RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

Author of "THE PIONEER" "TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

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. Stormbound 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. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Berny. Dominick goes to park on Sunday with Berny and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to her and starts uneasiness in Berny. In Mrs. Ryan's name Cannon offers Berny $... to leave her husband and permit divorce. She refuses. Dominick sees Rose. ...

Moreover, she was determined not to let her sisters know about Rose Cannon—not yet, anyway.

"No," she said with short scorn, turning to pick up her feather boa. "Of course it's not. He's not that kind of a man. He's too much of a sissy. Another woman! I'd like to tell him that."

When she reached home, she found on the hall table a note which the Chinaman told her had been left by a messenger. It was from Bill Cannon and contained but a few lines. These, of a businesslike brevity, expressed the writer's desire to see her again, and politely suggested that, if she could come to his office on any one of the three specified afternoons, between the hours of two and four, he would be deeply honored and obliged.

In his "Klondike Monologue" at the Orpheum, Buford, the actor, made a sudden and unexpected hit. The morning after his first appearance, both Dominick and Berny read in the paper eulogistic notices of the new star. Dominick was particularly interested. He remembered Buford's state of worry while at Antelope and was glad to see that the unlucky player was, in the parlance of his own world, "making good."

...

"Nearly four," said the actor. He looked down at his shoe for a moment as if considering, and repeated without looking up, "It will be four next September. Trouble drove me to those far distant lands and hard luck drove me on the stage. I'd never had anything to do with it till then; I hadn't a stage game about me. There'd even been a time when I had a strong prejudice against the theater and never went to one. But a man must live and—"

He stopped, his attention arrested by a hand laid softly on his sleeve. A youth of Hebraic countenance had issued from a door behind him, and, touching his arm with a hesitating, unclean finger, began to speak in a low tone.

"Duty calls," said Buford. "I am sorry, but they want me inside. I hope later to be able to place a box at your disposal. Madame, you say, is very desirous of seeing me. Well, I'll see to it that she does so under the most favorable conditions."

He bowed impressively as though saluting Berny in person, and then, with a last dignified farewell to Dominick, turned toward the door which opened at his approach.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rose's Point of View.

The following Sunday, at ten o'clock in the morning, Dominick noiselessly descended the stairs of the flat and let himself out into the street. He would spend the morning walking, anywhere where there was quiet and a view. He would take his lunch at any little joint—country hotel, city chop house—he happened to pass, and in the afternoon he would walk again.

He ascended the hill by one of the streets on its southern slope, violently steep, the upward leaps of its sidewalk here and there bridged by flights of steps. Every little house was disgorging its inmates, garbed in the light Sunday attire of the Californian on pleasure bent.

...

The question seemed to touch a nerve that startled and then stiffened him. He answered it with his head turned toward her, the eyebrows lifted, a combative note in his voice:

"I don't know whether she does or not." He stopped and then said, with his face flushing, "No, I don't think she does."

"How can you leave her, then?"

"You expect too much of weak human nature," he said.

"No," she answered, "I don't. I only expect what you can do."

He turned and looked at her.

"Then I'm to live for the rest of my life with a wife I don't care for, separated from the woman I love? What is there in that to keep a man's heart alive?"

"The knowledge that we love each other. That's a good deal, I think."

It was the first time she had said in words that she loved him. There was no trace of embarrassment or consciousness on her face; instead she seemed singularly calm and steadfast, much less moved than he. Her words shook him to the soul. He turned his eyes from her face and grasping for her hand, clasped it, and pressed it to his heart, and to his lips, then loosed it and rose to his feet, saying to himself:

"Yes, that's a good deal."

Her eyes followed him, and then brought up on the schooner bearing away on its long tack, strained and careening in the breeze that, down there in the open, blew fresh and strong from the great Pacific.

"It's a schooner," she said absently. "Where do you suppose it's going?"

"I don't know. Somewhere a long way off, I hope. My devils are sailing away on it."

They stood side by side, gazing down at it till she moved away with a sudden "Good-by."

"Good-by," he answered, and stretched out his hand.

Berny had been turning over in her mind the advantages of accepting the ...

...as the most exacting father could wish.

His mood was unusually black when he entered the house. The servant, who came forward to help him off with his coat, knew it the moment he saw the heavy, scowling face. The piece of intelligence the man had to convey—that Mr. Gene Cannon had arrived half an hour earlier from San Luis Obispo—was not calculated to abate the Bonanza King's irritation.

Gene, however, was not at all abashed by any lack of cordiality. At the best of times, he was not a sensitive person, and as this had been his portion since his early manhood, he was now used to it. Moreover, tonight he was in high spirits. In his year of exile he had learned to love the outdoor life for which he was fitted, and had conceived a passionate desire to own the splendid tract of land for which he felt the love and pride of a proprietor.

Always a loquacious person, a stream of talk flowed from him to which the old man offered no interruption, and in which even Rose found it difficult to insert an occasional, arresting question. Gene had a number of new plans.

