THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

New Things Every Woman Ought to Know What You Owe Your Servant When She "Quits"

TYTHEN your servant leaves plained in a pamyou "high and dry" in the middle of a month, do you have to pay her half a month's York, an institu-

This depends entirely upon what was said at the time you hired her. If you employed the girl for a definite period, then the law is sne must work for that full period or can collect nothing. If, on the other hand, the hiring was for an indefinite period, then she may leave at any time and will, nevertheless, be entitled to compensation for the time she actually worked.

Wages?

· This, however, only brings us to the next question: When is a hiring for a "definite" period and when for an "indefinite" one? In nine cases out of ten, all that is upon the subject at the of hiring is something like this:

"How much do you expect to get. Mary?" "Twenty dollars a month,

ma'am."

"Very well, Mary, you can take off your hat and coat and get busy on the dishes."

According to the courts, this is not a hiring for a definite time, but simply a hiring at a definite rate-\$20 per month. Under it Mary may leave at any time without notice and with or without just grounds for dissatisfaction, and you will have to pay her for every day she worked.

These points are clearly ex-

phlet issued by the Legal Aid Society of New tion which lends legal assistance to those who are too poor to pay more than a nominal sum for

The only way to protect yourself against the unreliable servant girl who is apt to leave you just when need her you most is to make a definite, written

contract with her in the form proposed by the Legal Aid Society. This simple agreement provides that one week's notice must be given by the party desiring to terminate the contract or one week's wages shall be forfeited.

When the employment is for a definite time, the servant may, nevertheless, be discharged before the end of the time for just cause, and will not then be entitled to compensation for the time she has worked, although, in an extraordinary case, perhaps, no self-respecting employer will take advantage of this legal right to withhold recompense for services actually rendered.

What are the causes for which you may discharge a servant before the expiration of the period for which she was hired?

Generally speaking, any conduct upon the part of the servant which makes her unfit to perform properly the work for which he was engaged justifies the employer in discharging her. Such conduct inincompetence; habitual neglect of duty, whether due to

pensation even for the time she has actually worked. But if you give her just cause to leave, she is entitled to wages for the time she has worked, and she may afterward collect for so much of the remainder of the period as she lost before obtaining other employ-

Some of the causes which jus-



Three Cases Which Justify a Servant in Summarily "Quitting A-Arbitrary Reduction of Wages; B-Failure to Supply Her with Suitable Food; C-the Infliction of Physical Violence or Assault on Her.

defect of character, sickness or stupidity; unprovoked insolence or disrespect to the employer, his family and friends; disobedience to reasonable orders or rules; dishonesty, drunkenness, hostility to the employer's interests, and untruthfulness.

But you may not discharge a servant because she refuses to perform unreasonable services or to work at unreasonable hours, for occasional irritation, discourtesy or hasty words such as might naturally arise from the nature of the work, or for trivial or unimportant disobedience or negligence.

On the other hand, a servant who leaves without just cause before the expiration of the definite period for which she was employed, forfeits her right to comtify a servant in leaving summarily are failure to pay wages when due; arbitrary reduction of ment: failure to supply suitable and reasonable lodgings and food; infliction of physical violence or assault on the servant: the continued use by the employer of violent language without cause; the employment by the employer of other servants whose habits are vicious or dangerous to the health or morals of the servant.

But a servant has no right to leave for reprimands and faultfinding which are not grossly unreasonable or violent, or because she is requested to perform unreasonable services-which, of course, she need not perform-nor because of disagreements with other ser-

The negligent servant who is constantly breaking china and glassware would probably grow more careful if more housewives resorted to their legal right to deduct from the servant's wages the amount of loss thus caused. The deduction for breakage should be made at the end of the month during which the employer learned of its occurrence, for, if wages are paid with knowledge of the breakage, the employer is deemed to have condoned the offense.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

For Warts and Corns.

MANY physicians recommend a remedy containing the following: 1% drams each of chloral hydrate, glacial acetic acid and ether; I dram of salicylic acid; 1/4 ounce of collodion. Apply with a glass rod or camel's hair brush.

To Make Your Nails Shine.

N excellent liquid polish for the nails is made of 2 drams of diluted sulphuric acid, 1 dram of tincture of myrrh, and rose water enough to make four ounces. Dip the nails in this solution, wipe and polish with a chamois skin.

