

# Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS,  
Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the  
China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of  
Hawaii," "On a False  
Charge," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Number 101!"

"What is it?"

"You are to be put into a road gang  
this morning, and go out to work on  
the public boulevard."

I was known as Number 101. My  
keeper imparted the above delightful  
information to me on the ninth day  
of my imprisonment.

I say delightful because I mean it,  
and do not use the word in an ironi-  
cal sense. The news was indeed deli-  
cious and gratifying. It was what  
I had waited for. It was the begin-  
ning of my labor for the state, and  
my hopes rose, for now, surely, I  
would find an opportunity to strike  
for my liberty.

The officer in command lost no  
time, but put us at once to work.  
Most of the prisoners had evidently  
been there before, for they seemed to  
know just what to do, as if they were  
resuming work that had but recently  
been laid down.

After dinner, I, in company with  
the same ill-smelling ruffian who was  
my marching partner, was sent some  
distance away to bring back a supply  
of cement in a wagon drawn by a  
small horse, a rugged, stout little  
animal, that did not seem to feel  
fatigue.

As we left the main force behind,  
my heart began to beat violently and  
my brain to work quickly, for now, I  
thought, the only opportunity I would  
get had come.

We traveled perhaps three miles.  
Then we came to a sort of storehouse  
or shed, where we stopped. The guard  
had the key to the shed, and handing  
it to me, he ordered me to open the  
door.

I did as I was told. Nothing could  
exceed my humility and meekness at  
that moment.

The stuff used for these roads  
proved to be a kind of asphalt  
brought from the coast farther north,  
and stored in the shed until needed.  
It was now dry, and lay in piles of  
broken lumps and blocks.

The guard stood looking on while  
my companion and I proceeded to  
carry the stuff to the wagon and load  
up for our return trip. I had resolved  
that this return trip would never be  
made—at least by me.

Suddenly an overwhelming influ-  
ence seized me, and I struck the blow  
that I had been dreaming of ever  
since my incarceration.

I had not the least cause to feel  
murderously inclined toward the  
guard, but it was my liberty against  
his life, and the balance fell my way.  
I had reached his side with a heavy  
piece of the asphalt in my hands.  
Without giving him time to raise  
his rifle, I lifted the lump and sent it  
crashing against his skull.

With a groan he fell into a heap on  
the floor.

I sprang to the horse and began  
rapidly to loosen him from the wagon.  
But now an enemy arose upon whom  
I had not counted. My fellow prisoner,  
either from a mistaken sense of  
duty or from a desire to win favor  
and perhaps pardon for himself,  
sought to prevent my departure. He  
sprang upon me, and we had a hand-  
to-hand tussle, in which it seemed at  
times as if I was going to get the  
worst of it. Backward and forward  
we swayed, now with his hand at my  
throat, now with my fist thrust square  
against his jaw, writhing, twisting,  
biting and kicking, until I finally got  
a good grip on his throat and nearly  
strangled him.

Seizing him with a mighty effort, I  
hurled him against the body of the  
guard, and with a last pull at the  
straps, freed the horse from his en-  
slavement.

Leaping upon his back, I banged his  
sides with my heels, and away he  
went to the northward, carrying me  
toward freedom.

But the Sardinian prisoner was not  
yet beaten. I heard the crack of the  
guard's rifle behind me, and felt a  
stinging sensation in the back. I  
was shot.

I felt the warm blood oozing down  
my back, and began to feel weak and  
dizzy. Even though I had not been  
hit in a vital spot, I knew that the  
loss of blood would finish me unless I  
was able soon to stop it. But to halt  
now would be death anyhow, and I  
kept on. The rifle was fired again,  
but this time the distance was too  
great for the Sardinian's aim, and I  
was not touched.

On, on we went, my little horse and  
I, past woods and past farms, until I  
saw the road across the valley, which  
I had seen from my prison window,  
and which had seemed to lead to  
pieces of refuge in the mountains.

