

The Crittenden Press.

VOL. 28.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 7, 1906.

NUMBER 2.

DYCSBURG IN ASHES

Fire Started in Postoffice Block and Fanned By the Wind Spread Rapidly

LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$35,000

Last Thursday morning at 3:15 a disastrous fire broke out in the residence of Mrs. Clifton, widow of the late J. H. Clifton, and mother of our townsmen, Will, Lewis and Tom Clifton, and on account of the early hour and the dry weather, was soon beyond control.

Mrs. Clifton's residence and her store room and all her furniture were consumed, her loss being about \$26,000 with only \$1250 insurance. She and her two daughters, Mrs. F. F. Charles, of Brazil, Tenn., and Miss Nelle, and her grandson, Emmet Clifton, barely escaped with their lives, losing most of their wearing apparel. Mrs. Charles also lost all of her household goods which were stored there preparatory to their removal to Tennessee.

Brown & Dalton's loss on stock was about \$1000 with \$500 insurance.

E. M. Dalton's loss on house was \$1000 with \$350 insurance.

S. H. Cassidy & Co., tobacco factory, loss \$3500, no insurance.

S. H. Cassidy, residence and contents, loss \$4000, with \$1300 insurance.

Brasher & Campbell, general merchants, loss \$4000, insurance \$2600.

Decker's livery stable, loss \$500, no insurance.

J. B. Wadlington's residence, loss \$1000, no insurance.

Obe Simmons residence, loss \$800, no insurance.

Griffin & Wells, warehouse, loss \$500, no insurance.

It is said that the citizens are undaunted and that a new and better town will take the place of the old which the Press confidently hopes and believes.

Decoration Day at New Bethel

The greatest gathering of its kind assembled at New Bethel Wednesday to decorate the graves and memorialize the death and life work of the dead whose remains rest so peacefully there. All day services were held, interspersed with songs and speeches. At noon a bountiful dinner was spread and the large assembly invited to partake of the many good things to eat. Some excellent papers were read and addresses extemporaneously delivered that brought deep feelings of love and friendship for those whose memory the people met to revere. A deep wave of christian love and fellowship swept into the hearts of the people who gathered there and a good day was well spent.—Lyon County Times.

Among those who attended from here were Z. A. Bennett, Rev. T. A. Conway, Miss Muriel Freeman and J. M. Freeman. They are all enthusiastic over their reception and the exercises.

A Double Header.

The Marion bunch of Juniors ball-players go to Kelsey Friday to play a double header with that team. So far Marion has been victorious and it is assumed that Kelsey will put forth every effort to win and a hot contest is expected. The Juniors will endeavor to take both games with the following line up in the field. Hurley, Rochester pitcher, Dixon 1st base, E. Walker 2nd base, Motesen, short stop, Johnson 3rd base, Franklin right field, Walker or McNeely center field.

Wanted to Exchange

Land in Marshall county, Ky., also land in Arkansas for Crittenden, Ky., property or real estate. —ADDISON TINSLEY, 2w

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC

The C. P. Sunday School Enjoy an Outing Around the Piney Bluffs

The C. P. Sunday School went on a picnic last Thursday to Iron Hill and the beautiful bluffs of Piney. The following were in the company and enjoyed the day.

Messdames Lawrence Crider, T. C. Guess, W. D. Cannan, Jas. F. Price, H. F. Morris, Arthur Williams, Lee Vick, Mollie Travis, A. A. Lamb, E. H. Holtsclaw, Mattie Wheeler, Sam Walker, Cora Thomas, R. L. Moore, E. J. Hayward, Joe Adams and Hunter.

Messrs. Lawrence Crider, Jas. F. Price, J. Reed Lamb, Lee Vick, Sam Walker, R. L. Moore, Jas. Travis, Geo. Thomas, Charlie Haynes, Willie Wilson, Presley Guess.

Misses Iva Phillips, May Travis, Gustava Haynes, Lena Holtsclaw, Sallie Crider, Elvah Pickens, Beulah Rankin, Alma Asher, Lottie Vick, Isabelle and Virginia Guess, Lena and Lottie Vick, Roberta Moore, Fannie Morse, Ethel Vick, Mendozin Thomas, Melba Cannan.

Master Edward Hayward, James Rankin, Aubrey Clark, Medely and Aubrey Cannan, Stephen and Shelby Hayward, Clifton and Derwood McNeely, Wallace Rankin, Floyd and Bradburn Wheeler, Hubert Crider, Elzie Vick, Marion and Charlie McConnell, Sylvan Price, Mildred Stone, Jas. Rankin, Elzie and Phillip Thomas, Geo. Heath, Harry Steele, Frank Newcomb, Homer Guess.

It was a jolly crowd. The forenoon was spent in chatting, fishing, gathering wild flowers and strolling over the hills and bluffs and native forests of Piney. The noontide hour was spent in enjoying the delicacies prepared for such an occasion. Soon after dinner the rolling thunder and lowering clouds began to remind us that the drought was about to be broken by that which usually accompanies a picnic. Between showers and in them we wended our way home, some well protected but others profusely sprinkled with the showers of dame nature. All that went seemed to enjoy the day and said they had a good time.

Another Victory For Marion.

Tuesday when the Kelsey team met the strong Marion Juniors they were defeated to the tune of 14 to 7, owing to their inability to connect with Rochester's benders when hits meant runs. The Juniors put up a gilt-edge support both at bat and in the field. The score:

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R
Kelsey 3 2 0 0 1 0 1 0 7
Marion 2 3 0 3 2 3 0 1 0 14

Batteries; Marion, Rochester and Hurley; Kelsey: Frazier and Harmon Home Run—Freeman. 3 base hit—Cox. Struck out by Rochester 8, by Frazier 4. Base on balls, off Frazier 9. Double plays, Rochester to Dixon, Rochester to Walker, Walker. Time of game, 1hr. 20 minutes. Umpire Pierce.

Hurley—Jones Nuptials

Wednesday evening at 4 o'clock at the residence of the brides' father, Wm. Jones, near Sturgis, Miss Ollie Jones and Mr. Oliver Hurley were united in marriage.

Miss Jones was very popular in Sturgis society and is well known by Marion people, having visited her cousin, Miss America Woodbridge several times.

Mr. Hurley was raised in this city and is a prominent man in business affairs at Carmi, Ill.

They left on the early train Friday morning for Carmi, Ill., where they will reside.

The Press with all their friends extends congratulations.

THE MARTIN FAMILY



Meetings at the College Auditorium a Success.

Dr. R. S. Martin, evangelist, with his son Elbert, the violinist, and his daughter Edna Faye, the soloist and pianist, have been greeted with large audiences every night and already over a dozen have taken their places among the people of God. Every service, sermon and song, together with the splendid violin selections have been greatly appreciated by the large numbers in attendance night after night.

Sunday night the Auditorium was packed and overpacked and the next Lord's day at 10:45 and 7:45 o'clock greater crowds will be in attendance as subjects of vital importance will be discussed and a special musical programme will be used.

"Christian Union" will be the subject for Thursday night (to-night)

an afternoon meeting will be held at the Christian church at three o'clock Thursday, Friday and Saturday, at which meetings christian baptism will be administered by J. Shelby Rowe, the resident minister of the Christian church; 350 additions in the recent Kentucky meetings of the "Martin Family," and about 1500 added in the last 26 states they visited means a large ingathering, which will be largely increased before this popular and talented christian family leave Marion for their next engagement. "Cuba and the Caribbean Sea" will be discussed and the famous pipe Organ Chimes will be used before they close their meetings.

Meeting tonight and every night to the close of the series, begins at 8 o'clock sharp.

G. A. P. TAYLOR DEAD

An Old and Highly Esteemed Citizen Gone to Rest.

Tuesday evening just at the close of the day and as the sun settled behind the western horizon the spirit of Charles Augustus Park Taylor took its flight and entered eternity.

Mr. Taylor's death was as peaceful and a quiet as a child dropping off to sleep and was attended with no pain.

His family were all at his bedside, his wife and two daughters, Mrs. C. M. Davis, of Mayfield; Mrs. J. D. Hardwick, of Charleston, Mo., and three sons, Frank, of Salem; Gus and Creed, of this city.

Mr. Taylor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 24th, 1824, and was therefore in his 83rd year.

In early life he moved to New Jersey and afterwards to Missouri, and still later in 1861 at the breaking out of the civil war, to California. While there he was married but his wife dying he returned east and located at Cincinnati.

It was while living there, that he came with a party of visitors to Crittenden Springs in 1867, and there met his second wife, then Mrs. Mary Ellen Massey, whom he married Sept. 10, 1868, and who survives him.

Mr. Taylor professed faith in Christ in early life and a Baptist in belief but not a member of any church.

The funeral was from the residence conducted by Rev. T. A. Conway, Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and the interment in the new cemetery. The pallbearers being W. D. Cannan, J. G. Gilbert, R. E. Flannery, J. Seth Henry, R. F. Haynes, J. M. Freeman.

Closing Out Sale at Salem

I will in a short time close my shop until the first of September, and in order to dispose of what summer goods I have on hands, will have a closing out sale Monday, June 11. Goods sold at one-half real value. OPHELIA ALVYS, Salem, Ky.

FINE COOK BOOK FREE

The Press is Going to Give Away 100 to its Subscribers.

To the first one hundred subscribers to the Crittenden Press who pay \$1 in advance in the month of June, for the Press one year, we will give absolutely free, a "Red Cook Book," which is worth the price itself. It contains receipts from Marion's best house-keepers and by test are known to be the best. It is not a small pamphlet, but a book of near two hundred pages, well bound and indexed. Remember we only have 100 copies and the "first come, first served" rule will be adhered to. Don't let your neighbor beat you to this, but come right in and join the Press' great army of readers and the book is yours.

Missed a Good Chance

A young lady working in a stocking factory, fearing her chances small for a life partner, wrote the following and slipped it into the toe of a gentleman's sock. "A young lady, good looking and of some means, would like to correspond with the wearer of this stocking, if he is single, with a view of matrimony." A young man bought the sock and said: "There is my chance." He wrote to the young lady, offering himself as a suitable party, and to his surprise got this reply: "I have been married eight years and have a family of five children." The man from whom he bought the sock had never advertised, consequently they had lain on his shelves for eight years.—Boston Ideas.

