Illustrations by DOM. J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Snowbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Berny exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

When he turned into Van Ness avenue the Ryan house was one block beyond him, a conglomerate white mass, like a crumbling wedding cake slowly settling on a green lawn. He surveyed it as he approached, noting its ugliness with a musing satisfaction. Its size and the bright summery perfection of surrounding grass and flower beds lent it impressiveness and redeemed it from the position of a colossal blight on the prospect to which architect and builder had done their best to relegate it. Prosperity, a complacent, overwhelming prosperity, was suggested not only by its bulk but by the state of studied finish and neatness that marked mansion and grounds. There did not seem to be a wilting flower bed or withered leaf left on a single stalk in the garden borders. Every window-pane gleamed like a mirror innocent of dust or blemishing spot. The marble steps up which Cannon mounted were as snowily unsullied as though no foot had passed over them since their last ablution.

The door was opened by a Chinaman, who, taking the visitor's card, left him standing in the hall, and, deaf to his queries as to where he should go, serenely mounted the stairs. Cannon hesitated a moment, then hearing a sound of voices to his right, entered the anteroom that gave on that suite of apartments into which Dominick had walked on the night of the ball. They were softly lit by the afternoon sun filtering through thin draperies, and extended in pale, gilt-touched vista to the shining emptiness of the ballroom. The old man was advancing toward the voices when he suddenly saw whence they proceeded, and stopped. In the room just beyond him Cornelia Ryan and a young man were sitting on a small, empire sofa, their figures thrown out in high relief against the background of silk-covered wall. Cornelia's red head was in close proximity to that of her companion, which the intruder saw to be clothed with a thatch of sleek black hair, and which he recognized as appertaining to a young man whose father had once been shift boss on the Rey del Monte, and who bore the patronymic of Duffy.

Cornelia and Jack Duffy had the appearance of being completely engrossed in each other's society. In his moment of unobserved survey, Cannon had time to note the young woman's air of bashful, pleased embarrassment and the gentleman's expression of that tense, unsmiling earnestness which attends the delivery of sentimental passages. Cornelia was looking down, and her flaming hair and the rosy tones of her face, shading from the faintest of pearly pinks to deepening degrees of coral, were luminously vivid against the flat surface of cream-colored wall behind her, and beside the black poll and thin, dark cheek of her companion. That something very tender was afoot was quickly seen by the visitor, who softly withdrew, stepping gingerly over the fur rugs, and gaining the entrance to the hall with a sensation of flurried alarm.

An open door just opposite offered a refuge, and, passing through it with a forward questing glance alert for other occasions who might resent intrusion, the old man entered a small reception room. In the glow of a hard coal fire the room was different in furniture and style from those he had left. It had the austere bleakness of aspect resultant from a combination of bare white walls and large pieces of furniture of a black wood upon which gilt lines were traced in ornamental squares. An old-fashioned carpet was on the floor, and several tufted armchairs, begirt with dangling fringes, were drawn up sociably before the fire. This burned cheerily, a red focus of heat barred by the stripes of a grate, and surmounted by a chastely severe white marble mantelpiece. He had been in the room often before and knew it for Mrs. Ryan's own particular sanctum. When a celebrated decorator had been sent out from New York to furnish the lower floor of the house, she had insisted on retaining in this apartment pieces of furniture and the works of art which she approved, and which the decorator wished to banish to the garret. Mrs. Ryan had her way as she always did, and the first fine "score" of furniture which she and Con had bought in the days of their early affluence, and various oil paintings also collected in the same era of their evolution, went to the decking of the room she used for her own and oftenest sat in.

Cannon approached the fire, and stood there looking up at the life-size portrait in oils of the late Cornelius Ryan, which hung over the chimneypiece. The artist had portrayed him as a thickly-whiskered man with the complexion of a healthy infant and eyes of baby blue. A watch chain, given him by his colleagues in the old days at Shasta, and formed of squares of quartz set in native gold, was painted with a finished carefulness which had pleased Mrs. Ryan even more than the likeness had done. In showing the picture, she was wont to say proudly: "Just look at the watch chain! Seems as if you could almost hear the ticking of the watch."

Cannon was speculating as to the merits of the likeness when he heard the silken rustling of skirts, and turned to greet his old friend. She came in smiling, with extended hand, richly clad, the gleam of a fastening jewel at her neck. Her hair was dressed with a shining, smooth elaboration, drawn up tightly at the sides and arranged over her forehead in careful curls. As she and her visitor exchanged the first sentences of greeting he noticed that she looked much older and more worn than she had done the last time he had seen her, but her face was as full of pugnacious force as ever. While Delia Ryan's body lived her spirit would hold its dominion. She had ruled all her life and would do so to the end.

They sat down on either side of the fire and the old man said:

"I don't know whether I ought to be in here. The Chinaman left me to my fate, and I had to nose about myself and find out where I belonged."

"Oh, that's Lee," she answered with a short laugh. "He waits on the door every other Sunday. We've had him ten years and no one's ever been able to make him show people into the parlor. He thinks it better to leave them standing in the hall till one of us sees the card. Then he'll go down and tell them as sociably as you please 'to go right in and sit down.' I asked him why he didn't do it at first, and he said 'They might steal something.'"

Cannon looked into the fire with an amused eye.

"I guess he thought I was after the spoons. It's a dangerous habit, for I took the first turning to the right and butted into Cornelia and a young man who gave me to understand I'd come the wrong way around."

"What did they say?" said the mother, her face stiffening with sudden disapproving surprise.

"They didn't say anything. That was just it. They didn't even see me. But they certainly led me to believe that I'd got somewhere where I wasn't wanted. I may not be smart, but a hint doesn't have to be much harder than the kick of a mule for me to see it."

