Shadows of the City

By EDWIN BALMER and GENE MARKEY

CASH BAIL

W. N. U. SERVICE (Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

THE change in the police attitude toward Kitty Hewitt came with shocking suddenness. At ten o'clock she was a guest in the Fraley mansion on the Lake Shore drive, breakfasting with Mrs. Fraley and with Dr. Bertram Darand in the quaint, Delft-blue tile breakfast-room of the Fraleys.

A cannel-coal fire was snapping and burning cozily in a black iron basket in the blue-tile hearth; upon the table, attractively set with breakfast things, a coffee percolator was steaming with pleasant aroma. Mrs. Fraley sat facing the fire; with her back to it sat Kitty Hewitt and between them Doctor Darand.

No one was to disturb them. This was the order given to the servants by Mrs. Fraley; and certainly it was a necessary order, if the three in the breakfast-room were to procure any sort of peace this morning. For the telephone bell was ringing almost ceaselessly.

The reason, of course, was the presence of Kitty Hewitt. This morning millions—literally millions—of people wanted to know about her. What was the truth underlying her amazing situation?

What they already knew was certainly provocative of interest. This lovely girl, whose delicacy of feature and figure and whose natural manner gave proof of gentle birth and early upbringing, had been discovered to be a friend of gunmen. The most notorious youth in Chicago—a handsome young man of many aliases, best known as Edward Pellen or by the sobriquet of "Eddie the Immune"—had been her friend. She had known well the members of an underworld gang who grouped themselves about a crook known to the police as Grame. Yet it appeared that she had not been actually a member of the gang, in the sense that she lived by its activities. She had supported herself, recently at least, by teaching mah-jongg to fashionable people. Further and more dramatic proof of her separation from Grame's gang arose from the fact that a couple of days ago when she learned that Grame was holding Dr. Bertram Darand in his power she had immediately called the police and brought them in time to save Darand.

This was the spectacular incident which turned public attention to her; and immediately it was followed by another—a more unpleasant affair—when Grame sent a gunman, one Gerve Lavvy, to punish her for informing the police. Last night, as she sat at supper in a cafe, Pellen, protecting her, had shot down his co-gangster.

For this act Pellen now was in jail, charged with murder; and Kitty Hewitt was safe in this big home on the drive. Ostensibly she was here as a guest of Doctor Darand's good friends, the Fraleys; actually she was here for protection against the gang and under a sort of informal parole.

For this, Doctor Darand and his friends had taken responsibility; so her physical situation this morning was comfortable.

"What are they doing with him now?" she asked suddenly, glancing from Mrs. Fraley to Bertram. "Him," of course, referred to the youth who had put his own life at stake last night for the sake of defending her; he was Pellen, Eddie, the once "immune."

"The grand jury is in session," Bertram replied. "One of the Tribune reporters just told me that the state's attorney takes Pellen before the grand jury at ten o'clock."

"I must be there with him!" And Kitty Hewitt arose, trembling.

Young Darand caught her hand and held her. "Don't you see," he told her gently, "that you must stay here? Besides, even if you went to the criminal courts building, you could do no good."

"Oh, I know it!" Wearily she sank again into her chair. "Today is their day; they'll indict him—for murder. There's no use fighting against that—there's no stopping that, I suppose."

Mrs. Fraley poured clear brown coffee from her steaming percolator. "You must eat something now, my dear," she urged.

But Kitty Hewitt had no appetite. "I'm spoiling your breakfast," she said. "I'm sorry. If you'll excuse me, I'll go up to my room."

"Of course I'll excuse you," smiled Mrs. Fraley. Bertram followed Kitty Hewitt to the stairs and escorted her up to her room on the second floor, where a maid met her and he was dismissed.

He started downtown almost immediately afterward, or as soon as he got past the cordon of reporters before the house. Being barely twenty-seven years of age, he possessed a most modest list of patients; yet it was long enough to provide, usually, an hour or two of actual work for him each morning.