Deeds Recorded.

E. R. Williams to E. E. Welton, 97 1/2 acres on Hurricane creek, \$1500.
R. W. Todd to Sullenger Bros., 40 acres on Deer creek \$400.
J. H. Curnel to Sullenger Bros., 214 acres on Hardin Knob, \$525.
F. B. Dycus to D. E. Allen lot in Dycsburg, \$35.

OLD FOLKS DAY

At the C. P. Church Last Sunday Largely Attended—An Interesting Service

A good congregation assembled at the Cumberland Presbyterian church last Sunday to enjoy the services of Old Folk's Day. A number of elderly people were there at an early hour appreciative of the fact that the services would be held chiefly for their encouragement. Quite a number from the country were present to take part in the services. The songs were from the old "Southern Harmony," that book from which our fathers and mothers and many now living learned to sing the gospel. They were sung with the old time spirit, and you could see the tears running down the cheeks of men and women as their hearts were touched by these simple melodies. The services were conducted in the old fashioned way, re-lining the hymn before the sermon, and yet the Holy Spirit seemed to put his stamp and seal upon the service from the very first song. A short sermon was preached by the pastor on the good that old people can do. The service was then turned over to the congregation, and impressive talks were made by W. J. Hill, W. A. Adams, K. E. Cannan, Rev. J. R. Lamb, R. M. Franks, J. B. Kevil, John Montgomery, Mrs. W. J. Hill and others.

A hearty hand-shake was enjoyed by all in which the power of God was demonstrated in the happyfying of many hearts and tears and handshakes and love and joy blended all in the happy bonds of love. The pastor wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Bro. T. L. Walker and Bro. Billy Joel Hill and wife for the blessings which they brought to the service.

The Clifton—Haynes Reception.

Last Thursday afternoon at the beautiful home of Mrs. Thos. Clifton on north Main street, Messdames Thos. Clifton and R. F. Haynes received from 3 to 6 o'clock in honor of the "As you like it Club" and the "Chautauqua literary and scientific Circle." The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Flowers and potted palms being in evidence on every side. There were several interesting contests and in the one on flowers Mrs. Finley won the prize. On vegetables Miss Lena Woods carried off the honors and the prize.

Fruit punch and frappe were served throughout the evening in the hall and the luncheon in courses was served in the spacious dining room. Among those who graced the occasion with their presence were Messdames J. H. Orme, S. Gugenheim, W. J. Deboe, J. I. Clement, J. B. Ray, J. W. Wilson, G. C. Gray, J. W. Trisler, Chas. Moore, Frances Walker, O. M. James, Virgil Elgin, Hugh Hurley, S. M. Jenkins, H. A. Haynes, E. H. Doss, Randolph Finley, J. W. Blue, H. H. Sayre, Jas. Henry, Walter Blackburn, W. B. Vandell, O. W. Tucker, and Misses Lena Woods, Lizzie James, Lilly Cook. The out-of-town visitors were Mrs. A. H. Cardin, View, and Mrs. Lon Johnson, Morganfield.

Flouring Mills For Sale.

I will on Wednesday, June 27th, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., sell to the highest bidder the Salem Roller Mills.

This is a new mill and in fine condition and guaranteed to be in good running order. This sale will include the mill, mill fixtures, mill lot and miller's residence.

Reasons for selling—the milling company is a corporation and desires to sell out and dissolve the corporation. This property can be bought at private sale at any time before the date of sale. Terms of sale made known on date of sale.

For further information call on or write the Salem Milling Co., or G. H. Rappotee, Agent for the Salem Milling Co., Salem, Ky. 2 St

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Lived Only Four Hours After Arm Was Amputated—Same Old Story.

William L. Baker, sixteen years of age, a son of Rowe Baker, a miner of the Frances vicinity, accidentally shot himself Friday afternoon while out hunting squirrels, the lead taking effect in his left arm and laerating it so badly that amputation was necessary. He bled profusely and was in a weak and exhausted condition when the physician arrived.

Dr. A. J. Driskell, of this city; Dr. O. C. Cook of Crayneville; and Dr. J. W. Graves of Dycsburg were hastily summoned, and after a consultation decided that there was no hope without amputation of the arm, and very little chance for the wounded boy to recover at all. He was shot at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The arm was amputated at 9:30 o'clock. He lived until 1:30 Saturday morning, less than 10 hours after the fatal shot. This is only another instance of the careless handling of a gun. It seems that boys will never learn that guns are dangerous. The family have the sympathies of all the community, as the boy was a general favorite and a fine little man. The burial was at Dycsburg Saturday afternoon.

Hopewell Day Third Sunday in June.

In honor of the church and many dear ones laid to rest there, this day has been set apart for all day services, beginning at 10 a. m. The Lord's supper, sermon and singing by Sunday schools will occupy forenoon. The various Sunday schools of Livingston and Crittenden counties are especially invited to be present and join in singing and recitations.

The regular classes will be called and all schools recite together with scholars in their respective places. Every person expected to bring their own dinner. The good women are admonished not to put themselves to any trouble about a fine dinner, just a little to "sorter bridge over" your family until supper.

New Auditorium and Opera House Planned.

There is a movement on foot to build a new Auditorium and grand Opera House here; an option has been taken on the most desirable lot in the city for that purpose. The plans submitted for the building comprehend one of spacious and elegant interior with seating capacity, when wings are thrown open, of 1500 and for 1000 in main auditorium, and for not less than ten exits. Marion stands in need of a building large enough to accommodate great gatherings, of religious, educational and political character, and it is to be hoped it will become a reality.

Geological Survey Being Made.

F. Julius Fohs was in the city Monday. He has finished his preliminary work in Caldwell county and has gone to Lyon county to put in several weeks in preliminary work.

A corps of surveyors from the Geological department will be at Princeton this week to follow up his work and will then go to Lyon county to survey out the mineral veins there. Much benefit is expected to accrue to these counties by this government work.

A Railway Center.

Blackford, our neighboring city, is getting to be quite a railway center. They now have eighteen trains in and out of their city daily. Eight on the main line, two from Dixon, three from Providence and two to Dixon and three to Providence, and all of them stop there which is a great advantage to that town and will be an incentive for people to locate there, both from the business and residential standpoint.

KING AND QUEEN IN DEADLY PERIL

Alfonso, King of Spain, and Bride Narrowly Escape Being Victims of the Bomb Thrower.

Madrid, May 31.—Public rejoicing over the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Victoria, had a terribly dramatic sequel at 2:30 this afternoon, as a bomb, thrown from an open window, exploded with deadly effect, near the coach occupied by the King and Queen. Provisionally King Alfonso and Queen Victoria escaped by an electric lift descending the bomb, but at least sixteen persons, most of them the personal and military escort, and other spectators were killed, and many others injured.

The explosion occurred just as the royal couple were about to enter the palace. The route of the cortege had been diverted from the arsenal to Mayor street, in accordance with popular desires. The procession had just passed through Mayor street, and was about to turn into the esplanade leading into the palace, when the explosion shook the buildings in the vicinity, throwing the cortege into inextricable confusion.

Screams of the terrified multitude mingled with the groans of the injured and dying.

Immediately it was seen that the royal coach was intact except that it was injured by flying splinters.

King Alfonso immediately alighted and assisted Queen Victoria from the coach. They then entered another coach and were driven to the palace.

In the meantime the scene of the tragedy presented a horrible spectacle, with the dead men and horses lying about, literally torn in pieces.

The pavement was covered with blood and the upper stories of the buildings near the scene were spattered with it.

The place from which the bomb was thrown is a boarding house, and the chamber from which the missile was hurled was taken on May 22 by a man from Barcelona giving the name of Moral. When the police surrounded the house this man attempted to flee but was captured. Another man escaped over the roof, of the house.

Frederick W. Whitridge, the American special envoy, cabled President Roosevelt this afternoon, giving the details of the tragedy. Later in the day Whitridge went to the royal palace where he assured their majesties that all was reasonably tranquil considering the circumstances.

The Duke of Satomayo entered the palace at the time Whitridge was there, thus showing his wounds were not serious.

Whitridge also called at the Foreign Office on behalf of the United States and expressed his profound sympathy with the Spanish sovereign and the people.

The bomb, which was concealed in a bouquet, was of polished steel, half a centimeter thick. It was thrown from the third floor window. The house, according to some reports belongs to the queen mother, being the only house she owns in Madrid. The house is opposite the Church of the Sacrament and the Captain General's residence. The royal procession came to a temporary stop with the royal carriage exactly opposite the house when the bomb was thrown and it fell to the right of the royal carriage, between the hindmost pair of horses and in front of the wheels, and the explosion killed two of the horses.

As a curious coincidence it was a year ago today that a bomb was thrown at King Alfonso in Paris, when he was out riding with President Loubet.

Immediately after the explosion the Duke of Cornueha pushed forward, opened the carriage door, and helped out the king and then the queen, who showed signs of greatest emotion. Both, however, behaved with great courage. They entered another carriage and the procession was resumed.

On their arrival at the royal palace it was noticed that the king and

queen were both in tears. They were quickly surrounded by foreign princes, each anxious to show sympathy and offer congratulations on their miraculous escape.

The indignation of the people over the outrage is very great. Some French detectives were almost lynched merely because they had a foreign appearance.

From two until six o'clock in the evening it was impossible for any one to get near the house from which the bomb was thrown.

Many arrests were made, among them Manuel Duran, a Catalan, who is believed to have been the principal conspirator.

It is said that immediately upon the explosion Duran was seized and hurried down stairs. As he entered the street men flung themselves upon him shouting, "Kill the assassin!" A mounted guard pressed around and took him away under a strong escort.

A rumor which circulated rapidly, stating that the king had been killed for the time created tremendous consternation.

According to an official statement it is not known whether one or more bombs were thrown. The statement continues that it is impossible to ascertain at present the author of the outrage, although it is known that a Catalan named Manuel Duran took an apartment at the house in which the bomb was thrown, on May 22, paying in advance with a 500 peseta bill. He was well dressed, of elegant appearance, and showed a fondness for flowers.

