GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist-N. Main St.-Jas. W Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a.m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent

raham Christian Church—N. Main treet—Rev. J. F. Truit\*. Presching services every Sec-nd and Fourth Sundays, at 11,00 nday School every Sunday at a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Super-

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot-Rev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preach-ing every Second and Fourth Sun-day nights at 8.00 o'clock, Sunday School every Sunday at 8.45 a, m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superin-tendent.

tendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45

Friends—North of Graham Pub-School—J Robert Parker, Pas-

lie School—J ,Robert Parker, Pas-tor.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a.
m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at
10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superin-

Methodist Episcopai, South—cor.
Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers
Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11.00
a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at
9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

Methodist Protestant—College St., West of Graham Public School, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching every First, Third and Fourth Sundays at 11,00 a. m. and every First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. S. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian—Wst Elm Street— Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9,45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Su-

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)—
J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every Second and
Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at
2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2,30 p. m.—J. V. Pome-roy, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

C. DERBY Civil' Engineer. GRAHAM, N. C.,

**BURLINGTON, N. C.,** om 16. 1st National Bank Buildi 'Phone 470

JOHN J. HENDERSON Attorney at-Law GRAHAM, N. C.

J. S. COOK GRAHAM, . . . N. C.

Office Patterson Building Second Fleor. . . . .

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.

. . . DENTIST . . . Graham. - - - North Caroline OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

J. ELMER LONG JACOB A. LONG. LONG & LONG,

GRAHAM. N. C.

JOHN H. VERNON BURLINGTON, N. C.

Dr. J. J. Barefoot

OFFICE OVER HADLEY'S STORE Leave Messages at Alamance Phar 'Phone 97 Residence 'Phone 382 Office Hours 2-4 p. m. and by Appointment.

DR. G. EUGENE HOLT Osteopathic Physician

21, 22 and 23 First National Bankk Bldg BURLINGTON, N C.

said, coming back as far as the thresh Stomach and Nervous diseases

Specialty. Phones, Office 305,—residence, 362 J. Relief in Six Hours

Distressing Kidney and Bladde Disease relieved in six hours b the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMER ICAN KIDNEY CURE." great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back in male or female. Relieves reten tion of water almost immediately.

If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

## LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume-nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: eloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be sent to

P. J. KERNODLE, 1012 E. Marshall St. Richmond, Va. Orders may be left at this office.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916

BOOTH TARKINGTON AUTHOR OF ~ "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"
"PENROD" ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER III—He finds himself an in-considerable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPPER IV—The Vertre-Les, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridana, newly-rich, and arterward facilise them. Mary puls into words her parents unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan box.

CHAPTER V—At the Sheridan house warming banquet Sheridan spreads him-self. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheri-dan's attention, and Bibbs hears he is to be sent back to the machine shop.

CHAPTER VI-Mary tells her mother about the banquet and shocks her moth-er by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility.

CHAPTER VII.

Edith, glancing casually into the "ready-made" library, stopped abrupt-ly, seeing Bibbs there alone. He was standing before the pearl-framed and gold-lettered poem, musingly inspect-ing it. He read it:

I will forget the things that sting:
The lashing look, the barbed word,
I know the very hands that filing
The stones at me had never stirred
To anger but for their own scars.
They've suffered so, that's why the
strike.

strike.

I'll keep my heart among the stars
Where none shall hunt it. Oh, like
Those wounded ones I must not be,
For, wounded, I might strike in turn!
So, none shall hurt me. Far and free
Where my heart files no one shall learn

"Bibbs!" Edith's voice was angry and her color deepened suddenly as she came into the room, preceded by a scent of violets much more powerful than that warranted by the actual bunch of them upon the lapel of her

coat.