Bertram drove on and with a troubled mind took up the routine of his work. It was one o'clock and he was on the west side of the city, following a visit to the county hospital, when the front page of an early afternoon paper caught his eye. There it was in bold headlines:

PELLEN INDICTED FOR MURDER
Eddie the Immune Held for Trial
Without Bail

A definite and undeniable step had been taken, bringing Pellen nearer to doom. If Bertram felt it, how much more would Kitty Hewitt be affected by it! She had told him that the bond between Pellen and herself was not love; at least, not love on her part, she had said, though it was true Pellen loved her. They had grown up as girl and boy together, Pellen and she; when disaster had met her mother, Pellen's mother had taken little Kitty Hewitt into her own home and brought her up to the best of her ability. Eddie Pellen had been like a brother to her; and when he went "bad," Kitty had refused to forsake him. He loved her—above everything else in the world.

Doctor Darand also was in love with her. Of course this was a far more recent fact and one to which she paid little or no heed. It was overshadowed today by Pellen's trouble—Pellen who, protecting her, had put his life to forfeit. Bertram longed to telephone to her when the news of the indictment was being spread through the streets; but what could he say? So, having no professional calls to make this afternoon, he took recourse to the resort of an idle physician, and absorbed himself with watching others work at a clinic.

Later when Bertram stepped from the hospital doors into the lamp-lit dusk of the early evening a shock awaited him. New headlines screamed from the newspapers. Kitty Hewitt! they proclaimed. Something had happened during the afternoon while he had been shut up in the clinic rooms, something which surpassed the sensation of the formal indictment of Pellen; something involving the girl herself, who was the actual heart of the case. Kitty Hewitt arrested! That was it.

But she was not being held without bond, as was Pellen, who had fired the shot. The judge, who had ordered her held, had fixed her bail at ten thousand dollars. "As no one offered bond, she was taken to the jail." That was what the paper said.

He drove at once through the dark streets to the jail. It was not the hour for visitors, but his situation and condition were exceptional, and he was let in. He had to see for himself that Kitty Hewitt actually was in jail; and from the corridor outside the women's section he caught a glimpse of her. About forty women were grouped about small tables within a barred and steel-bound enclosure known as the women's "bull pen."

At the fourth table behind the bars through which Bertram Darand stared, a patch of lovely color showed. He caught his breath. It was corn-color hair—Kitty Hewitt's hair!

The guard who had piloted Bertram discovered her at once. "There's your girl," he said, jerking his thumb toward her table.

He could see her eyes now; she gazed at him steadily—until he lowered his head. It seemed to him not so much her shame as his that she sat there.

As he followed the guard away, barely noticing where he was led, he found himself again stirred by the question which so many others asked this morning, but which no one yet had answered: "Who was this girl?"

He drove first to the Fraleys'. Bertram knew that when she was taken away by the police the Fraleys had forsaken her; but he thought it possible that they did not fully understand what it meant for a girl to be in jail. So he went to them and told them.

They were very sorry; they felt extremely distressed, indeed, for she had seemed such a lovely girl; but—ten thousand dollars was ten thousand dollars, and it could not be offered to penniless Doctor Darand for the freedom of a girl whom nobody knew. There was a chill finality in their tone; it was no use arguing. Bertram hurried on to the home of the friend next upon his list.

Half an hour later he was hastening to the door of the third. By ten o'clock he had ceased to try to raise ten thousand dollars in one sum; he begged for half of it; for a quarter of it; then for a tenth of it only.

At one o'clock in the morning when even the mansions of the drive and Astor street had become dark Bertram turned wearily toward his boarding-house room with experience and much bitter learning for his night's begging. He had learned that the friends of his father and the sons of the friends of his grandfather had maintained their fortunes through the preservation of a marvelously rigid attitude toward sums such as ten thousand dollars, or even five or one, which required them to see clearly the return to themselves before risking any such sum.

