

MAKE GOOD.

When the battle breaks against you and the crowd fails to cheer; When the anvil chorus echoes with the cs-

sence of a jeer; When the knockers start their panning in

the knocker's nimble way, With a rap for all your errors and a josh

upon your play; There is one quick answer ready that will

nail them on the wing; There is one reply forthcoming that will

wipe away the sting: There is one elastic comeback that will hold them as it should-Make Good!

No matter where you finish in the mix-up

or the row, There are those among the rabble who will

pan you anyhow; But the entry who is sticking and deliver-

ing the stuff Can listen to the yapping as he giggles up

his cuff; The loafer has no comeback and the quit

ter no reply

When the anvil chorus echoes, as it will against the sky;

But there's one quick answer ready that will wrap them in a hood-Make Good!

THE ROAD TO WAR EAGLE.

It was a typical "weather-breeder" afternoon in late summer when the Limited paused for water in its crow's flight southward at the small town of Cedar Ridge, Okla. Black clouds gathered against the sun as it dipped toward the long range of hills westward. The wind came in gusts from the northwest, heat-laden. The air for a you was golden hazy brown, filled with like you." dust, fine alkali dust, well seasoned by an extended drought.

A pretty girl alighted from a rear Pullman and, grip in hand, stood rath- furiously as he. Her little head went er wistfully watching the train as it pulled out in a swirl of dust and flashed, as she bit her lip and looked smoke, then turned and walked brisk- straight through this very presumply to the end of the platform. A

pretty girl, yes, indeed! She was of medium height, yet slender enough to be classed "divinely tall" and beautiful enough to warrant the "divinely fair" of the original earnestly and patiently: quotation. Her walk smacked of the easy, free stride of a boy. Other things said, "No, it's a girl." Her graceful figure, brown-clad, shapely to a queen's taste; the trim ankles, graceful carriage of the hips, the sender grace a shoulders normal face. The tip L have purchased a small farm at War Eagle. slender, erect shoulders, piquant face, clear brown eyes, auburn-brown wavy one, and the option happens to expire clear brown eyes, auburn-brown wavy bobbed hair, rosy cheeks and full red lips—all these points of interest to the genus masculine were quickly as- arriving, so you see it is not only necsimilated by the appreciative eyes of cessary that I get to War Eagle, but a young man seated in a car at the platform's end. Willard Bateman, age place has been promised me in the about 25, had come down to meet his school there, and I bought the farm, parents, but now he really didn't re- or intend to buy it, as it seems as good member whether they got off the train an investment as I can make with my or not. No, on second thought, he was savings," she continued. "The option

eyes she interrupted, in fact put him entirely to rout, the little chin up-turned and firmly set, one dainty brown-slippered foot imperiously tap-ping, yet offsetting the severity of the rebute by a disarming smile "But, yes, indeed, I am, sir! I must

get there today, tonight, and I am losing time right now!" Lowering her voice and advancing a step, with a glance toward the rather roughlooking occupant of the dilapidated "for-hire" car nearby, who was very obviously still hopeful of a fare, "That taxi man over there. Is he depend-able, and what would he charge, do you think, to take me out? I did not know it was so far."

Willard hesitated only a moment. "Forgive my delay in answering your question," he said. "Also my franknow. I have lived here all my life— so far"—and his saving Irish grin was very contagious-"so I guess, ma'am, you'll have to accept me as a sort of authority. I know most of the folks who people this neck of the woods, and by their first names, and how they stack otherwise, if you kindly over-look the slang. That bird over there is a long way from being a gentleman; in fact, he's a plain 'rounder,' and no lady of your appearance would be safe in his company even in a church. And I'm sorry to say that the remainder of the fellows who are in his line of business here are not much if any better." Hitching his belt a little, and with an imploring look for pardon for speaking so plainly on a disagreeable topic, he continued, "While I am on the subject I'd as well go ahead and call all the cards by their right names. The little burg you are ticketed for is as choice a nest eler's rest, or old ladies' home, I'll

for a young lady, good-looking girl He was perspiring freely and red as a poppy when he finished, and the fair defendant was blushing fully as tuous young person—said presump-tuous young person being at this precise instant even more uncomfortable than he looked! Then her unfailing good nature returned and she spoke