Mrs. Ryan looked at him consideringly.

"Yes," she said, nodding, "it's a case, I guess."

"It ought to be satisfactory," he answered. "Pat Duffy, the father of those boys, was one of the finest fellers I ever knew. He was shift boss on the Rey del Monte in seventy-one when I was the superintendent. He got out of Virginia with his pile, didn't lose it like the others. He had an easy three million when he came down here and bought the Bristed house on Pine street. And Jack's the best of his children. Maggie, who married the English baronet, was a nice sort of girl, but she's never come back, and Terry's smart enough, but not the kind you can bank on. Jack's a good, straight boy. Cornelia couldn't do better."

"That's what I think," said the mother, who, however, looked grave and worried. "Cornelia's thirty. It's time for her to settle, and she'll make a good wife. They'll live here, too. There'll be no kicking up of their heads and going off to Europe or New York and thinking themselves too good to come back to California, like Maggie Duffy and her baronet. I want them here. I want to see some grandchildren round this house before I die. I want to know where Con's money is going to."

She sighed, and it was obvious that her heart was heavy.

"Yes," she said, "it's a good marriage and I'm pleased at it. Jack's a Roman Catholic but you can't have everything down here in this world."

The Ryans were Protestants, almost the only prominent Irish-American family in San Francisco which belonged to that church. Cornelius Ryan had been a North-country man, and went out with the Orangemen when they paraded. He had been firm in his faith and so had his wife, and with the Hibernian's violent devotion to creed they had made public their antipathy to the Church of Rome and their hopes that their children would not make alliances with its members.

"Oh well," said Cannon with a shrug of vague tolerance, "a man's beliefs don't matter. With a woman it's a different thing. She brings up the children and takes her religion hard. Jack won't interfere with Cornelia that way."

"Perhaps not," said the mother. There was a slight pause and then she said with a sigh:

"Well, thank God, one of my children's going to marry as I want."

She was gazing into the fire and did not notice the quick look, sly and piercing, that her companion shot at her. The conversation had suddenly, without any effort of his, fallen upon the subject to which he had intended directing it.

"Yes," he said, looking away from her, "you've had one disappointment. That's enough."

"Disappointment!" she echoed in a loud voice. "Disappointment? I've lost my son; lost him as if he was dead—worse than if he was dead, for then I'd know he was happy and safe somewhere."

It was a cry of pain, Rachel mourning for her child. The note of feeling in it checked the remark on Cannon's lips. He understood what her suffering was and respected it.

"Why, Bill Cannon," she went on, turning the perturbed fierceness of her face on him, "how often do you think I see my boy? What ties do you think he has with his home? He came up here after he'd got back from Antelope, but before that I'd only seen him once in six weeks."

"That's pretty hard," he commented, his elbow on the arm of the chair, his chin sunk in the cup of his up-curled hand. "That's pretty tough. I didn't know it was as bad as that."

"Nobody knows anything about him. He won't let them. He won't let me. He's proud, and trying to hide it all. That's the reason he comes up here so seldom. He knows I can see into him, see through him, clear through him, and he don't want me to see how miserable he is."

"Oh!" said the old man, moving slightly and raising his eyes to look at her. The interjection was full of significance, pregnant with understanding, appreciation and enlightenment. He was surprised himself. He had thought, and had understood from Dominick, that no one, especially no one of his own people, knew of the young man's domestic infelicities. Neither of them was shrewd enough to realize that the mother would guess, would know by instinct.

"And what do you suppose he came up for that once?" pursued Mrs. Ryan. "You could guess a lot of times but you'd never strike it. He came up here the night of my ball to ask me to give him an invitation for his wife!"

She stared at her visitor with her face set in a stony hardness, a hardness reminiscent of that which had marked it when Dominick had asked for the invitation. Cannon saw it and checked the remark that rose to his lips. He was going to say: "Why didn't you give it to him?" and he saw that it was too light a comment for what had been a tragic occasion. All he did was to utter a grunt that might have meant anything and was consequently safe.

"That's what his marriage has done for him, and that's the state that woman has ground him down to. She'd worked on him till she'd got him to come up here and ask for it a few minutes before the people began to arrive! That's what she made him do!"

"And you wouldn't give it?" he inquired mildly, inwardly surprised, as he had been often before, at the rancor displayed by women in their quarrels.

"Give it?" she exclaimed, "well, I guess not. It would have been my surrender. I'd have thrown up the fight forever if I did that." And then as if she had read his thoughts: "It's not natural meanness either. There's only one hope for me—for me and for Dominick, too. Divorce."

He did not move his chin from its resting-place in his up-curled hand, but made a slight assenting motion with his head, and said:

"I suppose that's the only thing."

"That's been my hope since the day when I first saw her. I didn't know then she'd been anything to Dominick before the marriage, but I knew the first look I had at her what she was. That long, mean nose and those sly eyes, and seven years older than the boy if she was a day. You didn't have to tell me any more. I saw then just like a flash in the dark what my son had let himself in for. And then, not a month after, I heard the rest about her, and I knew that Dominick had started in to ruin his life about the best way he knew how."

Cannon gave another grunt, and this time it contained a recognizable note of sympathy. She went on, absorbed in her recital, anxious to pour out her griefs, now that she had begun.

"Right there from the start I thought of divorce. I knew it was the only way out and was bound to come in time. The woman had married Dominick for money and position. I knew that, saw it in her face along with other things. There was no love in that face, just calculation, hard and sharp as a meat ax. I shut down on the money right there and then. Dominick had three thousand a year, so I knew he couldn't starve, but three thousand a year wasn't what she'd married him for."

"She's got along on it for over two years."

