

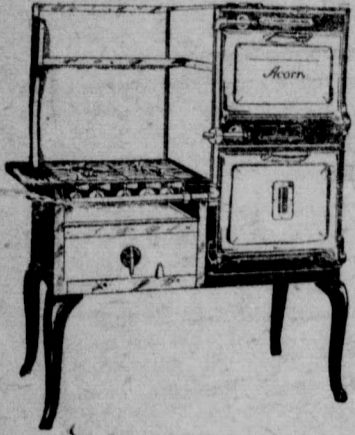
SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1919

VOL. XIII, NO. 37

Gas Ranges



DURING HOT SUMMER SEASON YOU WILL WANT A "COOL" STOVE, YET A "HOT" COOKER AND AN ECONOMIC GAS USER AS WELL. LET US EXPLAIN THE SUPERIOR MERITS OF THE ACORN GAS RANGE.

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

Sierra Madre Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

Liberty Bonds

ACCEPTED AT PAR VALUE when purchasing a VICTROLA.

June Records Are Here

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

TOYS

SEWING MACHINES FOR RENT

Get Your Bonds

The Victory Liberty Loan Bonds are here and ready for delivery. If you subscribed and paid for one or more of these bonds, please call and get them.

First National Bank

THE BIG JOY BENEFIT SHOW

Professional Entertainment at Woman's Club House, Tonight,—Benefit Masonic Library

You're going to miss a splendid entertainment and a lot of fun if you don't go to the Big Joy Show and dance at the Woman's Club House tonight, as the committee in charge of arrangements have made an unusual effort to secure artists of a high order to fill the program.

There will be good music, both vocal and instrumental, monologues, specialty acts, and acrobatic work. In fact, it will be a high-class vaudeville show, followed by a dance, all for the one price of admission. Program:

- A—C. E. Steele, Robert Reitzel, Thos. Payne—Tumbling.
- B—Charles Parrott—Songs and Monologue.
- C—Buddie Jamieson—Songs.
- D—Adeline M. Glidden—Cornet solo;
- E—Thomas H. Wilson—Songs and and Stories.
- F—Barnes & Robinson—"A Couple of Kids."
- G—Frank Pierce—Pianist for Accompaniments.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Be careful; be very careful. The danger of fire in Sierra Madre might be compared to an open keg of powder and a small inquisitive boy with a box of matches.

Sierra Madre is absolutely without fire protection, and if your home should burn you might use the garden hose; but life small, weak stream would hardly put out a match.

To be sure we have a "fire engine" which carries a chemical extinguisher. It is mounted on wheels and runs fine—down hill, but if you live up hill from its permanent location don't depend upon the volunteer man power to get it to your burning home in time.

Therefore, Safety First. Use every precaution against fire, and even then, precaution some more.

The dry weeds and grass are a constant menace and should be burned, under careful and constant supervision, and then be sure that the last smouldering spark is out before leaving it. The vacant lots also should be burned off, and where the property is owned by a non-resident, the city should do it and charge the expense to the property—or do it, anyway.

If there is no law to compel people to protect themselves in this manner there should be one, and if there is one it should be rigidly enforced.

Anyway, be careful, and use every possible precaution against fire, and watch your neighbor as well, as his carelessness may cause your home to be destroyed.

A SOLDIER SEES IMPROVEMENTS HERE

First-Class Sergt. John Boyd Jr. of the regular army is home on furlough, which expires May 28, before which date he will report to his regiment in New York.

When asked if he noticed any change in Sierra Madre, he said, "You bet I do—all the new buildings—and everything." John looks as if he had reached the point in muscular development where he could down his side if it came to a tussle.

CORRECTION AND APOLOGY

Week before last, in "Scout Notes," an item should have read—"We are sure glad that no Boy Scouts were in the late street car unpleasantness."

But the first line was by an accident switched to a place three inches lower in the column, giving the item a meaning directly opposite to that intended.

The News offers this correction and public apology to the Boy Scouts.

Read the Wantads.

GOL. HOLABIRD SUGGESTS

An Open Letter from an Old-timer Regarding Some Things Concerning Our City

June 12, 1919.

To the Editor
Sierra Madre News:

The city of Sierra Madre is asleep—almost dead. Living in the past, with no great apparent hope of a great increase in population (which should be, due to the wonderful things nature has done for us). The complaint, quite chronic, by the City Trustees, is that "the city is broke." I beg to remark that the city of Sierra Madre always will be "broke" unless there is a radical change. So far as natural advantages are concerned, no foothill city can compare with Sierra Madre, but nature does not present nor maintain good paved streets. Our city is noted for but two things—the Fennel Wistaria vine and the most wretched, rough streets in all Southern California cities. The main streets all need re-paving, and the cost should be covered by a bond issue. If the law does not allow an increase in our indebtedness, then the Legislature might be shown the necessity of special legislation in our behalf.

If our streets were all that they should be, someone would see that a hotel was needed and would build it. If our streets were not torturous to drive over our tourist travel would multiply. If we were awake, and wide awake, and really wanted to get out of this Rip van Winkle state, a way could be found. Don't place the blame upon the street superintendent. The allowance of four bits that the Trustees make for street maintenance goes just as far as he can make it go. Let's have a town meeting and see if there is any hope. If there is really no hope, we might just as well know it now as in the far distant future.

Next week I am going to say something regarding the water supply and mains for water delivery. Wake up, city Board of Trustees, comb the hayseed out and let's try and become the attractive city that we should be.

W. H. Holabird.

OSTEOPATHIC CONVENTION

Dr. May Janet Culbertson is attending the 18th annual California Osteopathic Convention, held in Los Angeles this week at the College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons in the forenoon and at the Gamut Club in the afternoons.

Unusual interest is manifested by the five hundred visiting Osteopaths from this and neighboring states in the morning clinics.

The social side is highly enjoyed also. A reception was held Monday night in the ball room of Hotel Alexandria. On Tuesday night, an entertainment of music and talks for the public, at the Gamut Club. On Wednesday afternoon, a scenic drive thru Los Angeles and the Southland (by auto), ending in a barbecue dinner and beach party at the foot of Santa Monica canyon.

On Thursday evening, the Commencement of the summer class of 1919, at the Gamut Club, with talks by seven prominent doctors.

On Friday evening, a banquet at Hotel Maryland in Pasadena. ***

A SON TO BE PROUD OF

Robert Mitchell spent last week at Berkeley, visiting his son, Lieut. Geo. Mitchell, who graduated from the University of California and attained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Lieut. Mitchell has not yet been mustered out of the service, and that he was given his commission and secured his degree may not appear so remarkable (for a Sierra Madre boy) until it is stated that he has not yet reached his majority, being only twenty years of age.

BOY SCOUTS AND THE NEWS

Campaign for New Subscribers to Begin Tomorrow—Scouts Will Get 25%.

The Boy Scouts want money to pay the expenses of their outing at Catalina Island next September, and the News wants new subscribers, so they will begin an active campaign of Sierra Madre for new subscriptions and for their pay receive 25% of all money received.

The subscription price is \$2.00 for a year, or \$1.00 for six months, in advance, and the paper is always stopped at expiration, so no one need fear that the paper will continue to come year after year.

At least one hundred yearly subscriptions should be obtained, which will net the Scouts \$50.00, which will go a long way toward the necessary amount.

This is a case where, if you are not a subscriber to the News, you can contribute to a worthy cause and at the same time get the value of your money for yourself.

Renewals cannot count, but if your subscription has expired your name is off our list, therefore if you pay a year's subscription you are a new subscriber, and ALL new subscribers from tomorrow morning till the evening of Saturday, June 28, will count for the Scouts, whether the boys get the subscriptions or they come into the office, or are received by mail.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

John de Windsor advertised in the News for a valuable pedigree cat that disappeared from his home and two days later the cat came home of its own accord, knowing that it couldn't stay lost, with an ad in the want-ad column.

Another case of quick results: Mrs. Gerson advertised a goat for sale and she sold it three hours before the paper was published.

HIS SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Rev. C. C. Wilson has had charge of the Congregational church just two years next Sunday, during which time 86 new members have been added.

The church's finances are in good condition, and under his direction a campaign is now being conducted for an improvement fund with which to repair, paint and renovate the building.

NEW ADVERTISERS.

A new advertiser this week is the Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co. of Pasadena. When their representative, J. Preston Stelle, called to place the ad and we told him of the policy of the News to guarantee every advertisement it carried, he said: "Sure, we'll protect you in that, and make it strong."

Since January there have been three business firms that did not carry regular ads in the News, for good and sufficient reasons which the editor understands, but now there are only two, as Andrew Olsen's ad for the Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co. commences this week.

CITY COMFORT STATION.

Board signs have been nailed up in conspicuous places with the following inscription: "Ladies Rest Room at Sierra Madre Garage."

VICTORY BONDS ARE READY FOR DELIVERY

Persons who subscribed and paid for Victory Liberty Loan Bonds should call at the First National Bank for them, as they are ready for delivery.

HERE FOR HER HEALTH

Mrs. J. W. Turner and five children are located at 374 W. Central. The youngest daughter, about three years old, suffered with spinal trouble and they came from Texas to give her the benefit of our wonderful climate.

SALE

PORCH FURNITURE

BERGIEN BROS.

FERN LODGE

in the Big Santa Anita Canyon

THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MOUNTAIN RESORT in CALIFORNIA, BUT WE HAVE HERE ELECTRIC LIGHTS, SANITARY SHOWER BATHS & TOILETS, TELEPHONE, PURE SPRING WATER AND THE BEST BEDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

TELEPHONE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
G. H. PETERSON Camp Manager, TELEPHONE A-11-4 BELLS

E. D. TOPPING, Propr.
SIERRA MADRE CALIFORNIA

SPECIAL PRICES

THIS WEEK WE ARE OFFERING SOME SPECIAL GOOD VALUES—Good, Staple Merchandise at much less than regular prices.

Children's Hose 25c
CHILDREN'S BLACK HOSE, in all sizes, 5 to 9½—
Good quality 25c

Towels 25c
HEAVY HUCK TOWELS, large size, firm, heavy weave—
Red borders 25c

Men's Pants \$1.75
MEN'S PALM BEACH PANTS, tunnel loop cuff bottoms,
heavy, firm Palm Beach Cloth. 34 the largest waist..... \$1.75

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.
Standard Patterns Warner Corsets

When the Colorado
Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial
Valley of California

The RIVER

By
Ednah Aiken

Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER XXXII.

—13—

The White Night.

"Lord, I'm tired," groaned Rickard, stumbling into camp, wet to the skin. "Don't you say letters to me, Mac. I'm going to bed. Tell Ting I don't want any dinner. He'll want to fuss up something. I don't want to see food."

The day, confused and jumbled, burned across his eyeballs; a turmoil of bustle and hurry of insurrection. He had made a swift stand against that. He was to be minded to the last man-jack of them, or anyone would go, his threat including the engineers, Silent, Irish, Wooster, Hardin himself. "This was no time for factions, for leader feeling."

In bed, the day with its irritations fell away. He could see now the step ahead that had been taken; the last trestle was done; the rock-pouring well on; he called that going some! He felt pleasantly languid, but not yet sleepy. His thought wandered over the resting camp. And then Innes Hardin came to him.

Not herself, but as a soft little thought which came creeping around the corner of his dreams. She had been there, of course, all day, tucked away in his mind, as though in his home waiting for him to come back to her, weary from the pricks of the day. The way he would come home to her, please God, some day. Not bearing his burdens to her, he did not believe in that, but asking her diversions. Contentment spread her soft wings over him. He fell asleep.

Rickard awakened as to a call. What had startled him? He listened, raising himself by his elbow. From a distance, a sweet high voice, unreal in its pitch and thrilling quality, came to him. It was Godfrey, somewhere on the levee, singing by the river. It brought him again to Innes Hardin. He pulled aside his curtain which hung over the screening of his tent and looked out into a moon-flooded world. Rickard's eyes fell on a little tent over yonder, a white shrine. "White as that fine sweet soul of hers!"

Wandering into the night, Godfrey passed down the river, singing. His voice, the footlights, the listening great audiences were calling to him. To him, the moon-flooded levee, the glistening water, made a star-set scene. He was treading the boards, the rushing waters by the bank gave the orchestration for his melody—"La Donna e Mobile." He began it to Gerty Hardin; she would hear it in her tent; she would take it as the tender reproach he had teased her with that afternoon in the ramada.

He gave for encore a ballad long forgotten; he had pulled it back from the cobwebs of two decades; he had made it his own.

"But, my darling, you will be, ever young and fair to me."

