



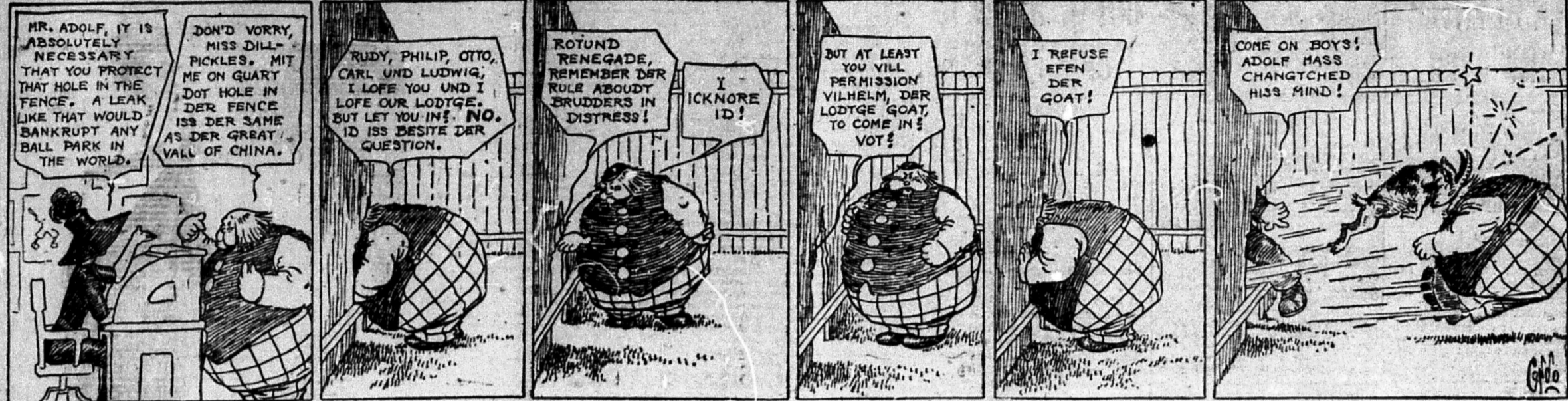




Sports Page of the Daily Socialist.

Adolf Rebuffs His Lodge Brothers and Gets Their Goat

Words by Schaefer Music by Condo



FACTS FOR FIGHT FANS

JACK DILLON, just at present Indiana's most sensational offering in a pugilistic way, is fighting an average of a battle a week and has been doing this since the first of the year. 'WILD BOB' MOHA, the Milwaukee welterweight, will meet Jack Dillon in a ten-round bout tonight in Indianapolis. Moha declares he has been offered a bout with Jimmy Gardner at Boston on May 16.

The Fickle Fan

BY TOM AKERS I saw him at the baseball game. The day our team lost out: His glance was like a flashing flame, His hostile brow sufficed in shame. He swore the pitchers had gone lame, He swore the pitcher out by name. And shook his head in doubt. Again I saw him at the game, The day the home club won: Upon his brow no blush of shame, Upon his brow no blush of shame. He made the other bums feel tame, He urged the players on to fame, And cheered each hard won run.

BASEBALL GAMES TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Cincinnati at Chicago. St. Louis at Pittsburgh. New York at Brooklyn. Boston at Philadelphia. AMERICAN LEAGUE. Detroit at St. Louis. Chicago at Cleveland. Philadelphia at New York. Washington at Boston. RESULTS TUESDAY. NATIONAL LEAGUE. Philadelphia, 6; Boston, 5. New York, 5; Brooklyn, 4. (Other games postponed; cold.) AMERICAN LEAGUE. Detroit, 7; St. Louis, 1. New York, 2; Philadelphia, 1. Washington, 3; Boston, 0. Chicago-Cleveland (postponed; cold.)

THE FOUR SEASONS IN A MAGNATE'S YEAR

A four-panel cartoon strip titled 'THE FOUR SEASONS IN A MAGNATE'S YEAR' showing a man in a top hat and suit reacting to different weather conditions: Spring (rain), Summer (heat), Fall (wind), and Winter (cold). Each panel includes a speech bubble with a weather-related complaint.

