

# Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

Copyright by Will Irwin  
WNU Service

## THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold-up of a stage coach, from which the express box is stolen before the bandits are scared off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynch mob is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Croly, old-time partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintance with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

When "Judge" Collier—he all granted him that title—took the floor, he drew almost as well as the variety shows. A little before this climax, he always went out for another drink. The tradition of Daniel Webster still lay strong upon the West. The oratorical lawyer, most brilliant when half-said over, held the imagination alike of courtroom and jury. Brushing back his mop of black hair, Collier would work himself up like a capp-meeting preacher to an oratorical frenzy. Always he harped on two points. The victim was armed. Everyone in camp was armed. For that matter, but as Collier brought out this point, you forgot that. And always some witness for the defense testified to a "quick motion toward the hip." There you were. Self-defense, absolute and proved. Judge Cowan closed the affair with a pompous charge full of bad Latin, where in mercy stood better vindicated than justice. The jurors scarcely left their seats.

The pickpocket whose escape from lynching I had witnessed during my first night in camp, got a quick trial and short shrift. Judge Cowan, with special emphasis on the meanness of his crime, sentenced him to ten years. Of minor cases, such as settled communities usually try in police courts, there were none. Under the tolerant rule of Marshal Chris McGrath, plain drunkennes constituted no offense whatever. If an inhabitant was drunk and disorderly, the marshal arrested him, put him in the log jail for the night, and released him in the morning.

My prying and searchings about camp led me constantly to that jail. Built with a double log wall, provided with a real door reinforced by sheet iron and with a substantially barred window, it had as yet no separate cells. Murderer and transient drunkard alike slept on straw pallets about the stove of the common room. Four deputies, by turns jailer and policeman, stood double guard with rifle and revolver.

Over these janitorials to Marshal McGrath ruled as chief, as grand vizier, one Charlie Meek. He it was who, when the marshal stopped the lynching at the Black Jack, had snapped the handcuffs on the pickpocket. Long a mere supernumerary in the drama of Cottonwood camp, he was to step forth for a day a leading actor.

Jim Huffaker's restaurant had the contract for feeding the prisoners. The waiters, bringing over dinner or supper, removed the soiled dishes of the last meal. Consequently, the continuous game of seven-up on the floor proceeded always amidst a most untidy fringe. The sanitary arrangement I shall not attempt to describe; and the eternal scratchings of the prisoners proved that bunks and clothing alike were hunting-grounds for forms of lower life.

Marshal McGrath had nominally an office—a boarded tent on Main street where proceeded the important business of registering mining claims. But seldom if ever did I find him in those, his official quarters. His hours of leisure he spent at the jail; of fine afternoons he sat in a rocking-chair by its door, smoking a black cigar and holding forth. Usually he had an audience, squatted about him on its heels. Once, on a morning when the "Hold-up Record" at the bottom of our last column, front page, included eight items, I asked him what he was doing about footpads. "Not a thing until they give me a detective or two," he replied. "I've applied twice."

"Or when we get a municipal government," I put in, repeating parrot-like a political observation of Marcus Handy. Marshal McGrath did not take this simple remark simply. His eyes crinkled up, but not with a smile. The lines of his face went hard, as they did when he stepped upon the table of the Black Jack to stop the lynching.

"Tell your editor to keep off that!" he jerked out. "If you don't like the way the county government's run, there'll be an election in November, won't there?" But as though his case needed apology, he went on: "What do they expect, those reformers? A mining camp ain't a Sunday school. We haven't had a lynching yet!" That record, it appeared, was the marshal's special pride.