The old man listened without speaking, his chin on his collar, his eyes fixed in a wide, dull stare on his happy boy. At intervals—Gene almost clam-...

...want Gene or anybody else to interfere. He, Rose's father, and he alone, without any outside assistance, would reach up and pick out for her any star that sparkled in the heavens, any moon for which she might choose to cry. She wanted Dominick Ryan for her husband. She should have him and it would be her father who would get him for her. He would give her Dominick Ryan, as he would a pearl necklace or a new automobile to which she had taken a fancy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Fullness of the Heart.

That night it was Berny's turn to be wakeful. In the silence of the sleeping house and the warm darkness of her curtained room, she lay tossing on her bed, hearing the clear, musical striking of the parlor clock as it marked the hours. When the first thin streak of gray painted a pale line between the window curtains she rose and took a sleeping powder and soon after fell into a heavy slumber.

This held her in the dead, motionless unconsciousness that a drug brings, through the long morning hours. Dominick's noiseless departure hardly disturbed the hushed quiet of the little flat. The Chinaman, trained by his exacting mistress to make no sound while she slept, went about his ...

"Then I'm to Live for the Rest of My Life With a Wife I Don't Care For."

It Was Buford, but a Rejuvenated and Prosperous Buford.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUBBY WAS LEFT GUESSING

And at This Date He Still Is Wondering Just Who Was the Unkissed Female.

Mr. Brown issued forth from Fairbank Terrace and wended his way toward the village inn. An insurance agent named Dawson was holding forth.

"Do you know Fairbank Terrace?"

Several nodded assent, and Mr. Brown became more deeply interested.

"Well, believe me, gents, I've kissed every woman in that terrace except one."

Mr. Brown's face assumed a purple hue, and hurriedly quaffing his ale he quitted the barroom. Rushing home, he burst in at the door.

"Mary," he shouted, "do you know that insurance chap, Dawson?" Mary nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "I've just heard him say he's kissed every woman in this terrace except one."

Mary was silent for a moment, and then with a look of womanly curiosity said:

"I wonder which one that is?"

"Sudden Willy."

A late professor was wont to relate a rather characteristic story of the boyhood of the present German emperor.

The professor was conversing with Empress Frederick concerning her son when her majesty remarked deprecatingly respecting her eldest born:

"Mein Willy ist so plotzlich." ("My Willy is so sudden.")

Could anything have summed up the kaiser, as a boy and man, better than this colloquial confidence of his imperial mother.

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SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

Saskatchewan

BALKAN WAR BEGAN IN 1663

Conflict of Races Started Long Ago, Seems Destined Now to Be Fought to a Finish.

An Italian newspaper reminds us usefully that the Balkan war began centuries ago. In the state archives at Vienna is the declaration of war sent by Sultan Mehemet IV. to Emperor Leopold in 1682. "Be it known to you, the heir of the Caesars, to the king of Poland, and to your allies and omnipotent emperor of the east and west, . . . is on the point of invading your paltry territories. We shall bring 1,300,000 soldiers, on horse and foot, to crush you utterly and lay waste all your domains. We command you to await our coming in our residence in Vienna, where it is our intention to have you beheaded."

But the war was even then an old story. The delightful writer who contributes "The Office Window" to the London Daily Chronicle tells us that while searching through some of the earliest newspapers printed his eye was continually diverted to news letters from the continent giving accounts of the unholy war which Turkey was waging on Hungary and Austria. Almost at random he copies the following from the Newes of September 17, 1663, a grim reminder that the Turk has remained unchanged and unchangeable for these 250 years at least:

"Vienna, Sept. 6.—In Austria every Fifth Man is to bear Armes; and they hope to raise 20,000 Men upon that Levy to secure the Frontiers. At this instant comes fresh Intelligence of 10,000 Turks, and as many Tartars, passing the Waegh, and that they carry all before them with Fire and Sword."

And again: "We hear that upon the third instant the Enemy has beaten our Foot by the River Waegh, and Possess'd himself of the narrow Passages between the Hills, where he has burnt divers Town and Villages, and Massacred many Thousands of People, striking off the heads of some, putting ...

PUBLIC ROADS

FOR BETTER ROADS IN IOWA

Joint Sub-Committee of Legislature Makes Recommendation Concerning Highway Improvement.

As the result of daily deliberations for some weeks by the committees of the Iowa senate and house, the joint sub-committee made the following recommendations concerning road legislation:

Establishment state highway commission, with ample authority. Commission to consist of three members appointed by governor. Three members to select competent state highway engineer.

County engineers for all counties to be employed by supervisors with approval of highway commission.

Classification of all highways into county and township roads.

From 10 to 15 per cent. of roads in county to be designated as county roads, to be under supervisors and county engineer.

All moneys expended on these roads to be in line of permanent work. No money to be paid except on approval of engineer.

All bridges and culverts, county and township, to be built in accordance with general plans of state highway commission, under direction of county engineer.

