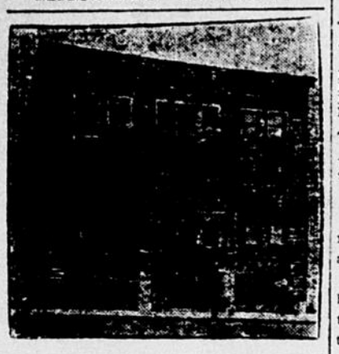
HANDY DIRECTORY —OF THE— MASONIC TEMPLE



Masonic Meetings.

SPECIAL COMMUNICATION Marshall Lodge, No. 103, A. F. & A. M., work in First degree, Friday, Sept. 24, 8 o'clock. John W. Wells, secretary; W. H. Steiner, W. M.

SIGNET CHAPTER, No. 38, R. A. M. Regular Convocation Monday evening, Sept. 20. L. S. Kilborn, H. P., John W. Wells, Rec.

STATED ASSEMBLY, King Solomon Council No. 20, R. & S. M. Monday after the third Sunday. I. T. Forbes, recorder; George Gregory, T. I. M.

SPECIAL CONCLAVE, St. Aldemar Commandery No. 30, K. T., Tuesday, Sept. 7, 8 o'clock. Work in the Order of the Red Cross. M. S. McFarland, Rec., George Gregory, E. C.

SPECIAL MEETING Central Chapter No. 67, O. E. S., Wednesday, Oct. 6, 8 p. m. Initiation. Anna Downing, secretary; Mary Black Collins, W. M.

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MARSHALLTOWN TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION

4

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Leaping Spider.

The most ancient of trapeze performers, and the most skillful, never requiring a netting to catch the artist should he fall, for he never meets with accident, is the little pale gray hairy spider, of which the body is only half an inch long. This is the salticus or leaping spider, and as you step out of your doorway of a summer evening to lean a chair against a tree on the lawn your nose will walk into his parlor to your mutual annoyance. Before leaping for a fly, and he seldom misses a catch, he always fastens a thread behind by which should he chance to fail in his aim he hangs suspended in the air ready for another leap.

Times-Republican.

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FARM FACTORYING.

A big manufacturer of farm implements takes as a slogan, "every farm a factory."

That's what a farm is, or ought to be—a factory where cost and production and profit are figured right down to the quick.

It ought to be run like a factory, ought to have most modern machinery and the best kind of management.

Take the factory; it figures cost close. It wastes nothing that it can save. It has efficiency experts that figure the aggregate number of steps 500 men make in a day and seek to cut down unnecessary waste of movement. Why in some of the big factories the distance saved on all the employes in a day by certain rearrangement would keep one man walking six months night and day.

The best managed factory is the one that loses least, that makes the by-products pay wages and dividends. Take the packers. It is asserted that the by-products of the packing industries make the profits of the investors. Nothing gets away except the squeal of the pig and if there were a market for squeals there'd be a record made of every pig's whisper. Notice that in a big shop not an iron filing goes to waste nowadays. Just notice how the factory takes its profit.

And all that brings us naturally and inevitably to the silo on the farm. It is the difference between the old factory methods when the packers shoveled out the hoofs and the hair and neglected the by-products and the present system whereby everything but noise pays tribute. It's the difference between the old way at the iron works when the dump took the scrap and nowadays when the check that comes back from the accumulated car loads of former waste carries the interest on a big borrow. Why the lumber mills save all their sawdust in these times. This $200 an acre land means that everything but the squeal must be saved on the farm factory. The silo is a first aid to the bank account.

Now that's all except one question: Have you built your silo and are you going to save the hocks and pig's feet and hoofs represented by that half finished corn on the forty where the water stood in spots this summer?

THE CASE OF THOMAS POST.