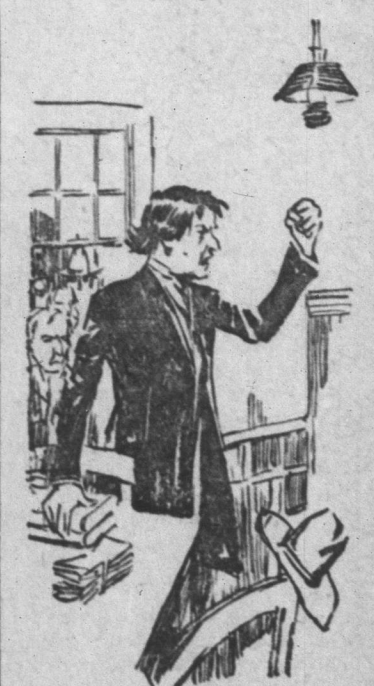
Cottonwood continued to boom and grow; daily the Courier reported strikes or "fine prospects" in the mines working on Liverpool hill, where the last inch of ground had long been staked out and developed, and in those gulches and crevasses of the mountains where experienced prospectors were slogging shafts with bucket and winch. The stages arrived bristling; every night the public corral overflowed with the wheeled transport of new arrivals. Under my eye, this

crude settlement was transforming itself into a town, a city.

In a gulch above the river valley, a brickyard began operations. Its kilns were scarcely formed before it had orders six months ahead. Father Cassidy signed the first order. Already his Ladies' sodality was advertising in the Courier its fair for the building fund. Mr. Sipple, the Presbyterian, was clearing ground for his new wooden church. The Methodists under the fiery Mr. Orcutt got along with their gospel tent, saved souls nightly, and let the Lord take care of the future. Doctor Howells, Episcopalian, arrived at about that time, found quarters for Sunday services in an assay office beside the Comstock Lode saloon, gathering my sheaf of ecclesiastical news for the Sunday morning paper. I found that he had sent an urgent call for funds to his denomination in the East. Pending their response, he did us Christian service by spending the last of the funds he had brought up from Denver to lease a log cabin and start a pay school. Father Cassidy, fearing the winds of adverse doctrine, immediately added to his building plans a parochial school. Three Sisters of Charity, whom he had brought with him, possessed themselves of a large tent and started a hospital for pneumonia cases, gunshot wounds and other really serious disabilities.

The Odd Fellows had clubbed together and built a wide, low pine shack, floored for dancing. Within a week after the first timber was laid, they held their grand dedication ball. It paid for itself almost within a month; scarcely a night but the Masons, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the G. A. R., the Confederate Veterans or the Knights of Pythias rented it for lodge meeting or rout. Our camp was already developing an aristocracy—wives of mining engineers, the richer mine owners and the more prosperous tradesmen. Odd Fellows' hall was but a fortnight completed when they held an assembly.

Carpenters for a time got double wages, so that every miner with the least skill at sawing or driving nails deserted the drifts and sought employment at building. Doors, windows and window panes were now arriving by the truck load; the burlap portieres began to disappear; the portiere of gunysacking at the door of the Courier passed into memory. The pioneer sawmill had now a rival; but though the two establishments worked double-shift and transformed half a mountainside from a dryad grove into a littered ruin, they could not keep



The Tradition of Daniel Webster Still Lay Strong Upon the West.

pace with the demand. Assay offices, groceries, general stores, a pharmacy, innumerable saloons operated in tents or suspended operations while the owners waited for lumber and skilled men.

We grew and grew—amorphically, without organization, by the process of adding cells like a jellyfish. No stage or caravan but brought some representative of a new and necessary trade. Plumbers slept out the first night on the floor of the St. Louis lodging house beside physicians, barbers beside dentists, plasterers beside assayers, stationary engineers beside mining engineers. But fast as they came, gamblers and prostitutes, bartenders and sure-thing workers came faster. Now a telegraph line was preparing to start from Denver; and the Courier was authorized to state, "on the best authority," that a narrow-gauge railroad was coming. How unreliable that best authority was, Marcus and I alone knew. But Marcus would have printed that report if he had been obliged to invent it. For, as he said, we were bound to have a railroad some day, after—

Marcus had a way, now, of stopping short on that word "after." I knew what he meant; my eyes open, I was beginning even to grow interested in what he meant. We should have in Cottonwood camp none of the sober development which a railroad symbolized until we achieved security for life and investment. Gun law, supplemented by a withered and weakly court government, a day's journey away, was outworn. Already responsible citizens said that; but said it under their breaths.

