

## GAY PARIS HEARS THE CURFEW BELL

Martial Law for First Time Since  
Siege of Paris.

### CALM FOLLOWS GREAT NOISE

War Scenes in the Frivolous French  
Capital—Citizens Must Be Indoors  
by 9:00 P. M.—Society Women  
Take Volunteers' Places.

Paris.—Martial law is in force for the first time since 1870, when Paris was in a state of siege. A visitor unaware of the situation would fancy himself in the midst of a national festival. This is on the outside only, for every home has its mourning. But life sits lightly on the Parisian.

The whole city is befogged; the streets are a mass of color; hardly a building is there that is not gay with bunting. The English flag is conspicuous everywhere.

In the streets hawkers do a roaring trade selling little flags for the buttonhole, one the national tri-color, another the combined colors of the triple entente.

Horse and motor traffic are almost non-existent. Luckily the weather keeps fine. Immense crowds line the boulevards and chief thoroughfares.

Quietness Succeeds Noise.

A noticeable feature is the strange quietness which has come over the people. Wednesday there was a continuous roar; processions followed one another continuously Thursday it was as though the nation were dwelling on the death struggle with its fiercest enemy.

News sheets were snatched from runners for news of the Belgians' heroic opposition to the German advance. But, above all, the certainty that England is going to stand by transformed

The third day of mobilization was the big departure day. Men from twenty-eight to thirty left by the northern and eastern stations, which are barricaded to all but the military. Five hundred train loads left in one day. All was done in good order, with an absence of noisy manifestations. Many husbands break down when bidding wives and children adieu.

On the boulevards a superb automobile driven by a white-bearded man bears an inscription that it is for the free use of mobilized soldiers going to the eastern stations. As each soldier hails it and enters the old man hands him a well-stocked hamper and the crowd cheers.

The famous dressmakers have closed their doors. From the front doorways the midnettes stream out, carrying tricolor banners. From one establishment fifty young women emerge. At the head are three pretty girls who hold between them a huge banner. The rest follow, singing "La Marseillaise" as they march up the Rue de la Paix towards the boulevard.

#### Americans Offer Services.

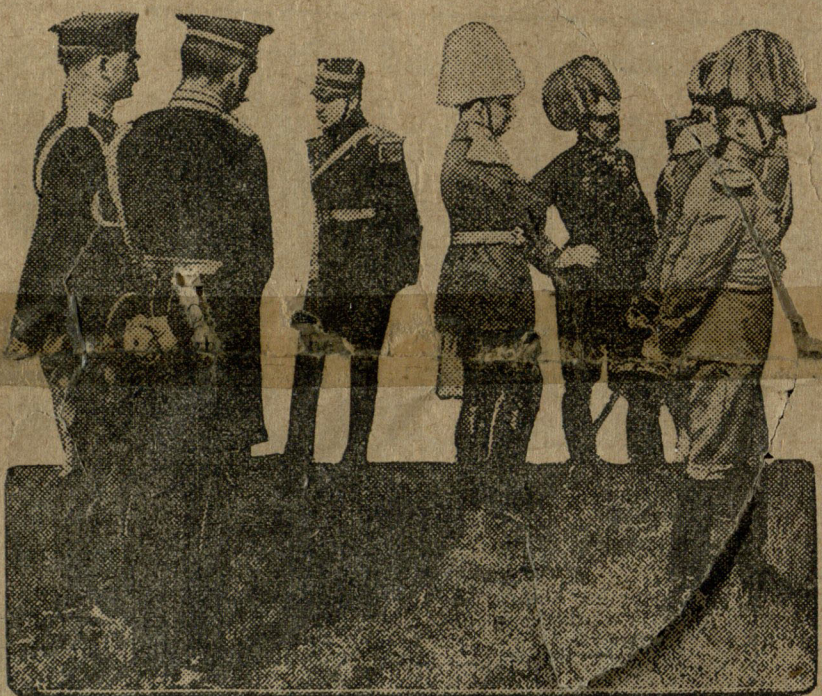
In the Montparnasse quarter, Holy Trinity lodge, a meeting house and hospital chiefly for the use of American artists, sculptors, etc., is now transformed into a military hospital. The members of the lodge unanimously offered their services for military work.

As the German ambassador left a street urchin crept through the lines of soldiers to the railway car. As the envoy entered the lad called out, "Give my compliments to William." The crowd enjoyed the joke more than the departing guest.

A smartly gowned young woman was on her arms a lad of fourteen, dressed in a Russian naval suit with a cap marked "Russia." A guard passes. The boy leaves his mother and cries at the top of his voice, "Long live the French army." The officer stops his men and kisses the boy on both cheeks.

A correspondent was approached by an officer in uniform and asked to witness the civil marriage of one of his men. Soldier Delaporte Jean Marie was united with Chomel Caux. Kissing his bride and shaking hands, he was

### FRENCH ARMY OFFICERS



the thirst for street demonstrations. The crowd awaits events without noise or bluster. English and Italians are greeted in the cafes with lifted hat or a word of good fellowship. At the hotels the English visitors are treated with especial courtesy and deference. Americans rank in the popular mind with Britishers as friendly to France.

#### Curfew Law in Force.

The new law is now in force; all citizens are expected to be indoors at 9:00 p. m. The curfew bell warns all at eight, when the cafes close and streets are deserted. The theaters follow suit. The receipts at the Comedie Francaise on Monday were under \$90. Twelve of the leading artists have gone to the front, among them Albert Carree and Georges Ricou. The Odeon theater has lost Paul Gavault. A few minor cafes chantant still try to draw, but the Moulin Rouge is closed. Mau-Barrès, the eminent academicien, has joined his regiment.

The police continue to be on the alert for spies. Many arrests have been made. Foreign residents have to apply to the police stations for permits to remain in the city. The gates are closed all around the fortifications at 8:00 p. m. Late arrivals by automobile have to run close examination. Carrier pigeons are the particular objects of suspicion to the police. The law of 1896 for bidding the importation of pigeons has been renewed. All the gun shops in Paris have been requisitioned to deposit their stock in warehouses to be held till martial law is abolished. Special municipal nurseries have been organized for the care of infants whose mothers have volunteered for the Red Cross or other work.

### MEN AND THE MAN

Something over a hundred years ago the military genius was with France. Less than half a century ago Germany had the great leader.

However, much more men count than the man, yet the man does count. The spirit of the French people of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was finer than the spirit of the German peoples of that time. The spirit of the German peoples of 1870 was finer than the spirit of the French

people of 1870. Yet Napoleon and Von Moltke were supreme actors in the two periods.

Of the fateful Battle of the Boyne the Irish have always said that if their leader had been William and their enemies' leader James, a different story would have been written.

Will this European war develop a great military genius? Or will it depend on the higher average of the men and the war machines—on where is the greater discipline, the finer spirit, the greater staying power?

## MRS. WILSON BURIED

Interment of the President's Wife  
at Rome, Ga.

Funeral Services Held in the White  
House Are Attended by Family,  
Intimate Friends, Cabinet Mem-  
bers and Committee From  
Congress.

Washington, Aug. 11.—In the presence of her stricken husband, her relatives and scores of persons who had known her in her girlhood, the remains of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president, were interred today in Myrtle Hill cemetery at Rome, Ga., the home of her youth. She lies beside her father and mother.

