

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

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WNU Service

THE STORY

Hiram Butterworth, miser, decides to leave his fortune to a nephew, Elmer Clarke, of whom he has received favorable reports. Butterworth tells his lawyer, Absolom McPeake, of having swindled a man out of \$40,000 forty years before, and arranges for payment with interest. Butterworth dies suddenly. The town of Pilarcitos, including Elmer's sweetheart, Nellie Cathcart, learns of his inheritance before Elmer does.

CHAPTER III

Elmer reached the Smoke Shoppe fifteen minutes late. Heretofore Sam Haskins had never failed to mark his assistant's rarely committed crime of tardiness. On such occasions Mr. Haskins was wont to cough loudly and look at Elmer. Then he would look at the clock, cough again and look back at Elmer. This morning, however, he varied his custom by crying joyously:

"Well, how's tricks with the old soldier this morning? Sleep well last night? Must have or you wouldn't be fifteen minutes late. Well, reckon you earn it, Elmer, if anybody does." And he dealt Elmer a hearty and affectionate blow between the shoulder blades.

Elmer sighed. He wished that Sam Haskins had not done that. He had planned to say:

"Well, Sam, take a good long, satisfying look, because it's the last in your repertoire. I'm giving you two weeks' notice, Sam. I'm going into this business for myself. . . . If you will kindly step aside, Sam, I'll phone for the ambulances."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Haskins, that I'm late," he mumbled confusedly. "I started in time, but all the people in town that never come to the Smoke Shoppe had to stop me and talk a minute. Anything new?"

"Not a thing," Mr. Haskins lied blithely.

From under the cigar counter Elmer produced a bundle of clean cheese-cloth; one by one he took boxes of cigars from the shelves, dusted them carefully and replaced them, pausing from time to time to greet a customer and serve him. Presently, looking up from his task, he saw Nellie Cathcart standing on the edge of the sidewalk in front of the Smoke Shoppe looking in at him in a manner that brought a warm, comfortable glow to his heart. He came out of the Smoke Shoppe and greeted her with a cheery:

"Hello, Nellie, old dear. How are you this morning? You look wonderful."

Nellie Cathcart was a golden blond—a real blond, if you know what is meant by that—and she had very dark eyebrows and wide, beautiful dark blue eyes beneath a wide, beautiful white brow overlooking a sweetly wistful patrician face. Her fine, even teeth were exposed as she carelessly favored Elmer with a million-dollar smile.

"Well, Elmer?" she queried.

"Well, Nellie?" he echoed.

"You're keeping something from me, Elmer."

"If I am, Nellie, I don't know what it is. Do you?"

"Well, I've heard, Elmer, that Uneta Hiram Butterworth has left you a million dollars."

"Interesting if true, Nellie. The stories that are circulated in this town and gain credence are unbelievable. However, Nellie, I have got some news for you, and you can believe this. That human icicle Ansel Moody stopped me on the street half an hour ago and told me he'd accept my application for five thousand and give me an open credit for twenty-five hundred more. I'm going up at noon to close my lease on H. Wasservogel's old butcher shop."

Nellie came closer to Elmer and took each lapel in her little brown hands. "Elmer," she warned, "beware the Greeks when they come bringing gifts. Do not accept that loan and do not treat for that lease today. Please!"

"Why?"

"I don't think you ought to. Today is not the day for you to discuss anything with anybody—even with me."

"Have you been going in for astrology, Nellie?"

"No, but the little birds tell me things."

"I had an impression that in Pilarcitos that was the prerogative of old hens," he replied. "Very well, Nellie, I'll not do anything, then, without consulting my manager."

She frenched him with her smile and continued on to her work. She was paying teller for the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust & Savings bank and one of old Ansel's dummy directors.

Nellie also was the trust officer of the bank and a notary public. Like Elmer Clarke, she was an orphan.

She was twenty-two years old; and while already in Pilarcitos she was regarded as an old maid, more or less in the sere and yellow leaf, she was still the recipient of much attention from the most presentable of the Pilarcitos swains and was reputed to have declined to marry each of them.