Yet day followed day, and Marcus did not, as he had emphatically threatened, "cut his wolf loose." Less and less, indeed, did he talk about the necessity of a municipal government; more and more did he draw into himself. Almost he seemed morose. As often as the job permitted, he absented himself from the office; when he returned, he brought no news. Once, running into our bedroom midafternoon on some trivial errand, I opened

the door to find him in close conference with three other men. "Excuse me, kid," he said quickly. I stepped back, closed the door; but not before I had recognized the good-humored frog-face of Isidore Cohen the jeweler, and the lean Yankee features of Taylor, president of the bank. Once again, plodding up an unfrequented trail, Liverpool hill, I saw before me the familiar backs of Marcus and Doctor Howells, the Episcopalian clergyman. They were walking with their heads down, like men in intimate but perplexing conversation. I turned up a side trail. Then—it was toward the end of my third week on the Courier—the incident arrived which cut the wolf loose.

## CHAPTER VII

Returning from supper to write up my sheaf of miscellaneous information gathered during the afternoon, I found Marcus Handy in close conversation with a stranger. I surveyed him casually as I pushed through the door, and set him down in the tenderfoot class. Then he turned, revealing a stark, small-featured American countenance, now veiled in deep gloom. One would have said, indeed, that he had been crying. Marcus looked up.

"Come here, kid; shake hands with Mr. Curtis," he said. "I want you to listen to this."

With conscientious precision, Mr. Curtis told his story. He had arrived only three days before, bringing ten thousand dollars, receipts from the sale of his grocery business and his house in Cairo, Illinois; this money he deposited in the Bank of Cottonwood while he saw the town and looked for an opening. In the bar of the Black Jack he met a stranger, also from Illinois, who knew some of his people. Precisely at this moment, I anticipated the whole story. The proceeding, as Mr. Curtis told it in his dead, grief-stricken voice, was typical, orthodox. The meeting with two other strangers—the deal in mines by which he invested nothing and could not lose—the necessity, just when the deal stood at completion, for proving that he had funds—the trip to the bank for his ten thousand dollars—the display of the money in the back room of the Black Jack—the discovery, when he returned to the bank, that he held only a packet of waste paper. Mr. Curtis offered no excuses for his innocence and gullibility; he was past vanity. Only when he told us that he had left his family in the East and had expected to send for them did his voice choke and break. This was the second lesson to my slow imagination in the essential, invariable cruelty of crime.

The story varied, grew more interesting—and especially to Marcus—when Mr. Curtis touched on the aftermath. He had thought it over, swallowed his pride, and reported the matter to Chris McGrath. Chris had promised to look into the matter. "Didn't seem much interested," added Mr. Curtis. And he did nothing. At this point, Marcus Handy and I exchanged furtive, significant glances. It was part of an unwritten agreement that Chris McGrath should inform me of all crimes. Concerning this, the most sensational confidence operation which had happened as yet in Cottonwood, he had dropped not even a hint.

Mr. Curtis resumed his narrative. Getting no further with the town marshal, he had addressed himself next to Si Conway, head-man, presumably chief stockholder, in that syndicate of gamblers which conducted the Black Jack. "He seemed real astonished that such things could happen in his house," said Mr. Curtis. "But while he was talking—it was in the bar—I saw one of the fellows that robbed me come out of the back room. 'That's him,' says I, and started to grab him. And the bartender started too. But he got stuck in the door in front of me, and before I could shove past him my man was gone. 'You did that a-purpose,' says I, and him hit. But they pulled me off him and threw me out. So I come to you. I want to know if there is any justice in this town!" Here Mr. Curtis raised his subdued voice for the first time, struck a clenched fist into the palm of the other hand.

Marcus Handy spoke, his voice unwontedly low.

