

"The Perfect Day" is the day when you work in harmony with law. Health comes from harmony. Get in harmony with Nature's laws by eating Shredded Wheat, a simple, natural, elemental food which supplies the greatest nutriment with the least tax upon the digestion. Try it for breakfast with hot milk or cream. Delicious with sliced bananas or other fruit.



Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

PAY BILLS, CONFER LATER, SAYS RYAN

Unusual Opinion Issued by Public Service Commission in Montrose Case

Customers of the Consumers' Water Company, of Montrose, are told to pay their bills and the complaint of the borough against the Water company adjourned until Wednesday, January 10, in an option filed by Public Service Commissioner Michael J. Ryan. The decision sets forth that the company has filed a report setting forth the cost of a filtering plant, of providing a ground supply of water and of establishing improved fire protection with other data called for. It also suggests another system of improving of the water supply.

Why Not Have Real Good Hair



Cuticura Will Surely Help You

If you have dandruff your hair will be dry and thin. Try one treatment with Cuticura. Rub spots of dandruff with Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Soap.

CATARRHAL TROUBLES REALLY LOCAL

Especially of the Nose and Throat

Here is a new treatment that no matter how many things you may have tried or however stubborn your case, it does the work. You don't have to wait days and weeks to see if it will help you. You will feel the effects at once. Conditions of long standing are relieved in a very short time.

Efficiency

INCREASE the profits of your business by adding your skilled helpers to make the best use of their time. Use the proper blanks, blank books, stationery and advertising matter. Get the right kind of designing, engraving, printing and binding at the right prices from

The Telegraph Printing Co.

Use Telegraph Want Ads

THE ENEMY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc. Copyright, 1915, Hearst International Library. Newspaper Rights, International Feature Service.

Continued.

"Whisky! Whisky!" His quivering voice started with a whine and ended in a wall. He threw a barrel-house down near the bridge which kept open all night. He had fifteen cents in his pocket. Three drinks! The sort of memory which is little more than instinct told him these things. He began a nervous groping search for his clothes.

"What's the matter, Pop?" The voice of Burke, clear, strong, hearty and still with an underlying gruffness. Suddenly Bow-Wow detected that voice!

The inherent prompting for freedom had come upon him. He was cramped and there is no human soul so debased, so feeble, that in its depths it does not resent coercion!

"Burnt up, Pop," was the cheerful reply. "Have a drink?"

Cunning knotted the eyes of Bow-Wow. He nodded and grunted. He took the drink; but he refused the green potion.

"My clothes," he demanded. He had forgotten that they were burned. "Nonsense! Doing, old top," Burke yawned. "Billy says you're to stay until he comes back and you'll stay if I have to show you to him with a lily in your hands."

The bearded eyes of Bow-Wow narrowed. "Lemme out!" he cried, in a high, wavering voice which rose nearly to a shriek.

"Come on, Pop, be a good little sport. You might as well think you're in luck and be happy. God knows I'm not here, but here you stay! And if you holler too loud, I'll have to beat you."

The man subsided. The threat was one he could understand. "A little drink!" he begged.

Burke studied carefully, then he went out to the pantry. He found Bow-Wow behind him.

"A big drink!" Burke calmly poured, measuring the quantity like a druggist. Suddenly the decanter was snatched from his hand, and his mouth flashed up to his nose.

"Now you've done it!" worried the soldier in field hospitals, and in mining camps, and in private service. "Get back to bed!"

"Bow-Wow grinned. A leer of triumph was in his eyes. Without a word, he turned and reeled back to his couch, while Burke looked up at the liquor.

Burke did not retire this time. He put a fresh log on the fire in the lounging room. He went into his own apartment, brought out a battered red iron surgical case, produced a hypodermic syringe, washed it and aseptized it, laid a little phial of tablets on the mantel beside it, set a glass of water with these, lit a cigar which had been a soldier of fortune with him, and sat down to wait with calm philosophy. Three o'clock. It was time for Billy; past time, in these days when the young architect had so much important work on hand. Instinctively Burke's eyes roved to the glass of green liquor which Bow-Wow had refused to drink.

Probably have to make a fresh dose for his master. He sighed and shook his head, and worry came upon his brow. He liked Billy!