A Sympathetic Ink.

TAKE some pure lime or lemon juice and write with it on paper. Then heat the paper over an alcohol lamp and the writing will come out brown.

A Refreshing Drink.

DD a pinch of sait to a half glass of sour cream and a half glass of rich A milk, and beat with an egg-beater until light and smooth. Pour into a tall glass, and over the top put a thin coating of pulverized nut meats and a scant grating of nutmeg. Serve cold with crackers.

Flavoring with Corn Cobs.

N making succotash, scrape the corn from the cobs and add a little cold water to it, making it as creamy as possible. Then place the cobs in the kettle with the beans and boil until time to put in the corn. The result will be a sweetness and creaminess not usually found in succotash.

How the Dinner Table Often Leads to Divorce

CAREFUL study of divorce statistics gives good ground for the belief that three-fourths of the disillusionment that precedes most marital tangles and separations originates at the dinner table.

In the rush of modern life, women have come too much to the conclusion that feeding the family is merely a necessary evil to be dispensed with lightly. Food for the tired husband they are too apt to regard as simply a matter of filler, anything at all to fill the aching void. This filler, they believe, may be thrown carelessly before the family and bolted down their throats as rapidly as possible without injurious results.

In an effort to show how barbaric and harmful such methods are, the medical profession is now studying the relation of our food to our

nervous systems. It has been proven that the exercise of our sense of taste is as important to our well being as the exercise of other senses and that taste must be satisfied for the sake of its soothing effect upon the nerves. If the digestion fails, then the nerves reflect its failure almost immediately in irritability and general distemper.

On the contrary, if food is properly cooked, properly seasoned and properly served in calm and attractive surroundings, the taste carries its satisfied messages to the nervous system and a feeling of happiness results to the individual. The effect of pleased taste is well filustrated in the statement of nerve specialists that the eating of half a pound of chocolates has been found to produce a quieting effect on neurotic patients. This probably explains the

craving many highly nervous women have for

Many of the great women of history who have held places of great power in courts and diplomatic circles, and in the world of literature and art, realized the importance of the dining table as a means of first attracting the attention of men whose help they needed in the realisation of their ambitions.

The phrase "The shortest road to a man's heart is through his stomach" is by no means a modern saying. It has been true throughout the history of mankind, and although intended to be a joke, it is in reality no reflection on masculinity.

A man with a poorly fed stomach can rarely be found to have a disposition inclined even to kind thoughts, much less to love.

Land of Diamonds.

Luederitz Bay, in German Southwest Africa, over which the Union Jack how flies, is a German possession hat was well worth securing situated some 200 miles north of the Urange River, and is one of the prinapal ports of the German territory uederitz Bay is practically the only serman dependency in Africa suited o white colonization. A discovery of liamonds in the Luederitz Bay district in July, 1908, caused a rush of treasure seekers. The stones, which re semble the Brazilian variety, ar found mostly near the surface of the sandy soil, and are mainly of small he year was over 39,000 carats, and during 1909 various companies were formed to exploit the diamondiferous area, the development of which was hampered by the great scarcity of fresh water.

The output of diamonds for the year The total European population of the Protectorate, which has an area of 322,450 square miles, was, in 1913, 14,816 persons, of whom 12,292 were of German nationality.

Expressing His Feelings.

Like a windmill in a fit the poor golfer waved his arms. Like a Channel steamer full of bad sailors he rolled his eyes. Like a maddened donkey beset by files on a sweltercaddles looked on with interest illconcealed.

"I'll bet it's a toothache," said the first. bet it's St. Vitus dance." said the second. A third caddle passing along was quietly asked his opinion. He burst

nto hearty laughter. 'Yer needn't speak so low," cried the youngster. "He wouldn't hear yer if ye was to fire off a battery o' guns, lie ain't got nuffink the

matter with 'im. He's just deaf and dumb, and that's 'is only way o' givin' vent to his feelings."

Very Fishy.

I once knew an angler who was always bragging about his catches. In fact, it was his "sole" pleasure, hie was a little "shrimp" of a man, with not much "mussel" to speak of. He considered himself a "dab" of. He considered himself a "dab" at flashing I knew his yarns were all "cod," and when he began to "flounder" I pulled him off his "perch," put him in his "plaice," and told him not to "carp" at my remarks; but he swallowed the "bait," took his "hook," and I have not seen him nor had as much as a "line" from him since.

