

# A PLAN FOR A BREAK

It Led to Complications and a Fiasco

By JULIA D. EDMONDS

The autumn season when the tourist hieira is southerly was opening, and the resorts of the border states were well stocked with guests. The rocking chair brigade—as those ladies who daily occupy the porch of the Viudeleau hotel, each and all plying some kind of needle as an accompaniment to their melodious gossiping voices—was in session. Two ladies sitting somewhat apart from the rest were engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone.

"I sympathize with you, Mrs. Harper," said the one, "but I don't see how I can help you. My son is actively engaged in business and can't be away from it at this season more than a few days at a time. Could he be here with us, say, for a fortnight I would be glad to lend him to you for the purpose of drawing your daughter's attention from this young Ruggles, who you fear will win her. There is another course I will suggest. A young man has just arrived who has entered his name on the hotel register as Edward Caton. Being the only young fellow of prepossessing appearance (Ruggles excepted) in the hotel, he will soon be besieged by the girls. If you like I will make his acquaintance, introduce him to your daughter (telling him she is the belle of the place), and she will naturally be interested in taking him away from the others. This will serve to divert her mind from Ruggles and make a breach between them. But why do you object to Ruggles? He is said to have an income of \$5,000."

"My dear Mrs. Crawford, what would \$5,000 a year be for Gwen?"

"What you wish I presume is simply to break off her affair with Ruggles, that she may be free to marry a fortune."

"Precisely. If you can accomplish this break by introducing any one—no matter who he is—I will consider myself under a lasting obligation to you."

The same evening the introduction was accomplished. Gwendolen Harper and Edward Caton were introduced, and before the guests left the dancing hall in the evening Mrs. Crawford said to Mrs. Harper:

"Did you ever see such a remarkable case of love at first sight?"

All the parties to this scheme were pleased except Sam Ruggles, who went off to the far end of the veranda and scowled and smoked and smoked and scowled, keeping by himself where he could not see his rival's success lest he should make a scene.

But on the third day after the break had been made effective, when Mr. Ruggles was reading a northern newspaper, he saw something that thrilled him. It was an advertisement of Mrs. Edward L. Caton for information concerning her husband, who had deserted her and their three children. Ruggles immediately cut the ad. out of the newspaper that he alone of those at the hotel might possess this information and that he might consider a plan by which he could get the greatest satisfaction out of it.

The same evening an anonymous letter went to the advertiser that a gentleman had appeared at the Viudeleau hotel at — answering to the name mentioned in the advertisement. Ruggles, who mailed the letter, could not refrain from adding that "the fellow was evidently bent on committing bigamy."

From the time the discarded lover saw the evidence that his rival was sailing under false colors he changed his bearing toward Miss Harper. Where before he had made his jealousy evident he now assumed an air of superiority mingled with pity. Mr. Caton had become aware that his attentions to Miss Harper had made Mr. Ruggles his enemy and had noticed the antagonism of the latter's bearing toward him whenever they met. One evening while Mr. Caton was dancing with Miss Harper he unintentionally ran against Ruggles, who was also dancing. The look Ruggles gave him was ominous. Later, when both went out on the veranda for a whiff at a cigarette, Caton stepped up to Ruggles and apologized for running against him in the dance.

"One who is sailing under false colors is beneath my notice for any insult," was the reply.

"How did you get onto that?" asked Caton with surprising imperturbability. "I saw it in the newspapers."

"I wish the newspapers would let me alone," was the only rejoinder, and Caton went back into the dancing hall, where Ruggles soon saw him whirling with Miss Harper.

Now, the only real attachment in this triangular affair was between Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper, and from the time Ruggles began to assume that air of superiority Gwen began to be troubled. She was too proud to call him back, but she looked as if she would be willing to take him back if he would apply for reinstatement. One day when they met in the garden of the hotel she remarked that it was a pleasant day.

"I think it will storm tomorrow or next day," was the reply.

"Why, I see no indications of it."

"Perhaps if you watch the incoming trains you'll see a thunder cloud coming."

"You speak in riddles."

He could not longer keep his secret. It came out in spite of him—that is, a part of it.

"When the storm breaks it will strike this man whom you have honored with your favorable consideration."

"How? When? Where?"

"You shall see."

"Won't you tell me?"

"Nothing is to be gained by my telling you. I prefer that you should see for yourself."

And Mr. Ruggles with cold politeness lifted his hat and passed on.

