

**THE** well-dressed young man of today as we clothe him, is certainly worth looking at. He presents a good

appearance; he wears clothes of good quality—we sell no other—they fit him well, they are made in good style. If the cut of his garments looks freakish, with a lot of faddish ideas in the way the pockets are made, or any of the other foolish kinks that some clothes have, you may know he isn't one of our customers.

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

make clothes for young men such as gentlemen of discrimination and taste are glad to wear.

Young men's clothes like these have all the characteristics which the smartly dressed young man wants. The coats are made with good broad shoulders; the lapels have long, graceful roll; the back is shaped in, and down over the hips, with a little flare to the skirts. The trousers are made from the moderate to the extreme peg-top style.

You see, these are merely characteristics of the young, vigorous, athletic figure; the type of the college young man. If a young fellow has such a figure, he wants such clothes; and if he hasn't the figure, he wants the clothes that look like it; and there you are.

And here they are; made for us, of the best all-wool fabrics, with the finest of tailoring, by Hart Schaffner & Marx, the greatest of all clothes-makers. They don't make any but good clothes, and we're glad to sell them because we know we're doing you a service in it.

Suits, \$15.00 to \$25.00.

Overcoats, \$15.00 to \$22.50.

# THE G. E. MURRAY CO.



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### The Parsimonious Cocktail

By Edgar Franklin.

Here is Something Better Than Savings-Banks or U. S. Bonds. Get the habit.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE TREE AND AN EXIT.

Whereupon there was another pause. Naturally, it is painful to put in these pauses; but since they occurred they may as well be chronicled.

This was a long and bitter pause. Banks glared at the attendant as if he had detested him since earliest boyhood. The attendant took a long look at Banks and dropped back in his chair with a queer, dry grin and: "I thought it hadn't slipped up!"

The pause continued, then. Banks

sat down in his chair, one hand still clutching the pocket. He considered the attendant much as one might consider the Old Scratch. He glared at him malevolently, frontways and sideways and from under his brows; he defied him with fiery looks; he challenged him with acid glances.

And at last he said: "That's too blanked much!" "Stay here, then!" said the blond man.

"But I don't propose to stay here!"

"Then pay up and I'll get you out!" remarked the attendant shortly. "You can do one or the other, old man."

"Do you mean to say that unless I pay the extortionate figure you ask I must remain indefinitely in this detestable place?"

"If you don't believe me, friend, ask a policeman!" responded the blond man blithely.

Mr. Banks' lips shut tightly. "I'll not only ask one, but as soon as I get out I'll bring a dozen here and clean out the place!"

"That's the talk—as soon as you get out," replied his attendant, as he rose

with a yawn. "Well, I'm going now. If you want me, ring for me. So long."

He sauntered to the door and through it; and a second later Banks heard the lock snap heavily. He, the great Worden Banks, the man whom other men feared and cringed before, was a helpless prisoner.

For many minutes he glared at the door and pondered.

Three hundred dollars and he could walk out free. But—three hundred dollars! The thought all but blistered his soul! He could no more part with that three hundred dollars than he could fly.

Why? That was the question he couldn't answer. At any other time, sound sense would have advised his paying the small price and going clear. Now, for that matter, sense advised it, but—some mysterious new power forbade his giving the money over.

And still, if he didn't, he would have to remain there and—Banks groaned as if in pain. Why, he might be here for days! He might lose every last opportunity for financing the Consolidated Cold Water Corporation at somebody else's expense!

It was awful! His gaze grew more intent as he thought. Seabright hadn't turned up in this wild establishment. Probably Seabright was not going to turn up at all. He must get out and find some one else with pockets sufficiently large and open to handle the thing—and he must do it with a considerable degree of rapidity.

Who? Just two names occurred to him: those of Jared Barkus and Jim Tate. Both were millionaires many times over; both were open-handed and inclined to play long shots if there seemed even a chance of a return. And he was the man to prove that the return in this Consolidated Cold Water was certain—whether it happened to be or not! And he must get out now and find them and go to work and forget all this affair and—his finger went out and pressed the button.

The blond attendant appeared with amazing rapidity.

"Ready with the coin?" he queried. "I am not!" said Banks sourly. "Sit down. I want to talk to you. How much less than three hundred dollars will you take to get me out?"

"Two cents less!"

"Bah! Don't try to be humorous! Talk business with me. Name your lowest figure, man!"

"Two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents!"

Banks sighed gratingly and took to meditating again. For minutes he stared at the other. Then:

"Say! What'll you take to release me from this room itself and let me take my chances on getting out of the house?"

"Eh?" The man stared. Then he grinned a little and said: "A hundred and fifty'll do it!"

Banks screamed:

"I can't pay that much! I'll—I'll give you—yes, I'll give you a hundred and forty!"

"Make it a hundred and forty-five and you get out!"

"I'll make a split! I'll call it a hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents!" snarled the millionaire.

"If you want to take that, take it quick!"

"All right!" The attendant shrugged his shoulders. "Hand it out!"

Continued on Page Three.

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DEALER IN  
Hair, Cement  
Lime, Brick

RENSSELAER, - INDIANA

We will unload a car of extra fancy Michigan potatoes Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 24th and 25th.

The G. E. MURRAY CO.