"You don't understand the circumpositive they hadn't—but this refresh-ing picture was certainly some com-pensation. The girl, she wasn't a bit over 18, much wanted this nice dependable young man to drive her to War Eagle, but did not dare ask him to accept point of imposing on his good nature otherwise. H came to her rescue 'gallantly. "Sure!" he assented eagerly, in retell me, please, the road to War Eagle? How far, and is there a way where you can get a good next tonicht where you can get a good rest tonight. to go? They told me there was a You won't lose your option, and in the stage line from here." out and what is best-no, I'll take you right on out there if you feel that way about it!" as her chin began to quiver and he could see the tears in her eyes. "I'll certainly take you, be glad to, that is, if you will risk my company;" and to himself, he added, "and bring you back, too, this very night!" "I am Willard Bateman," he continued, "age 25, son of the 'lead-ing citizen' and banker of this little city, off for the remainder of the day, nothing particular to do tonight, and entirely at your service. And," glancing at the sky and the thunderheads looming in the west, "I am as anxious to get started as you are, as there is bad weather ahead, and part of the road is pretty slick when it rains, with a couple of fords we must cross that are dangerous when the creek is up. Are you hungry?" he She had released her grip to him and, having deposited it in the back seat, he was holding the door open for "No," she answered, "I have her. some sandwiches in my grip that will do very nicely later on. I'm not a bit hungry now. And if you don't mind, I shall sit in front. I'm not afraid of you, you see." Willard Bateman, unmarried, and hitherto untouched by feminine charms, drove the first mile in blissful silence. He had at last found a real little pal, and he was going to see her through and out of her difficulties, and back to Cedar Ridge, and then * * * * well, the remainder was very vague, but he was not going to lose her, and she was sitting there beside him, and wasn't it glorious simply to be alive! He stole a glance at her. She was busy removing dust and travel stains from a pair of entrancing cheeks, one of which was threatened with a dimple, and from an adorable pug nose with a bewitching tiny wrinkle across it he hoped would never come off. With a final dab at this latter she finished, and leaned back with a sigh of relief. Willard broke the silence. "I am taking you to War Eagle," he said, "because you insist on going. Be-cause, too, you have evidently got tied up out there, probably by a crook, or several of them, and stand to lose ing—not unusual by any means. "It is all of twenty-five miles, over the best road. Over Saddle-Back Mountain, the range you see yonder," pointing to the west, "is nearer, but much rougher, traveling especially wondered at his own temerity. He wondered at his own temerity. He was certainly taking a lot for granted, also taking a great deal of interest in "Aren't you getting

seeming intrusiveness. As he felt the light pressure of her soft shoulder against his as they turned a sharp curve in the road and headed for the creek, a strange thrill ran through him. Yes, he had exactly that same "gone" feeling experienced by every other young man from the beginning of time who meets his fate and she hands him the apple and he partakes, and forthwith, consciously or uncon-

sciously, begins to capitulate! The hitherto invulnerable Willard Bateman, for whom many a young belle of the town had angled in vain, was at last in love. In love with this very pretty demure little miss who had met him on equal footing, seemed to have a will of her own, and yet whose evident friendliness, camaraderie and confidence in him had won his instant admiration and respect. In love, too, with her laughing brown eyes and full red lips; with her ag-gressive little chin, and the adorable Irish nose; the high intellectual forehead crowned with an auburn-brown aura of wavy bobbed hair that west. The sun had set behind the wouldn't stay still, but stirred and clouds, which by this time had spread danced with the wind, and made him fan-shaped, and now into a great arc, want to run his fingers' through it! And her name was Adelia-Adelia Lowe, from somewhere, and that was absolutely all he knew about her, except that he had no intention of ever letting her get out his life.