Miss Harper went straight to her mother with the information or, rather, the insinuation. Mrs. Harper had been a bit worried lest she had lifted her daughter out of the frying pan to drop her into the fire. Her object now was to take advantage of what Ruggles had said to discredit both the rivals.

"My dear," she said, "in the first place, it is very mean of Sam to cast a slur upon this Mr. Caton. It shows a very contemptible disposition on Sam's part. But we must remember that we know nothing about Caton. He may be a gentleman and he may not be. Likely he is some young man who has got hold of a little money and is spending it in the only outing of his life."

"That can't be, mamma. He has the manner of one accustomed to the very best society. As for Sam, if he knows anything about Mr. Caton it would be very wicked of him not to warn me."

"Then why doesn't he tell you the whole story and have done with it?"

Mrs. Harper was not considering the inexperience of youth or the deflection of judgment occasioned by jealousy. It was enough for her to get her daughter out of the toils of a man worth only \$5,000 a year and make sure that Gwen should not become too far interested in one who for all that was known about him was not worth a cent.

It was a few days after this conversation between mother and daughter, at which Gwen promised to drop Mr. Caton at once, that the storm Ruggles had predicted broke. A woman with angular features was driven from the railroad station to the hotel, who, instead of placing her name on the register, held a private conference with the landlord and was excused from doing so. She arrived in the morning about an hour after a party of gentlemen, including Caton, had gone out on the water for a day's fishing. It was not long after the lady arrived before there began to be whispered about her among the hotel guests. Then it leaked out that she had come after a fugitive husband, and lastly Mrs. Harper was filled with consternation by a report that Edward Caton had been contemplating bigamy with her daughter.

When the fishing party returned the guests of the hotel were drawn up on the veranda to see the fun between Mr. and Mrs. Caton. The gentleman came up with the others entirely unconscious of what was in store for him. The woman was ready to pounce on him. But the storm didn't break. Caton went up to his room to make his toilet for dinner, and the woman who had come after him said that her husband was not among the men who entered. She was very wroth with her anonymous informant and vowed that if she could discover him she would give him a piece of her mind.

The clouds of the storm that had passed without striking were still whirling about when a young man drove up to the hotel from the station and, seeing Caton on the porch, cried out:

"Hello, Bob! Where did you come from?"

"Bob!" exclaimed several guests sitting about, in a breath. "I thought his name was Ned."

"Who's your friend?" asked one of these persons, following the newly arrived man into the house.

"That? Why, that's Bob Carrington."

When Mrs. Harper was informed that the supposed Edward Caton was none other than Robert Carrington, the multimillionaire, and her daughter not two days ago had given him the cold shoulder she was not only dumfounded, but chagrined. She had lost the opportunity of a lifetime. With some \$10,000,000 a year at her command Gwen might have gone to London and taken a position in society there. But the luck had been against her and she was inconsolable.

Since his identity had been given away Mr. Robert Carrington did not attempt to pass further under a name that he had assumed in order to secure temporary immunity from a notoriety brought upon him by his immense wealth. However, he rejoiced at having enjoyed a week of freedom from curiosity and especially from society reporters who telegraphed his presence wherever he went.

After the sensation was over Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper met in the drawing room of the hotel.

"Well," said Sam, "you just missed snaring a multimillionaire. I'm sorry for you."

"And you missed seeing the multimillionaire captured by a deserted wife."

"Funny, isn't it?"

Their eyes met, and they smiled.

"Mother's frantic," Gwen remarked.

"I suppose so. Well, what are you going to do?"

"Why, I'm not going to do anything."

She held a rose in her hand and, going up to him, fixed it in his button-hole. He cast a quick glance about him. There was no one besides themselves in the room. He kissed her.

"What a pity, Mrs. Harper," said Mrs. Crawford, "that we couldn't have got an inkling as to the identity of young Carrington."

"It's just too disgusting for anything."

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After considering many offers, and after an investigation of the company and its works, Professor Perry G. Holden has entered the service of the I H C Service Bureau at Chicago.

Professor Holden is known wherever real agriculture is known. His whole life is one of service. He originated the idea of carrying information direct to farmers. He is the father of the demonstration train, short school courses, the corn show, county



PROF. PERRY G. HOLDEN.

demonstration farms, and the National Corn Exposition. As head of the extension department of Iowa State College of Agriculture he did a work which, Senator Cummins says, up to the present time has increased the wealth of Iowa \$30,000,000.