It came, the soaring voice, to Tom Hardin, outside Gerty's tent on his lonely cot. He knew that song. Disdained by his wife, a pretty figure a man cuts! If his wife can't stand him, who can? He wasn't good enough for her. He was rough. His life had kept him from fitting himself to her taste. She needed people who could talk like Rickard, sing like Godfrey. People, other people, might misconstrue her preferences. He knew they were not flirtations; she needed her kind. She would always keep straight; she was straight as a whip. Life was as hard for her as it was for him; he could feel sorry for her; his pity was divided between the two of them, the husband, the wife, both lonely in their own way.

On the other side of the canvas walls, Gerty Hardin lay listening to the message meant for her. The fickle sex, he had called hers; no constancy in woman, he had declared, fondling her hair. He had tried to coax her into pledges, pledges which were also disavowals to the man outside.

Silver threads! Age shuddered at her threshold. She hated that song. Cruel, life had been to her; none of its promises had been kept. To be happy, why, that was a human's birthright; grab it, that was her creed! There was a chance yet; youth had not gone. He was singing it to her, her escape—

"Darling, you will be, ever young and fair to me."

Godfrey, singing to Gerty Hardin, had awakened the camp. Innes, in her tent, too, was listening.

"Darling, you will be, ever young and fair to me!"

So that is the miracle, that wild rush of certain feeling! Yesterday, to-morrow, more doubts—but tonight, the song, the night isolated them, herself and Rickard, into a world of their own. Life with him on any terms she wanted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Battle in the Night.

Gathering on the bank were the camp groups to watch the last stand of the river against the rock bombardment. Molly Silent had crept down from the Crossing, full of fears. Out there, somewhere on the trestles, on

one of those rock cars, was her Jim. She sat on the bank by Innes and Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Hardin, floated by in her crisp muslins. A few feet behind stalked Godfrey, his eyes on the pretty figure by his side. Innes turned from his look, abashed as though she had been peering through a locked door.

Gayly, with a fluttering of ruffles, Gerty established herself on the bank, a trifle out of hearing distance. A hard little smile played on the lips accented with Parisian rouge. The childish expression was gone; her look accused life of having trifled with her. But they would see—

"Don't look so unhappy, dearest," whispered the man at her side. "I'm going to make you happy, dear!"

She flushed a brilliant, finished smile at him. Yes, she was proud of him. He satisfied her sense of romance, or would, later, when she was away from here, a dull pain pricking at her deliberate planning. Godfrey found her young, young and distracting. His life had been hungry, too; the wife, up there in Canada somewhere, had never understood him. Godfrey was ambitious, ambitious as she was. She would be his wife; she would see the cities of the world with him, the welcomed wife of Godfrey; she would share the plaudits his wonderful voice won.

His eyes were on her now, she knew, questioning, not quite sure of her. She had worried him yesterday because she would not pledge herself to marry him if he sued for his divorce. She had told him to ask her that after the courts had set him free. She could not have him sure of her.

An exclamation from him recalled her. She found that he was no longer staring at her; his eyes were fixed on the trembling structure over which a "battleship," laden with rock, was creeping.

"I want to stay with you, you know that dearest. But it doesn't feel right to see them all working like niggers and me loafing here. You don't mind?" Oh, no, Gerty did not mind! She was tired, anyway! She was going back to her tent!

He thrust a yellow paper into her hands. "I sent that off today. Perhaps you will be glad?"

She flung another of her inscrutable smiles at him, and went up the bank, the paper unread in her hands.

The long afternoon wore away. They were now dynamiting the largest rocks on the cars before unloading them. The heavy loads could not be emptied quickly enough. Not dribbled, the rock, but dumped simultaneously, else the gravel and rock might be washed down stream faster than they could be put together. Many cars must be unloaded at once; the din on Silent's train was terrific. His crew looked like devils, drenched from the spray which rose from the river each time the rock-pour began; blackened by the smoke from the belching engine. The river was ugly in its wrath. It was humping itself for its final stand against the absurdity of human intention; its yellow tail swished through the bents of the trestle.

The order came for more speed. Rickard moved from bank to raft; knee deep in water, screaming orders through the din; directing the gangs; speeding the rock trains. Hardin oscillated between the levee and dams, taking orders, giving orders. His energy was superb. It had grown dark, but no one yet had thought of the lights, the great Wells' burners stretched across the channel. Suddenly, the lights flared out brightly.

Not one of those who labored or watched would ever forget that night. The spirit of recklessness entered even into the stolid native. The men of the Reclamation forgot this was not their enterprise; the Hardin faction jumped to Rickard's orders. The watchers on the bank sat tense, thrilled out of recognition of aching muscles, or the midnight creeping chill. No one would go home.

To Innes, the struggle was vested in two men, Rickard running down yonder with that light foot of his, and Hardin with the fighting mouth tense. And somewhere, she remembered, working with the rest, was Estrada. Those three were fighting for the justification of a vision—an idea was at stake, a hope for the future.

Rickard passed and repassed her. And had not seen her! Not during those hours would he think of her, not until the idea failed, or was triumphant, would he turn to look for her.

Visibly, the drama moved toward its climax. Before many hours passed the river would be captured or the idea forever mocked. Each time a belching engine pulled across that hazardous track it flung a credit to the man-side. Each time the waters, slowly rising, hurled their weight against the creaking trestles where the rock was thin, a point was gained by the militant river. Its roar sounded like the last cry of a wounded animal in Innes' ear; the Dragon was a reality that night as it spent its rage against the shackles of puny men.

Molly Silent had seen her husband's train pull in. She watched for it to go out again. The whistle blew twice.

Something was wrong. She left her place in time to see Silent, his face shining ghastly pale under the soot, pull himself up from the "battleship" where he had been leaning. Estrada, sent by Rickard to find out why the train did not pull out, saw him the same instant as did Molly. Silent swayed, waving them back unseeing, like a man who is drunk.

"God, man, you can't go like that!" cried Estrada.

"Who's going?" demanded Silent, his tongue thick with thirst and exhaustion. The whistle blew again.

"I will!" The train moved out on the trestle, as the whistle blew angrily twice. Only Molly and Silent saw ES-



"God, Man, You Can't Go Like That!"

trada go. Silent staggered unseeing up the bank toward the camp, Molly following.

The river was humping out yonder; the rolling mass came roaring, flank-on, against the dam.

"Quick, for God's sake, quick!" yelled Rickard. His signals sounded short and sharp. "Dump it on, throw the cars in!" Marshall was dancing, his mouth full of oaths, on the bank edge. Breathlessly all watched the rushing water fling itself over the dam. For several hushed seconds the structure could not be seen. When the foam fell a cheer went up. The dam was standing. Silent, it was supposed, was bringing in his train.

Above the distant jagged line of mountains rose a red ball. A new day began. And again the Dragon rose; a mountain of water came rolling downward. Three trains ran steaming on the rails.

"Don't stop now to blast the big ones. Pour 'em on!" ordered Rickard.

There was a long wait before any rock fell. Marshall and Rickard waited for the pour. The whistles blew again. Then they saw what was wrong. The morning light showed a rock weighing several tons which was resisting the efforts of the pressing crew. Out of the gloom sprang other figures with crowbars. The rock tottered, fell. The river tossed it as though it were a tennis ball, sent it hurtling down the lower face of the dam.

Things began to go wild. The men were growing reckless. They were sagging toward exhaustion; mistakes were made. Another rock, as heavy as the last, was worked toward the edge. Men were thick about it with crowbars. They hurried. One concerted effort, drawing back as the rock toppled over the edge. One man was too slow, or too tired. He slipped. The watchers on the bank saw a flash of waving arms, heard a cry; they had a glimpse of a blackened face as the foam caught it. The waters closed over him.

There was a hush of horror; a halt. "God himself couldn't save that poor devil," cried Marshall. "Have the work go on!"

Pour rocks on that wretch down there? Pin him down? Never had it seemed more like war! "A man down? Ride over him! to victory!" Soberly Rickard signaled for the work to go on.

The rock-pour stuttered as if in horror. The women turned sick with fear. No one knew who it was. Some poor Mexican, probably.

"Who was it?" demanded Rickard, running down to the track.

"The young Mexican, Estrada. He tried to 'elp. 'E wasn't fit."

"Who was it?" Marshall had run down to see why the work paused.

Rickard turned shocked eyes on his chief. "Estrada!" The beautiful mournful eyes of Eduardo were on him, not Marshall's, horrified. Now he knew why Estrada had said, "I can't see it finished."

"Rickard!" The engineer did not recognize the quenched voice. "The work has got to go on."

It came to Rickard as he gave the orders that Eduardo was closer to Marshall than to him. "As near a son as

he'll ever have." He turned a minute later to see his chief standing bare-headed. His own cap came off.

"We're burying the lad," said Marshall.

The minute of funeral had to be pushed aside. The river would not wait. Train after train was rushed on to the trestles; wave after wave hit them. But perceptibly the dam was steady. The rapid fire of rock was telling.

Another ridge of yellow waters rose. The roll of water came slowly, dwindling as it came; it broke against the trestle weakly. For the first time the trestle never shuddered. Workers and watchers breathed as a unit the first deep breath that night. There was a change. Every eye was on the river where it touched the rim of the dam. Suddenly a chorused cry rose. The river had stopped rising. The whistles screamed themselves hoarse.

And then a girl, sitting on the bank, saw two men grab each other by the hand. She was too far away to hear their voices, but the sun, rising red through the banks of smoke, fell on the blackened faces of her brother and Rickard. She did not care who saw her crying.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Desertion.

When the afternoon waned and Godfrey did not call on her Gerty was roused to uneasiness. Had she angered him by refusing to make the definite promise? Could it be love, the sort of love she wanted, if he could stay away like this when they could have the camp to themselves, every one down at the break, no Hardins running in every minute? Their first chance and Godfrey's slighting it!

He would surely come that evening, knowing that she would be alone! The little watch Tom had given her for an almost forgotten birthday set the pace for her resentment. Nine, ten, eleven! How dared he treat her so? She blew out the lamps when she found that she was shaking with anger and undressed in the dark. She could not see him, if he came now, her self-control all gone! But she could not go to bed. She stood in her darkened tent, shaken by her angry passions.

Suppose that he were only trifling with her? What was that paper he had thrust in her hand? With a candle she found the yellow paper. It was a copy of a telegram to Godfrey's lawyer. "Start divorce proceedings at once. Any grounds possible. Back soon. Godfrey."

The frightened blood resumed its normal flow. If he had done this for her then she had not lost him. An apparent elopement, why had she never thought of that before? That would cement their bond. Her scruples could grow on the road. Oh, she could manage Godfrey! She would go with him. She remembered that she must go to bed if she were to have any looks in the morning.

When Godfrey came to her next afternoon, penitent, refreshed after a long morning's sleep, he found a charming hostess. She was shy about his telegram. Enchantingly distant when he tried to reach her hand!

"I can't go without you," he cried. He had discovered her interpretation of his telegram and it delighted him; he began to believe in his own intention. "I know. You shrink from it all. You dread the steps that will free you. You need me beside you to help you. Let's cut the knot. Tonight!"

"Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow," whispered Gerty, and then she managed a few tears and he was allowed to kiss her. It was all arranged before he left the ramada. They were to leave together the next day. Her object would be accomplished by their leaving together. He would feel that he owed her his name.

Of course Gerty must do it in the conventional way! She would have used rope ladders had they been needed. The conventional note was pinned to her bureau scarf.

Innes was with Tom when he found it. They came in together from the river. Neither had noticed the odd looks from the men as they passed through the encampment. A dozen men had seen Hardin's wife leave for the North with Godfrey.

Gerty's letter told Tom that it was all over. She had tried to stand it, to be true even through his cruelty, but a feeling stronger than she was made her true to herself, and so true at last to him!

Innes' revulsion lacked speech. The common blatter sickened her. She could offer no comfort. His eyes told her it was worse than death.

He struck off her hand when it touched his shoulder. Gerty's hand had coerced him that way. He was done with softness.

His silence oppressed her. This was a man she did not know; inarticulate, smitten. She told herself that even a sister was an intruder—but she was afraid to leave him alone. She took a station by her own tent door. She would not go down to dinner. For hours she watched his tent. When it grew dark she could no longer endure it. She found him where she had left him. She forced herself toward the vol-

cano's edge; and the swift eruption scorched her. It was the pitiable wreck of dignity; of pride. His words were incoherent; his wrath involved his sister, crouching in tears. Innes shrank from him, the man she did not know. The coarse streak was uncovered in all its repulsiveness. He turned on Innes suddenly. She was crying, a huddled heap on the couch.

"I've had enough crying—between you and Gerty. Will you get out? I've got to have some sleep."

Through her sobs he could make out that she was afraid to leave him.

"Well, then, I'll go. I'm used to having to leave my own tent. A dog's life." He flung out into the night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Corner of His Heart.

