

MERCHANTS ATTACK PARCELS POST PLAN

League Exposes Scheme of Catalogue Mail Order Houses.

BIG CAMPAIGN STARTED.

Extends to All Sections of the Country—Huge Postal Deficit May Be Prevented.

Merchants, jobbers and manufacturers of all sections of the country are vitally interested in the campaign which has been begun by the Merchants League of America, with headquarters at 280 Broadway, New York City, for the purpose of opposing the efforts of the catalogue mail order houses to saddle on the United States government, through the establishment of a domestic parcels post, the bulk of their expenses of delivering goods to purchasers.

The smaller the merchant, the smaller the jobber, and the smaller the manufacturer the more vitally is he affected by the parcels post plan advanced by the catalogue mail order interests, for its establishment by Congress would enable the big corporate houses to completely undersell the small merchants and drive them out of business.

This would mean calamity to thousands of communities, closing up small shops, throwing employees out of work, canceling the orders to jobbers and manufacturers, cutting down the business of local banks, reducing the advertising in local newspapers, and depreciating property values in the smaller communities.

And for the unfair enrichment of the few men controlling the catalogue mail order business of the country, who desire to have the government deliver their sales at ruinously low prices.

The establishment of a domestic parcels post means the multiplying by many times of the already enormous annual deficit of the Post Office Department, a deficit which increased from less than \$3,000,000 in 1902 to more than \$14,500,000 for the fiscal year 1905.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, it is believed the deficit will exceed \$15,000,000, while competent authorities figure that under a domestic parcels post the annual deficit would reach an annual total of \$150,000,000.

Such a deficit would have to be made good by the government through the taxation of the whole people, falling largely on the men who would be injured by the business gains of the catalogue mail order houses. This summed up, the campaign of these catalogue mail order houses is to compel the small merchants of the country to pay the cost of their own extermination. The plan would fail if the government were to carry parcels at rates which would make the establishment of a parcels post self-supporting and accordingly the rates fixed by the catalogue mail order interests would provide a revenue estimated at not more than one-seventh the cost to the government for handling the business.

These proposed rates range from one cent for a package weighing three ounces or under to five cents for one pound packages, with an increase of two cents per pound additional until a limit of eleven pounds is reached. Thus, an eleven pound package could be sent from one end of the country to the other at a cost of twenty-five cents to the shipper, while the government would have to spend approximately \$1.75 to handle the business. Not satisfied with this, the catalogue mail order houses want a free insurance on each package up to \$10, with exceedingly low rates for registration and insurance for larger amounts.

At the present time only the first-class mail, consisting of letters and postal cards, is carried by the government at a profit. This class of mail matter, which aggregates less than 14 per cent of the total mail tonnage handled annually, provides a revenue amounting to 80 per cent of the total receipts annually.

The profits from first-class mail business are more than offset by the losses in the handling of mail of the other classes. Under the present postal laws parcels may be sent through the mails readily at any time as fourth-class matter, the uniform rate being one cent an ounce or sixteen cents a pound. Reports of the Post Office Department show that at the present rates fourth-class matter just about pays its own way, but these rates do not give the catalogue mail order houses the unfair advantages they seek.

Representatives of the catalogue mail order houses, in urging the establishment of a domestic parcels post, cite the example of Germany, where there is such a system, and where the postal department annually earns a surplus about equal to the present deficit in this country. They do not, however, point out the fact that the average haul of parcels in Germany is forty miles, while the average parcel haul in this country is 442 miles, or more than eleven times what it is in Germany. Neither do they point out that in Germany the population is dense, running nearly 500 to the square mile, while in the United States it is scattered, and averages less than twenty-five to the square mile. The carrying charges here and the cost of distribution over wide areas would make the cost to the government far higher than in any European country.

Postmaster General Clegg, in his annual report for 1905, calls attention to the fact that the department should a parcels post system be established, would get the bulk of the money-losing long hauls, while the more profitable short hauls undoubtedly would go to the express companies, which, operating under the zone system, would make deliveries between nearby points at rates far under the uniform rate charge of the government for all points. Such a system, if established, would turn our mail trains into freight trains, and make our small post offices freight depots.

It is to fight this insidious plan to crush out the small merchants and make the victims stand the expense that the Merchants League of America is working. It has scattered literature broadcast, urging merchants, jobbers, manufacturers, bankers and others affected to

subscribe to the work of its organization. Blanks are furnished on request. The main work of the organization consists in preparing and distributing literature to the business men and to the newspapers of the country showing the dangers confronting the whole people.