"That's it. She's beaten me so far. I'm the keeper of Con Ryan's fortune and I just closed my hand on it and said to her in so many words, 'Not a cent of this for you.' I thought she'd tire of struggling along in a flat with one Chinaman and not a soul to come near her. But she's stood it and she's going to go on standing it. Where she's concerned, I did something the smartest men and women sometimes do—underrated the brains of my enemy."

"She's pretty smart, I guess," said Cannon, raising a gravely-commenting eye to his companion's face.

"That's what she is—smart and long-headed. She's more far-sighted than women of her kind usually are and she's got her eye on the fortune. She's not going to give us a chance for divorce. She's not going to make any breaks or mistakes. There's not a more respectable woman in San Francisco. She doesn't go with any one but her husband and her own sisters, two decent women that you can't believe have the same blood in them. She's the quietest, most domestic kind of a wife. It don't matter, and nobody knows, that she's making her husband the most miserable man in the country. That doesn't cut any ice. What does is that there's no ground for divorce against her. If she had the kind of husband that put up with anything from a woman, all he could do would be to leave her and she'd go around then getting everybody's sympathies as a virtuous deserted wife."

The old man gave his head an appreciative jerk, and murmured:

"A pretty smart woman, all right."

"She's all that—that and more. It's the future that she's banking on. I'm nearly seventy years of age, Bill Cannon, and this has broken me up more than anything that's gone before. I'm not the woman I was before my boy married. And what's going to happen when I die? I've only got two living children. Outside them there's nobody but some distant relations that Con made settlements on before he died. If I left all I've got to Cornelia, or divided it up between Cornelia and charity, cutting off my son because he'd made a marriage I didn't like, would such a will as that stand? Why had I left nothing to my only son? Because he'd married a woman I didn't think good enough? And what was there against her? She'd been a typewriter and her husband's mistress for six months before he married her. The mistress part of it had been condoned by marriage and good conduct—and after all, how many families in San Francisco and other places were founded on just those beginnings? As for her being a typewriter, Delia Ryan herself had been a washerwoman, washed for the miners with these hands;"—she held out her blunt, beringed hands with one of those dramatic gestures natural to the Irish—"when Con was working underground with his pick I was at the wash-tub, and I made money that way for him to run the mine. Where's the California jury that would hesitate to award Dominick, and through him his wife her part of the fortune that Con and I made?"

"Well, that's all possible," Cannon said slowly, "but it's so far off. It's all surmise. You may live twenty years yet. I fancy she'd find a twenty-years' wait under the present conditions rather wearying."

The old woman shook her head, looking very sad.

"I'm not the woman I was," she repeated, "this last thing's broken me more than anything that went before. I lost three children by death, and it wasn't as hard as losing my youngest boy the way I have."

"Have you any idea whether Dominick has ever thought of divorce?" he asked.

"I've the clearest kind of an idea that he hasn't. You don't know Dominick. He's the best boy in the world. He'll blame himself for everything that's gone wrong, not that woman. She's smart enough to let him, too. And suppose he was a different kind and did think of it? That's all the good it would do him. Men don't sue women for divorce except under the greatest provocation, and Dominick's got no provocation at all. My hopes were that the woman herself would sue—that we'd freeze her out with small means and cold shoulders—and you see that's just what she's determined not to do!"

Cannon dropped his supporting hand on the chair-arm and began to caress gently a large tassel that hung there.

"She could be approached in another way," he said with a suggestion of pondering deliberation.

"What way?"

"You say she married Dominick for money. Have you never thought of buying her off?"

He looked at Mrs. Ryan and met her eyes staring anxiously and, in a sort of way, shyly into his.

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "I have."

"Have you tried it?"

"No—I—I—I don't think I dared," she said almost desperately. "It was my last trump."

He realized, and, though he was unmoved by it, he felt the pathos of this admission from the proud and combative woman who had so long and so successfully domineered over her world.

"I suppose it is a sort of death-bed remedy," he said, "but it seems to me it's about time to try it. Your idea that she's going to wait till you die and then claim part of the estate as Dominick's wife is all very well, but she's not the kind of woman to be willing to wait patiently through the rolling years on three thousand dollars per annum. She's a good bit older than he is and it isn't making her any happier to see her best days passing with nothing doing. I should think you stood a pretty good chance of getting her to listen to reason."

"Offering her a sum down to leave him?" she said, looking at the fire, her brows knit.

"Exactly. Offer her a good sum on the stipulation that she leaves him and goes away to New York or Europe. Then in the course of time she can write him asking him to grant her a divorce on some such technical grounds as desertion, or incompatibility, or anything else that's respectable. He'll have to give it to her. He can't do anything else. And there you are!"

"What if she refuses?" she said in a low voice, and he saw she was afraid of this refusal which would shatter her last hope.

"Raise your offer," he answered briskly. "She probably will refuse the first time."

She pondered, eying the fire with heavy immobility.

"Yes," she said, nodding. "It sounds reasonable. It's about the only thing left."

"If I can be of any assistance to you," he said, "you just call on me. I'm willing to help in this thing all I can. It goes against me to see Dominick caught in a trap this way just at the beginning of his life."

"A boy," said his mother, "that would have made some good girl so happy."

Cannon rose from his chair.

"That's just it!" he said, "and there are not so many of 'em round that we can afford to lose one of the best. I've always liked Dominick and getting to know him so well up at Antelope I grew downright fond of him. He's a fine boy."

He smiled at her with his most genial air, beaming with disinterested affection for Dominick and the desire to be helpful in a grievous strait. Mrs. Ryan looked brighter and more hopeful than she had done at the beginning of the interview.

"It's very good of you," she said, "to come and listen to an old woman's complaints. But as we get on, we seem to take them harder. And you know what my boy was to me?"