The quarter chimed; the half; the three-quarters. Burke heard them all, and heard, too, every machine which stopped in the street; and as the time passed, the shadow on Burke's face deepened. How many nights he had sat thus by the fire, waiting; waiting until the dawn streaked the sky. Such nights had become more frequent of late. They had come to him at 2 o'clock, if Billy had not called him. The hour struck, and Burke did not hear it. He was asleep in the stiffest of leather chairs, and his pipe was on the floor.

A voice roused him, a thin, high-pitched, wavering voice. The dawn was stealing in at the window. "Jean!" called the voice. "Jean!"

"Bow-Wow; he stood, swaying, in the center of the room, gazing about him with widened eyes, and there was need now for Burke to pull open the man's lids.

"Where's Tavy's doll?" went on the wavering voice. "Jean! Tavy's sick! The voice mumbled and muttered, and the man stumbled about in a groping search for something, he knew not what. He was a grotesque figure, a monstrous figure, bent and wavering in his pained pamaas, with his straggling hair and beard. Burke had scrubbed these hirsute adornments, and now the man's hair stood out in a silvery-white aureole, which contrasting with his staring, reddened eyes, gave him an aspect of uncanny wildness. "Jean!"

The voice was sharper, higher pitched, more querulous, what bridge connect, I can't find it!" Again an unintelligible muttering. There was a noise in the hall outside. The man, startled, listened intently. "What's that?" A sharper tone, but with fear in it.

Burke quietly rose and went to the mantel. He opened the little phial and tried to shake one of the pellets into his palm. They had been there a long time, and they stunk. He shook and shook the phial.

Suddenly there was a piercing scream, a quivering of terror, of rage, or frenzy, of all the wild emotions which a disordered fancy could conjure up. Before Burke could turn, the man was upon him from behind, and clutching his throat with long, lean fingers, in which there was maniacal strength!

CHAPTER IV. On the Way. What a hilarious place is the world! How jovial is life! Who gives a rap for dull care? Work was made for slaves. He is short and you're a long time dead. Fill 'em up again, boys, and let's laugh at something. No, let's sing a song. Who'll oblige Tommy Tinkle? No evidence of alcohol, hullo excess about good old Tommy Tinkle. There he stands, clear-eyed, chin up, and with that whimsical grin on his face. He even seems extra humorous. She takes it upon herself to scold both boys sharply for their utterly senseless indiscretion; for spending the night with companions who are beneath them; for permitting themselves to fall into this disgraceful condition, and, first and foremost,

It's Billy's car. They go back after Geraldine. That charming young lady, roused by a still sleepy perfection as if she had taken hours to make her toilette. She is in an ecstatic mood, and her eyes are sparkling and her cheeks fresh and her laugh gay as she trips down the stairs. Always with Tommy and Geraldine, especially with Tommy and Geraldine.

She stops abruptly as she sees them in the light! Tommy is grinning cheerfully, but his eyes show the effect of the wind. Billy is grinning, too, but it is a set grin, with no meaning, but just general good nature. Hilarious world we're living in; great place for a joke, eh Tommy? Poor Billy!

Will Geraldine join them in a fresh little morning run out to old Christian's, for sausage and eggs? She will not. Most emphatically, she will not. She takes it upon herself to scold both boys sharply for their utterly senseless indiscretion; for spending the night with companions who are beneath them; for permitting themselves to fall into this disgraceful condition, and, first and foremost,



Here Is Your Opportunity to Get Elegant Suits and Coats For Women and Misses Much Below Regular Prices

Preparations are complete for a record-breaking output of splendid garments

A Clearway Sale Worthy of the Name

These are the lines that we want to close out — every offer is of sterling merit. So that you may be conscious of the extreme importance of this Clearing Sale we would have you know that every garment involved is from our regular stock. The collection affords most any style that you could wish for.

It is not a question of price or value now. We are going to move every garment — and the low figures quoted below should be of intense interest to the prudent buyer.

The SUIT STOCK Divided Into Three Selling Groups

Suits at \$25.00 Suits at \$15.00 Suits at \$7.50

We have for quick disposal a number of high class suit models of Velvet Broadcloth Velour Imported Gabardine

Very unusual values in handsome looking suits of broadcloth, gabardine, poplin. Large sizes included, with good looking plain tailored lines. Collars and cuffs of self material, velvet and seal.