Bob Taylor's Sunshine

On Monday evening, at Nashville, Bob Taylor delivered his celebrated lecture on "Castles in the Air." The reports of the meeting say that the lecturer "was in good humor."

Well he might have been. He has just been elected to the highest tribunal in all the world. He is to take his seat with the mighty—the men who represent the sovereign states of the greatest country on the face of the earth. He had a long, strong fight, which made the enjoyment of victory all the more complete.

"Castles in the Air" was a fitting theme, for if ever a man in this country has built them and furnished them after a heart's desire and lived in them like a sybarite, it has been Bob Taylor. He has been called the "Apostle of Sunshine," and so he is. He scatters it wherever he goes, and he has made the world brighter and better and happier for his having lived.

We have no intention of moralizing very deeply over this, but perhaps but perhaps there is a lesson in it after all. It pays to be an apostle of sunshine and to build castles in the air. The people want it. The world itself has enough gloom and depression. Sickness and sorrow and suffering are around us everywhere. The world feels that—

"It's easy enough to be cheerful when life flows on like a song. But the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

Bob has had his own troubles. As the heart knows its own bitterness, so he has had many a pang, perhaps of which the world knew nothing. But he has kept up a cheerful countenance through it all and he has shared his good humor with the world.

He has built air castles. He has dreamed dreams and indulged in visions. He has aimed high and followed ambition like a guiding star. It carried him to the governor's chair. Perhaps the senatorial toga seemed a trophy which he might never attain. It was one of those far-off events which it seemed might never arrive, but he pursued his aim with a steadfast and cheerful heart, and now victory has come to him.

His "Castles in the Air" is an accomplished fact—a substantial reality. He can live in them, we trust, in peace and happiness for many years to come.—Evening News, Atlanta, Ga.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Producing Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM AT LOUISVILLE

Wind and Rain Play Havoc in the City—Great Excitement Among the River Steamers.

Louisville, Ky., May 31.—A terrific rain and wind storm, which passed over Louisville late today, did damage approximating fifty thousand dollars in the downtown district, by blowing in plate glass windows, damage to roofs, wetting of costly fabrics, and flooding basements. The wind reached a velocity of fifty-two miles an hour, and one half an inch of rain fell in the first seven minutes of the storm.

Fire Chief Tyson issued an order that half of the fire engines to go to the central part of the city immediately and assist in pumping out the water from the basements of the stores. Reports are coming to chief Tyson where damage to the extent of thousands of dollars were threatened by the water backing up in the cellars where stocks were stored. The wind came from the west and its full fury was felt on the river.

Almost every boat was blown loose and some of them had narrow escapes. Serious damage was done to the Boulton dam. This dam is used to keep water enough in the canal at a stage sufficient for navigation. The wickets were blown to pieces. Passengers on the ferry boat City of Jeffersonville received a terrible fright, the boat being blown out into the middle channel and onto some rocks at the head of the falls. The passengers were rescued an hour later but the boat itself is high and dry.

The City of Cincinnati with a large number of passengers aboard ready to leave for Cincinnati also had an exciting experience. She was blown loose but sustained no damage beyond the breaking her railing.

Damage was done to shade trees, awnings and fences in all parts of the city. St. Joseph's church, at the corner of Webster and Washington streets, was struck by lightning and damaged as was also the St. Louis Bertrand school, at Sixth and St. Catharine streets.

Much damage was done to quantities of fine silks and other goods, clothing, etc., by the damage to store roofs, and the Salvage Corps had its hands full protecting this property.

Long Tennessee Fight.

For twenty years W. L. Rawls, of Celis, Tenn., fought nasal catarrh. He writes: "The swelling and soreness inside my nose was fearful. till I began applying Bucklen's Arnica Salve to the sore surface; this caused the soreness and swelling to disappear never to return." Best salve in existence. 25c at Woods & Orme, druggists.

A Paint Problem



Paint either spreads well, looks well and wears well, or it doesn't. Wear is what determines real paint value. Any practical painter will tell you that a paint will live only as long as the oil in it lives. The oil is the life of paint. "Dead Oil, Dead Paint."

HAMMAR CONDENSED PAINT
It is not a "ready-mixed" paint. It comes to you in condensed form; the driers, everything necessary in it, except the oil. You buy pure, raw linseed oil and do your own mixing. Sure of pure oil that way—not otherwise. One gallon of pure raw linseed oil and one gallon of Hammar Condensed Paint will cover more area, wear longer, and give better results than any other paint made. That's strong talk, but "Hammar" is strong paint. One gallon of Hammar Paint and one gallon of linseed oil will cover 600 square feet of surface with two coats and it won't come off. Guaranteed to stick for five years or money back.

We have the exclusive agency for Hammar Paint in this place; come in some day before you paint and let us tell you why "Hammar" is the best paint, and show you how you can save at least 25% on your next paint bill.

Hina Hardware Company.

The Advocate's First Plea.

BY H. M. J.

Early in the afternoon of a golden September day, some years ago, a gentleman might have been seen riding leisurely along a dusty country lane in an out of the way rural district; a middle aged man with hair plentifully sprinkled with gray and a look on his face as of one who had passed through the crucible of intense suffering and came forth strengthened and ennobled.

His horse was a noble looking animal, black and glossy, that stopped along impatiently over the dusty road, as if longing to break forth in all the impetuosity of his mighty strength and rush along in a mad endeavor to outrun the fleetest wind that blows. But the master's hand restrained the animal's longing while the rider let his eyes drink in the burnished glory of the gentle undulations of orchard, and meadow, over which the autumn day was throwing great patches of yellow sunlight.

The dull, clanging tones of a bell broke the sylvan stillness, and following the direction of the sound, with his eyes the rider saw in the vista below him, half hid by a number of magnificent oak trees, a small country school house, with broken window panes, and weather stained walls. When before the house the rider drew up.

"I promised myself a glimpse with in this school when I passed here this morning," he said to himself as he threw the bridle over a low lying bough and then walked toward the open door.

It was a characteristic scene that met his gaze. The pupils were seated at their desks, which showed many marks of the idle moments of restless occupants; notched here and there as some had tried the mettle of a new knife or carved his initials deep in the rude board. The rough blackboard up front was covered with strange characters—the uncertain attempts of young fingers to print and long sums worked out by more confident hands; and conspicuous above all, drawn in pink chalk, was a comic likeness of a man on horseback, who bore so striking a resemblance to himself, the onlooker could not but know that some rustic artist had taken him as a model for the occasion.

But the gentleman took all of these minor details in rapidly; what most attracted his attention was the center of attraction for the whole school.

The master, a low square-faced fellow, with high brows and firm mouth stood with that implement of torture for a schoolboy, "a hickory" in hand while the culprit, pale and withal composed, stood before him.

"You know my rule, Jack; I will not permit the larger boys to 'run over' the smaller ones. I saw you myself cruelly beating Charles and Willie and I only give you your just punishment."

His hand was raised for the whip to fall on the pale-faced boy who never moved a muscle when—

"Stop a moment Mr. Keith; Jack Long is not to blame."

The clear, ringing voice startled all, and from a seat near the back a tall, awkward looking young man, with red hair and freckled face, rose and stepped into the aisle.

As he did so the man at the door saw a piece of pink chalk in his hand and knew he was the author of the blackboard sketch.

"I say Jack is not to blame. For weeks those small boys relying on your rule and Jack's good nature, have done all sorts of things to him."

The young man's voice vibrated with intense feeling; his freckled face shown with enthusiasm as word after word fell from his lips extolling Jack's conduct and revealing the extreme badness of his tormenters. All the school listened spellbound as the young advocate of justice spoke on, moving his long arms to give force to his argument.

"Enough," at last Mr. Keith said, "Go to your seat Jack, I will see to those boys."

The witness to this little tragedy of school life, whose name, by the way, was Mr. Lawrence, had been

standing in the doorway unseen all this time. He now withdrew and sat down on the gnarled roots of a tree.

"That boy is a born orator," he said musingly. "I intend, before I leave to find out about him. If he would speak that way in a court house he could win his case every time. Lawyer that I am I could never speak like that."

Mr. Lawrence waited out under the trees the remainder of the drowsy afternoon until four o'clock, the bell tinkled and with a loud cry the children rushed out into the vast vibrating "out of doors."

Tall and ungainly Joseph Wayne came stumbling out and the lawyer eyed him as he walked away down the path. Last came Mr. Keith, his mouth still firmly set, carrying several books under his arms. As he was passing by Mr. Lawrence accosted him and from the teacher he learned the life history of Joseph Wayne. How he had been cast upon the charity of the world in his early youth, and had had but little chance to get an education until now he worked morning and evening that he might attend school during the day; as he listened Mr. Lawrence decided upon a daring project. He was a wealthy lawyer, without a son and he resolved to give Joseph Wayne a chance to develop the talents he possessed, provided he would take it.

II.

A comfortable, roomy office in a busy city block, where the roar and rush of city life came day in and day out. Here Joseph Wayne sat one afternoon in spring. He was the same awkward lad who had pleaded for his schoolmate in that golden September day. His clothes hung loosely on him, and his long arms resting awkwardly on the desk which was piled high with a miscellaneous collection of various colored papers. There was a faraway look in Joseph's eyes, which quickly vanished as the door opened and the lawyer entered.

"What, Joseph," said Mr. Lawrence, in some astonishment, "have you not sorted those papers yet?"

"I started to," a flush suffused the freckled face. "But do you know Mr. Lawrence, when you explained how you wanted them fixed my mind was a thousand miles away and when I came to do it I could remember nothing of how you wanted it done."

A frown was on the lawyer's face. He spoke a trifle harshly. "That is not the first time you have done so, Joseph. Your powers of retention are very weak, I fear. Now go, as it is time for the Dillion case to be tried."

Joseph Wayne drew on his hat and hurried over to the crowded court house. A young girl was to be tried that afternoon, a young girl charged with taking a case of magnificent diamonds.

In his seat Joseph Wayne studied the girl's face and as the trial proceeded, he was convinced of her innocence. With his fertile brain he turned the case over in his mind until suddenly a great light broke upon him, and he saw clearly how the diamonds came to be found in the girl's possession.

