

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Stanton was still wrestling with his problem when the "handsome couple" returned from the play. The trust held Captain saw them as they crossed the lobby to the elevator and again marked the little evidences of familiarity. "That settles it," he mused, with an outburst of the pugnacious jaw. "She knows more about Smith than anybody else in this neck-of-woods—and she's got it to tell!"

Stanton began his inquiry for better information the following day, with the jeweled lady for his ally. Miss Richlander was alone and unfettered in the hotel—and also a little bored. Hence she was easy of approach; so easy that by luncheon time the sham promoter's wife was able to introduce her husband, Stanton lost no moment in investigating. For the inquiring purpose, Smith was made to figure as a business acquaintance, and Stanton was generous in his praises of the young man's astounding financial ability.

"He's simply a wonder, Miss Richlander!" he confided over the luncheon table. "Coming here a few weeks ago, absolutely unknown, he has already become a prominent man of affairs in Brewster. And so discreetly reticent! To this good day nobody knows where he comes from, or anything about him."

"Not?" said Miss Verda. "How singular!" But she did not volunteer to supply any of the missing biographical facts.

"Absolutely nothing," Stanton went on smoothly. "And, of course, his silence about himself has been grossly misinterpreted. I have even heard it said that he is an escaped convict."

"How perfectly absurd!" was the smiling comment.

"Isn't it? But you know how people will talk. They are saying now that his name isn't Smith; that he has merely taken the commonest name in the category as an alias."

"Miss Richlander, that, anyway," Miss Richlander offered. "His name is really and truly John Smith."

"You have known him a long time, haven't you?" inquired the lady with the headlight diamonds.

"Oh, yes; for quite a long time, indeed."

"That was back in New York state?" Stanton slipped in.

"In the East, yes. He comes of an excellent family. His father's people were well-to-do farmers, and one of his grandfathers on his mother's side was on the supreme bench in our state; he was chief justice during the later years of his life."

"What state did you say?" queried Stanton craftily. But Miss Verda was far too wide-awake to let him surprise her.

"Our home state, of course. I don't believe any member of Mr. Smith's immediate family on either side has ever moved out of it."

Stanton gave it up for the time being, and was convinced upon two points, Smith might have business reasons for secrecy—he might have backers who wished to remain completely unknown in their fight against the big land trust, but if he had no backers the other hypothesis clinched itself instantly—he was in hiding; he had done something from which he had run away.

It was not until after office hours that Stanton was able to reduce his equation to its simplest terms, and it was Shaw, dropping in to make his report after his first day's work as clerk

and stenographer in the High Line headquarters, who cleared the air of at least one fog bank of doubts.

"I've been through the records and the stock-books," said the spy, when in obedience to orders, he had locked the office door. "Smith is playing a loose hand. He's simulating Klutz for his first chunk of money, and after that it was easy. Every dollar invested in High Line has been dug up right here in the Timanyoni. Here's the list of stockholders."

Stanton ran his eye down the string of names and swore when he saw Maxwell's subscription of \$25,000. "Damn it!" he rasped; "and he's Fairbairn's own son-in-law!"

"So is Starbuck, for that matter; and he's in for twenty thousand," said Shaw. "And, by the way, Bill is a man who will bear watching. He's hand-in-glove with Smith, and he's onto all of our little crooks and turns. I heard him telling Smith today that he would fit to the company to carry a gun."

Stanton's smile showed his teeth. "With a gun? Carry one and kill somebody with it? Then you'd know how to go to it with him."

his half-closed eyes had a murderous glint in them.

"For instance?" he inquired cynically.

"Anybody," said Stanton absently. He was going over the list of stockholders again and had scarcely heard what Shaw had said.

"That brings us down to business, Mr. Stanton," said the ex-railroad clerk slowly. "I'm not getting money enough out of this to cover the risk—my risk."

The man at the desk looked up quickly.

"What's that you say? By heavens, Shaw, I've spoken once, and I'll do it just this one time more; you sing small if you want to keep out of jail."

Shaw had lighted his cigarette and was edging toward the door.

"Not this trip, Mr. Stanton," he said coolly. "If you've got me, I've got you. I can find two men who will go into court and swear that you paid Pete Shamus money to have Smith snatched, that day out at Shamus' place at the dam! I may have to go to jail, as you say; but I'll bet you five to one that you'll beat me to it!" And with that he snapped the catch on the locked door and went away.