Elmer Clarke, the last of a stricken field, was holding his own with Nellie, however. Two years had passed since first he had sat with her on the veranda of the Tully house, where Nellie made her home with old Mr. and Mrs. Tully.

Before Elmer could escape inside the Smoke Shoppe, he felt a hand plucking at his sleeve. The messenger had arrived with the telegram from Absolom McPeake. Elmer signed for it, read it, tucked it in his pocket and returned to the Smoke Shoppe. Sam Haskins waited for him to say something—waited five minutes, in fact, and then said:

"No bad news, I hope, Elmer."

Elmer shook his head and went on wiping dust off the stock. Presently Sam Haskins essayed another sortie.

"Elmer, they tell me you've fallen heir."

"I have," Elmer answered without enthusiasm.

Sam swatted him smartly between the shoulder blades again. "Well, why don't you say something, Elmer?"

"Nothing to say, Sam. The whole town knows it already. You couldn't



"It's a Rotten Trick to Play on Me, Elmer."

expect Old Lady Bray to live with that news bottled up inside her, could you?"

"Reckon she'd bust if she tried it, Elmer." Sam heaved a heavy sigh. "I suppose this means it's up to me to git myself some new help," he added.

Now that Sam had opened the ticklish subject Elmer was quick to take advantage of the opening. "Yes, Sam, I don't suppose either of us can afford the luxury of a million-dollar man working for forty dollars a week. However, Sam, I was going to leave you, anyhow. In fact, it was my intention to slip you the bad news tonight. This telegram hasn't made the slightest bit of difference, because the news it contains is as great a surprise to me as it was to Old Lady Bray. I was going to quit you to go into business for myself."

"In what line?" Sam's tone was freighted with anxiety.

"Same line as this."

"What? After workin' for me five years an' learnin' the business from me, you figure on startin' opposition?" Sam Haskins lost his temper completely. "It's a rotten trick to play on me, Elmer."

"I'm sorry you think so. At any rate, your protest does not move me, so you have my resignation, to take effect immediately. I wouldn't work a split second for a man who thinks I'm capable of dirty tricks and who has as little appreciation of loyalty and ability as you possess." And Elmer tossed the cheese-cloth under the counter, took his salary to date from the cash register, made out a receipt for it—and walked out of the Smoke Shoppe.

"You go on to let me down without notice!" Sam cried incredulously.

"I wasn't—until you talked that way. Hereafter, Sam, get along the best way you know how."

He walked away down Main street, only to be stopped by a concerted rush of men congregated across the street. They pumped his hand, slapped his back and showered him with congratulations.

Eventually Elmer escaped from them and continued on down to the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust & Savings bank. At Nellie's window he paused long enough to hand her the telegram from McPeake and continued on to Ansel Moody's office.

The banker rose expeditiously and shook hands with him. "Well, Elmer, did you bring the search of the title of your C street pruperty with you?" he inquired with mock interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for May 31

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

GOLDEN TEXT—Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me, nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 22:39-54. **PRIMARY TOPIC**—Jesus in the Garden.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus in the Garden. **INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—Obeying God at Any Cost. **YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—The Meaning of Gethsemane.

I. Jesus at the Mount of Olives. (v. 39).

He went from the upper room under cover of the night to the Garden of Gethsemane, a favorite resort on the slope of the Mount of Olives, a short distance east of Jerusalem (Matt. 26:30). It is a place where the oil was crushed out of the olives. Gethsemane means "oil press." Olive oil was precious, being used both for food and lighting. The bruising and crushing of Christ in this Garden has yielded the largest blessings to the world.

II. His Companions (vv. 39, 40).

Peter, James and John, who had been with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, were permitted to go with him into the deep shadows of the Garden (Matt. 26:37). He took those who were best able to apprehend the meaning of the tragic hour to be his sympathizing companions. This was needed to prepare them as his witnesses. Knowing the peculiar trial through which they would soon pass when the Shepherd should be smitten, he needed to prepare them for it. They needed to taste the bitter cup of which he drank and of which they, too, later should drink.