"About the same thing that my girl is to me," Cannon answered as he turned away to look on the table for his hat.

There was a little more talk, and then the set phrases of farewell brought the interview to a close. Though momentous, it had not lasted long. As he left the room Cannon heard the single note of half-past three chime from the clock on the mantelpiece.

Outside he stood for a moment on the top of the marble steps, looking downward with absent eyes. He was completely engrossed with the just-ended conversation, parts of which repeated themselves in his mind as he stared unseeingly down the wide, unencumbered vista of the street.

Carriages flashed past through strips of sunshine; automobiles whirred by, leaving dust and gasoline in their wake. On the sidewalks there were many foot passengers: lazily sauntering couples, lovers, family parties, and little groups bound for the cars which would whisk them over the dunes to the park. As he slowly began to descend, one of these groups, formed of three women, a man, and a child, approached the bottom of the steps. They were walking down the avenue in a close, talkative bunch. The descending magnate was apprised of their proximity by the high, cackling sound of the women's voices and an aura of perfume which extended from them into the surrounding ether. He paid no attention to them, his eye, with its look of inward brooding, passing indifferently over the faces turned eagerly toward him.

They were not so unmoved. Their glances were trained full on him, their eyes wide in the unblinking intensity of their scrutiny. Even the child, who was skipping along beside the eldest of the women, inspected him with solemn care. Brushing by in their gay Sunday raiment they drew together to discuss him, their heads in a cluster, their voices lowered. He was so used to being the object of such interest that he did not bother to look at them, and was therefore unaware that one of the women, quite pretty, with reddish hair and dark eyes, had turned as she moved away and surveyed him over her shoulder.

"I've Lost My Son; Lost Him as If He Was Dead."

Cornelia's Head Was in Close Proximity to That of Her Companion.

CHAPTER XII.

Berny Makes a Discovery.

It was near eleven o'clock on that same Sunday morning, when Berny, wrappered and heavy-eyed, emerged from her room. She shuffled down the passage to the dining-room, sending her voice before her in a shrill summons to the Chinaman. The morning papers were scattered over the table as Dominick had left them and she gathered them up, sitting sidewise in her chair and running her eye down their columns, while the servant set out her breakfast. She was still sleepy, and frequent yawns interrupted her perusal of the lines of print which interested her above all written matter. A kimono clothed her slim form and from beneath its hem her foot protruded, thrust bare into a furred slipper. She folded the paper over to bring the society column into a prominence easy of access, and, propping it up against a bowl of fruit, read as she ate her breakfast.

Toward the end of the meal she inquired of the servant at what time her husband had gone out, and received the reply that Mr. Ryan had had his breakfast and left the flat two hours earlier. There was nothing disconcerting or unusual about this, as Dominick always went for a walk on fine Sunday mornings, but her mind was far from easy and she immediately fell to wondering why he had departed so early, and the slight ferment of disquietude that was always with her stirred again and made her forget the society column and let her Spanish omelet grow cold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dangers of the Sea.

During 1911 as many as 442 rocks and shoals dangerous to navigation were reported in various parts of the world by the British hydrographic department.

Of these 13 were discovered by vessels striking on them, 108 were reported by the Admiralty surveying ships, 8 by other of his majesty's ships, 10 by various British and foreign authorities, and 303 by colonial and foreign governments; while in the same period 36 previously reported dangers have been expunged from the charts.

During the year 906 miles of coast line were charted and an area of 5,405 square miles were sounded by his majesty's surveying vessels.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy. Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harris had.

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Fred W. Harris, Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had constant backache, showed symptoms of dropsy, and because of that I was laid up in bed. After doctors had failed I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely."

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RESINOL CURED AWFUL PIMPLES

Whole Face Covered, Now Clear.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1912. "I was troubled with two or three pimples coming out on my chin. In a week or so my whole face was covered with them. Friends advised me to use different lotions and salves. I tried them, but they did me little good, if any. I finally washed the pimples with Resinol Soap and applied Resinol Ointment before going to bed. In the morning I found the swelling gone down, and the inflammation gone from the pimples. I tried this treatment for about a week, and found that most of the pimples had disappeared. I kept the treatment up for about a month, and then my face was clear of all pimples. I have used Resinol Soap since and find that the pimples do not come back." (Signed) Walter A. Stenstrum, 54 Willoughby Ave.

If you are suffering from itching, burning skin troubles, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, stubborn sores or piles, it will cost you nothing to try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Just send to Dept. 15-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for a free sample of each. Every druggist sells Resinol.

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Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

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as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

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The ELECTRICAL WORLD

DISHES WASHED BY MACHINE

Electric Apparatus Will Operate as Fast as Dirty Crockery Is Placed on Rack.

A motor-driven dish-washing machine capable of cleansing 2,000 to 2,500 dishes per hour, its output being limited only by the speed of the operator in loading the dishes, is described in the Electrical World Magazine.

A wheel of metal revolves slowly half immersed in a tank of hot soapy water, and on this wheel the plates, cups and saucers are cradled in spring clamps during the process of washing. By means of a cam arrangement each cradle is automatically opened by the time it reaches the position uppermost on the wheel, where, one at a time, the wheel revolves, conveying the dishes down into and through the soapy water, where two high-speed propellers serve to create a strong current over the surface of each plate.

Each dish thus receives an individual washing, and as the large wheel revolves at the rate of about three times a minute, a single plate is immersed and being vigorously washed during ten to fifteen seconds. As the plates emerge from the soaped-water solution, a cam-operated valve is opened and sprays them thoroughly with hot clean water.

