

THE WAY OUT

By EMERSON HOGGH.

David Joslin, Kentucky mountaineer, convinced that feudism, moonshining and intermarriages of his country are sinful, leaves the outside world, in time he meets a preacher, has just hanged himself after an affront by the Gannets. Fight follows, with bloodshed. On recovery, Joslin goes to Windsor. There he meets James Haddon, a New York lawyer, who suggests Joslin is agent for a company exploiting the mountain lands for coal and oil. Joslin agrees to go to New York and tell about the land and its people to the stockholders here at the banquet, to meet Polly Pendleton, live vaudeville. He sees her in her room. She tells him her intentions the night before were just fooling. She is under the spell of his unusual character and bids him quit the city. Back home, he calls a meeting of all feudists. He convinces them of the folly of their ways and their practice, and converts them to his peace plan. The feudists come back. The husband is drowned in falling from a boat. Marcia assists Joslin in his plan for college.

(Continued From Saturday.)
"That's the talk," said Absalom. "We'll all go out together. You tell me," and he turned to him suddenly, "who is it we're fighting?"
And David told him as well as he understood of those who heard.
"Give us a day, sergeant, to fix things up at home," suggested Joslin now. "We'll not keep you long."

CHAPTER XIII.
The hours dragged leaden for the two, cool and silent, as in the old blockade days, but for the men the great adventure of going to war, born in their ancient highland blood, the woman's eyes were watchful. It cost a certain resolution on the part of David Joslin to call upon the "furrin woman," but now he must say good-bye. "Therefore, in time he knocked at the door of Granny Williams' log house.
Marcia Haddon herself met him, as though she had just returned from the house itself.
He walked at her side, silent, as she directed him toward the little steps out into the foot of the hill. They sat here, both looking out across the valley to the hills beyond. The woman's eyes were watchful and sad. "The eyes of the man, resting everywhere but upon her face, were also sad. He did not turn to look at her at all, but she was aware of the increasing goodness of her figure and her rounder contours, the brown coloring of her cheek. She was very comely woman, Marcia Haddon, young, but wiser than she once had been—more impulsive also, less cold, less reserved. It was as though she entered a new stage of womanhood, as yet denied her in her chill years of self-repression. Never until now had she really known the awakening of woman, Virginia was warning, fluttering, she was not married woman or widow now; she was a girl, a girl at the brink of life. Oh! how vast and sweet the revealing plan seemed now to her.
"Well, you're going out," said she at last, the first to break the silence.
"Yes, I'm going out," his voice was low and deep. It seemed to her that she now for the first time realized its own vibrancy.
At last: "What will become of the work here?" she began.
"I can't tell as to that, Mrs. Haddon," said he. "It must wait. She made no reply, and he went on.
"You see, all my life has been pretty much the same thing. I've always had to look ahead and did not dare look at things between. Once this school up here on the hill was all I looked at—and there wasn't anything between. There's other work afoot that's even bigger, now. Maybe after that I'll be fit for this."
"You've done wonderfully well. It's scarce less than a miracle—how you've got on."
"At least I've told you all about myself," said he after a time. "I've nothing more to say—now or at any other time."
"You need say nothing," she rejoined. "Life goes hard for all of us sometimes." She was conscious of her banality, but found herself, or so often, dumb in her largest emotions.
"It was a hard enough start," he assented. "It's hard enough for all of us in here. I'm not so old."
"No. You only seem old to me. I suppose that's because you have had to do so much in so short a time. But I'm older, too. It's a sad country—did you ever stop to think how few people smile, down here in these mountains?"
"Yes, I know; and you know, now. Well, I suppose you'll go away and forget us. We've been forgotten, more than a hundred years. That's hard to be forgotten."
"Do you think that of me?" she said, still staring straight down the valley.
"I hardly know what to think of you," said he, deliberately. "You are not like any woman I ever knew." He flushed, suddenly remembering he had told her he never had known but three women in his life.
"Well, be fair, at least. Be sure you know my point of view. This work ought not to stop." She was trying to look at him from the corner of her eye.
"The Lord has built that building up on the hill, Mrs. Haddon," answered David Joslin. "I suppose the Lord will continue it or destroy it. Blessed be the name of the Lord."
She half turned her face toward him now as she replied.
"I've told you I've been a useless woman all my life. Well, just the other day I saw a child—a little child, out in the hills—it lived wild, in a cave. I held its hand right in mine. This way—don't you see? And then, I thought, there were hundreds of them—hundreds, all through these hills." She was flushing.
"Yes," said he, "many hundreds."
"Then I thought of the most beautiful mine, that maybe oughtn't to be to mine. You see, I've counsel—lawyers—that sort of thing—men who would help me in anything I asked. Suppose we had some more buildings, and plenty of teachers after a time?"
He did not make any answer at all, and she was obliged to go on unaided.
"In this awful time of the world, Mr. Joslin," said she, "every one ought to be useful. We'll need more good citizens in America. All of us women ought to work in some way. The country must go on, until we've won. Where could I be more useful than here? Don't you think I could