She laughed quietly, even amused-v. "All right, Mr. Bateman! Do lv. you make a custom or habit of tak-ing charge of the business affairs of all your young lady accquaintances, or am I the exception?" Her smile ed. was kind and friendly, and there was no hint of irony or resentment in her voice, only an amused tolerance and shall call you by your first name-perfect candor. 'Really, Wil-lard! I you see, I am going to be friends with you see, I am going to be friends with you if you will allow me to, and you may call me Adelia. But I am going ahead with my plans unless I find it impossible or extremely impractical to do so L will give you some more than the storms denote the road is better, and if it storms we can get away from the timber. We'll go around. War Eagle is at the other side. Tonight it will be full of don't like to take you there but you say, and the very last place on earth do so. I will give you some more de- don't like to take you there, but you tails as to my exact situation, and need not be afraid, for I'll see you some of my personal problems which there and back safely!" He set his are mixed up in it, and then I am go- jaw, squared his shoulders and drove are mixed up in it, and then I am go-ing to be very, very grateful to you for helping me through, as I am sure you really want to help me. Now, as I said a while ago, I have a place to teach at War Eagle. Also, I have the served ing to be very, very grateful to you on with increasing speed. The car careened and rocked like a boat, where the road was rough, and around the various crooks and turns. The first heavy line of clouds was now assurance that I may likely keep it scudding rapidly across the sky over-as long as I wish, as they seem to head. The wind was increasing, and have had some trouble in retaining a the sound of roaring in the northwest regular teacher out there." (And no wonder, he thought.) "In addition, as I also told you, I have bought an option to purchase a small farm there, and I am not inclined to back outnot, at least, until I have been on the fast as he dared, frequently risking ground, looked the situation over and his springs over some "chughole" or given it a thorough trial. I am not obstruction, in his anxiety to make given it a thorough trial. I am not the quitting kind, and it may not be as bad as you think it is. There is a surprising amount of good in the worst of men, and they certainly will have respect for the right kind of a woman!" And she looked at him un-flinchingly. "Now as to my personal problem: I am an orphan, and all that my father left me and what little I have saved in my three years in busi-pess offices and teaching school I am ness offices and teaching school I am look out for the crossing. Th' creek'll going to put in the farm. About the school, I really feel that I should take the school I am sure of getting and keeperienced eye could tell the creek keeperienced eye could tell the creek keeping, rather than take a chance on was already beginning to rise, and obtaining a place in your schools this they barely got through without killlate in the season, as I am dependent ing the engine. As they left the heavy on my salary to help keep us both go- timber bordering the creek banks and the sudden question in his face, and country skirting the base of the mouning. then she understood, and laughed gay- tain, the rain began with a dash-big ly. "No, no! I'm not married, nor drops, hard-driven, splattering against even engaged, and neither are you!" the windshield and splotching on the (How did she know that!) "The farm engine's hood. The car gave perceptis for my brother, John, who was gas-is for my brother, John, who was gas-ibly to the force of the wind, which is agriculture—vocational training, you know—and the doctors say that ing now almost incessantly. There out here in the West in the open on a was a continual growl and rumble of farm he can eventually recover his thunder and a peculiar moaning in the health and strength." He drew a long breath of relief, and the barometer of his spirit, which had dropped very low, rebounded buoyant-And with it also rose his regard and respect for the little lady beside him. A game little breadwinner, looking ahead and shouldering the re-sponsibilities fr two, herself and her invalid brother. She, in her turn, stole a quick look of appraisal at this unusually frank and open, as well as good-looking, young man. Willard, she decided, would pass very nicely. The girl had released her hold on his arm, and was grittily clinging to the She had seen handsomer men, yes, but | side of the car. "Can I do anything ?" they had always given her the impres-sion of holding back something they didn't want her to see, and she had always had a vague distrust. Yet here was one whom she had met within the hour and had won her entire confidence and with whom she felt perfect. ly at ease. He might be, yes, he was, just a wee bit too fat, but probably his work was indoors in an office and a little wholesome outdoor exercise should correct this very easily. Tall, broad-shouldered, and with nice hands and feet. His face was clean cut, his look open and straight at you when he spoke, and she liked his voice and his frank boyish manner. Yes, she liked this young man extremely well, and intuitively felt she could trust him. As to his offer extremely well, and intuitively felt she could trust him. As to his offer of a school in town, he meant well, no doubt the tit was to his offer to it," and drove the nose of his endoubt, but it was too uncertain. She wondered if Willard really knew of next to a huge projecting boulder. was the suggestion just the rash promise of a youth who sees a young girl in distress, and has taken a fancy to her, or a sympathetic feeling for her, or both, and wants to lend a helping hand? That there was no evil motive in his heart she divived instantly and without debate. She had been associated long enough with men of many sorts and types, in business offices, in schools and on school boards, to be able to pick the good ones. Willard Bateman was certainly a real beat and jump several more, and which elicited the interrogation, to the charming young lady. He hoped she With a flash of the bright brown wouldn't resent or misinterpret his difference in the start of t

