

## THE EVIL SPELL

By GRACE B. WHARTON

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VERNE TYSON roused up with a start. He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself. Then he stared across the table where his club acquaintance, Colonel Reeves so-called, should have been. No Colonel. Then beyond that at the spot where last he had seen the volatile, never-to-be-forgotten Madame Hortense Vassour. Gone. A discreet waiter, napkin on arm, approached. His well-trained face expressed a mild inquiry, a strong suggestiveness of being of service.

"How long have I been here?" asked Verne abruptly.

"Three hours, sir."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the others?" demanded Verne, with a sweep of his hand.

"They joked about your sleeta and seemed to think it sport to give you the surprise of waking up alone."

"So," muttered Verne, and his face showed that he did not like the situation. He arose. The waiter helped him to his hat and gloves, bowed his thanks for a careless liberal fee, and Verne walked from the cafe garden into the street.

"It wasn't the punch—I didn't touch it," he ruminated. "It was not enuff, for the Colonel and his lady friend were positively brilliant this evening. It was that woman's eyes!"

Verne knew little of the Colonel, less of the woman. The former lived a mysterious existence at the club. The lady was his cousin, he had said. From the first her eyes had repelled Verne, because every time they sparkled they gave him an unaccountably uneasy feeling. She was pretty, witty, winning in her ways. She was intelligent, too. The conversation had drifted towards the occult, hypnotism and all that during the little refectory. Then—

"I went to sleep," reflected Verne, "and I remember my lady's glowing eyes the last thing. Brr—! It is uncanny. Perhaps she tried the art mesmeric on me. I'll go and see Lella and forget all about it."

To Lella he was affianced. Society saw an ideal love match in their prospective union. The Boyds were wealthy and Verne was the heir of his uncle, the richest man in the district. The wedding had been set for two weeks ahead.

It was fortunate that Lella had some other callers that evening, for Verne felt dull and uncompanionable. He could not shake off a certain apathetic, lethargic feeling that oppressed him. Lella noticed it, and when he left she whispered softly:

"We shall be alone tomorrow evening—come early."

But something prevented. The following morning Mr. Tresham, Verne's uncle, sent his nephew away on a business mission to a city, a day's journey distant. It covered a stay of some weeks, where attention to a lagging lawsuit would require constant vigilance.

Verne wrote a hurried note to Lella explaining the situation. Mrs. Vassour passed out of his mind, but she was revived temporarily two days later, when to his surprise Verne met Colonel Reeves on the street in Truxton.

"Heard you were here on business," spoke Reeves familiarly. "Some business of importance likely to keep me here for a week or two. If you are going to make any kind of a prolonged stay, we can find pleasant mutual quarters down at the Ramblers club."

Verne thought not any too much of Reeves, but time was likely to hang heavy on his hands, the Colonel was food company and some very pleasant days passed.

"My cousin, Mrs. Vassour, is still at Midvale," announced the Colonel one day. "By the way, she wrote me that she met your uncle at a reception. Fine old gentleman. He was very attentive and courteous toward her."

If Verne had not known that his rich relative was a confirmed bachelor, he would have felt uneasy. As it was, when he wrote to his uncle he jocularly expressed the sentiment "beware of the vidders!" and gave his uncle a hint that Mrs. Vassour was scarcely en regie with upper crust society.

At the end of two weeks there came some vast surprises for Verne. For several days he had not received any word from Lella. His uncle, too, was strangely silent. Then there appeared at Truxton a young lawyer who sometimes did business for Mr. Tresham. "You are to return home at once," said this visitor.

"But the lawsuit here?" remonstrated Verne. "I have got it in just the right shape. I am familiar with its details and can certainly be of use regarding it."

But the lawyer very gravely and seriously reiterated the unqualified direction from Mr. Tresham, so Verne returned to Midvale.

It was an inexplicable and chilling reception that awaited him. He had never seen his uncle so distant.

"Yes, I sent for you," he said sternly. "I suppose I need not tell you why," and he passed across the table between them three checks for ten thousand dollars each. They bore dates a few days apart and the cancelled stamp of the bank. They had been made out payable to self or bearer, and they had been cashed through a bank at Truxton.

"Well?" questioned Verne, looking up in a puzzled way. "What has this got to do with me?"

"Have you the audacity to ask," challenged his uncle stormily. "Listen—I know all. You forged my name to those checks. You alone can imitate my handwriting so cleverly, for on occasions I have warranted your using my signature. You alone had access to the check book in my safe, and those three checks were torn out from the back of my check book."