He went to bed but did not sleep; and as he lay, reviewing bitterly his beggings of this night, he thought of Kitty Hewitt on a cot in one of those steel-walled cells off the pen. The women prisoners shared cells.

On the street a newsboy was crying her name. Shakily Bertram bought a paper, and saw the story on the first page, beneath staring headlines. Kitty Hewitt had been freed from jail. Below was the astonishing report that a lawyer named Klegson had appeared with thirty thousand dollars in cash and obtained the release of Kitty Hewitt from jail.

Cash! Anonymous, unidentified cash that had been put up for her! Who had put it up?

A reporter encountered Bertram on the walk. "Just looking for you, doctor. They say some of your rich friends put up that cash bail."

"Not any friends of mine," denied Bertram with emphasis. "I can swear to that. I've seen them all. But look here—" he caught at the reporter's sleeve. "She's really out of jail? You've seen her—out?"

"She went off with Klegson, the lawyer," the newspaper man assured him.

"Whose lawyer?" Bertram demanded.

"Why, doctor, I was after you to ask that."

"If I could tell you, I would," said Bertram. "But I don't know; I don't know. Where did Klegson go with her?"

"He wasn't going with her; she was going with him—to his office, it looked like. I don't know, though; I had to come to find you."

And, having found him, the reporter insisted on accompanying him; but Bertram did not care. The reporter knew where Klegson's office was, and together they walked away.

He sent in his name to Klegson; and the girl who took his card brought out word that the attorney could not see him; but a minute later Kitty Hewitt came out.

She closed the door behind her and stood with her back to it, clinging to the knob as though for support.

She asked him, before the reporters who crowded around her: "It wasn't a friend of yours who put up that bail?"

Bertram shook his head. "No."

Bertram took her arm and led her out to the elevator. The reporters crowded close, filling the car which stopped for her and Bertram, and surrounding them on their way to the street, where Bertram hailed a taxi.

"Get us away!" he called to the driver. "Then I'll tell you where to go."

He took Kitty in his arms as the cab sped off. "Now what is it?" he asked her.

"The bail! The cash bail! Some one put up thirty thousand dollars cash for me!"

"Yes," said Bertram. "Yes."

"Mr. Klegson won't tell who it was. It was cash; there's no way to trace it. But he gave me a message."

"From whom?"

"From the one who put up the bail. He sent me word: 'Get out. Go abroad anywhere you want where you'll be safe. Never mind the thirty thousand dollars. Jump the bail. Let it go to forfeit.' And he sent two thousand dollars, cash, to me with word that I'll have more when I need it."

"What?" cried Bertram. He understood now why she had known, before she saw him, that this cash bail could not be the result of any effort of his with his friends. Some one with a tremendous and a vital interest in her had done this for her. "Who could it be?" he asked her.

She drew up in his arms and with a little shudder gazed about. "Did we get away from them?"

Bertram looked out. "Seems so."

"Tell the driver Addison street," and she gave a number. "That's where I've been living," she said. "I'll show you all I know about myself and who—who might put up thirty thousand dollars cash for me and send me word to 'jump' it."

The house on Addison street proved to be a small frame building which must have been built thirty or forty years ago and which antedated by at least a generation the tall new flats which walled it on both sides.

It was the last sort of place which Bertram would have imagined to be Kitty Hewitt's home. "You live here?" he asked, as she showed him into the parlor.

"I've other addresses, as you know," she answered. "But here's my refuge when I need it. No man has ever come here with me or for me before. Two friends of mine own the house—two old maids, one of them bedridden now. She's upstairs; her sister works in the library. They gave me a key so that I could come here to read to the invalid and for my own sake whenever I needed to. They keep all the personal possessions of Kitty Hewitt. I'll show you." And she hastened upstairs.

It was evident that she stopped first in the room of the bedridden sister; for Bertram heard exclamations of delight from a gentle voice. Then the light, quick tread moved overhead toward the rear of the house and soon Kitty came downstairs. She came slowly, and Bertram, looking up, saw that she was carrying a heavy wooden box. He took it from her and bore it to the parlor, where he placed it upon the floor. They sat down beside it and opened it.