"Kid," he said, "you've heard this story, haven't you? I want you to go straight over to Chris McGrath and put this up to him. Put it strong. Ask him why he haven't heard about this little affair, and what he's done. And on your way home, see Si Conway and touch him up similar. Then come back, and tell me what they have to say." He turned to Mr. Curtis.

As I approached Chris McGrath, sitting in his rocking chair, chewing his cigar, I felt that I was not going to relish this job. However, the plain recital of Mr. Curtis had warmed my own indignation; I let some of my feelings into my voice. I suppose, when I retold the story, and as I talked, the smile-wrinkles smoothed out from about the marshal's eyes; they grew hard.

"Come to your paper!" he interrupted. "Who does he think runs this camp—the county government, or your little two-by-four sheet?"

"I suppose he felt he had to come," I said, unwilling to put the already troubled Mr. Curtis into a false position, "because he thought the authorities were doing nothing."

"Nothing!" snorted Chris McGrath. "And how am I going to do anything until I get a detective or two?"

"But Mr. Curtis says he saw one of the men who robbed him today," I argued weakly.

"He did, huh?" inquired Marshal McGrath sardonically. "Then why don't he come to me with the news instead of to your paper? It's a triflin' matter to be botherin' me about anyhow."

"It involves ten thousand dollars," said I.

"Do you think," said Marshal McGrath, "that we're supposed to be wet nurses for every tenderfoot that

comes into camp? What was he doin' anyhow? Tryin' to work a swindle according to his own admission—tryin' to cook up a dirty deal. The other fellow gets ahead of him. And he squeals. How do I even know it happened? I've got nobody's word for it but his. No, boy—, and here the voice of the marshal's voice, usually so pleasant, vibrant and cordial, took on a jarring note of arrogance, "no, boy, a couple of tenderfoots can't come into a camp and tell the old-timers how to run it." He rose abruptly, fished out from his trousers pocket a huge key, unlocked the door, disappeared inside the jail. But he turned at the last moment, and jerked out:

"Tell your editor I know exactly what he's tryin' to do." The door clanged.

I noticed, as I turned away, that Charlie Meek stood in the shadows by the corner of the jail, on guard with his Winchester. Doubtless, I reflected lazily, he must have heard the conversation.

I found Si Conway in the gambling room of the Black Jack, watching the faro tables as they warmed up to their night's run of business. Hitherto, I had not spoken with Si Conway; but I knew him as a personage about camp. Those who knew him pronounced him a good fellow; which I readily understood when I drew him to the one unfrequented corner of the Black Jack and, as tactfully as I could, began my inquiry. For he took it all very simply; and his low voice had an agreeable quality; it seemed oiled with affability.

"I'm right sorry," he said, "if my house has been used for a skin game. It's a public place after all, you know. And anybody will tell you that my games are straight."

"But Mr. Curtis says he saw one of the men that robbed him here this afternoon—", and again I recited the story of that episode.

"I was here when he came in, makin' a disturbance," said Si Conway.



"Come to Your Paper!" He interrupted. "Who does he think runs this camp?"

"Who do you suppose he saw? Fritz, one of our porters. That's who he took for his friend the confidence man. As for the bartender getting in his way, that's his imagination. I was here, I tell you. The trouble with him is he's a poor loser, and he's gone a little crazy."

"But, after all, he was robbed," I said.

"Was he?" inquired Si Conway pleasantly. "When a man goes into a game like that, what's he doing? Fixing to rob somebody else, ain't he? Then one of his partners in crime turns round and robs him. And instead of taking his medicine, he always hollers, like this party Curtis has done." The same argument, plausible, almost convincing! "But of course I'll see it don't happen again in my house—if it did happen."

I was turning away; for, after all, I had my answer. But Si Conway called me back.

"What's your editor going to do about this?"

"I don't know," said I. "Print the story, of course."