cession of men who presently would pass out around the shoulder of the hill at the end of the street. And then at last she heard fully the throb of the drum, the keening of the fife. The men of the Cumberland were marching out into the world. He was at their head—going out, for his ordeal, going out to grow, to get ready—to deserve, as he had said. What a man he would be—what a man he was!
"Why, they say this is a war for democracy, don't you know? And here could we fight better for democracy? Wasn't that your ambition—wasn't that your dream?"
"Yes," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "That was my dream! You know how it ended—you know why. I killed my own school; you know how I did it. If I am speaking of some time, I've told you the other woman up there. I finished, anguished. "As you know—she's dead forever. And I'll not speak any ill of her memory."
"Nor I of the memory of the man that's dead," said she slowly. "It's life, I suppose, that I want."
"Yes, that's life! And I want it—all, every bit of it, all that any man ever coveted or hid—all of a man's dues in life. Yes, I want it—all!"
He spoke now with a sudden fierceness, his gray eyes aflame in a way she had not seen, that indomitableness of the inner man now showing through as never yet she had seen him, so that she felt a thrill, a shock, as of some vast, measureless dynamo of power suddenly awakening. "All life is the same thing. It's all education, all a growing—God! Give me my chance to grow! Let me get ready, so I can deserve. I've been hungry all my life—hungry for the world—hungry for my education—hungry for all a man's life—love, happiness, content, power, usefulness. I'm hungry for this war, even, because I know it will teach me something or leave me at last at peace. I've not known peace. I've lived in torment—in torment now. But I'll come back bigger and better if I ever come back at all. Life—why life!"
"If I could do something in the meantime—while you were out there—why I'd be the happiest woman in all the world. Yes, I! And I'd said good-bye to happiness, the same as you." Her eyes were soft now.
"If I thought that could be," he answered slowly, "I'd know the end even of this war—I'd know that justice and good do triumph over all and through all. Oh, what a dream! And for my people—the forgotten, the mocked, the helpless ones. If I—if you and I—"
"I'm going now," he concluded, long later. "These are things in which I can't give you counsel. You are the one real woman I ever knew in all my narrow life—the one real woman. I reckon I've seen them all now. I wanted to tell you that, before I went away—I had to tell you! If only I had lived so that you wouldn't think so ill of me. Oh, my God! Always I do the evil thing when I would do the right. I'm so impatient. It's so hard for me to be patient now."
He rose and stood facing straight ahead. The twilight now was falling softly upon the hills. Sounds came from the street below—sounds unbecome.
"Good-bye," said he suddenly. "I'll love you all my life!"
"Going?" Her voice seemed not yet to accept it after all. She half raised a hand. The blood of her cheek surged back.
"Yes—to finish my education!"
He stalked away, never looking back.
She sat alone now, still gazing out across the hills, at a new and wider world than any she had ever known. The sound on the street below became more audible, wafted by a change in the evening air. She knew that there was forming yonder a pro-