"Everything my mother left me is in here," said Kitty. "She died, I told you, when I was five. Then Ed's mother took me."

"She kept these for me," Kitty went on. "From these I learned everything I know about myself. Mother, of course, would tell me nothing; and she told no one else, either. I can remember nothing whatever about my father; but I had one. His name was Henry; it was engraved in mother's wedding-ring with the date of their marriage a year before I was born.

"His other name was Hewitt, I suppose; at least that was the name they had for me from my mother."

Bertram was helping her take out the things—an old Bible with "Mary Hewitt" on the flyleaf; a work-basket with faded silk lining; a few spoons marked "Mary" and wrapped in cloth. He came upon a mutilated photograph. It showed a young woman with a lovely face like Kitty's except that her hair, instead of being corn-colored, was dark. Beside her was a child with light hair—an adorable little girl. It was Kitty when she was perhaps four years old and Bertram's heart swelled at the sight.

Another figure had been in the picture, but had been entirely cut out.

"I think," she continued piteously, "I think it's plain, from what's here, that mother must have loved father at this time and then something terrible happened and she cut away every trace of him. What do you think?"

"I think," said Bertram, "he did something which she could not bear."

"What sort of thing?"

"Probably he left her—for another woman, perhaps."

"Yes," said Kitty, very pale. "That's what I've thought. And I've thought—I don't know why, whether it was that I heard it when I was a child or got the idea some other way—that

Plan to make one or two out-of-doors play suits for the younger children this winter, to wear, like overcoats, over their regular clothing. The Bureau of Home Economics will tell you how.

In getting the house ready for winter, keep in mind its warmth, safety, convenience, economy of operation, and appearance. Let your fall housecleaning contribute to these ends in each detail.

For Every Purpose

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Kentucky Utilities Company

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Mortgaged Farm Debt Of Kentucky Is Small

"The amount of interest which farmers of Kentucky have to pay upon their mortgages is indeed small," said A. G. Brown, president of the Federal Land Bank of Louisville, here today. "Authorative figures place the total debt at about $124,000,000. This is a much smaller figure than I used recently in my comment upon Kentucky's farm debt. However, the figure used was smaller than the mortgage debt for a number of states in the middle West. With the valuation placed upon Kentucky's farm property of $963,568,916, according to the 1925 census, only about 12 per cent of Kentucky's farm property is mortgaged. The percentage of mortgage indebtedness of many of the middle western states runs very much heavier than this, and the total mortgage debt in some of them is very great; for instance, the mortgage debt of Illinois is approximately $500,000,000 and for Iowa a little more than a million dollars, while Minnesota and Wisconsin each have about $455,000,000 debt. Thus the farmers of Kentucky have a small amount of interest to pay annually to those from whom they have borrowed. Further, the size of the mortgage itself usually is small, averaging not much over $2,000.

"I am indebted to H. Bruce Price, head of the department of markets and rural financing of the University of Kentucky, for his estimate of the various sources from which farmers have secured their mortgage loans. These are as follows: From the state banks and trust companies $30,357,000, life insurance companies $25,500,000, Federal Land Bank, $25,189,000, individuals $25,000,000 Joint Stock Land Banks $11,342,000, National banks $6,503,000, making a total of $123,891,000.

"Statements are being made by some agricultural leaders that now is not the time to sacrifice livestock because of the drought. The same statement with even more force could be made concerning the farm itself. Farmers should not permit the installments upon their loans to become delinquent and thus jeopardize a long-term loan which it would cost them money to replace and which is saving them money every year that it is in force. Federal Land Banks and local National Farm Loan Associations are not in the same position as other money-lending institutions for they have to supply from the borrowers themselves the funds to pay the interest on the bonds which they have sold to the public. The interest is always promptly paid on the bonds and there is no other way for the bank and associations to function than to continue to require borrowers to pay the installments on loans promptly when due. Of course, most of the borrowers pay promptly but the drought has made it more difficult for them to pay than for many years past. These borrowers, as a class, are upstanding farmers with a very substantial equity in their farms as shown by the small amount borrowed, and their notes should be good any time at local banks for the amount of the installment on their mortgage loan due to the Federal Land Bank, provided, of course, they have not acquired many other debts. By keeping their cooperative loan in good standing, they will have not only the lowest priced loan, but also one which cannot be called so long as the installments are paid promptly and the collateral is not permitted to depreciate."