Bibbs did not turn his head, but wagged it solemnly, seeming depressed by the poem. "Pretty young, isn't it?" he said. "There must have been some-

She glanced hurriedly over her shoul der and spoke sharply, but in a low voice: "I don't think it's very nice of you to bring it up at all, Bibbs. I didn't want them to frame it, and I wish to goodness papa'd quit talking about it; but here, that night, after the dinner, didn't he go and read it aloud to the whole crowd of 'em! I thought I'd die of shame!"

looked grieved. "The poen isn't that bad, Edith. You see, you were only seventeen when you wrote

"Oh, hush up!" she snapped. "I wish it had burnt my fingers the first time I touched it. Then I might have had sense enough to leave it where it was. | mus' be somep'm mighty lamidal 'bout I had no business to take it, and I've

"No, no," he said, comfortingly. "It was the very most flattering thing ever happened to me. It was almost my last flight before I went to the machine shop, and it's pleasant to think somebody liked it enough to-

"But I don't like it!" she exclaimed. dal statue." "I don't even understand it—and papa made so much fuss over its getting the prize, I just hate it! The truth is I statue, but lamidal statue heap o' trousure described by the statue is the prize of th

"You have to live it down, Edith.
Perhaps abroad and under another
mome you might find—"
"Oh, hush up! I'll hire someone to

could hope to hear the last of it be re I die! 'Edith!" he called, as she went into

"What's the matter?" "I want to ask you: Do I really look

setter, or have you just got used to firs' money!"

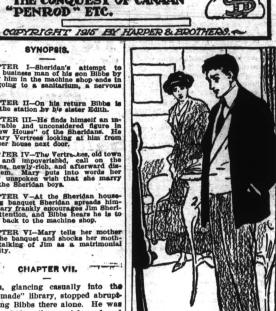
"When I first came you couldn't look at me," Bibbs explained, in his imper-sonal way. "But I've noticed you look at me lately. I wondered if I'd-"It's because you look so much bet-ter," she told him, cheerfully. "This month you've been here's done you no end of good. Anybody could look at

ou now, Bibbs, and not-not get-"Sick?"
"Well—almost that!" she laughed "And you're getting a better color every day, Bibbs; you really are.

You're really getting along splendidly." "I—I'm afraid so," he said, ruefully.
"Afraid so! Well, if you aren't the queerest! I suppose you mean father might send you back to the machine shop if you get well enough. I heard him say something about it the night of shop it you should be about it the many the him say something about it the many the—" The jingle of a distant bell interrupted her, and she glanced at her watch. "Bobby Lamborn! I'm going the same the look at a place in

When she had gone, Bibbs mooned pessimistically from shelf to shelf, his eye wandering among the titles of the books. The library consisted almost entirely of hands me "uniform edi-They made an effective decoration for the room, all these big, expensive books, with a glossy binding

here and there twinkling a reflection of the flames that crackled in the splendid Gothic fireplace; but Bibbs had an impression that the bookseller who se-



"Pretty Young, Jan't It?" He Said.

ected them considered them a relief, and that white-jacket considered them a burden of dust, and that nobody else considered them at all. Himself, he

disturbed not one.

There came a chime of bells from a clock in another part of the house, and white-jacket appeared beamingly in the doorway, bearing furs. "Awready, Mist' Bibbs," he announced. "You' mā say wrap up wawm f' you' ride an' she cain' go with you today, an' noi f'git go see you' pa at fo' 'clock. Aw ready, suh."

ready, suh."

He equipped Bibbs for the daily drive Doctor Gurney had commanded and in the manner of master of ceremonies unctuously led the way. In the hall they passed the Moor, and Bibbe paused before it while white-jackel opened the door with a flourish and waved condescendingly to the chauffeur in the car which stood waiting in

feur in the car which stood waiting in the driveway.

"It seems to me I asked you what you thought about this 'statue' when I first came home, George," said Bibbs, thoughtfully. "What did you tell me?" "Yessuh!" (George chuckled, per-fectly understanding that for some un-known reason Bibbs enjoyed hearing plim repeat his onition of the Moor. him repeat his opinion of the Moor. "You ast me when you firs' come home, an' you ast me nex' day, an' mighty near ev'y day all time you been here; an' las' Sunday you ast me twicet." He shook his head solemnly.

"Mighty what?"

"Mighty lamidal!" George burst out aughing. "What do 'at word mean, laughing. Mist' Bibbs?"

