

# WINNING UP DOLLY

## Thrilling Encounter With Bandits Puts Pompous Italian Count to Rout.

By H. S. CANFIELD, JR.

Arnold had no chance to step from the car after it had stopped. His heart warmed and his face flushed happily at the suddenness with which Dolly threw open the doors and almost ran to the curb in response to the "honk, honk" of the horn. Dolly had admitted her love for him when Arnold had first poured forth his story of his passion for her; and she was not ashamed to show that she had been awaiting him just as eagerly as he had wished the big car along over the boulevards. It was the lesson in love, all the better for the subterfuge and evasion of authority, which appealed to the girl, not the dry, technical explanations of this and that part of the steering gear, through the imitation of which Arnold was supposed to be earning the dollars of her father.

Dolly was ravishing in her auto togethery. The carelessly drawn veil hid just enough of the pink ear nearest the begoggled Arnold to make him long to press his lips just below it, a desire which imperiled both occupants of the car as they sped along. Incidentally, Dolly learned that such a thing as a clutch existed somewhere about the brightly new machine and that certain twists of the wheel did certain things; also that the gear box wasn't under the hood. She soon forgot even these vague intimations of mechanical knowledge upon the part of her lover. But the things she did not forget were the long, sweet silences following short, half-whispered sentences as Arnold brought the machine to a snail's pace along the cool country roads and slipped one arm around her waist and half up about her shoulder so that she might lean her head close to his.

Through the long summer the rides continued. It was not until in the splendid autumn that the Count Rivoli put in his appearance, in search of some fair American girl with whom went a handsome dot to repair the financial standing of his family.

With the advent of the Italian, impetuous as his rival, Arnold's pains and pangs began. The evident pleasure evinced by Leonard here in having a nobleman as a suitor in his daughter's train acted not as a balm for the wounds of the young broker. It was bad enough for him to know that it was the Count Rivoli who almost nightly enjoyed the hospitality of the Leonard mansion or occupied a seat in a box beside the charming Dolly, without having insult added to injury by the presence of the Italian fortune seeker as one of the motoring party. As the afternoons passed in speeding over the roads, with Arnold bound by the restrictions which surround ordinary chauffeurs, while the Count sat snugly up with Dolly and insisted upon murmuring his tender speeches for her ears alone, the situation became almost unbearable to the American. At times the muscles in his shoulders became taut and strained against the power of his self-restraint as some few words of the Italian reached his ears.

Once, when Rivoli took it upon himself to give the orders for the party in a tone and manner insuring to even the most regularly employed chauffeur, it was a hurried, surreptitious touch on his arm from Dolly's slender fingers that kept him from striking out with his clinched hand and knocking the arrogantly sneering foreigner to the ground. He seldom caught a word with Dolly now since her titled suitor under parental sponsorship, had monopolized her every leisure hour. Dolly cared not a whit for the Count; she liked his companionship even less; but the workings of the young lady's mind were many and involved and she knew where was drawn the line over which

she would not step in openly opposing the wishes of her father.

It was Count Rivoli who proposed motoring to the inn far out along the lake shore, supping there and returning late by moonlight. To Dolly, psychologically, was conveyed the Italian's intention to put his future happiness—or financial standing—to the test; Arnold had become too grumpy and saturnine to be open even to the most openly intimated purpose upon the part of his rival. Self-aggrandizement was not the least important topic to which Rivoli devoted his musical voice and captivating accent. The Italian was a splendid talker, when his words reached only the ears of women, and with an air of modesty cloaking his utterances, he contrived to dwell at length and at all times upon his heroic achievements. According to the Count Rivoli, the courage of the Count Dolly knew no bounds; for Mees Doll-ee he would dare any danger, go to any length to win a smile from her lips. So it was as the three, Dolly, the Count and Arnold, sped back over the roads, white in the soft moonlight, Dolly had ceased to answer even in monosyllables, allowing the Italian to run on, building up the pedestal upon which he was to take his stand.