The special train from Washington bearing the family, intimate friends, members of the president's cabinet and committees from the house and senate, reached Rome about two about two o'clock and the casket was taken at once to the cemetery. The brief services at the grave were attended by nearly the entire population of Rome, for very many of the citizens had known and loved Mrs. Wilson in her young days.

The train departed for Washington soon after the conclusion of the services.

Funeral Services in White House.

The funeral services for Mrs. Wilson were held at two o'clock Monday afternoon at the White House, in the historic east room where only a few months ago she witnessed the wedding of her daughter Jessie and Francis B. Sayre. Rev. Sylvester Beach, who married both Mrs. Sayre and Mrs. McAdoo, officiated, being assisted by Rev. James M. Taylor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Washington.

Though the services were private, the members of the cabinet and committees from the senate and house attended, and a number of intimate friends of the Wilson family also were present.

Banked about the casket were numerous beautiful floral tributes, sent not only by officials and wealthy persons, but by the poor and humble, who loved and revered the president's wife. Throughout Washington as throughout the nation, all flags were at half-mast and the general mourning was evidently deep and sincere.

#### Her Death Peaceful.

Mrs. Wilson's death, which took place Thursday, August 6, was peaceful. The president held her hand when she passed away. Her daughters, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre and Mrs. William G. McAdoo, a speaker of the house, and a speaker of the senate, were present. She had been unconscious three hours before she died. At two o'clock roused herself and smiled faintly at her dear ones. She was



Mrs. Ellen Louise Axson Wilson.

too weak to speak to them. Those at the bedside not relatives were the six consulting physicians and the nurses from the naval hospital.

Months of constant illness, which began with a nervous breakdown, aggravated by a fall on the White House floor, with an injury to her spine, and then Bright's disease brought about the end.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was born in Savannah, Ga., the daughter of Rev. Samuel Edward and Mrs. Margaret Jane Axson. Her maiden name was Ellen Louise Axson. She was educated by her parents and was graduated from Shorter college in Rome, Ga. Her father was the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Rome.

In 1885 Thomas Woodrow Wilson, then a young lawyer, and long a friend of the Axsons, went to New York and took Miss Axson back South with him. They were married in the parsonage of the Independent Presbyterian church at Savannah, where Mrs. Wilson was born.

During all of her married life Mrs. Wilson found time to continue at her painting. Her canvases are in the Art Institute, Chicago, in New York, Philadelphia and Indianapolis.

#### Methuselah Outclassed.

"They say a man is as old as he feels."

"They are wrong. No man could possibly be as old as I feel after I have been up all night walking the floor with the baby."

#### She Told Him So.

"So your husband was mistaken for a deer? I am awfully sorry for you." "Thank you. I told him when he started away to hunt that he was foolish to wear his new \$6 brown Beaver hat."

## IMPROPER MANAGEMENT OF GRASS LANDS



Grass Land That Has Had Care Shows by Yields.

Nothing can be farther from good management than the common practice of leaving the grass land to take care of itself. On the average small farm the live stock have the run of the whole of the grass practically every day in the year.

There is never a fresh field to give the stock a change; the sweet parts of the farm are over-grazed, and by over-maturing lose their sweetness and become rank, while the poor parts are allowed to run to seed, thus increasing the proportion of weeds and well-grasses.

The prevailing fault on the many farms, large and small, is the want of proper gates, even when the fences may be good. A good gate that will last half a lifetime, if properly hung, can be got for very little; we need not specify at length what the common stop-gaps are.

It is a deep study in human nature to find an explanation of the state of mind that will not take the trouble to settle the question of gates properly.

Valuable machinery is stuck in a gap exposed to all weathers, and liable to be injured or to injure stock, when moved to allow a passage.

In another case, the gap is stopped by bushes, which have to be taken down and built up laboriously each time the gap is wanted.

Frequently we see a gate leaning against a gap, because the farmer has not time to set up gate posts. More frequently the gate post is set up so badly that it gives way, the gate drags or has to be lifted each time it is opened, and the gate comes to pieces long before it should be worn out.

The average stop-gap, as a contrivance to save time and trouble, leaves everything to be desired. It is wasteful of both time and material, and is dangerous.

The section of a gate post that is in the ground, if due regard

is paid to the drag exercised by the weight of the gate.

A gate post of narrow diameter, such as wood or metal, soon works through the soil unless properly stayed. Even a stone pier would give way in soft soil. The great point is to provide some resistance to the drag.

There are many devices that ingenuity will suggest. A simple one, if rather costly, would be to imbed the post in a broad-based block of concrete.

The weight would then be on the post instead of the gate, and the center of gravity would be supported by the base of the block, whether the gate stood open or closed.

Whatever device is adopted, let there be no delay about the proper hanging of gates. This is a matter that gives away the character of a farmer perhaps more than anything else about his place.

While on the subject of gates and gate posts, we may call attention to the fact that many a gateway in the wet season is a regular sea of mud, and the fields on each side cut up badly for some distance.

Gateways should be firm and unyielding, not only to provide clean and easy passage for foot or wheel, but also to secure firm gate posts. A soft gateway gives no material support to a post.

Where there is a hard bottom, the gateway may have the surface cleared away and the hollow filled with stones picked off the land. With a soft bottom, a foundation may be laid with bundles of faggots, which are to be covered, as before, with the stones. Faggots in such a position last a long time and provide the drainage which is required in such a position.

Let the center of the gateway be higher than the sides, so as to prevent the lodgment of water, which does so much harm in this position.

## SENATE OF LEAD FOR POTATO PLANT

Bugs and Blight Are Greatest Enemies of Crop—Spraying Is Recommended.

The soil for potatoes should be of a light or sandy or gravelly loam type. Plowed-over turf land gives poor crops, for it is infested with the wireworm and the May beetle.

In fertilizing potatoes the amount and the kind should be governed somewhat by local conditions. I have found in my practice that about six hundred pounds, consisting of 250 pounds of nitrate of soda, 250 pounds of acid phosphate and 100 pounds of muriate of potash is the maximum mixture for the most economical results, says a writer in an exchange. This material should be sown broadcast a couple of weeks before planting, and well harrowed into the soil.

Cultivation should begin even before the plants are up from the ground, to loosen up the soil, to prevent the moisture from evaporating, and to free the field of weeds. When the potato sprout comes up and the plant increases in size, the field should be gone over continually with a fine spiketooth harrow until it is impossible for the horse and harrowing machine to go on the field without damaging the crop.

Potato bugs and blight are the greatest enemies of the crop. The best spraying chemical for the bugs is arsenate of lead, which gives better results than paris green and is not so inconvenient and dangerous to handle.

The blight can be guarded against by constant spraying, especially during the month of August, with Bordeaux.

#### For Late Colts.

If you have failed to get the mare with foal do not give up too easily. Try her again, remembering that a fall colt is almost as valuable as a spring colt in these days of high-priced horses. The mare that foals in the fall, also has an advantage to the farmer as he can have her for work during the rush season in the spring. It is not too late to breed the mare yet, and farmers should not give up if she does not catch at the first service.

#### Stables for Horses.

Stables for horses should be better ventilated, with sufficient windows on all sides for good circulation of air. The doors should be arranged so that during hot nights they may be left open when the animals are feeding or resting.

## GOOD CULTIVATION OF THE BLUEBERRY

Government Has Attained Development Beyond All Previous Expectations.

The government has been experimenting with the blueberry plant and has worked out a system of pit culture under which it attains a development beyond all previous expectations.

