

THE AVON PARK TIMES

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State Press Comment

THE PRESIDENT AS PROPHET

No man, in 1932, was more vehement than Franklin D. Roosevelt in his warnings against the encroachments of bureaucracy. No man was more opposed to the excessive interference of government in business. No man perceived more clearly the perils of an unstable currency and an unbalanced budget due to administrative extravagance.

"Government was attempting too many things," he said in Sioux City, in 1932. It "has piled bureau on bureau, commission on commission—Bureaus and bureaucrats have been retained at the expense of the taxpayer—That burden is a brake on any return to normal business activity." Mr. Roosevelt thought at the time that he was attacking Mr. Hoover, actually, as it turned out, he was attacking his future self.

A nation which did not carefully safeguard its credit, he said in Pittsburgh in 1932, was headed for bankruptcy. "The credit of the family depends chiefly on whether the family is living within its income. And this is so of the nation. If, like a spendthrift, it throws discretion to the winds, is willing to make sacrifice at all in spending, extends its taxing to the limit of the people's power to pay and continues to pile up deficits, it is on the road to bankruptcy." Viewed in the light of today, were not those words prophetic?

"At the very top of the credit structure of the country," Mr. Roosevelt explained in 1932, "stand the obligations of the federal government—They suffer if the federal budget is not balanced, and particularly where the deficit on one year is not cleared up in the succeeding year." If this thought was true, then it is not doubly true today?

It is the banks, he pointed out in 1932, which are financing these stupendous deficits, and that burden is absorbing their resources. All this arises from one cause only, and that is the unbalanced budget and the continued failure to take effective steps to balance it. But since then the banks have been crumpled literally full of government paper, the national debt has been increased from \$22,000,000,000 to nearly \$32,000,000,000, and the budget is more heavily out of balance than ever.

"Let us have the courage to stop borrowing to meet continued deficits," pleaded Mr. Roosevelt in 1932. "Let us also insist on a sound currency. Muddled government finance creates a general uncertainty concerning the value of national currencies. This uncertainty has a way of spreading from country to country. The world is tormented with it now." If the world was concerned with currency uncertainties in 1932, is it not even more tormented in 1935?

"It is my pledge and promise," said Mr. Roosevelt in St. Louis in 1932, "that this dangerous kind of financing shall be stopped and that rigid governmental economy shall be forced by a stern and unswerving administrative policy of living within our income." Admirable pledge! Admirable promise! Would it had been kept!

The Mr. Roosevelt of 1933 evidently did not think much of the Roosevelt of 1932. To the one the other must have seemed indeed a lory. The Mr. Roosevelt of 1933 proceeded promptly to depreciate the dollar, build up an unparalleled bureaucracy, extend the government into business on an unprecedented scale, spend billions of borrowed money, and plunge headlong into a series of recklessly unbalanced budgets.

"Well, old man, and what do you suggest?" smiled the president to his critics in a radio talk last year.

We suggest, Mr. President, that the Franklin D. Roosevelt of 1935, whose plans and experiments for recovery and reform are generally admitted to have failed, should now hark back to the wisdom of the Franklin D. Roosevelt of 1932. We suggest that you stabilize the dollar, abolish the new bureaucracy, take the government out of business, stop borrowing and begin to balance the budget. If these were sound

measures in 1932, and would have brought recovery, as we believe, they are still sound in 1935. We suggest, Mr. President, that you keep your promise that you remain true to your own ideas. It is not yet too late.—Chicago Daily News.

RECOVERY BY BOYCOTTING EMPLOYMENT?

It would seem that during the last five years enough had been said to dispose of the fallacy that reversion to primitive methods can open the road to industrial recovery. Yet, now and then, it bobs up in quarters from which we expect more rational counsel.

Newspaper writers, for example, dwell on the vital necessity for reviving the durable goods industries; in the same issue they urge that public construction be so conducted as "to create the maximum amount of direct labor." Technically, the term "direct labor" covers those employed at the site of the work whether or not normal methods are employed. But unfortunately it is used and interpreted by many as implying primitive methods; i.e., using ten or twenty men to do by hand what one man could do by the normal use of the equipment, provided by the skill and labor of other men in the mill and shops of industry. Some of these writers go so far as to advocate projects that "do not require large expenditures for materials."