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The ordinary heating system dries up the air—a condition very favorable to disease germs. The Nesbit Standard produces a moistened air that is not unlike a gentle mist over the Sahara desert—warm and healthful.
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C. H. Turvey—601 and Maple Sts.
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Davenport, Iowa.—"Dr. Pierce's medicines have given my family the utmost satisfaction for the last 15 years. I have taken 'Golden Medical Discovery' off and on, whenever in a rundown state or in need of a tonic, and one bottle each time restored me to a perfectly healthy condition.
"My wife praises Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription most highly for it aided her through middle life without the customary heat flashes, dizzy spells and nervousness.
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Through our Washington Information Bureau The Omaha Bee will answer direct to the reader any question of fact, with the exception of medical, legal, love and marriage subjects, or any subject requiring extended research.
Simply write your question as plainly and briefly as possible and mail to The Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., enclosing a 2-cent stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Be sure to write your name and address plainly on the return envelope.

Children's Diet.
Growing children, especially between the ages of 2 and 6 years have special needs in the way of food. It must be easily digested, have sufficient variety to keep the appetite good, and still not contain elements likely to be injurious to a delicate stomach.
The United States Public Health Service has compiled such a diet after much experimentation and research. The diet contains a suggested menu for children 2 to 3 years of age, and another for children 3 to 6 years together with a list of foods which should not be given to children.
A copy of this diet will be sent to any reader on receipt of an addressed envelope, two loose one-cent stamps and the following coupon.

Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of the "Children's Diet" which was compiled by the United States Public Health Service. An addressed envelope and two loose one-cent stamps are enclosed.

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Address.....
City and State.....

New Postage Stamps.
Q. Are there to be any more new postage stamps? If so, how can I get some of them as soon as they are issued?
A. There are to be four new postage stamps issued May 1, 1923. They are a 7-cent stamp of McKinley, 8-cent stamp of Grant, 14-cent stamp of an American Indian and the 20-cent stamp of the Golden Gates. Any reasonable quantity of any of these stamps may be purchased for face value by addressing the "Philatelic Stamp Agency, Division of Stamps, Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C." Remit in money orders only and enclose postage for the return of the stamps.

Wilson's Cabinet Resignations.
Q. Is it true there were more resignations from the cabinet during the Wilson administration than during any other?
A. No. Five cabinets had more resignations than Wilson's. There were more resignations of cabinet members during Roosevelt's administration than during the term of any other president. The presidents having the largest number of cabinet resignations were: Roosevelt, 29; Grant, 18; Jackson, 14; Tyler, 14; Madison, 12; and Wilson 11.
Highest Tides.
Q. Where are the highest tides in the world?
A. In the Bay of Fundy. There the tide rises and falls from 50 to 70 feet.
Hudson River.
Q. How far is the Hudson river in New York navigable?
A. For 150 miles, as far as Troy, N. Y.
Voting in Washington.
Q. Why is it that so many persons who work in Washington, D. C., go to their home cities to vote?
A. Because residents of Washington, D. C., have no vote in Washington. It is estimated that about 49,000 of the 438,000 persons in Washington retain their legal residence elsewhere. There is no voting whatever in Washington, the district being governed by three commissioners appointed by the president.
Burnt Diamonds.
Q. Will diamonds burn?
A. Yes. Some of them on being burned lose one-half to three-fourths of their weight; others are entirely consumed.
Using Cornmeal.
Q. Could you supply me with several recipes for using cornmeal?
A. You should write to the division of publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask them to send you "Farmers' Bulletin No. 565." This contains several pages of receipts. Return postage need not be sent.

Decorators Favor Rugs to Brighten Up Home
Rugs much favored by decorators are the plain-toned, or two-toned, hand-tufted variety. They equal the orientals in wearing qualities and also in price.
The least expensive of rugs and carpets manufactured today are in excellent taste regarding coloring and pattern, and wearing qualities have improved with modern methods of manufacture.
One does not have to purchase a costly importation these days to add tone and harmony to his home furnishings. His home dealer carries them in stock.
Saves Dishwashing.
Clean all fish fowls and vegetables on a paper and burn it. This saves dishwashing and scrubbing.
Ride a **RANGER BICYCLE** NEBRASKA MOTORCYCLE AND BICYCLE CO. Factory Distributor 1512 Howard St. Phone AT 2987 Opposite Gas Office

