

THINKS IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO SPEAK

Detroit Mason Came Near Giving Up and Quitting, He Says.

WIFE ALSO TESTIFIES

Tanlac Has Put Me on My Feet Feeling Strong and Well as I Ever Felt in My Life," Says Edward Young.

Tanlac has put me on my feet feeling as strong and well as I ever felt in my life, and I think it's time for me to speak out for the benefit of others," said Edward Young, a well known brick mason who lives at 48 Sprout street, Detroit, Michigan, a few days ago.

"Ever since I had a spell of grippe over a year ago," he continued, "I have had no strength and felt bad and run-down all the time. I was very restless and had a tired-out feeling all the time. I lost weight and felt like I would just have to give up entirely. I lost a good deal of time from my work because I was too weak to keep it up."

"Finally a friend of mine recommended Tanlac to me and he couldn't have done me any more favor. I had just made a new man of me. I have just finished one of the hardest week's work of my life and I just feel like I could keep on going. For I can do more hard work than I ever could do before. My wife, who witnessed her husband's statement, said: "I can see the improvement in Mr. Young more than he can himself. I have never seen a medicine do anyone so much good. We were both delighted with Tanlac and can't say enough for it."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

SHE SAW DANGER IN DELAY

Going to Circumstances, Fair Maid Was Willing to Make Momentous Decision at Once.

"Hairy," she began, to arrest, timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

"Hairy," who reads the papers, and was about as thoroughly ignorant on this subject as everybody else, plunged in heartily, but she stopped him.

"I don't want to know about that," she muttered, "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"

"A word scarce!" echoed Hairy, dismally.

"And is it all being taken away to pay for the war?"

"It is," said Hairy.

"And if they continued to take it away, there won't be any left in this country by and by and we'll have to use silver?"

"Yes," sighed Hairy.

"Hairy," she whispered, "I told you I would give you my decision in the summer, but I repeat, it is—"

"—yes," Hairy, don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"—London Answer.

A Bungle.

"The Kaiser tries hard to please, but his efforts are very bungling."

"The speaker was Secretary Prosser, head of the New York Red Cross."

"The Kaiser," he went on, "kicked out Bethmann-Hollweg, who only wanted an honorable peace, and took on Doctor Michaelis, who demands a peace of victory. Yet the Kaiser tries to please his people—he even tries to please the allies—but he bungled!—he bungled!"

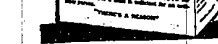
"Why, Miss Mamie," said the bachelor, at the seashore, at young, your mother positively looks as young as you do."

"That's no compliment," said Miss Mamie, with a toss of the head.

"What I meant," chuckled the bachelor, more gallantly than ever, "was that you—or your look as young as your mother does."

"The women want somebody to invent a smokeless cigar for men who ride on street cars."

Opinions sometimes come to men and women when least expected.



The wholesome nutrition of wheat and barley in most appetizing form

"THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART AUTHOR OF "K" "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN" ETC.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN SURPRISES ELINOR WHILE SHE IS DOING HER SHARE IN A DARING COUNTRY CLUB ROBBERY

Synopsis.—For years old Hillary Kingston lived with his daughter, Elinor, in a beautiful home on a hill in the suburban village of Wottonham. The neighbors knew nothing about the establishment, except that the father was quite wealthy, and the daughter, very good looking and gentle. In reality Kingston was head of an anarchist band, composed of Huff, Boroday, Talbot and Lethbridge, that robbed the rich and gave to the poor and oppressed. One day Old Hillary was shot dead, and the course of life changed abruptly for his daughter. Her mother, Mrs. Ward, a young widow, began to this an uncommon interest in Elinor. Young Walter Huff of the gang confessed his love for her and she accepted it.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The police were still active. So inconstant was Boroday on caution that all of September went by without so much as a plan of campaign. Talbot picked up and established friendly relations that might be invaluable later. Huff, under protest, retained the taxicab work.

"It's a dog's life," he said. "They're not after me now, but give me something else to do, or else let me take a vacation."

But they kept him at work. Huff fell into the way of seeing Elinor once or twice a week, without counting out, picking him up on the edge of town after dusk, on his way in his car to a dance or dinner at the country club, and taking him back the same way.

And the boy's infatuation for Elinor grew and thrived on those late summer meetings. Her sweetness and shyness maddened him. Sometimes he thought her never so far from him as when she was in his arms.