Blueberries thrive in acid soils, and there is a large amount of naturally acid land in the East United States that is fit for nothing else, on which blueberries could be raised profitably.

There are two methods of propagating the blueberry plant. The first, which is suited to upland soils, is to set the plant in trenches or separate holes in well-rotted peat, about a foot deep, and mulch the surface well with leaves or clean sand.

Give plenty of room for the roots.

The soil should afford good drainage, as the ideal condition of the peat about the roots is one of continued moisture during the growing season.

The second method of field culture is to set the plants in a peat bog after it has been drained, turfed and deeply mulched with sand, just as for cranberry culture, except that no provision need be made for rapid flooding of the bog for winter. The ground water of the bog might be kept a little lower than is usual with cranberries.

There is a great difference between the genuine blueberry and its counterfeit—the huckleberry. The blueberry is plump, large, and its seeds are so small as to be almost unnoticed. The huckleberry's seed is surrounded with a bony covering like a minute pea pit, which crackles between the teeth.

The blueberries stand shipment well and if growers will take pains to insist that their product be not confused with huckleberries and sold at the same price, they will be better off.

#### Rearing Calves.

The man who plans to rear his heifer calves should bear this point in mind: Vitality is one of the most important things to be developed, and it is obtained only through liberal feeding and proper care. And this is only partly true, for, unless the calf is well-born to start with, the best care and feeding will not produce a profitable cow.

#### Plum Trees.

Plum trees require comparatively little pruning. In the case of young trees shorten in the strongest shoots which outgrow the others to the extent of unbalancing the form and symmetry of the tree.

## POULTRY

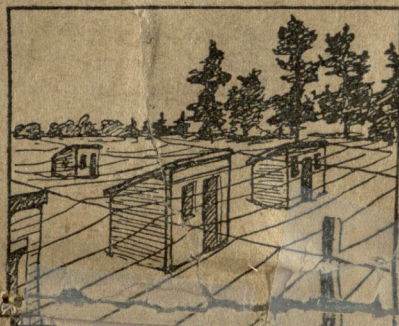


### NATURAL ENEMIES OF CHICKS

Depredations by Crows and Hawks May Be Prevented by Device Adopted by Maine Station.

One of the chief difficulties that the poultryman has to contend with is the continued loss of chicks, and sometimes even of nearly full-grown birds, as a consequence of the depredations of natural enemies. It is safe to say that the magnitude of the loss from this source is not anything like fully realized by anyone who has not kept an accurate account of all his birds. In the experimental work with poultry at the Maine station, a record of every bird is kept. In this way it has been possible to check up and form an adequate estimate of the losses due to the creatures that prey upon poultry, and, of necessity, a good deal of attention has been devoted to the problem of how these losses may be cut down.

In the experience of the above station the most destructive natural enemy of poultry has been found to be the crow. The depredations of the hawks are more spectacular, perhaps, but in the long run far less destructive. A hawk will only visit a poultry yard occasionally, and especially if he is shot at once or twice will be wary about approaching it again. On the contrary the crow is a steady and persistent robber. He will continue his depredations just as long as it is physically possible for him to do so. For a number of years crows killed and either carried away, or left behind partly eaten, a large number of chicks on the Maine station plant. These losses were not by any means confined to the small chicks, but half-grown birds, each nearly equal in weight to the crow itself, were killed, partly



Poultry Range Covered With Strings Two Feet Apart, as a Protection Against Crows and Hawks.

eaten, left behind on the range. In a single year the crows destroyed something over five hundred chicks.

Devices of all sorts were tried in order to stop these ravages. Various kinds of "scare-crows" were tried but with no effect whatever. Dead crows were hung up on stakes as a warning to their fellows, but instead of operating as warnings, they appeared to serve as "invitations to the dance." Decoying the birds was tried, but with no substantial effect on the steady losses. Poisoning even was resorted to, but all to no avail. The losses continued almost constantly.

Finally a plan was adopted which is perfectly safe and sure in its operation. It consists simply in running strands of binder twine about two feet apart over the whole of the poultry range occupied by the young birds, until they reach such size that they are able to take care of themselves. These strings are run over the tops of the brooder houses, and on supports made by cross strands of either wire or two or three strings of binder twine twisted together. These cross strands are held up where necessary by posts. The whole network of strings thus formed is put at such height that the attendants in working about the yard will not hit the strings when standing upright. The area covered in with strings in this way at the Maine station poultry plant is usually about three acres per year. The expense of covering this area is from \$15 to \$20 per acre. The labor of putting it up is comparatively small. It forms a perfect and complete protection against both crows and hawks.

#### Keeping Frozen Eggs.

Recent experiments indicate that if eggs are canned in a strictly sanitary manner while fresh, and kept frozen, they will remain in good condition for years. The government has been conducting tests along this line. The eggs are kept in cans instead of their original shells, and are completely frozen instead of being kept at a temperature near the freezing point.

#### Roosts for the Poults.

As soon as the early hatched poults (little turkeys) get large enough to roost, let them roost in the trees or on the tops of sheds. Don't put them in buildings where they will not get as good air to breathe.

#### Remove the Roosters.

Remove male birds from the flock as soon as the breeding season is over. Infertile eggs can stand more hot weather.



Issued Weekly, on Friday.

CAL SINNINGER, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the post office at Clayton, Ind., as second-class mail matter, January 16, 1914.

Copy for display ads must be in this office not later than Tuesday noon to insure insertion and the proper setting for the current week.

Advertising will be charged at the rate of 10c per inch single column per week, except on time contracts of three, six or twelve months, for which a liberal discount will be allowed. Local reading notices, 5c per line each insertion. Ordinary notices up to 20 lines, free over that amount. 5c a line. Lists of resolutions, cards of thanks etc., 5c a line.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$1.00  
Six Months.....50  
Three Months.....25

Subscriptions are invariably in advance. If not paid until the end of the year 25c extra will be charged.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1914.

A resident of this section last Saturday accused the editor of the Press with being a straddler in politics. The argument he produced had about as much sense in it as a woman's reason for doing things. It was all comprised in the one word—Because. He claimed to make his deductions from the fact that the Press does not take a partisan stand on political matters. The Press is not a straddler on any question, neither does its editor let the ideas of biased partisan political organ grinders soak into his system to such an extent that he can see no good in any party or any candidate unless the party color encircles the neck of such party or candidate with letters a foot high on it. The editor of the Press does his own thinking and bases his own judgement on the records of parties and candidates and the measures they have espoused and enacted into laws and the records they have made in their official capacities. Where they have been in the interests of the people the Press is in their credit, where they have been in the interests of individuals or of personal aggrandizement the Press is free to condemn and give publicity to the schemes perpetrated upon the people. In its first issue the Press stated that it would be independent in all things and neutral in nothing. That was on the 16th of last January and we believe we have lived up to that statement. This same fault-finder then wanted to know whether we had no politics. You can just bet your bottom dollar that we have, but we are not in the business of publishing a political rag so one-sided that it becomes lopsided and therefore unable to stand alone. That class of paper has had its day and is fast disappearing, and rightly so, for the people are reading all sides of a question and are doing their own thinking and acting accordingly. The day has forever passed when the American people can be driven to vote the party ticket straight, even if a yellow dog were nominated as a candidate, as once was the case. The Press is not hide-bound in its political views and will give honor to whom honor is due and condemnation to whom deserves it. Some of the grafting acts on our own political party compelled us to expose the cause of candidates on other tickets in the coming election unless the candidate on our own tickets will come to the front and show us where they stand on certain forms of legislation if elected to office. The Press has no use for candidates who belong to a close corporation of political tricksters who wear the collar of two or three horses and who, if elected, will do the bidding of these same bosses. What this country needs is men, not steel pigeons for a dirty political ring which has in the past looted the state treasury and handed the taxpayer's money over to political pets, ward healers, party swashbucklers, pimps and barrel-house bums, as was the case in the last session of the Indiana general assembly and several of its late predecessors. The interests of the commonwealth of Indiana and her

thousands of honest electors, Republican, Democratic, Progressive and Prohibition stands head and shoulders above the interests of any party's success at the price of honor and the common weal.

