

# Not Affected by Depression

One Big Industry That Makes Its Business Grow and Expands During Year of Business Depression.

When a manufacturing establishment reaches out in a year of depression and increases and expands its business, while others in the same line diminish their outputs or stand still, it is because there must be some unusually good reason for it. In this instance a splendid reputation and a more than ordinary meritorious product were responsible for the showing made.

The Mayer Boot & Shoe Company, Milwaukee, the largest shoe establishment in the northwest, has just closed its fiscal year, and reports an increase in sales over the corresponding period of last year. This exceptional showing speaks volumes for the genuineness of Mayer shoes, and is directly attributed to their high standard, and because of the fact that Mayer shoes have become universally and popularly known as "shoes of quality."

Most of our readers, no doubt, have become familiar with the shoe advertisements of this enterprising firm, that have been appearing in the columns of this publication for a number of years past. To those who have not yet become familiar with the extraordinary wearing qualities of Mayer shoes, we would recommend a close acquaintance by a purchase of a pair at the first occasion.

The leading brands are "Honorable" fine shoes for men, "Leading Lady" fine shoes for women, "Terma" Cushman shoes for both men and women (these are exceptional in the shoes for people troubled with tender feet); the popular "Martha Washington," Comfort shoes which are the finest of any shoes of their kind in the world, and the "Special Merit" School shoes (a strong line of shoes that are seamless school shoes that wear like iron). In addition to these brands, the Mayer Boot & Shoe Company makes a complete line of every style of shoe for all purposes. In fact, there is a Mayer shoe for every purpose and for every member of the family.

**Giving Them Their Choice.**  
"Maria, where do you and the girls want to spend the winter?"  
"We have been thinking we should like to go to the Bermudas, John."

"Well, you can have your choice between the Bermudas and the farm out on the Fox river; but I may as well tell you that there won't be any money to pay for a trip to the Bermudas."—Chicago Tribune.

**WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP**  
at Buy Fur & Hide. Write for catalog 103. N. W. Hyde & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

**The Parist at Large.**  
"Yes, it took me all of five minutes to really get my halter marked the way I wanted it. I never take straight, anyhow. I'm sure to always split my ticket."

"I see you're sure to split your infinitives, too?"

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**  
THE LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in Five Days.

**Crushing the Carate.**  
One of the first tasks they set the new curate, who was handicapped by youth and inexperience was to investigate the bona fides of a "widow woman" who had applied to the church for help. He departed nervously on his errand and knocked, as ill luck would have it, at the wrong door.

"How long has your poor husband been dead, my good woman? What number of children have you? Are any of them working? If so, what amount of money are they earning altogether?" were the questions he fired, like shots from a revolver, at the stately woman who answered his summons.

"I presume I am addressing Mrs. Harriet Smith?" he asked, noticing with alarm that she looked angry.

"No, you ain't," answered the woman suspiciously. "My name is Selma Jackson, my dears go to school and my husband's debt what is necessary to a plateful of steak and onions at this very moment. Would you like to know anything else? Where I was born? When I was baptised? At what age I started courtin' Farphapa, she concluded sarcastically, rolling her tattered sleeve up above the elbow, "you'd like to see my vaccination mark before you go."

But the bashful curate was already in full flight—Liverpool Mercury.

**The Influence of Environment.**  
Club Man—What do you think is the matter with me, doc?  
Physician (who runs an automobile)—I should say that your carburetor is getting too rich a mixture.—Harvard Lampoon.

**LIVING ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.  
It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia."

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth."

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffein.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first, but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything."

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 130 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my recovery of good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum. I am glad to see the success of inducing my many friends to use Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "The Road to Well-being." "There's a Reason."

"I might not have fallen accidentally," she faltered.

"That would have been hardly possible. It was a place where she had been in the habit of walking for weeks—a path which anybody might walk upon in the daylight without the slightest danger. And the calamity happened in broad day. She could not have fallen accidentally. Either she threw herself over, or he pushed her over in a moment of unprovoked anger. She was a very provoking woman, and had a tongue which might goad a man to fury. I saw a good deal of her the winter before her death. She was remarkably clever, and she amused me. I had a kind of liking for her, and I used to let her tell me her troubles."