NEW CHEVROLET PRICES

Detroit, Mich. Nov. 14—Prices on the new Chevrolet line for 1931, as announced here today by President W. S. Knudsen, range from $475 to $650 as against $495 to $685 for the 1930 car.

Price reductions range from $20 to as much as $40. A comparison of old and new prices follows:

Model	Old Price	New Price
Roadster	$495	$475
Sport Roadster	515	495
Standard Coupe	565	535
5-Window Coupe, New Model		545
Sport Coupe	615	575
Coach	565	545
Standard Sedan	675	635
Special Sedan	685	650

In addition to the price changes in the passenger car line, Mr. Knudsen also anounced reductions in the Chevrolet commercial car line. The commercial chassis has been reduced $10 to a new price of $355, and the Sedan Delivery $20 to a new price of $575.

WITH SERVICE

Lady (phoning music store proprietor): "I have just had my radio installed and it is working fine, but the orchestra in Cincinnati is playing too fast. Is there any way that I can slow it down?"—Satyr.

A BOOK FOR EVERY VOTER

(From The State Journal)

The prospectus of "Kentucky Constitutions and Constitutional Conventions" by George L. Willis, Sr., of Frankfort and Shelbyville, is out, announcing that the history is on the press and to appear at once in attractive book form.

There would seem to be no limit to the demand that there may be for this book. It not only tells a hundred and fifty years of political history in Kentucky, in a condensed and interesting way; but it answers dozens of questions that nearly one million voters will want to hear answered between now and the November election of 1931. In addition, it contains nearly a half hundred interviews with prominent Kentuckians, giving their reasons why there should or should not be a constitutional convention, voted in the next general election. The whole is splendidly written and prepared. There are less than a hundred pages, but of very large size, and in attractive type. The paper-covered volumes are to be had for only a $1.00 each—the cloth bound for $2.00 a volume. Orders can be sent to either the State Journal Company of Frankfort, or to George L. Willis, Sr., Shelbyville, Kentucky.

KENTUCKY HERSELF AGAIN

(Courier-Journal)

Unless future developments should prove that all the present indications are misleading, Logan and Williamson have been elected in Kentucky to the long and short terms in the United States Senate, respectively, to succeed Mr. Robsion, Sampson's appointee.

Kentuckians everywhere may hail this news with pleasure. The State is to be saved the humiliation of representation by Mr. Robsion in the highest branch of Congress; and that would be ample reason for rejoicing, if there were no other reason. Surely no unpartisan, fair-minded Kentuckian can recall the Senator's political record, consider his political methods and review the campaign he made in quest of votes without satisfaction that he has failed to obtain authority to continue his career at Washington.

And, as gratifying as is his defeat, it is still more gratifying because it is linked with the defeat of Sampson, who resorted to all his trickery and misemployed the whole Republican machinery of the Governor's office to get the people of Kentucky to ratify his appointment of his pal to the Senate and thus carry on the plot of Sampson and Robsion to control not only the Republican Party in Kentucky but the official spoils which fall to Kentucky under a Republican Administration at Washington. All that now is a last year's nest in which there are no birds. Sampson and Sampsonism have been rejected. Robsion is out of office, or will be when Congress meets next month. He is not even a "lame duck," and it is problematical whether he could prevail upon President Hoover to hand him out something at the kitchen door. If he can't, he will have to wait two years without office to see whether he can shove Finley out of his way in his old Congressional district.

