

THE NEW MAYOR ON THE JOB

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE

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THE mayor of Tolliver Gulch drew up his horse as a piercing scream rang out beyond the belt of timber lining the lonely mountain road he was traversing. Then noting a cloud of smoke through the trees he diverged from the trail, got beyond the barrier and made out the little town of Golconda in the distance, and nearer at hand on its outskirts a lonely hut, ablaze below and a woman outside, wringing her hands and shrieking helplessly.

New mayorly honors clustered thick and newly about John Griffiths at Tolliver Gulch, but here at a distance from his home town, and ever chivalrous and helpful, he forgot dignity. He dashed up to the side of the distracted woman within three minutes, brought his steed to its haunches, summarily leaped to the ground and shouted forth:

"Anyone in the building?"

"No! No!" cried the woman, "but all my papers are. They will be lost; we will be ruined—oh, save them! Save them!"

She was a tiny bit of humanity, peppery and active, Griffiths saw that, but she had evidently not been able to lift a heavy ladder that she had dragged to the spot.

"Where are the papers?" Inquired Griffiths.

"Up in the little low attic. Beyond that window," and she pointed upwards. "They're in a box on top of a big chest. 'No! No!' she added, frantically, as Griffiths made a movement as if to rush in through the open lower door. 'It's all ablaze in there. The ladder: oh, quick! quick! Never mind anything but the papers.'"

John Griffiths had the ladder speedily in place. He was not even smudged, so promptly and deftly did he reach the attic, secure the wooden box described and place it in the possession of the anxious, trembling and grateful woman.

"The old but is gone, and I'm glad of it!" she exclaimed. "It was not fit to live in and hasn't been for a long time. That lazy, roving husband of mine will have a startler when he comes back, and I'm glad of that, too! The papers—they're saved, thank goodness! They mean a good deal to me, for they are deeds, and mine claims and all that. Mister, if a ten-dollar bill—"

"Thank you, but I've done a simple duty, and glad to be a help to you," interrupted Griffiths. "Can I be of any further assistance?"

"No, mister, but I'll never forget your kindness. I've a sister in town who will take me in till my husband shows up—the worthless, wandering critter!"

The mayor of Tolliver Gulch smiled to himself as he recognized the diminutive little lady as a being with a spirit of her own. Then he rode on his way, thinking of another certain little lady who filled his thoughts continually. It was a rough community among whom he had found a jewel rare amid the incongruous environment. It was Velma Dalton, the daughter of the district judge. Griffiths, as a rising young lawyer, had won the good opinion of the judge. The latter represented the reform element of the struggling border settlement. It was through his influence and support that Griffiths had been elected mayor.

That position was proving anything but a bed of roses. The rough element of the Gulch was opposed to innovations. Defeated at the polls, they went about cross-grained and vengeful. There were mutterings of discontent and veiled threats. The outcast element, however, feared the law, and the dignity and determination of the judge had so far prevented any serious outbreak.

Griffiths reached the Gulch just after dark. As he passed the Red Beaver tavern he caught the echoes of some wild jubilation. He learned its cause when he reached home. His landlady looked frightened and agitated.

"Oh, I am so glad you have got home safe!" she exclaimed. "They have been here."

"Who has been here?" questioned Griffiths.

"The committee from the rustlers. It's about renewing the license of the dance hall, sir."

"I answered them once," spoke Griffiths, his lips setting firmly. "They have had my ultimatum."

"Yes, sir; but they threaten a big row. They had Giant Gabe with them, and his gang. It seems they've hired him to come here and upset the town, if you don't give way."

"Not an inch!" pronounced Griffiths, determinedly.

"Then, sir, don't show yourself on the streets. The mob is ugly, and bound to do you up if you don't grant that license."

Griffiths paid no attention to this warning. He felt it beneath his dignity. He called upon Velma that same evening. Her father was serious and she anxious over the situation. Neither, however, attempted to influence him to recede one step from his fixed position regarding the carrying out of the law.