# The Fatal Three

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Do you mean to say that you questioned him about his feelings—for me?"  
"I did what I felt was my duty, Pamela—my duty to you and to your uncle."

"Duty?" ejaculated Pamela, with such an air that Rox began to growl, imagining his mistress in want of protection. "Duty! It is the most hateful word in the whole of the English language. You asked him when he was going to propose to me—you lowered and humiliated me beyond all that words can say—you spoiled everything!"

"Pamela, is this reasonable or just?"  
"To be asked when he was going to propose to a girl—with his artistic temperament—the very thing to disgust him," said Pamela, in a series of gasps. "If you had wanted to part with forever you could not have gone to work better."

"Whatever I wanted yesterday, I am quite clear on my feelings to-day, Pamela. It is my earnest hope that you and Mr. Castellani will never meet again."

"I have been very cruel, but—heartless—fishman. Because you have done with love because you have left my poor Uncle George—is no one else to be happy?"

"You could not be happy with Cesar Castellani, Pamela. Happiness does not lie that way. I tell you again, he is a bad man."

"And I tell you again I don't believe you. In what way is he bad? Does he rob, murder, forge, set fire to people's houses? What has he done that is bad?"

"He has traduced your uncle—to me, his wife."

"You—you may have misunderstood him."

"No, there was no possibility of mistake. He slandered my husband. He let me see in the plainest way that he had no real regard for you, that he did not care how far his frequent visits compromised either you or me. He is utterly base, Pamela—a man without rectitude or conscience."

Pamela shrugged her shoulders petulantly, and turned to the window in looking at the fantastic will, built early in the century by an Italian prince, on the crest of a hill commanding the harbor.

Lady Lochinvar received the stranger with a cordiality which would have set Mildred thoroughly at ease under happy circumstances. As it was, she was too completely engrossed by the object of her visit to feel any of that shyness which a person of retiring disposition might experience on such an occasion. She was grave and preoccupied, and it was only when she responded to Lady Lochinvar's allusions to the past, that she was able to smile.

"Your mother and I were girls together," said the dowager, "at dear old Castle Orreall. My father's place was within a drive of the Castle, but away from the river, and one of my first pleasures was to sit on the grassy bank, under the shade of the broad, bright Shannon. What a river! When I look at our stony torrent bed here, and remember that glorious Shannon!"

"I am very glad to be alone with you, Lady Lochinvar. I feel myself bound to tell you that I had an object in seeking your acquaintance, pleasant as it is to me to meet any friend of my mother's youth."

**CHAPTER XV.**  
Lady Lochinvar looked surprised, and cast a little suspicious glance upon the fear some uncomfortable story. This disconcerting woman—such a beautiful face, but with such unmistakable signs of unhappiness. Her handsome countenance hardened ever so little as she answered.

"If there is any small matter in which I can be of service to you," she began.

"It is not a small matter; it is a great matter—to a friend of mine," interrupted Mildred, faltering a little in her first attempt at dissimulation.

"I shall be charmed to help your friend if I can."

"I want you to help me with your recollection of the past, Lady Lochinvar. You were at Nice seventeen years ago, I believe?"

"Between November and April, yes. I have spent those months here for the last twenty years."

"You remember a Mr. Ransome and his wife, seventeen years ago?"

"Yes, I remember them distinctly. I cannot help remembering them."

"Have you ever met Mr. Ransome since that time?"

"No, I have never heard of him since he left the asylum on the road to St. Andre. Mrs. Grewald, how white you have turned!"

"I am quite well—only a little shocked, that is all. I had heard that Mr. Ransome was out of his mind at one time, but I did not believe my informant. It is really true, then? He was once mad?"

"Yes, he was mad; unless it was all a sham, a clever assumption."

"Why should he have assumed madness?"

Lady Lochinvar shrugged her portly shoulders, and lifted her finely arched eyebrows with a little foreign air which had grown upon her in a foreign society.

"To escape from a very awkward dilemma which was created on suspicion of having killed his wife. The evidence against him was weak, but the circumstances of the poor thing's death were very suspicious."

"How did she die?"

"She was thrown from a cliff on the other side of the promontory which you may see from that window."