BILL'S SPRING DIRE

WENZDA MAE'S. I crawled out the hour late over the wud shed and slid down the cherry tree & went over to nabzes & throwed gravel on the winder & when Nabz kame 2 stick his head out I said him if he wuz reddi. He klum down the porch post with his kit & things but we hadent gone vary far when he sed he guesst he wudnt run away just yet kause he thot his pa miten't like it. I guesst I wudnt pla a mean trik on my folks just now kause I got 2 pieces off my 2 super last nite & wuz bak. pa wuz jus kumim home from the lodge wen I got home & he sed willie where have a bin. I told him I had jes been plain under the electric light & he sed u are out purtie late yung man & u had better run of 2 med. ma tuk me 2 se a

HAWAIIAN SWIMMERS COMING

New York, May 3.—A team of Hawaiian swimmers will reach here in July and will be matched against the

MORRIS CHAIRS ANNOUNCED FOR AUGUST AIR MEET

The proposed monster aviation meet to be held in Grant Park in August, today is regarded as a certainty, following the announcement by the promoters that \$50,000, or one-half the sum required to stage the show, has been subscribed. The latest development in the preparations is the adoption of a combination Morris chair "steacher," introduced to save the necks of the spectators.

PERCY COLLINS DEFEATED

Fred Conklin, international amateur billiard champion, defeated Percy Collins last night. Conklin ran up a string of 306 to Collins' 161.

LEEVER, VETERAN PITCHER, IS GIVEN HIS RELEASE

After fourteen years of continuous service, Pitcher Sam Leever, oldest in point of service of the Pirate band, has been unconditionally released by



Manager Fred Clarke and Owner Dreyfus of the Pittsburgh club. Leever has been a brilliant and at all times a faithful performer. He was retained last season although of little use. Dreyfus refused to sell him, although he could have commanded a good price. By releasing him unconditionally, Dreyfus seeks a position under a manager of his own choosing, if he desires to continue in the game.

SILENT COACHING

Americans have been not a little amused by the Japanese baseball players who are in this country, not because they do not play good baseball, but over their peculiar habits, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. They do not coach the way Americans do. They make signals silently, and reports say that while they may be deficient in some of the other features of the game, they are certainly marvelous base runners. It may be due to this silent signaling, but the average American crowd attending baseball games would hardly stand for this sort of thing in our national interpretation of the game. What the average crowd wants is loud coaching, accompanied by all possible antics. This sort of thing has a tendency to liven up the crowd itself, and, after all, the real fun of going to a baseball contest is to get in the game a little oneself. The Japanese method may help along a base runner, but it certainly does not help the crowd to any great extent. The average American is great for noise anyway, and when he gets out and pays good money for the privilege of yelling he wants something to sort of start him. The Japanese methods would not make much of a hit in the United States.

TIPS FROM Typ Wright

Search warrants are being issued for the skeptical who hinted during the winter that Mullin was going back. Twenty-seven players took part in the New York-Brooklyn struggle before Otis Crandall finally won his own game by slugging out a single in the ninth. Umpire Mullin called Eddie Collins safe on his steal of second, when Johnson had smeared him with the ball three feet from the bag. Collins is so speedy that he doesn't need the umpire's favor, but "to him that hath shall be given," etc. "Titus repeated on the home run proposition on successive days. Five in a row for Mullin. Walter Johnson is beginning to make that \$7,000 a year look like a good investment. He blanked the Red Sox yesterday. Fourteen hits are all Russell Ford has allowed in the three games he has pitched. Going slightly. Otis Johnson did some tall rapping for the Highlanders, reaching Chief Bender's best for a single and two triples in three times up. He won the

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GOTCH-HACK MAT BOUT OFF

Because of the demands of Frank Gotch, the wrestling match for the world's title between Gotch and Frank Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, scheduled to be held at the White Sox

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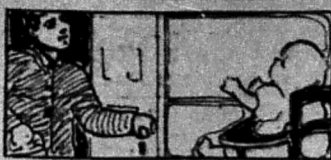
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JAPANESE SLANT ON BASEBALL

NOTE.—According to H. Takasugi, professor in English at Waseda university, Tokio, and manager of the Waseda baseball team, now touring this country, baseball, ten years after its introduction in Japan, has come to be the Niapanese national game. The little brown collegians, on their first appearance in America, have already shown themselves to be wonderfully skilled on the diamond. How do the Japanese size up the American game? There is a question that will interest baseball fans the world over. The Daily Socialist has secured the answer from the Waseda players themselves. Through an interpreter, one Waseda player in each position has described for this newspaper the problems that he has met and how he has attempted to solve them.