As a sample of how the act passed by the last state legislature, which gives the township trustee printing to the political organs, the two papers at Spencer, Owen county, are a case in point. George Griffin owns both the Democrat and Republican papers, his son-in-law conducts the Republican sheet. These two papers have for years sucked the legal printing tax but the milk flowed into the same vessel. The son-in-law was given the post office for supposed loyalty to the party's interests. With the change of administration the day-in-law, Griffin, expected to become postmaster, thus keeping the legal printing and federal plum in the family, but through some political misarrangement the Cullop political machine skipped a cog and Griffin was left high and dry as one who also ran. Last year, Griffin, the man who owns and controls both the so-called political papers and who writes all its editorials with a pair of shears, got on all fours, figuratively speaking, to do obeisance to Tom Taggart, Cullop before the convention, but humbly ate crow after that, incompetent was nominated. It was the most abject spectacle of eating crow that has ever come to our knowledge. This case is one of many in the country where the political papers have been pulling the wool over the people's eyes, and shows as a matter of fact that thereal influence of these organs is nil. It is time for the electorate of Indiana to wake up and place in office men who will give us a business administration and not a set of political hacks who go to the state house and organize a little mutual admiration society and work for their own interests. That policy ripped the Republican party in the last election.

Did you ever notice the difference between a duck and a hen? When a duck lays an egg she waddles off and says nothing. When a hen lays an egg she at once begins cackling to let everybody know what she has done. The duck don't believe in advertising, the hen does. It's the same way with merchants. The ones who believe in advertising are like the hen the ones who don't believe in it are like the duck. Their time is mostly taken up in waddling about. The hen's advertising so constantly is the only reason why her product is much more in demand than that of the duck. Moral—Advertise more and waddle less.

## Purdue Girls Entertain

The Purdue girls of our vicinity, namely, Mary Edmondson, Maecia Kendall, Margaret Reitzel, Inez Richardson and Ruth Martin were the hostesses for several Purdue girls during the past week. The greater part of the week was spent with Ruth Martin and Maecia Kendall, with the exception of Wednesday night, when they were entertained by Inez Richardson, and Friday by Mary Edmondson. Wednesday night the girls loaded into a one-horse wagon and drove to Hazelwood to the farmer's meeting, where Purdue men furnished part of the program. On Thursday afternoon an informal party was given at Maecia Kendall's home. Friday night Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Edmondson chaperoned the crowd to the moving picture show. Friday night and Saturday were spent at Ruth Martin's, the girls leaving on Saturday afternoon. They were Miriam Beall, Clarksburg; Mabel Leaming, Romney; Jean Borum, Attica; Ruth Jones, New Lebanon and Marie Cook of LaCrosse.

On Sept. 9, the new term opens at Purdue. Clayton will be represented by Misses Inez Richardson, Maecia Kendall and Mary Edmondson and Messrs. Owen Mitchell, Roy Edmondson and Ronald Worrell.

## AUTHOR OF A GREAT STORY



Isabel Gordon Curtis.

Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth" is one of the best-known literary women of America and for years her name has been familiar to readers of household and farm periodicals and of fiction. She was born fifty years ago in Huntley, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and after receiving an academic education in that country, came to the United States in 1886. For several years she conducted the general literary work, and then she was successively literary editor of the New England Homestead and Farm and Home, dramatic editor of the Springfield Homestead, associated with her husband, Francis Curtis, an editor of the Birmingham Chronicle; associate editor of Good Housekeeping, and editor of the woman's department of Success Magazine. In addition to her literary activities, she has found time since 1903 to do a great deal of magazine work and juvenile story writing, and in recent years has written several novels that proved highly successful and popular. Her work has been widely read in Washington, and she has been portrayed by the artist.

The greatest of all the New York stage and New York newspaper titles. It is a story with a high moral purpose, and one which holds the interest of the reader to the end. The reviewers generally have pronounced it one of the greatest of American novels.

It is with considerable pleasure that we are able to announce that we have arranged for the serial publication rights on this story, the first installment of which will appear soon. We earnestly advise all readers to watch for it.

## Orchard Information

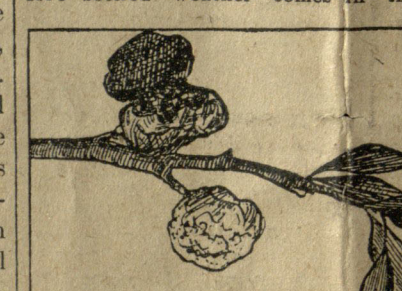
## DISEASES OF PEACH TREES

All Can Usually Be Controlled by Proper System of Spraying—Location is Main Problem

(By C. H. Thompson)

The peach is grown over a wide range of country, but its really successful commercial culture is limited to a comparatively few localities. The main difficulty in growing the peach lies in the early settling and blossoming of the tree. It is a tree of the temperate zone, and so of mild weather in winter or early spring may mean the buds into growth, only to be killed by a subsequent frost.

One of the main problems in peach culture is to select a location for the orchard where the buds are least likely to start into growth and bloom before settled weather comes in to dig up.



Brown Rot of Peach.

spring. The rule is to avoid low lands for peaches; late frosts are severe there. Orchards planted on sunny southern slopes come into bloom late. Avoid such locations when possible. A high situation, where the cool air will flow off down to lower levels, and a northern or western aspect is generally the best for a peach orchard.

There are several diseases of peach trees which also causes destruction if not promptly controlled, but the proper spraying will accomplish this. There is really no reason why a peach orchard should show a loss on account of diseases.

The brown rot is a most destructive disease of the peach. It thrives best in warm, moist weather and under favorable conditions may eat the side of the fruit; avoid breakage of flowers. The disease may also affect the twigs and is often referred to as

"twig blight." "Mummy peaches" are caused by this disease. These should always be removed. Bordeaux or self-bottled lime sulphur combined with arsenate of lead controls the disease. Spray just after the blossoms fall with arsenate of lead. Two weeks later spray with Bordeaux and arsenate of lead. Apply Bordeaux every ten days or two weeks until fruit begins to color.

Crown gall forms knobby galls on the lower part of the trunk and roots of peach trees and is very easy to detect. Trees affected with this disease should never be planted.

Leaf curl is a disease which is very wide spread, being found practically everywhere the peach is grown. It appears as soon as the buds begin to open and shows a characteristic curling of the leaves and deeper green color. The twigs are also affected and become swollen and have a lighter color. Self-bottled lime-sulphur wash is said to be especially valuable for this disease.

Rosette is a contagious disease for which no positive remedy has yet been found. The cause of the disease is unknown and the best remedy is to dig up and destroy the tree.