Some three hours after this rather hostile clash with the least trustworthy but by far the most able of his henchmen, Crawford Stanton left his wife chatting comfortably with Miss Richlander in the hotel parlors and went reluctantly to keep an appointment which he had been dreading ever since the early afternoon hour when a wire had come from Copah directing him to meet the "Nevada Flyer" upon its arrival at Brewster. The public knew the name signed to the telegram as that of a millionaire statesman; but Stanton knew it best as the name of a hard and not over-credulous monster.

The train was whistling for the station when Stanton descended from his cab and hurried down the long platform. A white-jacketed porter was waiting to admit him to the presence when the train came to a stand, and as he climbed into the vestibule of the luxurious private car, Stanton got what comfort he could out of the thought that the interview would necessarily be flouted by the ten minutes' engine-changing stop of the fast train.

Stanton, ten minutes later, made a flying leap from the moving train. At the cab rank he found the motor cab which he had hired for the drive down from the hotel. Climbing in, he gave a brittle order to the chauffeur. Simultaneously a man wearing the softest of hats lounged away from his post of observation under a nearby electric pole and ran across the railroad plaza to unlatch and mount a wiry little cow pony. Once in the saddle, however, the mounted man did not hurry his horse. Having overheard Stanton's order giving, there was no need to keep the motor cab in sight as it splattered through the streets and out upon the backgrounding mesa. Its blossoming course ending at a lonely roadhouse in the mesa hills on the Topaz trail.

When the hired vehicle came to a stand in front of the lighted barroom of the roadhouse, Stanton gave a waiting order to the driver and went in, of the dog-faced barkeeper he asked an abrupt question, and at the man's jerk of a thumb toward the rear, the promoter passed on and entered the private room at the back.

The private room had but one opening—the main lantern, who was sitting behind a round card table and vainly endeavoring to make one of the pair of empty whisky glasses spin in a complete circuit about a black bottle standing on the table.

The hired car was still waiting when Stanton went out through the barroom and gave the driver his return orders. And, because the night was dark, neither of the two at the car saw the man in the soft hat straighten himself up from his crouching place under the barroom window and vanish silently in the gloom.

CHAPTER XV.

A Night of Fiasco.

Smith had seen nothing of Miss Richlander during the day, partly because there was a forenoon meeting of the High Line stockholders called for the purpose of electing him secretary and treasurer in fact of the company, and partly because the major portion of the afternoon was spent in conference with Williams at the dam.

Returning from the dam site quite late in the evening, Smith spent a hard-working hour or more at his desk in the Klutz building offices; and it was here that Starbuck found him.

"What?" said the new secretary, looking up from his work when Starbuck's wily figure loomed in the doorway. "I thought you were once more a family man, and had cut out the night prowling."

Starbuck jackknifed himself comfortably in a chair.

"I was. But the little girl's run away again; gone with her sister—Maxwell's wife, you know—to Denver to get her teeth fixed; and I'm foot-loose. Been biting in a little on your game, this evening, just to be doing. How's tricks with you, now?"

"We're stately in the fight," declared Smith enthusiastically. "We closed the deal today for the last half-mile of the main ditch right of way, which puts us up on the mesa slope above the Escalante grant. If they knock us out now, they'll have to do it with dynamite."

"Yes," said the ex-cowman, thoughtfully; "with dynamite." Then: "How is Williams getting along?"

"Fine." The water is crawling up on him a little, every night, but with no accidents, he'll be able to hold the flood line when it comes. The only

thing that worries me now is the time limit."

"The time limit?" echoed Starbuck. "What's that?"

"It's the handicap we inherit from the original company. Certain state rights to the water were conveyed in the old charter, on condition that the project should be completed, or at least be far enough along to turn water into the ditches, by a given date. This time limit, which carries over from Timanyoni Ditch to Timanyoni High Line, expires next week. We're petitioning for an extension, but if we don't get it we shall still be able to back the water up so that it will flow into the lower level of ditches by next Thursday; that is, barring accidents."

"Yes; with no accidents," mused Starbuck. "Can't get shut of the 'if,' no way nor shape, can we? So that's why the Stanton people have been fighting so foolishly for delay. Is it? John, this is a wicked, wicked world. Then he switched abruptly. "Where did you corral all those good looks you took to the opera house last night, John?"

Smith's laugh was strictly perfunctory.

"That was Miss Vera Richlander, an old friend of mine from back home. She is out here with her father, and the father has gone up into the Topaz country to buy him a gold brick."