"Tell him he better not do anything rash or sudden," said Si Conway. And his voice lost nothing of its affability. Re-entering the Courier office, I found Marcus at his case, setting type. He looked up; I had never seen him so still and grave. Normally, he was a somewhat dramatic person, as all journalists tend to be. Day by day in the past fortnight I had watched him grow more subdued. I reported accurately, sparing him nothing. At my recital of the marshal's closing remark, he started slightly. I came to the valedictory of Si Conway. Marcus was at the moment reaching into the "fe" box. He froze like a statue—all but his right hand, which fumbled over the types, picking them up and dropping them with nervous fingers. At last he turned on me; and I saw that he had gone pale.

"Kid," he said, "you're a cross sort; I guess you've got sand. I'm crossing the Rubicon. Will you go with me?" "Of course!" I said. Nothing draws youth like a challenge to its courage. Nor did I understand, at that moment, all that my decision implied. Then sit down and write the story—straight off—just as it happened—no editorial."

I was finishing my task when Marcus laid before me the proof of his leader, remarking with what seemed to me like forced joviality:

"Think this'll make as enough trouble?"

Just how much trouble this was to make, neither Handy nor Gilson knew. Wait till the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Epitaph

This is the grave of a cute little girl, who had a cute little figure, a cute little curl, a cute little foot, a cute little way—a cute indigestion took her away.—Lafayette Lyra.

## Many Sires Are Killed Too Soon

Bulls Sent to Butcher Before Their Full Usefulness Is Known.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

What becomes of the bulls that head the average cow-testing association herds? Are the good ones recognized and kept in service, or are they unwittingly sent to the butcher before they have completed their full period of usefulness? Some idea as to the tendency in the disposal of the pure-bred sires in our dairy herds may be had from the results of a recent study made by the bureau of dairying, United States Department of Agriculture.

Proved Sires in Aged Class.

The bureau had previously gathered a list of 58 pure-bred sires, and ascertained their transmitting ability by comparing the records of their daughters with the record of the dams. Naturally these proved sires were in the aged class by the time their value could be determined in this way. Nevertheless, it was desirable to know which were still in service. Inquiry brought information about 22 of them. Of this number, only five are alive and in service today. These are all good sires as evidenced by their 31 daughters, whose production is better than their dams by 17 per cent in milk and 23 per cent in butterfat. The other 17 were slaughtered for various reasons.

Eleven of the seventeen slaughtered bulls were good. Their 67 daughters showed an increase over their dams of 22 per cent in milk and 20 per cent in butter fat. Only 2 of them were slaughtered because of sterility, while 9 went to the butcher for other reasons such as unrecognized value, unkindness, and a need for new blood. Six of the 17 bulls were poor. Of these, 2 were slaughtered because of sterility, 1 died, and 3 were killed for beef. Perhaps it was recognized that the last 3 were inferior, and for that reason were discarded.

Value Recognized.

While this is a very small number from which to draw definite conclusions it is evident that the value of some of the good sires was recognized, which accounts for the 5 that are still in service. Perhaps some of the poor sires were also recognized. The unfortunate part is that in the weeding-out process, if such practice existed, 11 out of the 17 dead sires were outstanding from the standpoint of transmitting production to their offspring. Some means must be found to keep the bulls until the records of their daughters prove them either good or otherwise.

## Much Improvement Is Made by Poultry Raisers

Much improvement has been made along many lines in the poultry business during the last few years, but the work which has been done by the rank and file of producers to improve sanitary conditions is undoubtedly the most important.

During the last two years there has been more loss from disease by the produce houses than previously. This was especially true two years ago. Last year these men handled the birds in a more sanitary manner and the losses diminished. Farmers appreciate that many of the diseases that cause loss on the farm and at produce houses may be eliminated by improved sanitary conditions.

The practice of raising chicks on fresh ground has spread rapidly. This movement is of prime importance. Worms, lice, mites, coccidiosis and tuberculosis are spread by the older fowls and infected premises to young chicks.