Another cam automatically opens the cradle, in succession, allowing the plates to slide down onto a conveyor which separates the flat dishes from the cups, discharging the latter onto one shelf and delivering the plates to a slowly rotating rack wheel, from which they are taken by the attendant. The plates come from the machine so warm that they are quickly dried by evaporation. Drains are arranged so that the large tank can be emptied and flushed, while the addition of the fresh rinsing water constantly renews the contents of the tank.

The entire device can be driven by a motor to one-horse-power rating, which operates through silent rawhide pinions, chain sprockets and worm gears. Several of these machines are in use in large hotel kitchens, and the record on a preliminary test of one of these practical installations was the washing of 17,000 pieces, picking only two.

DIRECTORY ON A TELEPHONE

Any Address May Be Found When Desired Within Minimum Space of Time by Late Invention.

In describing a telephone directory, invented by J. Sontheimer of Lincoln, Neb., the Scientific American says:

"This invention relates to telephone directories, and more particularly to a device which comprises a plurality of circular members carrying reference characters and provided with means whereby any desired reference is rapidly found. The directory can be easily attached to a telephone, and will not interfere with its action or add much to its bulk. The invention provides a directory carrying telephone references and addresses of such parties with whom most of the telephone connections are made, and locates such references when desired with a minimum expenditure of time."

Telephone Directory.

Blades Guarded.

The blades of an electric fan patented by a Louisiana man are surrounded by a guard which breaks up the sometimes objectionable currents of air they create.

Pretty Effects.

Beautiful light effects have been obtained by a German electrician who has polished both sides of thin sheets of marble and saturated them with paraffin or shellac.

Experiment With Babies.

The English electrical expert who succeeded in hastening the growth of chickens with high frequency currents plans to experiment with babies in the same way, if he can borrow the babies.

Single Phase System.

The Swiss government has decided in favor of the single phase system for the electrification of its railroads in preference to the third rail as costing 10 per cent. less to make the change.

New Telegraph System.

Two musical tones, received through a telephone though sent by the usual key, are being used to replace the dot and dash in telegraphy in an experimental way in England.

Climatic conditions in some parts of California are so favorable that electrical engineers eventually expect to transmit current at from 200,000 to 250,000 volts.

The Bell Telephone company has 175,000 employes on its pay roll.

HEAT ROBE BY ELECTRICITY

Using Garment Is Like Taking Turkish Bath at Home—Useful in Breaking Up Colds.

The electric heated garment is made up in the form of a bath or lounging robe of woolen material. There is an interlining in which there are 7,000 feet of specially constructed magnet wire through which current taken from the lamp socket is allowed to pass, says the Popular Electricity. The wire is so constructed that it is as pliable as thread and very durable. The additional weight of the wire is only 20 ounces. As the current passes through the wire it is heated up in a very few minutes to any temperature desired.

Electrically Heated Robe.

There is no electric shock experienced when wearing the garment, but the heating effect is wonderfully efficient. They say that using it is like taking a Turkish bath at home, the heat causing profuse perspiration which is efficient in breaking up colds, treating rheumatism, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IS UNIQUE

Tiny Lamp Is Set in Bottom of Opera Glass Bag or Box—Owner May Follow Libretto.

To most people a cursory glance at the program before any entertainment is sufficient, but music lovers often like to follow the score during the opera and are unable to do so when the house is in darkness. For their benefit an opera-glass box has been designed that has a tiny electric lamp and battery in the bottom. The lamp is at one end of the box and by pressing a button it will give forth enough light for the owner to read his or her libretto.

Novel Electric Light.

This recalls, however, that in Covent Garden Opera House, London, several years ago, regular attendants to the Wagner festivals being given there brought with them pocket electric lamps. The continual flashing of these lights produced a weird firefly effect.

CHECK LEAKAGE OF CURRENT

Experiments Made in Italy to Prevent Accumulation of Salt on High-Tension Wires.

Experiments have been made in Italy to discover the best form of insulator for high-tension transmission lines which run near the sea. It is found that in the vicinity of the sea a thick layer of salt accumulates on the insulator, and serves as a conductor to cause leakage of the current to ground, says the Scientific American. The Italian experimenters have discovered that the incrustation forms chiefly on parts which are not protected from the wind and rain. The ordinary insulator for high-tension purposes consists of a number of petticoats or bells, in which the salt accumulates to a considerable depth. For this reason it was found best to provide an insulator with an almost flat bell, which would be so exposed to the weather that the crust could not form to any harmful extent. Insulators of this type were used with perfect success over a period of eighteen months on a 25,000-volt line. Under tests in the laboratory they withstood 75,000 volts dry, and 30,000 in a heavy rain.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

Swedish railroads have decided to adopt flashlights in the signaling system.

An automatic telephone system is to be introduced into the principal cities of New Zealand.

A perfect dynamo that weighs but a quarter of an ounce has been made by a French electrician.

Using three candlepower per capita, Denver claims to be the best lighted city in the United States.

Chestnut is being used as a substitute for cedar telegraph and telephone poles. It is very durable.

More than 20,000 lamp filaments of 20 candlepower each can be manufactured from one pound of tantalum.

An electrically operated device for analyzing and registering the quality of furnace gases is a recent French invention.

BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Annual and Perennial Flowers—Profit in Bees—Raising Cucumbers.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.

Annual flowers, that is, flowers which are grown from seed and live only one season, are very useful for decorating the home grounds, filling window boxes, etc. They are no less hardy than perennials, and they are cheaper to plant and fully as satisfactory in most ways.

A moderate use of perennials serves as a fine foundation for a flower garden, and by using annuals for the balance, we can have an unbroken series of blossoms throughout the season, and can also vary the arrangement from year to year.

Choose your color combinations with care so as to avoid having inharmonious colors blooming at the same time. Do not use mixed seeds unless you know what the colors are. Select and plant beds or borders of the same variety and color for best effect, contrasting them with other solid masses rather than mixtures.

