

The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

Copyright, 1920, Irving Bacheller

CHAPTER FOUR—Continued.

Mr. Sneed sat down with Judge Crooker in the handsome library of the latter and opened his heart. His son Richard, a boy of fifteen, and three other lads of the village, had been committing small burglaries and storing their booty in a cave in a piece of woods on the river bank near the village. A constable had secured a confession and recovered a part of the booty. Enough had been found to warrant a charge of grand larceny and Elisha Potts, whose store had been entered, was clamoring for the arrest of the boys.

"It reminds me of that picture of the robbers' cave that was on the billboard of our school of crime a few weeks ago," said the judge. "I'm tired enough to lie down, but I'll go and see Elisha Potts. If he's abed, he'll have to get up, that's all. There's no telling what Potts has done or may do. Your plumbing is in bad shape, Mr. Sneed. The public sewer is leaking into your cellar and in a case of that kind the less delay the better."

He went into the hall and put on his coat and gloves and took his cane out of the rack. He was sixty-five years of age that winter. It was a bitter night, when even younger men found it a trial to leave the comfort of the fireside. Sneed followed in silence. Indeed, his tongue was shame-bound. For a moment, he knew not what to say.

"I'm much obliged to you," he stammered as they went out into the cold wind. "I—I don't care what it costs, either."

The judge stopped and turned toward him.

"Look here," he said. "Money does not enter into this proceeding or any motive but the will to help a neighbor. In such a matter overtime doesn't count."

They walked in silence to the corner. There Sneed pressed the judge's hand and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

"Have the boys at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I want to talk to them," said the kindly old judge as he strode away in the darkness.

CHAPTER FIVE.

In Which J. Patterson Bing Buys A Necklace of Pearls.

Meanwhile, the Bings had been having a busy winter in New York. J. Patterson Bing had been elected to the board of a large bank in Wall street. His fortune had more than doubled in the last two years and he was now a considerable factor in finance.

Mrs. Bing had been studying current events and French and the English accent and other social graces every morning, with the best tutors, as she reclined comfortably in her bed-chamber while Phyllis went to sundry shops. Mrs. Crooker had once said, "Mamie Bing has a passion for self-improvement." It was mainly if not quite true.

Phyllis had been "beating the bush" with her mother at teas and dinners and dances and theaters and country



Mr. Sneed Sat Down With Judge Crooker in the Handsome Library of the Latter and Opened His Heart.

house parties in and about the city. The speedometer on the limousine had doubled its mileage since they came to town. They were, it would seem, a tireless pair of hunters. Phyllis' portrait had appeared in the Sunday papers. It showed a face and form of unusual beauty. The supple grace and classic outlines of the latter were touchingly displayed at the dances in many a handsome ballroom. At last, they had found a promising and most eligible candidate in Roger Delane—a handsome, stalwart youth, a year out of college. His father was a well-

known and highly successful merchant of an old family which, for generations, had "belonged"—that is to say, it had been a part of the aristocracy of Fifth avenue.

There could be no doubt of this great good luck of theirs—better, indeed, than Mrs. Bing had dared to hope for—the young man having seriously confided his intentions to J. Patterson. But there was one shadow on the glowing prospect; Phyllis had suddenly taken a bad turn. She moaned, as her mother put it. She was listless and unhappy. She had lost her interest in the chase, so to speak. She had little heart for the teas and dances and dinner parties. One day her mother returned from a luncheon and found her weeping. Mrs. Bing went at once to the telephone and called for the stomach specialist. He came and made a brief examination and said that it was all due to rich food and late hours. He left some medicine, advised a day or two of rest in bed, charged a hundred dollars and went away. They tried the remedies, but Phyllis showed no improvement. The young man sent American Beauty roses and a graceful note of regret to her room.

"You ought to be very happy," said her mother. "He is a dear."

"I know it," Phyllis answered. "He's just the most adorable creature I ever saw in my life."

"For goodness' sake! What is the matter with you? Why don't you brace up?" Mrs. Bing asked with a note of impatience in her tone. "You act like a dead fish."

Phyllis, who had been lying on the couch, rose to a sitting posture and flung one of the cushions at her mother.

"How can I brace up?" she asked with indignation in her eyes. "Don't you dare to scold me."

There was a breath of silence in which the two looked into each other's eyes. Many thoughts came flashing into the mind of Mrs. Bing. Why had the girl spoken the word "you" so bitterly? Little echoes of old history began to fill the silence. She arose and plucked up the cushion and threw it on the sofa.

"What a temper!" she exclaimed. "Young lady, you don't seem to know that these days are very precious for you. They will not come again."