The next morning Griffiths proceeded quietly to his office. He had heard of a wild debauch at the tavern and of this imported bravo, Giant Gabe, and his gang. It seems they had ap-

peared in similar circumstances as hirelings to help the half-subdued rowdy element of the towns voting for reform, hoping to intimidate the champions of the new movement.

The convivialists of the evening previous were, it seemed, sleeping off the effects of their debauch during the morning. Just after noon, however, as Griffiths was crossing the public square he saw a hooting, straggling mob pouring out through the doors of the tavern.

At their head was a red-shirted, brawny-fisted fellow over six feet in height and viciously inclined. Griffiths doubted not that this was Giant Gabe. Urged by the crowd he hustled along to the spot where Griffiths had halted. He squared off in front of him, egged on by his turbulent cohorts.

"You're the mayor, they tell me!" he belted. "Well, I'm nominated by the people to protect their liberties. Rattlesnakes—I eat 'em!"

Giant Gabe glared horribly, leaped up two feet in the air and cracked his heels together.

"D'namite!" he roared—"I sleep over a box of it!"

Calmly Griffiths regarded the mouthy demagogue, but planted firmly, his glance noting every movement of the raging bully.

"Powder and shot—my chewing gum! You goody-goody specimen of a tenderfoot, I'm going to wipe you out with one whack!"

"Swish!" Giant Gabe struck out, but Griffiths dodged. Then up came his fist. The burly bully lay in a heap at his feet.

"None of that, you big coward!"

A woman's rasping tones uttered the words. She shot through the crowd, and as Giant Gabe tugged at his belt for a revolver, grabbed him by one ear.

"You great hulking bluffer!" she cried. "You'd shoot at an unarmed man, eh? There! and there! and there!" and she cuffed him soundly. "Know who this man is?" she demanded, pointing to the mayor. "He's the man who saved all our valuable papers when our old shanty burned down. March!"

Giant Gabe struggled to his feet and slouched away from the spot. Most of the crowd roared with laughter. The tiny woman dominated the great ruggid giant as though he were a pigmy.

An hour later word went out from Giant Gabe to his adherents to return to their homes. To the rebellious home-town mob Gabe sent other word, that if any further move was made against the new mayor "he would wade in and clean out the crowd, tavern and all!"

So Nancy, wife of Giant Gabe, saved the day, and Tolliver Gulch settled down into respectability, and its mayor married Velma Dalton.

Posterity Unkind to

Two Great Conquerors

It is an irony of fate that the bones of the two representatives of Spain who had most to do with the establishment of the Spanish dominion and the Spanish tongue and culture in the Western hemisphere seem to have been strangely mislaid in the hands that these great men opened to the world. Whether the remains of Columbus lie at Havana or at Santo Domingo is a subject of keen controversy and of a real historic doubt; and now, when the government of Spain asks the republic of Mexico to return to his native country, for honorable burial, the bones of Hernan Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, it appears that nobody knows just where the ashes of the conqueror lie.

In both cases there is a strange story of confusion and neglect. Both Columbus and Cortes, illustrious discoverers and pathfinders, were more or less ungratefully scorned in their last years. Great honors were assumed to be paid their bones by a later generation; but at Santo Domingo the record of the exact resting place of the world-discoverer faded away to doubt, while Mexico, having claimed the body of Cortes from his unhonoring fatherland, and enshrined it at the capital, presently shifted it from pillar to post; and now we are told that no one knows exactly where it lies.

Here's a Good Hawk

The broad-winged hawk is uncommonly sluggish and may perch motionless upon some dry treetop for hours at a time. If disturbed it will make a short flight and settle again, says Nature Magazine. The two to five pale grayish or greenish white eggs are heavily spotted with brown. It summers mainly east of the Mississippi, and winters from Oklahoma to Venezuela. A beneficent and beautiful hawk—the policeman of the wood-land.