"Do you love me?" he would demand hoarsely.

"I think so. I know I want you to love me."

And he had to be content with this. On the evenings when she was alone Elinor sat in her arbor and watched the road up the hill. Ward had called twice, and each time she had been put on the long ramble she took alone.

After his second visit, she stayed in the house for days, expecting him. But he did not come again.

She was not in love with Ward, just as she was not in love with Walter Huff. But the clergyman represented, in her strange and lonely life, something new and different. He tripped all that she had never known. He was the priest, rather than the man in the street. The time was coming when he would be man only, and after that—

Late in September Boroday was arrested. The arrest came as a shock to the band. As a matter of fact the police could prove nothing, but the chief had a hint to give with the Russian. It was the Agrarian affair, of course. The chief had recognized him. But so firmly had old Hillary's respectability been rooted in the public mind that the chief connected Boroday only casually with him.

"You know that I cannot prove this thing on you," he said, "but you know also perfectly well that I can fix you to my liking. The time with the Russian."

"Perfectly correct in both instances," said Boroday. "You cannot prove anything and you can send me up. What is it you want?"

"I want the members of that band of yours," said the chief. "And I want your headquarters. You people have been playing hell in this county long enough; the newspapers are laughing at us. Sooner or later, we'll get you. Give me the names of the men, and we'll let you off easy."

"How much time will you give me?" the chief offered twenty-four hours and Boroday took it. At the end of that time he reported.

"I guess I'll take what's coming to me," he said. "You can fix it any way you like."

It was a bitter disappointment to the police.

CHAPTER V.

Boroday had used his day's freedom to warn the band and to make plans for regaining his freedom. Of money he had none. What he had made under old Hillary's leadership had gone back to Russia, dollar for dollar. He had financed part of the "Red" damage of the year, and had seen Prince Ovarsky from Siberia. There were other things. Money would save Boroday. And there was practically no money.

By unanimous consent they kept the news of his arrest from Elinor. It was Talbot who planned the country club coup. The Russian was in jail then, on a trumped-up charge. Old Hillary dead and Boroday in jail—there was no one to lead the gang.

"We're all right," Elinor exclaimed. "They were accounting for his absence from her Saturday-night dinner. Why, then, he should be here, where he can be cared for by the doctor."

"We told him that," Lethbridge was always readiest with his tongue. "But he's not sick enough to need much, and he's decidedly disagreeable when he's laid up."

Elinor was a little hurt. In the arbor, after dinner, they planned the robbery. Where old Hillary would have taken a month to think and plan, they took minutes. There was a ball at the club that night, the last of the waning country-club season. The entrance to the grounds was a mile from the clubhouse—two iron gates standing open between pillars, and dense shrubbery all about. Talbot would wreck his car there, driving into one of the gates. That would require each departing car to slow down, probably to stop.

The arrangement was that Talbot walk up the club, and establish an alibi and his innocence by telephoning to a city garage for help. The rest was left to Huff and Lethbridge. A quarter of a mile away across the golf links, they would have a car in which to make their getaway.

Lethbridge was only lukewarm. "We'll get a lot of jewelry," he objected. "What we need is money."

But Talbot was sure the loot would include money.

It was rather cleverly planned. From the vault Huff brought up a fine chain studded with spikes. Stretched across the road outside the entrance, it meant that every car passing over it would bump along on fat tires. It meant time to the bandits.

Huff and Lethbridge, who had left their car in a thicket over the hill, went first. Talbot followed soon, in his gray car.

"Good luck boys," said Elinor to each of her father, from her garden, and went back into the house to watch the clock. At one, or a little sooner—the summer days were early ones—she was in her garden again. The loot would be thrown over the wall.

She was there much earlier, hands cold, lips shaking with nervousness. Always old Hillary had done these things. She was profoundly frightened from the club, saw her there, a little after midnight. There was a young moon, and at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then, when he was sure of her, he ran up the slight steps. The chief was there over his rang out in his deep voice.

"So now I have your secret," he said gaily. "Like all the other fairies, you are only to be seen in the moonlight!"

"In the daylight," said Elinor, trying to smile. "I frequent the woodlands, and miss my most agreeable visitor—my only visitor." She corrected herself.

"Her hand was free in his. "You are cold!"

"Really, no."