"Not in the Topaz," Starbuck struck in loyally. "We don't make the bricks up there—not the phony kind. But let that go and tell me something else. A while back, when you were giving me a little song and dance about the colonel's daughter, you mentioned another woman—though not by name. If you happen to recollect, I was just wondering if this Miss Rich people, or whatever her name is, might be the other one."

Again the new secretary laughed, this time without embarrassment. "You've called the turn, Billy. She is the other one."

"Her? Chasing you up?"

"Oh, no; it was just one of the non-narratives. She didn't know I was here, and I had no hint that she was coming."

"All right; it's your roast; not mine. But I'm going to pull one chestnut out of the fire for you, even if I do get my fingers burned. This Miss Rich folks has had only one day here in Brewster, but she's used it in getting mighty chummy with the Stantons. Does that figure as news to you?"

"It does," said Smith simply; and he added: "I don't understand it."

"Funny," remarked the ex-cowman. "It didn't pull me up for more than a minute or two. Stanton fixed it some way—because he needed to. 'Til me something, John; could this Miss Rich ever help Stanton out in any of his little schemes, if she took a notion?"

Smith turned away and stared at the blackened square of outer darkness lying beyond the office window.

"She could, Billy—but she won't," he answered.

"You can dig up your last dollar and bet on that, can you?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"I'm; that's just what I was most afraid of."

"Don't be an ass, Billy."

"I'm trying mighty hard not to be, John, but sometimes the evil will grow on the best of us—in spite of the devil. What I mean is this: I saw you two when you came out of the Hophra dining room together last night, and I saw the look in that girl's eyes. Do you know what I said to myself right then, John? I said: 'Oh, you little girl out at the Hillcrest ranch—good-by, you!'"

Smith's grin was half antagonistic. "You are an ass, Billy," he asserted. "I never was in love with Verda Richlander, nor she with me."

"Speak for yourself and let it hang there, John. You can't speak for the woman—no man ever can. What I'm hoping now is that she doesn't know anything about you that Stanton could make use of."

Again the High Line's new secretary turned to stare at the black backgrounded window.

"You mean that she might hear of—of Miss Corona?" he suggested.

"You've roped it down, at least," said the friendly enemy. "Stanton'll tell her—hell tell her anything and everything that might make her turn loose any little bit of information she may have about you. As I said a minute ago, I'm hoping she hasn't got anything on you, John."

Smith was still facing the window when he replied. "I'm sorry to have to disappoint you, Starbuck. What Miss Richlander could do to me, if she chooses, would be good and plenty."

The ex-cowboy mine owner drew a long breath and felt for his tobacco sack and rice paper.

"All of which opens up more talk trails," he said thoughtfully. "Since you wouldn't try to take care of yourself, and since your neck happens to be the most valuable asset Timanyoni Rich Line has, just at present, I've been biting in, as I told you. Listen to my tale of woe, if you haven't anything better to do. Besides the Miss Rich-ranches episode there are a couple of others. Want to hear about 'em?"

Smith nodded.

"All right. A little while past dinner this evening, Stanton had a hurry call to meet the 'Nevada Flyer.' Tailed onto the train there was a private luxury car, and in the private car sat a gentleman whose face you've seen plenty of times in the political card-toss, usually with cuss-words under it. He is one of Stanton's bosses; and Stanton was in for a wigging—and got him a little, every night, but with no accidents, he'll be able to hold the flood line when it comes. The only

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Again Smith nodded, and said, "Go on."

"After number five had gone Stanton broke for his autocab, looking like he could bite a nail in two. I happened to hear the order he gave the shover, and I had my cayuse hitched over at Bob Sharkey's joint. Naturally, I ambled along after Crawford, and while I didn't beat him to it, I got there soon enough. It was out at Jeff Barton's roadhouse on the Topaz trail, and Stanton was shut up in the back room with a sort of tin-horn 'bad man' named Lanterby."

"You listened?" said Smith still without eagerness.

"Right you are. And they fooled me. Two schemes were on tap; one pointing at Williams and the dam, and the other at you. These were both 'last

resorts'; Stanton said he had one more string to pull first. If that broke—well, I've said it half a dozen times already, John; you'll either have to live a bodyguard or go hauled. I'm telling you right here and now, that lunch is going to get you, even if it costs money."

"You say Stanton said he had one more string to pull; he didn't give it a name, did he?"

