Bovril makes you feel splendid

The Boss's Bounty

BY WILL PAYNE.

PART I.

In March one Eugene Donavan was "let out." He was twenty-eight years old, married, with a two-year-old daughter. Being "let out" was all the fashion then. For months factories had been shutting down, office forces dwindling, jobs growing fewer. Donavan spent a week seeking another position; but even in those few offices where he had a right to expect consideration because of personal acquaintance he was met with a rather bored air, as though asking for a job under present conditions were quite unreasonable.

At the end of the week he said to his wife: "I'll see Uncle Frank in the morning."

It was an acknowledgment of defeat. Frank Cochran was not really his uncle, but only his mother's cousin. At their infrequent meetings Cochran had always worn a kindly air, however, and he was a mighty man. The newspapers said he was one of the bosses—the Martindale-Brophy-Cochran-Hanson machine—who ran the town. Going to Uncle Frank was an acknowledgment of defeat; but his problem was very simple, to wit: "Find work or starve."

Never would he forget how Uncle Frank solved the problem for him. The boss was carelessly dressed, as usual, that morning, the knot of his four-in-hand tie slipped down so far that the collar button was exposed. A shock of dark reddish hair, with gray threads in it, tumbled above his big round face, which was mottled with large, faint freckles. Sitting massively at the desk, he listened to the young man's anxious recital. Cochran merely said:

"All right, Gene; I'll take care of you. Don't worry. Come and see me to-morrow afternoon."

Repeating it to his wife half an hour later, with a heart gratefully aglow, Donavan declared: "That's everything he said; just 'Don't worry I'll take care of you.' It was corking—the way he did it!"

The grateful glow persisted. He was an uncle, indeed! When the whole world shut one out of doors to starve, Frank Cochran merely crooked a little finger, and one was let in again!

The job proved to be that of paymaster and the salary $200 a month—quite as much as Donavan had expected. It was not a city job, either; at least, not nominally. An extensive public improvement, known as the supplemental drainage system, was then going forward, under contract on a "cost-plus" basis.

To house the contractor's field staff, two rough wooden buildings had been thrown up on a breadth of bare prairie at the western confines of the city. Donavan's office as paymaster was in one of them. Everybody thereabouts, it seemed, was interested in politics, and there was ample time for conversation. Now and then, for an hour at a stretch, the establishment had the air of a club rather than of an office. It presently occurred to Donavan that this recondite art of machine politics, about which the newspapers made so much fuss, was, after all, only the comparatively innocent art of being a good fellow—like beaming Gus Whelpley, who jollied everybody and would run his legs off to do a favor for a friend.

To be sure, there was a good deal of loafing on the job, with two men to do one man's work. Obviously, the more the work cost, the more "plus" and profit for the contractor, who, the newspapers said, was a creature of the political machine. But apparently the public didn't object to that; and Donavan rather thought he had been a prig in priding himself on his aforetime independence of mighty Uncle Frank.

Then, at half past 10 o'clock of an October night, Donavan found himself again in the boss' presence. Beaming Gus Whelpley had called for him at his little flat just as he was getting ready for bed, saying he was needed to check over the payroll figures.

"What about this hold-up, Gene?" Cochran began, a rumble in his voice that went with the smolder in his eyes.

For the twentieth time in the last ten hours Donavan patiently repeated the story:

"Why, we'd made up the payroll as we always do. It was about a quarter to twelve. We always eat lunch in the office on pay day, you know—early—for the men begin coming in for their pay almost any time after twelve. Ollie Dunn and I went into my office. Benny Mitchell was in the front office, behind the counter, with the payroll. Ollie Dunn made an excuse to step outside, and swung the door to behind him as he went."

Donavan's voice thickened a little, with a slight choking, over that statement, and his eyes fell from his uncle's face. To the police and the newspaper reporters he had said simply that he was alone in his office—not that Ollie Dunn had gone in there with him, then stepped out, closing the door behind him. Why had Ollie Dunn stepped out, closing the door behind him, just at the psychological moment? Painfully that question had been coming up, in the back of his mind, for ten hours. But he had not even hinted the question to anybody. * * * Of course, Ollie's action must have been just an unfortunate coincidence. Not for a great deal, in such a solemn case as this, would Donavan have hinted an unfounded suspicion against any one. Mentioning Dunn's actions to Uncle Frank, his eyes fell in an embarrassed way; and he went on quickly:

"I heard somebody speak in the front room, but I paid no attention to it." (He had placidly taken the first big bite out of his second ham sandwich at the moment.) "Then, a minute later, I heard the shot in the front room. Of course, I ran to the door, but it was locked. * * *"

There was the crux of Ollie Dunn's actions. The door was provided with a spring lock, but never before within Donavan's recollection of it had this lock been set so that the bolt would catch when the door was closed. Who had set the lock so that it would hold him in the room when Ollie Dunn, happening to step out just at the psychological moment, also happened to close the door behind him? Again Donavan's voice thickened a bit, and he drew his hand quickly across his brow, as though to banish something, as he went on:

"The door hadn't been locked before. I didn't know just how to open it—fumbled with it a minute. Then I stepped back and chucked myself at the door. It's just a thin pine thing, you know. Second time I bumped it the casing split out and I went through into the front room—kind of stumbling. * * * Well, a man was running past, toward the front door. He was so close that I grabbed at him. * * *"

This was a vital part of the story, and Donavan slowed down to go over it carefully, like a man negotiating a difficult bit of road.

"He had on an old raincoat with grease stains down here"—indicating on his coat—"and a faded plaid cap. There was a black cloth around his neck with a knot sticking out behind—a mask, you see, that had fallen down from his face. He had a flour sack, about half full, in his left hand and an automatic gun in his right hand. * * * He was so close that I grabbed at him as he went by. And he ducked out to one side, turning his head toward me, and pulled up the gun and popped at me. * * * I don't think," he added, with conscientious deliberation, "that he could have meant to hit me, because he was only two arms' length away. Of course, he was running and kind of shooting sideways— his head turned—so that might have spoiled his aim. Yet he was so close it seems he would have hit me if he'd really tried to. The bullet must have gone six inches wide of me. Probably he shot just to stop me."

A humble and embarrassed little smile appeared on Donavan's face, for the shot had stopped him—wherefore he had been asking himself at intervals during ten hours how much of a coward he was. The mutual bark of the gun, almost under his nose, had set up certain reactions in his nerves without asking his consent.

"I just stood still," he confessed, with the embarrassed little smile. "The next minute the man was out of the door and hopping into the car, and they were off in a cloud of dust. * * * Then I went behind the counter. Benny was dead. The doctor thought he'd died instantly."

The lifeless face of young Benny Mitchell as he lay on the floor beside the office table, from which the payroll envelope had been scooped into a flour sack, came vividly back into his mind, and he wet his lips. A drawer in the table was pulled half way open. An automatic pistol lay in the drawer. Police experts, viewing the scene, opined that Benny had been rash. They thought he'd been ordered to hold up his hands, and probably had obeyed, and then, at some point in the hold-up, had recklessly sought to seize the pistol, and been shot down. Donavan had been fond of young Benny Mitchell. He turned now at last to the overwhelmingly vital point—anxiously as though entreating the boss to believe him:

"You see, I got a good, square look at him, Uncle Frank—as good a look as I'm getting at you right now—square into his face. I'm absolutely sure about it. The man was Handy Andy Hatch—no question at all about it."

So he had declared to those who came running to the scene, attracted by the pistol shots. So he had declared to the first policeman who arrived there, and later to the captain, and still later to the inspector—and all along, to the newspaper reporters and every other inquirer. Absolutely, beyond shadow of doubt, the man was Handy Andy Hatch!

(To be continued.)

Dye Silk Stockings Blouse or Sweater in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Scientific Dole Giving.

Unemployment doles in Switzerland will in future vary with the cost of living in each district.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Woman's Sphere

Flowers Brighten the Winter Days.

With the heavy frosts of fall always comes the dread of the long winter months which in many farm homes will not be shortened by the cheery bloom of any flowers. Because many housewives believe that it is difficult to grow flowers successfully, it might be well to give a few rules which, if followed carefully, should produce the best results.

Flowers of nearly all kinds require a reasonably rich soil not too heavy. Well rotted manure should be mixed into the ordinary garden loam and if the soil is heavy, mix in sand enough to make it porous. In watering, be careful the plants are not too wet. It is well to wait until they look quite dry, then soak thoroughly, never allowing any water to stand in the saucer. Manure water about the color of weak tea is also a great help to growth if given every two or three weeks.

Nearly all plants require sunlight and all must have fresh air. Arrange the plants so the draft does not strike them, but never make the mistake of thinking that they do not need air. For nearly all plants a certain amount of sunlight is also necessary.