III. Jesus Praying (vv. 41-44).

1. Withdrawal from the disciples (v. 41). Even these members of the inner circle could not now go with him. He tore himself away from them, for he must be alone in this darkest hour. He knelt down and prayed.

2. What he said (v. 42). "If thou be willing, remove this cup from me." The cup did not mean primarily the physical sufferings of the cross, though they were exceeding great. He did not now desire to escape from the cross and thus to stop short of his redemptive work, for this was the supreme purpose of his coming into the world (Heb. 2:14). He was so completely identified with a sinning race that the judgment of a holy God which rightfully would have fallen upon it was about to strike him—the Father's face was actually turned from him. The cup, therefore, meant his death as the bearer of sin. He came to Gethsemane with the full knowledge of what it meant, and consciously brought his human will into accord with the divine will. He bowed in submission to the Father's will. So great was his agony that he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. In this crucial hour an angel from heaven strengthened him. He won the victory in submission to his Father's will, and from henceforth went with unflinching steps to the cross.

IV. The Disciples Sleeping (vv. 45, 46).

They had boasted of their fidelity (Matt. 26:35), but could not watch with him for an hour. He had issued a word of warning to them (Luke 22:34), but they were so benumbed with sorrow that they failed to keep awake. He gently reprimanded them and commanded that they should arise and pray lest they enter into temptation.

V. Jesus Betrayed (vv. 47, 48).

1. The betrayer (v. 47). It was Judas, one of the twelve. He had enjoyed the most intimate relations with the Lord; eating with him, listening to his teaching, witnessing his marvelous miracles, and enjoying his countenance. These privileges intensify the horror of the deed. He even guided the mob to arrest Jesus.

2. The sign of betrayal (v. 47). It was a kiss, the token of the most tender affection and friendship.

3. Jesus' tender words to him (v. 48). These words to the infamous disciple reveal the infinite tenderness of the Lord's heart. Many professing disciples today are proving their disloyalty to Jesus and even are betraying him. All who bear the name of Christ, and especially ministers and teachers, who deny the virgin birth, deity, and vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, are following in the footsteps of Judas.

VI. Jesus Arrested (v. 54).

The multitude led by Judas invaded the sacred precincts of the Garden and arrested Jesus and brought him before the High Priest. Peter followed him afar off. Peter's downfall may be traced to his self-confidence.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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"Suppose that this here vessel," says the skipper with a groan, "should lose her bearin', run away and bump upon a stone. 'Suppose she'd shiver and go down when we ourselves we couldn't!" The mate replies, "Oh, blow me eyes! 'Suppose ag'in, she shouldn't." —Wallace Irwin.

COME TO DINNER

There is no dinner dish that is more popular, if we except chicken, than

Baked Ham.—Soak a ham over night. In the morning put it into a kettle with one onion, one carrot, six peppercorns, one bay leaf, six cloves and water to cover. Simmer for three or four hours until tender. Remove the skin and stick with whole cloves; bake in a roasting pan, basting with the ham liquid and cider, using half of each. When the ham is well done stir some brown sugar into the cider sauce and spread all over the ham and brown. Serve hot with the liquor from the pan for sauce.

Deviled Lobster.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of onion, one tablespoonful of green pepper, three tablespoonfuls of butter very slowly until tender. Add one and one-half cupfuls of lobster meat and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of mustard, salt and paprika to taste, with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a cupful of cream. Cook a minute or two. Place in ramekins or shells and bake well covered with buttered crumbs.

Fig Cake.—Beat three egg whites with one-half cupful of sugar and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat three egg yolks with one-half cupful of sugar, the grated rind of an orange, a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted twice with a cupful of flour, add three tablespoonfuls of orange juice and fold in the egg mixture. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a cakepan, add one-half cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of chopped figs and a sprinkling of broken pecans. Pour over this the cake mixture and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When done turn upside down and serve with whipped cream. Stewed apricots, canned pineapple or any fruit desired may be used for this delicious cake dessert.