Exceedingly charming effects can be secured by mass plantings of coreopsis, poppies and many others of the simpler annual blossoms. Flowers which bear large clusters or sprays of bloom are effective in shady places and against walls.

The lower growing varieties can be used for bordering beds of perennials, outlining vegetable gardens, walks, drives, etc. Wild flowers should be planted in irregular groups in locations as nearly like their natural ones as possible. Do not attempt to plant them in regular beds and geometrical forms if you would secure best results.

Annuals may be planted as soon as the ground is ready, and many varieties may go in successfully quite late in the spring.

For mass planting, the following are recommended: Scabiosa, Balsam, Calliopsis, Coreopsis, Globe Amaranth, Poppies, Zinnias, Marigold, Snapdragon, Amaranthus.

Border Plants—Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette, Pansies, Candytuft, Dwarf Nasturtium, Dwarf Snapdragon.

Low Beds—Clarkia, Phlox-Drummondi, Verbenas, Petunias.

For late blooming background masses we can recommend: CASTOR OIL BEANS, COSMOS, SALVIA, AND SUNFLOWER. For Annual Vines: CLIMBING NASTURTIUM, LOBELIA, SCARLET RUNNER, WILD CUCUMBER, MORNING GLORY, CYPRESS VINE and best of all flowers, the Sweet Pea.

Plant lots of annuals this year. They cost little and they make the whole world happier.

The Busy Bee.

There is no domestic animal or fowl that pays us as big dividends as the honey bee. She works for nothing, boards herself, supports her queen and the royal male harem, fertilizes the blossoms for miles around, and frequently furnishes us with enough honey in one year to buy the entire hive, bees and all, twice over.

Hives of bees are frequently kept in large cities, as well as in the country. We have seen a number of hives on roofs of buildings, etc., where the owners had no other space available, and the bees will do just as well there as on the ground provided the hives are shaded from the hot sun.

Your success in keeping bees depends upon one main factor, and that is the food supply. They gather their food in the form of nectar and pollen from all sorts of blossoms. The nectar is eaten by the bee, undergoes certain changes, and is stored in the comb as finished honey. The pollen is treated in a somewhat similar manner, and is worked over into bee bread with which the young are fed. A fairly constant succession of flowering plants must be available for your bees, and there must be enough of these flowers so that the bees can gather more honey than they need. Remember that you don't get any honey until the bees have all they need. You get the surplus only.

Before you buy a hive of bees look over the territory within a radius of a mile and size up the feeding possibilities. If there are considerable amounts of clover you are safe. Sweet clover, fruit trees and bushes, basswood and mustard, buckwheat and flax are heavy honey bearers. Of course, ornamental flowers do their share, but they are of much less importance.

If you find plenty of feed without too much competition from other beekeepers, your next step is to secure a good standard beehive with a strong colony of Italian bees and a tested Italian queen. The eight frame Langstroth hive is an excellent one for the beginner. While your bees might be secured cheaper from some farmer, it is easier to have them come right in the hive at the start. The complete outfit will cost about $15.

Most people can handle Italian bees without the slightest danger of getting stung, after a little practice. Before then, it is well to use a bee veil and tie your sleeves tightly.

Your colony will increase from one to five hundred per cent. each year, and each colony will produce from fifteen to a hundred pounds of honey, depending upon the season. It will not take ten minutes a week to care for them, but you must spend a lot more time than that watching them, as they are most interesting in their habits.

Cucumbers.

One of the most satisfactory vegetables for the small garden is the cucumber. It is easy to grow, bears profusely, and almost everyone likes it. Eight or ten plants properly tended will furnish all of the fruit that the average family can consume and there will be lots of surplus cucumbers to pickle, as well.

They are planted by seed as soon as the spring weather is reasonably settled and the first edible cucumbers may be counted on about ninety days after planting.

The first important consideration is the soil. Cucumbers, like all of the cucurbitaceae, love a light mellow soil and [illegible] sunny location. They belong to [illegible]-tropical desert class of plant[illegible] sunshine is much more impo[illegible]than water, although both ar[illegible]ary. The soil immediately adjac[illegible] to the seed hill should be very rich with well-rotted compost or manure. An excellent plan is to dig out the soil to a depth of eighteen inches and fill in with compost and richer soil. A fine mixture is one part wood ashes, two parts sand, one part manure and two parts rotted sod or black loam.

Where space is unimportant, plant the seeds in hills six or eight feet apart, twelve seeds to the hill. Plant an inch deep and firmly cover the seeds. If desired, a box frame may be placed about each hill and a pane of glass fitted over it. This will force the growth and enables one to plant a month earlier than is otherwise possible. It will also protect the plants from the striped beetle, but care must be taken that the glass is raised when the sun is hot, or trouble will result. Where used with late plantings and for protection from bugs only, it is better to replace the glass with cotton cloth.

Remove the boxes as soon as the plants send out runners and thin out to the four sturdiest plants in each hill. The striped beetle is the only serious pest and must be guarded against. It attacks the young plants at the ground line just before they run. If boxing is not resorted to, it is a good plan to keep the plants and the surrounding ground sprinkled with powdered white hellebore. Another old-fashioned remedy is a thin plaster of cow manure over both plants and soil. Do not thin out any plants until danger from bugs is past.

The usual plan is to let the vines grow over the ground at their own sweet will. The better way, especially for the small city garden, is to train them up on a trellis or wood and wire framework. This saves ground and improves the fruit as the sun gets a better chance and the vines are not crushed in gathering the cucumbers. Cut off yellow leaves with sharp shears and always cut the fruit off instead of pulling or twisting it.