Today it is generally acknowledged that the bulk of the unemployment is among the workers in durable goods, the very men who normally would find employment in producing and servicing construction materials and equipment. It is acknowledged, moreover, that further revival of the consumable goods industries must await the reemployment and restored purchasing power of those workers.

But the only way to put those men back to work is to foster demand for the products of their labor. For the time being, and until private construction is resumed on a normal scale, the major market for those products is public construction; that is why the public works program was undertaken.

So we might expect general acknowledgment that public construction should be so conducted as to encourage the use of those materials and equipment, thereby conserving existing employment and stimulating additional employment in the durable goods industries.

But not so. These "hand-labor" counselors tell us that we should use the public credit to provide subsistence food rather than to foster useful employment. To each of the unemployed skilled workers of these industries they would offer a laborer's job at a subsistence wage. Neither is that all. They tell us that our recovery program should be based on the very materials and equipment that are produced by the workers in these industries where resourceful employers have managed to keep them in jobs.

Apparently the idea is that if we once can get all the durable goods workers on a subsistence dole and all their employers into the bankruptcy courts we shall thereby "lay a foundation for normal recovery." In other words, by reverting to such abnormal and primitive expedients we shall achieve a normal and prosperous revival.

In all Wonderland, Alice found nothing so grotesque!

It is quite evident that the preachers of such doctrines actually have little faith in them. Else we should see these editors scratching their linotypes press-work in order to make more jobs for unemployed printers; we should see the business men and bankers who advocate such policies scrapping their typewriters, adding machines, conveyors and all the rest of their production equipment, so that they, too, may "make the week go faster."

But they know how absurd that would be, so they pick on construction as the subject of their efforts to prove that we can revive a twentieth-century industrial economy by scrapping its framework and reverting to eighteenth-century practice.

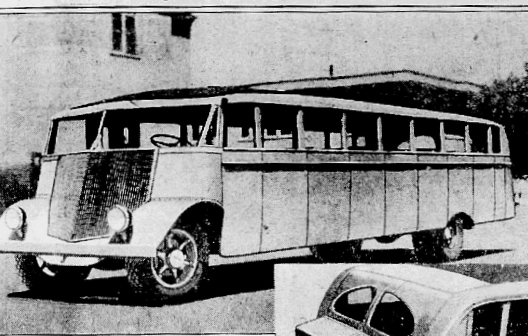
Today, happily, there is less of such misbranding than has prevailed hitherto. But in some circles it persists to embarrass those competent public officials who are responsible for public construction. These men know better; they want to make the funds entrusted to them count most heavily for true recovery and at the same time return the greatest value to the taxpayers who eventually must pay the bill.

And this they can and will do if only they are permitted to carry on their work without interference by those who are so preoccupied with relief out for jobs that they forget the need of recovery throughout industry.

—Willard Chevalier.

Reprinted from Engineering News-Record.

California Boys Build Their Own School Bus



The large school bus shown in the accompanying picture has the distinction of having been built, so far as body design and construction are concerned, by the passengers who regularly ride in it—sophomores, juniors and seniors attending the metal working class of Union High School, Selma, California.

Using the Dodge 2-ton chassis as foundation unit, the bus is quite a formidable affair, having a wheelbase of 216 inches and an overall length of 34 1/2 inches. The body is entirely of steel, with seat supports of cast aluminum poured in the school's own foundry.

To gain greatest possible passenger capacity—the vehicle seats forty-eight—the steering gear and the clutch and brake pedals were

moved forward, with the result that the driver is seated not behind the engine, but beside it. Truck representatives of Dodge Brothers Corporation bestow much praise on the work done by the boys under direction of shop instructor George Woolwine.

GOVERNOR HAS A BIG MAJORITY BOTH HOUSES

(Continued From Page One)

proportion for public works material is as far as the state can go. Opinion was general however that Hopkins will have something further to say within a week or two.

In his message the Governor came out four-square against any form of state liquor dispensary bill, contrary to pre-session opinion. He recommended licensing and gallonage tax and stated that he was against the return of the saloon. He estimated the revenue from liquor control at two million dollars but representatives of the industry expressed the opinion that the figure was excessive unless the rates for license and gallonage tax are higher than the dealers anticipated. This doubt was based on the disappointingly low revenues the state has derived from beer and wine. Barring unforeseen developments however the Governor's definite opposition to a state dispensary system kills this bill before its introduction.