The Crowning Triumph.

Little Norman and his two playfellows were boasting about their parents and their belongings. parents and their belong going to build a fine house with a steeple on it." "That's nothing!" exclaimed Wille scornfully, "My father has just built a house with a flagpole on it," Conrad, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst out umphantly, "Oh, that's nothing! father is going to build a house with a mortgage on it!"

A Great Grief.

There was to be a tea party, and the guests were already arriving. Mother was in despair. Little Willie was howling wildly in the nursery, rying as if his heart was broken. Running into the room, she snatched the walling boy to her and asked what was the matter. Before the nurse-could reply Willie burst out:

"Oh, mummy, she's been and g-gone and curled my hair, and-boo hoo!—
I wanted a c-c-crack down the Liddle like f-f-f-father!"

ALL THE COLORS OF THE ORIENT

But later he dreamed that the dressing-gown danced outside his door, atretching out empty arms and commanding him to return to YIS friends said that Halliday had a dressing-gown. Halliday knew that the dressing-

gown had him-It was a panoramic dressinggown, and Halliday bought it in a tide of prosperity which flowed in on a Monday, and ebbed disastrously ere Wednesday morning arrived. Out of the wreck came the dressing-gown, brilliant red and a few other colors, with gold collar and cuffs, and gold ornamentations stuck on, wherever there was room.

The next day his aunt came round Halliday bought it because he was an author. Any book will tell you that no author can do any good age she carried. unless he has a dressing-gown. He held a sort of At-home with it,

"Do you know, Dick," said the old lady, laying the parcel on the table, and fumbling with the strings, "I couldn't think what to get you this time? I've been puzzling and puzzling; but, coming up your road. I saw this in a window—the very thing!" and all his friends came to the private view of the gorgeous thing. They were properly awestruck, and went away, wondering if they were color blind.

Its original cost was \$25. When he got it on he found that ideas for work would not come. The proper thing to do in a dreasing-gown was to lie on the bed, and think of wonderful things he would

write next day, or to sit in a long chair and amoke or to stand in front of the fire with his hands in his peckets, and see how it looked near the feet.
Halliday simply could not work in it; dressing-gowned work was a

sacrilege. His income went past vanishing point.

He got desperate, but the dress-ing-gown beat him. He would come home, put it on, and sit down to work, write two lines, scratch them out, and then pull the easy-chair toward him and reach mechanically for a pipe. When he woke up, he would go to bed, using the dressing gown as an extra blanket, which the only thing it should ever have been used for.

And the dressing-gown got scorn-ful of his efforts. Once he was certain he heard it laugh aloud at him His regular work at the Daily office suffered terribly, and his edibegan to say rude words

about it. It was fast driving him out of house and home, when Halliday's rich aunt wrote that she was coming up for Christmas, and expected to be taken round.

"I'll have to put her off," said Hallday to the man on the same floor. "I'm broke; haven't got a cent. It's hard luck, for she al-ways buys me a decent present of some sort, especially Christmas-

are wearing a thing like that?"

A gleam of hope came to Halliday, and he saw the dressing-gown

beaten at last.

"Good idea," he shouted. I'll pawn the wretched thing, and at the same time get rid of it for ever."

By great good luck he obtained to n it, and astonished the pawn-broker by tearing up the ticket in his face. "Understand," he said, "I'm not coming back for that. Sell it, burn it, do what you like with it; I've done with it."

HE PEELS YOUNGER. He walked out ten years younger. That night-in his shirt sleeveshe wrote a whole chapter of his book and an article on the general dastardliness of dressing-gowns.

When his aunt arrived, Halliday noticed that the usual present was not forthcoming. She was a dear oid lady, however, and he played the dutiful nephew with great suc-cess, insisting on a cab and a high-ly respectable theatre. When he finally left her at her hotel, Halli-day had exactly \$1 on which to live till Saturday., Pondering over this wicked circumstances, tramped home.

have a good look at his rooms great pleasure the important pack

Haliday trembled with a sudden sense of the doom to come, and his

aunt drew out the dressing gown.
It flooded the room with a blinding and an unboly radiance.