Sampson has an office for another year; but after that, what? There will be no Senator at Washington to secure him a Federal appointment, and if he should secure one nevertheless, there will be a Senator at Washington to enlighten the Senate as to just what manner of man Flem Sampson is. And there is none more competent to perform that service than Mills Logan, who sat on the Appellate Court bench with the Governor. All in all, it looks like a long, permanent drouth for Sampsonism in Kentucky.

And in this view of the situation, there is good ground for the hope that the State next year may have a clean field for the election of a Governor, both political parties being able and willing to offer to the electorate candidates who may be voted for in the knowledge that either would fill the office with the honor and ability with which it has not been filled by the present incumbent.

As a final word, let it be said that not the least happy outcome of this campaign has been the failure of Robsion, in the poverty of his own claims and issues, to rally to him support by re-kindling the religious passions that swept the State for Hoover two years ago. That he thought to succeed by these contemptible tactics was proved by his repeated predictions that his majority would reach the proportions of Hoover's in the State. To the credit of its people, this attempt of the Sampson candidate was a "dud," and Kentucky takes its stand alongside North Carolina and Virginia in rejecting such appeals as swayed so many two years ago. Kentucky is herself again, ready to consider political questions and personalities on their merits.

TUXEDO FEEDS 50TH ANNIVERSARY

"It's Scientifically Made for You"

—Chief of Tuxedo Laboratory

"The reason why Tuxedo Eggmash makes eggs when eggs are highest—the reason why it is setting new records of egg production for thousands of poultrymen—is that it is designed to meet the specific conditions of this particular section.

"Another reason for its superiority is that it contains PURE CANE MOLASSES—and Early & Daniel are specialists in the use of molasses in feeds. Yet this high-quality feed costs no more than ordinary feeds.

"Tuxedo Eggmash is always sold by progressive, conscientious dealers, who will give you real service. For more eggs—feed Tuxedo!"

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1930 Boy Baby Is Both Valuable and Lucky

COURTESY OF THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU U.S. DEPT. OF LABOR

White House Conference Statistics Show Increase in Life Expectations; Drop in Infant Deaths

Washington, D. C.—The boy baby whose economic value at birth has been estimated by statisticians as $9,333 in a family with an income of $2,500 a year may logically expect to have ten years more of living than the 1910 baby.

This is revealed by figures presented by experts of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection which will meet in Washington November 19-22.

Further encouraging statistics supplied by the experts reveal that in 1929 the infant mortality rate dropped to 66.2 deaths among each 1,000 births, the second lowest ever recorded in the United States.

President Hoover's purpose in calling the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, according to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior and chairman of the Conference, is to find out exactly what conditions of child education, health and mental well-being prevail and what further steps ought to be taken.

"The United States Public Health Service has recently stated that in these enlightened days, no child need die of smallpox or diphtheria," the Secretary recalls, "also that it is possible to guard against typhoid by sanitary control of water and milk supplies; that children bitten by mad dogs may be saved by the Pasteur treatment.

"All this is splendid but as yet not every community knows how to make use of the precautions that are available and much still remains to be done in the way of research and investigation.

"In the findings of the Conference there will be given to the people of the United States the answer of the scientific world to President Hoover's challenge that it should produce some formula which will enable all those who care for children to mold the boys and girls of today into the stalwarts to whom we may safely entrust our hopes of the future."

BUILDING FOR BEAUTY

Having abandoned the idea of planting for revenue, we planted for amusement. We made flower beds and grew flowers, made a lawn, a tennis court, a basket-ball ground . . . Now, when people come avisiting and note the rayed splendor of roses and iris and honeysuckle, when they see the diaphanous spring foliage of elms and sycamores and the bloom of dogwood, when they see great tree trunks that run up a dozen feet or more before a branch begins, when they mark the absence of jungle wildness and hear the songs of birds at sunrise, some of them express a wonder how it came about that we had the good fortune to pick upon so pleasant a place for a home. They overlook the fact that although beauty burns like a fire, spreading ever wider and more glorious, the early flames of it have to be fanned with care . . .

