

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Evidently there is not much sentiment favoring free silver at sixteen to one. Paying off debts with those would be about as slow as doing it with corn and oats at ten cents.

Violets are blooming, we see an occasional fly, grass hoppers are reported in certain parts of the state. Now all we need to assure spring are the boys and a few marbles at work.

Currency inflation seems to be coming more popular as one after another new recruits to that movement are announced. The latest of which are the Farmer's Union and the American Farm Bureau.

What's this new sneezing disease? During the past month there have been several cases reported over the country in which patients start the "ka-choo" and just keep it up until they are so weak they can't do it. Not a very pleasant thing and we hope it doesn't become prevalent.

You will want to know about the efforts being made here to revive business, you want the grain and livestock markets, you want to know and ought to know what is going on in court, in the legislature and in congress. The Daily Democrat will keep you posted. Now is the time to renew and at a bargain.

Paid attendance at the big league ball games fell off \$1,500,000 last year which may account for the \$25,000 reduction in the contract offered Babe Ruth. We hear often that the depression has not effected amusements, prize fights, ball games and other pleasure giving business but when you check it up you find they have been hurt at about the same ratio as other lines.

The Decatur Savings and Loan Association has secured a \$25,000 loan from the Federal Home Loan Bank to be loaned to those who desire to remodel and repair their dwellings. If we get this started it will mean much for many needy property and all this means work for various lines of mechanics and a general improved condition.

Enthusiastic supporters of Governor Landon of Kansas tried to put through legislature an appropriation of fifty dollars to buy a baby-buggy for the gov's six-month-old baby, but there were enough sound thinkers in the house to overrule it. A few years ago they would have done it and probably kept amending it until the amount would have been \$500.

The legislature may be wet but they are likewise just as firm in the opinion that no beer bill be passed that will even tend to the return of the saloon. A big drive

An Eminent Physician Prescribed this Tonic

AS a young man Dr. R. V. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania. His prescriptions met with such great demand that he moved to Buffalo, N. Y. and put up in ready-to-use form his well-known tonic for the blood, Golden Medical Discovery. It aids digestion, acts as a tonic, and enriches the blood—clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear.

If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

to secure draught beer rights was put on but the law makers stood pat and turned it down. However if the bill becomes a law as it now stands there will be twenty-one breweries in the state which probably can manage to quench the thirst of those who like the beverage.

Stockholders of the old People's Loan & Trust Company will pay a \$100 per cent assessment on their stock and those in charge of the liquidation feel that this will enable them to pay creditors in full or very close to it. That's a fine record to establish in three or four years and shows the solvency of the bank at the time its doors were forced to close. A distribution of funds will be made, it is expected, within thirty days or so as the first payments on the assessment must be met within ten days.

Reports from the New York financial world lends encouragement to the business men. They are glad to read these news reports. "Nation's trade gains further in past week." "The third week of January registered some further rise in the national business barometer." "Car loadings for the week ending January 14 gained 70,670 over the previous week which, however, contained the new year's holiday." "Government contracts helped to stimulate building activity during the week."—Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

Even an editor can have trouble. For the past six weeks Claire W. H. Bangs, of the Huntington News has been having a stiff fight and in retaliation has fought the Typographical Union, the banks and others. His front page editorials, it is claimed by President Emly, of the First State Bank of that city, caused the closing of the bank Tuesday, so he had Bangs arrested and he spent several hours in jail, finally gaining release on a \$5,000 bond. He says he will continue his battle without any backing up which probably won't help him or the community.

Answers To Test Questions

Below are the Answers to the Test Questions Printed on Page Two.

1. New York.
2. Radcliffe.
3. Rabelais.
4. The Flying Finn.
5. Utah.
6. Disputes, often resulting in fatalities, between members of rival Chinese "gangs," or secret societies.
7. The Grand Lama.
8. Portuguese.
9. Joe Cronin.
10. Magnitude.

Household Scrapbook

—By—
ROBERTA LEE

Cough Syrup
Unless instructions direct one to dilute cough syrups do not mix with water. The soothing qualities of the syrup is to lubricate the sore spots and stop the coughing. This is lessened if diluted or followed by water.

Gelatin Salad
A pretty salad can be made with lime gelatin and bits of celery, fruit or nuts in it. Or add a few slices of tomatoes and cucumbers.