In this collection of suits we have poplins, gabardines, serges and diagonals. The models are very desirable and the materials and workmanship thoroughly dependable. Trimmings of velvet, plush, and near seal; colors, brown, green, taupe, navy and black.

Season's Warm Stylish Coats

Are Here Offered at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Choose from fancy mixtures, velours, wool plush, diagonal coating and chevrons, trimmings of contrasting materials, plush, velvet and fur.

The assortment is an attractive one and the prices are far below the actual cost of production.

\$5.00 \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.00

All Holiday Goods Must Go

Now for a remarkable disposal of all holiday goods and we have laid special plans for their quick clearance.

It just happens most timely to many to turn that Christmas gift that was forgotten into a New Year's present — and here and there about the store you will find good gift things most favorably priced.

last and finally, for presuming to come here!

A monk-like figure spats down the stairs, in broad sandals and high-girted robe and crumpled cowl; and her eyes are sparkling and her cheeks fresh and her laugh gay as she trips down the stairs. Always with Tommy and Geraldine, especially with Tommy and Geraldine.

She stops abruptly as she sees them in the light! Tommy is grinning cheerfully, but his eyes show the effect of the wind. Billy is grinning, too, but it is a set grin, with no meaning, but just general good nature. Hilarious world we're living in; great place for a joke, eh Tommy? Poor Billy!

Will Geraldine join them in a fresh little morning run out to old Christian's, for sausage and eggs? She will not. Most emphatically, she will not. She takes it upon herself to scold both boys sharply for their utterly senseless indiscretion; for spending the night with companions who are beneath them; for permitting themselves to fall into this disgraceful condition, and, first and foremost,

a fluffy pink person like Geraldine, is only funny. Fatal viewpoint! Geraldine, with a little sweep of temper, which would have been merely piquant to Billy had he not carried that roll of paper under his arm, energetically explains that the Benning house is not a sanitarium, that the boys shall go right ahead and sink to just as low a state of brutal degradation as it is possible for them to attain! Go finish the spree! Good-by! Finish the spree, eh? Fine idea! There has come a stubborn set on Billy's lips and a hard glint in Billy's eye. Poor Billy! But where is the roll of yellow paper? Gone! Was that it flashing down through the grating of the areaway, or did it pop straight up in the air and fly back to the Devil? There is not much difference because the Demon Rum is not on the roll of yellow paper. It has jumped straight into Billy Lane, where it ensconces itself gleefully and howls for drink! Come on, Tommy, thanks Three B. No, can't stop in. Got a date with the Demon Rum. Come on, Tommy. I say, come on!

Glorious to be out in the early morning, eh, Tommy, glorious to drive swiftly through the invigorating air, glorious to have the drowsily waking world to one's self amid the lifting mists of the dawning day; glorious to have youth, friends, laughter! Work was made for slaves! Was there an appointment of some sort? Forget it. Finish the spree, eh!

Old Christian is cross when he pokes his night-capped head from the second-story window. Early roisters who drag him out of bed for fifty cents' worth of drink are the bane of Christian's life! But these are two gentlemen. Oh! It is Mr. Tommy and Mr. Billy; and they represent that solvent of all sorrows, money! The gentlemen want sausage and eggs. Old Christian removes his funny scarlet nightcap, and comes right down. Billy and Tommy go into the billiard room while they wait, and old Christian brings them an appetizer, some of his best imported schnapps. Finish the spree, eh! The Demon Rum chortles.

They play billiards, and every awkward shot is a cause of merriment. There is still laughter in the world, except for one fixed idea. Billy's notions are in a haze; as, for instance, he is just about to try, for the fourth time, to hit his cue ball, when suddenly he finds himself seated at the breakfast table, with a complate of delicious looking fruit before him. Outside the sun rides in the misty sky, a huge red ball; the bare trees interlace their branches against the background of the glistening river. Rather raw the air is. Watch out! They skid dangerously near the ditch that time. The chauffeur has had a drink or two, to warm him. Oh yes, they are in the machine again. Did Billy taste his fruit? He doesn't remember, and he has no memory at all of the sausage and eggs, though he detects the taste of coffee in his mouth.

Why, here's a village! There's a saloon with a door wide open, and an Italian in a faded blue blouse is scrubbing the floor. The Demon Rum howls for a drink!

(To Be Continued.)