The second evening after the closure Rickard was dining with the Marshalls in their car. The Palmyra was to pull out the next day. Hardin's name was brought up by Tod Marshall. "She was light potatoes," he dismissed the woman. "But she's broken the man's spirit."

Rickard, it was discovered, had nothing to say on the subject of the elopement.

"I'm sorry his sister is not here tonight," began Marshall mischievously. "I did ask her, Tod" Claudia hastened to interrupt her lord. "But she would not leave her brother her last evening."

"Her last evening?" exclaimed Rickard. "Is she going away?"

Marshall subdued his twinkles. "We are carrying her off. She is to visit Mrs. Marshall while I am on the road."

Rickard gulped down his coffee, boiling. "Mrs. Marshall, will you let me run away early? Why should he give any excuse? They knew what he was running away for!"

He made his way to the little white tent on the far side of the trapezium. Innes, by the door, was bidding goodbye to Senora Maldonado.

He forgot to greet the Mexican. She stood waiting; her eyes full of him. Surely, the kind senior had something to say to her? He had taken the white girl's hand. He was staring into the white girl's eyes. Something came to her, a memory like forgotten music. Silently, she slipped away into the night.

Rickard would not release Innes' hand; her eyes could not meet the look in his.

"Come out and have a walk with me! You were not going to tell me you were going. You were running away from me?"

"You know that I love you! I have been waiting for this minute, this woman, all these lonely years."

Her head she kept turned from him. He could not see the little maternal smile that ran around the curves of her mouth. Those years, filled to the brim with stern work, had not been lonely. Lonely moments he had had, that was all.

"Nothing for me?" He stopped, and made her face him, by taking both of her hands in his.

She would not look at him yet, would not meet the look which always



She Would Not Look at Him Yet.

compelled her will, stultified her speech. She had something to say first.

"We don't know each other; that is, you don't know me!"

"Is that all?" There was relief in his voice. "I don't know you? Haven't I seen you day by day? Haven't I seen your self-control tried, proved—haven't I seen your justice, when you could not understand—Look at me!"

She shook her head, her eyes on the sand at her feet. He could scarcely catch her words. They did not know each other. He did not know her!

"Dear! I don't know whether you

love red or blue, that's a fact; Ibsen or Rostand; heat or cold. Does that matter? I know you!"

An upward glance had caught him smiling. Her speech was routed. "I'm—the—only girl here!"

"Do you think that's why I love you?"

"Ah, but you loved Gerty!" That slipped from her. She had not meant to say that!

"Does that hurt?" Abashed by her own daring, yet she was glad she had dared. She wanted him to deny it. For he would deny it? She wondered if he were angry, but she could not look at him.

The minutes, dragging like weighted hours, told her that he was not going to answer her. It came to her then that she would never know whether Gerty's story were wholly false, or partly true. She knew, then, that no wheedling, wife's or sweetheart's, would tease that story from him. It did not belong to him.

His silence frightened her into articulateness. He must not think that she was foolish! It was not that, in itself, she meant. The words jostled one another in their soft swift rush. He—she had made a mistake once before. He had liked the sort of woman he had thought Gerty was. She herself was not like the real Gerty any more than she was like the other, the woman that did not exist. He would find that they did not think alike, believe alike, that there were differences—

"Aren't you making something out of nothing, Innes?"

That voice could always chide her into silence! Her speech lay cluttered in ruins, her words like useless broken bricks falling from the wall she was building.

He took her hand and led her to a pile of rock the river had not eaten. He pulled her down beside him.

"Isn't it true, with us?"

"It is, with me," breathed Innes. Their voices were low as though they were in church.

"And you think is isn't, with me!" Rickard stood before her. "Is it because I trust you, I wonder? That I, loving you, love to have the others love you, too? Don't you suppose I know how it is with the rest, MacLean; how it was with Estrada? Should I be jealous? Why, I'm not. I'm proud! Isn't that because I know you, know the fine steady heart of you? You hated me at first—and I am proud of that. I don't love you enough?" He knelt at her feet, not listening to her pleading. He bent down and kissed one foot; then the other. "I love them!" The face he raised to her Innes had never seen before. He pressed a kiss against her knee. "That, too! It's mine. I've not said my prayers since I was a boy. I shall say them again, here, you teaching me." His kisses ran up her arm, from the tips of her limp fingers. His mouth, close to hers, stopped there. He whispered:

"You—kiss me, my girl!"

Slowly, unseeing, as though drawn by an external will, her face raised to his; slowly, their lips met. His arms were around her; the world was blotted out.

Innes, minutes later, put her mouth against his ear. It was the Innes he did not know, that he had seen with others, mischievous, whimsical, romping as a young boy.

"I love—red," she whispered. "And heat and sunshine. But I love blue, on you; and cold, if it were with you—and the rest of the difference—"

He caught her to him. "There are not going to be any differences!"

(THE END.)

Biblical Town of Gaza.

Al-Mintar, or the watchtower, still exists to the east of the town of Gaza. It is where Samson is said to have carried the gates of the city. On the road from Gaza to Jaffa are ancient olive trees, many of them more than one thousand years old, with gnarled bark and immense trunks. There is an old legend which credits Gaza with the invention of the first mechanical clocks. These were perhaps the sand clocks which are still used in some mosques.

Little Things Cause Sunshine.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something, when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against a wall; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly, rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured.—Alkin.

Beginning of Pittsburgh.

November 25 is the anniversary of the raising of the English flag over the ruins of Fort Duquesne in 1754. The place was then named Pittsburgh, in honor of Britain's famous prime minister. It owes its great growth to its proximity to coal and iron fields of vast magnitude.

Daily Thought.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.—Seneca.

SAVED BY A FAITHFUL WIFE

Buffered Thirty Years With Stomach Trouble and Hemorrhages of the Bowels.

The Story of a Wonderful Recovery

There is hardly any one who does not experience some trouble with the stomach. It is so common that we frequently pay little or no attention to it. Yet, the stomach is very easily upset, and catarrhal inflammation of the mucous lining develops, grows worse—the pain and distress is incessant and the truth dawns that we have chronic stomach trouble.



The case of Mr. Louis Young, 205 Merrimac St., Rochester, N. Y., is typical. He writes: "I suffered for thirty years with chronic bowel trouble, stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels. We bought a bottle of Peruna and I took it faithfully. I began to feel better. My wife persuaded me to continue and I did for some time as directed. Now I am a well man." Mr. Young's experience is not unusual.

If you suffer from catarrh in any form, whether of the head, stomach, bowels or any other part of the body, try Peruna. It may be just what you need. Peruna comes in either liquid or tablet form and is sold everywhere. Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Ask for Dr. Hartman's World-Famous Peruna Tonic and insist upon having it. If you want your health accept nothing else.

All the sick and suffering are invited to write The Peruna Company, Dept. 73, Columbus, Ohio, for Dr. Hartman's Health Book. The book is free and may help you. Ask your dealer for a Peruna Almanac.

Talk of Resourcefulness!

He was discussing Australian resourcefulness, and told how an Australian and his dog were lost in the bush. They were starving. The man loved his dog too well to think of killing him for food, not wishing to survive his faithful companion.

At last he had a brilliant idea which would serve to keep them both alive. He kindled a fire, cut off the dog's tail, cooked it, ate the meat, and gave the bone to the dog.

An Easy Promise.

"John," said the wife tenderly, "promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nancy Tarbox."

"Certainly, Maria," replied the husband reassuringly. "I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now."

The successful man is always busy whether he feels like it or not. Any man can work when he feels like it.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

A Utah Case

Jonah Mathias, retired farmer, 2nd South and 3rd East St., Brigham, Utah, says: "For a number of years I suffered from severe attacks of backache. Sometimes it was hard for me to get up from a chair, or from a stooped position. My kidneys caused me more or less trouble too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days the backache left me and my kidneys became normal."



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W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 20-1919.

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL DISEASES

No organs of the human body are so important to health and long life as the kidneys. When they slow up and commence to lag in their duties, look out! Danger is in sight. Find out what the trouble is—without delay. Whenever you feel nervous, weak, dizzy, suffer from sleeplessness, or have pains in the back, wake up at once. Your kidneys need help. These are signs to warn you that your kidneys are not performing their functions properly. They are only half doing their work and are allowing impurities to accumulate and be converted into uric acid and other poisons, which are causing you distress and will destroy you unless they are driven from your system.

JUST AS LAWYER FIGURED IT

Legal Light Had Method of His Own of Ascertaining Age of Feminine Witness.

Lou Guernsey has gone on record that he doesn't think it should be necessary to establish the age of a woman witness in court. He made the statement after pulling a boner in court the other day which has put him in bad in one Los Angeles home, at least.

"What is your age madam?" Lou asked of the matronly witness.

"My age, why I've just turned 24," she gurgled.

"Let's see. When you turn 24 it's 42," figured Guernsey, "I thank you, madam."

"You brute," she hissed, but the jury was more appreciative.—Los Angeles Times.

Substitutes for Glass.

Materials of many kinds, more or less transparent, are being tried in Europe to replace window glass, which is unobtainable. Cellulose films are made practical by mounting on metal gratings, light wire screen, or cloth. Gine interlaced with hemp strands between two sheets of paper; albumen and casein products; sheet gelatin, and an artificial resin made by condensing phenol with a formaldehyde solution, all are imperfect but ready makeshifts. More nearly resembling glass, but comparatively expensive, are an oxide of silica made by fusing it with acid oxides of titanium or zirconium, and a combination of greensand marl with magnesite, bauxite, and an alkali, melted in an electric furnace. Some of these glass substitutes are flexible.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Palpably False.

"Paw, here's a new puzzle I heered in town," stated Coonrod, eldest son of Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "A farmer said he had thirty dogs and killed 'em all in five days, killing an odd number each day. What's the answer?"

"The farmer lied; that's all," returned his sire.

"Ah, how do you know? Somebody must have told you."

"I don't need to be told. No farmer that ever I knowed, if he had any sense, would kill any dogs a-tall, any time."—Kansas City Star.

Washday in 1919.

"Unusually fine dinner you have tonight, my dear," said a Kansas City husband the other evening.

"Yes, it's the leftovers from lunch," replied his wife.

"Big lunch today? You must have had company. Why, I thought this was—"

"So it was, dear. But, you see, I had to get a big meal for the laundress anyway, so I just fixed a little more, and had three of the club girls over."—Kansas City Star.

He Thought of Father.

The twilight was wistful and sad. "Listen," she said, in a tense voice. "Hear the howling of the wind among the trembling trees. See how mournful lies the wan light on the hills. This chilly desolation! Oh! does it not make you feel that in life there is too much of cold, too much of bleakness?"

"Well, no," he answered, candidly. "Father, you see, is in the gas stove basement."

He Knew Them.

"I told you," said the merchant, "to mark this box 'Handle with care.' What's this gibberish you've scrawled on it?"

"That," replied the college graduate. "Is the Latin for 'Handle with care.'"

"Huh! How do you expect a baggageman to understand that?"

"He won't, and therefore he won't get mad and smash the box."—Boston Transcript.

Could Not Resist His Appeal.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently but firmly. "I can never be your wife."

Then he struggled to his feet and said in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

Just Beginning.

Mrs. Finebred—"Is yours an old family, Mr. Newpop?" Mr. Newpop—"Mercy, no! We've been married only a year."

The Beginning of Economy.

Husband—"We'll have to economize, dear."

Wife—"Well, let's smoke less."

BOY SCOUTS



SCHOOLS AS SCOUT QUARTERS

In connection with the movement to make the school building the community center with a wide variety of public-welfare activities, Dudley Grant Hays, director of community centers in the public schools of Chicago, declares that "the boy scouts and campfire girls should have their places for meeting at the schools."

This is a direct point of contact with boys that the school authorities should not overlook. More concrete evidence is coming to the boy that if the superintendent or the principal or his teachers have a real interest in his welfare outside of school hours, it would not fail to be reflected in better school work.

It is fairly certain from experience with boy scouts who have been allowed the use of public halls and church rooms and similar places for their meeting rooms and in which to conduct their scout tests and go through the various features of their program as far as it is possible indoors that school buildings will not suffer by such use. On the contrary scouts will be found valuable aids in keeping the premises in good order and in good repair as a result of their partial occupancy.

CHINESE SCOUTS STOP FLOOD.

In Peking, China, with the foundation of the scout troops at Tsing Hua college, in 1915, began a growth of scouting that has led to its recognition in North China.

In the summer of 1918 the boy scouts directed the dike building which saved countless lives in the flooded districts of the province of Chihli.

In addition to this a great variety of good turns stands out in the Chinese scout history. Scouts have sold American Red Cross stamps, made a census of the people of the Tsing Hua community, distributed leaflets against the evil custom of early marriage, and raised funds for the Tientsin flood relief.

During the war scouts did much to make the Chinese troops happy. Checker-boards and joke books were sent to the soldiers in Siberia.