calling young ladies by their front names. No, I'm not hungry, but I am

and stopping the car he was out and over the fence in a jiffy. Turning with a dipperful of cold water he al-most collided with his companion, who had in some mysterious way also negotiated the fence and about as quickly as he.

"I climbed over," she said. "Not lose it and buy you another car!" used to being waited on. Besides, I water and had to get her another dipperful. The air was still hot, oppressively so, and the wind was rising and catching up the dust in whirlwinds all along the trail ahead of them. Lightning flashed fitfully in the north and with a smooth area beneath, just above the mountain tops.

"Wind in that," Willard exclaimed. "We'd better get on." Helping her back in the car her arm was firm, round and muscular to his hand. She slid into her place gracefully and easily as if to the manner born. On reaching the foot of the mountain, Willard paused where the roads fork-"Which shall it be?" he queried. "Oh, not over that mountain!" she exclaimed. "If it's only a few miles

farther let's go around.' "It's about five miles farther," he replied, "and another creek to cross, but the road is better, and if it storms

Switching on the lights as darkness fell, Willard put all his skill and at-tention on the road ahead, driving as

Here she paused, arrested at sped across a stretch of more open air high overhead. Suddenly Willard's companion caught his arm convulsively. "Oh, Willard!" she cried, "I believe it's a twister coming!" By the lightning's flashes he discerned high above what looked like trash, debris and limbs of trees swirling along. The wind at that moment almost swerved the car from the road, and for one breathless instant it balanced with two wheels in the air, and then righted itself again. arm, and was grittily clinging to the she asked. "No, just hold on tight!" he shouted, his voice barely audible above the roar of wind and rain. Not a house for at least a mile where there might be a storm cellar, or at least a shelter. He thought and acted quickly. Turn-ing the car off the road and against the wind he drove and bounded over the prairie some seventy-five or a hundred yards-it seemed like that many miles-to the foot of the mountain which ran parellel here with the trail. "We'll have to chance falling timber," he shouted, and falling it was here and yonder, in crashes of heavy limbs, and now and then the thunderous downward toppling roar of some gine into the soft dirt of the bluff an opening she could get at Cedar Fairly pulling his companion from her Ridge. It was so near the opening of the term that most places had their lists of teachers already engaged. Or rock. A split second was all the time he had to spare, for in that brief interval a huge tree came down squarely across the car, crashing it pretty thoroughly. The terrific noise of the wind, the sheets of torrential rain revealed by the constant lightning and the heavy peals of thunder combined to shut out all else, and although he shouted to her Adelia could only see his lips move. Partially protected from the driving rain by the overhanging rock and his body above her, She ended her train of thought with a bewildering smile at the young man in question that made his heart miss of thought with a the registration of thought with a she eyes said, "I got you into this. It's all my fault!" besides, for he suddenly swept her closer, and pressed his lips to hers.