But the pleasure of building! That pleasure, never ceasing, was made possible by the fact that I was my own architect and started with the idea of a central fireplace in a large room; other requirements had to accommodate themselves to that. Certainly both prudence and economy dictate the employment of an architect; still an architect means finality, and finality implies a sort of immurement, and immurement and development cannot go together.

And it is well to remember that the man who builds his own house, and is . . . in no hurry, and is of the sort to find something stimulating in adding new rooms as convenience dictates and the purse allows, can never sit down in lazy contentment. A man gets a deeper consciousness of his own liberty when he can, at notion, put a new window to give on the west and so have a sunset view where before stood a blank wall. He gets a taste of the full and high enjoyment of living when he finds it possible to use saw and hammer to the end that he can look at a landscape while he takes his bath.—Charles J. Finger, in "Seven Horizons."

CASCO KILLS COLDS

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THE PURPLE BOX 25¢

INSIDE INFORMATION

Raw chopped celery is good in fritters.

Tomatoes, fresh, raw, or canned are a good source of vitamins A, B, and C. Include them very frequently in your menus. Give tomato juice to young children and even to babies.

Dumplings for stew or soup must be cooked tightly covered. Don't remove the top during the cooking to see if they are done or they will not be light. Boil 15 minutes and then serve.

Under no circumstances should milk be placed in a refrigerator in an open pitcher, bottle, or other uncovered container. It should be tightly stoppered and should not be opened until immediately before use. If only a part of the bottle of milk is used, the cap should be replaced.

The temperature of the home refrigerator, in the milk compartment, should be kept at or below 45 degrees F. if possible. Refrigeration is used to retard the development of bacteria in milk, and above this temperature, bacterial growth is very rapid, causing changes to take place in the milk that may render it unfit for food.

French pancakes are often served for breakfast. Make a batter consisting of 2 eggs 1½ cups of milk, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter 1 teaspoon baking powder, and ½ teaspoon salt. Bake on a hot griddle in rather large cakes. When done, spread each one at once with a mixture of butter and any preferred jelly, roll like a jelly roll, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve immediately.

ON BOARD SHIP

"They say if there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

"You tell 'em! I found that out my first day at sea."

TEMPERED WITH MERCY

Customer: "I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

Photographer: "Justice? Lady, what you want is mercy."

HINTS TO FARMERS

Beets, turnips and carrots will keep well if stored in boxes or barrels and covered with slightly moistened sand. Add a little water from time to keep the sand from drying out.

Darkened nests in the poultry house prevent the birds from acquiring the egg-eating habit. These nests are built out from the wall so the birds enter them from the rear and have a door in front which is opened for gathering the eggs.

When planting unhulled sweetclover seed, sow it in late fall, winter, or early spring. Plant the seed late enough in the fall so it can not germinate before spring. The action of moisture and frost breaks the seed coat and the seed will sprout with the first warm weather in spring. Unhulled seed is cheaper than hulled or scarified seed and may be seeded more liberally.

Haul and load alfalfa hay for market only in fair weather advises the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In fall or winter much alfalfa hay that was properly cured and sweated arrives at the market wet, damp, or hot because it got wet in hauling or loading. Hay wet or dampened in this way sometimes heats and molds when packed tight in box cars, even though freezing temperatures prevail while it is in transit.

The best time of year to select breeding turkeys is in November or December, before most of them are sold for the Thanksgiving and Christmas markets. Good breeders have large frames, a broad back and deep body with full, well-rounded breast. Other points of importance are a full, bright eye, a broad head and stout legs set well apart and not too long. Above all choose birds that are vigorous. In the North, turkeys need covered roosting sheds during the winter months. They can stand considerable cold but should not be exposed to dampness.

SUMMER SUN

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad,
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.
—Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Poems and Ballads."

SELL IT WITH A MERCURY AD.