The yellow, like the rosette, is a serious disease of the peach. It ap-



Peach Leaf Curl.

pears as a yellow discoloration on the leaves and causes premature ripening of the fruit and death of the tree. To control this disease, spray with lime-sulphur if San Jose scale is present.

PRACTISE OF THINNING FRUIT

Of Great Value When Crop on Tree Is Too Large for Normal Maturity—Increases Quality.

When a crop on a tree is too large for normal maturity, thinning is of value, and should always be given. Under such conditions it increases the size of the fruit; avoids breakage of the tree; reduces drain on both tree and soil by avoiding unnecessary

## School Opens

September 14, 1914

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## CONCERT BANDS AT STATE FAIR



BANDMASTER NATIELLO AND SINGING QUARTET.

The deep impression made by Ernesto Natello and his superb concert band at the Indiana State Fair in 1909, when it was heard in ten concerts, has led to a second engagement of this band at the Hoosier exposition where it will be heard in ten concerts the week of September 7. The band is now stronger in numbers and talent than at any time in its history, and it has forged to the front under its able young conductor until it is now foremost among the concert bands of the United States and Europe. The band includes forty-five men, among them a dozen famous instrumental soloists and an additional feature for the Indiana Fair will be the Natello quartet of singers, who all of last winter were

entertainers of the ultra-fashionable guests of the LaSalle hotel, Chicago. The quartet includes Miss Lillian Steele, soprano; Miss Dorothy Henke, contralto; Alfred Kanberg, tenor, and Herbert Gould, basso. They have a national reputation as singing artists.

In addition to the Natello band, the Indianapolis Military band will, as for twenty-five years past, give two daily concerts at the fair, and the Indianapolis Newsboys' band will spend the entire week there. Another military band will play at the automobile show. These four great bands, with Amedeo, the piano-accompanist, who will each day wander about the grounds playing his melodious instrument, will make the fair uncommonly strong in music attractions.

cast a pebble above him and away he goes into the free air, his parents wheeling about him and leading him on in an evasive state of excitement. How well he uses his wings on that first flight, swooping and soaring with but little appearance of awkwardness or hesitation! After a few moments he comes back to the barn roof and lights on the other side beyond my sight. During the afternoon the other three ventured out at intervals and flew about the interior of the barn for some time before venturing outside, their parents flying with them and cheering encouragingly.—John Burroughs, in the Atlantic Monthly.

TEACHING THE YOUNG TO FLY

Parents of Youthful Swallow Always Guide and Counsel Him on His First Trip.

I think the great event, the first flight of the young is near at hand. I go to dinner, and when I return I am about to enter the barn the mother swallow swoops down toward me and calls, "Slow, slow," which I take to be her way of saying, "Scat, scat," and I know something has happened. Looking up to the roof, I see one of the young perched upon it a few inches from the lower edge. He looks scared and ill at ease. I

## CLAYTON STATE BANK

Does General Banking Business

Your Patronage Solicited

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

## Local News

Read the label on your paper.

Nance's creamery butter for sale at the meat market.

G. W. Stone transacted business at Indianapolis last Friday.

Try a pound of Nance's butter for sale at the meat market.

Mrs. W. R. Craven has been very poorly the last few days.

Extra good team of mules for sale at Fred Howsen's sale, August 26.

For Rent—My farm on a basis of one-third apply to John W. Good.

Mrs. Alvin Woodward visited her parents at Indianapolis last Friday.

Dale Anderson and family have returned from their visit to Newman, Illinois.

L. S. Jones and Morton Foster left Tuesday for French Lick, for recuperation.

Glasses correctly fitted, Dr. Swain, optician, will be in Clayton, Saturday, August 29.

Harrison Roy of Roachdale, spent last week with the family of Morton Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Short attended the funeral of Ruth Rogers, at Amo, Sunday.

Lost—Red sweater near interurban station. Finder please return to Albert Worrell.

Mrs. Mary Pearson spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Abbie Woodward of Plainfield.

Mrs. Will Griffith, of Indianapolis, spent Friday with her brother, Leslie Tomlinson and family.

Mrs. Margaret Bickley, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Pearl Tomlinson.

Rev. Samuel Waldrop, of Greenup, Ill., will fill the Presbyterian pulpit the fifth Sunday in August.

Aaron Staley and sister, Eliza of Waverly, were calling on their brother, E. J. Staley of this place, Sunday.

Fred Howsen will have a public sale on the 26th of August at which there will be a splendid team of mules for sale.

Mrs. Pearl Tomlinson spent Wednesday of last week, with old neighbors and friends in the east part of Indianapolis.

Irvin Rogers left last Thursday for his home at Cluny, Elberta, after spending a week with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. Ed Buis and daughter, and Mrs. Art Staley and children, spent Wednesday of last week, at the home of Mrs. Wm. West.

Frank Hopkins of Danville, was in town Friday, looking for a house to rent. He will be one of the teachers here the coming school year.

G. B. VanArsdale and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, attended the reunion of the VanArsdale families Sunday, at Garfield park, Indianapolis.

Mrs. George York of Logansport, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Carr.

John Pounds and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Robert Pounds, near Stilesville.

The Wesleyan Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Lide Rhoads next Wednesday afternoon.

A. D. McCormick and family of Indianapolis, spent Saturday night and Sunday with the family of Dr. R. E. Jones.

The Aid Society of the Christian church, had an all-day meeting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. William West, at Peeksburg.

Dr. J. B. Carr and wife left yesterday for an outing at lake Wawasee. They will remain until about the first of September.

Mrs. Nina Worrell of Cartersburg, with her guest, Miss Lovina Henson of Sidney, Ohio, visited friends in Clayton one afternoon last week.

Joe Edmondson and family, Eugene Edmondson and family, and Mrs. Sarah Scott, spent Sunday with Ralph Edmondson and wife, at LaChair.

J. W. Page, of Morgan county, was a caller at the Press office Saturday. He squared up his account and said the paper continue to come as we all like it.

L. C. VanArsdale, who has been visiting relatives here for sometime left Wednesday for School, Virginia, where he is employed in the Boys Reform School at that place.

Job Rogers, accompanied by Misses Pearl, May, Frankie and Irene Rogers, left Clayton Thursday of last week, for Paolia, Col., to be gone for an indefinite time.

Governor Ralston and family stopped off here a brief time Monday morning, while on their way to Poland, Owen county, where they have gone for a weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Lee Weesner, who has been at the Methodist hospital, Indianapolis, where she underwent an operation, has so far recovered as to be able to brought home last Saturday.

For Sale—Twenty acres of fine land in Franklin township, Hendricks county; five miles south of Peeksburg. For information write Delvin West, 2044 Annetta street, Indianapolis Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Stone attended the commencement exercises at the Dr. Fletcher sanitarium at Indianapolis, Tuesday evening. Mrs. Stone's sister, Mrs. Loveta Farnshell, was one of the graduates.

There will be preaching and services at both Methodist and Christian churches Sunday morning. The union services will be at the Methodist church in the evening, the subject being "What the Moon Saw."

Leslie Stone, one of our subscribers on the Danville list, called at our office Tuesday morning and signified his desire to continue reading the Press and made the newspaper man happy for 100 cents worth.

Tuesday evening Charles McCloud of route 2, called at the Press office and informed us that they like the Press well enough at his home to want it to continue coming, so set his time ahead one dollar's worth.