Suddenly my horse stumbled and  
fell. My weakness was now so great  
that my hands refused to cling; my  
legs were as those of a man paralyzed.  
I rolled from the animal's back  
and fell with a thud by the wayside.  
Relieved of his burden, the horse re-  
covered his footing and plunged for-  
ward out of sight.

I was stunned by the fall. I be-  
came conscious of a burning sensa-  
tion in my throat, then an excruciat-  
ing pain in my head, then another in  
my back; my arms and legs tingled  
as if filled with needles. I felt some-  
thing pressed to my lips, and again  
the burning in my throat. My mind  
grew calmer. I opened my eyes.  
Vision had returned to me.

Bending over me was a monk.  
"You are wounded, son," he said, in  
a voice that was soft and almost  
womanly.

"Yes, father," I replied, my own  
voice coming only in a whisper. "I  
have been shot."

The monk's face was very pale—  
unnaturally white, I thought. He  
looked at me through his goggles a  
moment before answering.

"You are wounded in the back,  
son," he said. "Is it the work of an  
assassin?"

"I will tell you the truth, father,"  
I said, weakly. "I am a prisoner of  
the state. The brother of the pretto  
was murdered, and I was accused of the  
murder, and though I knew nothing  
about it, I was convicted. I was at  
work on the public road to-day and  
escaped. A fellow prisoner fired at  
me with the guard's rifle and wounded  
me. They will be after me soon."

"Ah, son! This is a bad busi-  
ness."

The monk, as he said this, glanced  
nervously around, as if apprehensive  
of detection in thus securing a pris-  
oner of state who had escaped.

He put his hands under me and  
lifted me gently from the ground. I  
seemed to be but a child in his arms.  
Holding me across the back of his  
mule, he easily mounted, and speak-  
ing to the animal, we were soon mov-  
ing up the mountain side.

We did not travel far in this way  
—perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then  
we had come to a thick portion of  
the forest, and we were in a rugged  
mountain region. The monk had  
been peering from side to side, as if  
in search of something, and suddenly  
halted his mule before a tall, white-  
barked tree that stood near the edge  
of the road.

"I thought I knew the place," he  
murmured to himself. "That is cer-  
tainly the tree."

Sliding from the saddle to the  
ground, the monk took me in his  
arms and carried me into the forest.  
He spoke to his mule and the animal  
followed him.

He carried me carefully over rocks  
and fallen trees and through seeming-  
ly impassable places. He seemed to  
know fully every foot of the uneven  
ground, and to be looking for some  
particular spot.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "It  
is here. The soldiers of the pretto  
will have to work to find you here."

"And you will not betray me,  
father?" I asked.

"Nay, I know full well the ease  
with which the pretto imprisons  
falsely. You are safe here. And you  
will be fed."

"I thank you, father," I said, in  
gratitude.

We had entered a grotto. The air  
inside was cool and sweet. I could  
hear the murmur and ripple of a  
spring and mountain stream near by.  
I felt a sense of rest and security,  
and my trust in the monk was firm.

Soon delicious set in.

I was now at the circus and gazing  
with wonder and admiration at Nita  
Barlotti, the trapeze queen, and at  
Maubikeck, the lion tamer, in their  
respective acts.

Then the visit to Ralph Gravis-  
court's rooms and the discovery of  
the photograph was as vivid in my  
mind as on the day it actually oc-  
curred. And so on, I lived over and  
over again the stirring scenes of my  
last days in New York, and the de-  
parture of Maubikeck and myself on  
the steamer.

And then the accident; Maubikeck  
rushing into my room and carrying  
me on deck; and there standing on  
top of a wave, still in the glare of the  
light from heaven, stood Maubikeck,  
and above him, in red letters, seem-  
ingly of fire floating in the air, I saw  
the words, "If you are saved and I  
am not, save Nita for Malgini!"

I was vaguely conscious of a lapse  
of time as I lived over these scenes.  
I seemed to feel that some one was  
near me. But I knew nothing real.  
There was nothing of actual life about  
me.

Again I fancied I heard the rippling  
of a stream.