"No, but I've got a notion of my own," was the ready answer. "He's trying to get next to you 'rough the women, with the Miss Rich-pasture for his can opener. But when everything else fails, he is to send a postcard to Lanterby, one of two postcards. 'Williams' means dynamite and the dam; 'Jake' means the removal from the map of a fellow named Smith. Nice prospect, isn't it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XVI.

Important Things to Know.

Knowledge of How to Keep Alive and Well, Placed First in the List by Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer analyzed the different kinds of absolutely necessary knowledge after the following manner, given in order of their importance:

1. Knowledge of how to keep alive and well.
  2. Knowledge of work which gives you means to live.
  3. Knowledge of how to rear children.
  4. Knowledge of your proper social and political position.
  5. Knowledge of art and music and amusements, etc.
- It is feared there is a reverse often and a disposition, for instance, to put amusements and fashion ahead of the knowledge of how to keep well. It is not entirely so, but there is in fact a great deal of morality in keeping well. If, for instance, a young lady goes thinly clad to a midnight dance and lunch, she has no right to complain of the weather or the food, but of her own lack of knowledge and resolution. But all the knowledge recorded in the above list doesn't amount to seem if there is no spirit behind it to utilize it.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

St. Augustine Nights.

By night (in St. Augustine) you may hear the negroes sweeping the streets, dimly darkening over their surface and softly gossiping together, writes W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine. There are not the only black voices you hear, for their canted rice seems to have no more satiated hours for sleeping than eating. Their mellow murmurs, especially when the nights are warm, rise in what seems perpetual joking, as if from their humorous pleasure at being alive together in the same amusing world, and if you have no worse conscience than the talkers, their voices will tell you again to the slumbers they have broken. It is as if a swarm of blackbirds, carrying news of the spring northward, had swept checking through the trees and fluttered the fans of the palms and the leaves of the magnolias with such comment in their course as would naturally occur to blackbirds.

Sad News.

"The expectant heir to his uncle's millions, anxiously asked the doctor when his uncle was taken ill, if there was no hope."

"What did the doctor say?"

"He told him there was no hope whatever. The chances were his uncle would get well enough to marry."

Stanton pulled out and let Crawford make his get-away. You guess, and I'll guess, and we'll both say it was about this Escalante snip which is aiming to be known as the Escalante fizzle. Ain't it the truth?"

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## EFFECTIVE MEANS TO CONTROL INSECTS

Contact sprays are the only effective means of controlling the various kinds of aphids, the small insects which by feeding upon the juices of the plants do much damage to the fruit and foliage of orchard trees, currant, gooseberry and grape. As the aphids do not eat the plant tissues but drain the sap from them the various kinds of sprays containing stomach poisons, such as paris green, arsenate of lead, etc., are ineffective. To do any good the sprays must come in contact with the bodies of the insects and great thoroughness in spraying is therefore necessary.

There are a large number of different forms of aphids, one or more of which may attack almost every form of orchard and bush fruit. For the most part, however, the same means of control are applicable to all the species. Quite a number of the aphid species winter in the egg stage on the plants which they attack in the following spring. These may be controlled successfully by spraying when the buds first show green tips of the foliage. In this way the first brood of the insects is killed and insurance is obtained against injury later in the season. Additional spraying may, however, be necessary if the infestation is severe. The importance of early bud spraying is greatest with those species of aphids whose attacks result in curling the leaves of the plants on which they feed. This curling serves to protect the insects to a considerable extent from the contact spray. Those species which do not curl the leaves are more easily controlled by sprays after it is noted that they are becoming numerous.

Nicotine is Effective.

Nicotine has been found to be one of the most effective substances for killing aphids, and as it may be applied with entire safety to plants it is possibly the best suited of all the substances used in the control of these insects. The cost of the concentrated article is high, but as it may be greatly diluted the actual cost of applying the spray compares favorably with that of other contact sprays. Of the common preparations the 4 per cent nicotine sulphate is the solution in most common use. Weaker grades may be used if care is taken that the spray is made up to contain not less than 0.50 or 0.60 per cent of actual nicotine.