It is a peculiar case, the Thomas Post, of Paulding, O., who is now serving a two-year term at Ft. Madison. The man was crossing Iowa to a ranch in North Dakota where he was to work, using a bicycle as means of transportation. Like Emily Post, he didn't find the roads to his liking and offered to sell the bike. The Sherlocks of Cedar Rapids jumped to the conclusion that a man who would offer a bike for $2.50 must have stolen it and arrested Post. They found a pistol on him and changed the charge to that of concealed weapons. Under advice it is said of the police he pleaded guilty and the judge sent him up for two years. The Cedar Rapids Gazette instituted an investigation and found that the man was a most religious person, was in the best of repute at home as an industrious man and good provider for his mother who is now ill to which judges, bank presidents, the sheriff and mayor and marshal of his home town testify in a sworn statement.

If the man was under arrest in any city of the United States he would be immediately discharged on this showing by those having such authority. He should be let out of the pen instanter. But the parole board say they can't do it until they meet some time in October. The board should if necessary call a special meeting and send this man on his way. He has no business in the penitentiary over night.

Mainly it goes back to the court that sentenced a man without proven blemish on his character except that he packed a pistol on a bike trip across country to a term of years in a penitentiary. It is hard for the thoughtful citizen to understand how the court came to such a conclusion. Had Post been a notorious criminal the case would have been different. The suggestion is that the court had been given the impression that the man was especially dangerous.

It seems hard that this man whose neighbors give him a certificate of good character should be in the penitentiary under a two-year sentence while bad men chase all over Iowa toting guns. If the pistols toted in Cedar Rapids were gathered today they would probably fill a couple of bushel baskets and most of them come from the pockets of a class that carry them as much for offense against the law as in defense of life and property.

Post had no business packing a gun about Cedar Rapids or in Iowa unless by legal permission. Nobody would worry over him if he had been fined $50 or given fifteen days in the bastile. Everyone would be proud and happy if the amateur yeggs and embryo bad men of Iowa towns were rounded up and handed the same dose. But a two-year stretch handed a man of good repute who actually imagined that he needed a gun for protection on a long trip is beyond all reason in the face of the information that he had always been a decent citizen, was on his way to steady employment and that these facts might readily have been ascertained.

Turn Thomas I. Post loose at once and send him on his way to the ranch a wiser and a madder man than when he packed his artillery into Iowa. If it were Emily, of the same name just reprisal would hold her to a two-year sentence driving Iowa roads and stopping at Iowa hotels. By that time Emily would boost instead of knock Iowa.

A GOOD WAY TO RETIRE.

An old Illinois farmer coming to the age of retirement spoke wisely to his nephew some years ago. Said he: "I'm not going to move to town and wander around with nothing to do. I want to live. I've been watching my neighbors who moved to town from the farm and simply quit everything. Old man Downs died of paralysis in three years. Spealman quit everything two years ago and sat round eating like a harvest hand and doing nothing and he's got diabetes. And so on. Now I'm going to keep bossing this farm somehow." He did. He builded a house in the nearby village and drove "old Luce" to the buggy to the farm daily until he reached 83. And when he couldn't keep up interest in the farm and the activities he had always favored he lay down and died.

Fact is that he kept too busy and worried a little too much. The three mile drive once or twice a day in all kinds of weather was a little too strenuous for an old man like him. Of course when a man lives to be 83 on his legs all the time he has had about all that is coming to man in the way of lengthened years; but Uncle Charley might have lived to be 90 or over perhaps had he taken another tack. But it is equally as certain that he wouldn't have lived four years of idleness.

Now here's a scheme for retirement to profit and without loss of real activity in the work of the world. An orchard. A real orchard supervised and overlooked as a profitable and interesting activity for old age and retirement Frank O. Harrington, of Williamsburg Iowa, has made good money raising apples for the last twenty years because he made a business of it and he says:

The same work on an orchard in this state will produce apples that are better both in quantity and in quality than can be raised anywhere in the west. I am not making a wild assertion here, but I know from my forty years' experience with apple growing in this state and from what I know of fruit conditions in western states. No apples in the world can come up to Iowa apples for quality, when Iowa apples are handled right; that was proven a few years ago at the national horticultural congress when Iowa apples won over some of the best apples that ever came from Colorado and Oregon. The land is cheaper here than it is in the west, even with all of our high-prived Iowa land. Orchard land in Colorado sells for $300 to $500 per acre; we haven't reached that point yet, and then we can grow our best apples on land that is worth about $150 an acre.

We have less spraying to do than they have to do in the west, and we have less trouble in getting moisture for the crop. In the west where they don't have to irrigate they have to practice clean cultivation in order to conserve moisture, and we don't have to do either here. There is considerably less frost here, and we are hundreds of miles nearer the eastern markets than they are in the west. It costs 50 cents more per box to put Oregon apples on an eastern market than it does Iowa apples.

Now listen uncle: what's the matter with this scheme. Start an orchard of say twenty to thirty acres ten years before you figure that you'll quit the farm and move to town. Have it ready for business when you quit the hard work. See to it. It's a snap as far as hard work is concerned. You can boss it easier than pasture land. The buyer will take the fruit on the trees. It will not require daily attention on your part. You will not have to hang around all the time. Take a trip when you please. Make money on the orchard. Uncle Charley was right. The thing that kills more old men than anything else is letting loose and feeling that all is over. Have an orchard. There's money and long life and interest in life in it.

What's the matter with the scheme?

Topics of the Times

But why fuss over the European situation when the football season arrives with its list of causalties and heroic endeavor to demand all our sympathy and furnish plenty of excitement?

* * *

Georgia hanged, legally this time, a boy of 14. Highly civilized section that.

* * *

The real Indian summer may be looked for next year when the gubernatorial candidates get busy with scalping knives.

* * *

If the corn is soft we shall have to feed more of it on the farm. That's all. But every day the frost holds off sees some field emerge from danger. Give us yet a few days and the crop will be full of new automobiles.

* * *

Now if Mr. Kuehnle will make his position as a dry clear it would help some. Is he actually dry or wet? Is he for flood or drouth or does he favor dry weather with showers?

* * *

Casey of the Knoxville Express insists that the only candidate the democrats might by possibility elect next year is a dry one. While Dalton, of the Manson Democrat announces that nothing short of a flood will satisfy the wing of the democracy to which he belongs. Which seems to indicate that the next governor of Iowa will not be a democrat. However, it would require several strong pipes to induce a dream of any sort of democratic governor of Iowa.

* * *

There's a difference between having a reliable gun in the house and packing one about in the hip pocket. It will do no hurt for this country to have the means of defense handy if the burglars should force the affair.

* * *

Never mind about that theory that a light frost helps ripen corn. The difficulty with that system is control. Just as like as not when Pitcher Frost meant merely to cut the corner he'd slam a straight one square thru the middle of the plate.

IOWA OPINION AND NOTES.

"Mr. Allen wants a third term as secretary of state 'because it is party custom,' notes the Council Bluffs Nonpareil and says that "this is a custom which should be broken up and abandoned. Men should stand as candidates for renomination solely on records of efficient service. If Mr. Allen has anything in this line to exhibit he should get it into the limelight."

"Whether or not Carl Kuehnle gets very far in the governorship race he is at least getting columns of newspaper space. Most newspapers seem inclined to take the Denison man as a sort of plaything, however, instead of regarding him seriously as a candidate for governor," says the Glidden Graphic.

...tthatlR..the now is the time for all

As far as the Perry Chief can gather, "Because it never has been done in Iowa, it never can be done,' seems to be the main argument against hard surfaced, parmanent roads."

"The advocates of hogging down corn say that it pays. But when we apply this rule to human affairs and we see one man trying to 'hog' all the good things in sight our 'bristles' rise and we are ready for a scrap," admits the Parkersburg Eclipse.

The Manson Democrat points out that: "Nobody can truthfully accuse the republican candidates for gubernatorial honors in Iowa of 'unpreparedness."

"Cummins' putative candidacy for the presidential nomination has set a few papers to talking about 'standpatters' and 'progressives.' There was never more of personalities than principles in that division, anyway," says the Grand Junction Globe. "Let us forget it. Iowa is for Cummins of course."

To the Sioux City Journal "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., acts like a man who might fool the fellows who would rather criticize than commend a millionaire."

"If teachers are underpaid their salaries should be raised," says the Boone News-Republican, "but school children should not be driven thru the grind of twelve months in the year simply to raise salaries of school teachers."

"No conscription order is necessary to recruit candidates for the football teams," notes the Burlington Gazette.

Iowa Newspapers

MADE BY THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY
[Clinton Herald.]

Clinton is developing into a regular automobile center with Sixth avenue as the center of the center. There are garages galore here, partially supported by Clinton auto owners but securing a large part of their support from the auto tourists on the Lincoln highway. Clinton's garage industry is one of the developments of the Lincoln highway.

ALLEN.
[Iowa City Citizen.]

Senator Joe Allen made a good impression on the students of the state university Monday evening in his inspiring talk at the Y. M. C. A. "mixer."

As a student, an athlete, a soldier, a lawyer, a farmer, a business man and a legislator Allen has been making good impressions in all his activities of the last twenty-five years. He is of the best type of an Iowa product. If the people of the state should select him for governor next year they would make sure of a real man for the job.

FROM A SALOON TOWN.
[Cedar Rapids Republican.]

Of course, we would not put the saloon in the class of the bawdy house, altho the two often are closely associated. But the saloon represents to a more or less extent evil and nothing else. It promotes business along certain lines and it brings to cities many people who might not otherwise come there. But on the whole, it may be found that Charleston may lose nothing by the change. At least that is still the boast of Des Moines which has now been suffering along without liquor shops for the space of about one year. They still pretend to like it and they even claim that all kinds of legitimate business has been more prosperous since the people ceased to pour their moneys into the liquor shops.

THE HIGHER UPS.
[Des Moines Tribune.]

Disclosures of underworld secrets made by an unfortunate girl in Des Moines point to the fact made notable of recent years, that men, not women, are the financial beneficiaries of commercial vice and that they are responsible for the degradation of those who enter the business. There isn't a brute in creation more worthy of the gallows or the penitentiaray that the man who forces women into prostitution and lives off the money they garner. Men of his type are protected in some cities and tolerated in others, but it is a tribute to the better instincts of the race that they are being recognized for what they are. Their legal refuges are being stripped away, and the glare of public knowledge is being turned upon their hineous dens of sin.

CONCRETE FOR ROADS.
[Sioux City Journal.]

If there is a piece of even tolerably good concrete road or street paving in this state, that has been down as much as two years, it has not been named to the knowledge of the journal.—Iowa City Press.

If the Press will turn its eyes in this direction, Sioux City will be delighted to show it thirty-five miles of good concrete street paving, twenty miles of which has been down more than two years and some of which has been down four years. It will show it on Riverside avenue one stretch a mile in length without a crack. Nor is all this merely "tolerably good," but A-1 first class, thoroughly satisfactory concrete paving.

Sioux City pays from $1.02 to $1.14 a square yard for concrete, something like $2.05 for brick and around $2.10 for asphalt paving. City Engineer Johnson declares that at the same price as either the brick or the asphalt he would prefer the concrete. Hardly a day passes but requests come for information as to how Sioux City lays concrete paving. The fame of its street improvement work has reached all corners of the United States. There is no patent on the process, and Sioux City is delighted to pass the recipe along. If Iowa City is interested, a 2-cent stamp will do the work.

Engineers declare that the Sioux City system of laying concrete pavement is in violation of fundamental principlese of construction. So be it. The fact remains that Sioux City has been getting better results than any other city has been getting with concrete, and so long as this continues to be the case Sioux City is not going to worry about alleged violation of fundamental principles. The main thing is that the pavement is giving satisfaction and evidently standing the test of time.

The Press suggests that the good roads commission which Governor Clarke recently appointed to look into the question of road improvement in Iowa will have to find some way to cure the defects of concrete paving or offer some substitute for concrete at a price taxpayers can afford to pay before it can make any progress with the road building proposition in Iowa. Why not have the commission visit Sioux City?

WHAT IS INDIAN SUMMER?
[Sioux City Journal.]

If this is Indian summer we will gladly swap it for the imitation of the real article imposed upon us this year. —Burlington Gazette

But this isn't Indian summer. Indian summer is not due until the latter part of October or early in November. It will come along some time after our first snow, perhaps—"squaw winter," so called—when we have begun to fear that summer, such as it has been, has gone for good and all. Indian summer has been prettily described as "the dead summer's soul." In a way, it might be spoken of as summer lingering in the lap of fall. At any rate, it is one of the most delightful times of the year. Beware of imitations, however. Do not imagine that the few good days that may yet remain of the so-called summer with which we have been afflicted during the last few months constitute Indian summer. Indian summer is something to look forward to not only with hope, but with confidence. It is one of the few things of life in which realization is fully as delightful as anticipation.

Webster tells us that Indian summer is a period of warm or mild weather in late autumn or in early winter, usually characterized by a clear or cloudless sky and by a hazy or smoky appearance of the atmosphere, especially near the horizon. From Johnson we have it that the early colonists believed the haze, with its blueness or smoke color, was real smoke from the burning over of western prairies by the aborigines—hence the name, Indian summer. Century, however, attributes the name to the fact that the phenomena of Indian summer are more distinctly marked in the region that was chiefly occupied by the Indians at the time the term became current than they are in more eastern regions. It explains the haze a little more prosaically than did the colonists on the ground that it is simply the dust and the smoke which are not blown away by the wind, but float near the earth's surface.

For all of which information, we are, of course, duly grateful, but no lexicographer can describe the downright charm of an Indian summer. That has to be experienced in person. And it is fair to expect that, in view of the disappointing character of the white man's summer of 1915, the Indian summer that follows in its wake will be especially full of charm.

ALLEN FOR GOOD ROADS.
[Sioux City Journal.]

The latest indications that the road improvement question is going to play an important part in the gubernatorial campaign comes in the announcement of Senator Joseph H. Allen, candidate for the republican nomination, that he proposes to incorporate in his platform a plan for improving the roads. He is opposed to forcing better roads on any community that does not want them, but he favors allowing any community to pave its highways that does want to do so.

Senator Allen objects to the county plan of road improvement on the ground that good roads should not be circumscribed by county lines. In other words, the advantage of any improvement would be greatly lessened if it broke off abruptly at the county line. His idea is to map out a continuous roadway, say from Des Moines to Sioux City, for an improvement district to include all the territory that would be benefitted by the paving of such a road and let those who would be called upon to pay for the improvement, and only those, vote on the proposition to pave the road. Thus, persons who do not pay taxes would not be allowed to force improvement work on those who would be called upon to pay for it. If the vote is favorable the cost of the improvement will be assessed in prooprtion to the benefits, a part of the expense to be borne by the towns, cities, townships and counties thru which the road happens to go, and also the state. It is, in fact, an elaboration of the plan under which the city of Sioux City is paving the Correctionville road and the Military highway. Senator Allen's plan provides for the rendering of financial assistance by the state thru the issuance of bonds.

On the face of it Senator Allens' plan appears to be worthy of consideration. Whatever progress is to be made toward better roads must be effected along conservative and practical lines. Too much must not be undertaken all at once. Example and education will be important factors in the development of sentiment. In Sioux City, for instance, the expectation is that the benefits which will accrue fro mthe improvement of the Correctionville road and the Military highway will be such that within a few years owners of property contiguous to other roads leading into Sioux City will be besieging the city council to order pavements for their respective highways. If good roads are as good a thing as they are cracked up to be the problem inevitably will be solved in just that way—as the street paving problem has been solved in just that way.

The Thousandth Woman
By ERNEST W. HORNUNG
Author of "The Amateur Crackman," "Raffles," etc.
Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS
Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

He paused as if waiting for a question. None was asked. Toye's mouth might have been sewn up, his eyes were like hatpins driven into his head. The other two simply stared.

"It was a mad idea, but I had gone mad," continued Cazalet. "I had hated the victim alive, and it couldn't change me that he was dead or dying; that didn't make him a white man, and neither did it necessarily blacken the poor devil who had probably suffered from him like the rest of us and only struck him down in self-defense. The revolver on the desk made that pretty plain. It was out of the way, but now I saw blood all over the desk as well; it was soaking into the blotter, and it knocked the bottom out of my idea. What was to be done? I had meddled already; how could I give the alarm without giving myself away to that extent, and God knows how much further? The most awful moment of the lot came as I hesitated—the dinner-gong went off in the hall outside the door! I remember watching the thing on the floor to see if it would move.

"Then I lost my head—absolutely. I turned the key in the door, to give myself a few seconds' grace or start; it reminded me of the keys in my hands. One of them was one of those little round bramah keys. It seemed familiar to me even after so many years. I looked up, and there was my father's Michael Angelo closet, with its little, round bramah keyhole. I opened it as the outer door was knocked at and then tried. But my mad instinct of altering every possible appearance, to mislead the police, stuck to me to the last. And I took the man's watch and chain into the closet with me, as well as the cap and truncheon that I had picked up before.

"I don't know how long I was above ground, so to speak, but one of my father's objects had been to make his retreat sound-tight, and I could scarcely hear what was going on in the room. That encouraged me; and two of you don't need telling how I got out through the foundations, because you know all about the hole I made myself as a boy in the floor under the oilcloth. It took some finding with single matches; but the fear of your neck gives you eyes in your finger-ends, and gimlets, too, by Jove! The worst part was getting out at the other end, into the cellars; there were heaps of empty bottles to move, one by one, before there was room to open the manhole door and to squirm out over the slab; and I thought they rang like a peal of bells, but I put them all back again, and apparently nobody overheard in the scullery.

"The big dog barked at me like blazes—he did again the other day—but nobody seemed to hear him either. I got to my boat, tipped a fellow on the towing path to take it back and pay for it—why haven't the police got hold of him?—and ran down to the bridge over the weir. I stopped a big car with a smart shaver smoking his pipe at the wheel. I should have thought he'd have come forward for the reward that was put up; but I pretended I was late for dinner I had in town, and I let him drop me at the Grand Hotel. He cost me a fiver, but I had on a waistcoat lined with notes, and I'd more than five minutes in hand at Charing Cross. If you want to know, it was the time in hand that gave me the whole idea of doubling back to Genoa; I must have been half-way up to town before I thought of it!"

He had told the whole thing as he always could tell an actual experience; that was one reason why it rang so true to one listener at every point. But the sick man's sunken eyes had advanced from their sockets in cumulative amazement. And Hilton Toye laughed shortly when the end was reached.

"You figure some on our credulity!" was his first comment.

"I don't figure on anything from you, Toye, except a pair of handcuffs as a first installment!"

Toye rose in prompt acceptance of the challenge. "Seriously, Cazalet, you ask us to believe that you did all this to screen a man you didn't have time to recognize?"

"I've told you the facts."

"Well, I guess you'd better tell them to the police." Toye took his hat and stick. Scruton was struggling from his chair. Blanche stood petrified, a dove under a serpent's spell, as Toye made her a sardonic bow from the landing door. "You broke your side of the contract, Miss Blanche! I guess it's up to me to complete."

"Wait!"

It was Scruton's raven croak; he had tottered to his feet.

"Sure," said Toye, "if you've anything you want to say as an interested party."

"Only this—he's told the truth!"

"Well, can he prove it?"

"I don't know," said Scruton. "But I can!"

"You?" Blanche chimed in there.

"Yes, I'd like that drink first, if you don't mind, Cazalet." It was Blanche who got it for him, in an instant. "Thank you! I'd say more if my blessing was worth having—but here's something that is. Listen to this, you American gentleman: I was the man who wrote to him in Naples. Leave it at that a minute; it was my second letter to him; the first was to Australia, in answer to one from him. It was the full history of my downfall. I got a warder to smuggle it out. That letter was my one chance."

"I know it by heart," said Cazalet. "It was that and nothing else that made me leave before the shearing."

"To meet me when I came out!" Scruton explained in a hoarse whisper. "To—to keep me from going straight to that man, as I'd told him I should in my first letter! But you can't hit these things off to the day or the week; he'd told me where to write to him on his voyage, and I wrote to Naples, but that letter did not get smuggled out. My warder friend had got the sack. I had to put what I'd got to say so that you could read it two ways. So I told you, Cazalet, I was going straight up the river for a row—and you can pronounce that two ways. And I said I hoped I shouldn't break a scull—but there's another way of spelling that, and it was the other way I meant!" He chuckled grimly. "I wanted you to lie low and let me lie low if that happened. I wanted just one man in the world to know I'd done it. But that's how we came to miss each other, for you timed it to a tick, if you hadn't misread me about the river."

He drank again, stood straighter and found a fuller voice.

"Yet I never meant to do it unless he made me, and at the back of my brain I never thought he would. I thought he'd do something for me, after all he'd done before! Shall I tell you what he did?"

"Got out his revolver!" cried Cazalet in a voice that was his own justification as well.

"Pretending it was going to be his check-book!" said Scruton, through his teeth. "But I heard him trying to cock it inside his drawer. There was his special constable's truncheon hanging on the wall—silver mounted, for all the world to know how he'd stood up for law and order in the sight of men! I tell you it was a joy to feel the weight of that truncheon, and to see the hero of Trafalgar Square fumbling with a thing he didn't understand! I hit him as hard as God would let me—and the rest you know—except that I nearly did trip over the man who swore it was broad daylight at the time!"

He tottered to the folding-doors, and stood there a moment, pointing to Cazalet with a hand that twitched as terribly as his dreadful face.

"No—the rest you did—the rest you did to save what wasn't worth saving! But—I think—I'll hold out long enough to thank you—just a little!" He was gone with a gibbering smile.

Cazalet turned straight to Toye at the other door. "Well? Aren't you going too? You were near enough, you see! I'm an accessory all right"—he dropped his voice—"but I'd be principal if I could instead of him!"

But Toye had come back into the room, twinkling with triumph, even rubbing his hands. "You didn't see! You didn't see? I never meant to go at all; it was a bit of bluff to make him own up, and it did, too, bully!"

"You Broke Your Side of the Contract, Miss Blanche."

The couple gasped.

"You mean to tell me," cried Cazalet, "that you believed my story all the time?"

"Why, I didn't have a moment's doubt about it!"

Cazalet drew away from the chuckling creature and his crafty glee. But Blanche came forward and held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Toye?"

"Sure, if I had anything to forgive. It's the other way around, I guess, and about time I did something to help." He edged up to the folding door. "This is a two-man job, Cazalet, the way I make it out. Guess it's my watch on deck!"

"The other's the way to the police station," said Cazalet densely.

Toye turned solemn on the word. "It's the way to hell, if Miss Blanche will forgive me! This is more like the other place, thanks to you folks. Guess I'll leave the angels in charge!"

Angelic or not, the pair were alone at last; and through the doors they heard a quavering croak of welcome to the rather human god from the American machine.

"I'm afraid he'll never go back with you to the bush," whispered Blanche.

"Scruton?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid, too. But I wanted to take somebody else out, too. I was trying to say so over a week ago, when we were talking about old Vernon Potts. Blanche, will you come?"

(THE END.)

Scamander a Remarkable Stream.

The Scamander is one of the most remarkable rivers for the grandeur of its source—a yawning chasm in Mount Gargarus, shaded with enormous plane trees, and surrounded with high cliffs, from which the river impetuously dashes in all the greatness of the divine origin assigned to it by ancient fable.