Then, in the old fashion of women who have suddenly come out of a moment of affectionate anger, they fell to weeping in each other's arms. The storm was over when they heard the feet of J. Patterson Bing in the hall. Phyllis fled into the bathroom.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bing as he entered the door. "I've found out what's the matter with Phyllis. It's nerves. I met the great specialist, John Hamilton Gibbs, at luncheon today. I described the symptoms. He says it's undoubtedly nerves. He has any number of cases just like this one—rest, fresh air and a careful diet are all that's needed. He says that if he can have her for two weeks he'll guarantee a cure. I've agreed to have you take her to his sanitarium in the Catskills tomorrow. He has saddle horses, sleeping balconies, toboggan slides, snow-shoe and skating parties and all that."

"I think it will be great," said Phyllis, who suddenly emerged from her hiding-place and embraced her father. "I'd love it! I'm sick of this old town. I'm sure it's just what I need."

"I couldn't go tomorrow," said Mrs. Bing. "I simply must go to Mrs. Delane's luncheon."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to go up with her," said J. Patterson.

Harriet, who lived in a flat on the upper west side, was Mrs. Bing's sister.

Phyllis went to bed dinnerless with a headache. Mr. and Mrs. Bing sat for a long time over their coffee and cigarettes.

"It's something too dreadful that Phyllis should be getting sick just at the wrong time," said the madame. "She has always been well. I can't understand it."

"She's had a rather strenuous time here," said J. Patterson.

"But she seemed to enjoy it until—until the right man came along. The very man I hoped would like her! Then, suddenly, she throws up her hands and keels over. It's too devilish for words."

Mr. Bing laughed at his wife's exasperation.

"To me it's no laughing matter," said she with a serious face.

"Perhaps she doesn't like the boy," J. Patterson remarked.

Mrs. Bing leaned toward him and whispered, "She adores him!" She held her attitude and looked searchingly into her husband's face.

"Well, you can't say I did it," he answered. "The modern girl is a rather delicate piece of machinery. I think she'll be all right in a week or two. Come, it's time we went to the theater if we're going."

Nothing more was said of the matter. Next morning immediately after breakfast, "Aunt Harriet" set out with Phyllis in the big limousine for Doctor Gibbs' sanitarium.

ed in the ceaseless round of outdoor frolic. Her spirit washed in the glowing air found refreshment in the sleep that follows weariness and good digestion. Her health improved so visibly that her stay was far prolonged. It was the first week of May when Mrs. Bing drove up to get her. The girl was in perfect condition, it would seem. No rustic maid, in all the mountain valleys, had lighter feet or clearer eyes or a more honest, ruddy tan in her face, due to the touch of the clean wind. She had grown as lithe and strong as a young panther.

They were going back to Bingville next day. Martha and Susan had been getting the house ready. Mrs. Bing had been preparing what she fondly hoped would be "a lovely surprise" for Phyllis. Roger Delane was coming up to spend a quiet week with the Bings—a week of opportunity for the young people, with saddle horses and a new steam launch and a Peterborough canoe and all pleasant accessories. Then, on the twentieth, which



There Was a Breath of Silence in Which the Two Looked Into Each Others' Eyes.

was the birthday of Phyllis, there was to be a dinner and a house party and possibly an announcement and a pretty wagging of tongues. Indeed, J. Patterson had already bought the wedding gift, a necklace of pearls, and paid a hundred thousand dollars for it and put it away in his safe. The necklace had pleased him. He had seen many jewels, but nothing so satisfying—nothing that so well expressed his affection for his daughter. He might never see its like again. So he bought it against the happy day which he hoped was near. He had shown it to his wife and charged her to make no mention of it until "the time was ripe." In his way of speaking.

Mrs. Bing had promised on her word and honor to respect the confidence of her husband, with all righteous intention, but on the very day of their arrival in Bingville, Sophronia (Mrs. Pendleton) Ames called. Sophronia was the oldest and dearest friend that Mamie Bing had in the village. The latter enjoyed her life in New York, but she felt always a thrill at coming back to her big garden and the green trees and the ample spaces of Bingville, and to the ready, sympathetic confidence of Sophronia Ames. She told Sophronia of brilliant scenes in the changing spectacle of metropolitan life, of the wonderful young man and the untimely affliction of Phyllis, now happily past. Then, in a whisper, while Sophronia held up her right hand as a pledge of secrecy, she told of the necklace of which the lucky girl had no knowledge. Now, Mrs. Ames was one of the best of women. People were wont to speak of her, and rightly, as "the salt of the earth." She would do anything possible for a friend. But Mamie Bing had asked too much. Moreover, it had been understood between them that these half-playful oaths were not to be taken too seriously. Of course, "the fish had to be fed," as Judge Crooker had once put it. By "the fish," he meant that curious under-life of the village—the voracious, silent, merciless, cold-blooded thing which fed on the sins and follies of men and women and which rarely came to the surface to bother anyone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Musical Instruments of Insects.
Buzzing or humming is mainly due to rapid vibrations of the wings, which often strike the air more than a hundred times in a second, but there is sometimes a special quivering instrument near the base of the wing. Chirping or trilling is due to some sort of "stridulating" organ, one hard part being scraped against another, as the bow on the fiddle—it may be leg against wing.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

ONE OF LEGION'S FOUNDERS

Col. Milton Foreman's Connection Dates Back to the Original Paris Caucus.