SIAMESE SCOUTS GAIN 6,904.

A total of 6,904 scouts, an increase of 6,904 over the previous year, is reported by the boy scout organization in the Kingdom of Siam.

The scout movement is honored by having for its president His Majesty King Rama VI. Work with boys started here with an organization known as "Wild Tigers," but in 1911 the king authorized the formation of boy scout corps and established a central committee to push the work.

On several occasions Siamese scouts have been reviewed by the king. At his coronation over 2,000 took part in the ceremony. Examinations in the various scout tests have been conducted with surprising success. Of those who took the tests, 66 per cent second-class scouts passed, while of 1,625 examined, 360 first-class scouts qualified.

SCOUTS TO BUILD TRENCHES.

New York is to have a chance to see an exact reproduction of a part of the fighting front in France if the boy scouts carry out the suggestion made by Maj. Lorillard Spencer of the returned Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Infantry.

Major Spencer, who is scout commissioner of the Manhattan council, said that part of the scouts' camp grounds reminded him exactly of the sector in which his regiment fought in France and he planned to duplicate the trenches and dugouts exactly as soon as the weather permitted.

He asked for 150 scouts to receive instructions in trench and dugout building and to carry out this replica of the first lines over there.

SCOUTS AS HEALTH AGENTS.

To make the boy scouts a part of the St. Paul health inspection force is planned by Dr. B. F. Simon, chief city health officer.

Doctor Simon thinks the boys will be glad to be enrolled in the service and have the duty of reporting to the department any violations of city health regulations.

When a boy scout finds that one of his neighbors is maintaining a nuisance that is menacing the health of the neighborhood, he will be expected to report this to the health office. Then an investigation will be made by a regular inspector.

BOY SCOUT DOINGS.

In Detroit a group of boy scouts cared for a farmer's herd of cattle for a week so as to enable him to attend the bedside of a near relative.

Due in a large measure to the work of boy scouts, Hawaii has gone \$25,000 over the top in the War Savings campaign. "The boy scouts were a tremendous factor in accomplishing this record," writes Robert W. Shingle, territorial director. Scouting is booming in this territory, not only on Oahu, but throughout the islands.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Great Scott.

An Indianapolis woman had her first experience with a garden last year. She spaded the plot herself and then planted her seeds. Everything came up fairly well in due time except the potatoes, and they didn't come at all. In desperation she went to a friend. To her she told of her failure to grow potatoes. "I bought such nice, smooth ones," she ended her plaint, "and I peeled them as nice as I could."

"Peeled them?" ejaculated the friend.

"Yes," agreed the amateur gardener. "I peeled them as nicely as I could and cut out all the specs just as if I were going to cook them. I did hate to put those great white beauties in the ground but I did and they didn't come up, and—"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the friend. And that was all.

Rejects Title of "Hon."

"I received a compliment yesterday for which I did not thank the giver," grumbled old Festus Pester. "A total stranger wrote me a letter and addressed me as 'the Hon.'"

"I do not know why he should have applied that epithet to me, unless it was because he did not know me. I feel safe in saying that even my enemies would not charge me with having many of the characteristics of an Hon."

"I am not a fawning, smirking blatherskite, too lazy to work, nor am I a liar and dead beat. It may be that I have one attribute of an Hon.—very likely I am a bore, but beyond that I am not guilty."—Kansas City Star.

He Loved the Khaki.

The officer father had just been mustered out and when he appeared in "civilies" his eighteen-months-old son failed to recognize him. In khaki had the father first been introduced to the baby and the baby refused to acknowledge the acquaintance in other dress. "Papa all gone!" he cried sadly, over and over again—and when the parent insisted—"No! No!" declared the baby, "papa all gone!" "At least he's not a pacifist," was the father's consoling remark.

Quite Unlike.

"That fellow Beaten is a sponge." "Don't libel a useful article. You couldn't get anything back from Beaten by squeezing him."—Boston Evening Transcript.

You will not do enough if you do not try to do more than enough.



The Flow of Meat

Two-thirds of the live stock in the United States has to be raised in the West.

One-half of the consumers of meat live in the East.

In other words, most of the live stock is one or two thousand miles distant from most of the people who need it in the form of food.

Fifty years ago, when live stock was raised close to every consuming center, the country butcher could handle the job after a fashion.

But the job got too big.

Now millions of animals have to be moved hundreds of miles to millions of people. Somewhere on the way they have to be turned into meat.

The packers solved the problem. They set up plants where the "live haul" and the "meat haul" were in the right balance. They built up distributing systems—refrigerator cars, refrigerating plants, branch houses. They saved time, money and meat everywhere. The stockraiser benefited in better markets and higher prices; the consumer, in better meat and lower prices.

As the country grew, the packers had to grow, or break down. Because of its present size and efficiency, Swift & Company is able to perform its part in this service at a fraction of a cent per pound profit.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Vain Escape.

"I am not rich enough to give you a large contribution to this cause."

Slender Returns.

"Did you raise anything on your promise to pay?"

"Oh, yes; I raised a smile."

Betty Said She Could Bake

"I knew she never had baked a cake and I was doubtful. But I told her to go ahead."

"She got my treasured Royal Cook Book, my can of Royal Baking Powder and all the fixings—and sailed in."

"Honestly, it was the best cake we ever had, and now I believe anyone who tries can bake anything with

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum— Leaves No Bitter Taste

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A non-resident client has ordered us to sell FIFTEEN FINE LOTS between Highland and Grand View, and Lima and Grove at PRICES FROM \$125 up, according to location. Lots owned by other parties in this block are held at \$750. These lots are beautiful building lots and have been held at about double the price at which they are now offered. Pressing need of money is the reason.

We recommend this as a splendid investment and one of the greatest bargains we have ever offered the public, and confidently believe these lots may be resold at a FIFTY PER CENT PROFIT.

Street improvements are all in on Highland, Lima and Grand View. Consult us now and get first choice of these bargains.

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GREEN 85

GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bergen of 81 Victoria Lane, celebrated their Golden Wedding Saturday, May 31. Fifty guests spent the day with them and a merry time was had by all.

Long tables were set under the big pepper trees and a three-course luncheon was served by nine young ladies of Bethany church under the direction of Miss Portia Ulrich, Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Marsh. The tables were beautiful, with great bowls of coreopsis, favors consisting of white baskets filled with apricots and set in large golden chrysanthemums, and a yellow pansy for each guest.

Of the original wedding party of 50 years ago, four, besides the bride and groom, were present: Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gleason of Los Angeles, Mrs. Will Martin of Santa Ana, and Mrs. M. O. Downs of Sierra Madre. These, with Mr. and Mrs. Bergen, comprised the receiving line to welcome the visitors.

All of Mr. and Mrs. Bergen's children now living and ten of the grandchildren were present. Six of Mr. Bergen's brothers, U. H. Bergen and wife and family of Strathmore, California, Jasper Bergen and wife of Lindsay, California, F. M. Bergen and wife and daughter of Whittier, California, C. L. Bergen and wife of Long Beach, Chas. Bergen and wife of Long Beach, H. L. Bergen of Sierra Madre, and one sister, Mrs. M. O. Downs of Sierra Madre, and the widow and daughters of L. C. Bergen of Strathmore, California, were present. Mrs. Bergen's brother, with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gleason of Los Angeles, and sister with her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Will Martin, were present. Other friends of many years were Mr. and Mrs. A. Edgington, Mrs. Dr. Murphy, Mrs. T. J. Parks of Long Beach, Mr. and Mrs. L. Harris of Gardena, California, Miss Minnie Kellogg of Oakland, California, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gooden of Lincoln, Nebraska, Mrs. Mary Fee and daughter Miss May Fee of Long Beach.

George Bergen, the oldest son of the honored couple, was an able toastmaster, and the responses to his calls were witty and well given. Many tributes were paid to Mr. and Mrs. Bergen.

Mr. Bergen served in the Minnesota Indian war and then in the Civil war, enlisting when but eighteen years of age. It was immediately after his discharge from the army in 1865, that he met Miss Alvira Gleason, who came to live in his father's home during the time she taught the school of that district. They were married June 1, 1869, at the home of the bride.

Later they moved to Iowa, then to Nebraska, and in 1896 to Long Beach, California.

Mr. Bergen is a carpenter and contractor by trade, but since moving to Sierra Madre in 1913, he has retired from active life.

Fifty useful, happy years have they spent together, and they have the honor, respect and love of their children, other relatives and friends.

Sunday, June 1, the two celebrants, with just their children and grandchildren, had a quiet day together at the family home, after attending church service in the morning. Seven of the grandchildren and one great grandson were unable to be present. Those who were of the family gathering over the week end were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bergen and sons, of Long Beach, California, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Bergen and daughters of Friant, California, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lamberon and little daughter of Oakland, California, Mrs. C. P. Cunningham and two daughters of Fullerton, Nebraska, Miss Meta B. Bergen of Long Beach, California, and Miss Una M. Davis of Los Angeles, California.

Monday, June 2, the friends of Sierra Madre were received at an informal at-home from three to five in the afternoon.

To My Dear Niece and Husband

Your celebration we cannot attend, And yet our thoughts will intertwine, So with best wishes to you we send For a day of pleasure, with weather fine.

You have journeyed together for fifty years

Midst the pleasures and sorrows of life,

And now as the sunset of life appears Still clinging together to the end of the strife.

You watched your little ones in their plays,

Giving them love without measure, To see them happy in their childish ways

Was one of your greatest pleasures.

Years rolled on; they left the home nest,

Each to battle with the trials of life, Strong in the purpose of doing their best

To meet and conquer in the strife.

Sorrows have come—it's the lot of all, Bravely you've met them, one by one, And many bright scenes on memory's wall

Speak of pleasures past and gone.

To your loving children and friends as well, Who are trying to help you through, And the grandchildren you love so well— May God's blessings rest on you. Aunt Hattie, aged 83.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector
Trinity Sunday
Holy Communion, 8 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer, 8:00 p. m.
Week Day Services
Wednesday, Evening Prayer, 8:00.
Friday, Litany, 10:00 a. m.
Monday, St. Barnabas' Day, Holy Communion, 10:00 a. m.
Mrs. T. H. Flather entertained the Guild of the Church of the Ascension on Wednesday afternoon.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Subject, "God the Preserver of Man." Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Bethany

G. B. Bolton, Acting Pastor
Sunday services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Morning Hour, "The Apostle John's Presentation of the Son of God."—Part I.

Evening: "The Apostle John's Presentation of the Son of God."—Part II.

The public is cordially invited to these services. We particularly desire the presence of our Unitarian friends and the Universalist, the Higher Critic, the Christian Scientist, the Millennialdawnist (Russellism), the Spiritualist, the Theosophist, and all who hold doubtful or erroneous views concerning the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Bethany church enjoyed numberless blessings last Sunday. At the close of the Sunday School we had an exceptionally interesting and helpful talk on Missionary Work in Central America, by Miss McQuinn, a consecrated young woman who will graduate from the Bible Institute this month and will take up her life work in Central America as a missionary for the Lord Jesus. She would rather suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin or the world for a season. Our brother Karl Hummal, who preached for us last July and August, is doing a great work in Central America. And we were also pleasantly surprised to have Mr. Hillis, one of the big busy preachers, drop in on us unexpectedly and preach for us. A man full of the Spirit of God, how he did thrill and bring tears to our eyes as we listened to his wonderful message. Although having changed his message after hearing Miss McQuinn's talk in Sunday School, our Bro. Bolton gave us a stirring message in the evening on "Temperance," partly from his own experience. Bro. Bolton is our supply pastor until Dr. Rawlings returns in September. We extend an invitation to the people of Sierra Madre, and especially strangers, to come and listen to the preaching of the Word; as that is the only sure foundation in these days of Apostasy. Our building is not attractive but the message, and that is what counts in eternity.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

The regular social meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church will be held at the home of Mrs. C. C. Nourse, Tuesday afternoon, June 17th. The hostesses will be Mesdames Wilson, Tarr, Jones, Walker and Nourse. All the ladies of the congregation are invited.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church will hold a cooked food sale, Saturday, June 21st, in the Adams building below Sanders' drug store.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church will hold a cooked food sale, Saturday, June 21st, in the Adams building, below Sanders' drug store.

IMPROVEMENT FUND

As a result of the meeting at the Congregational church recently addressed by Dr. Patton, voluntary pledges were secured by Mr. Wilson, master of ceremonies, to the amount of \$535. A canvass among the friends of the church is being begun today to secure the funds necessary to paint, decorate and repair the building so as to make the structure a more fitting house of worship and a credit to Sierra Madre as a Community Church.