In Old Celtic Lands

Of all the interesting trips in France, Brittany should be included, especially the south coast, with its sea resorts. This is the land of the "Pardons," those semireligious and semipagan festivals, when the villagers don the costumes and play the ceremonies which go back to the days of the dolmen and menhir of their wild moorlands. Paris—Nantes—Savenay—St. Nazaire is the route to follow, and the great Pardon centers are at Auray, St. Malo, Quiberon, Quimper, Daoulas, Plougastel and St. Anne-la-Palud, where the most important Pardon in Brittany is held on the last Saturday and Sunday in August. "These old Celtic lands of France have a fascination different from the rest of France."

Chemists of Oiden Days

The Egyptians appear to have possessed greater knowledge of chemistry than any other of the ancient nations. For one thing, it takes unusual skill to preserve a corpse for centuries in such perfect condition as the ancient mummies unearthed in Egypt happen to be. These people stood very high in the production of medicines and dyes as well as toilet soap, vinegar, metals, alloys, salts, glass and enamel. The Arabs, Greeks and Romans all obtained their knowledge of chemistry from the Egyptians without being able to add anything of importance to this knowledge.

Duties of Statesmen

"Our Government," by Garner & Capen, says that members of the cabinet cannot at the same time be members of either house of congress. They could, however, be allowed to occupy seats for the purpose of advocating or opposing the enactment of laws affecting their department and for giving explanations to congress and defending their policies against attack. This privilege could be allowed without amending the Constitution.

Famous Civil War Poem

The poem, "Sheridan's Ride," was written by Thomas Buchanan Read. Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan's famous ride through Winchester, his enthusiastic reception at the hands of his troops, his remarkable success in turning a disastrous rout into a brilliant victory, formed a dramatic episode of the Civil war.



AFTER 40 bowel trouble

Constipation may very easily become chronic after forty. And any continued constipation at that time of life may bring attacks of piles and a host of other unpleasant disorders.

Watch your bowels at any age. Guard them with particular care after forty. Whenever they need any help, remember a doctor should know what is best for them.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" is a doctor's prescription for the bowels. Tested by 47 years' practice, it has been found thoroughly effective in relieving constipation and its ills for men, women and children of all ages. It has proven perfectly safe even for babies. Made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients, it cannot grip; will not sicken you or weaken you; can be used without harm as often as your breath is bad, or when your tongue is coated; whenever a headachy, bilious, gassy condition warns of constipation.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

Thash Ri'

The Smiths were quarreling. "You women!" said Smith contemptuously, "are only happy before a glass."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are only happy after one."—London Tit-Bits.

BUILD UP THE BLOOD CELLS

Waycross, Ga. —"I think the best tonic and blood medicine anyone can take is Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery. I find it builds up the blood cells and gives strength, and, in fact, builds up the entire system when it is all rundown and in a generally debilitated condition. I have taken it and it has proved to be the most satisfactory of any medicine I ever took."—Mrs. J. W. Lacey, 813 Albany Ave.

Free advice to users of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., using the symptom blank found with medicine.

Space Trouble

One of Professor Hastein's astronomical associates parked his car in Pasadena the other day and then forgot where it was. It's entirely possible to know all about space and still have trouble over parking space.—Arkansas Gazette.

PINCH of BLACK-DRAUGHT after meals

"I had three spells of indigestion, one after another," writes Mr. John M. Crops, 902 Charles Ave., N. Charlotte, N. C. "I suffered a lot of pain. My back ached and I had pains in my stomach frequently. It felt like my breath was cut off in my chest. I was bothered this way for about a year. A friend asked me to try Black-Draught. I began by taking a pinch of Black-Draught after each meal and found that I soon got relief. We keep Black-Draught all the time."—FRA-4

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