Col. Milton J. Foreman, national executive committeeman of the Illinois department of the American Legion, is a Chicago lawyer, who for many years has been active in public and military affairs. His connection with the Legion dates back to the original Paris caucus at which time the idea of forming a Legion was conceived. At that meeting he was named chairman of the temporary executive committee.

Returning to the United States, he was elected commander of the Illinois department. In 11 months the membership in Illinois increased from 19,000 to more than 65,000, and the number of posts from 220 to 682.

While serving with the First Illinois cavalry, in 1894, Mr. Foreman acquired an active interest in military affairs. He served with that organization during the Spanish-American war and rose to the rank of captain.

After the war Mr. Foreman began the practice of law in Chicago, and became major in the First cavalry. In 1914 he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and two years later commissioned colonel of the regiment. He was in command of that organization during the border troubles.

With the outbreak of the World War, Colonel Foreman requested the transfer of his regiment to field artillery, which was effected in June, 1917. Colonel Foreman took the regiment to France in 1917 and commanded it throughout the war. He received three citations for gallantry and was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for achievements in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. While not in the military service, Mr. Foreman practiced law in Chicago and took an active interest in public affairs throughout the state. In 1899 he was elected to the Chicago city council and served six consecutive terms. He was chairman of the Chicago charter convention whose work has become a model for planners of new city charters.

HIKE TO NATIONAL CAPITAL

Plan Suggested by Kansas Committeeman to Tell Lawmakers What Legion Men Need.

"Join the army and walk around the world!" Do you remember that slogan?

Do you boys whose weary feet ate up the kilometers on the other side and the miles on this side so paraphrased the advertising of the recruiting service during the war. But walking won the war. "Let's keep it up," urges W. F. Kurtz, Kansas national executive

committeeman of the American Legion. "Let's walk to Washington and tell them what the Legion wants for its disabled and for its whole membership."

According to Mr. Kurtz' plan, delegates from each state department of the Legion would hike overland to the nation's capitol, arranging their schedules so as to meet on the White House steps on the same day. However, he would permit representatives from the other side of the Rockies to ride the cushions across to this side.

Legion posts along the way would feed and shelter the hikers. "I'll lead the way, and outwalk anyone in the Legion," the Kansas pedestrian declares.

C. O. D.

An old dorky visited a doctor and received instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head, he was about to leave the office, when the doctor called out:

"Hey, there, uncle, you forgot to pay me."

"Pay you for what?"

"For my advice."

"Nossuh, boss, I've complained it from all angles and decided not to take it."—American Legion Weekly.

Second Hand.
"I want two sheets of fly paper," said the lady entering the corner general store.

The none-too-brilliant clerk extracted two sheets from the window.

"Ten cents," he said.

"How embarrassing! I've only a nickel with me."

"Aw, I s'pose you can have the two for five cents," he grumbled. "They're half full of flies already."—American Legion Weekly.

THE LEGION BODY OF FRANCE

Ex-Patriated Former Service Men Remains Abroad and Serves in Important Capacity.

When the last of the American expeditionary forces left France, a considerable number of ex-service men remained in that country as representatives of American firms and in various other positions.

Among this group was Col. Francis E. Drake, commander of the department of France, American Legion. The ex-patriated former service men found that there were mutual ties binding them together and the result was the formation of the Legion's department of France.

Among the achievements of this detached body of Legionnaires are: The direction of the decoration of graves of American soldiers on the battlefields and in the cemeteries of France on Memorial day; aid to stranded veterans in France; the raising of a fund to defend the American sergeants who attempted to capture Bergdoll, the arch slacker, on German soil and cooperation with the French government in furthering memorial plans of the American Legion.

Colonel Drake has returned to France after a visit to America, during which he effected arrangements for the decoration of all soldiers' graves on Memorial day, 1921.

The Legion commander attracted national attention when his investigation of the alleged "Rhine Horror" showed that there was no ground for the assertion of pro-Germans that French negro troops are participating in outrages upon German women in the Rhenish provinces.

CONVENTIONS OF 1921 OPEN

Program of Department Gatherings of Ex-Service Men's Organizations Inaugurated in Alaska.