"I am glad that you have no brigands here, Mees Doll-ee," he was saying in a tone which promised reminiscence. "But when one comes right down to it, it is not good to have no opportunities for excitement save for dodging death in these terrible streets of yours. Just before I left my home in Italy, I myself escaped death or capture at the hands of what you call hold-up men. Had I not been so prompt and cool of action, shot one man where he stood and put the others to flight, I would have—"

A growling curse burst from Arnold. He threw on the brakes with grinding force and Dolly and the Count were abruptly huddled together by the gear-tearing stop of the car. With an impatient, explosive Italian word, Rivoli sprang up. Suddenly, with his face gone to a sickly pallor, his jaw dropping till his mouth gaped open, he sank back weakly upon the cushions.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah—" he mumbled unintelligibly, and then sat in quaking silence.

"Come on there, the three of you—up with your paws!" came the rasping command. Three men, the weird moonlight making their faces pale where they showed below the masks, stepped close to the wheels of the panting car.

Rivoli's hands went weakly trembling above his head. Dolly in quiet fear, never taking her eyes from Arnold's profile, showing as he half turned, obediently raised her daintily gloved hands. Arnold fumbled for a moment somewhere about the car, and then too shot up his arms.

A terse order sent two of the men to the sides of Arnold and the Count. The leader turned his attention to Dolly. The girl obediently stripped off her gloves. For the first time she seemed to notice Rivoli and a glance of contempt was his share.

The first bright ring came off without difficulty, but the second brought forth an oath and a cruel wrench. Involuntarily a little cry escaped from between Dolly's clenched teeth.

Quick as a flash Arnold's hand came down; quicker still he turned back to where the leader tugged at the girl's delicate fingers. The cry of warning from one of the men in the white rad came too late. The girl remembered ever after the fierceness of the cold rage in Arnold's face. The heavy wrench flashed up bright in the moonlight and then came crashing down. The leader sank down without a groan. With a feeling of sickening revulsion Dolly heard the cry of almost feminine terror that escaped Rivoli's lips.

Arnold was out in the road now, grappling desperately. He tore himself free and sent one of his assailants spinning to the macadam. As the two fled, one paused a moment in the shadows. There was a vicious report and Arnold clutched weakly at the air as he turned sick from the shock. Then his knees buckled under him and he sank down in a huddled heap.

It was Dolly who bore the greater part of the burden of lifting the wounded man and propping him up on the cushions in the tonneau. Her hands were the ones that held the wheel in the mad ride back to the city. To policemen who signaled her to slow up the girl gave a significant nod toward the unconscious man beside her in the front seat and let out another notch.

When Arnold awoke, he wondered for a moment at his surroundings. A pressure of something soft in his hand and a suspicious wetness on the back of his fingers cleared away the clouds. With a smile hiding the shooting pain in his shoulder, he turned his head till his eyes could feast on Dolly. Neither cared to speak. Arnold understood that she had brought him home, to her home.

"A-ah-ah-ah!" broke in the pompous, warning cough of "Old Bull" Leonard. Arnold tried to free his hand; but Dolly held to it with gentle firmness. Her father pretended not to see.

"Something of a fighter; yes, something of a fighter," rumbled the voice of Leonard here, and he actually smiled down upon the astonished Arnold.

"Young man, I am looking for fighters to aid me," he rumbled on. "I need young blood to brace up the old in my struggles. But, of course, you will not be fit for some time. Take your time, my boy, take your time."

With an absence of his habitual frown, he ignored the creeping of Dolly's other hand into Arnold's free one and walked quietly from the room.

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## Something's the matter with Kansas.

A few years ago, when the whole country was worrying about the unprecedented heat and drought in the West, the governor of Kansas issued a public statement saying he hoped no one would waste pity on the people of his state.

As a matter of fact, Kansas, which last year produced \$325,000,000 worth of farm produce can better afford such a roasting and drying up than any other state in the Union, for her per capita wealth is larger than that of any other state.

She is not paying out huge sums for the care and keep of criminals, paupers insane and feeble minded.