Mrs. J. Allen Harrison and daughter, Miss Julia of Portland, Oregon, are here for a visit of several weeks with relatives and friends. Mrs. Harrison will be remembered as Miss Jennie Ader, being a sister of Robert Ader and Mrs. Albert Worrell.

## PEOPLES BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Made it POSSIBLE for you to get INTEREST on time Deposits  
Made it POSSIBLE for you to pay TAXES at home  
Invites your account and ASSURES  
you the kindest of treatment

We will give a ticket with every \$1 purchase, good at the soda counter. E. V. Milhon.

Herbert Harvey, one of the substantial farmers of this section and one of the Press's good subscribers, was in this office during the editor's absence and paid his subscription to 1915.

The attention of our readers is called to a change in Vernon Plunkett's ad. He failed to get to Michigan in time to buy and ship by the 20th. Read the ad.

A "shower" was tendered Miss Grace Clappitt, of Indianapolis, last Friday evening by a number of her friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Woodward. It was a surprise on the young lady.

Mrs. S. A. McHaffie and son Melville of Stilesville, Kenneth and Vivian Hendren of Indianapolis, and Miss May Belle Seller of Mrs. Creencastle, visited Sylvester York Monday.

Miss Elsie Litzman entertained Miss Grace Clappitt, of Indianapolis, Miss Hazel Sellers and Arthur Litzman, of Mooresville, and Hollis Clark, of Hazelwood, Friday evening. The ladies remained over until Saturday.

The members of the Progressive party are requested to meet in the Johnson hall Saturday night at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a Progressive club. A speaker will be present. Order of Committee.

Friday morning Roy Rhoads called us across the street saying he had something to tell us. Roy being the agent here for the interurban electric road and consequently the chief man at the station we imagined he was going to inform us that the T. H. & L. had recently put a new floor in the waiting room and painted the outside even to the roof, all of which the Press has never mentioned, but that was not the burden of his song. He handed us editor the price of a years subscription.



Take One Pain Pill, then—Take it Easy.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will help you, as they have helped others.

Good for all kinds of pain. Used to relieve Neuralgia, Headache, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Pains, Lumbago, Locomotor Ataxia, Backache, Stomachache, Cerebralgia, Irritability and for pain in any part of the body.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills when troubled with headache, and find that one pill infinitely effects relief in a very short time. I am considerably affected with neuralgia in the head at times, and find the Anti-Pain Pills of much benefit. The Dr. Miles' Remedies are beyond comparison and I recommend them to all my friends."

GEORGE COLGATE, 219 Oakland St., San Antonio, Tex.

At all druggists, 25 doses 25c. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Most Men Do Both. Life is a comedy to him who thinks a tragedy to him who feels.—Horace Walpole.

## Bad Teeth Mean Scaling Down Your Efficiency



## Here is the Reason

Tooth ache, irritation of the gums, inability to masticate perfectly, bring on a score of diseases which in time undermine the nervous system and reduce the working ability of the individual to a nullity. The People's Dentists are a company of highly skilled men banded together so as to do the very best possible work in the shortest space of time, at a very moderate cost—and that painlessly. Consultation and Advice of the People's Dentists Are Free

Gold Crowns.....\$3.00  
Full Sets.....\$1.00  
Bridge Work (per tooth).....\$1.00  
Fillings.....50c  
Silver Fillings.....50c  
Extracting, Painless Method.....50c

A Written Guarantee on all Work, Lady Attendant, Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 12. Penthol for Painless Filling and Crowning.

## PEOPLE'S DENTISTS

Corner Illinois, Washington Streets and Kentucky Avenue  
Entrance 115 W. Washington Street

## Church Directory

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 10:45 a. m.; Ladies Aid Society 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, C. B. Scofield Pastor

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; preaching 10:45 Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.; evening services 7:30 p. m.

## CLAYTON MAILS

East	West
8:15 a. m.	9:32 a. m.
2:15 p. m.	3:28 p. m.

## T. H. I. &amp; E. TRACTION

## TIME TABLE FOR CLAYTON

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# The TIME LOCK

Author of  
"The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

By  
Charles Edmonds  
Walk

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## SYNOPSIS.

Ralph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1313, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery. Several persons at regular intervals enter No. 1313. Van Vechten expresses concern to his friend, Tom Phinney, regarding the whereabouts of his cousin and fiancée, Paige Carew. A man is forcibly ejected from the house. Van Vechten and Tom follow the man and find him dead in the street. Van Vechten is attracted by the face of a girl in the crowd of onlookers surrounding the body. Detective Flint calls on Van Vechten to get his version of the tragedy. Tom Phinney goes alone on a yachting trip. He recognizes among some persons in a passing motor boat two men whom he had seen enter the House of Mystery. He sees one of them, a Mr. Callis, on shore later and follows him. Tom is seized, blindfolded and taken to a house. A sweet-voiced girl later protests against the roughness of his captors. Van Vechten calls on his uncle, Theodore Van Vechten, big man in Wall street, and known as the "Man of Iron," in search of information regarding the whereabouts of Paige Carew. Detective Flint shows Van Vechten a gold mesh purse found in the House of Mystery. Van recognizes it as belonging to Paige Carew. The sweet-voiced girl helps Tom Phinney escape. A message from London reports that two ladies resembling Miss Carew and her companion, Mrs. Devereaux, sailed for New York some time previously. It develops that the ladies visited the English home of Temple Bonner, owner of the House of Mystery. It is recalled that Temple Bonner was in love with a daughter of Compton Schuyler who married Max Willard. The other daughter married a man named Devereaux. Bonner and Willard were intimate friends. A search is started for Willard. Van Vechten enters the House of Mystery by the back door in time to hear John Callis threaten a girl. He interferes and helps the girl escape, but is rendered unconscious in the struggle with Callis. Tom Phinney gets a job as master of Brownlow's yacht Kohinur, which has been chartered for some mysterious mission. The charterer, Max Willard, and his friends board the yacht at night and Tom hears the voice of the unknown girl. Van Vechten, recovering from injuries received in his fight with Callis, is visited by Jessie Willard, in whom he recognizes the girl who was the cause of the fight. He declares his love for her. She tells him that if his feelings have not changed one week from that day she will marry him. A coffin-shaped box is taken aboard the yacht at night. Delta tells Tom she really is Paige Carew and that she has been interested in him for years through the glowing accounts of Van Vechten. The coffin-shaped box is taken away in the night, apparently much heavier than when it arrived.

## BOOK III.

## CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

He walked off to the left, upon which he turned and stared into the night at the point where the launch had vanished, until roused by a touch upon his arm and the voice of Jessie Willard. She spoke with an agitation that had an electrifying effect upon him.

"Captain Phinney, do you know where Miss Carew is?"

"Why, I haven't seen her all evening," he returned. "I supposed she was in her room—or with you?"

The girl all at once seemed to shrink with a sudden unnerving fear.

"She's not in her room!" she cried. "I thought she was, but she has not been. Neither have I seen her—not since dinner." There was a pause.

"Didn't she go ashore?" Jessie presently faltered.

"No," Tom replied.

How long the ensuing silence lasted, while they stood staring helplessly into each other's eyes, and by degrees realized the significance of the girl's absence, neither of them afterwards ever knew.

They first looked into every likely place that might conceal a girl, terror and dread growing with each step that brought nothing to light. Tom scarcely noted an elderly lady who joined them and in a soothing manner, tried to compose the almost hysterical girl.