When delegates from far-away posts of the American Legion in Alaska met at Valdez on April 12, the program of department conventions of the ex-service men's organization for 1921 was inaugurated.

Departments which have announced the place and date of their 1921 conventions are: Alabama, Florence, June 10 and 11; Arizona, Prescott, August 8; Florida, Orlando, May 16 and 17; Iowa, Spirit Lake, September 1, 2 and 3; Kansas, Hutchinson, August 22, 23 and 24; Kentucky, Lexington, September 2 and 3; Maryland, Ocean City, September 12 and 13; Michigan, Kalamazoo, September 6 and 7; Minnesota, Winona, August 1, 2 and 3; Montana, Lewistown, June 27 and 28; Nebraska, Fremont, September 29, 30 and October 1; New Mexico, Silver City, September 22, 23 and 24; New York, Jamestown, September 30 and October 1; Oregon, Eugene, July 1 and 2; South Dakota, Rapid City, August 23 to 26; Tennessee, Chattanooga, July 8 and 9; Utah, Provo, June 10 and 11; Virginia, Norfolk, September 1, 2 and 3; Washington, Hoquiam, July 14, 15 and 16; Wisconsin, Eau Claire, June 28, 29 and 30.

Other departments which have announced conventions, with the exact date as yet undecided, are: Colorado, Glenwood Springs, October; Louisiana, Bogalusa, early September; Nevada, Gardnerville, July; New Hampshire, Weirs, last week in August; New Jersey, Aushury Park, September; Oklahoma, Enid, last week in September or first week in October; Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, between September 15 and 30.

AMERICANISM BILLS GET O. K.

Three Measures Written by the American Legion Become Laws in Oklahoma, June 25.

Three Americanism bills written by the American Legion and introduced in the Oklahoma state legislature at the request of that organization, have been passed by the state lawmaking body, signed by Governor Robertson and will become laws on June 25.

House bill No. 383 provides that the American flag shall be displayed at all times in every school room in the state—public, private and denominational—and that pupils shall be taught proper respect and reverence for it by the state school superintendent. A penalty is provided for violation.

American history and civil government are made compulsory subjects for study in all schools of the state under house bill No. 384.

High schools, colleges, universities and normal schools must require at least one full year's work in American history and civics of each student graduated.

In the future, each teacher who is granted a certificate to teach in Oklahoma must subscribe to an oath of allegiance to the constitution of the United States and of the state of Oklahoma under the terms of house bill No. 389. Teachers found guilty of public statements against the flag or country shall have their certificates revoked.

The bills have been widely praised in the Oklahoma press and have been made a part of the national Americanism program of the American Legion.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

W. G. Holman, Fullerton, Nebraska, says: "I had sharp, shooting pains through the small of my back and kidneys. I had dizzy spells and everything got black before me. I used Doan's Kidney Pills until I had used an entire box and I haven't been troubled since."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteen years of age who have had at least two years in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Enslow Floral Co.

131 So. 12th : Lincoln, Neb.

126 MAMMOTH JACKS
I have a bargain for you, come quick.
W. L. DeGraw's JACK FARM
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

FRECKLES
POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail from Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The Reason.

Little Joe at grandmother's house for dinner. Although fried chicken and many other mighty good things were on the table Joe did not care to eat much. Then grandmother began to coax him. One thing after another she brought to his notice. Finally she said: "Here's my homemade sugar cookies. Aren't you going to try some of them, dear?"

Little Joe attempted a smile. "That's what is the matter," he explained. "I tried too many of them before dinner, grandma."

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

Clara Barton Celebration.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Clara Barton, organizer of the American Red Cross, will be celebrated next Christmas day.

Avoiding the Novelty.

"They have a new phonograph." "All right. Let's stay away until the novelty has worn off."

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.

Time used to profit today will accumulate power for your tomorrow.—Adams.

COCKROACHES

EASILY KILLED TODAY



BY USING THE GENUINE Stearns' Electric Paste

Also SURE DEATH to Waterbugs, Ants, Rats and Mice. These pests are the greatest carriers of disease and MUST BE KILLED. They destroy both food and property. Directions in 15 languages in every box. Ready for use—two sizes 50c and \$1.50. U. S. Government buys it.

100% PER DAY FOR 100 DAYS

That is what it means to YOU to equip your corn plow with "Little Daisy" Rotary Cultivar Shields. You use them ten days a year for ten years. They roll along by the side of the shovel, allowing the fine dirt to pass through, keeping the clods of the small corn 3000 in use. Sold by your Implement Dealer, or sent direct on receipt of \$3.75 per pair. Hanson Mfg. Co., Dept. W, Winterset, Iowa



GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.