What I Have Learned About Fielding By O. MIKAMI, Fielder, Waseda University The outfield player must be a certain judge of batted balls, and of ability to hold them. He makes fewer plays than infield players, but his errors are more costly to his side. To learn the judgment of high batted balls, which frequently curve and twist in a confusing manner, is difficult, as is to learn the ability to determine quickly the point where a long fly will go. The outfielder must learn to judge this point without watching the course of the ball. The outfielder must frequently catch while running, which is a most difficult feat. To support infield players on batted balls and throws is one of the duties of the outfield player. To play successfully in the outfield, one must not only master these things, but must have the natural ability to throw long distances accurately and quickly. Many scores are prevented by good throwing from the outfield. The outfield player is expected to be an excellent batter. Ability to hit pitched balls and much confidence help the batter. Americans are wonderful pitchers.



# HOUSEHOLD PAGE

OF THE

# DAILY SOCIALIST.



## That Dam Family Has Settled in Iowa Home



THE DAM FARM NEAR PELLA, IOWA, SURROUNDED BY PICTURES OF 14 DAMS.

BY HOWARD MANN.  
Pella, Iowa.—That Dam family has been in America only a week or so but they are already settled on an Iowa farm, six miles from here, snugly settled in a six-room house on 40 acres of rich Iowa land—14 of them. Where will they sleep? Goodness knows. The Dam family came from Nieuw Beveland, near Rotterdam. The father, Jacob Dam, was a baker and he could not do any more than get barely enough to feed the twelve hungry children. His problem was much the same as countless American workmen in

## Russian Students

While American college youths are painting forbidden objects or carrying off the signs from shops or at most joining in the chorus when they go to a musical comedy, the Russian students are learning important lessons and taking a stand for fundamental principles of government at the cost of their future careers.

American girl students are registering their immature opinions on questions of the day, and deciding that they don't want the bother of having to think about statecraft, while Russian young women are being thrown into prison for thinking that their country ought to be free.

The following paragraphs from the New York Sun sum up the present situation in Russia, where the expression of honest opinion seems to be held a serious misdemeanor though.

A curious state of affairs has existed in the educational world of Russia since the new year. Lectures have had to be abandoned in all the classes of the universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, Kharkoff and even in far off Tomsk in Siberia. Over a hun-

dred and twenty professional chairs are vacant through resignations or dismissals.

Dr. Manneloff, the rector of Moscow University; Dr. Menshler, the vice rector, and Professor Minakoff, dean of the law faculty, who resigned their posts, have been deprived of their status as professors.

Over a thousand students are in jail awaiting trial for breaches of the peace of varying degrees of seriousness.

This morning it is announced officially that 298 students of St. Petersburg University have been expelled. That precludes their admission into any other university, and practically bars them from any career in any learned profession. The whole situation is described as the tragedy of higher education.

The era of dispute between students, professors and the government covers very wide ground. Fundamentally the issue is really a trial of strength between the party of academic education as championed by the government and the liberal professors, backed by the bulk of the students.—Christian Science Monitor.

## FIFTY TIE FOR SUMMER GIRL



This is a dashing new spring and summer tie for the summer girl, the outdoor girl, or any other girl who likes to get away from the prim and conventional in dress. It's made of red silk, with embroidered tips.

## LAMP SHADE PARASOL



Black embroidery in bold relief on a white silk background make a most effective parasol, especially when shown in combination with the Alice Maynard hat and the new silk dress.

### THE CARE OF A WATCH

A man who repairs watches says: "Never get into the habit of holding the stem and winding the watch; always hold the watch and wind the stem. If you will try both ways you will see what I mean, and perhaps find that you have a bad habit. Moreover, wind the watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. It is bad for a time-piece to be wound too frequently or to be allowed to run down entirely. At night either hang the watch up on the small stands that come for the purpose, or a tiny yet firm brass hook on the wall will do as well—or, if you lay it down, see that there is some soft article under it. Above all, do not keep it in a too hot or cold place, in spite of all the watchmakers will tell you about the temperature tests to which their wares have been subjected. Do not carry a watch around loose in a bag or pocket. If neither fob, chatelaine, nor chain is possible for the gown you are wearing, pin the watch firmly under your dress. The leather wristband with the watch

set into it is bad for the watch—it is only too likely to bump against everything you touch. Don't wear a watch on a fob unless you are willing to lose it. About once a year send your watch to be cleaned and regulated. Handle it carefully otherwise, and it will be a prompt and efficient servant for generations."

### ECCENTRIC DISH

An eccentric but delicious dish is a "silver and gold omelet." Beat up the whites and yolks separately, as for the well known Quaker omelet, but do not mix them. Have ready two small pans; put the white omelet in one and the yellow in the other. Let each brown on one side. Then flip the white one over on to the other, brown side uppermost.—New York Tribune.