Defending increases shown in budget recommendations the Governor stated that the state had delayed repair and maintenance of highways but it is imperative that funds for this purpose be provided; he also pointed out increased living costs as another cause of the increase and appealed to the assembly to approve the budget in the form recommended.

In closing the Governor expressed the hope that the legislature would accomplish its work within the regular 60 day term, pointing out that no legislature had ever been supplied with as much information and data with which to work and that he saw no occasion for an extra session which would burden taxpayers at the rate of \$4,000.00 a day.

Methodists Will Repair Injury To Church Roof

At the meeting of the Methodist Board of Stewards, held Tuesday night of last week, a committee was appointed to accept contributions for replacing the roofing material torn from the roof in a recent windstorm. It is desired to replace with material that will stand Florida conditions of climate.

Church Notes

First Baptist Church
Loye Frink, Pastor.
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Worship and Sermon, 11 A. M.
Training Union, 6:30 P. M.
Music and Sermon, 7:30 P. M.
We cheerfully welcome you to all of our services.

The Church of The Nazarene
Sunday Bible School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Service, 11:00 A. M.
N. Y. P. S., 6:45 P. M.
Evening Service, 8:00 P. M.
Prayer Service, Wed., 7:30 P. M.

Christian Science Church
Sunday services 11 a. m.
Sunday school 11 a. m.
Subject: Unreality.
351 Tulahie Circle.

Church of Christ
Bible Study 10 A. M.
Preaching 11 A. M. and 5 P. M.
Morning Lesson: "Forgiveness."
Evening Lesson: "To Whom Shall We Go?"

Wesley Brotherhood To Meet Tuesday Eve.

The Wesley Brotherhood of the Methodist church will meet on Tuesday evening at the Hut at 6:30 o'clock. Supper will be served and W. Haumann will deliver the address of the evening. He is an excellent speaker and everyone is invited to attend. His subject will be "Is Universal Brotherhood Attainable?"

Father of Local Man Died Tuesday

W. T. Johnson, father of C. L. Johnson of this city, died Tuesday afternoon at Fort Benning, Ga., at the age of 60 years. He was buried Thursday morning at Hartwell, Ga. Other survivors are: Capt. W. F. Johnson, Fort Benning, Ga.; A. S. Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. G. G. King, Thomasville, Ga.; Mrs. H. L. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga.

COUNTY AGENT'S COLUMN

Arrangements are being made so that canning equipment may be available, to enable more families to can enough of their own vegetables and some fruits for their year's canning budget.

Park Anderson of Avon Park has devised an excellent ladder stand to be used in frost injured citrus trees, the ladder is mounted on two wheels and is lowered into the citrus tree where it is held firmly in place and the dead wood can be pruned out without having to climb the tree and injure the tender part or bark of the tender new shoots, this implement will have to be seen to be appreciated and should be more widely used.

Reports from various sections indicate that this county is in a very favorable position when next year's crop is harvested due to a small amount of bloom in most other sections of this state. Reports from Texas state that the cold weather they had in February did as much damage in proportion there as did the December 1934 frost here. Florida and also that the damage to citrus trees was higher than previously reported.

Dr. John R. Winston of the

United States Department of Agriculture, located at Orlando, reports that stem end rot of the grapefruit is greatly reduced if the fruit is pulled off the trees instead of clipping as is commonly done. This opens up another line of thought.

Citrus Aphids have been reported in several groves at this time. This insect is best controlled by dusting with nicotine dust when there is no wind or breeze. Control of these insects by dusting is very expensive and best results are secured where the trees are forced out in growth early in the Spring.

More Tax Relief For Home Owners If New Bill Passes

Tallahassee, April 3.—(FNS)—Florida property owners, eligible for homestead exemption but delinquent in tax payments would be given 10 years in which to pay their debts and at the same time obtain exemption eligibility under a bill announced exclusively to Florida News Service today by Senator Arthur Gomez of Key West. The Gomez measure would clarify the homestead exemption amendment and broaden its application to include all heads of families. Gomez, an exemption pro-

peer, will insist on an extremely low interest rate on all unpaid tax balances embraced in his bill.

"If we are to have exemption," said Gomez, "let us also give harassed property owners a breathing spell to pay what they now owe. The people have spoken on the excessive question. It is the Legislature's duty to give them what they demand."

which to live. No person cares to locate in a town where business is uncertain and shaky, or where conditions are so uncertain that investments in real estate would be a doubtful venture. And all of these conditions depend in the final analysis on what you are doing with your money and whether the town is receiving the business to which it is entitled.