## Pig Breeding Important

The breeding of the pig is of importance. The dairyman does not breed beef cows if his aim is milk production. Nor should the pig man expect to produce bacon-type hogs with breeds which belong to the lard type. Such practice is adding a needless obstacle in the path of bacon-hog production. The selecting and breeding operations produce the material with which the feeder must work, and as with the carpenter, a product of definite specifications calls for certain kinds of raw materials.

## FARM FACTS

Change the water occasionally in the tractor radiator.

An average of the figures indicates that farmers are using appreciably higher protein feeds than they were five years ago.

Gather the eggs at least every day and better twice a day during the hot weather. Keep them in a dry, cool, well-ventilated place.

One experience with chicks from old hens will convince the most skeptical person that they are the most profitable and satisfactory.

Get revenge on the gopher for the meanness he has done in the alfalfa fields by a poisoning campaign after the first hay crop is off.

On short pastures the dairy cow does not get enough feed for both maintenance and milk production. Grain must be fed in addition to keep up the milk flow.

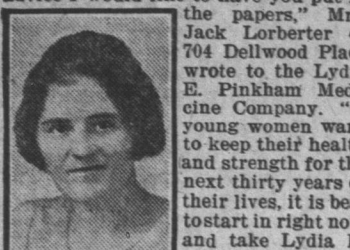
Any time is a good time to kill burdocks. Cut them below the crown with a sharp spade. This will prevent future sprouts coming from the same root.

If you don't believe cultivation of corn pays, consider the figures obtained at the Illinois experiment station where corn yields on lands where weeds were allowed to grow were 7.4 bushels to the acre, as against 48.9 bushels in fields where weeds were kept down.

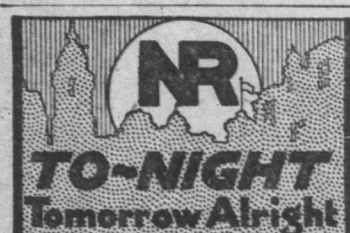
## WOMAN CONQUERS FEARS

Husband Delighted and Home Happier

St. Paul, Minn.—"Here is a little advice I would like to have you put in the papers," Mrs. Jack Lorberter of 704 Dellwood Place wrote to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company. "If young women want to keep their health and strength for the next thirty years of their lives, it is best to start in right now and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



I have tried the Compound myself and received fine results from its use. In describing her condition before taking the Compound, she writes, "I was afraid in my own house in broad daylight, I used to lock the doors and pull down the shades so that nobody could see me." One day a booklet advertising the Vegetable Compound was left on her porch and she read it through. In so doing she found a letter from a woman whose condition was similar to her own. "I bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Lorberter continued, "and have had fine results. My condition made me a burden to my husband. Now I feel him, 'How is housekeeping?' and he says, 'It is just like being in Heaven!' Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?"



KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and elimination.

Used for over 50 Years

Get a 25¢ Box

NR Tablets

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NR Tablets—the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults. SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

## Do You Shave!

\$1.00 brings to you postage paid 18 long life super edge Marshall Wonder Blades Fit any Gillette Razor

BUFF PRODUCTS COMPANY  
760 Broad Street Newark, N. J.

## FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

## CUTS and SCRATCHES

Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

## Resinol

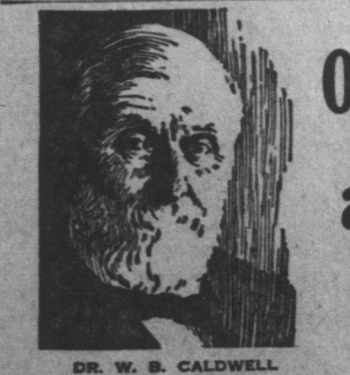


HINDER CORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, ensures comfort to the foot, makes a King easy. Be by mail or at drug store. Black & White, 100 Fulton St., N.Y.

## So That All May Hear

A Lutheran pastor in Emden, Germany, tired of preaching in a church whose acoustic qualities were so bad that not more than a third of his flock could hear his inspired words, has had amplifiers installed. As a result churchgoing has again become popular in the town and the attendance is two or three times greater than ever before.—Chicago News.