Tea Towels
Add a little borax to the water when washing tea towels. It will aid as a disinfectant and will remove dirt and grease.

Suits and Overcoats—all sizes at Teeple and Peterson's—now selling at Half Price.

THE CHALLENGE OF LOVE

by WARWICK DEEPING

SYNOPSIS

Sam Perkins, Dr. Montague Threadgold's bottle boy, meets his employer's latest assistant, Dr. John Wolfe on the latter's arrival at little Navestock in a wet winter dusk. Sam notes mentally that the new doctor's luggage is very light as he conducts the stranger to the Threadgold house, where he meets Dr. Threadgold—chubby, sleek, and "the most affable of men." Conducted to his top-story room, Wolfe swiftly recalls his seven years of work and study—how he earned his way by boxing exhibitions as a country fair "bruiser," as a tavern singer, and as a railroad laborer. And now, after all, Wolfe is almost penniless. At dinner, Wolfe impresses Dr. Threadgold's wife as a hungry, "raw hawk of a man... silent and sulky." She is talking on medical training and mentions Sir Joshua Kermody, senior physician at Guy's Hospital, as an ideal instructor. The meal is interrupted when Sir George Griggs, profane from pain, arrives with his shoulder hurt after being thrown from his hunter. The blustery baronet is infuriated over Dr. Threadgold's dilatory diagnosis. Wolfe shows skill in stripping the coat off the hunt victim who turns to the young doctor and asks Wolfe to attend to him. Dr. Threadgold permits Wolfe to set Sir George's shoulder which he does quite expertly. Afterwards, Dr. Threadgold tells his wife, "he has some ability, but he is a little forward... I shall have to modify that."

CHAPTER SIX

People with a sense of the picturesque, who drove for the first time over Tarring Moor and saw Navestock—the town of the southern midlands—lying far away in the green valley below them, thought of it as a dream town, hidden away among innocent, wooded hills. Even in later years, when a more restless generation began to run about the world in a mad hurry to admire anything that was "antique" and " quaint," Navestock remained the quintessence of " quaintness."

Artists came to paint its old inns, its stretches of red roof, and the mellow gloom of its alleys. It still kept much of its mystery, much of its crowded colour, much of the " quaintness " that earnest and dreamy persons seek so loyally.

From the distance Navestock looked like a red heart transfixed by a silver bodkin, red roofs on either side of the River Wraith. It was compact, and crowded, all mellowed to a warm maturity, from the garden houses on Peachy Hill to the hovels by the river alleys. The Builder Beast of the late 'sixties and the 'seventies had not then scented the town and scattered filth in the fields and gardens.

Those people who were in search of old-world quaintness found pieces of many centuries jumbled together like the pieces of a puzzle.

It is to be feared that Romance hides a number of dirty garments under her gay-coloured cloak, and that Navestock was a thoroughly dirty and corrupt old town. She may have had pots of muck in her windows, but her back yards, her alleys, and her lanes were full of many odours.

Behind the gardens belonging to the houses on the north side of Mulberry Green ran Snake Lane, and from Snake Lane a passage branched off between high brick walls that were topped with broken glass. A black door, with "Surgery"

painted upon it in white letters, opened out of this passage. Daily, between the hours of nine and ten and six and seven, he sickly loes of the life of this old town oozed into Dr. Threadgold's surgery. Threadgold had no rival in Navestock. To his assistants—such as they were—had been given the river alleys and their hovels, the sots and incurables, the miserable old men and women, the strumous, rickety children. Dr. Threadgold moved in the upper regions. He did not climb dirty stairs and knock his head against sloped ceilings. That chubby little hand of his went gliding up mahogany banister rails, and felt pulses under skin that was white and clean.

"Mr. Wolfe, sir, have you nearly finished with that case?" There was some asperity in the elder man's voice as his head and one check-patterned leg appeared round the edge of the door that led from the consulting-room into the surgery. Wolfe was seated on a chair by the window with a baby howling on his knees. A thin woman stood beside him, blinking away tears, and the crowded bottles on the shelves seemed to blink in sympathy.

"In one minute, sir."

"My carriage has been waiting for half an hour."

"I can't leave the child for the moment, sir."

Nor could he, since he was in the act of snipping an overtight ligament that tied down the baby's tongue.