plainly you are not accustomed to "You love me, dear, and I have loved you always, only to find you today! This ends your trip to War Eagle, and

about starved for a good drink of wa-ter!" They were passing a cabin which stood in a nearby clearing, and had left the creek some little way back. "A good well right here!" he said, and stopping the car he was out and solf to the sole to today! This ends your trip to War Eagle, and begins a longer one, a life journey for you and me, if you say the word. Is She gasped, hid her head against his shoulder a long, long moment, then slowly raised it, and she yielded her. slowly raised it, and she yielded her-self to his caresses. Eons of time later, between kisses, Willard paused long enough to say, "You won't care about the option, will you 'Delia? I'll make it good!" make it good!"

Pressing warm fingers against his lips, "Darn the option!" she said. "I'll

He laughed again, in deep-throated wanted to get out anyway and stretch my—myself," blushing rosily. Then they both laughed and he spilled the her arms, her shoulders, and ran his fingers caressingly through the soft wavy tendrils of her hair.

The morning sun discovered to an road a much bedraggled and dishev-eled boy and girl, sound asleep in each other's arms, in the back seat of a badly wrecked automobile. His shout aroused them, and he was quickly commandeered to chauffeur them to town, where a license and a minister and a quiet ceremony the following morning added a charming daughter to the house of Bateman, just one hour before the belated arrival of the old folks. Mildly astonished, but quick to recognize true quality and breeding when they saw it, Willard's father and mother without question They, accepted their new daughter. too, loved Adelia almost at first sight. First, perhaps, because "Son" did; then on their own account, and she was "Daughter" from the very be-

ginning. Brother John now has the farm, but Adelia's teaching is limited to the care and very early training of a pair of bouncing fine twin boys who came within the year. It fell to the lot of "Grandfather" Bateman to name them, which he did without hesitation, and "Willard" and "Deal," or "Bill" and "Dealer" as the nicknames attached to them, soon ruled the whole Bateman household.

Ruled it? Yes, with one exception, which Willard made as the boys grew "Little Mother," as they all older. now loved to call Adelia, was after all, the power behind the throne, as well as the queen on the throne, and her word, once spoken, was absolute law. So, whenever, "Little Mother's" pretty chin came up, and the brown eyes flashed, on the rare occasions when her suggestion or gentle authority was questioned, up would go Willard's finger at his sturdy youngsters, with

the friendly but serious warning: "Steady, boys! Storm's brewing!" How "Little Mother" would frown, then the corners of her mouth would begin to twitch in spite of her, and how she would smile, with clear brown eyes laughing straight at father, and

say: "You big old tease! You still owe me for that option!"-By Harry B. Tabler, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

It is more men that the world wants, not more systems. It is character that our modern life wants for, to redeem and transform it; and conducts as the fruitage of a character.

-Shirr it, cord it, stitch it, fold it, drape it, tuck it and combine it in colors. These are in part some of the ways the fashionable milliner ma-nipulates velvet this season. Furthermore velvet is being used for sports as well as dressy models. A sports velvet hat with a sports two-piece velvet frock is one of the happy happenings among fashionable folk.

-Although the original idea in designing an attractive desk set was not most likely a sanitary one, it is, nevertheless, a delightfully clean looking set of accessories. It is composed enastonished teamster passing along the | tirely of a soft gray china, glazed and undecorated. Blotter corners, pen tray, blotter, calendar, pin-box, pen-wiper and inkwell are all of the china. The set in a gray bedroom with a bright blotter to give color and the monogram of the owner done in black or gold on the china would be just the prettiest combination possible. Maybe you can get a friend who paints china to make you one.

-A great many housewives sigh for a sure-enough method of "keeping dinner warm" for father. The best way, if your gas range has no warming oven, is to set the dish in hot water. Placing a cooked article in the oven or over an asbestos mat dries it up, but a large, shallow pan of water set over the simmering burner or in the oven is a safe receptacle for sev-eral dishes of food and will keep them warm without drying them.