As for Tom, he was from the very first torn with an awful, unspeakable fear, but he acted with a dispatch and directness that left no possibility neglected.

Their own hurried but nevertheless quite thorough search proving ineffective, all hands were called, and the Kohinur had such a fine-combing as must have brought to light the smallest of lost articles, to say nothing of a young lady.

Then, in disregard of express instructions, both search-lights were brought into play, which explored with fingers of dazzling light every inch of the river's surface for miles downstream, while all the Kohinur's boats plied hither and thither in the quest.

But it was all of no use; not the slightest trace of the missing girl was to be found. Yet Jessie, with her elderly companion, hoping in the face of despairing certainty, watched and waited until the last boat returned.

The girl's overwrought nerves gave way as Tom, haggard and almost frenzied, approached. Clinging to the other woman, she sank weakly into a deck-chair, her body convulsed with sobs.

"Aunt Jo," she gasped, "we must tell Mr. Phinney—everything."

"Yes, yes, we must tell him—take him fully into our confidence," she returned. "But you must try to compose yourself, my dear. Captain Phinney will assist you to your room."

"Oh, Aunt Jo! Aunt Jo!" moaned Jessie. "We shall never see her again! I can't stand it! Papa, oh, why—"

The words were lost in a sudden uncontrollable fit of weeping.

At this juncture Tom was awakened from his hopeless lethargy, by a hail from the river. He ran to the head of

the accommodation-steps, where Mercer was parleying with some one in a boat.

"Who is it?" demanded Tom brushing his first mate aside.

"That you, Phinney?" a familiar voice came up out of the darkness.

"This is Flint."

## BOOK IV.

## A Specter at the Feast.

## CHAPTER I.

## What the Box Contained.

Jessie Willard's visit to Rudolph Van Vechten partook more of the nature of a visitation—as of some healing shrine's patron saint; for by Saturday night he had so far recovered that, at his uncle's repeated urgent solicitations, he was able to attire himself in the habiliments of formality and attend the directors' meeting, of which already he had been notified.

In the gallery of the dining-room—modeled after Thane Cedric's banquet-hall—an orchestra discoursed synopated melody in blissful ignorance of anachronism. The president of the Continental Union Banking and Trust company and the head of the Atlas Safe company occupied seats of honor, and their long laudatory responses put the finishing touch to Rudolph's impatience to be up and away.

Midnight approached like the termination of a sentry's winter vigil, and as he determined to slip from his seat near the long table's foot and find his hat and top-coat, there came a diversion that stayed him. By contrast, any interruption to the oratory was interesting.

The butler noiselessly approached the head of the table and held a whispered colloquy with the host. After a minute or two the Man of Iron nodded, the butler stole away, and the man who was speaking at the time, realizing that something extraordinary was impending, paused, faltered, stopped, and sat down.

Four men, clad in overalls and jumpers, entered, carefully bearing among them a large oblong box. They halted at the foot of the table, and while Mr. Van Vechten arose and, in his impassioned manner, addressed his guests.

"Gentlemen," said he, "some of our friends have not forgotten the occasion we are assembled here tonight to celebrate. We have here, I am assured, something that will commemorate this happy event in a most remarkable and fitting way."

And much more to the same effect. Then a space was cleared in the center of the long table, a few of the diners were disturbed, and the box was deposited thereon. The porters withdrew.

Everybody eyed the innovation curiously—and a bit distrustfully, too. The box, suggesting as it did the end of human endeavor, was not an inspiring center-piece, nor was it in harmony with the temper of the evening; but after much jocose speculation respecting its likely contents, at the host's command servants appeared with screw-drivers, and amid an expectant hush, the lid was removed.

The disclosure, coming as it did into the very heart of the company's good humor, was realized only reluctantly; for the box did not belie what it suggested. It really contained a coffin: one distinguished by its elegant cream-colored silk-plush covering and pure rose-gold ornamentation. The long extension handles were of the same metal, as was also the name-plate. Upon this latter was a single engraved line:

## "THE TIME LOCK."

With the injection into the banquet of an element so sensational and startling, Rudolph Van Vechten's desire to depart vanished; he was not unaffected by the excitement that stirred the rest of the company. But presently he observed that the incident conveyed a special meaning to certain of those present—particularly to his uncle.

Was the whole thing a huge practical joke?

The Man of Iron pointed out that if it was, it must have been an expensive one for the perpetrator. Then came the suggestion of an infernal machine, and once more a hush fell upon the gathering.

These men, however, were not lacking in courage. Very cautiously the casket was removed from the box, the box was taken away, and the former was given the place of honor, where it reposed like a beautiful but unattractive epergne.

In the silence that accompanied this operation a distinct ticking sound, emanating from the casket, was plainly audible, and the diners, some of them overturning chairs in their haste, recoiled to the walls, where they stood staring in horror at this unwelcome prefiguration of the grave.

At this moment a quiet voice was heard to say:

"Carefully, gentlemen; a slight jar might prove disastrous."

The company turned to behold a man of impressive appearance. He

might have been one of them, though none had seen him previously that night. His white hair, his smooth-shaven, finely wrinkled face, his magnetic eyes, were all a part of a commanding personality, and it was no more than natural that he should be looked to for an explanation of the episode.

Perfectly composed, there was no mistaking the fact that he completely dominated the situation.

Van Vechten noted that his uncle recognized the man, and that the Man of Iron's attitude all at once became one of tense, alert watchfulness.

With an air that impelled many to follow his example, the stranger consulted his watch; an average declaration of all the watches would have fixed the time at twelve minutes till midnight.

He advanced to the table, from which everybody else shrank as far as the confines of the vast room permitted, and laid a hand upon the casket. Glancing once more at the watch which he still held in the other hand, he quietly remarked:

"Gentlemen, this coffin contains willardite to wipe New York off the map. It is connected with one of my time-locks, set to detonate the explosive at midnight precisely." His commanding regard met Theodore Van Vechten's, as he added:

"No one better than you knows how likely it is to work without a hitch."

In the ensuing quiet, the ticking, as of a clock, which he plainly heard. After a moment he went on:

"I shall not take the time to apologize for this interruption of your festivities, because"—another glance at the watch—"only ten minutes stands between this moment and midnight."

"But, as briefly as possible, I want to make it clear to you that I am responsible for the occasion that has brought you together here. With my perfected time-lock and permanent steel—the only metal that will withstand the oxyhyric flame—combined with Theodore Van Vechten's business talent and his commanding position, wherefrom he can persuade every one of the country's financial institutions to purchase an Atlas safe."

They want it or not, the concern's initial year has been a phenomenally prosperous one.

"You gentlemen who are fortunate to be among the stockholders, and Theodore Van Vechten, are reaping the harvest; I get nothing—the inventor's portion."

"Through my lack of business acumen I was frozen out of the company, and it did not take long to discover that every avenue of legal redress was closed to me. Please bear in mind that fact."

"Then what remained for me?" The brilliant eyes swept the wondering audience. "Why, either to accept the situation as Theodore Van Vechten willed it, or recover my rights by force."

"Now, gentlemen, virtually I have been robbed of a fortune. I am not seeking vengeance—no, no; nothing of that kind—only justice and compensation. I have spent months in preparing for tonight; more than once my secret operations have nearly met with shipwreck, and you must realize that I come here fully determined to exact the uttermost farthing of my dues, or else not one of you will live to enjoy them. Call it blackmail, call it a hold-up, call it whatever you will, the fact is that I am here to enforce—not to beg or ask, mind you—but to enforce a distribution of my share of the profits of the Atlas Safe Company, and my reinstatement into the position of superintendent of which I have been unjustly deprived."