There was a minute's pause. They had no common ground between them. Ward, who dreamed of her eyes, and eyes long waking up the hill in the mere hope of seeing her in her garden, found himself dumb, now that he stood before her. He had meant to be stoic impersonal, to run in, say a cheery word to her, and be off. But face to face, with the dark house looming over them, he plunged into the thing nearest his heart.

"Are you still so—alone?" "There are the servants!"

"I think of you often. One of my windows faces this way, and I can see you during very late."

"At night. I do not sleep well. But you—you are up late, also?"

"Ah!" He bent a little toward her in his earnestness. "You know that? You know my window?"

"Yes. I watch it very often."

It was well for Walter Huff, crouched in the shrubbery at the country club, that he had a glittering automatic revolver in hand, that he did not hear the thrill in Ward's voice that night in Elinor's garden, or her soft reply.

Many things cried for utterance in Ward's pliant sense of the girl's loneliness, a yearning desire to comfort her, to be near her—even more that magic night, a mad longing to hold out his arms and coax her into them, as one might coax some shy creature out of the woods.

But Elinor was suddenly aloof and distant again. At any time now a car would come wildly down the hill, and this at her feet in distance of law and ownership. What had she and this man before her in common? The thrill was in his voice now, but how quickly it would turn to something when he knew! She put out her cold hand, and he took it.

"I am going in now. Good night, and thank you for stopping. Ward found himself dismissed, and, rather dazed, went down the steps to the road. But one thing he carried with him down the hill that night: "I watch your window very often."

The reverend Mr. Ward left his light on all of that night, so fearful was he that she might look for it, and not find it. And while it burned, under the very shadow of Saint Jude's once more the vault in the basement room at the hall swung open to Elinor's practiced fingers.

The village ring with the news of the outrage the next day. No one had been hurt, but jewels of large value had been taken. To Huff and the others, the raid had been practically a failure. There had been less than a thousand dollars in money—not enough to begin negotiations for Boroday's freedom. It began to look as though the dangerous business of selling some of Elinor's jewels would have to be resorted to. Lethbridge was willing to undertake it, trying London first and then Paris.

Elinor offered all the diamonds, if she must keep a part, she would keep the pearls. Talbot sorted out the stones to be sold, but left them with her for safety. She had never cared so lovingly as her flowers—and she parted from them without a pang. But there was one pink pear-shaped pearl that had come in the night before, that she would have rather liked to wear.

On Monday afternoon Ward called on Elinor. The memory of that short meeting in the garden had been with him ever since. There was a new light in his eyes, but she greeted him dejectedly, although she flushed with pleasure.

"Not in a woodland, for once," she said. "And all my fairylike attributes faded in the daylight!"

"Can't I rest to wash?" he asked gruffly—"this ridding the daylight?"

"I am here because I hoped you would come to see me." It was Ward's turn to flush.

"You said you were lonely, I thought—"

"I am alone, but not as lonely as you think. There is plenty to do. I have my garden, and I make up little bouquets for the school children. You



"And This Country Club Affair" Asked Elinor.

should see how they love them. Some day I had a dozen clamoring in the road under the arbor."

Ward was charmed. He had a quick vision of Elinor, eyes dancing and soft hair blowing, bending out from her arbor and dropping her quiet sweet williams' and marguerites, mignonette and garden roses, down to the children. She led the way to the terrace, where Henriette was setting the tea-table.

"Nevertheless," Ward said suddenly, "I am not at all sure I like your living here alone. It doesn't seem safe."

"Safe?" "Perhaps I am unwise to alarm you. But this outrage at the country club—"

"Ah!" said Elinor, and bent toward him.

"There is no longer any question that a band of desperados is terrorizing the county; an organized band of side-siding intelligence. They get their information from the inside. This last outrage shows it. No one is safe."

"And this country club affair?" asked Elinor, watching Ward intently.

Things become pretty hot for the gang and it begins to look as though Elinor would face public disgrace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Meat Food in Small Bulk. The British "Tommy" which is fresh bread is not available, is supplied with what he calls "dog biscuit." It looks like just that, being a thick crater four inches square and weighing three ounces. Of whole wheat flour pressed solid, it might be described as a condensed loaf of bread.

The French have a "war bread" somewhat similar, which, when put into hot water or soup, swells up like a sponge.

The famous German "pea sausage" is composed of pea meal, bacon and fat. It was the invention of a Berlin cook, who discovered a process whereby pea meal could be made into a sausage, which, when cooked, yields twelve plates of nutritious soup.

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