ON AND AFTER JULY 10, THIS STORE CLOSERS AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON ON SATURDAYS

M. D. WELSHER Central Market

Getting Time to Can Fruit

We sell nothing but PURE CANE SUGAR

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| Pint Mason Jars | | \$1.00 doz. |
| Quart Mason Jars | | \$1.10 doz. |
| ½ Stall Mason Jars | | \$1.25 doz. |
| Mason Lids | | 35c doz. |
| Kerr Lids | | 30c doz. |

SCHRAM LIDS—ALL KINDS OF JAR LIDS—CAPS—RUBBERS
—3 DIFFERENT SIZES OF JELLY GLASSES
PARAFINE AND SEALING WAX

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| Large Cantaloupes | | 2 for 15c |
| Try the new Miller Bread | | 13c a loaf |

Rye, Graham, Whole Wheat, Raisin, Toast, Sandwich, Mary Elizabeth, Billy Boy, Cracked Wheat, Bran, French
Rolls—all kinds

M. D. WELSHER

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

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Summer Footwear

FOR

Men, Women and Children

THE name "WALK-OVER" is a guaranty of highest quality, correct style, and perfect fit, at a reasonable price, plus real customer service by expert, courteous salesmen who will strive hard to please you.

Our lines of Summer Footwear for Men, Women and Children are complete and up-to-the-minute in leathers, models and sizes, making shoe-shopping a real pleasure.

Whether individual needs or shoes for the whole family are to be supplied, let it be

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PASADENA

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BASSETT'S
FOR
SERVICE."

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STRONG BLOOMING PLANTS, 50c EACH

Irving N. Ward Nursery

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Modern Machinery, Careful Workmanship,
Prices Moderate, Satisfaction Guaranteed
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ORDER YOUR WINTER SUPPLY NOW

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

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KERSTING BLOCK

Heinz Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor. The difference in cost between the best vinegar and the ordinary is too small to consider, because the food you use it on costs so much more.

Walt, Cider and White, pint bottle.....20c, quart bottle 35c

Specials for Saturday Only

Elbo Macaroni, in bulk, the lb..... 12c
 Liver Paste, for Sandwiches, can 10c
 Potted Meat, for Sandwiches, can 05c
 Gold Dust, the pkg. 05c
 Crepe Toilet Paper 3 rolls for 20c

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12

291 W. Central Ave.

Now Comes Summer

Of course you'll need a new outfit for the season. Come in and let us show you the Newest Summer Styles in

Perkins & Leddy Clothes \$25.00 and Better

Back of the individual style of these clothes is a good groundwork of woolen fabrics and dependable tailoring. They are correct in cut, timely in thought, in tune with the cost of living.

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FORD TRUCKS EQUIPPED WITH OVERSIZED PNEUMATIC TIRES

Ford Trucks may be ordered for delivery in the near future with 32x4 1-2 Pneumatic Tires on the rear (with demountable rims) and 30x3 1-2 Pneumatic Tires with demountable rims for the front wheels. An extra charge of \$40.00 will be made for this equipment, making the truck, F. O. B. Detroit, \$590.00; the war tax \$24.34.

This will surely stimulate truck activities and is a splendid addition to the already most satisfactory truck. It would be to your advantage to order now and be in on an early delivery.

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PHONE MAIN 110

37-45 W. Central Ave.

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

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THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

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NOTICE

Attention is called to the following section of Ordinance No. 200:

"It is unlawful for any person to light or burn any rubbish or refuse without a permit from the City Marshal. It is unlawful to burn north of Grand View Ave. except between the hours of 6 a. m. and 9 a. m., and in any other part of the city except between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m.

In case any fire gets beyond control immediately ring up RED 34, BLUE 62, or GREEN 101.

A. M. UDELL,
 City Marshal.

NOTICE TO REMOVE INFLAMMABLE WEEDS

Notice is hereby given that all inflammable weeds must be immediately eradicated, and removed from the property where such exist. On failure to do so, the city will enforce the provisions of Ordinance No. 153, which provides that the city shall cause said weeds to be removed at the expense of the owner, and also provides for a penalty of \$10.00 in addition to the cost of cleaning the property. The violation of this Ordinance is made a misdemeanor, and upon conviction carries the punishment of a fine not exceeding \$50.00 or imprisonment not exceeding fifty days or by both such fine and imprisonment.

A. M. UDELL,
 Street Superintendent.

CITY TRUSTEE MEETING

At the meeting of the city Trustees last night a volunteer delegation of citizens presented themselves to protest against the recent raise in water rates. Louis Dietz, E. Waldo Ward and Arthur Johnson Jr. stated their objections, but offered no other solution of raising sufficient revenue to meet the expenses of the water department, which went behind \$1,000 last year.

The writer feels that having but recently come to this community and lacking local experience, he is not competent to applaud or criticize either side, but we do know that all other costs have advanced and that the city books show a deficit for last year. The matter will be further discussed pro and con, and no doubt the Trustees will submit figures to prove their contention.

Charles Forman was appointed city recorder and W. J. Saunders was appointed the resignation of N. W. Tarr, Trustee.

LOCAL ITEMS

Robert W. Grady of the Bemay Dairy is a new Board of Trade member.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Collins went East to visit their sick daughter, last week.

Miss Lydia Webster, 131 W. Bonita, will entertain the Priscillas next Thursday, June 19.

Mrs. Ella Lyons of East Montecito Ave., left, this morning, for Richmond, Mich., her former home.

Mrs. D. L. Mooney of Los Angeles was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. M. Brooks, for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Humphries returned home Saturday evening, after a week's visit with their daughter in Los Angeles and her sister in Ocean Park.

J. W. Byrn, representing the Worth While Magazine of Long Beach was a pleasant caller the first of the week. His magazine contains a page article, illustrated, on Sierra Madre each month, and its wide circulation gives our town good "outside" advertising.

Robert W. Carr, the magazine writer, is spending a couple of weeks here enjoying the blessings of Sierra Madre life and scenery. He and Mrs. Carr came in from their desert ranch near Riverside the first of the week and are living in their summer home at 110 Montecito avenue.

Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Whiting of Long Beach visited their son, J. F. Whiting, Sunday and Monday. Tomorrow there will be a family reunion at their Long Beach home to celebrate Mr. Whiting's 84th birthday, which will be attended by the three sons and their one daughter and their families, all living in various parts of California.

Gilbert Bovard, who used to live here, and has been a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania for three years, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Alice Tufts, on W. Montecito. He has another year to complete his course and may finish it in a college in Southern California and make his home with his aunt. The young people, with whom he is very popular, hope so.

THE PLAY

Files of the News show that in the past years operas, dramas and shows of various kinds have been "put over" in excellent style by the home talent of Sierra Madre. But none was better done, nor ever a more difficult piece of work attempted here, than "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was given at matinee and in the evening of last Saturday at the Woman's Club House.

For this play demands discriminating taste, good judgment and very very careful acting to avoid becoming either ridiculous or mealy mushy—and our players found the trail and kept it.

"The Stranger" as the central figure, though the last to appear, deserves first mention. Mr. Charles C. Wilson handled this difficult assignment well, with action seemingly confined within narrow limits, yet changing subtly to meet the moods and characters of those he seeks to influence.

Mr. Elliott Rhodes, in order that all plans might not be upset and the play postponed, perhaps indefinitely, carried through his part of the retired bookmaker and did it well. His readiness to carry on under trying conditions was appreciated by all his friends.

Miss Williams transformed herself into a typical landlady, sweet smiling, but stingy of sugar. Mr. Argyle Tully acted the London Jew without overdoing it, in fact a finished piece of acting. Likewise, Mrs. Walter Wright Alley presented a Stasia that would be a credit to any stage. Her response to The Stranger's influence was exquisite. Miss Avis Preston took the house both before and after the change in make-up.

Prof. Walker was hardly recognizable in the Major, a type not often found in America; and for that reason both easy and difficult to portray. Easy, because the audience does not know how it ought to be done; difficult, because the actor himself can find so few suggestions. We are sure Prof. Walker and all others who participated will be glad to have it known that Mr. MacGregor gave them the benefit of his long and varied experience and study of the stage and of histrionic art.

The part of the Major's Wife was well done by Miss McDaniel. Miss Blumer has often aided in our local dramatics and we expected her to present a well thought-out characterization of the "highly-connected" Mrs. De Hooley. We were not disappointed. Mrs. Milton Steinberger took the extremely difficult part of Vivian, the Major's daughter. This was her first appearance on the local stage and our guess is that the dramatic club of her former home lost its best member when she came to this hillside. Vivian's lover has but a minor part and one that gives little scope for action. The part was acceptably taken by Mr. Lynch.

Franklin Wright, in the character of Harry Larckom, the entertainer, was a happy find. How he managed to make time for this work in the midst of his graduation exercises at Pasadena High, we don't know; but he did mighty well.

The News congratulates Sierra Madre on possessing a bunch of people who can pull off such a piece of work in so handsome a fashion.

And, what is of less but of considerable importance, the house was crowded and a good sum netted for the improvement fund of the Congregational church, for which the entertainment was given.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

MONEY TO LOAN—\$1,000 to loan, 7%. Andrews & Hawks.

FOR SALE—A good paying morning paper agency. A snap if taken at once. Inquire H. Olsen.

CHICKENS FOR SALE—Fryers and broilers. C. W. Brunson, 38 N. Auburn. Phone Black 68.

CLOTHES WANTED. Bring me your cast-off men's suits or single garments and I will buy them. Claud Harriman.

HAIR WORK—Orders taken for all kinds of hair work. Combing made up in any style. Switches a specialty. Mrs. A. F. Roberts, 149 N. Mt. Trail. Phone Black 122. 36-37.

RABBITS FOR SALE—22 rabbits for \$12.00. Six strong, healthy breeding does and a fine buck, and fifteen young, ready to wean. Conrad Scott, 255 N. Hermosa, or Phone Green 118.

LOST—Gold, ever-sharp pencil; lost about four weeks ago. Inscription on end. Return to News office and get reward.

Maple Syrup in Stock

1 pint Scydder Syrup 40c
 1 quart Scydder Syrup 75c
 Armour Corn Flake 2 pkgs. 25c
 Japan Green Tea, in bulk lb 50c
 Cantaloupes 3 for 25c
 New Spuds 7 lbs. 25c
 Tomatoes 2 lbs. 25c

C. M. Nomura

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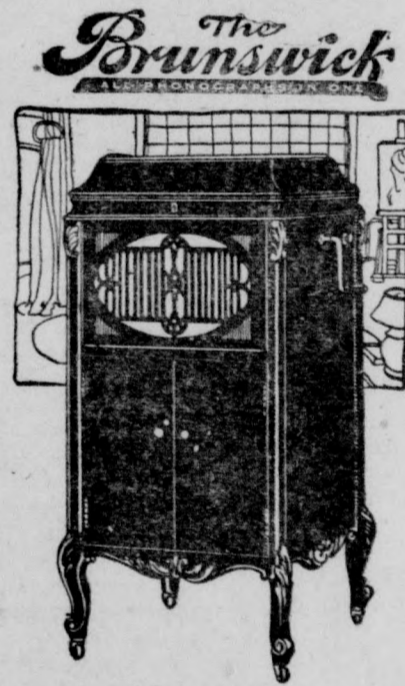
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PRICES, \$100.00 to \$225.00

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TOPS BATTERIES TIRES
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Sierra Madre work solicited. Work called for and delivered.
 A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co., Inc.

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA
 Near City Hall

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SPRING TURKEYS.

"Hello, my children," said Father Turkey, on a bright spring day.



"Don't Get Your Feet Wet."

"Hello, dad," said the little turkeys.

"You're spring turkeys, aren't you?" asked their father.

"I suppose we are," said one of the turkeys. "It's fine to be any sort of a turkey in this nice world where we get such good things to eat."

"You must be careful not to get your feet wet, you know," said Father Turkey.

"Yes," said the little turkeys, "mother was telling us to be very careful not to get our feet wet for the first four weeks of our lives, for if we do we will never be strong or well turkeys, and if we're careful—well, we will be strong and well turkeys."

The little turkey drew a long breath, for he had said all that without stopping.

Father Turkey laughed and said: "Well, anyway, you know just what you should do. Your mother teaches you well."

"Why did you ask us if we were spring turkeys, dad?" asked the little turkeys. "Didn't you know whether we were or not?"

"Yes, I knew," said their father, "but I wondered if you had heard of the autumn and of Thanksgiving."

"No, mother hasn't told us about Thanksgiving," said the little turkeys.

"Is Thanksgiving something to eat, daddy?"

"No," gobbled Father Turkey, "Thanksgiving is something which eats us. That is we are supposed to be good food for Thanksgiving and for Christmas, too."

"We are going to be eaten?" asked the little turkeys, in frightened voices.