The trial was over, the jury rising when a ringing voice that echoed through the vast room cried:

"Stop a moment, I pray. I earnestly beg of you to allow me to say a few words."

Like diamonds the words fell from Joseph Wayne's lips, as he poured forth the solution of the crime as he had solved it. All eyes were bent upon the tall, awkward form of the young advocate and the pale faced girl in the prisoner's dock seemed to treasure every word.

It was an eloquent plea and explained to the satisfaction of all the innocence of the accused and the guilt of the real thief. The jury did not leave their seats.

"The prisoner is innocent," the foreman said, and a great sigh of relief swept over the hushed court room.

Joseph Wayne's first plea was a success, and as time passed he won distinction in his chosen profession, ennobling it ever, for always was he found on the side of oppressed and wronged.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Sent for free sample, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-411 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Don't Scold Your Boy.

"Tell the mothers not to scold their boys. Never in my life did I say 'don't' to my children. They were ruled by love and never disappointed me."

That is an extract from a letter from an old woman to the editor. Why scold the boy?

To be sure he is noisy and in the way. He comes into the house like a whirlwind. He throws his cap in one corner and his books in another. He sprawls at his meals and gulps, kicks his sister on the shins under the table, makes faces, teases the house cat and is everlastingly in evidence.

But the boy is built for noise; he must have a scape valve. He is making himself fit to go up against things. He will need every pound of that surplus vitality. Don't scold him for what he can't help.

A noisy, self-centered boy is not necessarily a bad boy. But if you scold him you will stir up what is bad in him. It is easy to nag a good natured boy into rebellion and sharp retort. There is a much easier way.

Inside the boy's heart is as tender as his ways are rough outside. The boy does not wear his heart on his sleeve. But he is not callous. One reason why the boy's father can scarcely get in close touch with him is because the father has the boy's way, rough on the outside.

But down under the boy's vest is a deep love for his mother. She has the advantage. And she ought to be as careful in handling him as she was in handling his father in the old courting days. The boy's mother is his sweetheart. She should treat him as a lover.

The mother forgets. She has headache or is tired. The boy jangles her nerves. She flames up at him. She rumples him. His quiet spirit flies in self-defence. It is soon over. The boy loves his mother just the same. But the whole transaction is a miserable failure. The boy's disposition to lose his temper has had a push. His tendency grows into character and character makes destiny.

Punish the boy, of course, but do not make both yourself and himself, miserable by nagging at him and scolding him.

Remember he will not be your boy very long. Soon he will be a bearded man. And you will hold out your arms in vain.

Unlimited Credit.

Seattle, Wash., May 24.—Frank J. Bentley, traveling manager of the Illinois Steel company, and a member of the delegation sent out by the steel corporation to investigate affairs in San Francisco, which is this city en route east, states that as a result of its investigations ninety per cent. of the steel consumers of San Francisco will be "extended on limited credit" in the rebuilding of that city.



ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP

Be sure to properly equip yourself before the season opens. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. has the best selection of hunting gear. Rifles, shotguns, pistols, traps, and more. Write for a free catalog. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., U.S.A.

GIBSON GIRL WEDDED.

MRS. NANNIE SHAW, SISTER-IN-LAW OF ARTIST, BRIDE OF WILFRED ASTOR.

One of the Five Virginia Beauties. A Daring Horse Woman and Fond of Exercise. Five Million Dollar English Estate a Wedding Present.

A "Gibson Girl" is the talk of all England, for she has married a young man of that country who is heir to an estate of more than \$400,000,000. The bride is none other than Mrs. Waldorf Astor, and a sister-in-law of Charles D. Astor, the celebrated American artist.

Mrs. Astor is one of five sisters, all natives of Virginia and belonging to a family numbered among the F.F.V's, standing high in the aristocracy of the South. She was a Miss Nannie Langhorne and later the wife of Bobby Shaw, from whom she was divorced. All of the Langhorne sisters are remarkable beauties, paying particular attention to every detail of face and figure. A Virginia lady who knew them in their girlhood days stated that their rules of living were something like this: "Breakfast early and exercise briskly for an hour or two. Have a luncheon and exercise again, this time riding. Luncheon again and then a long, vigorous tramp or a cross country ride to hounds, just for the pleasure of it, then a hearty supper, then a long walk in the southern twilight, and then bed."

SPLENDID WOMAN RIDER.

With a strong horse beneath her, and the pack in full cry, to see Nannie Langhorne riding to hounds was a sight for men and gods. In the days of her girlhood, at the Deep Run, in Virginia, she was Diana stirruped, and it is no stretching of facts when one avows that men came from far afield just to see her, with her pink cheeks aglow and her fair hair loosened to the breeze, pounce the sod in a madcap abandon for the brush. Nothing daunted this young Virginian in the way of ditch or fence, hill or hollow, and at 16 she was famed as the most intrepid and brilliant horsewoman in her native State.

Two things won for Mrs. Langhorne Shaw the heir of William Waldorf Astor: the beauty of her being, when on horseback, and her bubbling irrepressible Americanism. Young Astor, when he beheld her in her glory

mond, given by Mr. Astor to his daughter-in-law, which later on is to be reset and worn on her presentation at court. This historic gem belonged to Charles the Bold, the Duke of Burgundy, and fetched \$100,000 at the sale of the Demidoff collection in 1865. It was secured by Mr. Astor some years ago from a millionaire parson, Sir C. Jeejeebhay, for \$170,000. Mr. Astor also gave one of the finest tiaras in London, (which cost more than \$100,000), as well as the title deeds to Cliveden mansion and estates, with the many treasures he has added thereto, including a magnificent suite of old Chipperne furniture, and some wonderful French china, originally from Versailles, and once the property of Empress Eugenie. The value of this latter gift probably exceeds \$5,000,000.

It is understood that the young people plan to make their home at Cliveden. In 1893 Mr. Astor purchased



CLIVEDEN MANSION ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

the beautiful country house from the Duke of Westminster and paid \$1,250,000 for it. Cliveden is situated in the heart of the boating and picnicking region of the Upper Thames.

OFFENDED THE POPULACE.

After acquiring it, Astor had an opportunity to show himself more exclusive than the Duke of Westminster. That petulant and all previous owners of the estate had allowed the common

WARSHIPS NOT WANTED.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVAN'S SHIPS ORDERED TO LEAVE NEW YORK HARBOR.

United States Battleships and Cruisers Obstructions to Navigation—Thousands of Gallons of Oil Released by Fouled Anchor.

New York City in its hurry and rush of business did not seem to stop for patriotic reasons to enjoy the sight of a dozen United States warships anchored in her harbor. The American fleet riding majestically at anchor in the North River, attracting the attention of thousands of sight-seers, was requested to "move on." The sixteen battleships and armored cruisers with their great length and in command of no less a personage than

says Crawford was in good health and good spirits.

While Mr. Crawford was in Beirut American missionaries attempted to dissuade him from entering on the trip, and pointed out to him the great danger of the undertaking. He was firm in his resolve, however, and left on January 9th.

Before departing the skater left his itinerary with Dr. Williams, an American dentist, whose guest he was temporarily. Crawford's intention was to strike out over the hard road to Baghdad, which is about 400 miles from Beirut. Thence he intends going southeast 300 miles to Basorah, at the mouth of the Euphrates and near the Persian coast. He was undecided whether he would travel by land or sea over the 1,200 miles to Belochistan.

His plans included many excursions through Belochistan, a journey across the Gulf to India, and a year or more in that country. He purposes to accomplish all this on money he may earn along the way.

NEW RAIL AUTOMOBILES.

Each Machine Runs Independently by Its Own Motor.

The craze of autoists to build palace touring cars for pleasure trips has caused railroad corporations to dabble in the novelty of motor vehicle transportation. Some of the unique cars that patents have been applied for are certainly freak products.

A car that resembles a huge steel battering ram has been completed at the shops of the Union Pacific railroad, at Omaha, Neb. It is a big steel structure especially designed for climbing grades and run by its own gasoline motor, over standard gauge rails. On its trial trip it developed a speed of forty miles an hour, climbing, it is said, a grade of 25 per cent.

RACED THE STEAM CARS.

It was given its first long-distance trial on April 14th, when it left Omaha as the second section of train No. 1, known as the Overland Limited. The motor car gained on No. 1 to such extent that at Fremont, 46 miles from Omaha, the motor car was held on the block six minutes. Owing to a heavy wind and meeting trains from this time on, No. 1's schedule was not maintained; however, the total time of the motor car from Omaha to Grand Island, 153.6 miles, was 5 hours and 12 minutes, with delays amounting to 40 minutes on account of orders, meeting trains, etc. The actual running time for the 153.6 miles was 4 hours 32 minutes, or 34 miles per hour. There was no delay whatever on account of the motor car, and the machinery was in almost constant motion from Omaha to Grand Island. On the return trip April 15 the actual running time was 4 hours 10 minutes, or 36.3 miles per hour. From Elkhorn to South Omaha, a distance of 24.3 miles was covered in 36 minutes, or 40 miles per hour. A maximum speed of 53 miles per hour was attained on this trip.

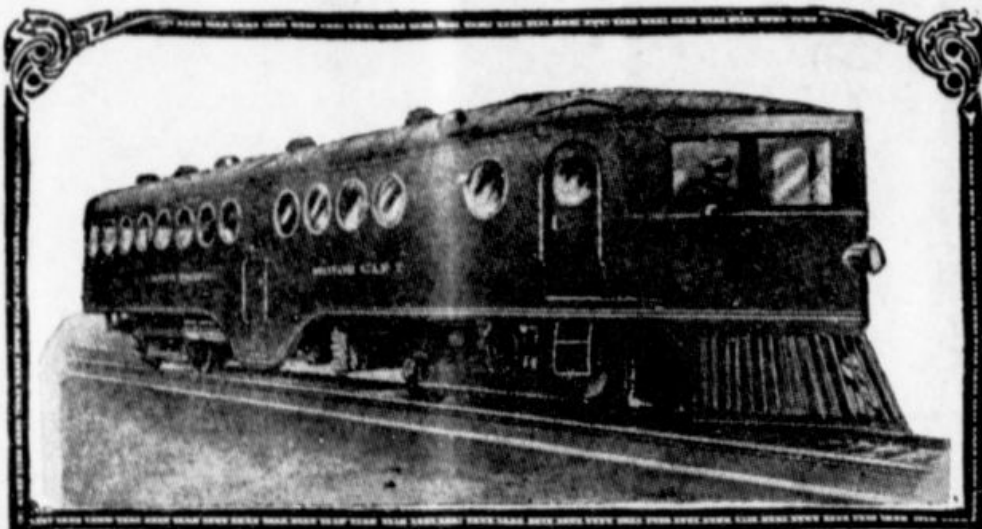
Railroad officials witnessing the machine's trial trip expressed much gratification. Some of the officials go even so far as to predict that the gasoline motor will ultimately revolutionize interurban railroad transportation.