A microphone has been invented in England which so magnifies the ticking of a watch that it sounds like the explosion of a gasoline engine.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL AT THE AGE OF 83

Most men and women past fifty must give to the bowels some occasional help else they suffer from constipation. One might as well refuse to aid weak eyes with glasses as to neglect a gentle aid to weak bowels.

Is your present laxative, in whatever form, promoting natural bowel "regularity"—or must you purge and "physic" every day or two to avoid sick headache, dizziness, biliousness, colds, or sour, gassy stomach? Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin helps to establish natural, regular bowel movement even for those chronically

## Old English Township Given Dignity of City

Salford, the great manufacturing township of Lancashire, England, which has benefited by the creation of the Manchester ship canal, is at last to be elevated to the dignity of a city, thus bringing it into line with its neighbor, Manchester. The two cities are divided only by the narrow and greasy waters of the River Irwell, crossed by many bridges. Victoria railway station, the most important of Manchester, really stands in Salford.

When Salford became one of the ancient hundreds (with power to administer laws, as in the case of manorial rights), Manchester was so poor, having been devastated by Danish invaders, that its territory was included in the jurisdiction of Salford. On the other hand, Manchester had ecclesiastical buildings when Salford had none, and not until 1634 did Salford own a chapel. Now it possesses a cathedral, in company with Manchester.

## Faultfinder Not Wanted

Tacked on the wall of his headquarters, wherever his horses may be racing, and over his desk at the office on his breeding farm, John E. Madden, the famous horseman, has a sign which reads: "No complaints received unless accompanied by remedies," according to an item in Liberty. Mr. Madden, in commenting on his motto, says: "I do not think anyone has the right to claim a thing wrong unless he is ready to show how it can be corrected."

## The All-American Menu

Irish stew, corn suet, goulash, chila con carne, ravioli, knackwurst mit sauerkraut, Yorkshire pudding, Welsh rabbit, bortsch, gefüllte Fisch, Spanish omelet, caviar, mayonnaise, antipasto, baumkuchen, English muffins, gruyere, Danish pastry, Canadian bacon, curry, hot tamales, weinerschnitzel, petit pois, spumoni, bouillabaisse, mate, scones, Turkish coffee, minestrone, filet mignon.—Life.

## Moon Lopsided

Prof. E. W. Brown, of Yale university has, after many calculations, come to the conclusion that the moon is lopsided with quite a pronounced bulge at the top. He explains the irregularity by saying that the heavier materials of its substance are what appear to the eye at the bottom and that a bulging of the upper surface is required if the moon is to balance itself in space.

## A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

## Restoring Old Fort

Restoration of old Fort McHenry at Baltimore, where Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," has been started and work is progressing. The old fort will be restored to its condition of appearance during the War of 1812, when its bombardment by the British ships inspired the national anthem.

## Wastebasket Old Friend

Edmund Little, of Laconia, N. H., vice president of the Laconia Savings bank, calls the wastebasket which he has used for 44 years his "side partner." The basket was in use when he entered the institution in 1882 and now wears a red bow in recognition of its long service.

Just say to your grocer Russ Bleaching Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Advertisement.

## Unfortunate Affability

"What did you say to the judge?" "I said 'Good morning.'" "He couldn't take offense at that." "He did. I sounded so genial and familiar that he took it for granted I was an old offender."

## Toys Beat Big Balloons

In a balloon race between toy and real gas bags, held at Paris, the toy balloons greatly outdistanced the larger craft.

Roman Eye Balsam is an antiseptic ointment. Hence the medication heals by penetrating the inflamed eye surfaces. Adv.

## Progress

Ambition of 1870—A gig and a gal. Ambition of 1920—A flivver and a flapper. Ambition of 1950—A plane and a Jane.—Boston Transcript.

## Rivals

"Is your parrot good natured?" "Well, we never dare to leave him alone with the cuckoo clock."—Boston Transcript.

## Old Folks Need a Mild Laxative—Not a "Physic"

constipated. It