Mildred was silent for some moments, while her breath came and went in hurried gasps.

"Might she not have fallen accidentally?" she faltered.

"That would have been hardly possible. It was a place where she had been in the habit of walking for weeks—a path which anybody might walk upon in the daylight without the slightest danger. And the calamity happened in broad day. She could not have fallen accidentally. Either she threw herself over, or he pushed her over in a moment of unprovoked anger. She was a very provoking woman, and had a tongue which might goad a man to fury. I saw a good deal of her the winter before her death. She was remarkably clever, and she amused me. I had a kind of liking for her, and I used to let her tell me her troubles."

"What kind of troubles?"  
"Oh, they all began and ended in one subject. She was jealous, intolerably jealous, of her husband; suspected him of infidelity to herself if he was commonly civil to a handsome woman. She watched him like a lynx, and did her utmost to make his life a burden to him, yet loved him passionately all the time in her vehement, wrong-headed manner."

"Poor girl! poor girl!" murmured Mildred, with a stifled sob, and then she asked with intense earnestness, "but, Lady Lochinvar, you who knew George Ransome, surely you never suspected him of murder?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Grewald. I believe he was a gentleman, and a man of an open, generous heart, but upon my word, I should be sorry to pledge myself to a positive belief in his innocence as to a man might do, harassed and tormented as that man may have been by that woman's tongue? I know what passionate things she could say—what scorpions and adders dropped out of her mouth when she was in her jealous fits—and she may have gone just one step too far—walking by his side upon that narrow path—and he may have turned upon her, exasperated to madness, and done the thing which was done. The edge of a cliff must have been a temptation under such circumstances," added Lady Lochinvar solemnly.

"I am sure I would not answer for myself in such a situation."

"I will answer for me," said Mildred firmly.

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, I know him. He was a happy man—or seemed to be happy—for thirteen years of married life, and then his only child was snatched away."

"He was married again?"

"Yes, he married a second wife fourteen years ago. Forgive me, Lady Lochinvar, for having suppressed the truth till now. I wanted you to answer me more freely than you might have done had you known all. George Ransome is my husband; he is a good man, but his wife was a woman who succeeded in his mother's property."

"Then Mr. Grewald, your husband, is my old acquaintance. Is he with you here?"

"No, I have left him—perhaps forever."

"On account of that past story?"

"No, for another reason, which is my sad secret, and his—a family secret. It involves no blame to him or me. It is a dismal fatality which parts us. You cannot suppose, Lady Lochinvar, that I could think my husband a murderer?"

"A murderer? No! I do not believe any one ever thought him guilty of deliberate murder—but that he lost his temper with that unhappy girl, spurned her from him, flung her over the edge of the cliff."

"O, no, no, no! It is not possible! I know him too well. He is not capable of a brutal act even under the utmost exasperation. No irritation, no sense of injury, could bring about such a change in his nature. Think, Lady Lochinvar, I have been his wife for fourteen years. I must know what his character is like."

"You know what he is in happy circumstances, with an attached and confident wife. You cannot imagine him goaded to madness by an unreasonable, headstrong woman. You remember he was mad for half a year after his wife's death. There must have been some sufficient reason for his madness."

"His wife's wretched death, and the fact that he was accused of having murdered her, were enough to make him mad. Did his wife ever talk to you of her own history?"

"Never. She was very fond of talking to me about the mistake she had made in marrying a man who had never cared for her; but about her own people and her own antecedents she was silent as the grave. In a place like Nice, where everybody is idle, there is sure to be a good deal of gossip, and we all had our own ideas about Mrs. Ransome. We put her down as the natural daughter of some person of importance, or at any rate, of good means. She had her own fortune, and was entirely independent of her husband, who was not a rich man at that time."

"I am very grateful to you, Lady Lochinvar, for having been frank with me. I will go and look at the house where they lived. I may find some, perhaps, who knew them."

"You want to make further inquiries?"

"I want to find some one who is as convinced of my husband's guiltlessness as I am."

"That will be difficult. There was very little evidence for or against him. The husband and wife went out to walk together one April afternoon. They left the house in peace and amity, as if contented to their servants; but some ladies will go and look at the house where they lived. I may find some, perhaps, who knew them."

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was silent and solitary to-day, and then walked slowly along the winding road, looking for the Bout du Monde. The place was prettier and more rustic, after an almost English fashion, than any spot she had seen since she left Enderby. Villas and cottages were scattered in a desultory way upon different levels, under the shelter of precipitous cliffs, and on every bit of rising ground and in every hollow there were orange and lemon groves, with here and there a peach or a cherry in full bloom, and here and there a vivid patch of flowers, and here and there a wall covered with the glowing purple of the Bougainvillea. Great carob trees rose tall and dark amid all this brightness, and through every opening in the foliage the changing colors of the Mediterranean shone in the distance.

Mildred went slowly along the dusty road, looking at all the villas, lingering here and there at a garden gate, and asking any intelligent looking person who passed to direct her to the Bout du Monde. It was not till she had made the inquiry half a dozen times that she obtained any information; but at last she met with a bright-faced market woman, tramping home with empty baskets after a long morning at Nice, and white with the dust of the hillsides.

"Le Bout du Monde? But that was the villa where the poor young English lady lived whose husband threw her over the cliff," said the woman cheerily. "The proprietor changed the name of the house next season, for fear people should fancy it was haunted if the story got about. It is called Montferrich now."

"The woman had all the southern kindness and alacrity to oblige, but when the lady dropped half a dozen francs into her broad brown hand she almost sank to the earth in a rapture of gratitude.

"Madame shall see the house from a turret to cellar if she wishes," she exclaimed. "I know the old woman in charge. She is as deaf as one of those stones yonder, pointing to a block of blue-gray stone lying amid the long rank grass upon the shelving ground between the road and the sea; 'but if madame will permit I will show her the house. Madame is perhaps interested in the story of that poor lady who was murdered.'"

"Why do you say that she was murdered?" asked Mildred indignantly. "You cannot know."

"Most of us thought that the Englishman pushed his wife over the cliff. They did not live happily together. Their cook was a cousin of mine, a young woman who went regularly to confession, and would not have spoken falsely for all the world, and she told me that she was not unhappy in their home between them. The wife was often in tears; the husband was often angry."

"But he was never unkind. Your cousin must know that he was never unkind."

"Alas! my cousin lies in the same burial ground with the poor lady. It was the white crest of the hill above Villfranche, where the soldiers were being drilled in the dusty barrack yard under the cloudless blue. 'She is no more here to tell the story. But no, she did not say the husband was mad; she was grave and sad; he was not happy. Tears, tears and reproaches, sad words from her, day after day; and from his silence and gloom.'"

(To be continued.)

## RELIQ OF OLD LOUISBURG.

Harvard's Cross that Pepperell's Men Brought from Stronghold.

In a closet in the library at Harvard College is stored one of the few existing relics of the campaign of Sir William Pepperell and his New Englanders against the French stronghold of Louisburg, in the year 1745.

This relic is an iron cross that is believed to have adorned a church in Louisburg. How it came into the possession of Harvard is not known at this time, as no antiquarian has ever taken the trouble, it appears, to establish its history, since it became a college possession.

About sixty years ago John L. Sibley, then librarian at Harvard, found the cross in a lot of discarded articles stored in one of the smaller buildings on the college grounds. It was marked with a tag, on which was written the statement that the cross was brought from Louisburg by one of Pepperell's soldiers. Mr. Sibley attempted to trace the history of the relic in order to discover under what circumstances, and by whom, it was presented to the college, but, so far as his successor knows, he made no headway in his quest.

In 1841, shortly after its discovery by Mr. Sibley, the cross was stored in a small building that stood near the Charles River National Bank, near the college. The building was burned in 1845, and the cross was found in its ashes, undamaged except for slight pitting caused by the heat.

Taken in hand by Justin Winsor, then librarian, the cross was given a heavy coat of gilding, such as it had borne originally, and was fixed to the east wall of Gore Hall, in the library building. Here it remained for many years, until alterations made its removal from the wall necessary.

It was next stored in the cellar of the library, remaining there until the early '80s, when it was firmly fixed in the stone peak of the gable over the entrance to the library. Here it remained an object of interest to all who saw it, and heard of its origin until October, 1895, when some mischievous person broke it off near the base and carried it away.

No trace of the thief was obtained, and hope of securing the return of the relic was given up, when, in the night of Jan. 7, 1897, the cross was returned to the roof of the library portico and placed at the base of the gable, probably by the person who took it away.—Boston Globe.

## Coming Events.

Let no one say that the mind has no power over the body. If it can cause such effects as in the case taken from Ulk, how much more can it influence the physical conditions of the now and here?

"You look pale and thin. What's got you?"

"Work! From morning till night, and only a one-hour rest."

"How long have you been at it?"

"I begin to-morrow."

## Lifting the Reteree.

Rodrick—Stood out in the middle of the road the other day to decide an automobile race. They both came in even.

Van Albert—It was a toss-up, eh?

Rodrick—I should say so. I was tossed over a haystack.

What ripens fast does not last—Shakespeare.

# COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

The usual indexes of activity make a healthy exhibit. Payments through the banks indicate a satisfactory average, and the default record is about normal. Trade generally is sustaining its recovery, while new demands strengthen the outlook in manufactures. Permits for new business structures and additions now excel all former experience, this month's aggregating \$5,000,000, against only \$322,200 in 1907, and \$882,100 in 1906. Thanksgiving sales rose to satisfactory totals, but colder weather would have been more beneficial in leading retail lines. Distribution of commodities shows increased tonnage by both rail and lake.

Failures reported in the Chicago district number 25, against 18 last week, 23 in 1907, and 22 in 1906. Those with liabilities of more than \$5,000 number 5, against 5 last week, 13 in 1907, and 5 in 1906.—Dun's Review of Trade.

NEW YORK.

Wholesale trade, crop and industrial developments are generally in the direction of improvement, there is less idle machinery and the tone of affairs generally is still cheerful, but there are numerous irregularities noted in conditions in different sections and industries. The situation as a whole, therefore, lacks some of the uniformity which characterized it some time ago.

Most optimism and strength is exhibited in the leading lines of domestic manufacture and wholesale trade, particularly as to the outlook for next year, and manufacturers are buying more freely of most raw materials, while wholesalers report evidences of scarcity in many lines, especially cotton goods, for spring and later delivery next year.

In retail trade there is a good deal of irregularity, though the advent of rains and snows, followed by colder weather, helped to improve conditions as the week advanced.

Business failures in the United States for a week ending Nov. 25 number 193, against 273 last week, 258 in the like week of 1907, 174 in 1906, 188 in 1905 and 184 in 1904.

Business failures in Canada for the week number 25, which compares with 33 last week and 40 in this week last year.—Broadstreet's Commercial Report.

## CURRENT COMMENT

John D. on the Stand.

Mr. Rockefeller's memory is a miracle of mobility.—Indianapolis Star.

Mr. Rockefeller's original investment in the Standard Oil Company was \$1,000,000, since when the inside of the earth has continued to run out at his feet.—Galveston News.

The uncertain memory of Deacon John on the witness stand is a bad recommendation for an autobiography.—Atlanta Constitution.

John D. Rockefeller insists that the oil business is "hazardous." That's so; there is always danger that the tank may spring a leak, that one of the horses may run away, or that the autumn leaves may get into the pipe line.—Kansas City Star.

It may be gathered from Mr. Rockefeller's testimony before the court that the Standard Oil Company was not brought up on baby food.—Toledo Blade.

Mr. Rockefeller justifies the enormous Standard Oil profits on the plea that the business has been "hazardous." And President Roosevelt has introduced a new element of hazard for Standard Oil operations—the hazard that attends violations of law.—Kansas City Times.

Muzzling the Kaiser.

The Kaiser has not yet learned his trade. What he needs is a Loeb.—New York World.

The German Emperor can go off behind the barn and talk to himself as much as he likes.—Baltimore Sun.

What has happened at Berlin is quite as likely to be the beginning of something as the end.—Indianapolis Star.

Poor William! While his friend Theodore is to be an editor, he, the Emperor of Germany, has been compelled to hold the knee of the blue pencil of the chancellor.—Detroit News.

If the Kaiser is not having a corking good time it is not because he has not been bottled up.—Atlanta Constitution.