Of course Verne indignantly protested. It was of no avail. His uncle swore that unless he went away to a distant solitude he would disown him. Verne found the Boyd home shut against him. Lella had been sent away to a relative convinced of his guilt, his uncle claimed.

A broken man, confronted by a mystery he could not fathom, Verne remained in seclusion for a week. One evening a visitor was announced. It was Mrs. Vassour.

She was pale, wretched looking. She inquired of Verne where he had last seen Reeves. He told her at Truxton. She said he had disappeared from there. She broke out into bitter vituperation of the wretch who had borrowed all her money and left her penniless.

Verne felt sorry for the adventures. He inquired gently as to her necessities and tendered her some money. She took it, started to leave the room, and then, some wild impulse stirring her, returned to his side.

"You are a gentleman and a friend," she said, her voice quivering. "I confess all."

In amazement Verne listened to her story. A past mistress in the art hypnotic, she had placed him under the influence of her power that evening at the cafe garden. She had forced him to reveal all about his uncle and the details of his business.

While he was at Truxton she had visited Mr. Tresham. Upon him she had worked her spell also. Unconsciously he had produced the check book and followed her directions. Reeves had cashed the checks at Truxton and had disappeared with the money.

"I do not know where he is," said Mrs. Vassour, "but I know his old associations, and if you promise not to prosecute me I will assist in running him down."

Which was done, and nearly the whole of the money recovered. Then, amid the amazing manifestation that the signature to the checks was his own, Mr. Tresham was more than contrite. He gave the entire amount recovered to his nephew, and Lella became a happy bride.

### Reduce Fat Slowly

One of the grave mistakes common to overweight persons is to decide suddenly that their superfluous flesh must be removed quickly. Reduction in weight should proceed slowly. It is impossible to maintain health on a drastic reducing program. One cannot expect to take off in two months what it has taken years to put on, and survive the experience in perfect health, says Eileen Bourne, in Liberty.

### Club Discussions

In every club the simpler the organization, the less work involved and the greater the chance for success. Discussion and the presentation of opposite ideas has its value in every club, but if care is not taken, contradiction will prove very injurious to any organization. It was a clubman who said: "Well, wife, this is club night, and I must go and contradict a bit."

### Priest Gives Up Trousseau

When a Sydney (Australia) parish priest at a church bazaar won a prize he was somewhat at a loss as to what to do with his award. It was a lady's trousseau. After one look at the box of frills and lace he announced he would present it to the next bride he married. Three candidates appeared at his residence the following morning to make early dates for a wedding.

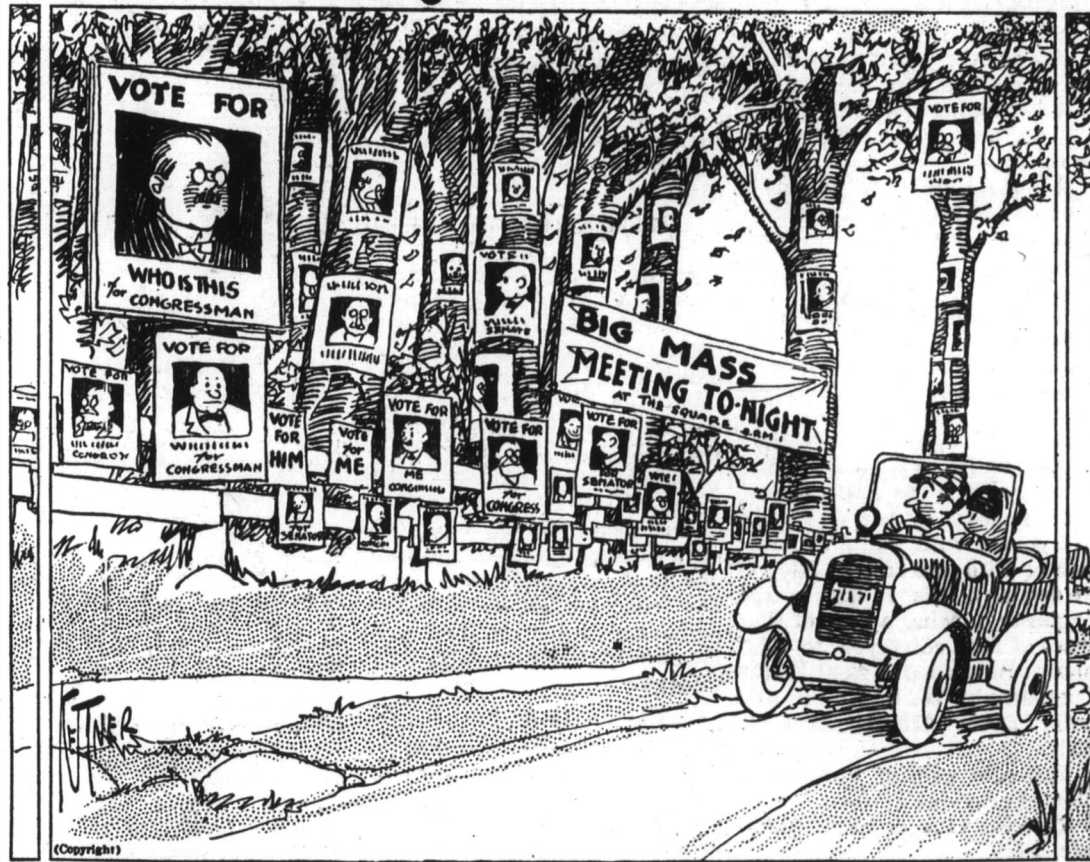
### Tack Up?

"Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skillful mistress of her art."

### Some Are Incurable

Prosperity makes phools and adversity cures them.—Josh Billings.

# Getting Out the Vote



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WITH the primaries in all of the states now over and the candidates selected by the two major parties, political interest now centers in the November election. For months our newspapers have been picture galleries of would-be statesmenlike-looking personages who "upon the repeated and urgent solicitation of their friends" have consented to be a candidate for this, that or the other office. If by chance the voter has missed seeing the would-be officeholder's benign phiz in his newspaper, he has had the opportunity to see it on a placard tacked up on every telephone pole in city streets and along country roads.

But, cheer up! You won't have to see these picture galleries much longer. Only a month more, a month of activity by the politician and his friends, culminating in the final effort of "get out the vote," and then it will all be over.

Are the American people less interested in politics than they formerly were? Some observers say "Yes" and point to the public apathy that has been apparent in recent years. The year will not really be a fair test, say others, because it's the "off year"—i. e., not the year of a Presidential election—and no one expects a great show of enthusiasm over politics in an "off year." Of course, there are several issues up for consideration this year, but it yet remains to be seen whether or not they are genuine "burning issues" which will bring every qualified voter to the polls to "say it with ballots." Here are some of them, major or minor, local, sectional or national, clear-cut or hazy—look them over and see if any of them make you "burn": The Eighteenth amendment, the World Court, farm relief, Ku Klux Klan, government economy, waterways, campaign expenditures, League of Nations, water-power development, foreign debt settlements.

One or more of these issues may bring out a big vote in some states. They may have something to do with the political complexion of the next congress and with foreshadowing the candidates and issues of 1928, the next Presidential campaign year. But next Presidential campaign year. But next Presidential campaign year.

Even in those days, when Americans are supposed to have taken their politics seriously, it often required a special effort to "get out the vote." From the state of Missouri comes an amusing story, printed in a recent issue of the Kansas City Star, illustrative of that point:

"The new rules and regulations about making life easier for the voters have taken all the joy out of politics, and made it as tame and innocent as a game of croquet," grumbled the veteran politician, filling his odoriferous corn-cob with natural leaf. He was talking to some of the youngsters on one of the county committees who had asked him for a few pointers out of the depths of his long and somewhat strenuous experience as a party leader.

"Votes is votes, and so's you get 'em it's nobody's business how," the campaigner went on. "In the days when you had to do some real 'lectioneering to get an office some giants were developed. Men who knew what they wanted and how to get it.

"Everybody in the county did all their voting at the county seat in the forties—the 'Fabulous Forties,' as some writer in the Saturday Evening

Post has set it down. If you couldn't get to the county seat you couldn't vote. No absentee votes were counted then. Some times the polls were kept open two or three days. You learned how New York went about a week after the election—or maybe two weeks. Those good old days!

Peter Marbury was standing for the legislature from Macon county. Peter and Tom Dickson, his right-hand man, counted noses, and figured that when about all who could get to Bloomington, the county seat, had voted, he would be about fifty-seven shy of beating his opponent.