"Cheer up, little turkeys," said Father Turkey. "It sounds quite dreadful to you now, but it won't when I explain it to you. And it is best for me to explain it to you than for some one else who doesn't know and understand the whole thing."

"You see," said Father Turkey, "Thanksgiving day is a day when they give thanks for all the fine things they have in this world. When some people come over to this country years and years ago they set aside a day upon which to give thanks for their safe arrival in this land."

"Well, it's a day which is kept year after year after year, and in order to celebrate it in great style they have turkeys to eat. It's a great honor they pay us. And they also have turkeys for Christmas which is a day still greater than Thanksgiving day."

"And more than the compliment that they pay us is the fact that we're fed so well and given so much to eat before Thanksgiving day that we never have to hunt for our food; we are given all the goodies we want, and we are made fat in the most delightful fashion."

"To be sure, all of us aren't eaten, but it doesn't matter whether we are or not, for we don't know it when we are, and we do know all about the delightful days beforehand, when we eat and eat and eat and gobble and gobble and gobble."

"When your mother was looking after you I kept watch all the time to see that no harm came to you. I warned her whenever danger was near."

"I will teach you how to roost in the trees, and I will teach you how to put your heads under your wings."

"But probably your mother has already taught you these two things. So I will just have a good time with you and chat with you and gobble with you."

"You're a fine father," said the little turkeys.

"But you can still call yourselves spring turkeys," said their father, "because it is still spring, and it will be a long time before Thanksgiving day, and the following holiday, Christmas, and the snow and the cold weather."

"Yes, you're spring turkeys, you're father's own nice spring turkeys, and it will only be one more week before you can walk wherever you want, for you'll be four weeks old, and after the first four weeks little turkeys don't have to be so careful."

And the spring turkeys gobbled and said that life sounded and seemed very pleasant.

That's True.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family.

"Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to and that have horns."

"Motor cars!" promptly answered Johnny.

Her Engagement Ring

Is a girl's most treasured gem. It should be a good one. It will cost less than you think. We have all sizes—each one perfect. Modest prices.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY

100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

HELP WANTED

If you want big wages learn town's need barbers; good opportunities open for men over draft age. Barbers in army have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write, Moler Barber College, 43 S. West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

SIMPLY PERFECT IN THEORY

Kitchen Management Left Nothing to Be Desired, Except the Prosaic Fact of Cooking.

An experienced housewife, who has never taken any other course in domestic science than that afforded by wrestling many years with the problem of three meals a day, felt much interested when her college-bred daughter told her that she was going to spend the week-end with a friend who was the last word in the highbrow world of the cooking specialist.

"Mother, it was wonderful," exclaimed the girl on her return. "On one side of her white-tiled laboratory—she doesn't call it a kitchen—there is the dishwashing machine and on the other the long tables for the constructive work. The arrangements are perfect, and everything is clean and shining. I'm just crazy about it. Not a bit like our haphazard kitchen."

"And I presume the food was equally wonderful," said the really sympathetic mother, ready to learn of the new generation. "Tell me about it."

The returned visitor looked thoughtful. "Well, you see, we didn't go very deep into cookery. She never does. We had dinner made in the fireless cooker, some sort of stew. And the rest of the stuff she gets at the delicatessen."—New York World.

Dickens' Love of Humanity.

Dickens' love for humanity, his desire to right wrong and relieve suffering, were some of the reasons given by Sheriff Lyell, a talented member of the Scottish bar, speaking before the Glasgow Dickens society, for the admiration that writer had won. "The Baristers of Dickens" was the speaker's subject. He referred to Mr. Voles, Eugene Raeburn, Tommy Traddles, Sidney Carton, Sergeant Buzbuz and other characters well known to Dickens' readers.

"One must leave behind the spirit of criticism and give oneself up to a whole-hearted enjoyment in reading Dickens," he said. "There might, at times, be exaggeration or forced sentiment, but there is also genius. I don't know why he made Tommy Traddles a lawyer, unless it was to show that we barristers are not all as black as we are painted. Dickens was at his best in depicting deep and genuine pathos, free from sentimentalism."

Famous Fleet Street.

A modern writer has called Fleet street the "Street of Adventure," and the name is a good one, writes A. A. Methley, in "A Child's Guide to London," for here all the news of the world is gathered together, and the strip of sky overhead is crisscrossed with the telegraph and telephone wires that bring tidings of warfare, victories, revolutions, and marvelous inventions and discoveries.

The road certainly deserves its picturesque title, but, in medieval times when, as Froissart says, the Londoners were the proudest people in the world, and the most outrageous, the name would have been even more appropriate. Then the adventures themselves actually took place here; and again and again in history we find wild stories of tumults fought out on the rough cobblestones of old "Flete Strete."

First Thrift Day.

The first "thrift day" in America was August 11, 1915. That was the first time one special day was ever officially set aside for the purpose of encouraging attention to thrift. The day was celebrated in California as "thrift day" in response to a proclamation of Governor Johnson. The occasion marked the opening of the thrift congress, held at the Panama-Pacific exposition by the American Society for Thrift—Thrift Magazine.

Christian Unity.

He who takes hold of one end of the litter on which a hurt brother is prone must not pause to question the name and affiliation of the man who takes hold of the other end.—The Christian Herald.

Hats as Bedroom Slippers.

Old felt hats which are too far gone to be worked over into hats again are now utilized for bedroom slippers.

Don't Meet Them Often.

"Is it always the husband's fault?" asks a magazine advertisement. Well, of course, there are some things with which husband never had anything to do. But they are rare.—Kansas City Star.

Gas in Bamboo.

Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China years ago, and one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sound of persons' voices that were dead—a machine similar to the phonograph.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

The welfare of the family is largely in the hands of the one who provides the three meals a day. While many things contribute to health—sleep, fresh air, and exercise, food is the foremost consideration. This is recognized today as never before, and those who regard their own welfare and desire to give their children the best possible equipment for the stress of modern life, are asking how to choose food wisely.—Mary Swartz Rose.

QUICK DESSERTS FROM CANNED FRUIT.

Canned peaches, pears and pineapples make ideal desserts, and they also act in salads with as pleasing results. Whipped cream is the usual well-liked accompaniment, but with none at hand a white of egg beaten stiff, one tablespoonful of sugar added, and the mashed pulp of a banana make another good sauce. This should not stand, as the banana will turn dark.

Peaches and Cream.—Place upon each serving plate a round of sponge cake and on top of each, hollow side up, place a peach. Four over enough juice to slightly moisten the cake, then heap on top of the peach a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream flavored with almond. Garnish with a cube of jelly.

Raspberry Foam.—Cook two heaping teaspoonfuls of minute tapioca in one pint of raspberry juice until the tapioca is clear; add a pinch of salt, and sugar if needed; remove from the fire, and while hot fold in a stiffly beaten egg white. Serve cold with cream.

Pineapple Whip.—Mix together one cupful of shredded pineapple, one cupful of rice and one-half cupful of sugar; less if the pineapple is sweet. Whip a half cupful of cream and fold in lightly. Serve in sherbet cups and garnish with a cherry.

Blackberry Loaf.—Bring to the boiling point one quart of blackberries. Place in a serving dish or mold squares of cake; pour over some of the berries, then place another layer of cake and cover with the berries until the dish is full. Cover with a plate and place a weight upon. Let stand several hours. When cold turn and slice evenly. Serve with cream.

Canned cherries make a most delicious dessert, using one cupful of flour, a little salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder with milk to make a drop batter. Drop in buttered cups, add a generous spoonful of cherries, then add more batter. Set cups in boiling water and cook covered 15 minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

Our men have died to make the world safe for democracy. Let our women live for it, work for it, making it not only safe, but better than it ever was before.—C. F. Gilman.

MAPLE SUGAR DAINTIES.

We can't all own a sugar bush, but we may, in many of our states, procure the delicious maple sugar and sirup at this season of the year. When using maple sugar in place of the ordinary granulated, a little less is required.

Maple Junket.—Take one quart of fresh milk, add a junket tablet (which has been dissolved in a tablespoonful of water) to the milk after it has been warmed to lukewarm, thoroughly dissolve and stir in the junket, add one-half cupful of maple sugar, a tablespoonful of vanilla, and pour into glasses to set. When firm, set on ice to chill. Serve with grated maple sugar and chopped nuts over the top of the sherbet cups.

Maple Parfait.—Take one cupful of maple sirup and, when boiling hot, pour over four well-beaten eggs very slowly. Cook for a few minutes, then cool and add a pint of thin cream. Freeze until mushy, then add the stiffly beaten whites, and when well mixed pack in ice and salt to finish freezing.

Maple Tapioca.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of tapioca and a half-cupful of raisins in a pint of milk for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and add a cupful of maple sirup and the beaten yolks of two eggs; reheat and cook slowly until thick; cool and fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Serve with cream.

Maple Candy.—Take a pound of maple sugar and a pint of rich milk or thin cream; cook until a soft ball is made when a drop is cooled in water. Flavor with vanilla, add a cupful of pecans and pour out into a greased pan to cool. Mark off in squares before it becomes too firm.

Capes and Gowns for Spring Wear

Garments in Vast Array Make Choice Wholly Up to the Individual.

UNIFORMS AMONG PAST EVILS

Mannish Dressing Does Not Admit of Women Looking Their Best; Pretty Clothes Bring Out True Disposition.

Clothes reflect current events and the spirit of the times in which we live to a greater extent than appears to the casual observer. Fashions are now as topsy-turvy as the rest of the world, observes a prominent fashion correspondent. Many things are shown, but few are chosen, so the best thing we can do is to select the clothes that best express beauty and harmony and that above all are lovely and feminine.

Let uniforms and mannish dressing for women be among past evils. It may be that uniforms are inspiring to feminine wearers—some people think so—but why be inspired to be an efficient machine? Who wouldn't prefer the inspiration that comes from frills and ruffles? If a woman is beautifully and becomingly dressed she has that soul gratifying assurance that comes with the knowledge that she is

for instance, the little undersleeves of white mull that peep from beneath short, tight sleeves of either silk or serge dresses are beautiful. Many of these have pleated frills of the mull set on flatly, and sometimes these frills are edged with real lace.

Worth showed director gowns of silk with tiny undersleeves, and often a matching treatment was carried out in the rounding neckline. Here a little gilet of mull was edged with one of these perky fluted frills that barely showed itself from beneath the cloth. Short-waisted dresses of taffeta are corded both at the waistline and rounded neck, and sometimes at the bottom of the sleeves as well. Several of these dresses have small director capes to complete them. Such capes are cut short in the front and longer in the back.

Winged Moths Luring the Flames.

A slender, straight-line dress with a cape that makes its wearer look like a little winged moth is picturesque enough for any woman who does not wear strictly tailor-made things and practical enough to adapt itself to any hour of the day. Wide box plaits of the cloth that hang loose except where they are caught at the neckline and underneath the hem at the bottom of the skirt are a new feature. The round neckline appears in this model and it is softened by a rolling collar of white silk. Venetian red buckles are used to fasten the belt, which is somewhat wider than is usually worn on gowns of this type. The cape is made like those just described, which curve shorter in front, and it is slit for armholes at either side. White satin is used for its lining. Many of these capes shown at the French openings were lined with cotton fabrics. Old-fashioned white cross-barred muslin frequently was used to line both capes and coats.

Trimmings for Topcoats.

Topcoats have not been neglected this season. They, too, have come in for their share of trimmings at a time when everybody seems to be quite mad on the subject of ornamentation. Leather and tweed are favorite combinations for country wear. Coarse grained black leather without even a suspicion of gloss forms a voluminous shawl collar, cuff and even ample patch pockets on a coat of dark gray homespun, and with a narrow strip of leather it belted high under the arms; then it flares toward the bottom after the manner of swaggy topcoats. Smooth red leather trims a motor coat of dust-colored Irish tweed. The large buttons that fasten it are leather-covered, and this time the leather collar and revers swing the pendulum of fashion in the opposite direction by being very scanty. The cuffs are unusually narrow; in fact, they are little more than facings. To make this overcoat warmer as well as smarter it is given a red cloth lining.

Linen of coarse weave is used to make surplice waistcoats for still other topcoats. Marine blue is the color most often chosen, and a leather collar and cuff in the same hue is added. One new motor coat that I saw was of black and white plaided worsted. It was a loose, baggy affair with raglan sleeves, and tan leather faced the collar and cuffs. Another good-looking one was of champagne-colored camel's hair cloth—the real camel's hair cloth which is so difficult to procure now. The coat was swung from a deep yoke, and the collar, which in this instance was of the cloth, ruffled up around the ears in becoming folds. Champagne-colored silk with a broad purple stripe made a striking lining.