The object of the I H C Service Bureau is the promotion of agricultural education, and a co-operation which will tend to raise the whole tone of commercial, industrial and farm life. Since agriculture is the basis of prosperity and progress, naturally farm problems claim first attention. The aim is higher efficiency, both on and off the farm.

To do a big work a big organization is necessary. Not only the business, but the perfection of the International organization as well appealed to Professor Holden. The big general agencies, scattered all over the United States and Canada; the salesmen, travelers and expert machine men; the 40,000 dealers—every one, so far as possible, is to be made an apostle of better farming.

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It is no longer a theory that if we are to get the most out of life we must raise more per acre. "Intensive farming" is in the air. It is the battle cry of peace and plenty. But raising more is the result of mind, not muscle. We must know. And not only that, we must know we know, and know why we know. We must know good seed from bad, right cultivation from wrong, and the whys and wherefores of climates, soils, fruits, cattle, horses, poultry, and so forth.

For these things the bureau was established. But the bureau and Professor Holden see more than an average increase of a few bushels. They see a time coming when farmers will raise twice as many bushels of corn, wheat and oats to the acre, and like yields of all other kinds of farm products. They see a time when farmers and farmers' wives and their children will think more and work less. Every bushel raised means just that much profit, and the profits of the farm promote commerce and industry.

After a period of good work in Michigan agricultural college, better work at Illinois, and a great work at Iowa, Professor Holden now enters upon a year's work. While in future Professor Holden will designate Chicago as home, he says he is not leaving Iowa—he is merely carrying Iowa to the rest of the world.



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Made a Strike Too.

In an imperial city a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at alpinism. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he missed himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the pins, concluding that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine pins falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "I have won the game!"—From the German.

An Old Tale and a New One.

The ancient story (or was it a fable?) about the poor boy who carefully picked up a pin in a bank, was given a job by an official of the institution who noted his thrifty act and finally became president of the other day in the figure of a youthful bootblack who during a lull in trade sat upon his box sewing up a rent in his well worn jacket.

"I suppose you expect to be president of a bootblackening trust some day, my lad?" suggested a kindly old gentleman who observed his industry.

"Ah, g'wan," the youthful wielder of the needle replied. "What yer givin' me?"

"What are you doing that kind of work for?" he was asked.

"'Cause me mudder's out workin' all day, an' she's too tired to do it when night comes," said he.

"That trust idea may pan out yet," observed the old man reflectively as he passed on.—New York Globe.

The Postoffice Clerk's Travels.

There are many unique ways of seeing the world, but an employee at the Kansas City postoffice has about the queerest mode of any. This employee handles a good many thousands of letters and postcards during a day's work, and he has never been known to fail to turn a postcard over and glance at the view portrayed on the reverse side. He does this when busy or slack, whether the "boss" is watching or not.

"It makes my work more than 50 per cent pleasanter," he said the other day, "and the knowledge I get of different parts of the world saves me time in traveling to the four corners of the earth. Besides, it is very much cheaper. More than 90 per cent of the views are authentic reproductions of photographs, and anyway I am like the fox that couldn't reach the grapes. I don't like to travel; it makes me sick."—Kansas City Journal.

Felt Need of a Little Exercise.

This may not be the era of frequent miracles, but a couple out on the south side think they have somehow been endowed with a blessing from the gods in the diminutive person of a young Cockney maid of all work whose sincere attitude toward life is wholly that of a born servant.

One day last week she arose about 6 o'clock and cooked and baked and cleaned, diving into closets and pantry with great zeal, working all day long and finishing her dinner dishes about 7:30. Then she went to her room and soon emerged again dressed for the street.

"Going out?" inquired her mistress pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am," came the quick response. "I am just going out to get a little exercise now."—Kansas City Star.

Blamed It on the Horse.

"Uncle," said little Johnnie, "tell me now you charged with your war horse up the San Juan hill at the head of your troops."

"Well," said the battle scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried 'Forward!' and sunk the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes," exclaimed the boy, breathless; "go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnnie," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked."—Chicago Tribune.

A Tribute to Butter.

Many years ago, when Senator Ingalls was in the senate, oleomargarine was the bone of contention. The debate led Ingalls to utter one of those epigrammatic sentences which made him famous. "I have never, to my knowledge, tasted oleomargarine," said Ingalls, "but I have stood in the presence of genuine butter with awe for its strength and reverence for its antiquity."



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