"It's exactly the word for the statue," said Bibbs, with conviction, as he climbed into the car. "It's a lami-

"I expect she is!" said Bibbs, as the

engine began to churn; and a moment later he was swept from sight. George turned to Mist' Jackson, who

steal it and burn it the first chance I had been listening benevolently in the hallway: "Same he aw-ways say, Mist' Jackson—'I expec' she is!' Ev'y day he try t' git me talk 'bout 'at lamidal statue, an' aw-ways, las' thing he say, 'I expec' she is!' You know, Mist' Jackson, if he git well, 'at young man go' be pride o' the family, Mist' Jack-son. Yes suh, right now I pick 'im fo'

"Look out with all 'at money, George!' Jackson warned the enthus ast. "White folks 'n 'is house know 'im heap longer 'n you. You the on'y

man bettin' on 'im!' "I risk it!" cried George, merrily, "I out her all on now—ev'y cent! boy's go' be flower o' the flock! This singular prophecy, founded

somewhat recklessly upon gratitude for the meaning of "lamidal," differed radically from another prediction con-cerning Bibbs, set forth for the benefit of a fair auditor some twenty minutes ater. Jim Sheridan, skirting the edges of the town with Mary Vertrees beside him, in his own swift machine, encountered the invalid upon the highroad The two cars were going in opposite di-rections, and the occupants of Jim's had only a swaying glimpse of Bibbs sitting alone on the back seat—his

white face startlingly white against cap and collar of black fur—but he Jim waved his left hand carelessly.

"It's Bibbs, taking his constitutional," he explained. "Yes, I know," said Mary. "I bowed to him, too, though I've never met him In fact, I've only seen him once-no twice. I hope he won't think I'm very bold, bowing to him."
"I doubt if he notic d it," said hon

est Jim. "Oh, oh!" she cried.

"What's the trouble?"
"I'm almost sure people notice it when I bow to them "Oh, I see!" said Jim. "Of course they would ordinarily, but Bibbs is

runny."
"Is he? How?" she asked. "He strikes me as anything but fuany."
"Well, I'm his brother," Jim said, deprecatingly, "but I don't know what he's like, and, to tell the truth, I've never felt exactly like I was his broth-er, the way I do Roscoe. Nobody could ever get him to do anything; you can't get him to do anything now. He never ger him to do anything how. The hever had any life in him; and honestly, if he is my brother, I must say I believe Bibbs Sheridan is the lazlest man God Bibbs Sheridan is the laziest man God ever made! I hate to say it, but Bibbs as long as he lives."

Mary looked thoughtful. "Is, there any particular reason why he should?"

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "You on't mean that, do you? Don't you celleve in a man's knowing how to earn his sait, no matter how much money his father's got? Hasn't the business of this world got to be carried on by everybody in it? Are we going to lay back on what we've got and see er fellows get ahead of us? If we've got big things already, isn't it every man's business to go ahead and make 'em bigger? Isn't it his duty? Don't we always want to get bigger and big-

"Ye es—I don't know. But I feel rather sorry for your brother. He looked so lonely—and sick." "He's gettin' better every day," Jim

really-it's nine-tenths imaginary. 'Nerves'! People that are willing to

"He's just queer. Sometimes he'll say something right bright, but half the time what he says is 'way off the subin the hall. The darky asked him what in the hall. The darky assed him what time he wanted the car for his drive, and anybody else in the world would have just said what time they did want it, and that would have been all there was to it; but here's what Bibbs says, and I heard him with my own ears. 'What time do I want the car?' he says. 'Well, now, that depends that depends,' he says. He talks slow like that, you know, 'I'll tell you what time I want the car, George, he says, if you'll tell me what you think of this statue!' That's exactly his words! Asked the darky what he thought of that Arab Edith and mother bought for the hall!"



Mary pondered upon this. "He might

"Askin' a darky what he thought of the older parts of the town where the a piece of statuary—of a work of art! few solld old houses not already de-Where on earth would be the fun of molished were in transition; a that? No, you're just kind-hearted—
being made into apartment buildings;
and that's the way you ought to be, of others had gone uproariously into

"Thank you, Mr. Sheridan!" she

"See here!" he cried. "Isn't there any way for us to get over this Mister and Miss thing? A month's got thirtyone days in it: I've managed to be with She looked panic-stricken immedi-

y. "Oh no," she protested, quickly o, I don't, and—" ately. "No, I don't, and—"
"Yes, you do," he said, and his
voice shook a little. "You couldn't help

"But I do?" she denied hurriedly

do help knowing. I mean— Oh, wait!"
"What for? You do know how i feel, and you-well, you've certainly wanted me to feel that way-or els 'Now, now!" she lamented. "You're spoiling such a cheerful afternoon!