The League also is working to have local business men in all sections secure pledges from their present Congressmen and from the men running for Congress this fall to vote against the parcels post proposition when it comes up for action in Washington. The League also will have competent authorities appear before the sessions of Congress to present facts and figures showing the real purposes of the parcels post agitation.

Recipes For First Cool Days.

Home-made Sausage Cakes.—Cut half a pound of lean pork into small pieces, removing all the fat, but leaving a very little of the skin. Pass it twice through a mincer, or place it in a chopping bowl and chop up together with two ounces of bacon. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a pinch of cayenne and a grating of nutmeg. To this mixture add two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs mixed together with a beaten egg and make them into soft, round balls. Fry in boiling fat.

Tony Lind Hof Cakes.—One large cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter or butter and lard mixed. Rub the butter in thoroughly with flour and mix all the ingredients together. Now beat an egg well and mix it with half a cupful of milk, finally stirring it into the flour. When thoroughly mixed bake in cake cups in a quick oven. Serve hot.

Stuffed Loin of Veal.—Spread a loin of veal from which the bones have been removed, out on a floured board and cover it evenly with a stuffing made according to the directions given below. Then roll it up neatly, tie it around with pieces of cord to keep it in shape and frequently to render it tender and sweet.

For the stuffing put five tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs into a basin and pour over them sufficient boiling milk to moisten them. Then place them in a small saucepan containing about a tablespoonful of melted butter and stir the moistened bread over the fire until it becomes a thick paste. Put aside until cool. Chop a quarter of a pound of raw veal and a small quantity of bacon into fine bits. Add to the bread, season with salt, pepper and nutmeg, with about a teaspoonful of chopped onion. If necessary for spreading, moisten with beaten egg and use as directed above.

Green Apple Chutney.—Pare and core six pounds of greening apples. Boil in a quart of vinegar and set aside to cool. Boil two pounds of brown sugar in one pint of vinegar. Add two pounds of seeded raisins and four tablespoonfuls of finely minced onion, two ounces of red pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of salt. Mix well together, with more vinegar if too thick. Keep on the back of the stove, slowly simmering, and stir occasionally with a wooden spoon. Bottle the next day.

Tomato Jam.—Remove the skins from some ripe tomatoes and weigh them. Allow an equal weight of granulated sugar, three lemons and two ounces of ginger root to eight pounds of fruit. Cut the tomatoes into slices and spread them out on flat dishes, covering them with about half the quantity of sugar to be used and leave them until the following day. By this time a fair amount of juice will have been drawn from the tomatoes. Strain this from them and boil it in the preserving pan with the remainder of the sugar, the thinly pared rinds of the lemons and the ginger, until the sugar is dissolved and a thick syrup is formed. Add the tomatoes and boil them quickly until they are reduced to a pulp, removing the scum from the surface as it rises. Pass the pulp through a sieve, then re-boil it until it is thick and clear; and as soon as it sets and is thoroughly cool, take from the stove and pour into jam tins. About five minutes before the jam is done the strained juice of the lemons should be added to it.

Gingerbread Nuts.—Mix together two pounds of flour, three cups of molasses, half a cup of sugar (brown if possible), a cupful of melted butter and a very little cayenne pepper. Roll out half an inch in thickness. Cut into small cakes and bake.

Miss Smyth's Sally Lunn.—One and a half coffee cupfuls of flour, butter the size of an egg, a small teaspoonful of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Mix the baking powder, flour and sugar, add one egg beaten well, then the milk, and finally the butter to the flour. Bake in one cake for an hour in a fairly quick oven.

Puffed Potatoes.—Peel some potatoes, cut into small dice, making them all the same size. Put these pieces into cold water and leave them for twenty minutes. Then wrap them in a cloth dry. Heat slowly six or eight tablespoonfuls of lard, and when it is warm (not really hot) put in the slices of potatoes and let them cook until they are quite tender. They should not, however, become a golden brown. Take the potatoes from the fat as they are ready, let them drain and cool. Re-heat the fat, and when it is so hot that it is quite still, with a faint, blue smoke rising from it, put in a few potatoes at a time and watch them closely. Directly they puff out remove them from the fat and put them in the warm oven to drain dry.