"Such a lovely thing, isn't it, and so useful?" the old lady continued. "I know you hadn't got a dressing-gown. So handy for a literary man like you to slip on and sit down like you to slip on and sit down steadily to work in. It's not quite new, you know, but you don't mind. Dick, do you?"

"It's really awfully good of you, said Hallidar, hero and slave. In the grip of tragedy it is best to "You don't seem very enthusiastic about it," said his aunt. "I think

about it," said his aunt. I think it's a sweet thing."
It's just splendid," said Halliday, withdrawing his shaking hand.
"Do you mind if I hang it up in the other room out of the dust?"
The dressing-gown marched with him to the door, and he had a queer facility of hims hand-mided to

feeling of being hand-ouffed to it. He aung it in a cupboard, sweating with fear, and shut the door. When his aunt had gone he went back into the room against his will. thing was sitting in a chair. and Halliday offers no explanation. It was his best armchair, and for the rest of a horrible evening Halli-

day sat on a hard stool, not daring to disturb it. I think he had a sort of an idea that it might begin talk-ing to him, and I know he left some cigarettes near it, in case it might become entirely human. Plucking up his courage, he stirred the fire into a blaze, and es-sayed to burn it, starting with the gold and blue acreage on the end of the left-hand sleeve. It refused to

but charred with a hissing sound, and in five minutes there was such a ghastly smell that the man on the floor above started dancing on the floor, and Halliday gave it up. He poured his water-bottle over it, and it snarled as the heat left Well into a new day now, and still

the horror of the dressing-gown, grim and awful. Sleep was impossible with that thing still alive and unslaughtered. And suddenly Halli day thought of the river; it would be easy to drop it in. He hunted out brown paper and some stout string. In twenty minutes he would be free again! The dressing-gown would The parcel burnt his arm as he went. His face was white and drawn as he siunk slong. And a homeless, villainous faced loafer

slouched off after him down to the

Arrived on the bank, Halliday laid the parcel down. The brown paper fell in a little, and the thing distinctly mouned, giving Halliday a pang of pity. It was hard lines, after all, even for the colored hor-ror, to leave a warm brown paper bed for the cold tomb of the sullen AN OUTCAST TOUCHES HIM.

At that moment the outcast touched his arm. Halliday sprang back almost to the roadway, thirking that the dressing gown had benen looked steadily at the knobbly

guess as you were at something' orrible. What is it, guv-nor? A "Of course not!" cried Halliday

and turned to look at the stranger They were near a samp post, and it was hardly a face that Hallday saw. It was a kind of gargoyle, framed in a border line of black, stubby beard. "None of that," said he. "I've

been through it myself and I know! This is a p'lice case, it strikes "What's your name?" said Halli-day quickly, "Bill; and I'm a good workman,

but starvin', through no fault of my own!" He started on a glib Look here, Mr. Bill! That's a dessing-gown there, and I'll make you a present of it." He untied the string. "See for yourself!"

"What did you say it was?" gasped Bill, and he began to rub his beads. "Look like a piece of live.

"Looks like a piece of liv-'A dressing-gown. Are you tak-

What shall I do with it?" asked suspicious Bill.
"How do I know?" cried anguished Halliday, "Fry it if you like! Will you take it?" His voice was a prayer.

"You never stole it or nothin'-no kid? Gospel eath?" "Gospel oath!" returned Halliday. Cautious Bill spat on a filthy finger, and drew it across a red-scarfed throat. "Send I live, send die, cut my throat if I'm telling lie?" queried he. "All that and more!" Halliday imi-

him faithfully. "Do you want it?" "Done!" said Bill, and snatched He spread open the covering for

wider view of the gift. The dawn

breaking over the river postponed itself for a minute, retiring abashed till once again the brown paper closed on this glorious rival. "It's yours!" said Halliday, and, again a free man, unchained and independent, walked home singing. The struggle was over now, but

wondered idly what Mr. Bill would

do with it. On the following Friday morning an urgent note from his editor lay Halliday's desk at the office was an unkind note, and hinted at a quick dismissal. Obeying the summons, he went, wrapped in fear and trembling, into the great man's

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said that autocrat. "Well, I just want to tell you I don't mind you're going out to get good 'special' stories for us, but I'll have no man on my staff playing fool tricks for his own amusement, and, possibly, bringing the paper into ridicule. If that's your idea of

"You're talking double Dutch!"
mid Halliday gently. "What in the
world have I done now?"
"Bluf doesn't go down," returned
the editor. "Alderton saw you the
other night on the East Side, doing
the cheap-jack business, selling stuff
from a barrow. You were disguised
a bit, of course, but he knew it was
you, because you were wearing some
ghastly Red Indian robe he once
saw in your rooms. He told me
himself. Once seen, never forgotten, he said the thing was. There
you were, outrageously clothed, ou were, outrageously clothed, orched upon a barrow, bawling at the top of your voice, and generally making a fool of yourself. Just

But on my honor-" spluttered Halliday.