"'Spoiling' it!" He slowed down the car and turned his face to her squarely. "See here, Miss Vertrees, haven't you— "Stop! Stop the car a minute." when he had compiled she faced him as squarely as he evidently desired her to face him. "Listen. I don't want you to go on, today."

"I don't know," she repeated. Het volke was low and troubled and bou-

Will you tell me something?" "Almost anything." "Have you ever told any man you ved him?"

looked a little contemptuous. "No," she said. "And I don't think I ever shall tell any man that-or ever know what it means. I'm in earnest, Mr.

"Then you-you've just been flirting with me!" Poor Jim looked both furious and crestfallen.
"Not one bit!" she cried. "Not on

word! Not one syllable! I've meant

word! Not one syllable! I've meant every.single thing!"
"I don't--"
"Of 'course you don't!" she said.
"Now, Mr. Sheridan, I want you to start the car. Now! Thank you. Slow-ly, till I finish what I want to say. I have not firted with you. I have deliberately courted you. One thing more, and then I want you to take me straight home. talking about the straight home, talking about the weather all the way. I said that I do not believe I shall ever 'care' for any man, and that is true. I doubt the exstence of the kind of 'caring' we hear about in poems and plays and novels. I think it must be just a kind of emo-tional talk—most of it. At all events, I don't feel it. Now, we can go faster,

"Just where does that let me out?" he demanded. "How does that excuse

you for—"
"It isn't an excuse," she said, gently, and gave him one final look, wholly desolate. "I haven't said I should never marry."

"What?" Jim gasped.

She inclined her head in a broken

ort of acquiescence, very humble, vafathomably sorrowful. "I promise nothing," she said,

"You needn't!" shouted Jim, radiant and exultant. "You needn't! By George! I know you're square; that's enough for me! You wait and promise

whenever you're ready!"

"Don't forget what I asked," she "Talk about the weather? I will! God bless the old weather!" cried the

CHAPTER VIII.

Through the open country Bibbs was borne flying between brown fields and sun-flecked groves of gray trees, to breathe the rushing, clean air beneath a glorious sky. Upon Bibbs' cheeks there was a hint of actual color, but unde-niably its phantom. This apparition may have been partly the result of a lady's bowing to him upon no more formal introduction than the circum-stance of his having caught her looking into his window a month before It seemed to Bibbs that she must have meant to convey her forgiveness. Nor did he lack the impression that he would long remember her as he had just seen her; her veil tumultuously blowing back, her face glowing in the

By and by, upon a rising ground, the They passed from the farm lands, and in the amber light of November late afternoon, to the farthermost out-skirts of the city. The sky had become only a dingy thickening of the soiled air; and a roar and clangor of metals beat deateningly on Bibbs' ears. Now the car passed two great blocks of long brick buildings, hideous in all ways possible to make them hideous. And big as these shops were, they were mushrooming to completion in some hasty cement process of a stability not over-reassuring. Bibbs pulled the rug closer about him, and not even the phantom of color was left upon his cheeks as he passed this place, for he knew it too well. Across the face of one of the buildings there was an enormous sign: "Sheridan Automatic Pump company, Inc."

Pump company, Inc."

Thence they went through streets of wooden houses, all grimed, and adding their own grime from many a sooty chimney; filmsy wooden houses of a thomest discovery when the state of thousand flimsy whimsies in the fashioning, built on narrow lots and nudging one another crossly. Along these streets there were skinny shade trees, and here and there a forest elm or walnut had been left; but these were dying. Some people said it was the scale; some said it was the smoke; and some were sure that asphalt and "improving" the streets did it; but Bigness was in too big a hurry to bother much

trade; one or two peeped humorously over the tops of office buildings of on story in the old front yards. Altogether, the town here was like a boarding-house hash the Sunday after Thanks-giving; the old ingredients were dis-

This was the fringe of Bigness' own sanctuary, and now Bibbs reached the roaring holy of holles itself. Magnificent new buildings, already dingy loomed hundreds of feet above him streets were laid open to their entrails and men worked underground between palisades, and overhead in metal cob-webs like spiders in the sky. Trolley cars clanged and shricked their way round swarming corners; motor cars

babbled frightful warnings and frantidemands; hospital ambulances clamored wildly for passage; steam whistles signaled the swinging of titanic tentacle and claw; riveters rattled like machine guns; the ground shook to the thunder of gigantic trucks; and the conglomerate sound of it all was the sound of earthquake playing accom-

paniments for battle and sudden death. And in the hurrying crowds, swiri-ing and sifting through the brobdingnawomen-there would be work today and dancing tonight. For the Puritan' and dancing tonight. For the Puritan's dry voice is but the crackling of a leaf underfoot in the rush and roar of the coming of the new Egypt.