Again I thought that marble walls  
surrounded me. At first it seemed  
that I was in a tomb, but gradually  
consciousness came to me and I  
awoke. The bed of furs was my  
couch; the grotto walls were above  
me. An odor of something came to  
my nostrils faintly. I turned my  
head.

A fire was burning in the little  
stove. By it, a cigarette in his mouth,  
holding something over the coals, sat  
Mutterelli. He rose and looked at  
me.

"All right, signor," he said, in the  
calm voice of a man who knew what  
he was doing and had been doing it  
a long time. "It will be ready in a  
minute. A bit of toast and a sip of  
wine will do you good. Keep still.  
You are all right, signor."

"Mutterelli!" I whispered.

"Signor! You know me!" he cried.  
"Jesus be praised! You have long been  
near death, but now you will be re-  
stored to life. Ah, signor! How's  
that?"

As he said this he put a wooden  
board before me, upon which was a  
glass of wine and a bit of white bread  
of chicken and a slice of toast. Not-  
ing that I had ever eaten in Delmon-  
ico's tasted half so good as that dainty  
morsel in that hour of my return to  
earth.

Then I closed my eyes and a deli-  
cious sense of rest stole over me, and  
I fell asleep.

I slept long and sweetly, and awoke  
much refreshed. Feeling strong, I  
raised myself on my elbow and looked  
about. Squatting on a low stool near  
the opening of the grotto was Mutter-  
elli, smoking the inevitable cigar-  
ette, calmly paring some potatoes, the  
expression on his face being one

of utter content and placid happiness.  
"Mutterelli!" I said in a whisper,  
which was all the voice I could raise.  
Mutterelli laid down his knife and  
came toward me.

"You called, signor," he said.

"Where is the monk?" I asked.

Mutterelli put his finger to his lips.  
"You are not to talk, signor," he  
said. "Be patient, and when you are  
stronger we will speak of it. You  
have been very ill, signor."

"How long have I been in the grot-  
to, Mutterelli?" I asked.

"Sixteen days, signor."

I sank back on my fur couch, over-  
come by a sense of weakness and ut-  
ter helplessness. Sixteen days! And  
it seemed as though it was but an  
hour since the monk had carried me  
into the grotto, and had set about  
dressing my wound. And the change  
from the monk to Mutterelli was so  
strange, so unexpected. Yet Mutter-  
elli was calm, and seemed perfectly  
at home in this strange place.

When he had replied to my last  
question he offered me a glass of wine,  
which I drank. Then he turned and  
walked out of the grotto. I remem-  
bered that he had done this when I  
first saw and recognized him, and  
realized that this was his method of  
enforcing silence. So alone I lay, and  
in my weakness wondered what chain  
of circumstances had led Mutterelli  
to the grotto.

In about an hour Mutterelli re-  
turned.

He slowly rolled a cigarette in his  
fingers and lighted it, drew a stool  
near my bed and sat down.

"How do you feel, signor?" he  
asked.

"I feel much better," I replied.

Mutterelli was evidently going to  
talk, so I waited patiently for him to  
begin.

"You have been very sick, signor,"  
he said finally. "It is now sixteen  
days since you came here."

"Yes," I replied; "so you told me  
before. But how many days is it  
since you came here?"

"Sixteen, signor," he replied calm-  
ly.

"You followed me?"

"Yes, signor. I was told where to  
find you."

"Then my hiding place is known?"  
I said.

"Yes, signor. Your hiding place is  
known to me and to the monk who  
brought you here. That is all."

"And you saw the monk? You must  
have seen him, for he only could tell  
you where to find me."

"Yes, signor, I saw the monk. He  
is a good monk, signor. I alone in  
Sardinia have his confidence. The  
monk and I belong to the same secret  
society, signor, though I am but a  
poor member. See, signor?"

"What is his name, Mutterelli?"

"He is Brother Michael, signor, of  
the Order of Jesuits. He is high in  
favor with the general of the order,  
signor, and travels much, doing mis-  
sionary work."

The exertion of talking had been  
severe and I felt that I must stop.

"You are weary, signor," said Mut-  
terelli. "You have talked too much.  
You must rest. I will leave you."

He sauntered toward the entrance  
to the grotto, and I saw him pause  
long enough to twist the end of an-  
other cigarette and light it. Then he  
disappeared through the marble arch.

I lay back on my furs, wondering.  
There was, in my mind, a vague yet  
rapidly growing conviction that Mut-  
terelli and the monk were one and  
the same. The timely meeting be-  
tween the monk and Mutterelli; the  
implicit confidence which the monk  
reposed in Mutterelli, who, I knew,  
had a price—all these things, as I  
thought them over, convinced me that  
Mutterelli was Brother Michael and  
Brother Michael was Mutterelli. So  
far he had done well. But how was  
I ever to get away from Sardinia, and  
how was I going to continue my ef-  
forts to restore Nita Barlotti to the  
sphere in life to which I knew she  
belonged?

(To be continued.)

**Parisian Trees.**  
Paris is said to lead the world in  
the culture of city trees. The  
success of the French capital is due  
not so much to an admirable soil  
climate as to a well-organized system  
of caring for the trees.

In large nurseries young trees are  
grown and prepared for the Parisian  
streets. The culture of the soil is  
elaborate. From the very beginning  
the trees are pruned and staked to  
compel a straight growth. By fre-  
quent transplanting the roots be-  
come so hardened that they are en-  
abled to withstand injury due to trans-  
portation. When a tree is sufficient-  
ly large, it is set out in the streets  
with the same care that was lavished  
upon it in the nursery. Often the  
cost of planting a single tree is \$50.  
Whenever a storm destroys the city  
trees the nursery can be immediately  
drawn upon for another supply.

**Thoughtful.**  
Young Wife—"There is a gentle-  
man in the library, dear, who wants  
to see you."  
Young Husband—"Do you know  
who it is?"  
Young Wife—"You must forgive  
me, dear, but that cough of yours  
has worried me so of late, and you  
take such poor care of your health,  
and—and, oh, if I were to lose you,  
my darling!"  
Bursts into tears.  
Young Husband—"There, there,  
dear! Your fondness for me has in-  
spired foolish and unnecessary fears.  
I'm all right; you mustn't be  
alarmed. But I'll see the physician,  
of course, just to satisfy you. Is it  
Dr. Pellet?"  
Young Wife—"No, it is not a doc-  
tor; it's a—a life insurance agent."

# HORTICULTURE



## Mixing Tree Fruits.

For a great many years I have ob-  
served among the orchards that are  
planted around me that the orchards  
that are all of one variety bear less  
evenly than where the fruits are  
mixed. I know of a great many in-  
stances, where pollenization was im-  
perfect because only one variety was  
grown. In discussing the matter with  
orchardists, I have been very much  
surprised to find that there are very  
many men that know absolutely noth-  
ing about the necessity for cross-poll-  
enization. My first observations of  
this kind came nearly fifteen years  
ago, when the matter of cross-poll-  
enization of plums was but just receiv-  
ing the attention of our scientists.

After that came the cross-polleniza-  
tion of pears, the Kieffer being a pear that  
in many situations refused to produce  
fruit unless the Garber or some other  
fruit was grown near it. I remember  
being in a large pear orchard that  
had long since developed enough to  
bear fruit, but yet bore no fruit. I  
asked the owner why he did not grow  
some other pear in the orchard. He  
replied that he had never known that  
it needed cross-pollenization. After  
that he grafted a part of the trees  
with the Garber, and in a few years  
the orchard became fruitful. A great  
many people do not like to plant more  
than one variety in an orchard, espe-  
cially if it is a commercial orchard,  
and when they do, they plant alter-  
nate rows with different varieties.