In home trade, however, you are dealing with neighbors and friends. You are dealing with those who will allow them when you and your family are in distress; you are dealing with those who are ready to chip in and help as far as their means will allow them when you and your family are in distress; you are dealing with those who are your partners in the joys and sorrows of your home community. Disaster to you is disaster to them.

The welfare of the people of a community is inseparable. Selfishness and shortsightedness exist in the community, but the real spirit of life and let live that makes your home community an abiding place worth while.

Very few of the country towns of the state offer better business opportunities than they did twenty years ago, and in many of them the prospects are not so promising as they were at that time. One reason for this, perhaps, is the growing tendency to patronize mail order houses and stores located in the larger centers. It is worth noting that farm values depend in some measure, at least, on the proximity of the property to a good town. Eliminate the country town, and land values surely will drop. We believe the small town is needed, and that farmers and townspeople are exceedingly shortsighted when they fail to patronize home merchants and their home institutions.

Congregational

In the series of pre-Easter services at the Congregational church the topic Sunday morning at 11 o'clock will be "One Authentic Life-Story" and in evening at 7:30 "Spectacles."

Special music is being prepared for the morning services of Palm Sunday and Easter.

Mrs. Charles Bell who is visiting her parents in Atlanta, Ga., and recently underwent an operation is reported to be improved and is expected home in the near future.

War and Peace

The war between England and America ended after years of terrific encounters, but the war in Ohio between the white men and the red men raged more fiercely after our peace with Great Britain than before.

The Sensible Man

"A sensible man," said Uncle Eben, "don't want his own way if he can find an honest friend whose way is better."

Directors

D. M. BARNETT
President of the Bank and Executive Vice-President of the Barnett National Bank, Jacksonville.
W. T. COATES
Vice-President of the Bank.
S. J. PENDLETON
Wholesale Grocer and Food Merchant.
F. B. STUDDWELL
Retired.
C. H. WALKER
Treasurer, Highland Crate Company, and Grower.

Officers

D. M. BARNETT
President
W. T. COATES
Vice President
M. V. PILCHER
Cashier



The Barnett National Bank of Avon Park

Organized February 3, 1930

Statement of Condition as of March 4th, 1935

RESOURCES			
CASH and Due from Banks	\$ 61,015.27		
U. S. Securities	72,500.00		
Listed, Municipal and Other Bonds and Securities	118,760.00		
Accrued Interest	1,991.29	\$254,266.56	
Loans and Discounts	106,084.06		
Overdrafts	NONE		
Furniture and Fixtures	7,500.00		
Other Resources	507.24		
			\$368,357.86
LIABILITIES			
Capital	\$ 50,000.00		
Surplus and Undivided Profits	17,323.26	\$ 67,323.26	
Reserves	6,976.24		
Bills Payable	NONE		
Other Liabilities	9.30		
DEPOSITS	294,049.06		
			\$368,357.86

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AVON PARK

THE MAN FROM YONDER

CHAPTER XII—Continued

He went into his sleeping chamber and took down a rifle from its rack on a pair of antlers. He threw open the chamber but it was empty. He jerked open a dresser drawer and poked through it in a fruitless search for cartridges, cursing because he found none. His breath was ragged as he threw the rifle on the bed and rumbled his hair wildly.

"Bring Elliott out!" "Show us Ben!" "Get a rifle!" These and other terrifying cries stood out above the constant wailing of the mob. Brandon rushed back to the front office and waved his arms for silence as he stood in the shattered glass of his window, but the sight of him only provoked hosts and jeers which were forerunners of a great billow of savage, snarling rage.

The men were having trouble with the sign post. He heard the sign post tried and a voice called: "Hurry with that post!"



He Could Not Satisfy Them.

Coming! They were coming to get him! He could not satisfy them! He did not know where Elliott was. Last night Delaney had promised to try again but he had not come to report, though Brandon had waited late. And now the crowd was howling for Elliott, kicking Elliott, they would take him.

He covered his face with his hands, tried to stop his ears. In those menacing moments he heard the knock of his reign. For years he had ruled by the force of his will and now that force was not enough. Bit by bit, Ben Elliott had caught the fancy of the country and now, with that group of stout men as a rallying point, the entire town was setting up a demand for the missing Elliott. They wanted Ben Elliott. They would have Ben Elliott.

"Go home!" he screamed and waved his arms, standing close to a broken window. "Clear out, you!" "Fair warning, I'm giving!" But his words were drowned in a great yell. Men came lugging that post across the street while Tim Jeffers listened toward them with gestures of protest.

"Hold your heads, now! Give us that owl boys a chance. We'll get what we come for or we'll take Timcup apart. But no destruction of property until everything else fails!"

He will prevailed a moment. He lifted his face to Brandon. "We mean business. Will you come out and show us Ben or we will come and get you! We won't wait much longer." An opening, there, a chance to delay. "Coming!" Brandon croaked. "I'm coming!" A gratified mutter went up from the crowd and burst into shrill words. "Coming? Like the devil he would go! He was ramming drawers, now, dumping their contents on the floor in his frantic search for rifle cartridges that should be there. He sought a key for a locked trunk and could not find it. He tried several but his hands shook so that he might have failed to make the proper one operate, even had he found it.

Again Jeffers' voice, demanding his presence, came out of a strange silence.

"Coming!" he shouted thickly and seized a hammer, began to attack the trunk lock. Ammunition must be in there.

The crowd yelled, now, tramping the new snow, completely out of

By Harold Titus

hand at this delay. Two or three aided Tim in his plea for at least temporary moderation but others rebelled and fought to get the post which would batter down the stair door.

Brandon then came a hush, a quick, spreading hush which swept the crowd like a shadow. And then rose a quick popping of excited voices.

"Elliott!" "Here he is!" "Look! He's hurt!"

Bundled to the cars in a great overcoat, cap drawn low, supported on the one side by John Martin and on the other side by Able Armstrong, he came slowly, painfully out of the side street. He scarcely seemed to be aware of that throng; did not look either to the right or the left. All his energy was bent on moving forward.

He gained the middle of the street in an impressive hush. Then he murmured a word to Able and they halted.

He looked about at his men and smiled a trifle weakly, but in his look was a quality which clearly indicated that love which strong men have for a weak man.

"It's all right, boys," he said, and only those in the first ranks could hear, his voice was that light. "They didn't get me badly. I appreciate this . . . but want you to . . . get back to . . . camp."

He paused for breath and lifted his face to the broken windows above. Far back in that room he caught a glimpse of a face watching him—cocked as though striving to hear.

"It's my fight," he went on. "Not yours. . . . I don't want any . . . of you hurt. Go back. . . . Will you go?"

The crowd stirred.

"You bet we will, Ben!" a man called. "Now that you're loosed; if you ask it, we will!"

Tim Jeffers worked his way to Ben's side and put a hand on his shoulder, listening to what Able told him.

"Go home, boys," Tim Jeffers called. "They killed Ben last night but he's well took care of. You teamsters, get out your horses; we've found what we come for. To camp, every last Root Owl brand!"

Men relaxed. The post that was to have shattered in Brandon's hand was dropped. The mob was satisfied. Slowly Ben Elliott made his way back to Dana's home.

As Tim Jeffers took his place beside the sick man, Able Armstrong drew into the post office entry to watch the mob disperse. Emory Sweet was standing there.

"The king is dead!" Able muttered solemnly, staring at those broken windows.

"Long live the king!" said Emory. Pause.

"Dead men tell no tales."

"No, but sometimes a corpse will kick back!"

CHAPTER XIII

FURIOUSLY, Nicholas Brandon saw as the days passed the wreckage of his power pile up on a floor of public resentment, of loosened expressions of distrust and contempt and hatred which had grown and festered unobserved for years.

As he walked along the street he saw faces leering at him from windows, and men he passed averted their glances in a gleeful sort of embarrassment, or looked at him with surly, defiant glances.

In yard and mill he was conscious that his employees were thinking only of his fall. He discharged one man for looting and the fellow only laughed at him. . . . Laughed!

"There's plenty of room at Root Owl for good hands," he said and laughed again.

That mob had not wrecked the town as he had threatened but the things he left was far more despoiled. Brandon of everything but his material possessions and now these only mocked him.

Back in the office he paced the place like a caged animal.

Mail arrived. He took the packet of letters and drank deeply from his bottle again.

He thumbed the letters absently, until the script on one caught his eye. The envelope contained a single sheet of note paper and he unfolded it with trembling fingers. On the sheet was written:

"I never want to see you again. I know now what the whole country has known and been afraid to admit for years. I have thought you were my friend but now I know you are my worst enemy, as you are the sworn enemy of those I love most."

The crowd yelled, now, tramping the new snow, completely out of

He stood for a time staring at the paragraph; then read it again and drained his whiskey bottle. Such a blow, now, was to have been expected by an ordered man, but not foreseen, but his fevered brain had not foreseen any necessity for abandoning this, the most precious of his life.

A meticulous office man was Nicholas Brandon, and though he had suffered the severest blow of his experience but now he mechanically went about his habitual procedure. He had received and read a letter. He required no reply. The next step in orderly procedure was to file it. In the great safe to which only he had combination and keys opened two files side by side. He took both out and placed them on the desk. He opened one and a cruel smile twitched his lips. It contained letters on paper of varying size, color and quality. He rifled through these, stopping now and again to read a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph. . . . Pleas, these were; a writing block giving for help. . . . and he smiled again.

In the other file were more letters, some yellowed by age and these older ones had been written in the informed script of a child. . . . "Dear Uncle Nick," they all began. Always that, though the handwriting grew formed and mature until it was identical with that on the single sheet he had just read. These were Dana McManus' letters to him, saved since her childhood. He ran through them almost idly, his senses dulled by whiskey and the calamity which had befallen him. A narrow strip of tablet paper fell out. He looked at the penciled note on one side.

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon,"—Dana's.

Happier memories, that brought of the time Dana had brought girls home with her from school for Thanksgiving and had taken them to the hunting camp for a week-end.

Brandon had gone with the party and that was the last he had seen of her. He had been kindled in his blood; there in the camp where men almost idly, his senses dulled by whiskey and the calamity which had befallen him. A narrow strip of tablet paper fell out. He looked at the penciled note on one side.

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me help, dear girl; let me stand by your side and help!"

"No, no! I can't bear it! I couldn't take a cloud to you and to your children. . . . And it's all a mistake, all a lie! My father was no killer!" Her voice rose in sharp conviction on that point. "He was kind and gentle; he never would hurt another. All these years I've known it and others know it, but just because I'm sure in my own mind isn't enough. The whole world must know! Something tells me my father is alive somewhere, waiting, watching, suffering. . . . But until we can prove that or something else comes up to banish this cloud. . . . No, don't size me again! I can't stand it, I tell you! I can't stand it, Ben!"

Sobbing, she fled from the room. He made no further moves toward love making after that but far into the night he talked with Dana of her father. She had not heard all of the story, he realized. She did not know, for instance, that the tragedy which preceded McManus' disappearance took place in such an extent that its usefulness and life are increased tenfold.

Next day he declared that he felt at drive back to town almost by an hour argued with Dana, trying to win her promise that he might come again, but she begged him to stay away for a time, at least.

CHAPTER XIV

ALLIED TO Dana Ben's activity, watching her face narrowly because he understood the obstacle that was between them, followed by misgiving and trouble.

It was on Friday that Dana left Tincup, striking across country far from the road toward Root Owl.

She was going to see Ben Elliott and tell him that she must see him now, that her heart could bear no peace without him; that he must come to her and let her stand beside him while he tried to make it give up truth.

Martin was alone in the office when she entered and started up as abruptly at sight of her that the girl, in turn, was startled.

"I'm sorry," she exclaimed a bit mystified. "Did I frighten you?"

"No. Not frightened. My thoughts were . . . far from here."

"Is Ben about?"

"I haven't seen him since dinner. Don't know where he went."

"Tim Jeffers, just down from camp, entered then."

"Where's Ben at?" he asked Martin.

"I don't know. Miss McManus, here, was just asking."

Ben used for a desk.

"Sometimes he leaves a note for me when he's going away." He bent over the table, looking at the list of papers on it. "No, he left no word. . . . Hum. . . . What's this?"

He picked up a slip of paper, read the single line inscribed on it and looked at Dana.

"I didn't mean to pry. . . . Probably he's gone to meet you, though. This is a note for you."

"A note! Why, I . . . Frowning, she took the paper and read: "Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon,"—Dana's.

"Why?" she cried. "I didn't. . . . But I must have" looking from one to the other. "That's my writing."

"Oh!" She let the paper flutter to the floor.

"I wrote that! I wrote that!" she cried, almost struggling to speak distinctly. "I wrote that note for Ben. . . . Years ago. . . . How did it get here? Who is calling Ben to the door?"

"Don't you see?" Martin cried and his voice was that. "Dana wrote it, all right. But he sent it to Ben. It's a decoy! Tim, the lady on his way to the lodge alone and Brandon's planned it!"

No need for more words, then. On went Martin's jacket. From a corner he snatched snowshoes and a pair for Tim.

"We'll go," he said to Dana. "You tell Butler."

"But I'm going, too!" the girl cried sharply. "I'm going. Oh, hurry, Tim! We may be too late now!"

They crossed the railroad tracks at a run, put on their snowshoes and with Jeffers breaking trail, entered the timber. Another had gone that way today, a man whose heart burned and sang. Fawcett had sent for him: Dana wanted him!

Entering the office while Martin was in the mill his eyes had encountered Dana's note. No thought of how it came to be there presented itself. The quick conclusion as they arrived was that Dana and others had gone to Antler Lodge; that was where the shot had been fired which sent Sam Paxson to his death. Perhaps Able had taken Dana there. Hastily, he took his snowshoes and departed.

The distance was a good five miles, however, and part of the going was in soft footing. So it was nearly two hours after his start that he came in sight of the building on the high bank of the Mad Woman.

Chemists Seek Means of Slowing Down Oxidation

Oxygen, which gives us life, is also man's greatest industrial enemy, notes a writer in the *Nature*. The air we breathe contains one-fifth oxygen, and this gas is a highly corrosive substance. When a house burns down it is simply combining with the oxygen in the air. When soap turns brown from chemical self it is merely another instance of the corrosive quality of oxygen. But it is the motor industry that suffers most from the ravages of oxidation. Its two chief organic essentials, rubber and petrol, are especially susceptible. Thousands of pounds worth of these materials have been utterly wasted owing to the action of air—and now the scientists have struck back. They have been experimenting with the development of substances known as anti-oxidants. These compounds when mixed with any product, slow down oxidation to such an extent that its usefulness and life are increased tenfold.

Pictorial Signs

So that travelers from all parts of the world may understand, pictorial signs have been erected at Parkstone Quay, Harwich, England, a telegraph pole indicating the telephone office, a trunk the baggage room and a sign question mark the information clerk.

Labar

It is not what the world has to offer you, but what you have to offer the world, that makes you a success or a failure. A determined soul can do more with a rusty monkey wrench than a loafer will accomplish with all the tools in a machine shop.—Grit.

Constipation Troubles

Theodore's Black-Draught is made of the dried, ground-up leaves and roots of plants that act on the bowels when they are sluggish or constipated. Or refreshing relief when you need a laxative, take this dependable, purely vegetable medicine. "I was almost dead," was blurted out and had gas pains until I was in a box," writes Mr. J. W. Dillard, of Jonesboro, Ark. "I had heard much about Black-Draught. I wanted to try it before taking small doses after meals. I found it was helping me. I have regulated my bowels." THEODORE'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

SOFT WATER BEST

New York state sanitation officials figure that it is profitable to undertake the softening of any water supply having a hardness of over 150 parts per million, since there is a saving in soap, plumbing repairs, fuel and clothing.

SNAKES KILL EACH OTHER

In a battle between a cobra and a mamba in London both were severely bitten, the mamba being the first to succumb, and the cobra dying while trying to swallow its deadly enemy, each falling victim to the other's venom.

Now Relieve Your Cold "Quick as You Caught It"



Tablet 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Take two every 4 hours. Get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.



2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a glass of water. Gargle twice. This clears throat soreness almost instantly.

For Amazingly Fast Results Remember Directions In These Simple Pictures

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds and the aches and pains colds bring with them!

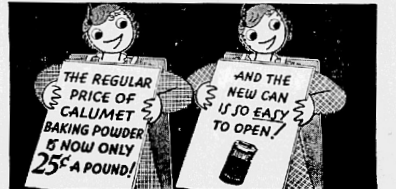
It is recognized as a safe, sure, QUICK way. For it will relieve an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, be sure that you get the BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve (disintegrate) almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gorge, Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets disintegrate with speed and completeness, leaving no irritating particles or grittiness.

BAYER Aspirin prices have been decisively reduced on all sizes, so there's no point now in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.



PRICES on Genuine Bayer Aspirin Reduced Radically Since All Size



THE REGULAR PRICE OF CALUMET BAKING POWDER IS NOW ONLY 25¢ A POUND!

BOB TALKS BACK