Bibbs was on time. He knew it must be "to the minute" or his father would consider it an outrage; and the big chronometer in Sheridan's office marked four precisely when Bibbs walked in Chincilentally with his en-

walked in. Coincidentally with his en trance five people who had been at work in the office, under Sheridan's direction, walked out. They departed upon no visible or audible suggestion and with a promptness that seemed



"Sit Down," Said Sheridan.

sive door clicked softly behind the elderly stenographer, the last of the procession, Bibbs had a feeling that they all understood that he was a failure as a great man's son, a disappoint ment, the "queer one" of the family, and that he had been summoned to judgment-a well-founded impression, for that was exactly what they under

"Sit down." said Sheridan

It is frequently an advantage fo deans, schoolmasters and worried fathers to place delinquents in the sit-

ting posture. Bibbs sat. Sheridan, standing, gazed enigmatic ally upon his son for a period of silence, then walked slowly to a window and stood looking out of it, his big hands, loosely hooked together by the thumbs, behind his back. They were soiled, as were all other hands down town, except such as might be

altering his attitude, "do you know what I'm goin' to do with you?'

Bibbs, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes contemplatively upon the cell-ing. "I heard you tell Jim," he began, in his slow way. "You said you'd send didn't propose to Miss Vertrees

"But what?" said Sheridan, irritably,

as the son paused.
"Isn't there somebody you'd let me propose to?" That brought his father sharply round to face him. "You beat the devil! Bibbs, what is the matter with you? Why can't you be like anybody

"Liver, maybe," said Bibbs, gently. "Boh! Even ole Doc Gurney says there's nothin' wrong with you organ-ically. No. You're a dreamer, Bibbs ically. No. You're a dreamer, Bibbs; that's what's the matter, and that's all the matter. Oh, not one o' these big dreamers that put through the big deals! No, sir! You're the kind o' dreamer that just sets out on the back fence and thinks about how much trouble there must be in the world! That ain't the kind that builds the bridges, Bibbs; it's the kind that borrows fifteen cents from his wife's uncle's brother-in-law to get ten cent's worth do it. I tell you an ad's got to be writ-

o' plug tobacco and a nickel's worth o'
quinnel"

He put the finishing touch to this
got to make 'em give up their me etching with a sport, and turned again

to the window.

"Look out there!" he bade his son.

"Look out o' that window! Look at
the life and energy down there! Look
here in this city, knows more in a at the big things young men are doin' in this town!" He swung about, coming to the mahogany desk in the middle of the room. "Look at what your own brothers are doin'! Look at Ross coe! Yes and look at Jim! I made Jim president o' the Sheridan Realty company last new year's, and it's an example to any young man—or ole man, either—the way he took shold of it. Last July we found out we wanted two more blg warehouses at the pump works—wanted 'em quick. Contractors water mark for you, young man, and said it couldn't be done; said nine or ten months at the soonest; couldn't see it any other way. What 'd Jim do? Took the contract himself; found a fellow with a new cement and concrete process; kept men on the job night and day, and stayed on it hight and day poetry. I wouldn't take ten thousand himself—and, by George: we begin to use them warehouses next week! Four Edith's: and poetry's all right enough months and a half, and every inch fire-proof! I tell you Jim's one o' these fellers that make miracles happen! I tell you these young business men I

He seated himself in a chair at his watch just do my heart good! They don't set around on the back fence—no, sir! They're puttin' their life-blood in-to it, I tell you, and that's why we're to it, I tell you, and that's why we're gettin' bigger every minute, and why by me and by themselves the fre goin' they're gettin' bigger, and why it's all to have a mighty fair share of it -

He slapped the desk resoundingly with his open paim, and then, observing that Bibbs remained in the same my own family. It's a beautiful town impassive attitude, with his eyes still Look at our wholesale district; look at impelled to groan. "Oh. Lord!" he said. "This is the way you always were. I don't believe you understand. He had become intensely grave; he with solemnity. "Now Bibbs." were. I don't believe you understand a darn word I been sayin'. You don't look as if you did. By George' it's discouraging!"