Cornflour Pudding.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, and when it is melted stir in by degrees two tablespoonfuls of white flour and the same amount of corn flour. As soon as a perfectly smooth paste is formed, add gradually, stirring all the time, two cups of milk, until the mixture boils and thickens. Remove the pan from the stove, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, the grated rind of a large lemon, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Then beat in by degrees the yolks of two eggs which have been previously whipped. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs and whisk them to a very firm froth, and when the pudding is cool stir in the strained juice of the lemon and the whipped white of egg.

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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Synopsis of Pleading Chapters Olive Dumbarton, after the legal separation from her brutal husband, becomes a successful authoress and lives quietly with her daughter, Veronica, in Hexton Road, St. John's Wood, London. Her husband secretly returns to London and by letter makes further demands for money. Her cousin, Valerius Galbraith, a man of independent wealth, who has been in love with her since early youth, calls to say farewell before starting on a trip to Egypt. A fortnight later Olive Dumbarton is found in her library holding a dagger over the dead body of her husband. She is suspected of the murder and is arrested. Detectives are put on the case. George Bostock, the publisher, offers to aid Mrs. Dumbarton. The coroner's court holds her for trial on the charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

"My father regrets that he is unable to come to-night," the young man said, "but he sent me instead, and I have brought a draught which he prepared for you to-day."

"He is always thoughtful," Olive Dumbarton remarked.

"You are better, I hope."

"Yes, thanks; I think I feel stronger." "Mother doesn't look so pale, does she?" Veronica said.

"Not at all," answered Quinton in his deliberate tones as he turned his eyes upon Veronica.

"I have just returned from Brindisi," Valerius stated. "Mrs. Dumbarton has told me how kind your father has been, and I hope to call and thank him tomorrow or the day after."

"I am sure he will be glad to see you," replied Quinton.

"We will all work in a common cause," Valerius said, turning his prominent blue eyes, now full of anxiety, upon the young man.

"And we must succeed," added Quinton, emphatically.

Veronica cast a glance at him full of gratitude. Her belief in his ability was unbounded; what he sought to do he must certainly accomplish.

"That brings me to mention what I was anxious you, Mrs. Dumbarton, should first year," said the young man, in his slow, deliberate manner.



"I confess that I am disappointed."

"What is that?" she asked, her large, gray-blue eyes lighting with expectation.

"It's only this morning I remembered it, and after all it may not prove of any use or may not serve as a cue."

"A cue?" Olive Dumbarton repeated, anxiously.

"I suppose I was too much upset to think of it before."

"What is it, Quinton?" she asked, earnestly.

"You know that night—"

"Yes, yes," Olive Dumbarton interrupted.

"Well, I was going to bed early, before eleven—I know the hour because I had just wound my watch; my bedroom windows face the road, and as I looked out I distinctly saw a figure leaning against the wall which faces your house and ours."

"Of a figure?" echoed Olive Dumbarton.

"Well—well, continue," Valerius said, exasperated by the narrator's slowness.

"That is all."

A sigh of disappointment escaped Olive Dumbarton's lips.

"Did you see him move toward the house, or speak to any one, or act in a suspicious way?" asked Valerius, his interest aroused to the highest pitch.

"No, I just saw him stand there during the minute or so at which I looked at him; I merely pulled down the blinds and went to bed."

"No. As I told you, he wore a slouched hat, and that shadowed the upper part of his face, while the muffer or beard hid the lower part. Then he was also shaded by the thick ivy on the top of the wall against which he stood."

"And yet you could see him?" said Valerius, irritated that the young man's observation had gone no further.

"I could see sufficient to show me his height and the outline of his figure as I have described him."

"After all, he may not have had any concern with the tragedy," remarked Valerius.

"That is what I began by saying," Quinton responded.

"But how did you come to connect him with it in your mind?"

"Well, it flashed upon me suddenly to-day," Quinton answered quietly, "and I thought I would mention it first to Mrs. Dumbarton, and if she approved of my doing so I would then tell Mackworth what I had seen."

"Yes, let him know by all means," Olive replied, in a voice quivering with nervous anxiety. "The smallest incident may lead to discoveries one never expected. You must tell him at once."

"I'll go and see him early to-morrow."

"I confess I am disappointed," remarked Galbraith, quietly. "I thought when you began you had really found something that might take us further still."

"And who knows that this may not?" the young man answered, turning to Valerius. "There is this to be said: If the man I saw watching Mrs. Dumbarton's house was not the same who killed her husband, he may at least have seen or met the man who did."

"How do you make that out?" Valerius asked.