The sultana and geranium grow very easily from slips. I have had the best success rooting them in water, but sand is also good. When they have a root growth, set out in a crock filled with a mixture of garden loam, well rotted manure and a little sand if the soil is heavy. For geraniums, I put in the bottom of the crock a quantity of well rotted manure, then a little soil on which to set the plant, then fill the crock with the loam, firming around the plant. Fed in this way, they will grow to a splendid size. Do not have the crock too large as the plant will run to leaves and will not bloom. Stones or broken crockery should always be put in the bottom to provide drainage. If kettles or cans are used, punch holes in the bottom of the dish.

Both petunias and snapdragons make fine winter bloomers. If slips are obtainable, start the same as with geraniums. If one cannot get slips, a paper of seeds will cost but little and provide plants not only for the winter but also for the flower garden next summer. Ordinary garden loam well mixed with sand is best for starting them. I prefer boxes and like to sift the soil, as the seeds are very fine. Sow thinly, then scatter on a layer of the sifted soil. In watering, care should be taken not to wash out the seeds. When they are good-sized plants, transfer to crocks or tin cans filled with the loam and manure mixture mentioned above. These plants will grow rapidly and furnish a wealth of bloom through the later winter and early spring. They can be transferred to the flower beds after danger of frost is past and will bloom through the summer.

There is no plant which will give more beautiful blooms than the cyclamen and nearly every woman loves to have at least one of these. While they are more difficult to raise than many plants, it is quite possible to raise them from seed. Now is a good time to start them in order to have them come into bloom a year from this winter. Procure your seed from a reliable seedsman. Sift finely into your boxes a mixture of one part garden loam, one part well rotted manure, one part sand and one part woods loam. Sow the seeds at least one and a half inches apart, then cover with more of the finely sifted soil. Put in a sunny window where they will have plenty of light and air. Keep moist but not wet. The plants should appear in from five weeks to two or three months. When they have the second leaf, transfer to thumb pots filled with the same kind of soil. Be careful that you do not have a crock which is too large, and be sure to leave the top of the bulb uncovered. Carelessness in either way may cause the bulb to rot. In watering, guard against wetting the top and never keep them very wet. It is well to re-pot again in May, then they may be put on the north porch or in a shady spot in the garden. It is their nature to shed many of their leaves during this rest period in the summer. Re-pot again in September, using the same kind of soil and always taking care to leave the top of the bulb free. A week or two after re-potting, the plant may be brought into a sunny window where it should soon begin to show signs of growth, and will bloom freely through the winter. Cyclamen leaves should be washed frequently with a damp cloth and all red spiders destroyed as soon as they appear. Plants taken from the greenhouse often have the tiny white millers which are very bad for cyclamen. Put some ammonia in a saucer and set the plant in that if it is troubled with millers. I have found that it takes cyclamen some time to get accustomed to the change in atmosphere, so it is often necessary to keep them away from the sun in some place where the light is good, for that reason I prefer to raise them from seed.

Any list of flowers for winter blooming would hardly be complete without some of the bulbs which are so easy to grow successfully. It is well to procure bulbs in the fall from some reliable seed house or nursery. Set in crocks or tin cans filled with soil composed of garden loam mixed with well rotted manure. Be very careful to have well rotted manure as that which is fresh will cause the bulbs to rot. Daffodils will do very nicely in a tin can filled with black marshy soil. Hyacinths, however, must have plenty of fertilizer and a rather sandy soil. A five-inch pot is best for them. After the bulbs are set, place in the cellar or other dark place, watering occasionally as the soil becomes dry. When the crocks are well filled with roots, the plant may be brought into the light. This will usually take from four to six weeks. Do not expose to full sunlight but turn a crock over the plant in order that the bud, which is already formed, may be brought well above the leaves. Otherwise the blossom may remain hidden in the soil. Keep the plant covered from light until the flower stalk is well above the leaves, then give plenty of sunlight. In about four weeks the blooms should be ready to open. Weak manure water given every week or two will make larger, finer blooms.

Considering the work and expense, I believe the spring flowering bulbs, when forced in the house, bring greater joy than almost any other flower.

Timber Lands.

Owning timber land to-day is like having money in the bank, and prudent farmers are husbanding their resources in the shape of trees. A woodlot may be meagre, but with intelligent treatment it can be made to give a good return either in yearly growth or in the shape of fire-wood. Only dead or fallen trees should be used for the fireplace or the cooking stove.

Urgent Reason.

Hostess—"But, my dear, why are you leaving so early?"

Little Girl—"We're awfully sorry, but we have to go to another party, an' we want to get there before the ice cream's all gone."

