

# The Plunderers

By Ora B. Maddox.

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

It was at a police station in the heart of a great city to which the Rev. Alger Trescom was a visitor, that the young clergyman in question had his first experience of the ways of the unfortunate and criminal.

A turnkey had just shown him through the cells. His sensitive spirit had awakened with sympathy and sorrow at what he witnessed. Two prisoners, arrested for robbing a man of \$41, had particularly attracted his attention. They were boyish, ingenuous and bright-faced. When he came up into the courtroom, swayed by an impulse he could not resist, Mr. Trescom had sought out the man who had been robbed. His little store of money amounted to less than fifty dollars. It was hard earned and badly needed, but he had a vision of "giving the boys a new start." The victim of the robbery agreed to drop the case if his money were returned.

"No prosecution — prisoners discharged," announced the judge a few minutes later and the surprised criminals hastened to leave the court room. Trescom followed them. He was anxious to have an opportunity to show them the evil of their ways and try to influence them to mend the same. As he came outside he saw them conversing with their victim. The latter pointed out Trescom to them and the culprits went up to him.

The older of the twain looked at Trescom in a quizzical, strangely interested way.

"Are you the guy who settled with the bloke who had us pinched?" he inquired.

"If you mean that I have tried to rescue you from your troubles in the hope of seeing you do better," replied Trescom gravely, "yes."

"You come with us and have a drink," Darby Dan, taking the arm of Trescom.

"I never drink, thank you," observed Trescom stiffly. "Boys, for you seem



"Worse Than That!" Observed Red.

"Such to me, my heart has bled for you. I have given nearly all of my little store of savings to redeem you. Surely the sincerity of my interest in your behalf should entitle me to your confidence."

"Give him his chance, Dan," remarked the other of the two criminals, known as Red Lowry.

They listened respectfully enough, as almost with tears in his eyes the earnest young minister attempted to show them the folly of their ways. He told them his name and the address of a sister in the city whom he was visiting for the week. He asked them to come and see him there and he would try to find them honest work.

"You're a good sport," announced Darby Dan effusively, when the lecture had concluded. "It's a waste of time maybe, for you do not understand our ways, but you've gone down into your pocket for strangers, you are the right sort and soon as we hit another job we'll send you back the coin with interest."

"Surely you do not contemplate another crime!" gasped the horrified good man.

"There's only one trade we understand, boss," said Red Lowry. "It's cost us a lot of money to learn it and it's got to produce something, see? You're a fine sort and if ever we can help you out we'll be on hand."

The Rev. Alger Trescom went on his way feeling that he had come across a proposition beyond his mastery, and the two young men waved him an airy farewell with grinning, amused faces. They did not appear at his sister's house, as Trescom had hoped, and the latter was a little grieved as he reflected that about all the money he had in the world had gone into an unsuccessful experiment.

A week later Trescom was back at Earlville, where he had held the pastorate of a small village church for over a year. It was a poor charge, the

salary barely sufficient to sustain the little parsonage and pay the old woman living at its rear, who kept the house in order and furnished his meals. The heroic spirit of the young preacher, however, had resisted the temptation of a better-paying charge. He had made friends, he felt that he was doing good in the community and he loved his little flock. They were unable to do more than they had in a money way, and he never even hinted at the deprivation and hardships he was suffering for their sakes.

Now fate plays strange freaks with its victims. It was destiny, clean, precise and circumstantial, that led the wayward Dan and Lowry on one of their marauding expeditions to the vicinity of Earlville. They burglarized a big mansion near the town. Their loot was opulent, but the sight of a dark and lonely house in Earlville, the parsonage, was a temptation in their path to add to their ill-gotten store.

"Easy job, getting in here," observed Red, as they pulled down the curtains and lit a lamp.

"Doesn't look as if the owner had much," supplemented Dan, as he glanced about a sparsely furnished sitting room, while his companion proceeded to investigate a bureau in the adjoining sleeping chamber. He came out, throwing up his hands despairingly.

"Let's go, Dan," he suggested. "Darned stockings, mended shirts, worn-out summer underclothing—in this freezing weather! The man's a pauper who lives here."

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Dan, and pointed to a photograph on the wall. Then he picked up a book and examined its title page. It bore the name: "Alger Trescom."

They stood staring strangely at each other. "Red," said Dan, in a strained and subdued voice, "we're cads!"

"Worse than that!" observed Red, and he looked ashamed and serious. "It's the guy who saved us in the city. What you up to?" he demanded, as his pal drew from his pocket a package done up in a handkerchief, placed it on a desk and proceeded to write on a blank paper pad.

"The right thing," answered Dan shortly. He set the package on the note. "Come on," he said, "I'm bad, but human."

Returning to his humble home an hour later, Alger Trescom was fully astounded to find the note left by Dan. It read:

"We're the guys you tried to help in the city. We had just visited another place when we struck your joint. Found out it was yours, and it's against our principles to work any district you're in. Return the swag and tell 'em they're safe, if they're friends of yours."

Opening the handkerchief, Trescom found diamonds, jewelry, money. There was an inscription on a brooch. It had been a gift to "Viola, from Her Loving Father." Trescom followed the clue. There was a Miss Viola Duane, the daughter of a wealthy banker, two miles from the village. He went there the next day.

It was the charming Miss Viola herself who listened to his strange story. She was glad to recover the jewels. A keen interest came into her gentle eyes as the worthiness of this struggling philanthropist was made clear to her.

And lo! from that interest it came about that friendship grew into love, and Alger Trescom soon had a life partner whose wealth enabled a broader scope for the generous qualities of a truly good man.

## NOT AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

Parents Have Gone Through Many Ordeals of This Kind Along About 7:30 a. m.

He lay there still and motionless, his eyes closed, his little limbs, once so alive with animation, now limp and pathetic.

"I've done my utmost," breathed the man. And he mopped his forehead and poked piteously at the silent, staring woman by his side.

"Perhaps if we shake him again," she suggested.

"I've shaken him and shaken him and shaken him, and tried cold water on his face and every other way I could think of," he replied hollowly.

The woman leaned over the still figure.

"Willie!" she called. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

The figure did not stir by so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

The man leaned over.

"Willie!" he called. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

Utter silence was the only response.

They both leaned over. "Willie!" they called. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

"Willie!" he cried. "Here's a penny for you!"

The boy's eyes opened.

"Anybody call me? What time is it?" he muttered.

And the father and mother stood guard until he had both stockings and one shoe on and promised them not to lie down again.—Detroit Free Press.

## Oyster's Grip of Death.

Some interesting and curious stories are told of the way in which the oyster is capable of gripping and holding anything it gets between its shells. One writer says that on one occasion a dish of oysters was placed in the cellar of an inn at Ashburton, England. One of the oysters soon opened its shell, and it was pounced upon by three mice who were at once crushed to death by the shell closing upon them. At another time a fox thrust his mouth into a very large mussel which closed upon him and held him fast until he was drowned by the rising tide.

# Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



DIVERSITY IN ONE-PIECE DRESSES

There is a wonderful diversity in one-piece dresses, and there must be.

"We must have new things all the time or women will not buy," says one of those who sells frocks nearly all the days of the year. It is business that makes the world move forward, and so designers call upon the four quarters of the globe for ideas and inspirations.

This fall there are Chinese and Russian and American Indian ideas interpreted in new suits and dresses, or discernible in their trimmings, along with clever inventions that are home grown and very modern.

But with all this casting about for new inspirations there are almost no freakish dresses. Everything must bow to the decrees of the mode and manage to arrive at simplicity in effect, no matter how much elaborated in details of trimming or finish. The result is the prettiest and most wearable frocks that can be imagined, with the straight line models in great favor and the smart Russian blouse winning its way to the front.

But the straight line dress has no monopoly, as may be gathered from the clever model in a one-piece frock shown here. It follows the lines of the tulle skirt, at a safe and sane distance, with the small, side drapery that holds its place in the season's styles. Just how its wearer gets in or out of it is a secret that lies between her and the dressmaker, but the belt is discovered fastening at the side and probably the bodice does the same

flaring cuffs with overlay in white satin.

Making a joke of deprivations is one phase of French fortitude in these times of trial. The Parisienne makes light of the scarcity of coal and says she will rely upon furs and exercise in the open air to keep herself warm this winter. This prediction seems to have influenced the mode, and furs are everywhere. On suits and frocks they appear in bands, sometimes continuous and more often in sections, on the bottom of skirts and coats. Collars and cuffs, fur-covered buttons, and narrow fur bands and fringes of fur find a place on all outer garments.

Deep cuffs, both close-fitting and flaring, and narrow collars that widen into broad revers are among the newest phases of fur trimmings. But with the broadest collars and the most generous cuffs are coupled very narrow bandings in pockets and about the bottom of coats. Collars are as luxurious and enveloping as those introduced last winter, those on suits of the convertible variety that may be brought up about the throat at will.

One of the new fall suits, trimmed with gray squirrel, is made of wool velour. Squirrel looks well on the wine, blue and green shades of the present season and combines beautifully with the soft "glove finish" of wool fabrics. The suit pictured is a conservative model with a straight-hanging coat, belted in at the waist-



FURS ARE EVERYWHERE

thing, with fastenings along the under-arm and shoulder. At the front and back of the belt embroidery finds a place in the sun of approval, and a row of misleading buttons down the front of the bodice have no duty other than to make a pretty finish for it.

It is the collar in this frock that bespeaks much thought on the part of its maker. It is of colored satin overlaid with white satin with little satin-covered buttons set in a row at each side, and is altogether independent of the high neck which finishes the bodice. The plain sleeves have small

line and trimmed to long points at each side. It is plain except for big patch pockets, also trimmed in points to correspond with the coat.

Julie Bottomley

Several of the French designers are turning to Japan for much of their inspiration this autumn. This probably means that we shall see Japanese motifs in embroidery, as much as we saw them last year, on the new frocks.

## DEMAND FOR DOMESTICATED BLACKBERRY

The wild, or native blackberry vine, is not so plentiful as it once was. There are fewer old fields, fewer brown-up fence rows, fewer picturesque rail fences with corners to shelter them from the plow. With the passing of the wild blackberry vine a market for the product of the bigger, sweeter and altogether better, domesticated blackberry is opening.

Not many, even among the small fruit growers, have paid a great deal of attention to the growing and marketing of the blackberry, writes W. G. Blosser of Indiana in Farm and Progress. They are fairly hardy and bear most seasons, but, like their wild cousins, they are badly injured by late frosts. It is estimated that an acre of blackberries will produce something like \$200 worth of fruit in a year, and there is always a real sale for them.

### Good Market for Berries.

It is likely that there will be a good market for them for a long while in the future. They ripen at a time in the summer when fruit is comparatively scarce and therefore desirable. There can be no question about their popularity. Cafes, hotel dining rooms and first-class restaurants everywhere are glad to get blackberries of good quality. They are the raw materials for just the sort of pies liked by city man and farmer alike. As to their preserving, canning and cordial making qualities, those are too well known to need comment.

In the last few years a large number of good varieties have been developed. One of the few diseases that cause any trouble in a blackberry planting is cane rust. This is hard to overcome, but can be got rid of by cutting out all the diseased canes as soon as the rust spots are seen.

### Set Canes in Spring.

They should be set out in the spring where the farmer or gardener decides

to try them. Most any soil will do for them, but like the wild varieties they always manage to get into a patch of leaf mold or other good soil, the best varieties will do much better if they are given a fairly moist and rich, fertile place to grow. Moisture is necessary or the berries will be small, hard and tasteless. In picking wild blackberries, did you ever notice the finest, biggest, sweetest and bluest ones always grew in the edge of woods and in a low, moist place?

Put out the blackberry cuttings in rows just as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Leave plenty of space between the rows for a full-grown tree takes up an amazing amount of room. Put the canes not closer than three feet apart in the row. In a little while after the vines get a good start they will mat together in such a way that you can't get through them unless they have been given plenty of room from the start.

### Garden Crop Between Rows.

If the spring is wet the berries will get along all right, but if there is a long dry period within a few weeks after they are put out it will be best to water them a little from time to time. The first two or three years after they are put out some sort of a garden crop should be grown between the rows, as this will loosen the soil and help the blackberry canes.

It is a good plan to continue the cultivation indefinitely, as the vines will choke each other out by growing between the rows if they are left undisturbed. Little canes will start up all summer long unless they are kept down by cultivation. If left to themselves they will quickly take up all the space between the rows of older canes.

Cutting back should be steadily practiced. Do this pruning in the winter, taking out the old and dying canes and making room for the new ones.



CONSTANT CULTIVATION HELPS BUSH FRUITS.

## HEAVY TOLL TAKEN BY USELESS WEEDS

Of Great Importance to Corn Crop to Kill Noxious Plants and Conserve Moisture.

Why do you cultivate corn? There are a number of reasons but, perhaps paramount among all of them, is this one—to kill weeds. And why kill weeds? To conserve the moisture in the soil which a heavy crop of weeds would normally remove—and thus increase the corn yield. While it is of recognized importance to save moisture by forming a dust mulch when cultivating, it is equally as important to kill the weeds, to hold the moisture in the soil.

The heavy toll which weeds take from the yield of the corn crop has been shown in experiments at the University of Illinois.

Plots at the university, that were well prepared for corn, but in which the weeds were allowed to grow, produced only 7.3 bushels per acre as an eight-year average, while plots just by the side with the ground prepared and the corn planted in the same way, but the weeds kept down by scraping with a hoe, produced 45.9 bushels, or an increase of 38.6 bushels of corn per acre.

Experiments further show that for the dry seasons 1911, 1913 and 1914 the uncultivated plots (weeds kept down by scraping with hoe) produced an average of 41.3 bushels, while the cultivated ones produced 32.3 bushels, or a difference of nine bushels in favor of no cultivation. This cultivation was done with a three-shovel cultivator to a depth of about three inches, or the usual depth with a cultivator of this kind.

## INOCULATION NEEDED FOR LEGUME CROPS

If Nodules Are Found on Roots of Nearly Every Plant Operation Is Unnecessary.

False impressions have led many people to believe that legumes must be inoculated every time the crop is seeded. Fortunately, such a practice is not necessary, but one should know when inoculation should be practiced. There is no simple test by which one can tell whether inoculation is nec-

essary. If the legume is planted in a certain field and the roots develop no nodules, inoculation will be needed; but if nodules are found on nearly every plant, then inoculation will not be necessary.

Where cowpeas and clovers have been grown for many years, it is not necessary to inoculate them except under special conditions. On the other hand, alfalfa, sweet clover and soy beans, because they have been less extensively grown, usually require inoculation. Any legume crop will be benefited by inoculation when planted on a given field the first time, and sometimes it may be advisable to inoculate common red clover, though it is not considered a new crop in many states. When a field has once been inoculated with a particular strain of nodule-forming bacteria no further inoculation is needed for the corresponding legume if it is resown in that field within four or five years.

Usually each legume has its particular strain of bacteria and no other kind will form nodules. Alfalfa and sweet clover are an exception, and the same kind of bacteria lives on both these plants, consequently alfalfa can be inoculated from sweet clover and sweet clover from alfalfa. Vetches and peas also cross-inoculate and one crop forms nodules in the soil where the other has recently grown. These two cases are common exceptions, while other legumes, such as cowpeas, soy beans and clovers, demand their particular kind of bacteria, and form no nodules by bacteria from other crops.

The University of Missouri College of Agriculture, Columbia, Mo., is prepared to furnish inoculating material for alfalfa at cost to those who desire it for fall seeding.

## WATCH HAY AND GRAIN CROPS

Few Farmers Realize How Small a Per Cent of Moisture is Needed to Cause Deterioration.

Do not store damp grain or hay unless you have adequate facilities for frequent "turning," otherwise they are likely to go out of condition. Few farmers realize how small a per cent of moisture will cause otherwise good grain or hay to heat and deteriorate. Never bale damp hay.

If your grain contains a large per cent of foreign material, clean it. It keeps better.

Feed low grades and screenings on the farm.

Do not mix varieties. In most cases it can be avoided. It nearly always causes the commodity you are selling to grade low.