"You're a newspaper man," said the editor sharply, "and I want no explanations. If I hear of it again you get the quick push, immediate. instanter, and no resurrections. Picase don't stand there looking like a tired fish! I'm busy!" That night, when work was done.

Halliday went, heavy-hearted, in search of Bill. He had imagined many evil tricks that the dressing gown might play on him, but not this development, After half an hour's wandering,

the pligrim heard a voice he knew. It was verily the voice of Bill. Dressing-gowned, he shone like a human sun. He stood firm upon a barrow; on his left hand was a basket filled with boxes of pills; on his right hand was a pile of little packets of cement. He was doing a

Thus Halliday met his dressinggown again.
Bill had found good use for it. It caught sight of him on the out-skirts of the crowd, nodded dis-tantly, and then sneered openly. Fascinated spell-bound, Halliday, the captive listened to the raucous shouting of Bill, clothed in that nameless thing that was all the gor

oue East at once. equipment was completed by a red velvet smoking-cap, and an old medal on the front of the other up-

now before you a Rarjar from the Heast, wearing the State robes in which he dined last Tuesday week with the Bultan of Morocco. come from the bloomin' Heast, purely to benefit the people by my marvellous remedies that will cure any thing, from a crack in the wall to a cut in the neck."

He picked up two packets of cement, in brown and white covers. "Fust, the cement, in brahn and white packets. The price is a mere triffe. You can have two of the brahn, and one of the white. You can have two of the white, an' one of the brahn. The brahn is for chinar, an' the white is for glass I repeat, the brahn is for chinar an' the white is for glass! And guarantee that with this marvellou cement, using it for any household article, it will remain as firm—and as hard—as if it had never been

broken or otherwise frackshured.
"Then these 'ere pills. My friends"
Bill leaned forward, and spoke as
though he were Andrew Carnegie though he were Andrew Carnegle handing over a million-dollar library—"I do not exaggerit when I tell you all to your face that these pills will care any morial thing—all the hills to which our pore, weak flesh is 'air. He wise in time! Spots before the eyes, pains in the back, spasms across the loints, affiction of the aural proclivities, a rackin' corff, crocked kidneys, glddiness, and total loss of sight; and this dreadful list of diseases ends this dreadful list of diseases ends

An Amazing Tale of a Dressing Gown

That Simply Wouldn't Stay Hid hup with insanity and death! Be wise in time: My pills from the Far Heast cure thom all! And the price is 25 cents per box!"

Twenty hands stretched out to Halliday, sir?"

Twenty hands stretched out to the magic man from the Far East as he finished his speech. Bill was doing well—very well. And once more Halliday knew that he was bond-slave to the dressing gown. Wherever this man went he gown. Wherever this man went he would be identified with it. Remembering his editor, he knew that scornful fate had ordained he must bear its burden alone. For now he wanted it back. He waited for a word with Bill, who, by the frequent interviews with a bottle on the barrow, was rapidly getting a good load on him.

HE HEAPPEARS.

Toward ten business died down, and Bill gathered his gains and vanished into a saloon. Halliday still waited. At closing time Bill emerged, singing coon songs to himself. To put it politely, he was "good and drunk."
"Here," said Halliday, "I want

that thing back!" "Don't you go for touching me!" roared the staggering human in the dressing gown, "I'm a bally Sul-tan, that's what I am." "Right first time!" said Halliday. "And I want that dressing gown

Bill planted himself with difficulty against the wall. "Well, yeu don't get it," said he.
"It's a small fortune. I'm coining money with it. Best thing I
ever struck in my natural. I'm a
fellow for enterprise, I am, and it
came to me like a flash. This
Heastern Sultan job is a gold
mine!"

But I'll pay you for it!" expos-"I'll knock your bloomin' head off if you don't clear out! I'm drunk, but I'm a Sultan just the same!" roared Bill.