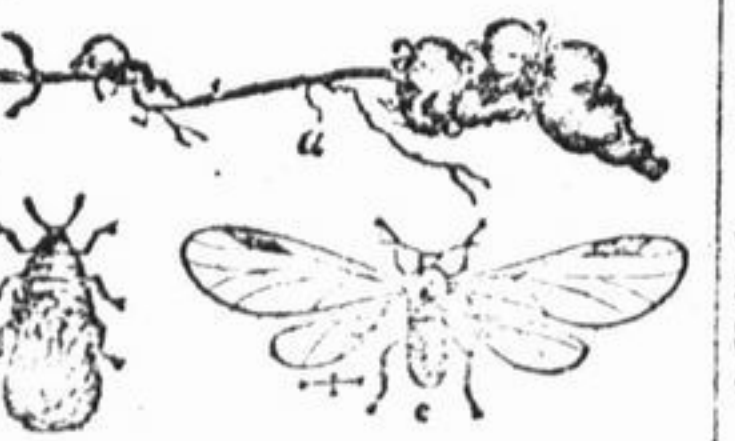
Nicotine may be added either to the water strength lime-sulphur solution used for the San Jose scale, or to the dilute lime-sulphur solution and arsenate of lead spray employed in the control of insects and diseases of fruit and foliage. It may also be used in Bordeaux mixture or in arsenate of lead and water spray. This is a great advantage, as the orchardist is enabled to spray against several pests simultaneously. It must be remembered, however, that, although the addition of soap adds much to the spreading power and efficiency of the nicotine spray, soap must not be used with lime-sulphur solution.

Make Sprays at Home.

It is also a comparatively simple matter to make nicotine sprays at home if tobacco stems or refuse tobacco are available. In the home

manufacture of the solution, however, it is difficult to determine the exact strength of the decoction, since the various kinds of tobacco refuse vary greatly in their nicotine content. In this connection it is pointed out that the stems from which the extract has been made have a value for fertilizing purposes of about \$10 a ton. With tobacco refuse and stems costing about \$20 a ton, the spray solution can be made for approximately 1 cent a gallon, the fertilizer value of the extracted refuse covering the cost of labor, etc. The sprays should be made up as they are needed, for fermentation begins within a day or two.

Washes made of fishoil or laundry soap are also effective against aphids, and are especially suitable for use on a small scale. The fishoil soap of different brands on the market varies greatly in water content, so that the precise quantity of soap to be used with a given amount of water will vary also. Manufacturers, however, are required by the federal insecticide act of 1910 to state on the label the amount of active ingredients (in this case soap) and of inert ingredients. This will enable purchasers to make up a solution which should range from one pound of soap for five gallons of water to one pound for seven gallons, depending upon the amount of water present in the soap. As has been already said, soap should not be added to lime-sulphur solution. This



Woolly Aphid.

It may be used against aphids at the rate of one gallon to seven or eight gallons of water. The stock solution for this purpose is made according to the following formula: Kerosene, two gallons; fishoil or laundry soap, one-half pound; water, one gallon.

Annual Bud Spraying.

In view of the increasing damage to apples from the various species of aphids, the annual bud spraying of apple orchards appears to be a good practice, and if continued over a series of years would, no doubt, prove profitable. The several aphids which occur on the plum, and the green peach aphid, do not curl the foliage to the same extent as do some of the apple aphids, and it usually will be found satisfactory to spray the trees after there are indications that these insects are abundant. Where the insects have proved troublesome regularly, however, spring spraying may be desirable. In the case of currants and gooseberries it is especially important to spray as the insects are pushing out, otherwise the insects will soon be protected by the distorted foliage. When spraying is carried on later in the season the liquid should be directed upward to wet the insects on the under side of the leaves.

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PEACH APHIS—a, WINGED FEMALE; b, WINGLESS FEMALE.

## FUMIGATE TO KILL INJURIOUS INSECTS

Carbon Bisulphide is Most Satisfactory, According to Professor Dean of Kansas.

For the destruction of all insects injurious to stored grain in bins and granaries, fumigation with carbon bisulphide is the most satisfactory method, according to George A. Dean, professor of entomology in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

If the fumigation is thoroughly done, all of the destructive insects will succumb to this simple and effective treatment. The carbon bisulphide fumes are highly inflammable and explosive, and this necessitates that all fire and artificial light be kept away from the bin while fumigating.

The amount of carbon bisulphide used will vary with the temperature. Taken at the average temperature with the building fairly tight, five pounds will fumigate 1,000 cubic feet of space, or one pound for every 200 bushels of grain. At 60 degrees or below, the results are unsatisfactory with any amount of carbon bisulphide. The cracks and doors should be made as tight as possible before fumigation is started.