## ALL AROUND THE HOME

By Cynthia Grey

To renovate black crepe take a little skim milk and water and add a small lump of glue to it. When quite hot, sponge the crepe with it, and then shake till dry.

To keep a bed aired put in a stone water bottle filled with boiling water every second day. That is very little trouble, and the bed is then ready for use at any time.

Cocconut matting can easily be cleaned by taking a large bowl of boiling water with plenty of soda added. Get a stiff yard broom, dip in, and scrub a small piece at a time. When finished

take a bowl of clean cold water and rinse the same way. This is also a good way to clean cocconut fibre mats or street door mats.

Even quite cheap table linen may be made to look as glossy as fine damask if ironed in the following way: After the linen has been washed, boiled and rinsed, wring it as dry as possible, roll it up in a dry sheet, and leave it for an hour. Then iron till it is thoroughly dry. In this way the linen escapes the wear and tear of hanging on a line and keeps a better shape.

To soften skin that is harsh and inclined to be dry and scaly, bathe nightly in milk that is just on the point of turning. Let it dry on the face. Half a cupful will be amply sufficient for the purpose. Soft rain water to wash in, in a short time, improve the poorest complexion. Even the hair will grow brighter in its tints if exposed occasionally to the wind and the rain.

### DRESS SHIELDS

Silk-and-rubber dress shields grow too heavy for comfort when worn with light gowns, says the New York Press. Try making about four thicknesses of tissue paper, cut in shield shape and fastened with pins. They must, of course, be changed every day. They are valuable when the dressmaker is fitting a dress of any sort, on a warm day.

### BEADED TUNIC

Almost no other trimming is required on a gown made with a transparent beaded tunic. Some of the most famous designers of the French capital use only a large soft bow of satin at the bust with such gowns.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

### BUY CLOSELY

Buying in small quantities at this season is the wisest plan, if one has no cellar or cool place to store the wares, as a warm kitchen closet is hardly conducive to retaining the freshness of even canned commodities.—Montreal Star.

# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

"Burning Daylight," Elam Harnish, is introduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of making a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to stir up the life of the gambling house. The men and women all admire him, for he is of the type that dominates.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the will of the women who frequent the dance hall. But he is afraid to be even civil to a woman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered.

Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him.

Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him in the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than "broke."

Then the indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mesh to Dyes and back with a dog team and an Indian.

After overcoming what to the ordinary man would prove insurmountable difficulties, he reaches his goal, and returns to Circle City a winner.

Without rest this amazing man makes a wild night of it. He outdances men, and women, too; wins at roulette, and then, still scoring slumber or any recuperation, starts at daylight, with three partners and a dog team, for the newest gold strikes in the upper country along the Stewart.

Then comes the battle for gold. Strike after strike is explored. Daylight sees himself the dominant figure along the Yukon and in the golden Dawson. Discouraged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice to bear him, and in the end comes victory—and millions. He is at length a great mine owner, and an almighty big pile is his.

Daylight leaves the Yukon behind for new fields of endeavor. His departure is an event of great importance, and as the vessel swings clear this all conquering man weeps—a little.

In San Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him.

Money comes so easily that he feels the call of Wall Street.

He goes to New York and is "done"

to the tune of \$10,000,000. This, however, he recovers by means of his automatic pistol and a display of his old-time courage.

Wall street, he finds, is not for him. So he returns to the Golden Gate.

**CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.**

The reason for his savagery was that he despised the men with whom he played. He had a conviction that not one in a hundred of them was intrinsically square, and as for the square ones he prophesied that, playing in a crooked game, they were sure to lose and in the long run go broke.

Daylight was philosophical, but not a philosopher. He had never read the books. He was a hard headed, practical man, and furthest from him was any intention of ever reading the books. He had lived in the simple, where books were not necessary for an understanding of life, and now life in the complex appeared just as simple. He saw through its frauds and fictions and found it as elemental as on the Yukon. Men were made of the same stuff. They had the same passions and desires. Finance was poker on a larger scale. The men who played were the men who had stakes. The workers were the fellows toiling for grub stakes. He saw the game played according to the everlasting rules, and he played a hand himself. The gigantic fertility of humanity organized and befuddled by the bandits did not shock him. It was the natural order. Practically all human endeavors were futile. He had seen so much of it. His partners had starved and died on the Stewart. Hundreds of old timers had failed to locate on Bonanza and Eldorado, while Swedes and Czechos had come in on the moose pasture and blindly staked millions. It was life and life was a savage proposition at best. Men in civilization robbed just as cats scratched, famine pinched and frost bit.

