o'clock to make up your mind to take the money that belongs to you. If you don't I swear to the Lord Almighty I'll take the fust train, go straight to New York, hunt up Graves, make him go down to the office and get that note your father made out turnin' all his property over to that Akrae company. I'll get that note, and I'll burn it up. Then—then you'll have to take the money, because it'll be yours. Every bit of evidence that'll hold in law is gone."

He turned, strode to the door and out of the room. A moment later they heard a scream from Miss Baker in the kitchen: "Lisha Warren, what ails you? Are you crazy?" There was no answer, but the back door closed with a tremendous bang.

Half an hour after his dramatic exit Captain Elisha was pacing up and down the floor of the barn. It was an old refuge of his, a place where he was accustomed to go when matters requiring deliberation and thought oppressed him. As he turned in his stride he saw a shadow move across the sill of the big, open door. He caught his breath and stopped.

Caroline entered the barn. She came straight to him and put her hands upon the lapels of his coat. Her eyes were wet and shining.

"Caroline?" he faltered eagerly.

"You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

"Caroline!" His voice shook, but there was hope in it. "Caroline, you're goin' to take the money?"

"Yes, Uncle Elisha. Mr. Sylvester has shown me that I must. He says you will do something desperate if I refuse."

"I sartin would! And you'll take it really?"

"Yes, Uncle Elisha."

"Glory be! And—and, Caroline, you won't hold it against me, my makin' you think you was poor and makin' you live in that little place and get along on just so much, and all that? Can you forgive me for doin' that?"

"Forgive you? Can I ever thank you enough? I know I can't, but I can try all my life to prove what—"

"S-s-s-h! S-s-s-h! There!" with a great sigh, almost a sob, of relief, "I guess this'll be a real Thanksgivin' after all."

But a few minutes later another thought came to him.

"Caroline," he asked, "I wonder if, now that things are as they are, you couldn't do somethin' else—somethin' that would please me an awful lot?"

"What is it, uncle?"

"It's somethin' perhaps I ain't got any right to ask. The other day you told me you cared for Jim Pearson but that you sent him away 'cause you thought you had to earn a livin' for you and Steve. Now you know that you ain't got to do that. And you said you told him if you ever changed your mind you'd send for him. Don't you s'pose you could send for him now—right off—so he could get here for this big Thanksgivin' of ours? Don't you think you could, Caroline?"

"Send for him—now?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes; now—right off—in time for tomorrow."

"He could not get here," she whispered.

"Yes, he could. If you sent him a telegram with one word in it—'Come'—and sign it 'Caroline' he'll be here on tomorrow mornin' train or I'll eat my hat and one of Abbie's bonnets here in. Think you could, Caroline?"

A moment, then in a whisper, "Yes, Uncle Elisha."

"Hooray! But—but," anxiously, "hold on, Caroline. Tell me truly now. You ain't doin' this just to please me? You mustn't do that, not for the world and all. You mustn't send for him on my account; only just for one reason—because you want him."

He waited for his answer. Then she looked up, blushing still, but with a smile trembling on her lips.

"Yes, Uncle Elisha," she said, "because I want him."

The clouds blew away that night, and Thanksgiving dawned clear and cold. The gray sea was now blue. The white paint of the houses and fences glistened in the sun. The groves of pitch pine were brilliant green blotches spread like rugs here and there on the brown hills. South Denboro had thrown off its gloomy raiment and was "all dolled up for Thanksgivin'," so Captain Elisha said.

The captain and Sylvester were leaning on the fence by the gate, looking up the road and waiting for Dan and the "two seater" to arrive in sight around the bend. The hired man had harnessed early and driven to the station at least thirty minutes before train time. Captain Elisha was responsible for the early start. Steve was coming on that train. Possibly some one else was coming. The captain did not mean they should find no welcome or vehicle at the station.

The whistle had sounded ten minutes before. It was time for Dan to appear at the bend.

"I hope to thunder Jim got that telegram," observed the captain for the twentieth time at least since breakfast.

"So do I," replied his friend. "There's no reason why he shouldn't, is there?"

"No, no sensible one, but I've scored up no less than a couple of hundred of the other kind. If he shouldn't come—my, my, she'd be disappointed!"

He motioned with his head toward the window of Caroline's room.

They turned in time to catch a glimpse of the girl as she parted the curtains and looked out on the road. She saw them looking at her, smiled, blushed and disappeared. Both men smoked in silence for a moment; then the captain said:

"Say, Sylvester, this New York cruise of mine turned out pretty good, after all, didn't it?"

"Decidedly good. It was the making of your niece and nephew. Caroline realizes it now, and so will Steve."

"Hope so. It didn't do me any harm," with a chuckle. "I wouldn't have missed that little beat up the bay with Marm Dunn for a good deal. For a spell there we was bows abreast, and 'twas hard to tell who'd turn the mark first."

Sylvester laughed. "I'll tell you what, Captain Warren," he said. "I never saw you in better spirits. Do you know what I think? I think that for a chap who has just given away half of a good sized fortune and intends giving away the other half you're the most cheerful specimen I ever saw."

The captain laughed too. "I am, ain't I?" he said. "Well, I can say truthful what I never expected to say in my life—that once I was wuth ha't a million dollars. As for the rest of it, I'm like that millionaire—that— Hill Look! There comes Dan! See him?"

"Steve!" cried the captain excitedly. "There's Steve! And—and—yes, there's somebody on the back seat. It's Jim! He's come! Hooray!"

"Wait!" Sylvester cried. "I don't want to lose the rest of that sentence. You said you were like some millionaire. Who?"

"Don't bother me!" cried Captain Elisha. "Who? Why, I was goin' to say I was like that millionaire chap who passes out a library every time he wakes up and happens to think of it. You know who I mean. Ahoy there, Jim! Ahoy, Steve!"

He was waving his hand to the passengers in the approaching vehicle.

"That's the feller. I've come to feel about the way he says he does—that 'twould be a crime for me to die rich."

When the Hair Turns White.

Most people have seen the cheeks become pale with terror, but few have seen the hair turn white from the same cause, and the possibility of such a transformation has often been denied. Yet it is a well-attested fact. Some years ago a Swiss mountaineer was rescued from a terrible situation into which he had inadvertently placed himself while hunting chamois—a narrow ledge on the face of a tremendous precipice, to which he had had to cling precariously all night. So great had been the strain on his nerves that his hair had turned white during the darkness.

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THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

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It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

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PATENTS

BIG DEMAND FOR MAHOGANY

Name Commercially Is Applied to More Than Fifty Woods—Substitutes are Numerous.

The name "mahogany" is applied commercially to more than 50 different woods, says Popular Science Monthly. Perhaps half the lumber now sold under that name is not true mahogany, for the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

The tree is only native to the limited area between southern Florida and northern South America. Nowhere else does it really flourish. But the public will have mahogany. Women want it for furniture, business men prefer it for office fixtures, and teak and mahogany are rivals in the affections of shipbuilders. Therefore substitutes flourish.

It is not surprising that the real wood is so expensive when it is learned that it takes from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years for a mahogany tree to reach merchantable size.

Most of the substitutes bear little more than a general resemblance to the genuine wood, but skillful finishing makes them very much alike. Experts can usually distinguish between them by the aid of an ordinary pocket lens. The efforts of the superficial, however, to judge the wood by its appearance, weight, grain and color often lead them astray.

The turtle dove is a drab-colored wild pigeon; wings whistle when it flies.



Better Off if you drink INSTANT POSTUM instead of coffee.

Postum is nutritious, healthful, economical, delicious and American.

TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON