"BAT WING BOWLES"

By Dane Coolidge. Copyright, 1914, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Next Novel "Polly of the Hospital Staff," by Emma C. Dowd.

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

"Why no, Mr. Bowles," soothed Dixie, laying her hand on his arm. "Not a ward—I don't know anything about you—I was only making it up."

"Oh!" said Bowles, and drew his arm away. He looked out at the horses for a moment, poured the water out of his hat, and turned back, his old smiling self.

"How is your knee now?" he inquired kindly. "Do you think you can ride? I suppose we ought to be going pretty soon."

Dixie scowled, felt of her knee, and rose stiffly to her feet.

"Well, if you're in such a hurry," she sulked; but Bowles was at her side in an instant.

"Oh, my dear Miss Lee!" he cried, catching her as she poised for a limp. "Please don't do that! Let me carry you, when the time comes, but we will rest as long as you please.

He passed a compelling arm about her and lowered her gently to her place; then he sat down beside her, and breathed hard as he set her free.

"Really," he murmured, "we don't seem to understand each other very well, Miss Lee!"

"That's because neither one of us is telling the truth!" observed Dixie with a certain bitterness.

"I—I hope I haven't given offense in any way. You are hurt, you know—and I was a little excited—and—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Dixie heartily. "You're a perfect gentleman—I always knew that. But you haven't had much to do with women, have you, Mr. Bowles?"

Her voice trailed off a little at the close, and Bowles looked up at her mystified. He thought quickly, wondering where she was leading him, and decided to tell the truth.

"Why, no, Miss Lee," he stammered, "I suppose not. I hope I haven't—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dixie. "I don't mean that. I was just thinking—well, I mustn't take advantage of you then."

She favored him with one of her sudden, tantalizing smiles, and his brain whirled as he looked away.

"No," he muttered, taking a deep breath; "it wouldn't be fair, you know."

"Well, go and cinch up my horse, then," she said, "and I'll make an exception of you."

He looked up at her suddenly, startled by the way she spoke, and went to do her will.

"Now," he announced, when the horse was ready, "shall I help you while you mount?"

"Why, yes," she said, "if you think it's safe!"

And then he gathered her into his arms.

"I'll be careful," he said. But the devil tempted him—and Dixie forgot and smiled.

"Never mind," she whispered, as he lifted her to the saddle; "that was to pay you for being nurse."

CHAPTER VII

There is a certain madness which comes to people at certain times and makes them forget the whole world. In such a moment Bowles had stolen a kiss—for the first time in his life—and Dixie Lee had forgiven him.

That kiss had meant a great deal to both of them, and they needed time to think. So they rode down to the hold-up-herd in silence and parted without a word.

Dixie went on to camp, to rest and care for her hurts; and Bowles with a sad and preoccupied smile, stayed by to help with the herd. But the jealous eyes of hate are quick to read such smiles, and as Bowles rode along on the swing he was suddenly startled out of his dreams.

Hardy Atkins went out of his way to ride past him, and as he spurred his horse in against his stirrup he hissed:

"You leave my girl alone, you blankety-blank!" and went muttering on his way.

The next day Dixie did not ride out on the round-up, and when they came back she was gone. "Back to the home ranch," the cook reported, and he added that she was not very lame; but the cowpunchers glared at Bowles as if he had crippled her for life. And not only that, but as if he had done it on purpose.

"These blankety-blanked tenderfeet!" commented Hardy Atkins by the fire. "They can make an outfit more trouble than a bunch of Apache Indians. Now, there's Dix," continued Hardy with a vindictive glance at Bowles; "worth any two men in the outfit—ride anywhere—goes out with this tenderfoot and comes within an ace of gettin' killed. She raced with me, rode with Jack and Slim, and left the Straw a mile—the Hinglishing comes in behind her, crowds her outer the trail, and if it hadn't been fer that juniper she'd a landed in them rocks."

"Mr. Atkins," said Bowles, "I shall have to ask—"

But that was as far as he got With a tiger-like spring the extwister was upon him, and before he could raise his hands he struck him full in the face.

"You will talk about my gal, will ye?" he shouted, as Bowles went down at the blow. "Stand up hyer you white-livered Hinglishman; I'll learn you to butt in on my game!"

"Here! What're you tryin' to do?" demanded Brigham, leaping up hastily and confronting his old-time enemy. "You touch that boy again and I'll slap yore dirty face off!"

He knelt by the side of the prostrate Bowles, who opened his eyes and stared. Then he looked about him and raised one hand to his cheek, which was bruised and beginning to swell.

"I'll learn you to cut me out!" taunted Hardy Atkins, shaking his fist and doing a war-dance.

"Aw, shut up," snarled Brigham lifting his partner up. "You're brave when a man ain't lookin', ain't ye? Here, ketch hold of me, pardner, and I'll take you to yore bed."

Bowles dropped down on his blankets, still nursing his aching head; but in the morning he rose up with a purposeful look in his eye. He went straight over to Hardy Atkins the moment he saw him alone.

"Mr. Atkins," he said, "you hit me when I wasn't looking last night. Next time you won't find me so easy—but be so good as to leave Miss Lee's name out of this."

"Oho!" taunted the cowpuncher, straightening up and regarding him with a grin. "So you want some more, hey? What's the matter with yore face this mawnin'?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

HOW I DARKENED MY GRAY HAIR

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair.

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box Barbo Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the gray hair, but make it soft and glossy. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

"Advertisement."

SAFETY FIRST

Witness Cards

Whenever an accident occurs in which a street car is in any way involved, our conductors have instructions to request the name and address of all passengers, irrespective of whether they may have actually witnessed it or not.

Your name is requested for the single purpose of securing the facts that may have contributed to the accident—the possible speed of the car — whether warning whistle or bell was used—or any condition which may have been a factor.

Whether you think the motorman blameless or the company entirely at fault, we ask that you give the conductor your name and address.

If your testimony will help in any way to arrive at the facts, even though unfavorable to us, we want your evidence so that we may learn the truth.

You surely desire to see justice done—whether to an individual or a corporation—and to withhold your name will work an injustice either to the company or to the injured party.

PLEASE SIGN THE WITNESS CARD.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company

LEGAL NOTICES

INITIAL RESOLUTION 6640 FOR SANITARY SEWER IMPROVEMENT.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF TACOMA:

That it is the intention of said council to order the local improvement hereinafter set forth, and to levy and collect special assessments to pay the cost and expense of such improvement, upon the real property which is hereinafter described, to the extent that such property shall be benefited thereby.

That said improvement shall consist of laying a Sanitary Sewer of eight (8) inch pipe, together with all necessary tees, wyes, risers, manholes and connections to present sewers, in the alley West of Grant Avenue from the South line of Del Norte Addition to South 14th Street, and West on South 14th Street to a connection with the sewer on Ridgewood Avenue, and in the alley between Grant Avenue and Ainsworth Avenue from South 14th Street to South 16th Street, and East on South 16th Street to a connection with the sewer on Ainsworth Avenue.

That the real property to be benefited by said improvement, and which will constitute Local Improvement District No. 1132, is described as follows, to-wit:

All the lots in Blocks 1433, 1434, and 1533,

Lots 1 to 6 inclusive in Block 1534, Del Norte Addition to the City of Tacoma, W. T.

Tract of unplatted land described as follows:

Beginning at the Southwest corner of Block 1533, Del Norte Addition; thence southerly along the West line of said block produced, 123.08 feet; thence easterly along the northerly line of South 16th Street produced, 130 feet; thence northerly to the southeast corner of said Block; thence West to point of beginning.

The assessments levied against said lots and property to become due and payable at the option of the property owners, in five (5) equal, annual installments, with interest at the rate of six (6%) per annum on deferred payments.

That the work of said improvement be done and said special assessments be levied and collected in the manner provided by Chapter 98 of the Acts of the Legislature of the State of Washington of 1911, and Ordinance 4611 of said City.

That all persons who may desire to object to the making of said improvement in the manner above set forth shall do so in writing and file said remonstrance with the City Clerk at or prior to 9:30 A. M. on the date set for hearing before this Council to be held at the Council Chamber in the City Hall on Monday, February 26, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M.

That the Commissioner of Public Works submit to this Council at a date prior to February 26, 1917, the estimated cost of said improvement; a statement of the proportionate amount thereof which should be borne by the property within the proposed assessment district; a statement of the aggregate assessed value of the real estate, exclusive of improvements, within said district according to the valuation last placed upon it for the purpose of general taxation; together with a diagram or print showing thereon the lots, tracts and parcels of land and other property which will be specially benefited by said improvement and the estimated amount of the cost and expense of the improvement to be borne by each lot, tract, or parcel of land or other property; and

That the City Clerk publish this resolution in two consecutive issues of the official newspaper as required by law.

Adopted Feb. 7, 1917.
Yeas 5.

A. V. FAWCETT,
Mayor.

Attest: W. D. NICKEUS,
Feb. 8, 9, 1917.

A MIDDLE-CLASS WIFE

The following remarkable article is reprinted from the New Republic, now one of the most influential journals of opinion.—Editor.

I have two babies; I hope they may never know how warmly at this moment I hate them. I have a husband; we were married because we were very much in love—and him I hate too. I have a large stock of relatives, and them I hate with the heart and should hate with the hand if I had not the misfortune to be well brought up.

This emotion of mine, especially in connection with my spouse and offspring, is, up to the present, local and temporary; indeed I think it will grow into a permanent hatred, but will gradually assume two peculiar forms: toward my children a passionate and slavish devotion, which will make me resent my daughters-in-law; and toward my husband regards, reasonably kind, which will be reciprocated. My feeling toward my relatives, on the other hand, is becoming quite, quite fixed.

It is all the fault of the children. I wanted children very much; I am fond of children, mentally and physically; and the sheer normality of having them I rejoice in. Furthermore, having been an only child myself, I wanted my children close together so that they might enjoy one another all the way up. I seem to think I could have babies as easily as a geranium has red blossoms. But I find they commonly come rather hard and that I am not the only women who for months affter a baby is born has an aching body and a dull mind and a deffective sense of humor.

During this period one's husband is very fatherly toward one, and one begins to feel the small asp of hate nipping one' sheart.

The semi-invalidated stage that I have gone through with each of my babies is well past: I am normally sturdy—I have to be. I shall not tell over the tale of the things there are to do, cooking and mending and washing and babytending. It happens that I relate my daily household misadventures in a way diverting to my relatives, and they think I dote on housework.

A really model wife and mother, say my kin; so unexpected, they say, considering her education, and all. And when I crawl to bed at half past eight, no thought save detail of housework and childrearing has found place in my mind all day; I have done no reading save snips from a book propped against the sink faucets while I washed dishes; and I have simply heard, not shared even mentally such stimulating conversation as my husband brings home to dinner.

I know house and children ought to take all my day and all my strength. If I had had special training in domestic science and child-psychology and nursing I should doubtless be able to do my work in less time and with far less effort. But in college and university I flew straight in the face of providence, which is a warname of advising relatives, and worked at mathematics, while in the spare time which I might have devoted to stray courses in home economics as a sop to the gods, I call 'cello.

Furthermore, I am glad of it. If I were to have a vacation tomorrow and a financial windfall, I should hake two courses in mathematics, at the university, and a 'cello lesson a week, and bask in it as my sister-in-law does in chiffon underwear.

You ought to have help, say my relatives, and I add a verse to my hymn of hate for them. Among the qualties for which I love my husband are generosity, sensitiveness, modesty and conscientiousness and I take it each of these characteristics has lower money-making value then the others

Some day when we have got middle-aged, we shall have the salary we need now; and just about that time our relatives will die and leave us money we could get on without. If I happened to be male instead of female, which God forfend, I could double the family income by teaching at the university, but the university does not see its way to employing women on its teaching staff, and I therefore scrub the square of my kitchen floor instead.

The truth is, however, that it is not a floor-scrubber and dishwasher that I desire, I could get along with that work or leave it happily undone. It is the care of two children under three that concerns me.

It is unremitting and nerve-tearing, and the day in and the day out of it is undermining mercilessly my ability to be lovable and to love.

Furthermore, I have not the qualifications that would justify entrusting me with sole responsibility for the growth of human beings. Maternal instinct I have in normal amount; I could be trusted to rescue my infants from a burning building, but that is a very different matter from knowing what to do with twenty-four hours' worth of bodily and mental development every day.

I have no training for my job, but I have an occasional vagrant idea, and it does not appeal to me to exchange my services to my offspring for those of a hand-maiden with neither training nor ideas. The helper for me should be a trained psychologist, a child-lover, to be sure, but a child-lover with expert knowledge of the needs of growing minds. She should have also training in the treatment of the smaller physical ailments of children.

She ought to cost me two thousand dollars a year, but in the present state of women's wages I have no doubt I could get her for a thousand. And I want her only half the day—five hundred dollars. Our income is sixteen hundred.

Such a women as I have in mind, however, could take charge of a very appreciable number of children along with my important two. For five or six hours a day she could take care of a nurseryfull, and still have time for life and love; while the sigh of relief that a mother breathes when she ties her son's Windsor under his chin and posts him off to school would be breathed five years earlier. Indeed she might enjoy her children, and the sigh be dispensed with.

Four hours a day of freedom for us educated, reasonably intelligent, good-stock, middle-class mothers! The possibilities are limitless. We might even have more children.

ALICE AUSTIN WHITE.

Burton Woman Victim of a Fiendish Attack

Mrs. Henry Hofneister of Burton, was brutally assaulted late Tuesday afternoon by an unknown man who forced his way into her home.

Armed posses of farmers with long rifles and revolvers are searching the entire island, while Constable Stone is on his way from Seattle with a young man whom he arrested in Seattle charged with being a suspect.

Mrs. Hofneister was alone at the time, and was playing with the youngest of the two children, when a young man of about 25 years knocked on the door.

He pretended to be an agent, and when Mrs. Hofneister started to close the door, he stuck his foot in, and forced his way into the house.

Mrs. Hofneister screamed, and started to fight. She was overpowered, and then she fainted. When she woke up the man was gone.

Mrs. Hofneister is seriously ill at her home Thursday morning in charge of a physician. She is badly scratched and bruised.

W. G. Parkes, the justice, told The Times Thursday that if the man was arrested, he would be charged with entering a house, with the intent to commit a felony.

ODD, ISN'T IT?

Texas girl grew 9620 pounds of maize on one acre, breaking world's record and netting $122.

Singer Wins $100,000 On Wall St. Tip

(Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Betty Lee, singer to New York and Newport society, has created a sensation by cleaning up $100,000 in Wall-st., and now says that instead of spending her fortune on the gay white way, she is going back to her home in Atlanta, Ga., to enjoy real life with her parents.

Three years ago Miss Lee came to New York with $20, a guitar and costumes for use in singing southern folk songs. After a hard struggle she reached society and became popular as a singer at society entertainments.

She saved her money, bought stock on the advice of a banker and won her fortune.

BETTY LEE.

PUBLIC NOT TO BE HEARD

(Special to The Times.)

OLYMPIA, Feb. 8.—Senator E. E. Boner of Grays Harbor, chairman of the senate judiciary committee, announced definitely today that there would be no public hearing on the bill introduced by nine senators to restore capital punishment.

He indicated that the bill probably would be reported out favorable. He also said he believed the bill would pass the legislature.

Boner said he did not believe the Olson murder had anything to do with this measure.

CRISIS IS DRAWING ON APACE

(United Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—A crisis in the present strained situation between the United States and Germany appeared to be drawing nearer today.

Two factors, at least, contributed to the feeling in official circles, that the break in diplomatic relations now existing may quickly develop an even more serious phase.

First was the official version of the torpedoing of the Anchor liner California, carrying 200 passengers and crew—including many women and children.

Second, advices that Germany, contrary to all international diplomatic usage, was withholding issuance of passports to American Ambassador Gerard and American citizens, pending information from Washington as to America's granting of a safe conduct to German Ambassador Bernstorff, as well as to Washington's interpretation of old Prussian treaties.

The fact that the "one American" aboard the California—John A. Lee of Montgomery, Ala., mentioned as such in a cable from Consul Frost at Queenstown, was saved—may prove the slender thread by which President Wilson will hold to the existing tacit peace with Germany.

There were some officials, however, who admittedly feared this thread would not hold. They cited America's frequent warnings that American lives must not "be placed in jeopardy" by Germany's unlawful submarinings.

Great Britain and France today granted safe conduct to German Ambassador von Bernstorff.

The British government stipulated that in returning home Bernstorff and his staff should touch at Halifax for examination of papers.

This avoids routing the ship by way of Falmouth and through the German submarine area.

Bernstorff will sail on the Frederik VIII, Feb. 13, from New York, touch at Halifax and then skirt the north off the Shetland islands and then down the Norwegian coast to Christiania.

There is now no ned for other safe conducts from other allied governments, it was stated.

BOPP IS FREE

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8.—Franz Bopp, former German consul, and Lieutenant Baron Wilhelm von Brincken kept themselves out of jail today by furnishing $25,000 bail at the last moment of grace allowed by United States Judge Hunt who presided over the trial at which they were convicted of violating American neutrality.

MERCHANT'S WIFE ADVISES TACOMA WOMEN

"I had stomach trouble so bad I could eat nothing but toast, fruit and hot water. Everything else soured and formed gas. Dieting did no good. I was miserable until I tried buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka. ONE SPOONFUL benefited me INSTANTLY." Because Adler-i-ka empties BOTH large and small intestines it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. The French Drug Co., Cor. 13th and Pacific av.

MAKES HONESTY BUSINESS ASSET

(Special to The Times.)

OLYMPIA, Feb. 8.—Give the honest, industrious farmer, the laboring man, the man who hasn't much property to his name or large credit in the banks, the chance to borrow money on the strength of his good character!

Give him the chance, even if his name isn't listed in Bradstreet's to acquire cash capital with which to develop his farm or his small business!

Senator Ralph Metcalf of Pierce county wants to offer this chance in a bill he has introduced for a co-operative rural credit system with the official sanction of the state and under the supervision of a state officer.

Credit for Character.

Here's what the bill will do if passed:

It will make possible short term personal loans on CHARACTER SECURITY.

A farmer who hasn't any bankable security will be able to get a loan, if his character is such that his neighbors think he is entitled to it.

It will empower neighbors in a community to bank their savings together, draw interest as in any other bank and make loans to individuals who want to build up the community.

Honesty the Keynote.

It will create co-operative banks, free to every person, based on the principle of honesty.

With only one paid officer, the secretary-treasurer, these banks will have no overhead expenses. Hence they will be able to make loans at a lower rate of interest than other banks, and will be able to pay a high rate of interest on deposits for the same reason.

Loans will be made only to members.

Tried Elsewhere.

The Metcalf bill has been submitted to the office of rural organizations of the U. S. department of agriculture, has been gone over carefully by experts of the department, and has been given their full approval.

It follows out a system which has been adopted in nearly every country in Europe and in Canada, also in Massachusetts, New York and North Carolina.

WOMAN TELLS JUDGE SHE WILL PRAY FOR HIS DEATH

(United Press Leased Wire.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8.—"I'll pray for your death, Judge, as long as there is breath left in me!"

Mrs. Margaret Cornell, convicted with former German Consul General Franz Bopp and associates on charge of violating American neutrality, shouted these words at Federal Judge Hunt today as she was being led from court on her way to San Quentin prison to serve a sentence of one year and one day.

At the door she met United States District Attorney Preston, who prosecuted her.

"And I'll pray for your death, too!" she cried. "I hope you die in prison in darkness!"

HOLD DR. NACE

(Continued From Page 1.)

when the collision occurred," said Chief Smith.

The two boys were riding on a motorcycle, on their way home from a bonfire, about a block away from the scene of the accident at 43rd and Union avenue.

In the automobile with Dr. Nace were Ed A. Quinn, 6420 South Lawrence street; Sam Blake, Tacoma police officer; Tom Foley, manager of the Griffin Wheel Co., of South Tacoma; A. V. Thompson of the South Tacoma Drug Co., and Harry T. Smith, a printer. The men were returning from the boxing smoker at the Eagles' hall.

J. C. McKay and A. L. Moran, automobile men of 773 Commerce street, were among the most important witnesses interviewed by the police Thursday.

These men arrived at the scene of the collision immediately after it occurred. They were going to South Tacoma in an auto.

They declared that the fog was so thick they could not see the wrecked Nace car until they were hailed by signals.

"The combined speed of the touring car and motorcycle was at least 80 miles per hour," said Moran. "I am positive of this fact. I would say that the motorcycle was traveling almost as fast as the car."

Tracks on the pavement indicated that the touring car was on the wrong side of the road. The gas headlight of the motorcycle was turned off by a valve at the tank.

So great was the impact that the motorcycle was embedded in the radiator of the auto. The machine traveled 400 feet, or more than a city block, after it struck the motorcycle. Brakes were applied during the entire distance.

Coroner Stewart would venture no opinion on the accident Thursday but called an inquest for Saturday morning.

In the meantime, Dr. Nace is pledged by the police to remain in the city and to give himself over to the officers at a moment's notice.

All persons in the auto insisted that they were traveling slowly.

In an interview Thursday, Dr. Nace said:

"I was driving home in a very thick fog. I could hardly see 15 feet in front of the car, even though I had my head sticking out around the windshield in order to see better.

"Just before the accident, we passed another car, which we could see very plainly, as it had lights.

"Just then a few feet ahead a motorcycle without lights shot out of the fog. If it had had lights I could have seen it, as I had seen the other car. Before I could stop my car, or shut off the power, we collided.

"The lights were knocked out, and it was some seconds before I could stop the car, as the force of the collision had knocked me part way out of the car. Groping in the dark, I finally reached my gear handle, and stopped the car."

PROF. BISSETT TO SPEAK AT LINCOLN

Prof. S. P. Bissett of the University of Washington will deliver a Lincoln day address at the Elks' temple, 9:15 p. m., Monday. Elks and their families are invited.

Prof. Bissett has made a lifelong study of Lincoln and is considered one of the best authorities in the United States on this subject.

THAT JAR OF MUSTEROLE ON THE BATH-ROOM SHELF

Has Relieved Pain for Every One in the Family

When little Susie had the croup? when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold; when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It will not blister like a mustard plaster.

Quick relief for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

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