"Why, half an hour hadn't quite elapsed between the time I saw him and

the time the tragedy occurred. He cannot have been far off from the scene, and he may, if he's innocent, be able to tell something of the man who is not."

"You are right," said Valerius. "I didn't regard it in that light before. You must tell Mackworth what you have seen."

"What strikes me as being suspicious is this," Quinton said, his deliberate manner impressing his hearers.

"What?" Olive Dumbarton asked, her eyes riveted on his face.

"That he hasn't come forward to make any statement."

"Quite true; it is certainly strange," assented Galbraith. "But, supposing for the sake of argument he had none to make, that he went away before anything occurred."

"Even so, he might volunteer the statement that he was in the Hexton Road on the night of the tragedy half an hour before it happened, and saw nothing that aroused his suspicions. His absencing himself looks bad to my mind."

"I wonder what Mackworth will think of your statement," said Valerius, meditatively.

"That we will soon know, for I will call and see him early to-morrow."

"Do, Quinton," Olive Dumbarton urged, her imagination magnifying the importance of his statement, "and perhaps you will find time to come and tell me what he says."

"I shall certainly call and let you know," the young man replied, as he rose and said good-night.

"I will take my leave also," said Valerius. "And now, Olive, keep a brave heart."

As the two men passed through the garden the younger said:

"Our way together lies but a short distance."

"Ah, yes; you live next door; but if you are not in a hurry perhaps you will show me where you saw the foreigner stand that night?"

"Certainly," responded Quinton. Then, as they came on to the road, he added: "There is the place. You see, it's exactly between two lamp-posts, each of which is distant and throws little light upon the spot."

"Then how did you manage to see him so well?"

"I didn't see him well, I'm sorry to say; but for such glimpses as I got of

him I was indebted for the flare thrown on him by passing carriage lamps.

"Oh, I see. Now, will you stand where the fellow stood, and let me judge of the effects of the lights of this brougham coming up will have?"

"Yes, but you must remember I saw from a height."

"I will make allowances for that. Be quick."

With a few quick strides Quinton gained the spot, and stood there quietly as the lamps of a passing carriage flung their strong but brief reflection upon him. Then, rejoicing his companion, he said:

"Well?"

"If I didn't know who it was stood there I don't think I should be able to recognize you," said Valerius, after some consideration. "A strong light struck your breast and flung sharp shadows upward toward the face."

"But an outline was clearly visible," Quinton persisted.

"True," he assented, and then, after a second's silence, he added, wearily: "If you had distinctly seen and were now able to identify the man who stood there, it might simplify this melancholy business and forever rid an innocent woman of all blame."

"Then you believe the man I saw to be the murderer?"

"I shouldn't be surprised to hear he was."

"We may know one day."

"We may; good-night," said Valerius, in a grave tone.

"We may know one day."

"Good-night," said Quinton, Quave, as they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IX.

Detective Inspector Mackworth was an under-sized man, inclined to stoutness, which it became the desire of his life to subdue. His face was broad, dark-complexioned, mobile; his features regular, so that his countenance would have been commonplace but for the eyes, which usually were grave in expression and absent looking, as from the habit of inward reflections, but bright, swift moving and searching when his attention was roused or his curiosity excited.

Naturally, desiring to acquire all kinds of knowledge, he had, by continual application, and by the sacrifice of pleasures dear to others of his age, succeeded in educating himself after he had reached man's estate, and such instruction as he had received from the hard school of this world, as well as from the books he read and the minds he studied, he placed at the disposal of the calling he followed.

From his earliest days human nature had been to him a source of inexhaustible interest. His errors, eccentricities and subtleties possessed for him a fascination greater than any art held for its votary and any science for its student. As he knew there could be no deeds without thoughts, it was his invariable habit to ascertain, or, failing that, to presuppose, the motive and interest likely to actuate the crime whose perpetrator he sought to discover. From such premises, as from a starting point, he proceeded to work.

Now, after a careful consideration of the case before him he came to the conclusion that Mrs. Dumbarton was innocent of the crime laid to her charge, being chiefly brought to the decision by facts in which the coroner's jury had failed to give reflection and weight.

George Coris stated in defence that he had the deceased desired to see his wife who would, like any other visitor, have gone to the hall door and inquired for her.

But, though Mackworth considered that revenge was the most probable motive that brought about Dumbarton's death, he assured himself it was not the only one which could be made to account for the tragedy. Another had, indeed, quickly presented itself to the inspector's mind, a motive at which through silent hours he looked from every reasonable point of view, deliberating on its possibilities, which grew stronger from being constantly considered, and dwelling on its feasibility with something like fascination binding him to this mental pursuit.