Ancient Windows

Oriel window is an upper-story window with two or more sides which stand out from the face of the wall, leaving a recess or "oriel" in the room within. The window is supported by brackets or corbels, and such windows add much to the grace of the building of the type built during the time of Queen Elizabeth. The name is seldom applied to windows of the ground floor.

Some Guess

Even in erudite Boston, sometimes, a supply clerk who doesn't know all about books, gets into a book store during the Christmas rush. Recently a would-be purchaser asked a clerk: "Haven't you 'Plutarch's Lives'?"

"Lives, did you say? Oh, yes, I see; it's an animal story about a cat named Plutarch, isn't it?"

And why not? What else other than a cat, has "lives?"

Show New Fabrics for Little Girls

Fashions for Mother Found Repeated in Frocks for Young Daughters.

Many of the juvenile fashions take their trend from the adult mode. Frequently enough to excite comment, observes a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star, a marked vogue for mother is found repeated in the diminutive frocks for her young daughters, always in a simplified version, but still with a traceable likeness that reveals its origin. The straightline for which every woman has a warm liking, because she knows it has no equal for maintaining the illusion of the girl's figure, is youth's own. Plaits are used more often than not. These give grace to awkward young bodies and freedom in movement for the strenuous activities which are the order of the day at this age. The two-piece dress, which has been given an extended favor, now develops into a one-piece dress with two-piece effect. Box plaits, kick plaits, large plaits and small plaits are used impartially, sometimes all around; in many instances the back is plain. The lightweight four-ounce woollens lend themselves particularly well to the plaited skirt, and since the color range is wide, youth may be clad appropriately, serviceably and becomingly. No longer need the plain school dress be a hideous dark brown or navy blue serge affair of uncomfortable weight. The new crepes, which the style-wise Parisienne adopted because of their slendering effect, have swept on their wave of popularity through adult fashions into the junior mode, where their appeal, although of different character, is evidenced equally. This fabric is easy to plait and, better yet, stays in plait. It wrinkles scarcely at all and never acquires the dreaded "shine," once the hated mark of the school dress.

Because these new crepe weave woollens are priced rather high—as the novelties of the season always are—they are not for the juvenile wardrobe, which must be kept to the lowest possible figure. Here Jersey is the happiest choice. It has many good qualities of its own to recommend it, and is very reasonably priced. Although it cannot be plaited successfully, it is particularly suitable for the peasant type of dress which is being given new life in the spring mode, both for mother and daughter.

For the smaller girl who does not wear woollen dresses, there are all the standard wash fabrics now supplemented by the fabrics of the season. The new cottons are characterized by quaint designs reminiscent of the calicoes of grandmother's day. Another reminder of old favorites is seen in the favor given the old-fashioned rose-sprig dainty. Even the silk crepe reflect the importance of the time-honored motifs in small floral designs. The revival of old patterns also is attended with the return of an old favorite, challis, which is seen in many lovely little dresses.