Wolfe found Dr. Threadgold warming his feet at the fire. He turned briskly, and began to speak with a certain forced rapidity.

"Mr. Wolfe, I have drawn you out a list of patients who will be under your charge. And since you are new to the place I have ordered Samuel, the surgery boy, to go round with you and act as guide. Here are the list and the addresses."

Threadgold handed Wolfe a strip of paper, and turned rather hurriedly towards the door. There were some twenty names on the list, and against each name Dr. Threadgold had written a diagnosis—in red ink.

"I shall be glad if you will be guided by my experience, Mr. Wolfe. If you have any suggestions to make as to treatment, I shall be pleased to consider them."

He swung the door open, and then turned as though he had suddenly remembered something.

"And, by the way, sir, Mrs. Threadgold has asked me to tell you that she cannot allow the smell of tobacco about the house."

Wolfe glanced up from the list that he had been scanning.

"Mrs. Threadgold, sir, is exceedingly sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Moreover, this house is a house of very frequent entertainment. In fact—"

Wolfe cut him short.

"I quite understand, sir. I'll smoke in the garden—or in the stable."

Threadgold gave a mild stare.

"Anywhere you please, Mr. Wolfe, in private. But of course not in public. I could not see a representative of mine walking the streets of Navestock—"

"No, sir, I quite understand you."

Threadgold bounced out like a timid man who has been ordered to say his say, leaving Wolfe standing by the window with a queer and thoughtful smile upon his face.

The people of Navestock stared a good deal at John Wolfe as he

spent his first morning striding about the town with fat Samuel plodding at his side. Most of the patients on the list that Dr. Threadgold had given him belonged to the lanes and alleys near the river. The very names of these places were suggestive—Bung Row, Dirty Dick's, Paradise Place. The lanes were mere crevasses into which very little sunlight fell, and in winter, when the Wraith was in flood, half the low-lying ground would be under water. The whole neighbourhood was like a rabbit-warren, full of winding ways, black holes, and dark entries, and to judge by the condition of the yards and gutters—the art of scavenging was unknown.

Wolfe had to visit three cottages in Bung Row, and he felt himself back in the familiar London slums. In the first cottage, he found a frowsy woman sitting before a bit of fire, holding a baby to her breast, and trying to smother a cough. Wolfe sat down on a chair that had lost its back and talked to her with the ease of a man who is too interested and too much in earnest to be self-conscious. The woman was pitifully servile, and seemed surprised that this new doctor was not in a curt and casual hurry.

"It's me soide, sir, I've got such a pain in me soide."

She reiterated the cry, screwing her mouth into a queer triangular slit, so that Wolfe, struck by some ludicrous memory, had to get up and appear interested in her back.

"Much coughing?"

"It's the coughing as pulls me to bits, sir. I coughs until I retches, and the pain in me soide, sir, is fair awful. Sleep? Wish I could, sir. It's cough, cough, cough the whole blessed night. And my man—he's that disagreeable, talks of stuffing a stocking in me mouth. And I'm getting that thin."

A lean girl of twelve came and took the baby, and Wolfe examined the woman's chest. Dr. Threadgold had given a diagnosis of bronchial catarrh. Wolfe very soon satisfied himself that the woman must have been suffering from consumption for months.

"Ever spat blood?"

"Blood, sir? Pints, sir."

"You told Dr. Threadgold?"

"He only saw me once, sir, and he was that hurried. It was after Mr. Timmins left. He didn't thump me and listen, like you do, sir."

"No?"

"He said I'd caught a bit of a cold."

Wolfe sat in silence a moment, his grave eyes fixed on the woman's face. One of those flashes of understanding that strike suddenly across a man's mind touched him as he looked at her. He realised what it was to be in the hands of an indifferent, bungling, careless old man, to have one's miserable life curtailed amid such miserable surroundings. It was as though Navestock lay betrayed before him in the body of this woman; betrayed with all its inward sores, its ugly outward blemishes. Wolfe was a man who was very open to impressions, and almost like an artist in the way he caught the atmosphere of his surroundings.

"Did Dr. Threadgold give you any medicine?"

"Some pinky stuff, sir. But it's the pain in me soide!"

Wolfe no longer had any desire to laugh. He gave the woman what advice he could, picked up his hat and went out into Bung Row.

(To Be Continued)

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