The result is a pretty good polleniza-  
tion except where the ends of trees  
of the same variety come together. There  
the pollenization is imperfect while  
the pollenization of the sides is  
perfect. The planters say that they  
hold to this arrangement because they  
want whole rows of the same variety  
for harvesting and packing. If they  
would but consider the matter they  
would find that the same end might  
be obtained by alternating the trees  
in the rows. If one will but draw on  
paper the arrangement indicated he  
will find that all the cross rows and  
longitudinal rows are mixed in variety,  
but he will also find that the diagonal  
rows are all of the same variety. The  
arrangement of every other tree of  
the same variety would give diagonal  
rows all of the same variety. The  
great advantage is that each tree is  
surrounded with four trees of the  
other variety, and cross-pollenization  
is then as perfect as it is possible to  
have it.—John Y. Smith, Alexander  
Co., Ill., in Farmers' Review.

## Spade Deeply for Trees.

When a new tree is to be set out  
the ground should be well prepared  
for it. When large plantations are to  
be put in, a plough may be used in  
the preparation of the ground. More  
often, however, the spade is used for  
preparing the ground in which trees  
are to be set. The depth of the spade  
is about ten inches, which is about  
four inches more than the depth of or-  
dinary plowing. The depth of the  
spade should be the measure used in  
turning over the ground for trees. The  
space so prepared should be ten feet  
or more in diameter, and this pre-  
pared space should be increased as  
the tree grows. The object of the en-  
largement of the space is to prevent  
the forming of a natural water-tight  
basin in which water would accumu-  
late to the detriment of the tree.

## Water and Orchards.

For a long time it has been  
a mystery why certain varieties  
of apples would do well in New  
York, New England, and even  
colder places, and yet would freeze  
to death on the soil of Illinois and  
Iowa, where the temperature is higher  
during the winter than in the eastern  
states. Within a few years the opinion  
has gained ground that the water sup-  
ply in the soil plays an important part  
in the "wintering" of the tree. When  
so-called tender fruits have been  
killed out in Illinois and neighboring  
states, here and there near bodies of  
water the trees have safely passed  
the winter. The natural inference  
seems to be that it was cold combined  
with dryness that resulted in the loss  
of the trees.

## Heading of Shade Trees.

How a shade tree should be headed  
will depend on its location. If it is on  
the edge of the lawn out of the way of  
passing teams and people, it may be  
headed low. Some of the most beau-  
tiful trees on the edges of lawns are  
those that have their limbs almost on  
the ground, but in other situations it  
is better to head trees high, both that  
they may have more beauty and that  
the lawn under them may be pre-  
served. The head of the tree should  
in nearly all cases be kept thinned out  
sufficiently to permit the passage of  
rays of light; otherwise many of the  
inside limbs will die. A mistake in  
this matter has often resulted in trees  
or parts of trees being killed.

## Bad Pruning of Ornamentals.

Many ornamental trees are ruined  
by bad pruning. Every tree has its own  
characteristic shape, which distin-  
guishes it from other trees. It is de-  
sirable to retain the individual shape  
so that variety may be had. One of  
the most common mistakes in bad  
pruning is to attempt to make all  
trees assume the same shape. The  
natural growth of the tree should be  
encouraged. Dead and blighted  
branches should be kept trimmed off.  
The thinning out should not be enough  
to greatly change the appearance of  
the tree.

# THE IDEAL WIFE

Shapes the Destiny of Men—The Influence of a  
Healthy Woman Cannot Be Overestimated.

Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry  
a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes—  
because she has the qualities which inspire admi-  
ration, respect and love.

There is a beauty in health which is more at-  
tractive to men than mere regularity of feature.  
The influence of women glorious in the possession  
of perfect physical health upon men and upon the  
civilization of the world could never be measured.  
Because of them men have attained the very heights  
of ambition; because of them even thrones have  
been established and destroyed.

What a disappointment, then, to see the fair young  
wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over  
her head! A sickly, half-  
dead-and-alive woman, especially when she is  
the mother of a family, is a damper to all joyous-  
ness in the home, and a  
drag upon her husband.

The cost of a wife's con-  
stant illness is a serious  
drain upon the funds of a  
household, and too often all the doc-  
toring does no good.

If a woman finds her energies are  
flagging, and that everything tires her,  
dark shadows appear under her eyes,  
her sleep is disturbed by horrible  
dreams; if she has backache, head-  
aches, bearing-down pains, nervous-  
ness, whites, irregularities, or despon-  
dency, she should take means to build  
her system up at once by a tonic with  
specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound.