Navy blue tricotine gown and cape to match affords one of the favorite combinations.

looking her best, and she is possessed of something akin to the faith that removes mountains. There is no doubt about it—pretty clothes make us cheerful and happy and charming. There are ever so many new French ideas that we can use in making our spring frocks smart and becoming—

TRAINS RETURN TO FASHION

Swirling Width of Material Arranged So It Can Be Hooked Up or Slipped Over Arm.

Trains have returned to fashion and dancing is being taken up again by a swirl of young and middle-aged women. The world has always danced when peace prevailed. So dance gowns were ordered by the dozen as soon as the night of darkness turned into the day of sunshine.

And yet at this very moment long, tight skirts and trains have appeared. It is true that the swirling width of material called a train is arranged so that it can be hooked up on the skirt or slipped over the arm by a loop of metal or bead embroidery, but the short, full skirt which came in with dancing is considered quite out of style. However, women will not find the narrow skirt as difficult to dance in as when an American first brought the ragtime steps from France, for we have diminished the speed and the length of those steps in dancing so

that the best dancers rarely move their feet far from each other. If all the public dances as the best dancers do, in the correct syncopated way, the tight skirt will be no bar to pleasure.

Non-Tubable Silks.

It is thought that the season will see the use of more silks and materials that are non-tubable and it will be a great relief to some women to be just as extravagant in their clothes as they want to be. Light-colored georgettes, chiffons, and numerous novelty silks with much advertised trade names are being used lavishly and it is also understood that these silky materials and fannels will be much used for the separate skirt.

Apron Hanger.

Lay a piece of narrow tape about two and one-half inches long on the wrong side of the apron band at the center and fasten it securely at each end. This makes a good way of hanging it up without mussing. If tried once you never will make another apron without it.

Nellie Maxwell

Appropriate Reading.

"Our butcher's boy wants to improve his reading and asked me to suggest some suitable authors to him. Whom would you suggest?"

"I'd tell him to begin with Hogg, Lamb and Bacon."

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 603 Olmsted St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I can't sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

Kill All Flies!

THEY SPREAD DISEASE. FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed.

5 by EXPRESS, prepaid. 12c. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Immediate Action Necessary.

Kind Old Gentleman—What are you crying for, my little man?
Tommy Tut—I can't think of a name for dat guy.
K. O. G.—And why should it be necessary for you to think of a name, my little chap?
T. T.—Yer wouldn't ask that if yer heard the one he called me.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Cross-Examination.

Mistress—So you are the brother of my cook? Her only brother?
Policeman—I hope so.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is both under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Superficiality.

"There are two sides to every question."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
"And too many of us chaps who pose as powerful thinkers don't take the trouble to get to the inside."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

None Satisfied.

Officer—But surely you, a millionaire, have little to complain about.
Munition—Magnate—Oh, I don't know. The multimillionaires treat us like so much dirt.—London Opinion.

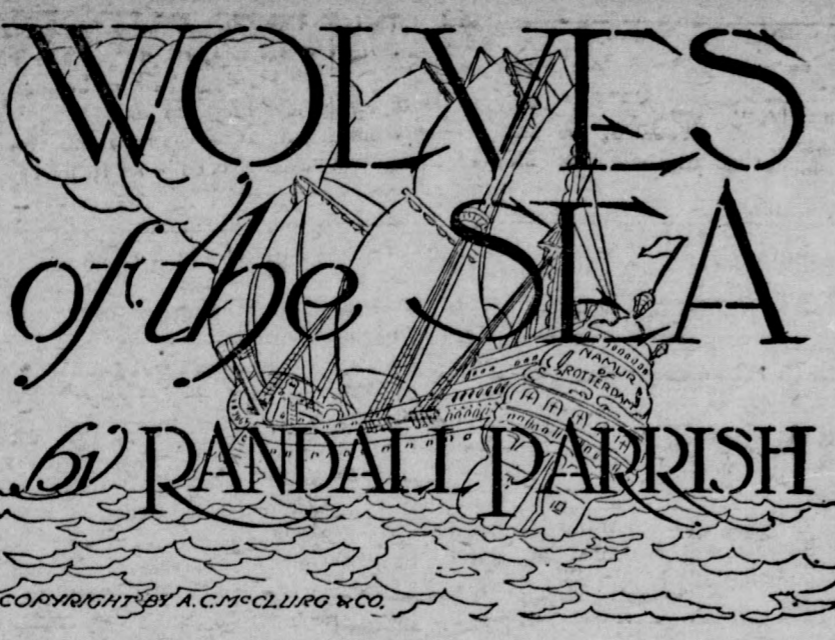
Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No soap, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

Always look on the bright side of things—If you are buying them look on both sides.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Smarting. Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



Geoffry Finds a Friend—and an Enemy.

Synopsis — Geoffry Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Why especially with me?"
"Rather a hard question to answer at the very beginning," I smiled back at her. "Yet not so difficult as the one I shall ask you. I am only one of fifty prisoners, scarcely cleaner or more reputable looking than any of my mates. Yet surely you have not sought speech with these others? Then why especially with me?"

Even in the growing dusk I could mark a red flush mount into the clear cheeks at this insistent question, and for an instant her eyes wavered. But she possessed the courage of pride, and her hesitancy was short.

"You imagine I cannot answer. Oh, but I can; I know who you are; my uncle pointed you out to me. I am traveling home with him to Maryland. I am Dorothy Fairfax. He was present at your trial before Lord Jeffries. You are Geoffry Carlyle, in command of the ship that brought Monmouth to England. I heard it all."
"All? What else, pray?"

Her eyes opened widely in sudden surprise and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"Do you really not know? Have you never been told what happened?"
"Only that I was roughly forbidden to speak, called every foul name the learned judge could think of, and then sentenced to twenty years penal servitude beyond seas," I answered soberly.
"Following that I was dragged from the dock, and flung into a cell. Was there anything else?"

"Why you should have known, Lord Jeffries sentenced you to death; the decree was signed, to be executed immediately. Then influence was brought to bear—some nobleman in Northumberland made direct appeal to the king. That was what angered Jeffries so."

"An appeal! For me? Good God! not Buccleugh—was it he, the duke?"
"Yes; it was whispered about that the king was in his debt—some word of honor, and dare not refuse. The word of mercy came just in time, ordering Jeffries to commute your sentence. At first he swore he'd hang you, king or no king, but his nerve failed. My uncle said he roared like a bull. This Buccleugh; is he not your friend?"

I hesitated for an instant of indecision, looking into her face, but the truth would not be denied.
"Scarcely that," I said soberly. "Nor can I solve entirely his purpose. He is my brother, and I am the next in line. We are not even on speaking terms; yet he is childless, and may feel some measure of dislike to have the family end in a hangman's knot. I can think of no other reason for his interference. I knew nothing of his action."
"I am glad it became my privilege to tell you. Besides, Captain Carlyle," simply, "it may also help you to understand my interest. If you are of the Carlyles of Buccleugh, how happened it that you went to sea?"

"Largely necessity, and to some extent no doubt sheer love of adventure. I was a younger son, with very little income. There were then two lives between me and the estate, and the old duke, my father, treated me like a servant. I always loved the sea, and at fourteen—to get out of his sight, I think largely—was apprenticed to the navy, but lost my grade in the service by a mere boyish prank. His influence then would have saved me, but he refused to even read my letter of explanation. I dared not return home in such disgrace, and consequently drifted into the merchant service. It is a story quickly told."
"Yet not so quickly lived."
"No, it meant many hard years, on all the oceans of the world. This is the first message reaching me from the old home."

"I have seen that home," she said quietly, "and shall never forget the impression it made on me. A beautiful place. I was there on a coaching party, the first summer I was in England. I was a mere girl then, and



"I Have Seen That Home."

over me my own fingers closed tightly about her hands.

"I owe this to you; I am sure I must owe this to you—tell me?"

Her eyes dropped, and in the dim light I could mark the heaving of her bosom as she caught her breath.

"Only—only the suggestion," she managed to say in a whisper. "He—he was glad of that. You see I—I knew he needed someone to take charge of his sloop, and—and so I brought you to his mind. So please don't thank me."

"I shall never cease to thank you," I returned warmly, conscious suddenly that I was holding her hands, and as instantly releasing them. "It will save me the degradation which I dreaded most of all—the tolling in the fields beside negro slaves, and the sting of the lash. Ay, it means even more."

I hesitated, instantly realizing that I must not utter those impetuous words leaping to my lips.

"More!" she exclaimed. "What more?"

"This," I went on, my thought shifting into a new channel. "A longer servitude. Up to this moment my one dream has been to escape, but I must give that up now. You have placed me under obligations to serve. Between us this has become a debt of honor."
"But wait," she said earnestly, "for I had even thought of that. I was sure you would feel that way—any gentleman would. Still there is a way out. You were sentenced as an indentured servant. I saw the entry myself. It read: Geoffry Carlyle, Master Mariner, indentured to the Colonies

for the term of twenty years, unless sooner released; crime, high treason." Any indentured man, under our Maryland laws, can buy his freedom, after serving a certain proportion of his sentence. Did you not know that?"

I did know it, yet somehow had never connected the fact before directly with my own case. God! what a relief; I stood up straight once more in the stature of a man. I hardly know what wild words I might have spoken had the opportunity been mine; but at that instant the figure of a man crossed the deck toward us, emerging from the open cabin door. Against the gleam of yellow light I recognized the trim form advancing, and as instantly stepped back into shadow. My quick movement caused her to turn and face him.

"What!" he exclaimed, and evidently surprised at his discovery. "It is indeed Mistress Dorothy—out here alone? 'Twas my thought you were safely in your cabin long since. But—prithce—I mistake; you are not alone."

"I was preparing to go in," she answered, ignoring his latter words. "The night already looks stormy."
"But your friend?"

The tone in which he spoke was insistent, almost insolent in its demand, and she hesitated no longer in meeting the challenge.

"Your pardon, I am sure—Lieutenant Sanchez, this gentleman is Captain Geoffry Carlyle."

He stood there stiff and straight against the background of light, one hand in affected carelessness caressing the end of a waxed mustache. His face was in shadow, yet I was quite aware of the flash of his eyes.

"Ah, indeed—some passenger I have not chanced to observe before?"
"A prisoner," she returned distinctly. "You may perhaps remember my uncle pointed him out to us when he first came aboard."

"And you have been out here alone, talking with the fellow?"
"Certainly—why not?"

"Why the man is a felon, convicted of crime, sentenced to deportation."
"It is not necessary that we discuss this, sir," she interposed, rather proudly, "as my personal conduct is not a matter for your criticism. I shall retire now. No, thank you, you need not come."

He stopped still, staring blankly after her as she vanished; then wheeled about to vent his anger on me.

"Carlyle, hey!" he exclaimed sneeringly. "A familiar sound that name in my ears. One of the brood out of Buccleugh?"
"A cadet of that line," I managed to admit, wondering. "You know of them?"

"Quite as much as I care to," his tone ugly and insulting. Then an idea suddenly occurred to his mind. "Saint Guise, but that would even up the score nicely. You are, as I understand it, sent to Virginia for sale?"

"Yes."
"For how long a term?"
"The sentence was twenty years."
"Hela! and you go to the highest bidder. I'll do it, fellow! To actually own a Carlyle of Buccleugh will be a sweet revenge. 'Twill count for more than were I to tweak the duke's nose."

"A very noble plan for revenge," I admitted. "And one which I am not likely to forget. Unfortunately you come too late. It happens, senior, that I am already safely indentured to Roger Fairfax."

I turned away, but he called angrily after me:
"Do not feel so sure of that Carlyle! I am in the game yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Black Sanchez, Pirate.

I rested in my berth for a long time, staring blankly up at the dark deck above, unable to sleep, and endeavoring to figure out the true meaning of all these occurrences. I felt that I could understand the interest exhibited by Dorothy Fairfax, and greatly as I already admired her, I was not egotist enough to even imagine that her effort to serve me had basis in any personal attraction. But what about Lieutenant Sanchez? Why was this unknown Spaniard already so openly my enemy? Could it be because of Dorothy Fairfax? I felt finally that I had the clue—jealousy, the mad, unreasoning jealousy of his race.

I had no false conception as to this; no vagrant thought that her interest in me was any more than a passing fancy, born of sympathy and a desire to aid. Nevertheless, as she had thus already served me, I now owed her service in return, and here was the first call. If conditions made it possible it was my plain duty to place myself between these two.

What mystery is back of the Namur of Rotterdam, the strange ship which the Fairfax party encounters as it sails up the bay? Sanchez shows little interest, but Fairfax and Carlyle are worried. What can the strange craft be doing in this spot?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greedy for Wasps.

The common green frog has been discovered to possess an insatiable greed for wasps. This extraordinary appetite does not seem to be in the least checked by an occasional sting. The protecting color of the frog, which sits motionless upon leaves, no doubt includes the most wary of insects into sense of security.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Proving It.
Pussfooting is a calamity. "I suppose it is something of a catastrophe."
He—By Jove, Betty, you look nice enough to eat. She—Well, don't forget this is Friday.—Boston Transcript.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Tuition Will Be Free.
"She says she's going to give singing lessons." "She'd have to. Nobody'd ever pay her for them."