"There's about sixty votes over in Ten Mile and Round Grove townships," said Dickson.

"Yes," says the chief, "but they might as well be at the North pole. They'll never walk thirty miles and back just for the fun of voting."

"What might they do for us?"

"Oh, they need town one of the settlers casually asked.

"You buy a barrel of those red brogans at Rod Shackelford's store and I believe I can account for most of that vote."

"No sooner said than done. Dickson put the red shoes in sacks and threw 'em across two horses. The road was nothing but a trail then. Shoes of any sort were a luxury. When Dickson got out among the settlers they were as tickled as children to see those red shoes. When a man tried on a pair and they fit, Dickson said:

"Think you could walk to Bloomington in those shoes?"

"Could I! Just try me!"

"All right. Let's go to town and those shoes are yours."

"Santa Claus had come out of the wilderness. Before long Dickson had men following him around waiting to take on that shoe proposition. Sixty pair quickly found owners, and a lame man agreed to go to the county seat if he could ride the horse.

"As they neared town one of the settlers casually asked:

"By the way, who'd be a good man to vote for representative?"

"You might try Marbury," Dickson suggested. "He sent me out to give you those shoes."

"It was no trouble. Every man voted according to the dictates of his conscience and the joy over possessing a real pair of red shoes. Marbury was triumphantly elected by his brogan brigade.

"That was good politics, and the people patted Dickson on the back for being so wise in 'lectioneering for his man."

The veteran paused to knock the ashes out of his pipe preparatory to reloading.

"I tell you, fellers," he declared, "if you want to win in politics you got to think. Speeches don't make no votes—it takes headwork."

Heavy campaign expenditures in two states this year have brought to the fore again the discussion of proper and improper use of money in politics. As usual, when this or any other evidence of corruption in modern politics comes up, there are those who shake a mournful head and murmur, "It wasn't like this in the good old days." But wasn't it? If we may judge from the testimony of contemporary authorities, politics was more corrupt a hundred years ago than it has ever been since. Take the case of Illinois, for instance, Illinois which had its Senator Lorimer and now shares with Pennsylvania general criticism for excessive campaign expenditures. Governor Ford is authority for the statement that "during the period of 12 years (1828-1840) neither the people nor their public servants ever dreamed that government might be made the instrument to accomplish a higher destiny for the people" and that the professional politicians enjoyed an unparalleled reign of graft.

"Good old days"? Why not the "bad old days"?

## The DAIRY

### DAIRY LOSSES CUT BY MILK COOLING

A large proportion of the loss from sour milk, high bacteria counts, and low quality butter and cheese, might be avoided through prompt and thorough cooling of milk at the dairy barn, asserts the dairy department of the College of Agriculture, New Brunswick. All milk should be cooled to 50 degrees F. or lower and should be kept at that temperature until delivered at the receiving plant.

In the matter of dairy temperatures one should never guess. A good thermometer will always pay for itself in a short time. One can of rejected milk will cost more than four or five good thermometers.

To cool milk to 50 degrees F. or below, ice is nearly always necessary. If ice cannot possibly be had, only the coldest water should be used. This means water direct from the well or spring unless a colder source is available. Running surface water or tank stored water is never very cold. If ice is not to be had, it is desirable to arrange the equipment so that spring water may run constantly through the milk storage tank, or so that all water pumped for farm stock passes first through the tank.

The cooling of morning's milk is the important problem just now. A surface cooler will save time and ice, and will enable the farmer to cool it at the farm.

Once the milk has been cooled to 50 degrees F. or below, if it is to be held, a cooling tank in the milk house becomes a necessity for final cooling and storage. Milk plant operators can advise farmers as to the best types of coolers, cooling tanks and milk houses to meet the requirements of their respective companies and boards of health.

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### Bloody Milk Caused by Ruptured Blood Vessel

When a cow gives bloody milk it is due to the rupture of a small blood vessel in one or more of the quarters. This condition usually leaves as soon as the cause is removed.

Immediately after freshening this condition is caused by the inflammation in the udder and leaves as soon as the inflammation leaves the udder. When it takes place later in the lactation it is usually caused by an injury of some kind to the udder. It may be due to lying on a cement floor or by bumps from calves or other cows in the herd. To effect a cure the cause must be removed. Watch the cow carefully to find how she injures the affected quarter and then remove the cause and you should have no further trouble with bloody milk.