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Cotton An Ancient Plant.

The earliest known mention of cotton appears to have been in an ancient sacred writing of India, about 800 B.C.

Minard's Liniment for Diphtheria.

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Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a make-shift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name and ten cents, coin or stamps, to-day, to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for trial Plapao and the information necessary.

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Don't lose another hair! Don't tolerate destructive dandruff. A little Danderine now will save your hair; thicken and strengthen it; double its beauty.

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Your druggist will tell you that "Danderine" is the largest selling hair saver in the world because it corrects and tones sick, ailing hair of men and women every time. Use one bottle of Danderine, then if you find a single falling hair or a particle of dandruff, you can have your money back.

ARE YOU HONEST?

It is not often that a proverb which has come down the centuries is open to criticism, but one such is "Honesty is the best policy.' Honesty, most obviously, is the only policy.

'Tis true, however, and sad because true, that absolute honesty is rare. Another proverb comes along—"Circumstances alter cases"—and makes the subtle suggestion that honesty need not always be practised. A pity that because the world and humanity would be a thousand times better if absolute honesty were the rule.

To put it in another way, a conscience which ceases to act in certain circumstances is apt to take more frequent and longer lapses. The inch becomes a yard!

Many who would be quite worried if, inadvertently, they committed a petty act of dishonesty, think it a virtue almost to do a railway company, or the Exchequer! And it affords a most excellent illustration of the penalizing effect of dishonesty when we think that, if absolute honesty were the rule, railway companies could reduce expenses and increase their revenue by an amount which would stagger us.

It is obvious, too, that taxation could be reduced if all were absolutely honest in paying their taxes. The honest pay more because the dishonest pay not enough!

In an old book, written as a guide for "merchants," honesty is splendidly defined as "never taking advantage of any man's ignorance or any man's necessity."

That hits the mark exactly, and to that may be added that the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto yo ."—is but a longer way of extrolling the undeniable virtue of absolute honesty, without which the world cannot carry on.

Absolute honesty may not always be easy, but the right way is often the harder way. And, although the attraction is one that should not really exist, it is a fact that "honesty pays." It begets trust, gives confidence, and brings business.

Finally, as the years pile up, and we begin to think and pass judgment on ourselves, it is not a little thing to be able to say, with a touch of pride that is excusable:

"I have always been honest."

It helps, and it counts in the Great Audit.

On Making Allowances.

Most people make allowances for themselves much more readily than for others. It is not that they are consciously self-indulgent or intentionally harsh or uncharitable; but in matters affecting themselves they are in possession of the facts, and in matters affecting others they are not. When they are making allowances for themselves it is because they definitely recognize some weakness or misfortune or unhappy circumstance that seems to them to warrant indulgence; their adoption of a more severe or critical attitude toward others whose conduct on some occasion has fallen short of the standard expected is owing as much to lack of imagination as to an exalted sense of justice.

When they themselves are brusque or unresponsive or irritable they know that it is because worry over illness in the family or their boy's poor standing at school or a bad turn in business or an unexpectedly large bill has made them so. But they do not attribute the brusqueness, unresponsiveness or irritability of another to a corresponding cause; they take it as a personal affront and resent it and perhaps give the offender a bad name when they talk about him. He is a snob, or a sour and "grouchy" character, or at the least he has no manners.

For men in public life the ordinary citizen is likely not to make allowances—especially when they are of the opposite political party to his own, says a writer in Youth's Companion. He is on the watch for compromises with conscience; for votes and acts inconsistent with the high principles proclaimed; he judges harshly—often on inadequate evidence. Even lapses from perfect strength, straightforwardness and courage in the leaders of his own party he does not condone; he finds an unacknowledged pleasure in the shortcomings of the eminent. But although he freely and vigorously condemns public men for yielding to pressure, he often excuses himself for the weakness that he has shown under pressure. And the excuse seems to him good—at least good enough. Censure, no less than charity, should begin at home.

Mail Orders.

An enterprising tradesman sent a doctor a box of cigars which had not been ordered, with a bill for six dollars. The accompanying letter stated that "I have ventured to send these on my own initiative, being convinced that you will appreciate their exquisite flavor."

In due course the doctor replied:

"You have not asked me for a consultation, but I venture to send you three prescriptions, being convinced that you will derive therefrom as much benefit as I shall derive from your cigars. As my charge for prescriptions is two dollars, this makes us even."

Flowering plants known in the British Isles include more than 250,000 varieties.

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