Frequent applications of liquid manure to the roots will work wonders and this practice cannot be too highly recommended for all the later garden plants. White Spine and Long Green are excellent American varieties.

PLAN FOR FATTENING GEESE

Fowls Do Remarkably Well on Quite Poor Soil, Finding Some Animal or Vegetable Food.

Goose keeping is a branch that should appeal especially to those who have plenty of land available.

It is a mistake to attempt to keep either breeding stock or goslings upon a very limited area.

An English writer says that upon hundreds of farms scattered up and down the country, there is a good deal of land which does not pay to cultivate, and which is only used as an occasional sheep walk. On such land geese do remarkably well, as, however poor the soil, they are always able to find some animal or vegetable food therein. Besides they quickly make a great difference in the quality of the soil over which they roam.

To fatten young geese, place them in a pen not too large, so that they will not exercise too much, and feed three times a day all they will eat up clean.

A good fattening formula is corn meal mixed to a dry crumbly state, and beef scraps amounting to 20 per cent. of the bulk of the corn meal.

While fattening young geese they should be kept as quiet as possible; no excitement whatever should disturb them. When feeding approach them quietly and do not irritate them in the least, or they will not fatten, but instead, grow another crop of feathers.

At ten weeks of age, or when the tips of the wings reach the tail, they are ready for market, and should weigh between eight and ten pounds.

Oats for Hog Feed.

Oats as a hog feed has never been very popular for two reasons. First, the price is usually too high; and, second, the feeding value is not so great per pound for hogs as that of corn. When the price declines so that the cost per pound is less than corn the attention of hog raisers is immediately attracted to its feeding value.

Strive for Quality.

Quality accompanied by size is what every hog grower should be seeking.

Irish Sea a Novel Barometer.

The degree of saltness of the Irish sea is the indicator Prof. H. Bassett proposes to use for long-distance weather predictions. The salinity is found to vary in a period of about one year, with corresponding changes in temperature, the water being more salty and relatively warmer in winter and spring and fresher and relatively cooler in summer. It is argued that the alterations of temperature must affect the number and character of the cyclones coming from the ocean. The changes of salinity and their time of occurrence have been found to precede certain seasonal types of weather, and it is believed that monthly observations of the saltness would give a general weather forecast for the British Isles four or five months ahead.

Polite Man.

"Pardon me, madam."

"For what?"

"I inadvertently jabbed my eye into your jeweled hatpin."—Tit-Bits.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

GOOD COUNTRY ROADS

Narrow-Tired Wagon Is Most Destructive Agent.

Highways Also Have Been Ruined by Wrong Method of Working—Different System of Supervision Is Advocated.

Good country roads are ruined in many ways, some of which must be laid at the doors of the officials in charge, and some we can only hold the farmers themselves responsible for. Good roads are ruined by weather, water and wanton neglect. Man is the chief destructive agent and we must pay some attention to him and his ways, says the Western Farmer.

Any good dirt road can be ruined in a short time by hauling heavy loads over it in narrow tired wagons. The common one and three-fourth-inch tire does more harm to country roads than any other destructive agent. We wonder why the farmers will continue buying these wheels when a broad tire—say four-inch—will make rather than destroy good roads. The broad tired wagon pulls easier and that should be sufficient reason why the change should be made.

It seems a waste of money to make a dirt road hard and smooth, dragged at the proper time and all that, and then have a lot of men haul big loads of grain, hay, wood or what not over it just after a rain and their narrow tires cutting away in. Of course they all keep in the one track so each succeeding tire cuts a little deeper. If another rain comes before the ruts are dragged full then the whole road goes to pieces. There should be a tax or some legal penalty against the narrow tired wagon. We are not pleading for low wheels, though we believe in them, too, but we do urge every one to buy wide tires. The old wheels can be made over and wide tires put on at a slight cost.

Roads have been ruined by the mile by the wrong method of working. The old system of working out the road tax under a supervisor or road boss is wrong. It never yet has made a good stretch of road. It never will. The practice of tearing up the road in the fall after harvest—because that's the only time he can get farmers to work—plowing the sodded sides up and scalping the whole conglomeration of sods, stones and clods into the middle of the road is the worst system that ever can be practiced. The season is wrong, the system is wrong and the road is bad all winter and next spring.

Who has not seen brush piled in soft places, gravel dumped in mud holes, and even sand put in chuck holes by these road bosses? It's a sure way to make a bad road worse. Who has not seen dense groves of tall willows pile the road full of snow which made a mud hole exist there for weeks after the rest of the road was dry? What is the remedy? A different system of road supervision. Remove the office from politics, get men who have studied or will study road building and keep them as long as they are efficient. Pay road tax in cash and let this skilled road boss hire his men. He should keep the same men all the time. They become more efficient all the time.

FOR MORE IMPROVED ROADS

Much Valuable Assistance Rendered by Office of Public Roads—Perishable Products Wasted.

Many of the model highway laws in various states have been prepared under the advice of the road experts of the department of agriculture, and all the data and statistics of the office of public roads are at the disposal of the legislatures.

In the last bulletin of the office of public roads it was stated that at the close of 1909, 8.66 per cent. of the roads in the United States were improved. This represents a gain in the total road mileage improved for the five-year period, 1904-1909, of 1.52 per cent., or, in other words, the percentage of improved roads has increased during this period from 7.14 to 8.66 per cent.

In the three years that have elapsed since then, it is roughly estimated that the percentage of improved roads has gone well beyond 9 per cent., and possibly close to 10 per cent. It is estimated that if 20 per cent. of the public highways were improved—each highway being selected and improved with a view to the proportionate traffic upon it—a high degree of efficiency in highway transportation would be reached. It is figured that millions of dollars would be saved annually in the transportation of crops, the wear and tear on horses and vehicles, and in the minimizing of the waste in truck farming. Where roads are bad, the farmers frequently find it impossible to get their products to the shipping points and thus perishable products are wasted, perceptibly increasing the cost of living.

