

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Kaw woods is sold by her father to Pete Boland, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Steen, and guide. She tells her story to the care of Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former lover of the man. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange canoe seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to the west with Mrs. McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one word friend, Tomah, an Indian, is seen. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by the man. Martin and Ray return from the settlement. Boland escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amal and trap during the winter.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"That's also another side to consider. Chip wants schoolin', 'n' she's got to study night 'n' day for the next eight months. If you go back with 'em, an' go gallivantin' round with her, ez you're sure, it won't be no help to her. I've given you two all the chances for weavin' the threads o' 'feathin' I could this summer, an' now let's you 'n' I turn to and make some money. I've asked your uncle 'n' aunt. They're willin', 'n' now, what do ye say?"

Few country boys with a love for traplin, such as Ray had, were more alluring prospect spread before him. He knew Old Cy was right in all his conclusions, and almost without hesitation he agreed to the plan.

It was farlighted wisdom on Old Cy's part, however, in not giving Ray time to reflect, else the magnet of Chip's eyes on the one hand, and eight months of separation on the other, would have proved too strong, and trap-setting and gum-gathering, with \$500 as reward, would have failed.

As it was, he came near weakening at the last moment when the canoes were packed and Angie and Chip came to take their seats in them.

His and his crude, rude, yet winsome little sweetheart had suffered a brief preliminary parting in evening previous. A good many sweet and silly nothings had been exchanged, also promises, and now the boy's heart was very sore.

Chip was more stoical. Her life at Tim's Place and contact with Old Tomah had taught her reserve, and yet when she turned for the last, possible look at Old Cy and Ray, waving good-bay at the landing, a mist of tears hid them.

Old Cy's face was also a study. To him these parting clouds were all white ones hiding the sun; yet he felt their chill. His own life shadow was lengthening. He had now but a brief renewal of youth in the lives of these two, and then good-bay, as he knew full well, and yet he pitied them.

More than that, he had set his hand to guiding the bark of their young lives into the safe harbor of a home, and all feelings of his own subsided.

would be needed, and later, when south-bound ducks halted at the lake, a few of these would add to their number.

In this connection, also, another occurred to Old Cy. Trout could be caught all winter in the lake, but live bait must be had, and so a slat can to be sunk in some swift-running stream, which would hold them, must be constructed, also a scoop of mosquito net to catch them. These minnows were to be found now by the million in every brook, and forethought was Old Cy's watchword.

All these duties and details he discussed that first day with Ray, while they worked, for a purpose.

But the first evening here, with its open fire, yet empty seats, was the hardest. Tomah, in vain Old Cy enlarged upon the joys of trap-setting once more, and how and where they were to secure gum. In vain he described how deadfalls were built and where they must be placed, how many signs of lynx and wildcat he had seen that summer, and how sure they were to secure some of these valuable furs. Ray's heart was not here. Far away in some night camp, Chip was thinking of him. He knew each day would bear her farther away. No word of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.

"Come, git yer banjo, my boy," Old Cy ejaculated at last, seeing Ray's face grow gloomy. "Tune 'er up, an' play us nuttin' lively. None o' them good-ooddy weavin' sort o' tunes; but give us 'Money Musk' 'n' a few jigs. 'm feelin' our prospects are so cheerless, I'd like to cut a few pigeon-wings out o' compliment."

But Old Cy's hilarity was nearly all put on. He, too, felt the effect of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.

"Come, git yer banjo, my boy," Old Cy ejaculated at last, seeing Ray's face grow gloomy. "Tune 'er up, an' play us nuttin' lively. None o' them good-ooddy weavin' sort o' tunes; but give us 'Money Musk' 'n' a few jigs. 'm feelin' our prospects are so cheerless, I'd like to cut a few pigeon-wings out o' compliment."

But Old Cy's hilarity was nearly all put on. He, too, felt the effect of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.