SCHEME OF VENTILATION.

This machine has several new arrangements, the most conspicuous of which is the ventilation of the cars. The windows are round, similar to port holes on steamships, and are air, water and dust proof. The cars have entrance in the middle instead of at the end.

The new method of ventilation fairly well avoids the close and sometimes foul atmospheric conditions so often encountered in electric and other transportation cars, sufficiently so as to predict complete success in this direction. The vibration and noise of the engine were largely eliminated and mechanism of the car worked splendidly on this trial run.

The cars will accommodate sixty passengers each, with comfort. They have every modern convenience, and



AUTOMOBILE CAR OF UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO.

Standard oil went skimming down the Hudson into the ocean. There appears to be no way in which the oil company can collect for the petroleum thus wasted, as there is no official chart showing the location of the line in the river bed.

Traversing Russia on Roller Skates

A caravan which recently arrived at Beirut from Baghdad reported having passed near the city of Unah about 200 miles east from there, an American named Arthur Crawford, who left that port early last month with the intention of proceeding through Asia Minor and India on instruments which he called road skates. The leader of the caravan

President Believes in Exercise.

President Roosevelt once rather shocked a mothers' meeting by announcing that a boy wouldn't fight was not worth his salt. "He is either a coward or constitutionally weak. I have taught my boys to take their own part. I do not know which I should the more punish my boys for, cruelty or flinching. Both are abominable."

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

CREATION OF MOST WONDERFUL AND PUZZLING OF DETECTIVE CHARACTERS.

Sketch of Discouragements of Conan Doyle to Break into the Field of Literature—Manuscript, Regularly Returned.

The author of "The White Company," "Sir Nigel," "Study in Scarlet" and other Sherlock Holmes stories—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on Mar 22, 1859. He comes of an artistic family, and is the grandson of John Doyle, the famous political caricaturist, whose pictorial sketches appeared for more than thirty years under the initials of "H. B." without disclosure of the artist's



SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

identity. Many of these were so famous in their day that they were frequently purchased at large prices by the British Museum. John Doyle had four sons, who also became artists. His eldest son, Charles Doyle, was the father of the novelist, and another son was Richard Doyle, who came by his nickname of "Dicky" Doyle through his signature of a "D" which may yet be seen on the cover design of Punch.

Conan Doyle's education began in England, where already in his tenth year he exhibited a wonderful precocity for telling stories. But even at the early age of six the future novelist and creator of Sherlock Holmes was anticipated in a story of terrible adventure, written in a bold hand on foolscap paper, four words to the line, and accompanied with original pen-and-ink illustrations.

"There was a man and a tiger in it," he says of this infantile effort; "I forget which was the hero; but it didn't matter much, for they became

blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfaring man. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. 'It is very easy to get people into scrapes and very hard to get them out again,' was my sage comment on the difficulty; and I have often had cause to repeat this precocious aphorism of my childhood. Upon this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger."

At Stonyhurst, and also at Feldkirch, in Germany, Doyle's literary inclination was shown in the editorship of school magazines. In 1876 he returned to Edinburgh and took up the study of medicine at the university there, where he remained until he obtained his diploma, five years later.

In 1880 Dr. Doyle left the university to make a seven-months' trip to the Arctic seas as unqualified surgeon on board a whaler. There was very little demand for surgery aboard the Hope, and he has described his chief occupation during the voyage as being employed in keeping the captain in cut tobacco, working in the boats after fish, and teaching the crew to box. He utilized his experience later in his story, "The Captain of the Polestar."

Two years later, in 1882, after a four-months' voyage to the west coast of Africa, he settled down as a medical practitioner at Southsea, in England, where he remained until 1890. Those were arduous and trying years, in which he came to regard the calls of the profession he had adopted as interruptions in the real work of his life, and found that the writing of stories was a very slender prop upon which to lean for a livelihood. "Fifty little cylinders of manuscript," he says, "did I send out during eight years, which described a regular orbit among publishers, and usually came back, like paper boomerangs, to the place that they had started from." All this time he was writing anonymously, and during the ten years of his literary apprenticeship, he states that, in spite of unceasing and untiring literary effort, he never in any one year earned fifty pounds by his pen.

Then, in 1887, appeared in Beeton's Christmas Annual a story from his pen called "A Study in Scarlet." It is a significant point in the author's career, for in this story Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance. It was published later in a book form, and went forth as his first novel, and immediately began to attract attention. Under these favoring circumstances he undertook the writing of "Mical Clarke." It was completed after a year's reading and five months' writing, and represented the most ambitious and hopeful work the author had yet accomplished. But it came back to him from one publishing house after another, until he began to despair of its acceptance. "Remember," he says, "smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air, and wondering

Continued on second page, column two.

JUST PUBLISHED

A POPULAR EDITION OF

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BY CHARLES F. DOLE

Author of "The American Citizen," "The Religion of a Gentleman," "The Spirit of Democracy," etc.

THIS remarkably interesting and stimulating book has been everywhere welcomed as a most valuable contribution to the thought of the present day.

THERE IS IN IT THE INSPIRATION OF HIGH AND PATRIOTIC IDEALS

It sheds a new light, bright, clear and convincing, in its common-sense optimism, upon the conditions that confront the nation to-day. Everyone who reads it will go forward with a clearer vision of the future of our country and with renewed courage and faith in the cause of the people.

Theodore C. Williams, late Master of the Hackley School, New York, in a San Francisco paper, declares that "it gives the profoundest thought with a transparent simplicity and charm that make it universally readable. It speaks as a friend to a friend. It has the rare eloquence of perfect ease and clearness."

The London Spectator calls it "a healthy and virile essay."

The Bradford (England) Observer, speaking of its reality and reasonableness, says it is "a very revelation."

These are only a few from hundreds of eulogiums commending the book for its timeliness.

It should be read by all who feel the pressure of

THE TREMENDOUS SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF OUR TIME.

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MRS. WALDORF ASTOR.
One of the Five Original Gibson Girls

caught his breath just as Bobby Shaw, her divorced husband, had done several years ago in Old Virginia. And this was not strange. Waldorf Astor, always breathing in the compressed air of his father's house, timid, retiring and studious by nature, had not much opportunity for young girls' society, and almost never that of American girls. To him Mrs. Nannie Shaw was a revelation. For seven months he wooed her, and at the end of that time he was three-fourths American and four-fourths in love. Glowing, he followed her across the Atlantic.

It is only fair to young Astor to say that he has never been so aggressively British as his father, who spurns almost everything American, or his younger brother, John Jacob, who is an out-and-out Englishman.

EXCLUSIVE WEDDING SERVICE.
The wedding, which occurred at London in May, was a very quiet affair, only 17 invitations being sent out for the ceremony. The bride made the loveliest picture, standing, as it appeared, in a bed of lilies and roses near the altar. A work of art, indeed, was her wedding gown, for it was made of the most expensive silk obtainable, adorned with rare old lace. Among the many wedding presents, the most notable was the Sancy dia-

mond, given by Mr. Astor to his daughter-in-law, which later on is to be reset and worn on her presentation at court. This historic gem belonged to Charles the Bold, the Duke of Burgundy, and fetched \$100,000 at the sale of the Demidoff collection in 1865. It was secured by Mr. Astor some years ago from a millionaire parson, Sir C. Jeejeebhay, for \$170,000. Mr. Astor also gave one of the finest tiaras in London, (which cost more than \$100,000), as well as the title deeds to Cliveden mansion and estates, with the many treasures he has added thereto, including a magnificent suite of old Chipperne furniture, and some wonderful French china, originally from Versailles, and once the property of Empress Eugenie. The value of this latter gift probably exceeds \$5,000,000.

It is understood that the young people plan to make their home at Cliveden. In 1893 Mr. Astor purchased

the beautiful country house from the Duke of Westminster and paid \$1,250,000 for it. Cliveden is situated in the heart of the boating and picnicking region of the Upper Thames.

After acquiring it, Astor had an opportunity to show himself more exclusive than the Duke of Westminster. That petulant and all previous owners of the estate had allowed the common

people to picnic and to walk through that part of the property lying along the river. The American millionaire threw them out and threatened them with the utmost rigors of the law. Now that he has settled the estate on his son, the inhabitants of Cookham and Maidenhead on the Thames—surrounding hamlets—are delighted, for they believe that young Astor will at once give orders for the cancellation of the many strict orders against trespassing made by his father—orders which turned all the riverside folk into bitter enemies of the American millionaire.

Great walls surmounted with broken glass to protect the Astor vegetable garden spoil lovely views from the public road, and anybody daring to picnic in the Cliveden woods, as in the olden days, is at once threatened by a keeper with imprisonment.

It is believed that young Mr. Astor, who is very popular with rowing men, will abolish these feudal and distasteful regulations.

An Expert Opinion.

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?" "It will," replied Oalde Soague; "it will dissolve gold, brick houses, and horses, and happiness, and love, and everything else worth having."

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TELL-TALE THUMB-PRINTS.

FINGER MARKS OF CRIMINALS
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DETECTION.

Individual Finger Marks Permanent
Through Life—Adoption of System
for Identification of U. S. Soldiers
and Sailors.