-If you do not care to eat meat, there are ever so many delicious dishes that you may substitute it for on your everyday table. Eggs, and cheese and nuts may be made into many good things, judging by the various recipes for their use offered to housekeepers in "Hints to Housewives," issued by Mayor Mitchel's Food Supply Com-mittee, in New York. Here are a few

of them: Eggs With Cheese—The ingredients are, for 4 persons, 4 eggs, ½ cup of milk, 1 tablespoon butter or drippings, 2 tablespoons of grated cheese, pep-per, salt and cayenne. Heat a small omelet pan, put in butter or drippings, and, when melted, add milk. Slip in the eggs one at a time; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a few grains of cayenne. When whites are nearly firm, sprinkle with cheese. Finish cooking, and serve on buttered toast. Pour sauce from the pan over

the eggs. Scrambled Eggs With Tomatoes-The ingredients are: 4 eggs, 1 cup of stewed and strained tomatoes or canned tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of paprika, 2 tablespoons butter or drippings. Beat the eggs slightly and add tomatoes, salt and paprika. Melt butter or drippings in a frying pan, add seasoned eggs, and cook just as one would scrambled eggs. Butter slices of toasted bread. Pour the eggs over the toast and sprinkle with parsley. Poached Eggs With Cheese-Arrange poached eggs on a shallow buttered dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Pour over eggs 1 pint of white sauce. Cover with stale bread-crumbs and sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown in the oven. Tomato sauce may be used, instead of white sauce. Cheese Omelet-The ingredients are: 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon of melted butter or drippings, 1 teaspoon of salt, a few grains of cayenne, 1 tablespoon of grated cheese. Beat the eggs slightly; add 1 teaspoon of melted butter or drippings, salt, cayenne, and cheese. Melt remaining butter or drippings in frying pan, and mixture, and cook until firm, without stirring. Roll and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bread Omelet-The ingredients are: eggs, 1 teaspoon of salt, a dash of black pepper, 1 cup of bread-crumbs, 1 cup of milk, 1 teaspoon of butter substitute. Beat the eggs separately. Add to the yolks the milk, salt, pepper and the bread-crumbs. Now stir into this carefully the beaten whites; mix very lightly. Put the butter or butter substitute in a very smooth frying pan; as soon as hot, turn in the mixture gently, and set it over a clear fire, being very careful not to let it burn; shake occasionally to see that the omelet does not stick. Now stand your frying pan in the oven for a moment, to set the middle of the ome-let. When done, toss it over on a warm platter to bring the brown side of the omelet uppermost; or, it may be folded in half and then turned out in the center of the platter. Serve immediately or it will fall. Creamed Cheese and Eggs-For this dish, you will require 3 hard boiled eggs, i teaspoon of salt, 4 slices of toast, 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 tablespoon of butter, a few grains of cayenne, 1 cup of milk and 1 of a cup of grated cheese. Make a thin white sauce with butter, flour, milk and seasoning. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Chop egg whites and add to sauce. Pour over the toast. Force yolks through a strainer. Sprinkle over the toast. Butter may be omitted but adds to flavor. Nut Loaf-This recipe calls for 2 cups of soft bread crumbs, 1 cup of milk, 2 cups of chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon of kitchen bouquet, 1 teaspoon of pep-per, 1 tablespoon butter or drippings. Soak the crumbs in milk until soft, and add remaining ingredients. Pour into a bread pan, baste with water or drippings, and bake 1 hour. Serve hot or cold with tomato sauce. Nut and Cheese Roast-The ingredients are: One cup of grated cheese, cup of bread-crumbs, juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup of chopped nuts, 1 table-spoon of butter or drippings, 2 tablespoons of onion, salt and pepper. Cook the chopped onion in the butter or drippings and a little water until ten-Mix other ingredients, moisten der. with water, using that in which the onion was cooked. Pour into a shal-

if that, started toward a lone taxi standing nearby, hesitated, then stop-ped in front of Willard's car, a re-pay, and could not bring herself to the straining hand on the rather short skirt which a truant puff of wind had lifted somewhat indiscreetly.