In the five years preceding March, 1912, the office of public roads of the department of agriculture has built 215 object-lesson roads; in all, about 200 miles of road 15 feet wide, and by expert advice aided in the formulation of more than 650 model country road systems, resulting in most instances in beneficial reforms. It has also assisted 26 states in effecting equitable state-aid plans. The secretary looks forward to the coming year as promising better results than at any time in the history of the movement for improved highways.

"THE GRANARY OF NORTH AMERICA."

GOVERNOR SULZER SAYS THAT OF WESTERN CANADA.

The close ties of friendship existing between the United States and Canada were dwelt upon in addresses by Premier Robert L. Borden, of Canada, and Governor Sulzer, at the annual dinner of the University Club of Albany.

"Canada and the United States," said Premier Borden, "have a common heritage in the language, the literature, the laws, the institutions and the traditions which have come down to them from the men of bygone days.

"Perhaps no more instructive object lesson ever has been given to the world than the four thousand miles of undefended boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which bears silent but eloquent testimony to the mutual confidence and respect of the two nations. Time will shortly place upon the brow of each nation the laurel of one hundred years of peace. It matters not so much as to the form of the outward celebration, but let us hope that its full significance may sink deep into the hearts of both nations, and that, whether north or south of the boundary, we may stand with bowed and reverent heads, offering grateful thanks for the Divine blessing of peace, and earnest prayers that in the century to come, mutual confidence, good-will and respect may truly animate the ideals and aspirations of both nations."

Referring to the natural resources possessed by the United States and Canada, particularly along the St. Lawrence River, the premier urged that they be "preserved and developed for the people."

Governor Sulzer predicted that the "Great Canadian Northwest is designed to become, before long, the granary of North America."

"Many of our best citizens, I regret to say," said the governor, "are leaving the States of the west and going into the Canadian northwest, because of the fertility of its soil, the liberality of the Canadian government and the ability of those people to better their conditions here.

"We should extend to them a helping hand in their onward march of progress. Instead of closing our doors by tariff barriers against these countries and their products, in my opinion, we should open them wider and do everything in our power to facilitate closer commercial relations. We want their products and they want our products, and all restrictions to prevent a fairer and freer exchange of goods, wares and merchandise should, in so far as possible, be eliminated."—Advertisement.

She Was Tired.

The nervous old lady approached the porter in the sleeping car anxiously.

"Oh, porter, porter, where do I sleep?"

"What is de numbah ob youah berth, ma'am?" he asked.

She looked at him questioningly for a moment, then said:

"I don't see what that has to do with it, but if you must know, it is third; there were a brother and a sister born before me."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Just Heaven! Where?

Mexico may have its little troubles, but it has still one claim to be considered as an earthly paradise. It contains a town of 10,000 inhabitants where there is no moving-picture palace.—London Punch.

Delicious brown cakes made from Mrs. Austin's Big Pancake Flour. All grocers. Adv.

Petted Darling.

My wife treats me like a dog."

"Humph! I wish my wife would treat me like hers!"

WOMAN S[illegible] T[illegible]ARS

From N[illegible] [illegible]aused by Fe[illegible] [illegible]estored to [illegible] Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Auburn, N. Y.—"I suffered from nervousness for ten years, and had such organic pains that sometimes I would lie in bed four days at a time, could not eat or sleep and did not want anyone to talk to me or bother me at all. Sometimes I would suffer for seven hours at a time. Different doctors did the best they could for me until four months ago I began giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and now I am in good health."—Mrs. WILLIAM H. GILL, 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

"Doctor's Daughter Took It."

St. Cloud, Minn.—"I was so run down by overwork and worry that I could not stand it to have my children talk aloud or walk heavy on the floor. One of my friends said, 'Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I know a doctor's daughter here in town who takes it and she would not take it if it were not good.'

"I sent for the Compound at once and kept on taking it until I was all right."—Mrs BERTHA M. QUICKSTADT, 727 5th Avenue, S., St. Cloud, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon as the most efficient remedy for female ills. Why don't you try it?

USE ABSORBINE.JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—allays pain and inflammation promptly. Germicide and antiseptic.

Mrs. R. M. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke, causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE, JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and has had no trouble with them since July, 1909. ABSORBINE, JR., is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore-throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, wens, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 3 G free.

W.F. Young, P.D.F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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NO "SPRING MEDICINE"

if you keep your liver active, your bowels regular and your digestion good

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Regulate the Bowels
Stimulate the Liver
Improve Digestion and
Purify the Blood

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-est references. Best results.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 18-1913.

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INFLUENZA, Pinkeye, Shipping Fever, Coughs, Colds, etc.

Craft's Distemper Remedy

WELLS MEDICINE CO., Box 2, LAFAYETTE, IND.

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$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BEST BOYS SHOES in the WORLD $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

The largest makers of Men's $3.50 and $4.00 shoes in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 shoes. Just as good in style, fit and wear as other makes costing $5.00 to $7.00—the only difference is the price. Shoes in all leathers, styles and shapes to suit everybody. If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from the factory and save the middleman's profit. Shoes for every member of the family, at all prices, by Parcel Post, postage free. Write for Illustrated Catalog. It will show you how to order by mail, and why you can save money on your footwear.

W. L. DOUGLAS - - Brockton, Mass.

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are offering for sale their fine improved, irrigated farms in the Plainview district on especially attractive terms. If you are wanting a home where you can make a full crop every year in the finest climate in the world, rich soil and pure water,

Write the General Office, Plainview, Texas, at once for full particulars.