He pushed out an unsteady fist and lunged heavily, just missing He looked very flerce. A crowd was quickly gathering, and Halliday fled. And Bill picked up the skirts of his raiment and ran after him, shouting, lurching this way and that, but making a surprising speed. The tassels swung behind him he sped, shouting oaths, in pursuit. People made way for this colored and cursing biograph that yelled

Halliday saw all the horrors of a olice-court case-certain dismissal from the office-and ran for his life. down a side street, overtook a dawdling, empty taxi just as the Sultan from the East had reached the corner.

Drive anywhere!" he cried, and flung himself in. flung himself in. "Anywhere West!
"Now, I wonder if anybody saw
me rushing, drunk, in that thing on a Saturday night?" said defeated Halliday in the cab. "I expect I'll hear about it on Monday. I'll have to get that thing back somehow. Reaching his rooms, he sat down and thought matters over. A fur-ious ringing at the bell, half an bour later, made him start in fright. His visitor was a policeman. "Beg pardon, sir, but we've got a

man in the station. Drunk and a fuir maniac he was, and he had some kind of extra wrapping on-rainbow sort of thing-that must have cost a lot of money. Haven't seen any-thing like it since I Joined the force. though I've seen a few nights in my time-murders and such thought he must have stolen it, and found a visiting-card with this ad-

dress on it in an inside pocket. stuck to the lining. Are you Mr.

"I believe I am," said Halliday wearily. "I'm either that, or Bill-don't quite know which. If Bill has committed a murder, I expect I'll be Bill. What do you want me

"Was that thing he was wearing yours, sir? Have you missed any-thing lately?" Shall I have to charge the man?

"Shall I have to charge the man?"
asked Halliday cautiously. For he
saw a chance of recovering the
dressing-gown, and he might think
of another way of killing it.

"Not if you don't care about it.
Can't you prove the thing's yours?
Did he steal it?"

"Yes." lied Halliday shamelessly.
"I can prove it's mine. I'll get the
receipted bill for it and come with
you."

At the station he saw the dress-ing-gown again. Its power for evil was weakening; it looked huddled and tired after the adventures of the night. From the cells below came a muffled rear, proclaiming that somebody was a rajah, a Suttan, a War Lord, and could fight all the world with one hand tied behind his back.

"Been raising the roof like that ever since he came in," said the of-ficer. "Tough nut he is, and no mistake! Thinks he's a bloomin' emperor!" You've got him for being drunk? 'That's so. You should just have seen him an hour ago, rushing down the road with that thing on! I thought it was an earthquake!"
"He didn't hurt anybod??"
"No. It'll only be a fine, I ex-

"He can afford that," said Halli-day grimly, "Do you know, I don't want to take that thing home. I'm tired of it," he lied again. "Fact is, my wife hates the sight of it, and says it was an extravagance to buy it. Never lets me alone about it. Would you like it, officer?"

"What do you use it for?" said the man, dubious.

"That's what I want to know." said Halliday. "But you can have it, if you like."
"I never like to refuse anything."

"I never like to refuse anything," said the policeman, still wondering what he could do with it.
Suddenly he happened to scratch the bright-idea section of his head.
"The very thing!" he said. "Cut to bits, it'd make an Al patchwork quilt for me and the quilt for me and the missus these cold nights." He looked at it criti-cally. "Lots of warmth in it, I cally. "Lots of warmin in it, should say, I'm very much obliged to you, sir!"

Trembling with excitement, Halli-day could hardly believe his cars. To be rid of it so easily! You swear you'll cut it up?" he

"Cut into little bits?"
"You bet!" sain the policeman.
"It'll be fine for the kiddles' bed if they fall ill, too. Like a regular paint box! Amuse them for hours. How many different colors should you say there were in it, sir? More than fifty, I'll be bound." Halliday smiled triumphantly at the crestfallen dressing gown, which had become huddled and limp on hearing its doom.

hearing its doom.
"Promise me you'll cut it up into amail bits—all of it."
"Certain!" said the policeman.
And that was how Halliday gos at last out of slavery. The only unsatisfactory thing about it is that all the policemen's saildren—five of them-are growing up, under daily influence of the quilt, to

him pass curiously, and reporting, you'd better quit." Copyright, 1916, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.