A few weeks ago Inspector McLaughlin of the New York City Detective Bureau received remarkable evidence of the value of thumb-print identification. A letter was brought to him through the mails from London containing the picture and record of a noted criminal whose thumb-print, with his name and description, was sent to London to test the efficiency of this new method of recording distinguishing marks of criminals. By means of the thumb-print alone the English police identified the criminal captured by the New York police, whose record in England includes eight imprisonments on charges of larceny. The prisoner was caught by Inspector McLaughlin in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in April. There were no charges against him in this country at the time, but the Inspector decided that his captive was an English "crook." It was found that two patrons of the hotel had been robbed and the prisoner was detained for a thorough investigation of his case. Meanwhile the Inspector sent the thumb-print to London and the reply brought a photograph of the "crook" and a duplicate photograph of his thumb-print and his record.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

For some time the criminal bureau of prominent cities have been using the Bertillon measurement system which also includes making two photographs of the suspicious character, but the French system and photography have fallen short in many cases, as a scheming criminal can adopt various subterfuges to cheat the law, but there is no way of changing the character of his thumb-print, for there are no two people whose thumbs are exactly alike, and each person has his own individual thumb-print whose character remains the same from the day of birth to the end.

OLD AS THE HILLS.

There is nothing really new in this mode of identification, as from time immemorial the Chinese have known



MAGNIFIED THUMB MARK SHOWING DISTINGUISHED LINES.

the fact that every man carries on his finger-tips the proofs of his identity, and passports in the Celestial land have consisted of a government-stamped piece of oil paper on which the traveler has to record his digital marks before setting foot on his journey. So in India, where deeds transferring land have for centuries past been signed among the illiterate peasantry by a thumb-mark. Within recent years the government of India has extended this native custom to postoffice savings bank books, military and civil pension certificates, emigrants' contracts, mortgages on growing crops, and other transactions where false personation has to be guarded against or an authenticated acknowledgment of money received has to be made. Naturally, also, the system was promptly adopted for the identification of criminals, and it was an Indian police officer, E. R. Henry, Inspector-general of police in Bengal, who carried to England his experiences in the work, and when appointed



THERE ARE NO TWO THUMB PRINTS ALIKE.

chief commissioner of police in London, introduced the method into New Scotland Yard.

FINGER PRINTS NEVER CHANGE.

Finger-marks continue permanent through life. Injuries may partially destroy them, but as the injury heals the original lines reassert themselves as before. In growing youth the ball of the finger enlarges; so does the pattern, but its distinctive tracings are absolutely unchanged. Whereas the Bertillon method is applicable only to adults, when bone measurements have become fixed. Yet youthful criminals, for their own sake, as well as for society's are worth watching at every

stage of their career, and the finger-print system is the only means of identification yet devised that makes this practicable. Not only is it virtually impossible that any man's ten finger-prints, one after the other, should resemble in more general mathematical form each of those of another man, the chance against any such coincidence being calculated by Professor Francis Galton, the eminent anthropologist and mathematician, as one hundred and sixty-four million against one, but it is equally impossible that any two finger-prints should be identical in every detail.

Recently the United States government has also adopted the thumb-print system for identification of the sailors and soldiers in service, as this might become useful not only in cases of desertion, but also to more readily identify the bones of those who have fallen on the field of battle.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

what I should do if some sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of fifty shillings or so for the lot?" When the book at last fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then acting for Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company, the success of *Micah Clarke* was assured, and its author's literary career placed on a firmer footing. The "Sign of the Four" followed in 1889, in which story Sherlock Holmes, who had made his bow to the public in "A Study in Scarlet," reappeared and increased Dr. Doyle's rising reputation. His hero, however, was in the historical novel, and in 1890 he followed up the success of *Micah* with "The White Company," in the preparation of which he read one hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the fourteenth century in England. His delight in the work is expressed in his own words: "To write such books," he once said, speaking of *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company*, "one must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work and reconstruct it. Then is his a splendid joy."

STUDY IN SCARLET FOR \$125.00.

However, Dr. Doyle may prefer to write historical romances, and whatever his personal estimate of his great detective may be, the fact remains that in *Sherlock Holmes* he has created a character whose exploits are as familiar as household words, and who has entered into the very fibre of Anglo-Saxon life and literature. It is actually said that at times Dr. Doyle has expressed a wish that Dr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes. It is on record that he thought so little of "A Study in Scarlet," the story in which Sherlock Holmes first appeared, that he sold it outright for \$125. The value of *Sherlock Holmes* has gone up since those days, however.

Dr. Doyle acknowledges some indebtedness to Dupin, the detective in Poe's short stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." This is the more interesting for the reason that in "A Study in Scarlet," *Sherlock Holmes* is made to speak rather contemptuously of Dupin's skill and acumen. To quote Dr. Doyle again: "In work which consists in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two qualls, a which one can use, and an author is forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must really resemble every other detective to a greater or less extent. There is no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must be of necessity an alertness of mind to grasp the and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

CONSTRUCTION OF SHERLOCK.

Dr. Doyle went to work, therefore, to build up a scientific system in which everything might be logically reasoned out. Where *Sherlock Holmes* differed from his predecessors was that he had an immense fund of exact knowledge upon which to draw, in consequence of his previous scientific education. He was practical, he was systematic, he was logical, and his success in the detection of crime was to the result, not of chance or luck, but of his characteristic qualities. "With this idea," says Dr. Doyle, "I wrote a book on the lines I have indicated, and produced 'A Study in Scarlet.' That was the first appearance of *Sherlock*; but he did not attract much attention, and no one recognized him as being anything in particular. About three years later, however, I was asked to do a small shilling book for Lippincott's Magazine, which publishes, as you know, a complete story in each number. I didn't know what to write about, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why not try to rig up the same chap again?' I did it, and the result was 'The Sign of the Four.' Although the criticisms were favorable, I don't think that even then *Sherlock* attracted much attention to his individuality." But this shows Mr. Doyle's modesty.

GET INTO GOOD COMPANY.

We are preparing for publication in this Magazine Section a treat for our readers, and will very shortly present to you that most interesting novel of Sir A. Conan Doyle's, "THE WHITE COMPANY," full of excitement and adventure, with a pretty love story running through it, which ends "just right" and leaves everybody feeling good. JOIN US NOW AND GET READY FOR THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

In spite of all the talk and rumour in the House of Representatives over an attempt to eliminate the free seed farce, with its attendant enormous expenditure, when it came to a vote and may vote of the members a big majority stood in favor of the appropriation. Each creates a diversion by inveighing against the proposition, and then enthusiastically votes it into the agricultural bill.

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Crocuses In March.

BY EDITH DOANE.

"Annel! Whatever in the world—" The speaker, her fur coat white with snow, stood transfixed in the doorway. "Crocuses!" she gasped. "Crocuses—in March?" The snow outside was an inch deep and more to follow! Crocuses—

Words falling her, she stepped inside the heavy curtains and regarded the scene before her with astonished eyes. It was a pretty room and long, with a blazing fire of pine logs at one end; a room that bespoke warmth and home and comfort. Just the newcomer saw none of these. It was the mahogany table in the center at which she gazed appotically, where masses of yellow crocuses gleamed in reckless profusion. They raised tremendous golden heads from a big brass bowl; they nodded from long, slender vases; they flamed over the edges of a pewter jug in riotous confusion.

The girl standing beside the table poked the last slender green stalk into place, and, stepping back, regarded her work with triumph. She turned a flushed face toward the doorway. "The only trouble," she said, impressively, "will be to make him believe they grew."

"Grew?" "Grew, naturally, with a vague wave of her hand in the direction of the window and the softly whirling flakes outside. "He won't believe it?" "No, he won't believe it?" "But he will believe it if he sees it!" "So daddy, and they kept on until the moment of wild enthusiasm Daddy insisted that his crocus came up in March. Once—" apologetically—"we did have a crocus the last day of March."

"But who—" began Dora again. "Daddy saw he doubted it, but he didn't care, for by that time he had begun to believe it himself, so when he said he was coming to New York in March he invited him out, instead, set the date and all. This is the date, and," Anne dimpled, "here are the crocuses."

"Anne," insisted her chum, firmly, "will you please stop saying 'he' and 'him' and tell me who and what you are talking about?" "John Rexall," essayed Anne. "The man daddy met in camp and liked so much that he chummed with him, even though he shot more than daddy did himself. He has money and good looks and—"

"Crocuses," suggested Dora. "Anne," dimpled again, "if only I could make him really grow!" "It was really growing," said Anne, "and 'him' and tell me who and what you are talking about?" "John Rexall," essayed Anne. "The man daddy met in camp and liked so much that he chummed with him, even though he shot more than daddy did himself. He has money and good looks and—"

"You remember Milligan, the flagman?" Dr. Nelson said at last, again glancing at his watch. Anne nodded. "He has been seriously hurt—is dying. I must go at once. I shall be late."

"There is always somebody—" began Anne. "Exactly!" Dr. Nelson thrust his watch back into his pocket and smiled at her disappointed face. "Explain it to John Rexall, and send good care of him. With him to look after you I shall not worry as to your safety." And with a quick goodbye he was gone.

The sound of his departing horse's hoofs had hardly died away when Johnson appeared with a telegram. "For de doctah, Miss Anne," he announced. Anne took the envelope from the outstretched tray and opened it. "Whom is it from?" queried Dora. Anne twisted the missive into a little yellow ball and threw it defiantly among the crocuses. "It is from Mr. John Rexall," she answered, with as much indignation as if that young man had just been convicted of some heinous crime, "and it says that great and august personage is delayed by the storm and will not be here to-night."

"And you will be left alone—" "There are the servants. I do not mind," returned Anne.

man, evidently—and extremely good to look at. Just now amusement struggled with admiration in the clear-cut features, as he stepped forward and again held out his hand. "Please forgive me," he began, quite as contritely as if he really were to blame. "I did not know—it was so insufferably stupid of me to interrupt you." "You are altogether charming," said his eyes.

Anne's face softened. "I am sure Dr. Nelson will intercede for me," he went on, pursuing his advantage. Anne smiled. "Dr. Nelson is not at home. I am his daughter," she said simply. "Then we are already old friends," declared the man eagerly. "In camp last September your father—but first allow me to present myself. I am—"

"Mistah Rexall," announced Johnson, at the library door, bowing pompously as he held aside the hangings to admit a slender, dark-eyed man, who advanced step in the room and then stood uncertainly in the dim light. The surprise on Anne's face was equalled by that of the man beside her. He turned with a quick start, glanced sharply at the newcomer, then stood motionless in the shadow.