Since the vapors of carbon bisulphide are heavier than air, it is advisable to start distributing pans of the liquid at the bottom and work toward the top, if there is an exit there. If the carbon bisulphide is distributed from the top toward the bottom, then

## SOIL FOR ALFALFA SEEDING

Tender Nature of Young Plants Requires That Land Be in Excellent Tilt When Planting.

The tender nature of the young alfalfa plants requires that the soil be in excellent tilt at the time of planting. Many of the failures to secure a good stand may be traced directly to the improper condition of the seed bed. The aim should be to get the soil finely pulverized, thoroughly compacted and comparatively free from weeds. The surface two or three inches should be fine and loose, and below this it should be sufficiently firm to favor the capillary movement of water, yet porous enough to permit good drainage and free circulation of air through the soil.

To Destroy Ants.

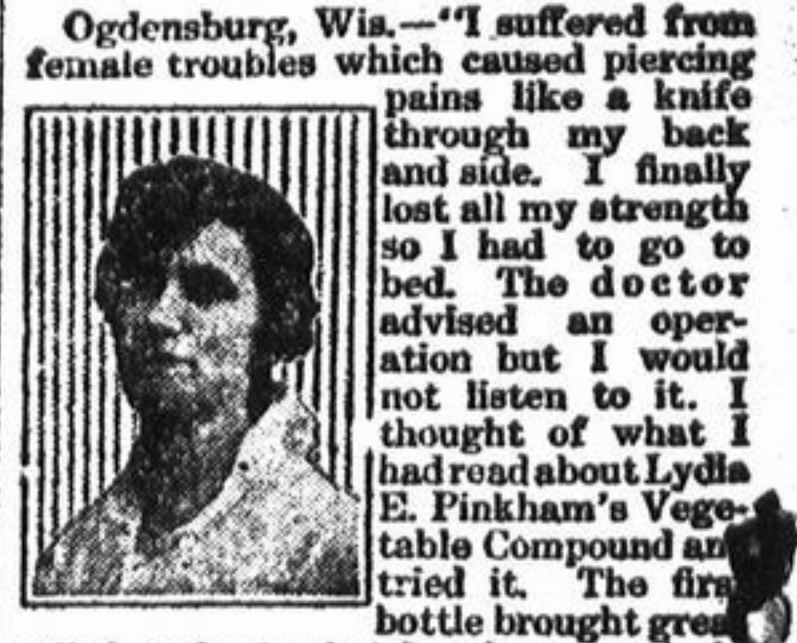
Carbon bisulphide put on an absorbent like cotton and pushed well into ant hills will destroy the ants. It is liquid which may be purchased from the druggist. Keep it away from fire at all times, since it is as dangerous as gasoline.

Cut Out Old Canes.

Cut out the old canes of raspberries and burn them as soon as the fruit is picked. This will get rid of many insects.

## PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Ogdensburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ERTA DONOHUE, Ogdensburg, Wis. Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

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The Retort.

"Two wrongs don't make a right, still—"

A senator was discussing the food control bill.

"While the bill has its drawbacks," he went on, "there would be worse drawbacks without it, and so we can't free our appetites like the lady."

"My lord, the husband said to this lady, 'you spend all your money getting your palm read!'"

"And you, dear," she retorted, "spend all yours getting your nose red!"

## YOU MAY TRY CUTICURA FREE

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Free sample each by mail with Book, Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Matter-of-Fact Lovemaking.

For downright prose Doctor Johnson's offer of hand and heart to his second wife would be very hard to beat.

"My dear woman," said Johnson, "I am a hardworking man and without anything of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor. I have always been respectable myself, but I grieve to tell you that one of my uncles was hanged."

"I have less money than you, doctor," doctors it provoked the lady, "but I shall try to be philosophical, too. Some of my relatives has even been hanged, but I have several who ought to be."

"Providence and philosophy have evidently meted us, my good woman," said the doctor as he pressed a chaste salute upon the lady's brow.—Rehearsal Sunday Herald.

Old Stuff.

"Miss Starbuck came very near giving her ace away the other night."

"How did that happen?"

"She was telling about having once seen a melon in which the hero saved the heroine from being decapitated by a buzz saw."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Fatist Defect.

"How does that new question department work?"

"It won't answer."

A Preliminary.

"Can I enlist your efforts in this volunteer work?"

"I must first recruit my health."

## Coffee Drinkers

who are

RUN DOWN

usually

PICK UP

after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink—

## POSTUM

"There's a Reason"