He said, "but it takes the hick to do it. We halt 'er, though, for quite a spell, sorter peaceful neck o' woods name, 'n'—"

Chip failed to grasp his quiet and all through that 20-mile day stage ride she chattered a message.

Tomah concluded she was sane however, but the most volatile who ever shared his seat.

"I see the best o' her," he said that night at Phinney's, "the village news an Indian, 'n' she clacked every mint from the time we started till we fetched in, an' never called sich gobs on ez she told out eud'er happen. That was murder 'n' runnin' away, 'n' she got kitched 'n' carried out' fetched back 'n' a whole lot o' risky business. She believes in ghosts, too, sorter injun sperits, 'n' she kin swear 'at ez easy ez I kin. It seems the Frisbies hev 'nuder 'dopted her, 'n' I guess they'll hev her hands full. She's a bright 'un, though, but sich a talker!"

Uncle Joe Comfort's spacious, old-fashioned home, where Chip was installed, she soon began to create the same impression. This had been Angie's former home, and her Aunt Comfort Day had been her foster mother.

This family, in addition to the new arrival, consisted of Aunt Comfort, retund and warmhearted; Hannah

petitonne, a well-along spinster of ample figure, who fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

pie stock of birch wood must be cut and split, a shed of poles to cover it must be erected alongside of the cabin, the hermit's log hut was to be divested of its fittings, which were to be removed to the new cabin which all were now to occupy.

Realizing how vital to their existence the canoes were, Old Cy had also planned a shelter of small logs that could be lashed. Here the canoes not in use must be stored at once to guard against a night call from the malignant half-breed. His canoe had been taken along by Martin's party, to be left at Tim's Place, for even Herey would have scorned to appropriate it.

There were dozens of other needs to prepare for during the next two months, all of which were important. An ample supply of deer meat must be secured, to be pickled and smoked. All the partridges they could shoot

at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our kitchen on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'n' to split 'er."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', 'n' I've been throwed 'n' over a hand o' times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to heed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says I mustn't."

"Wal, I swear," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case."

"What's your name, 'n' what's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they alias called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' teached up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's gittin' to educate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed'nother one, too; but he had 'n' Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill. 'n' I wint it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an orfan then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' 'it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

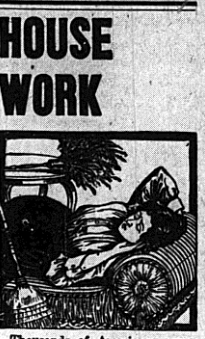
Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and whorly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here

FIRE WORK HAVOC HOUSE WORK

MORRIS & CO. SUSTAIN \$500,000 LOSS IN KANSAS CITY. FLAMES SPREAD RAPIDLY

Confignation in the Loop District of Chicago Burns Out Several Large Concerns.



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to misery.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pain and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

Kansas City, Mo.—Fire of unknown origin which started in the counting department on the second floor of one of the twin main buildings of the \$27,000,000 packing plant of Nelson Morris & Co. on the Kaw river in Kansas City, Kan., Tuesday night, threatened destruction of the entire plant and caused loss estimated at half a million dollars before it was controlled.

All effort to save the east main building, in which the fire started, and the box factory was abandoned within a half hour after the flames were discovered, and the firemen devoted themselves to the work of saving the other buildings.

Chicago—Fire in the loop district of Chicago Tuesday evening did about \$1,700,000 damage and interrupted transportation for hours. The flames broke out in the wall paper house of Alfred Peats & Co. on Wabash avenue between Madison and Monroe streets, and in a short time the entire building was like a furnace. The fire quickly jumped a narrow alley in the rear and attacked the big and the millinery establishments of Edson Keith & Co. at 132 Michigan avenue. The four upper floors of the Keith building were gutted and only the millinery houses saved. Meanwhile on Wabash avenue the conflagration spread south to the building occupied by John A. Coyle & Co. shoes, furniture, and that firm and a dozen others sustained heavy losses. The fire lasted all night and one of the most disastrous in this city since 1874.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.—Fire, which was started Tuesday afternoon in an oil tank belonging to the Union Oil company at Port Harford by a stroke of lightning, burned all night and on Tuesday morning consumed, with their contents, the tank which was first set on fire and three others belonging to the Standard Oil company.