SORE THROAT? DON'T GARGLE

This Doctor's Prescription Gives Quicker, Better Relief

Don't suffer the pain and discomfort of sore throat. Use a doctor's prescription called Thoxine guaranteed to relieve with the very first swallow. Not a gargle but a pleasant tasting medicine which relieves the soreness and goes direct to the internal cause. Thoxine will relieve your sore throat or coughing quicker and better than anything you have ever tried or your money will be refunded. Sale for the whole family. Ask for Thoxine, ready for use in 35c, 60c, and $1.00 bottles. Sold by Tureman & Son's Drug Store.

TRY THIS APRIL 1

Old Gentleman (in street car): "Has anyone here dropped a roll of bills with a rubber elastic around it?"

"Yes, I have," cried a dozen at once.

Old Gentleman (calmly): "Well I've just picked up the elastic."

ON TIME

Jones was never an early bird at the office. One morning his boss exclaimed: "Late again. Have you ever done anything on time?"

"Yes, sir," was the meek but prompt reply. "I purchased a car."—Motorland.

The SUNBEAM Cabinet Heater

will heat your home completely, upstairs and down, with less fuel than it takes to heat two or three rooms with a stove--and in addition there are these advantages over any stove:

1. Humidifies the air and provides ventilation.
2. Reduces fuel bills one-fourth to one-half.
3. Replaces two or three stoves.
4. Supplies clean heat and is easily kept clean.
5. Requires little attention; holds a fire over night.
6. Provides safe heating for the home with children.
7. Burns practically any kind of fuel.
8. Looks like a handsome piece of furniture.
9. Comes completely assembled. Is easily set up.
10. Can be easily moved by those who rent.

Sam T. Howe & Company

Incorporated

Winter Ahead

But no idleness for the Ford all-weather car

COLD weather emphasizes the value of the Ford car's simplicity of design and its dependable performance under all conditions. Throughout this country — in Canada and in Europe — the new Ford has made an unusual record for endurance and reliability. Through swirling sleet and drifting snow it has fought its way on missions of business and of urgent need. Men, mails and materials have been moved with greater speed and with less interruption for a longer period each year. In rural and snow-bound sections, thousands upon thousands of Ford owners have found that it is no longer necessary to lay up the car in idleness when winter comes. Phone or call for demonstration.

Let us take care of your winter needs

Alcohol Prestone Car Heaters

Harper's Garage

Public Sale Of Land

Crop, Stock, Farm Implements

TUESDAY, NOV. 25th

We, the undersigned, as agents for Walter R. Alexander, and pursuant to his order, will sell at public auction, on at 10 o'clock a. m., on the premises, on the Stony Creek pike, one mile west of Flora, Ky., the following property towit:

198½ Acres Of Land To Be Sold In Two Tracts

The first tract containing 98½ acres with four-room dwelling; 48x50 ft. tobacco barn and other outbuildings. Most all in grass, rest sowed to grain. Well fenced and never failing water.

The second tract, containing 100 acres has 6-room house, 1 combined tobacco and stock barn, 1 tobacco barn 40x60. Good crib and other outbuildings. Two cisterns and well watered and fenced and all in grass and grain.

Both of these farms are limestone land and produce alfalfa and tobacco exceedingly well.

Also, at the same time and place will sell for Mr. Alexander:

25 home raised yearling ewes
25 home raised 2-year old and over, ewes
4 extra good milk cows
1 extra good brood sow
3 meat hogs
One lot of chickens and turkeys
1 extra good team work horses
1 extra good team 3-year old mules
1 saddle bred brood mare
1 saddle bred colt, 2 years old
1 saddle bred colt, 1 year old
1 saddle bred colt, weanling
1 mower, 1 hay rake, 1 wagon
1 binder, 1 tobacco setter
4 set hay forks, several plows
Numerous small farm tools
1 good Piano

Tobacco in barn, some corn and fodder, feed rye, alfalfa and other hay.

Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale.

SNAPP & MULLIKIN, Agents