He had become intensely grave; he spoke with solemnity. "Now, Bibbs, I look as if you did. By George' it's discouraging!"

such take any of it—nor any gold or can't take any of it—nor any gold or cluster in the such takes any of it—nor any gold or can't take any of it—nor any gold or can't t

"I don't understand—exactly—what pour want it all bigger for?"

"Great God!" shouted Sheridan, and struck the desk a blow with his telenched fist. "A son of mine asks me that! You go out and ask the poorest day laborer you can find! Ask him that the leaned back, deeply moved.

hat question—"
"I did once," Bibbs interrupted;
"when I was in the machine shop, I—" that question-'

"He said, 'Oh, hell!" answered Bibbs, mildly,
"Yes, I reckon be would!" Sheridan
swung away from the desk. "I reckon
he certainly would! And I got plenty sympathy with him right now, myself! "It's the same answer, then?" Bibbs voice was serious, almost tremulous. "Damnation!" Sheridan roared "Did you ever hear the word pros

the word ambition? Did you ever hea

perity, you ninny? Did you ever hear

the outburst, his big chest surging, his throat tumultuous with guttural inc



"A Man's Got to Do a Man's Work."

ily, when the anguish had somewhat bated, "what do you want to do?" Taken by surprise, Bibbs stammered

What-what do-I-what-"If I'd let you do exactly what you had the whim for, what would you

overwhelmed him—a profound shy-ness. He bent his head and fixed his in his slow way. "You said you'd send, which he moved to and fro upon the him to the machine shop with me if he rug. like a culprit called to the desk in

"What would you do? Loaf?" "No, sir." Bibbs' voice was almost fnaudible, and what little sound it made was unquestionably a guilty

"Nothing important-just poems and

ssays, perhaps."
"I see." said his father, breathing "I see," said his father, breathing quickly with the restraint he was put-ting upon himself. "That is, you want to write, but you don't want to write Sheridan got up again. hat off to the man that can write a good ad," he said, emphatically. "The best writin' talent in this country is right spang in the ad business today. You buy a magazine for good writin' look on the back of it! Let me tell you I pay money for that kind o' writin'. Maybe you think it's easy. Just try it! I've tried it, and I can't

ten so it makes people do the hardest thing in this world to get 'em to do: it's

You talk about 'poems and essays

"Of course I'm right! And if it ain't just like you to want to take up with the most out-o' date kind o' writin' there is! 'Poems and essays'!

son's side and, leaning over, tapped Ribbs confidentially on the knee "This city's got the greatest future in mighty fair share. I love this town, I love it like I do my own business, and I'd fight for it as quick as I'd fight for my own family. It's a beautiful town. fixed upon the celling in a contempla-tion somewhat plaintive. Sheridan was impelled to groan. "Oh, Lord!" he the boulevards and the public statuary

look as if you did. By George, it a discoveraging?"

"I don't understand about getting—about getting bigger," said Bibbs, bringing his gaze down to look at his father placatively. "I don't see just why—"

silver nor buildings nor bonds—away with me in my shroud when I have to go. But I want to leave my share in it to my boys. I've worked for it; I've been a builder and a maker; and two blades of grass have grown where one blades of grass have grown where one blades of grass have grown where one blades. "What?" Sheridan leaned forward, grew before whenever I laid my hand resting his hands upon the desk and staring across it incredulously at his son.

"I don't understand—exactly—what comes I want to know that my boys

Get Rid of Tan. Sunburn and Freckles

by using HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm.

Acts instantly. Stops the burning Clears your complexion of Tan and Blemishes. You cannot know how Blemishes. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thousands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White. Pink, Rose-Red.