### Some Grain Is Essential When Pasture Gets Short

To keep up the milk flow of his herd the dairyman who has no sudan-grass pasture must increase the grain feed when natural grass pasture gets short. Due to the exertion a cow may actually require more feed when on a sparse pasture than when shut in a dry lot. All cows giving over three gallons of milk daily should get a pound of grain for each five pounds of milk while on pasture. Cows nearly dry and not due to freshen within two months can economically go without grain at present. The chore of milking cows in dry time can be avoided by breeding in late December.

### Dairying More Popular

Whenever one half finds dairying profitable, the other half fears that it may be overdone. Hence the warnings now being broadcast that dairying is up in the clouds and due to come down soon. But folks go right along paying their bills by means of a few good cows and hens just as they have for many years past. Quite the opposite, there are now many signs indicating that dairying will have even more popularity before it has less.

### Dairy Facts

Green alfalfa has a very pronounced off-flavor in the milk if fed an hour or two before milking, but no effect after five hours.

There is no long waiting period with the dairy cow—she pays as she goes. The cream and the milk sold are usually paid for each week or each month.

Milk utensils should never be left in the sun until after they are carefully cleaned and dried. The use of cotton disk strainers will save time and labor and insure cleaner milk.

## POULTRY

### BALANCED RATION NEEDED FOR HENS

Students of hen science believe that an ordinary bird should be able to produce a thousand eggs if we knew how to give her a fair chance.

She is a wonderful machine, with the embryo of more than a thousand eggs in her make-up, but so many things combine to prevent her from doing her best that she generally falls away short of such production during her few years of life.

If you like to count eggs before they are laid, you may figure the matter out to suit yourself—so many pounds of grain, meat, lime, fat, fiber and water to each dozen eggs—and there you are.

All would be well, and you could begin at once to count your eggs, if it were not for the fact that "something always happens" to prevent the regular machine-like production desired.

Certainly we must be careful to supply the needful ration so that fat, protein, nitrogen, fiber, ash or mineral and water will be fed. This is necessary, because no eggs can be produced if one of these elements is lacking.

The fowls must be kept in condition or they will not "shell out." This is one of the most difficult parts in our whole plan of egg production.

The grains are high in nitrogen and protein. Meat scrap, bone and meal are high in fat and protein. When the flock is out on the range, young and old pick up what they instinctively seek as needful.

Some of the prepared feeds are mixed so that just about the right proportion of each needed element is in the ration. Sometimes the birds do not seem to like the ration as mixed for them, so the plans of the scientists do not work out.

### Molting Period Is Good Index of Value of Hen

Hens that are in the midst of molting do not, as a rule, lay. The time of the year when molting takes place is, therefore, a reliable index of the value of the hen to the flock for the reason that a hen molting in wrong season, when she should be laying, can deprive the flock of more profit than would be the case had she molted early enough to be laying at the peak of high prices.

The "early molter" is not, however, a good layer, as a rule. Molting usually starts with the neck, then the body and finally the tail and the wings. It takes, usually, three months for the molting process to be fully completed. While it would seem that the early molters would be the best winter layers, actual experiments have proved that such is not the case.

These texts held by various expert stations have brought out the fact that egg production controls the molt rather than the molt controlling the egg production. So long as laying is continued the molting will be postponed. And it is quite universally conceded that the late molter is the best layer. In fact, it seems to be a standard rule on commercial farms now and in the experiment stations to discard the hens which have completed the molt in late September and are in full feather and to hold those molting in October and November.

### Soy Bean Meal for Hens Is Most Excellent Feed

A number of feeding tests at various experiment stations have shown the value of soy-bean oil meal as a poultry feed. From these tests it was concluded that soy-bean oil meal could replace rolled oats in chick feeding. Poultrymen in the Pacific coast states have used soy-bean oil meal for several years and consider it a most excellent feed for growth and egg production.

Another series of experiments showed that soy-bean oil meal when fed with a suitable mineral mixture is a better supplement to corn meal than scraps and is nearly as good as condensed buttermilk when fed to chickens for short-time intensive feeding periods.

### Way to Make Hens Sick

Feeding moldy cornmeal is rather a sure way of making hens sick. Spoiled feed will ruin either young chicks or ducklings in a short time. Always sort carefully any corn containing moldy or decayed ears and discard all that are not fit for food. Dogs can disgorge material that proves harmful to them; but when a hen or chick eats spoiled grain or decayed meat it must pass through the entire digestive system and often it kills the bird.