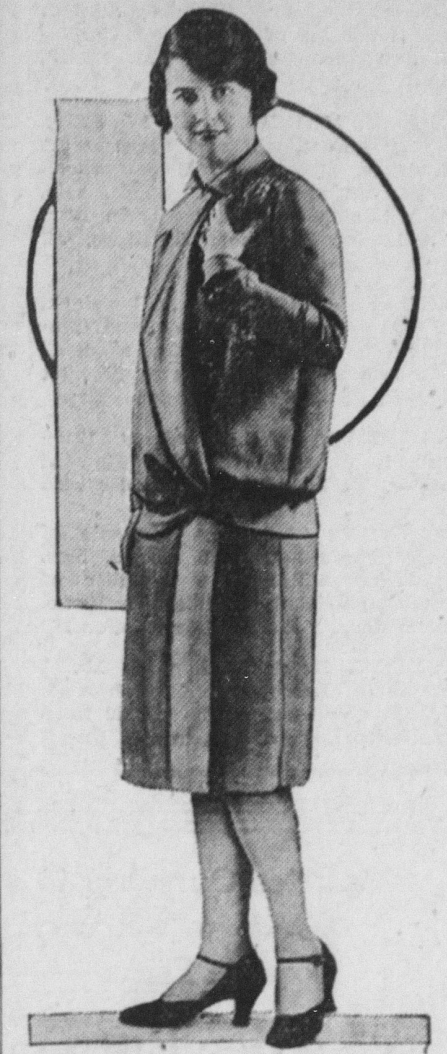
The details of finish go far in trimming the little girl's dress. Scallops are an effective treatment. Plaitings and ruchings are made the most of in the "best frocks." Although good taste in dressing children still stresses a youthful simplicity, there is a tendency away from severe effects and the little girl now is allowed the perky sash. Gay embroidery in vivid woollens of contrasting color is characteristic of the peasant dress, whether of wool or cotton, and is seen frequently on sheer dress of voile or crepe. The compose theme also is seen in the junior wardrobe on frock of monotone embroidered in conventionalized motifs in several shades of a matching or contrasting color.

Frock of Pussy Willow for Afternoon Outfit



Milady's wardrobe cannot be considered complete without this charming frock of pussy willow in bridal-veil falls design.

Spring Modes Emphasize Draped Diagonal Closing



Fashion is saying: "One side, please," referring to the fastening of spring frocks. That is, the latest whim of the mode is a diagonal closing, showing somewhat of a surprise influence, for the dress or blouse. The idea is prettily demonstrated in the model in the picture where the front opening of the blouse fastens diagonally, flourishing a jabot-like cascade. As to these soft drapes, they are featured throughout the mode. Especially are the supple crepes, satins, voiles andorgettes emphasizing the "drapy" effects. Many of the tailored cloth or silk blouses are fastened at a right-to-left slant.

Compose Theme Rules the Mode for Spring

Few developments have been more important or more far reaching in effect than the compose idea, which this season is the dominant theme in fashion. By subtle blending of two, three, sometimes even four tones of a single color designers achieve an effect of harmony unlike anything seen before, and charmingly distinctive.

At Palm Beach and at the smart resorts of the Riviera the smartest women are wearing frocks both for day and evening, which reflect the vogue for the new tonal effects. Many of the loveliest evening dresses of chiffon shade from the palest to the deepest tone, while the same idea is also carried out in the frocks with swaying fringes attached in tiers to a chiffon foundation. Another new note is the use of ribbons in duo or tri-tone colorings.

One of the most interesting models to feature ribbon trimming is of chiffon in the new shade of madonna blue that is so smart, and is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon in shaded tones of blue. The effect is unusually smart and distinctive. With this is worn a close little hat of straw the same shade of blue, trimmed with two-tone blue ribbon. The creased crown and upturned brim in black are evidences of its newness.

Finishing Touches on the Light Wool Frock

The spring season promises to feature the light wool frock, tailored and depending on its cut and finish for smartness. A very essential feature is the hem, for it must lie flat and smooth if the dress is to look well. If the fabric is light in weight, turn the raw edge down one-fourth inch and stitch through the two thicknesses one-eighth inch from the edge. Press thoroughly, and then slip-stitch the hem in place in the usual way.

On heavier fabrics, when such a turn would be bulky, stitch a row of tape along the raw edge to conceal it, and slip-stitch the edge of the tape to the garment. Prussian binding, very firmly woven tape, is best for this purpose, but it should be shrunk before using.

Such fabrics as jersey flannel do not require a turn or a binding, but may merely be basted in place and then catch-stitched, one stitch in the hem and the next one in the dress, so that the raw edge will be held flat.