This great remedy for women has  
done more in the way of restoring  
health to the women of America than  
all other medicines put together. It is  
the safeguard of woman's health.

Following we publish, by request, a  
letter from a young wife.

Mrs. Bessie Ainsley of 611 South 10th  
Street, Tacoma, Wash., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"Ever since my child was born I have suf-  
fered, as I hope few women ever have,  
with inflammation, female weakness, bearing-down  
pains, backache and wretched headaches. It  
affected my stomach so that I could not en-  
joy my meals, and half my time was spent  
in bed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound  
Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Beautyify Your  
Walls and Ceilings!  
**Alabastine**  
THE SANITARY WALL COATING

A Rock Cement in white  
and beautiful  
tints. Does not rub or scale. Destroys dis-  
ease germs and vermin. No washing of  
walls after once applied. Any one can  
brush it on—mix with cold water. Other  
finishes, bearing fanciful names and mixed  
with either hot or cold water, do not  
have the cementing property of  
Alabastine. They are stuck on with glue,  
or other animal matter, which rots,  
feeding disease germs, rubbing,  
scaling and spoiling walls, cloth-  
ing, etc. Such finishes must be washed  
off every year—expensive, filthy work. Buy  
Alabastine only in five pound pack-  
ages, properly labeled. Tint card,  
pretty wall and ceiling design, "Hints on  
Decorating" and our artists' services in  
making color plans, free.

**ALABASTINE CO.,**  
Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

## WET WEATHER WISDOM!

THE ORIGINAL 1922  
**TOWER'S**  
FISH BRAND  
**SLICKER**  
BLACK OR YELLOW  
WILL KEEP YOU DRY  
NOTHING ELSE WILL  
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.  
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.  
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.

## DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY  
TAKE  
**KEMP'S**  
**BALSAM**  
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup,  
Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and  
Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first  
stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use  
at once. You will see the excellent effect after  
taking the first dose. Sold by dealers every-  
where. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

## DAXTINE

TOILET  
ANTISEPTIC  
FOR WOMEN

troubled with ill-purulent  
their sex, used as a douche is marvellously suc-  
cessful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs,  
stops discharges, seals inflammation and local  
nervousness.

Daxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure  
water, and for more cleansing, healing, germicidal  
and economical than liquid antiseptics for all  
TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES  
For sale at drug stores, 50 cents a box.  
Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.  
THE D. PALTON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

## Mrs. Bessie Ainsley

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound  
made me a well woman, and I feel so grate-  
ful that I am glad to write and tell you of  
my marvelous recovery. It brought me  
health, new life and vitality."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound did for Mrs. Ainsley it will  
do for every woman who is in poor  
health and ailing.

Its benefits begin when its use begins.  
It gives strength and vigor from the  
start, and surely makes sick women  
well and robust.

Remember Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-  
table Compound holds the record for  
the greatest number of actual cures of  
woman's ills. This fact is attested to  
by the thousands of letters from grate-  
ful women which are on file in the  
Pinkham laboratory. Merit alone can  
produce such results.

Women should remember that a cure  
for all female diseases actually exists,  
and that cure is Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound. Take no substitute.

If you have symptoms you don't  
understand write to Mrs. Pinkham,  
Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is  
free and always helpful.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR  
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line  
cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES ALL  
PRICES  
BEST IN  
THE  
WORLD  
SOLE AGENTS FOR  
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES  
Established  
July 6, 1878.

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS  
MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN  
ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER.

**\$10,000** REWARD to anyone who can  
disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their  
excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing  
qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50  
shoe in the world. They are just as good as  
those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only  
difference is the price. If I could take you into  
my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in  
the world under one roof making men's fine  
shoes, and show you the care with which every  
pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize  
why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best  
shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the  
shoes made in my factory and those of other  
makers, you would understand why Douglas  
\$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold  
their shape, fit better, wear