SAMPLE FREE. LYON MFG. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

nean father. I never had to talk that way to Jim and Roscoe. They under-

stood without any talk, Bibbs. "I see," said Bibbs. "At least I think I do. But—"
"Wait a minute!" Sheridan raised his hand. "If you see the least bit in the world, then you understand what it meant to start one o' my boys and have him come back on me the way, you did, and have to be sent to a sandtarium because he couldn't stand work. Now, let's get right down to it, Bibbs.
I've had a whole lot o' talk with ole
Dec Gurney about you, one time and
another, and I reckon I understand

your case just about as well as he does, anyway.
"Now, why did work make you sick instead of brace you up and make a man of you the way it ought of done? I pinned ole Gurney down to it. I says, 'Look here, ain't it really because he just plain hated it?' Yes,' he says, that's it. If he'd enjoyed it, it wouldn't

'Yes," said Bibbs, "that's about the way it is. "Well, then, I reckon it's up to me not only to make you do it, but to make you like it!" Bibbs shivered. And he turned upon

'a' hurt him.' And that's about th

his father a look that was almost ghostly. "I can't," he said, in a low ghostly. "I can't," he said, in voice. "I can't." "Can't go back to the shop?"

"No. Can't like it. I can't." Sheridan jumped up, his patience gone. To his own view, he had rea-soned exhaustively, had explained fully and had pleaded more than a father should, only to be met in the end with the unreasoning and mysterious stubbornness which had been Bibbs bailling characteristic from childhood. By George, you will!" he cried. You'll go back there and you'll like it!

Gurney says it won't hurt you if you like it, and he says it 'll kill you if you go back and hate it; so it looks as if it was about up to you not to hate it. Well, Gurney's a fool! Hatin' work doesn't kill anybody; and this isn't goin to kill you, whether you hate it or not. I've never made a mistake in a serious matter in my life, and & wasn't serious matter in my life, and g wash t a mistake my sendin' you there in the first place. And I'm goin' to prove it —I'm goin' to send you back there and vindicate my judgment. Gurney says it's all 'mental attitude.' Well, you're goin' to learn the right-one! He in a couple of more months this fool thing that's been the matter with you'll be disappeared completely and you'll be back in as good or better condition than you were before you ever went into the shop. And right then is when you begin over—right in that same shop! Nobody can call me a hard man or a mean father. I do the best I can for my children, and I take the full responsibility for bringin' my sons up to be men. Now, so far, I've failed with you. But I'm not goin' to keep on failin'. I never tackled a job yet I

to make a man of you. By God! I Bibbs rose and went slowly to the door, where he turned. "You say you give me a couple of months?" he said.
Sheridan pushed a bell-button on his desk. "Gurney said two months more would put you back where you were. You go home and begin to get yourself, in the right 'mental attitude' before those two months are up! Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir." said Bibbs, meekly,

TO BE CONTINUED GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA—FLOUR —Quiet; inter\_clear, \$4.75@5; city mills \$6 250 6.50. RYE FLOUR -- Steady; per barrel, \$4.50\text{\$\gamma}\$ 4.75. WHEAT -- Steady; No. 2 red, \$1.19@ 1.21. CORN -- Firm; No. 2 yellow, 9114 OATS Steady: No. 2 white. 496 OATS Steady, No. 2 white, 49434945c.
POULTRY — Live, steady; hens, 1944@20c. old roosters, 13@14c. Dress, ed. steady, choice fowls, 22c; old roosters, 15c.
BUTTER—Steady; fancy creamery, 31c per lb.
EGGS—Steady; selected, 32@33c; nearby, 28c. western, 28c.

Live Stock Quotations.

CHICAGO — HOGS — 10c higher:
mixed and butchers, \$9.25 07 0.15; good
heavy, \$9.35 07 0.15; rough neavy, \$9.05
09.30; light, \$9.30 07 10.05; pigs, \$8.80
09.30; bulk, 9.35 09.90.

CATTIE—10@15c higher; beeves
\$4.40@10.85; cows and heifers, \$3.75 0
8.40; Texans, \$7.10@8.70; calves, \$5.25
01.75.
SHEEPP—10c higher; native and
western, \$3.65@8.25; lambs, \$7.75 0
4.35.

You Can Cure That Backache.

For all along the back, disziness, beadache and genneral languor. Get a package of mother Cray's AustraliaLeaf, the pleasant of the charge of my boys."

He leaned back, deeply moved.
"There!" he said, huskily. "I've never spoken more what was in my heart in y life. I do it because I want you to understand—and not think me a