All township work to be put by trustees in hands of one man, to be known as superintendent of township roads, who shall make all contracts for dragging and temporary repairs. ...

A "Chata" Road in Jasper County, Mo. "Chata" is a Term for Mill Tailings from the Mining District.

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—Care of the Garden—Raising Sweet Peas—Hot Weather Pointers.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.

Every man with available land should make some kind of a garden on it. About one man in three who could have a nice little garden plot in the city has one. Almost everybody in the suburbs has both lawn, flowers and a vegetable garden.

The fascination of this delightful pastime is amply demonstrated by the fact that so many people make gardens every year and yet the majority of these gardens are failures to a greater or less degree. They start out beautifully, with the ..., fresh mellow earth turned over from its winter's rest, and the little delicate seedlings following the warm rains.

The first crops, small things like radishes and lettuce, develop fairly well and the gardener puts in his late crops with great expectations. When the hot, dry weather of late June and early July arrives the plants begin to shrink and shrivel. They turn brown and enter into a kind of dormant state, neither advancing nor retreating, worthless as food providers and certainly unhandsome to view.

This unthrifty summer condition knocks out the most satisfactory crops, corn, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc. The worst of it is that the same thing happens to the same gardens year after year, and the best of ...

... much care or little, it will do its very best to bloom early and often, and it will succeed most remarkably well.

Did you ever know any persons who did not like the perfume of the Sweet Pea? We do not, and we are sorry for them if there be any such.

In variety of tints the most fastidious can be suited, as there are 40 or 50 different shades and mixtures to choose from. They range from a deep pansy purple through all shades and mixtures of blue and red, to the purest vivid white. The colors are not merely surface colors. They are deep colors that actually live.

The proper way to grow sweet peas to their greatest perfection is to dig a trench a foot wide and a foot deep, as early as possible in the spring. Fill in six inches with rich, loose loam and plant the seed three inches apart and one-half inch deep after soaking them in water. As soon as the seedlings are six inches high fill in with earth around them until only two inches of the plant shows. This treatment will insure a more extensive root development and more resistance to drought. Fill in from time to time until the bottom of the trench is level with the land. Furnish a support for the vines, either woven wire, branches, or a fence, and they will run up several feet.

Be sure that you pick all of the blossoms as soon as they are perfect and the plants will bloom from early summer until frost. If allowed to go to seed the plants will promptly cease blooming.

The Sweet Pea might well be our national flower. May it bloom forever.

Garden in Hot Weather.

When hot weather visits us the fate of most gardens hangs in the balance. At this time, the garden needs our care more than at any other and we feel less like giving it the necessary care. The weather is hot and the air is still, and a hammock in a shady nook looks better to father than any "Man With the Hoe" tableau, especial...

1,000 SETTLERS A DAY

WESTERN CANADA MAKING REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

Settlers from the United Kingdom and other countries of Europe landed in Winnipeg last week at the rate of one thousand a day. The predicted boom in the populating of the prairie provinces this spring has materialized, as it did last year, and today the busiest city in America is probably the Manitoba metropolis.

The sturdy nations of Europe are all contributing to the rapid growth of Canada West. Two of the largest contingents reaching Winnipeg last week were from Germany and Scandinavia.

The British Isles are sending out larger contingents than ever before. The old land newspapers are filled with accounts of send-offs and farewells being given to popular townsfolk on the eve of departure for Canada.

Numerous editorials record the sentiments, bordering on despair, of the Britons who see their towns and villages desolated by the desertion of favorite sons and daughters. We can sympathize with those left behind while felicitating the young people who have their own way to make in the world, on their new opportunities in the country of mammoth crops.

Scotland lost 5,000 of her best blood and brawn in a single week this month. No wonder the young, aspiring Scots take so quickly to Canada. They have been reading of the triumphs and wonder working of Scottish pioneers in the Dominion ever since they were "bairns." A great part of Canada's success was wrought by Canadians from Caledonia, and the young Caledonians of today are eager to demonstrate that they can do as well out west as their forebears.

In addition to those from the old countries, the United States still keeps up in a strenuous manner, and is sending its thousands into that new country of the north. They take up ...

After Long Suffering

Women Are Constantly Being Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Worth mountains of gold," says one woman. Another says, "I would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all the other medicines for women in the world." Still another writes, "I should like to have the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound thrown on the sky with a searchlight so that all suffering women could read and be convinced that there *is* a remedy for their ills."

We could fill a newspaper ten times the size of this with such quotations taken from the letters we have received from grateful women whose health has been restored and suffering banished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished such a universal success? Why has it lived and thrived and kept on doing its glorious work among the sick women of the world for more than 30 years?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has ever approached its success is plainly and simply because there is no other medicine so good for women's ills.

Here are two letters that just came to the writer's desk—only two of thousands, but both tell a comforting story to every suffering woman who will read them—and be guided by them.

FROM MRS. D. H. BROWN.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. ..."

MRS. WILLIAMS SAYS:

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for 14 years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give ..."

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