Theodore Van Vechten had gradually returned to the head of the table, and he now stood with his hands on the back of his chair, composedly re-

garding the speaker. The latter's eyes met the Man of Iron's intent look, and he added:

"—or else I shall annihilate every one of you and myself." He looked at his watch again.

"You all understand. You have just six minutes within which to make up your minds."

The Man of Iron was not of the stuff that is easily frightened—else he would not have been the Man of Iron. He was taken unawares and rendered bewildered—as who would not have been?—but he was first to recover himself. His voice rang out with an authoritative command that the casket be removed.

The intruder, with one hand still lying lightly at an end of the handsome casket, the other still holding his watch, calmly interposed:

"Just a moment—if you please. I have only to press a trifle harder upon this bit of ornament and the explosion will be precipitated. I trust—for your sakes; I don't care so much for myself—that you will not force me to such an extreme."

"However, I have come here prepared for any turn. If my rights are not to be recognized, then it is a matter of indifference to me whether I destroy myself along with the rest of you. I prefer not to do so, of course; but I give you my word, at the first movement of opposition I shall terminate this unpleasant scene."

An impulsive movement of Theodore Van Vechten's was followed by a gasp of horror; for the stranger was so self-possessed and determined that nobody doubted his dispassionate declaration. It was only too obvious that he would do to the last extreme exactly what he said he would.

The Man of Iron's fists suddenly clenched, and he took a step toward the speaker. The man's magnetic eyes turned upon him with a steady, inscrutable look.

"Theodore Van Vechten," the quiet voice went on, "it lowers the high feeling of respect and admiration which I entertain for your genius to see you choose the role of fool now."

"Max Willard," retorted Van Vechten evenly, "you know me well enough to recognize that I can not be coerced; so it is you who are playing the part of fool. Can't you see that this means your utter ruin?"

Said the other: "Everything that human agency can accomplish toward that end has been done—by you, Theodore. And now, just one more chance. Your niece has been missing for some time, has she not?"

Theodore Van Vechten started. The inventor went on:

"I merely want to add that—in addition to a well-calculated charge of willardite—she too is in this casket—alive at this moment." Again he glanced at his watch. "It is precisely two minutes until twelve."

Nothing was to be heard save the regular ticking, each pulsation marking off one more fateful second. The two men—Max Willard, cool and steadfast in his purpose; Theodore Van Vechten, an image of power and indomitability—looked long into each other's eyes.

With a quick movement, Willard's hand slid to another part of the casket. It could be seen that he pressed a trifle harder. The whole thing fell apart into the shape of a davenport lounge.

In the midst of the creamy cushions thus disclosed, clad in a white yachting costume which, in its present setting might well have been the ceremonies of the dead, her hands clasped lightly and naturally upon her bosom, reposed a beautiful young girl. Her glowing hair afforded the one mark of vivid color against the ivory and dull gold of the casket and the pallor of the huge table's spotless napery.

The ticking still continued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AND THE BOSS THOUGHT HARD

Boy Lived Up to His Treatment, Consequently the Profits Were Not Large.

Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale, one of the leaders in the new school for Suffrage Workers, said in New York the other day:

"A woman has been complaining that her husband treats her like a child. She isn't capable of voting, he says, but she's capable of running his big town house for him, with its 18 servants, both elegantly and economically. I told her she ought to act like the errand boy."

"An errand boy delivered packages in a huge hand cart. Between the shafts, bending to his load, he tramped the streets among the vans and drays from early morning till long after closing time."

"At the end of two years of this,

he asked for a raise. But his employer refused to raise him. So, looking about a bit he finally secured a better job."

"His last day with the old firm, he was sent out with a load of valuable china. He returned in an hour or so, and the china, instead of having been delivered, lay in the bottom of the cart, smashed into thousands of pieces."

"What does this mean?" the proprietor roared.

"The boy, as he stepped out of the shafts, answered calmly:

"It means, boss, that you've worked me like a horse and treated me like a horse for two years now. So this morning I shied at a piece of paper, ran away and had a smash-up."

"So saying, the boy turned and set off blithely whistling for his new and better job."

In 1912 571 ocean vessels were built in German yards.

## Small Black Hat Effectively Trimmed



WHATEVER the shape or the size of the hat, very tall trimmings are given preference. High effects in coq, hackle and burnt ostrich are all in evidence.

High quill fancies, alone or in combination with bands, are favorably mentioned.

The majority of these are made of coq or goose feathers, wonderfully colored.

Odd-looking birds with tall, slim tails are smart. Long pointed wings of hackle are to continue a strong feature.

The new floral toques and hats are delicious. They are dainty beyond all words, and they are, almost all, becoming.

A turned-up hat I saw recently was a symphony in violet. The crown was completely covered with exquisitely made violets, and the mount which stood out at one side was made of violets and violet leaves. Then the brim of the hat was covered with chip in a dull shade of violet, and the intention is that a white lace veil should accompany this particular model.

This style of hat is very fashion-

able in Paris. Some of the new floral toques are rather wonderful in outline. They are made with turban brims and very high pointed crowns, the latter completely covered with small flowers. In other cases the entire toque is covered with flowers and a butterfly bow in black moire or black satin is introduced at one side. Either design is extremely effective.

A great many pure white silk hats are worn, especially in the morning, in conjunction with smart tailored suits in white serge or pastel tinted cloths. These charming hats are as a rule made with flat, narrow brims, and in many cases the crowns are high and straight, like the crown that was so much admired when it was introduced some time ago. White peau de sole or white shantung is a favorite material for covering these hats, and some charming little models are entirely covered with lengths of ribbon which show a picot edge.

The small black hat shown above is edged with lace and tastefully trimmed with a large bow of clumsy lace and aigrettes.

## Last Rose of Summer in Millinery



THE heart of the summer could not

be more fully expressed in any apparel than it is in these two exquisite hats. Full-blown roses, of the large garden variety, are used on both of them. The first hat, rather small, shows a marvelously clever and original combination of the simplest of millinery materials. It is made of black silk braid and blue satin ribbon over the lightest of frames. There is a finish of horsehair braid forming a ruffle about the brim edge. The materials are put on the frame in the simplest possible manner, a row of braid alternating with a band of ribbon. The edge is bound with a narrow fold of velvet to which the ruffle is sewed. There is a facing of thin satin in black.

One large full-blown rose is mounted at the back and a sister rose sets close to the left side near the edge of the brim. The model is finished by setting small green buds and little sprays of foliage about the crown and brim. The charm in this model lies

in its airiness and originality of design.

From the establishment of Lewis, in Paris, comes another simple and striking hat for the end of the summer. It is a blocked shape of hemp tilting upward at the back. Except for the wreath of full-blown pink roses which extends over the crown and entirely across the hair at the back, and a flat sash of ribbon which slips through slashes in the crown and terminates in a bow on the bandeau, the shape is without decoration. This model was made for no less a personage than the Princess Zezlanoff, on whom it is pictured.

No flower is quite so appropriate when the summer has reached its height as the big garden rose for trimming mid-summer millinery. But it must be cleverly handled. An appearance of weight or overelaboration is out of place at this season. The two models portrayed here demonstrate more clearly than words the excellence of simplicity.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.