So it was that Daylight became a successful financier. He did not go in for swindling the workers. Not only did he not have the heart for it, but it did not strike him as a sporting proposition. The workers were so easy, so stupid. It was more like slaughtering fat, hand reared pheasants on the English preserves he had heard about. The sport to him was in waylaying the successful robbers and taking their spoils from them. There was fun and excitement in that, and sometimes they put up the very devil of a fight. Like Rob-in Hood of old, Daylight proceeded to rob the rich, and, in a small way, to distribute to the needy. But he was charitable after his own fashion. The great mass of human misery meant nothing to him. That was part of the everlasting order. He had no patience with the organized charities and the professional charity mongers. Not, on the other hand, was what he gave a



conscience dole. He owed no man, and restitution was unthinkable. What he gave was a largess, a free, spontaneous gift; and it was for those about him. He never contributed to an earthquake fund in Japan nor to an open air band in New York city. When he learned that the wife of his waiter in the St. Francis was suffering from tuberculosis he sent her to Arizona, and later, when her case was declared hopeless, he sent her husband, too, to be with her to the end. Likewise, he bought a string of horsehair brushes from a convict in a Western penitentiary, who spread the good news until it seemed to Daylight that half the convicts in that institution were making brushes for him. He bought them all, paying from twenty to fifty dollars each for them. They were beautiful and honest things, and he decorated all the available wall space of his bedroom with them.

The grim Yukon life had failed to make Daylight hard. It required civilization to produce this result. In the fierce, savage game he now played his habitual geniality imperceptibly slipped away from him, as did his lazy western drawl. As his speech became sharp and nervous, so did his mental processes. In the swift rush of the game he found less and less time to spend on being merely good-natured. The change marked his face itself. The lines grew sterner. Less often appeared the playful curl of his lips, the smile in the wrinkling corners of his eyes. The eyes themselves, black and flashing like an Indian's betrayed glinted of cruelty and brutal consciousness of power. His tremendous vitality remained and radiated from all his being, but it was vitality under the new aspect of the man-trampling man conqueror. His battles with elemental nature had been in a way impersonal; his present battles were wholly with the males of his species and the hardships of the trail, the river and the frost maddened him far less than the bitter keenness of the struggle with his fellows.

He still had recrudescences of gentility, but they were largely periodical and forced, and they were usually due to the cocktails he took prior to meal-time. In the north he had drunk deeply and at irregular intervals, but now his drinking became systematic and disciplined. It was unconscious development, but it was based upon mental and physical condition. The cocktails served as an inhibition. Without reasoning or thinking about it, the strain of the office, which was essentially due to the daring and audacity of his ventures, required check or cessation, and he found, through the weeks and months, that the cocktails supplied this very thing. They constituted a stone wall. He never drank during the morning nor in office hours, but the

instinct he left the office he proceeded to rear this life of alcohol inhibition athwart his consciousness. The office became immediately a closed affair. He ceased to exist. In the afternoon, after lunch, he lived again for one or two hours, when, leaving it, he rebuilt the wall of inhibition. Of course, there were exceptions to this, and such was the rigor of his discipline that if he had a dinner or conference before him in which, in a business way, he encountered enemies or allies and planned or prosecuted campaigns he abstained from drinking. But the instant the business was settled his everlasting call went out for a Martini, and for a double Martini at that, served in a long glass so as not to excite comment.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

Into Daylight's life came Dede Mason. She came rather imperceptibly. He had accepted her imperiously, along with the office furnishings, the office boy, Morrison, the chief confidential and only clerk, and all the rest of the accessories of a superman's gambling place of business. Had he been asked any time during the first months she was in his employ he would have been unable to tell the color of her eyes. From the fact that she was a demie-blonde there resided dimly in his subconsciousness a conception that she was a sunnset. Likewise he had an idea that she was not this, while there was an absence in his mind of any idea that she was fat. As to how she dressed, he had no ideas at all. He had no trained eye in such matters, nor was he interested. He took it for granted, in the lack of any impression to the contrary, that she was dressed "somehow." He knew her as "Miss Mason," and that was all, though he was aware that as a stenographer she seemed quick and accurate. This impression, however, was quite vague, for he had had no experience with other stenographers and naturally believed that they were all alike and accurate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Your best handkerchiefs as well as the common ones last longer and come out whiter by using

**20 Mule-Team Borax**

in the wash water. All grocers sell it.

"The police. It's downright robbery. I won't stand it. I tell you I won't stand it."