Blue, Beige and Green Lead in Color Interest

Now that the color theme is all-powerful in the mode, it is more than ever important to be able to select from the great variety of shades presented each season those which express in the highest degree the fashionable tendencies in color. Three colors epitomize the spring color mode. The importance of blue is confirmed in June blue, a new blue having the clear quality of a June sky. Cocotan, a golden tan with a cocoa cast, represents the beiges, while Niléen, a subtle green, completes the color trilogy.

These three colors are the embodiment of the spring color trend, and all have the characteristic soft-toned silvery depth characterizing these colors.

Community Building

Cost of Beautifying Grounds Never Waste

That the importation of foreign flower bulbs has reached a point where they are now available at little cost was pointed out by Joseph C. Maloney, president of the Joseph C. Maloney company, subdividers of Detroit.

"The United State Department of Agriculture has limited the importation of narcissus bulbs for 1927 to small quantities of new varieties," said Mr. Maloney. "The reason given by the department was that in 1926 alone 42,000,000 bulbs were imported. This included 500 varieties, but the bulk of the shipments were made up of about twenty of the most used commercial varieties. This heavy importation with the previous known plantings is sufficient for all propagation needs."

"The planting of flowers and shrubs has been quite an expense to the home owner, although the gain in added beauty to the home more than offset the cost. It is probable that the home raising of these bulbs will cut the cost to a fraction of what was formerly paid."

"I don't know of any other investment in land or home that returns more pleasure or actual cash value than flowers, shrubs and trees. They will beautify any vacant lot and make a home an estate. There is a danger in planting that it will be overdone. There is more beauty in a thin, well-planned planting than in a profusion of flowers and shrubs that have been planted without thought of what the entire picture is to be."

City of Small Homes Is Ideal Community

It is not surprising that the Mississippi valley landscape artists, meeting in Kansas City, should declare that the charm of a well-ordered city is in its small homes. The small homes so greatly predominate in number that unless very many of them are attractive the city, at best, offers only beautiful residential spots of greater or lesser extent. It is in the rich districts that the landscape architects get their best commissions, but they are not overlooking the importance of small home treatments, even though they have not yet devised a way to promote the landscaping of small lots.

The interesting fact is that the home owner, be his place costly or inexpensive, has real incentive for beautification. Keeping the house and premises attractive contributes to the joy of living and to the value of property. Co-operation is an important factor. A block or district otherwise well planned and cared for may be spoiled to considerable extent by a few careless home owners or occupants. Hence the expediency of neighborhood improvement associations. Through common effort desirable standards may be established and maintained.—Kansas City Times.

Roof Highly Important

Nowadays the modern home builder desires a covering for the home possessing not one or two virtues, but combining in one perfect roofing all the single advantages which the various old-style roofs possessed, together with such additional ones as modern science may have developed.

The "perfect roof," according to modern standards, must combine the following qualities: It must be a complete shelter in all climates and under all weather conditions. It must be proof against all roof-communicated fire—for the benefit not only of the individual, but of the community.

It must be a true insulation against heat and cold. It must be easy to put on and inexpensive to maintain in good condition.

And last, but by no means least, it must be artistic—a fitting crown to a well-planned facade—it must be esthetically pleasing to the beholder.

Plan Before Building

Every little thing in the house should be planned out before hand. Stairs, doors, windows, chimneys, flues, closets, all the thousand and one things that make a house don't just happen. Any of them misplaced entirely spoils the utility or the appearance of the house, or both. It has been said, and there is quite a little truth in it, that if you wish perfection in your house, you should take as long in planning as it takes to actually build.

Chambers of Commerce

There is no better evidence of the worth of a chamber of commerce than the fact that other live cities maintain such organizations. There is not on record a single case of a live, progressive town without a chamber of commerce. Eufala must and will carry on. Unless we do carry forward the splendid work we have started, the effort and money thus expended will count for naught.—Eufala (Ala.) Daily Citizen.

Great Truth

The bigger the city the cleaner the main streets and the dirtier the side streets.—System—The Magazine of Business.

Officer Gillian Regains Health

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Men, by doing nothing, learn to do ill.—Cato.

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