"With a most unreasonable sense of disappointment Anne advanced to welcome the new arrival. "Father will be delighted. He has counted so on your coming—we were quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after all." She forced herself to the usual conventionalities.

So this was John Rexall, this man whom she instinctively dreaded—perhaps it was the flickering freight that gave that shifting gleam to his eyes. She touched a bell. "A light, please," she commanded, half nervously. "Mr. Rexall, allow me to present—" Her words trailed off into amazed silence. The room behind her was empty. A door closing softly at the further end where the erstwhile admirer had gone.

One o'clock chimed the tiny time-piece on the mantel. Outside the sound was repeated somewhere in the distance to graver, deeper tones. Anne shivered. Two hours had passed since the household had settled into silence, but so far no sleep had come to her eyes. She had not even undressed, but still sat upon the hearth rug in front of the fire in her cozy bedroom, staring into the glowing coals.

It was dreary waiting, but some vague fear had kept her awake, hoping nervously for her father's return, listening anxiously for the first sound of his horse's hoofbeats on the gravel outside. Indeed, if he had come soon she had the horrible conviction that she would scream. In vain she tried to reason it away, sitting, her face in her hands, her eyes on the clear glowing coals. What matter if she instinctively distrusted the man her father had found companionable? Was that such an extraordinary thing? What if the man she had found congenial—for you know you did like him," she said to herself, "even if you did—"

Here her cheeks supported by the slim hands grew unaccountably hot. What if this man had chosen to take his departure suddenly? Was that so strange? He had come to see her father, and she herself told him that her father was not at home. But reason as she might, the vague misgiving remained.

At the sound of the clock she shivered slightly, and getting up from her lowly position, she drew back the curtains of her window. The storm had ceased, and the snow lay lightly on branch and wall; the night was brilliant with moonlight, clear as day, full of hallowed softness.

She stood for a while, spellbound by the glory of the scene before her, then turned again toward the fire. The crocuses she had worn that evening in her belt, now lying wilted on her dressing table, caught her eye. "I forgot to take the flowers—if the flames down the library will be too cold for them, I will attend them now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her room and walked swiftly along the hall, her soft slippers making no sound on the floor, as not at home. As she reached the staircase a little sensation of fear ran through her: she hastened her footsteps and ran hurriedly along the lower hall, which was almost as light as day. It was the eerie time of night. Not until she was close to the library did she notice a tiny gleam of light creeping from beneath the door.

her entrance—a bull's-eye lantern throwing its powerful rays on the floor beside him—kneel the late arrival—her father's friend—before her father's safe.

Facing her, beside a window, from whose curtained recesses he had evidently just stepped, covering the other with the point of a gleaming pistol-barrel, stood her nameless cavalier of the early evening. His eyes, bright and steady, were immovably fastened on the man before him.

"Hands up!" he said. An inarticulate sound came from the other man's throat; his face grew livid. He flung up his hands, palm outward. "Who the devil are you?" he cried, beneath his teeth. His eyes were fixed with deadly hatred upon his foe.

For a moment no sound but that of the falling embers of the dying fire disturbed the stillness that reigned within the library. Anne stood motionless, her heart thumping wildly, wondering what the next move would be. Then, suddenly, the silence was broken by the distant sound of horses' hoofs coming nearer. A noise of wheels on the gravel outside, a quick-spoken order to the driver, and suddenly one came along the porch, through the hall and into the room. Anne gave a quick little cry of relief and joy. "Daddy!" she cried.

He stopped in amazement, looking from the man to Anne, and then from Anne back to the man. The nameless one did not relax his vigil. He was rather pale, but perfectly self-possessed, and kept his eyes on the man before him, but at Anne's glad cry of "Daddy" a slight smile crossed his face.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, across the grim quiet of that awful silence came an unmistakable chuckle, and the doctor's voice: "Nothing surprising, Rexall, I warned you things were pretty lively here—in March."

The day, begun so strenuously, was fast drawing to an end. The shadows closed softly in on the white world outside; inside the bright light of the great pine fire streamed cheerily over the room.

Anne tucked herself comfortably in one corner of the huge Davenport, "If this thing keeps up much longer," she announced, dramatically, "I shall lose my voice."

"As bad as that?" laughed John Rexall. "Every bit. This last harrowing recital to Tom makes the third since luncheon."

"I can understand," she went on, reflectively, "that that man might have got tired of your telegram in some way, either at the station or on the road, and so discovered that you were expected and delayed, and in that way conceived the idea of impersonating you. That part is clear enough. But what I cannot understand is how he knew we did not know you by sight."

"His face was familiar. I have seen him somewhere before. Probably he was hanging around the camp last fall, and judged I would know only the doctor. He had to take some risks—probably conceived the whole idea at once when he saw the doctor leave. Sort of 'spontaneous inspiration,' as it were."

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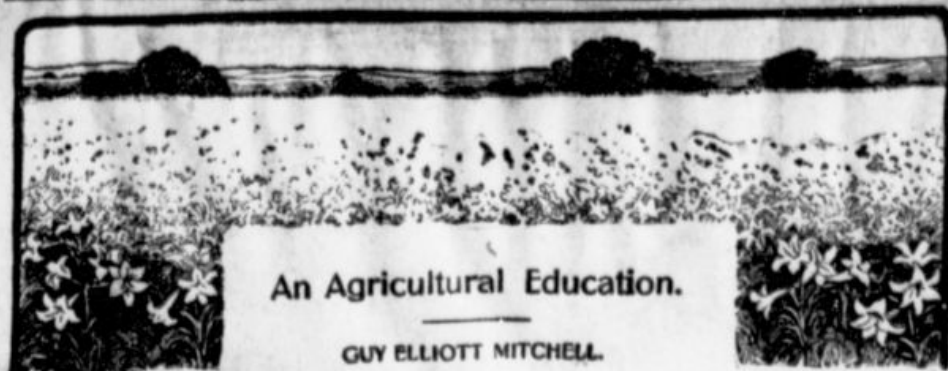
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An Agricultural Education.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

The following interesting account of the life work of Edgar J. Hollister is sketched by Mrs. Grannis, who has had the opportunity of personally observing some of the results of his wonderful activity. Except for Dean Hollister's retiring modesty regarding his own performance, Mrs. Grannis says that it would be possible to present many more stimulating incidents of difficulties overcome. All in all, his life work is doing much not only for American agriculture, per se; but for the advancement of the idea that brainwork-farming pays, and that there is as promising a field in this line of endeavor as in any of the mercantile or industrial occupations.

Through Toil to Triumph.

By Anna C. Grannis.

It is a far cry from a Canadian farmer boy in the sixties to the Dean of Agriculture to-day in a rising institution in the West, yet, by the application of science to practical farming, such a change has been wrought by Edgar J. Hollister, a soil expert of wide reputation.

No agricultural college opened its friendly doors to this young pioneer, who was the Canadian government so deeply interested at that time as now, in its farming population. Books on the subject were few and fell woefully short of the mark, yet he knew neither discouragement nor dismay.

A call from western Ontario, his birth place, came in 1873 and in response, some time was spent in setting out such orchards, the work losing its attractiveness because of the long hours which accompanied it. Moreover, at this point a company was organized to reclaim some twenty-five thousand acres of land by the drainage of an inland lake. The young man assisted in some of the surveys and was in touch with the chief engineer of the work. His enthusiasm was aroused by the anticipation of the results which would come from the addition of such a large acreage, which hitherto worthless, was now, by reducing it to cultivation, to be made productive.

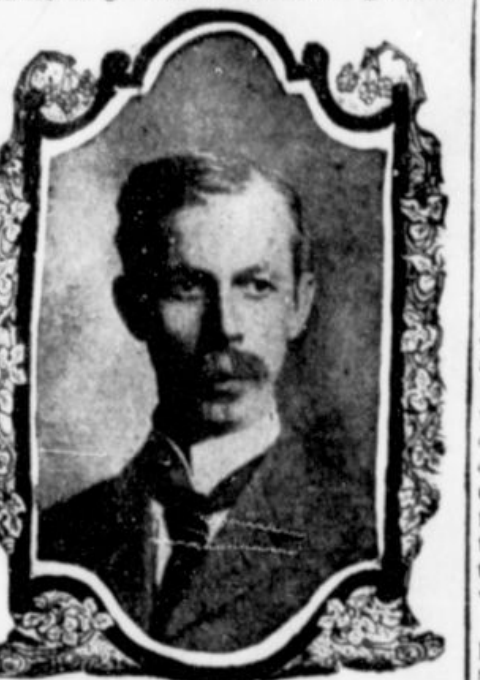
After some further years of study and preparation Mr. Hollister became interested in the organization of a company for the development of a large tract of swamp. The land was cleared of brush and reclaimed to cultivation, buildings erected, machinery installed and a system of farming, very nearly perfect, was established. Fields of six acres were made to produce an income of \$3,000.00 each, while other four acres produced \$1,800.00. The latter \$1,200.00 was net; while thirty-five acres was made to yield \$14,000.00 gross at an expense of \$8,000.00. Of course, these were special crops such as celery, onions and other vegetables.

SLOW PROCESS OF NATURE.
In some instances five years is the period allowed for the reclamation of land by the slow process of nature after the drainage has been obtained. Even then these lands may fail to produce paying crops, because of their deficiency in essential elements such as lime, potash, phosphoric acid and magnesia. These are some of the forces which go to make stability in plants. It is true that such lands contain a large percentage of nitrogen, accumulated from the decomposition of vegetable matter annually produced in low places. However, this nitrogen, which would produce growth were it available, is in an unknown quantity and available only when sufficient moisture is present, yet does not produce the same results upon crops as nitrogen derived from other sources, such as bone, dried blood or barnyard manure.