This motive was the love of a man for the woman whose husband stood between the slayer and his happiness.

And the man whom Mackworth suspected was George Bostock.

He sat one morning after breakfast in the sitting room of his small house, situated near King's Cross, pondering over the case.

A moment later and the housekeeper handed him a card; reading the name, the inspector bade her show the visitor in. With some sense of pleasurable excitement and expectation Mackworth stood up to greet Quinton Quave, whom he had already seen and of whose friendship with Mrs. Dumbarton he was well aware.

With a rapid glance at the young man's expressive face and dark eyes Mackworth saw he had something to communicate.

"Sit down, sir—sit down," the inspector said, waving Quinton to a seat.

Then Quinton told him of the figure he had seen in the uncertain light on the night the tragedy took place. Mackworth could scarcely conceal his satisfaction at what he heard, for it seemed as if the evidence of Bostock's presence in Hexton Road was now forthcoming. One statement concerning the figure disappeared him. The feeling, however, was but momentary.

"You say," remarked the inspector, "that the man gave you the impression of being a foreigner. May I ask you how you came to that conclusion?"

"I can scarcely say. Perhaps it was because of the soft hat he had on," the young man answered.

"An article any man might wear who wished to conceal his identity, its leaf giving protection to the face. Now, sir, are you quite sure you didn't see that face with sufficient distinctness to describe it. Think well."

"Quite. At that distance and for that light it would be impossible for me to see it clearly."

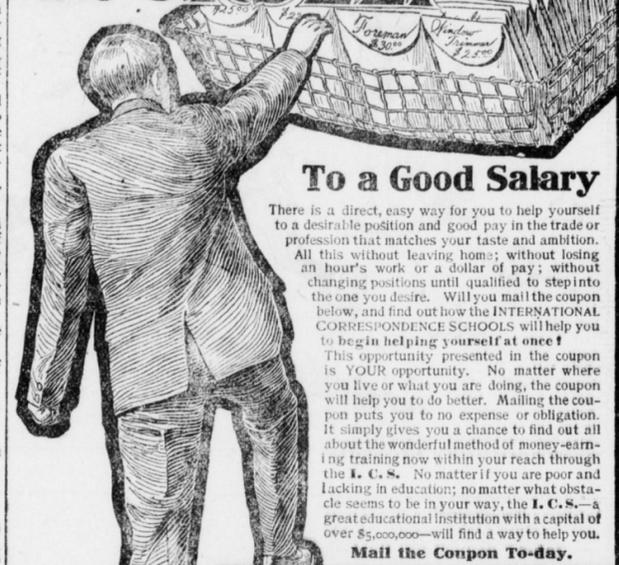
"But his figure?"

"The lights flashing on it as they passed showed the outlines."

"Now," said Mackworth, in a low, impressive voice, "didn't it strike you there was something familiar in this figure?"

"No," answered Quinton promptly. Then, with a new light dawning in his eyes, as if some revelation had been made to him, or some mental darkness

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removed, he said: "But—" and paused.

"Well?"

"It may be because of your suggestion."

"Never mind that. Tell me what you think, sir," Mackworth replied, with eagerness.

"It now occurs to me that there was something not altogether unfamiliar in the figure, not only in the outlines, but in the attitude it assumed."

Mackworth, with his hands upon the arms of his chair, leaned forward toward the young man, on whose face he fixed his eyes with earnestness, and said:

"What is it this figure resembles?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"It is your duty, sir," the inspector began in rigid tones. "Remember that on your word may lie the possibility of freeing an innocent woman of blame, of convicting a scoundrel of his guilt."

"I can't tell you because I don't know myself. I acknowledge that a likeness existed, but to whom I cannot say."

Mackworth felt unable to gauge the sincerity of this assertion. He suspected that Quinton hesitated to name the man he supposed himself to have seen because of the consequences which might follow to the individual.

"It may prove of the utmost importance that you remembered," remarked the inspector.

"I know that. Once set working my mind may find and supply the clue eventually, but at present that's impossible."

"Do you think you could recognize him if seen under similar circumstances?"

"I can't say; it's possible I might."

"The experiment is worth trying, at all events."

"Certainly," said the young man eagerly.

"Then, sir, when I have prepared my plan I will let you know, and we will give it a trial—a fair trial."

"I will do my best to help you," answered Quinton, as he rose to depart. (To be continued.)

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