FORD RUNS 57 MILES ON GALLON OF GASOLINE
A new automatic Vaporizer and Decarbonizer, which in actual test has increased the power and mileage of Fords from 25 to 50 per cent and at the same time removed every particle of carbon from the cylinders is the proud achievement of John A. Stransky, 3798 South Main street, Pukwana, S. D. A remarkable feature of this simple and inexpensive device is that its action is governed entirely by the motor. It is slipped between the carburetor and intake manifold and can be installed by anyone in five minutes without drilling or tapping. With it attached Ford cars have made from 40 to 57 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Mr. Stransky wants to place a few of these devices on cars in this territory and has a very liberal offer to make to anyone who is able to handle the business which is sure to be created wherever this marvelous little device is demonstrated. If you want to try one entirely at his risk send him your name and address today.

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Sanitary Bathing Facilities Decrease Infant Death Rate
According to the best information available there are only about 5,000,000 dwellings in the United States which have modern, sanitary bathing facilities.
Decorators Favor Rugs to Brighten Up Home
Rugs much favored by decorators are the plain-toned, or two-toned, hand-tufted variety. They equal the orientals in wearing qualities and also in price.
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One does not have to purchase a costly importation these days to add tone and harmony to his home furnishings. His home dealer carries them in stock.
Saves Dishwashing.
Clean all fish fowls and vegetables on a paper and burn it. This saves dishwashing and scrubbing.
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BENKINS OMAHA VAN & STORAGE
16th & LEAVENWORTH STS.
Inspect Our Fire-Proof Warehouse—Separate Locked Rooms
USE BEE WANT ADS—THEY BRING RESULTS

A slow daily poisoning that wrecks even the strongest constitution—
The first symptoms may not seem alarming. Headache—a touch of indigestion—an "off-day" every week or so—thousands of people don't even suspect that anything serious is developing.
Then comes the day when growing ill-health and irritability lead them to their doctor's office. The examination—and the verdict: chronic disease has already fastened upon them.
And when they ask the reason—"Constipation," says the doctor. "Day by day it has been distilling poisons into your blood. Your body is never free from them. This is the result."
The real reason why thousands suffer
Constipation is becoming more common every year. Our whole way of living is unnatural today.
Our work demands less and less physical exertion. And instead of the coarse, raw foods of the forest for which our bodies were built, modern civilization demands a more delicate, concentrated diet, which leaves the muscles of our intestines with no real work to do.
Day by day these muscles get softer and flabbier. There is nothing to stimulate them to a complete thorough removal of the waste which the body produces constantly every day. Consequently, even though they may act with fair regularity, they are often leaving much of the waste behind, to decay and form phenol—one of the deadliest poisons known.
Useless to try to blast a way through
Drugs and cathartics are worse than useless, for their artificial irritation weakens the intestines still more—till at last the muscles refuse to respond at all.
Your own physician will heartily endorse this principle of regularly exercising the intestinal muscles as the only way to relieve constipation and all its evils.
Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast—yeast in its natural fresh form. Recent experiments have shown that yeast corrects constipation only when its cells are alive and active—and that it loses its power when these cells are "killed" and dried.
Fleischmann's Yeast is in no sense a purgative and does not produce immediate violent action. It is a nourishing food—not digestion-disturbing medicine—and like any other food, it must be eaten regularly to secure results.
Eat at least 2 or 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in water, milk or fruit juices—preferably half an hour before a meal, or the last thing at night. If you eat it plain, follow with a glass of water. Get several cakes at a time—they will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.
Send today for this free booklet!
THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 622, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free booklet, "The New Found Value of Fleischmann's Yeast in Building Health."
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What this does to the muscles of your arm, Fleischmann's Yeast does to the muscles of your intestines—gives them normal, healthy exercise
The only way to cure constipation permanently is by exercising the intestinal muscles as Nature intended.
That is why physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast today—not as a medicine but as a fresh corrective food which gives the intestinal muscles regular, natural exercise.
Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of millions of tiny living

Day by day Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the flabby muscles of the intestines exactly as regular exercise builds up the muscles of your arm