"Pardon me," she said, and her voice was low and musical, "can you

Willard straightened and stepped quickly down.

"War Eagle!" he exclaimed. "No. there isn't. Well, there is a mail hack once every two days, but it doesn't carry passengers; not lady passengers. And it's twenty-five miles from here." Willard's interest was aroused.

Involuntarily he shuddered at the idea of a young and attractive girl like this venturing, wholly unprotected, to set foot in a little mountain Tia Juana such as War Eagle. For War Eagle, be it known, was a den of unpainted shacks and much-painted iniquity, clustered like an evil wart at the end of civilization and beyond. Here some fifty-odd inhabitants lived by gambling, boot-legging and darker means, recognizing no law save their own.

War Eagle! Notorious all over the asked. country for its wild week-ends, when cowboys and ranch hands for miles around flock in to this common center to drink, gamble, roll dice and drink again, and so on. It is Satur-day, and Willard's mind's eye could see it as he saw it last, by nightfall. The one narrow street of the town.

And it would be night before she could possibly get there. The little alley which served as the main thoroughfare of War Eagle would be crowded with bronchos, buckboards and wagons, which have brought some hundred or so rough-and-ready hill plains men to seek free rein for pleasure all night, all day Sunday and Sunday night until the small hours of

Monday morning. Some miles off the beaten trail, away up and around the far shoulder of rugged Saddle-Back Mountain, this fastness of theirs had been well chosen; a rendezvous far removed from the eyes of the law and reasonably secure from invasion. Here Joe Bailey's dance hall and pool emporium will be wide open. Yonder Widow Beckman's place, a speakeasy known to every ne'er-do-well, serves rich yellow and white moonshine liquor ad libidum; and red liquor, too, raw and fiery, will flow free as water. High stakes at cards and dice will be played and won and lost. There will be dancing and carousal. Perhaps a kill-

much rougher traveling, especially keep back the protest she already saw in his face—" surely you are not intending to-

The "old town clock" at West Chester, as it is familiarly dubbed by many, especially before it kept correct time, may play a few tunes every 15 minutes, if the plans that are now being considered by the caretaker, Joseph Belt, materialize. It is the intention of the caretaker, either to equip the clock with chimes or a music box which will peal out melodies every fifteen minutes in the day and night.

If this equipment is added the clock will have a double duty to perform, for in addition to playing music, will throw out the ball every day at the noon hour.

"The old town clock is in fine con-dition," says Mr. Belt. "You might think that the Arlington time signals were regulated by it. People say to me that it is on the minute. It never kept better time since it was placed in present condition. All it needed was a little attention.

"I believe that this winter I will work out plans whereby it will play tunes every fiften minutes. I can either equip it with chimes or connect it with a music box.

Every day at the stroke of 12 o'clock noon, a ball drops from the clock. A boy gets the ball and takes it to a merchant who rewards him. When first this feature was introduced it created quite an amount of interest, but for a long time the idea has drop-ped from sight with the exception of boys who still take advantage of the opportunity of making that precious dime a day.

Home Setting Important.

Buy your lot well in advance of the time for building and landscape it with trees and hedges, is the advice given by a far-seeing reader who contributes a letter to the series on homebuilding in Liberty. "In planning my future home," she writes, "I purchased two lots, 40 feet frontage each, in what I believe will be a fine residential district in the suburban development of the city. My building pro-gram will not commence until 1930. I suggest to lot holders with such future plans: Plant shade trees and fence hedges now. Four or five years of steady, natural growth will make for hardiness that building activities will not disturb. The completed home will have the beauty and finish that otherwise would require four or five years to develop.'

Good Roads Movement.

The good roads movement in this country began in August, 1912, and was continued in 1913 and 1914, when, in the latter year, congress created a joint congressional committee of five senators and five representatives to investigate the question of government aid in the construction of post First they responded only faintly, roads. The subject has given many then clung to his in sweet surrender. members of congress opportunities to