To make these lands productive immediately after drainage, it is necessary to correct their acid condition by the use of lime and by disintegration of the soil particles, thereby increasing their powers to retain water and absorb oxygen. These forces together, will act on potash and the three absolute essentials to plant growth are ni-

Hollister proceeded upon the theory that, climatic conditions being equal, certain crops are adapted to certain soils, and that planting those which will bring the greatest revenue will enhance the value of the land, inspire the people with enthusiasm and encourage development in all lines of trade. For example, Kalamazoo, Michigan, was once surrounded by bog and flats worth scarcely \$1000 an acre. After the incoming of the Hollisters, who began raising celery on these supposedly worthless lands, \$800,000.00 was brought annually to the town by the sale of this vegetable. In ten years' time the land increased in value to \$900,000 an acre.

In 1896, a trip was made to Colorado where the people were farming under irrigation, and here the growers



DEAN E. J. HOLLISTER.

were taught the economical use of water and the method of creating a favorable environment for plants. A visit was made to Maryland, where experiments with soil and plant life added still further to the experimenter's fund of knowledge, but in 1901, the most difficult and seemingly impossible work was to come, i.e., the reclaiming of tidal lands on the north shore of Long Island Sound. The Department of Agriculture already had had a man in the field, who had reported the feasibility of reclamation but by slow processes, and that investigation revealed too many failures.

In spite of this, Mr. Hollister had sufficient knowledge, gained experimentally, to suggest success, added to which was the further information gained during a four years' residence in Washington, D. C., for the express purpose of consultation and co-operation with the experts of the Department of Agriculture. An experiment was first made on a small tract on the south side of Long Island, where the salt bog had simply been taken up and thrown inside of a dike, constructed of lumber sufficiently strong to withstand the tide. This bog was made smooth and even, and chemically treated in the month of August. By the 1st of October the surface was covered with a beautiful growth of tame grass six inches high. This might certainly be termed, "A Quick Process Route." Work on a sixty-acre tract on the north side was begun in June and completed in December of the same year. On this land, covered the previous autumn with salt water, nine hundred bushels of turnips were produced on two acres during the first season. Rye, oats, celery and vegetables thrived on the same tract. The following year twenty acres were seeded to meadow land in April. By August it was covered by a beautiful turf, strong enough to hold up cattle pastured thereon. The remaining portion of the sixty acres produced luxuriant crops of vegetables and corn. A year later the meadow yielded four tons of hay to the acre and was considered a great demon-

stration of the productiveness of these lands under applied science.

MAKING SEA LAND PRODUCE.
Another equally successful experiment was conducted by this "Wizard of the Soil" on this same tract, viz., the transforming of a five-acre tract of sea sand to a loamy condition. The soil was first treated with chemical fertilizers and in the fall rye was sown, which covered the ground in winter and made a full growth the following spring. This crop was plowed under in June and followed by

a crop of corn sown broadcast. The corn was plowed down in the fall and the sand lot planted in rye. It will be seen that in this process nature was being assisted by moisture and sunlight to change sand into rye and corn stalks. Then the sand, by the natural process of decomposition of these grains, brought about a complete change in the physical condition of the soil.

The work of this interesting man attracted the attention of many people pursuing scientific agriculture, among whom was H. J. Heinz, the pickle manufacturer—57 kinds—who is interested not only in the culture of the vegetable kingdom but in the "retal" growth of boys, and through his activity Mr. Hollister was elected Dean of Agriculture at the Agricultural Institute of Winona Lake, Indiana. Here he was seen last summer, handling his crops of embryo farmers who seemed imbued with his enthusiasm and whose first harvest received enormous sums from five thousand visiting farmers, who unanimously adopted resolutions endorsing the work.

EDUCATING FOR SMALL FARMS.
A plan is now taking tangible form, which will lead to the establishment of small farms comprising five to twenty acres each. On these farms young men will be taught combined scientific and practical agriculture. They will also demonstrate the possibility of getting an income and genuine happiness from their investments which may well be envied by the salaried man or the man of moderate capital in the city. It is believed too, that this work will have a wholesome effect upon the farmers throughout the country. An increase of even \$100.00 in the revenue of each farmer when multiplied by five million, would establish the prosperity of the American Nation, the bulwarks of which are its farming population.

Mr. Hollister is also directing a work of reclamation of a large tract of salt meadow on the Connecticut coast which, when reclaimed, will be used for the purpose of intensive farming, thereby firmly establishing the fact that such lands may be used to furnish employment and bring wealth and happiness to the people.

Thus each day reveals some new progress, and farming, that once seemed a hopeless, hapless drudgery, is being shown a golden highway to an ever increasing success.

Value of Alfalfa to Farm Animals.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture has recently published a study by I. D. Graham of the use of alfalfa for the growing and fattening of animals in the Great Plains region. The results attained by experiments, while of inestimable value to live stock growers in the region mentioned, may well be



STUDENTS CLEANING OUT A DRAIN AT WINONA.

considered by stockmen in other sections. Some of the questions considered in the experiments were the composition and digestibility of alfalfa, the calculated cost of nutrients supplied by alfalfa and other feeding stuffs, the value of alfalfa hay cut at different periods of growth, alfalfa as a pasture, soil, and hay crop, alfalfa meal, and the value of alfalfa, fresh and cured, for different kinds of farm animals and for poultry. The importance of this crop as a honey-producing plant was also considered.

Finely ground, kiln-dried alfalfa hay, called alfalfa meal, has given satisfactory results as feeding stuff. The commercial article is made from selected alfalfa and mixed with sugar-beet molasses in the proportion of 75 per cent. alfalfa and 25 per cent. molasses.

Horses and mules, it is stated, thrive on alfalfa pasture, and while alfalfa is too rich a food for mature horses unless used in combination with some other roughness, it is an excellent feed for young ones, as it seems to contain just the elements necessary to develop bone, muscle, and consequent size. Caution should be used, however, in feeding alfalfa to horses, particularly if they have not been accustomed to it. Like other concentrated feeds, it seems to stimulate all the physical processes to such an extent that various disorders of the digestive system may appear. This is particularly noticeable in the urinary and perspiratory glands.

When alfalfa is fed to horses in considerable quantity the grain ration must be proportionately reduced and an abundance of other roughness furnished. When horses have attained a mature age and it is desirable to change from hay to alfalfa, this change must be very gradual, and the alfalfa selected for this purpose should be more advanced in growth at the time of cutting than that which is to be fed to cattle or sheep. As a general statement, very ripe alfalfa hay is the best to use for working and driving horses, while that prepared in the usual way, that is, cut when the field is about one-tenth in bloom—is better for the colts. In any event, horses that are fed alfalfa hay must be given abundant exercise.

For dairy and beef cattle and for sheep, alfalfa has given very good results. As regards the use of alfalfa

hay for pigs, it is considered better to cut it early, so that a larger proportion of leaves may be saved and consequently a larger proportion of protein conserved. While late cutting, after the leaves have fallen somewhat and the stem hardened, is better for horses; for pigs, especially growing pigs, the crop should be so harvested as to save the largest number of leaves. Experience teaches also that the third or fourth crop is better for pigs because it is softer and more palatable. It is always wise to provide some sort of a trough or rack with a floor in it for feeding alfalfa to hogs. Alfalfa in its green state, or when used as hay or ensilage, is a first-class poultry food. Poultry will pasture on it during the summer and thrive. It is best for poultry to use the last cutting of alfalfa, as it is softer in texture, has a larger proportion of leaves, less woody matter, and is more succulent than any other cutting. While poultry of all classes will eat alfalfa hay, or at least the leaves from it, and thrive, it is undoubtedly a better practice to chop or grind it and mix it with a grain ration. A good practice is to steep the alfalfa hay in hot water and let it stand for several hours before feeding.

The Irish Potato.

A rich, sandy loam is best suited to the production of Irish potatoes, and the fertilizers employed should contain high percentage of potash. The main crop of Irish potatoes for family use should be grown elsewhere, but a small area of early ones properly belongs in the garden. The preparation of the soil should be the same as for general garden crops.

In a recent bulletin on farm vegetables, the department of Agriculture recommends that for late potatoes, the rows should be 2 1/2 to 3 feet apart, and the hills 14 to 18 inches apart in the rows. Lay off the rows with a one-horse plow or lister, and drop the seed, one or two pieces in a place, in the bottom of the furrow. Cover the seed to a depth of about 4 inches, using a hoe or a one-horse plow for the purpose. One to three weeks will be required for the potatoes to come up, depending entirely upon the temperature of the soil. The ground may even freeze slightly after the planting has been done, but so long as the frost does not reach the seed potatoes no harm will result, and growth will begin as soon as the soil becomes sufficiently warm.

As soon as the plants appear above the ground and the rows can be followed, the surface soil should be well stirred by means of one of the barrow-toothed cultivators. Good cultivation should be maintained throughout the growing season, with occasional hand hoeing, if necessary, to keep the ground free from weeds. Much depends upon cultivation. Toward the last the soil may be worked up around the plants to hold them erect and pro-

duce the tubers from the sun after the vines begin to die. When the tubers are fully ripe the vines will be quite dead, but digging should not be delayed too long, as the potatoes will make a second growth in case wet weather should set in, and weeds will start seriously interfering with harvesting the crop. On a small scale, dig with a spading fork, and on a large scale, use either one of the special digging machines or a turning plow, which latter will cover up a good many potatoes. A late crop may be planted during May or early in June in the North, and harvested late in autumn, when the frost has killed the vines.

After digging the potatoes, they should never be allowed to lie exposed to the sun, or to any light while in storage, as they soon become green and unfit for table use. Early potatoes especially should not be stored in a damp place during the heated part of the summer, keeping best if covered over in a cool, shady shed until the autumn weather sets in, after which they can be placed in a dry cellar or buried in the open ground. The ideal temperature for keeping Irish potatoes would be between 35° and 40° F., but they will not withstand any freezing.

A thousand bushels of potatoes have been raised on one acre. How many farmers, who chance to read this, have raised 200 bushels on an equal plot? And there are some who can not grow 100 bushels on their acre.

Mary was Diseased.

Mary had a swarm of bees, And they, to save their lives, Must go wherever Mary went— 'Cause Mary had the "hives."

There were about one million deaths in India from plague last year.

A set of Scottish bag-pipes costs from \$25 to \$250.

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