GRAND LODGE IS BANKRUPT.

Receiver Appointed for Montana Organization of A. O. U. W.

Helen, Mont.—Robert S. Hewer was appointed Tuesday receiver for the Montana Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. Application for the appointment of a receiver was made before Judge J. Kepner, counsel for the grand lodge. The grand lodge, it was stated, has death claims of approximately \$100,000. There is now on hand in the beneficiary fund \$1,400, and in addition there are funds in the treasury of subordinate lodges. The Montana grand lodge has been in existence 17 years and has paid claims amounting to \$1,650,000.

TRAIN FALLS OFF TRESTLE.

Serious Accident in Mississippi, But No Deaths Result.

Hattiesburg, Miss.—Four cars of the fast N. & O. Orleans & Northern route passenger train No. 4 tumbled off a low trestle near here Tuesday and rolled down an embankment without killing or fatally injuring a person. Just north of Orioleville, Miss., the trestle jumped the track as the engine hit the trestle. The engine cleared the trestle safely, but the passenger cars and mail cars and two day coaches plunged over the side of the structure. The sleeping cars remained on the rails.

FAMINE IN NORTH LAPLAND.

People Are Reduced to Eating Dogs and Cats.

Stockholm—Serious famine is prevalent in the iron district of northern Lapland. According to a dispatch to Jagens Nyheter, from Kiruna, the inhabitants in the parish of Valhemita have gone to the extreme of slaughtering dogs and cats for food to prevent starving to death.

Thaw Evidence All In.

New York—With no attempt on the part of the state to combat with scientific testimony the claim of insanity urged in behalf of Harry K. Thaw, the taking of evidence in the second hearing of the Madison Square Garden murder trial ended Tuesday.

Iowa Man Killed by Train.

Clinton, Ia.—George S. Walker, 23 years old, was killed by two others probably fatally hurt when an Iowa & Illinois train struck their buggy at Princeton, Ia., Tuesday night.

Give Site for Frisco Cathedral.

San Francisco—At the fifty-sixth annual session of the Episcopal diocese of California Tuesday, William H. Crocker, in behalf of the Crocker heirs, presented to the church the block on North Hill, bounded by California, Sacramento, Mason and Jones streets, the site of the old Crocker mansion. Bishop Nicholson received the deeds in the name of the church. A. N. Brown appeared at the same time and presented a deed of gift of \$50,000, the first cathedral endowment.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I can so well thank you as big a girl's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with weakness or displacement, often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pain and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

COMPLAINTS MANY AND VARIED.

Complete Harmony Had to Obtain in Organization.

"All clubs," said the secretary, "keep complaint books, and some of the complaints set down in them are in our book yesterday a member complained that the hot water was always cold, and moreover, there never was any."

"A novelist last week had the nerve to complain that his last novel hadn't been added to the club library."

"Young women sometimes complain about the club wines and cigarettes and cigars in order to introduce brands that they are touting for on the street."

"Sometimes anonymous scandal sheets the complaint book's pages. Thus, last year, appeared this entry about a very popular member:

"Mal Hawkins is flirting with too many of our wives. By the way, he still owes that tennor—he knows to whom."

CUTICURA CURED FOUR.

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Skin—Three Little Babies Had Rash Trouble.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of fetter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, but had never failed me—one cake of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same skin. Mrs. Little Wheeler, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1917."

Chance to Show It.

Mrs. Biggs—I hear Mr. Hillow is going to move again.

Mrs. Biggs—Yes, she moves every month since she got her new furniture.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAID DIVIDEND IS GUARANTEED TO OPEN UP NEW BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES TO YOU IN 14 DAYS OF MONEY REFUND.

It's easy for the average man to make a bad break.