Authorities differ as to whether a poker room should be classed as an ante room or drawing room.

There is nothing more idiotic than the smile of a pretty girl—when directed toward some other fellow.

When a man begins to discuss matrimony with a widow the result is usually a tie.

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All Druggists, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

WHEN BUYING ASPIRIN ALWAYS SAY "BAYER"

Ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a Bayer package—marked with "Bayer Cross."

Don't buy Aspirin tablets in a pill box. Insist on getting the Bayer package with the safety "Bayer Cross" on both package and on tablets. No other way!

You must say "Bayer." Never ask for merely Aspirin tablets. The name "Bayer" means you are getting the genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," proven safe by millions of people.

Beware of counterfeits! Only recently a Brooklyn manufacturer was sent to the penitentiary for flooding the country with talcum powder tablets, which he claimed to be Aspirin.

Danger in Abbreviation.
Even the school nurse has her fun. In a talk before the central philanthropic council the other day, Miss Helen R. Stewart of the board of health told of one little boy who, after he had been examined by the nurse, went to the teacher in tears, complaining that the nurse called him names.

When the teacher expressed her surprise, the boy sought to prove his case by handing her the card the nurse had given to him as her record of the examination.

"Look at that!" he cried.
"Poor nut," read the card.
"Poor nutrition," explained the teacher, finally sending the child away with a better opinion of the nurse.—Dallas News.

Information Needs Confirmation.
"Old Dorsey Dudgeon prides himself on knowing where the conflagration is as soon as he hears the fire bell ring," related the landlord of the Petunia tavern.

"By the time half a dozen whangs have changed he has scrambled into a garment or two and is out on his front porch, hollering to the people running by just where he knows the fire is."

"He should be of considerable assistance to the volunteer firemen and others in sending them in the proper direction," commented the interested guest.

"Eh-yah! He would be if he didn't nine times out of ten know it wrong." Kansas City Star.

Glossing Over the Facts.
"Pa, what is a euphemism?"
"I'll have to explain that by giving you an example, son."

"Yes, pa."
"The dictionary says a euphemism is 'a figure of speech by which a word or phrase more agreeable or less offensive is substituted for one more accurately expressive of what is meant,' as in the case of the society reporter who states that a widow who has been married three or four times is 'led to the altar' by a wealthy old codger who never had the slightest notion of getting married until he faced the preacher."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Economy in Postum

Boil Postum as long as you please, and you will extract only healthful goodness. You'll get no caffeine—the coffee-drug—for there's none in Postum.

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

in fact, should be boiled fully 15 minutes, and if desired the pot can be kept going from meal to meal, adding more Postum and water for the new service.

Postum is the favorite of large numbers of former coffee-drinkers and can be secured from grocers everywhere.

Two Sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

A Delicious, Invigorating and Healthful Drink

"There's a Reason"

Jewelry and Repairing

SPECIAL—Men's Leather Belts \$1.50 value for \$1
Soft Collar Pins at 25c and 50c
 Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.
FRANK FRAIBERG
 Closed Thursday afternoons. Opposite P. E. Station

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Special Attention to Renters
 Going to Buy?—Consult my lists.
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 Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Local Calls 25c
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 EGG MASH SCRATCH FOOD
 Wheat, Barley, Baby Chick Feeds, Dairy Feed, Hog Feed, Oil Meals
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Alfred's Pure Ice Cream

1 QUART..... 60c
 1 PINT..... 30c
 1/2 PINT..... 15c
 We also have a full line of bottled soft drinks on which we charge no tax. See our window. We represent the highest quality of goods in our line and guarantee satisfaction or money returned without a word.
 First Door East P. O. **Pettitt's News Stand**
 Phone Green 85

Seashore—Mountains

Vacation Time

is here again and many of us are planning to spend a goodly portion of that time at one of the numerous seaside resorts, while others will prefer the mountains—
 In either case the **PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY** offers unexcelled service to seaside resorts and direct connections to many mountain camps.

SEASIDE RESORTS
 Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach, Redondo Beach, Long Beach, Seal Beach, Huntington Beach, Newport Beach, Balboa.
MOUNTAIN RESORTS
 Mt. Lowe, Camp Baldy, Hogue's Camp, Glenn Ranch, Cold Brook Camp, Camp Rincon, Follow's Camp, Strain's Camp and San Bernardino Mountain Resorts.

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 For Information and Literature See
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 Phone Red 38

THE WOMANS CLUB.

One of the largest club audiences of the year gathered Monday afternoon to hear Arne Nordskog, tenor, in concert, with Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley at the piano.

Numbers on the program were particularly chosen in their appeal because of melody or expressed feeling and gave the singer every opportunity to win the sympathy and appreciation of the audience.

Mr. Nordskog's singing was more than enhanced by the masterly accompanying of Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley, whose composition, "Twilight," the last number on the program, evoked much interest and applause.

The singer, though apparently suffering from a slight huskiness, won much applause and seemed to please his hearers, in that he has the desire to please, the first essential in pleasing, back of which stands the mastery of a method which has made many musicians.

The clever lute refrain of "Cheer Up Do," by Coverly, caught the mood of the audience, who required a repetition; also, the familiar strains of the ever popular "I Hear You Calling Me" and Bartlett's "Dream" greatly appealed to them.

The program in full is as follows:

1. a. "A Spirit Flower" Campbell Tipton
- b. "Dear Hands that Give Me Violets" Haydn Wood
2. a. "Christ in Flanders" Ward Stephens
- b. "Little Mother of Mine" H. T. Burleigh
3. a. "Lucevon Le stella," from Tosca b. "Cheer up do" Coverly
4. a. "I Hear You Calling Me" Marshall
- b. "The Grey Dawn" Braithwaite
5. a. "Dream" Bartlett
- b. "If" Vanderpool
- c. "Twilight" Kingsley A Member.

BOY SCOUTS NEWS

Edwin Ward, Editor.

Our trip to Catalina has been postponed from July 8th to Sept. 1st.

We had our regular meeting last week and drilled about three quarters of an hour.

Our scoutmaster, Bryant Essick, is going to work on a ranch near Santa Barbara this summer, during vacation.

C. W. Forman will be scoutmaster of Troop 1 of Sierra Madre while Bryant Essick is away.

There will be a meeting tonight and it is very important that every Scout should be there, as it is the last time our regular scoutmaster will hold a meeting until September.

Sunday was the beginning of Scout Week for the nation, and all the Scouts, in uniform, attended the Congregational church on Sunday morning. We repeated our oath.

SCHOOL NOTES

Hilda Barrett, Editor
 Viola Fennel and Mary Jameson, Reporters

Paul Ladd gave an interesting report on the telegraph last week.

The Eighth grade is taking up the present war conditions with Mr. Walker in their history class.

The girls' and boys' indoor teams wish to extend their sincere thanks to Mrs. Sparks and Mrs. Whiting for their kindness in taking us to Rivera some time ago.

Week before last, the graduating class elected their officers: President, Arthur Johnson; vice president, Louise Pearson; secretary and treasurer, Bettye Shaw.

The school was delightfully surprised by a visit from the Fifth grade teacher of last year, Miss Blanche P. Goudy, and Kathryn Archer, one of the last year's graduates, yesterday.

A color committee, for securing class colors, was also elected. On Tuesday the eighth grade had its second meeting. The color committee submitted several combinations, and black and gold were chosen. The meeting was adjourned.

The Camp Fire Girls gave a tacky party last Monday evening, June 3, on the school grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and the teachers were the guests of honor. Each girl invited one boy and brought a box lunch for both. The boys donated 10c, the total amounting to \$1.60. The prize, a bottle of ginger ale, for the tackiest person there, was awarded to Betty Shaw. The party broke up at 8 o'clock, everyone having had a good time.

P. T. A. ENTERTAINMENT
 A very delightful program was given by the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades at the Parent Teachers meeting last Thursday evening. The cast was as follows:

Two rounds, "Row, Row Your Boat" and "Brother James," were sung by Marvin Webster, Portia Wallace, Harvey Bennett, Dorothy Lichnog, Richard Hawks, Dorothy Wilson, Preston Schwartz, Margaret Graham.

Minuet—Harriet Settle, Dorothy Scott, Katherine Church, Mary Wark, Whiting Thompson, Richard Lees, Danson Tarr, Richard Hawks.

Play: "The Christmas Candle." Story told by Virginia Thompson

Mother.....Lois Woodruff
 Children
 Priscilla.....Hazel Kincaid
 John.....Dudley Shaw
 Mary.....Rose Gerson
 Patience.....Marion Trowbridge
Indians
 Warsley.....Fred Heisner
 Red Chief.....Billy Somner
 Chief Rainwater.....Stewart Eaton
Fathers
 Master Winslow.....Hobart Woodruff
 Master Bradford.....Stephen Johnson
 Play: "The Ugly Duckling."

Scene 1
 The Ugly Duckling.....Danson Tarr
 Madam Duck.....Hilma Rhodes
 The Duck Children—Robert Heisner, Verne Bradford, Richard Lees.
 Turkey.....Charles Hull
 Gray Gander.....Lillian Gerson
 White Goose.....Rosa Pertusati
 Plym'th Rock Hen, Margaret Graham
 Red Rooster.....Richard Hawks

Scene 2
 The Peasant.....Lester Fennel
 His Wife.....Marjorie Deutsch
 Elizabeth.....Elizabeth Glidden
 The Cat.....Preston Schwartz
 The Hen.....Kathleen Wilson

Scene 3
 The Mole.....Madeline Hibbs
 The Father.....Harvey Bennett
 The Mother.....Marion Barrett
 The Children—Dorothy Wilson, Dorothy Lichnog, Carl Jacobson, Bernhard Bodine.
 The Swans—Marvin Webster, Portia Wallace, Clair Dodson.

The Virginia Reel
 Harriet Settle, Caroline Gilbert, Kathleen Wilson, Dorothy Wilson, Dorotha Scott, Katherine Church, Margaret Graham, Marion Barrett, Portia Wallace, Dorothy Lichnog, Caroline Gilbert, Constance Holland, Mabel Johnson, Mary Wark, Irma Deutsch, Marjorie Deutsch, Elizabeth Glidden, Rosa Pertusati, Lillian Gerson, Madeline Hibbs, Margaret Moote.

After the program, delicious punch and cake were served by the ladies of the P. T. A.

SIERRA MADRE CANYON PARK

By Mrs. G. S. Johnstone
 Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Custer of Los Angeles have purchased a lot on the hill and will soon build.

Mrs. Laura M. Cline departed for the Yellowstone National Park, where she will remain for the season.

Miss Nora Bogan of Long Beach and Miss Lillian Hickey of Little Rock, Arkansas, will spend some time in the Cline cottage, taking a com-

plete rest.
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard Leighton have sold their home at Long Beach and have built an artistic cottage on the hill, where they will make their home indefinitely. We are happy to welcome them to our canyon and hope they will decide to be permanent residents.

Mrs. A. A. Thibadeaux recently of Alaska, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Johnstone at Sans Souci cottage. Mrs. Thibadeaux tells some wonderful stories of the vegetation of Alaska. On one occasion she was caught out in a rain and used a leaf of rhubarb as an umbrella, and it proved adequate protection, being almost three feet across. All flowers and vegetation attain immense proportions in Alaska.

Several parties have approached the owner of the swimming pool and adjacent property with the idea of its purchase and the construction thereon of a modern hotel, to include also a store; swimming pool to be open the year round; garage, automobile park and public restaurant. The plan suggested would call for the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, and would be a great addition, not only to Sierra Madre, but to Sierra Madre Canyon Park.

A delightful birthday luncheon was enjoyed on the bridge at "Bridge Inn," the occasion being the birthday anniversary of Mrs. B. F. Davis and Mrs. A. A. Thibadeaux. Mr. Davis took the ladies for a drive, giving friends an opportunity to prepare luncheon. They little dreamed of the surprise awaiting them and were quite overcome by the unexpected sight of the table laden with good things to eat, flowers and presents. Many were the toasts and good wishes, and all voted it a happy day.

The Canyon Park Improvement Association held their first annual meeting Saturday afternoon. Lawyer G. A. Hart of Long Beach was elected president, Mrs. Laura M. Cline secretary and treasurer. Various committees were appointed and we are expecting some very excellent work this year in improvement of roads, sanitary conditions, and lights. The attendance was excellent but not what we hope to have later on, as all property owners, as well as Sierra Madre friends, should join in making the Canyon a delightful garden spot. The next regular meeting will be at the "Club House" Saturday, June 21st, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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