In eighty-seven of her 105 counties there are no insane. In fifty-four of this number there are no feeble minded. Ninety-six counties have no inebriates and in the other nine they are as scarce as hens' teeth. Thirty-eight county poor houses are as empty as last year's locust shell, and most of these have been so for the best part of the past decade.

The pauper population of the state falls a little short of 600.

At one time not long ago, the jails in fifty-three counties were empty, and sixty-five counties were on the roll as having no prisoners serving sentence in the penitentiary. Some counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in ten years, and the attorney-general says "a grand jury is so uncommon that half of our people wouldn't know what it is and how to use it."

Instead of being plastered from end to end with mortgages held by easterners, as was the case two decades ago, her own people this year hold more than \$67,000,000 in this form of wealth, an increase of over 500 per cent in five years. Instead of being hampered by a large mass of illiterates her present ratio of two per cent is next to the lowest in the land and two per cent lower than Massachusetts, including Boston. It is this uncommon prevalence of sound minds in sound bodies that has reduced the death rate from 17 to 7 per 1000 in thirty years, though the former percentage still holds among her neighbors.

These people have made good in a zone once declared to be unquestionably unproductive. In the last twenty years they have made this "unproductive" soil yield corn and wheat worth \$2,517,902,640. They've shown the nation the worth of alfalfa as a money maker, a soil rejuvenator and an ideal food for stock. The wheat crop harvested before the last hot spell, is worth \$83,000,000 at current prices.

And in 1907, when the panic was on, Kansas forwarded \$50,000,000 to help Wall Street out of the hole—the same Kansas which once was laughed at by the islanders of Manhattan as dead broke and done for!

Though forced to acknowledge this, we cannot help thinking it strange. The people who settled Kansas were not different, on the whole, from those who pioneered Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. Nor are the soil and climatic conditions greatly unlike. Indeed, the odds are unfavorable to Kansas, so far as natural conditions are concerned. Yet many of the facts here arrayed could not be spoken of these states.

Something must be the matter with Kansas.

That something, we believe, can be boiled down in these fourteen words constituting an amendment made to her constitution in 1881:

"The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor shall be forever prohibited in this state."

It is this fundamental provision, fought and evaded in some localities as it was for a quarter of a century, and strictly enforced in all parts of the state only within the last five years, that has helped Kansas to flaunt a two hundred million bank account in the face of a partial crop failure; that releases her of spending much time, strength and money on paupers, criminals, insane and feeble minded; that gives her people the best of chances for living and the fewest excuses for dying.

It is this defiance of what other states have legalized as "necessary" evil has helped to make her citizens the richest per capita in the country, and the richest of any agricultural folk in the world; that has given her a permanent school fund of \$10,000,000 and has reduced her illiteracy to an almost negligible quantity.

It is this insistency upon what slaves of custom always have sneered at as "impractical" if not impossible, that has helped to give her a balance of more than a million and a quarter in her state treasury and alone that makes possible the statement that 98 per cent of her 400,000 school children never have seen a saloon.

For even while the saloon interests succeeded in evading the law in many instances and boasted that prohibition was a failure in Kansas, government statistics showed that the average an-

imal consumption of intoxicating liquors in the state was \$1.48 per capita, while in the neighboring state of Missouri, where whiskey ruled king, it was \$24 per capita.

In other words the average Kansan has just \$22.52 more to spend on food clothing, education and entertainment than his average neighbor across the Kaw. And just about that much more to save on doctors' nurses, fines, jails poor houses and insane asylums. And now that the United States Supreme court has upheld the Webb law, prohibiting liquor shipments in legally dry territory, Kansas is enabled to enforce legislation that will virtually eliminate intoxicants from her borders.

Again and again it has been said prohibition is a failure in Kansas, that when the older generation responsible for its adoption passed over the reigns of government to its sons and daughter for Kansas has recognized woman's rights as full citizens—Kansas would come back to her senses.

That this prophecy is without foundation is best evidence by the following statement from Attorney General Dawson:

The last two sessions of the legislature answered these false prophets by passing the most drastic prohibition law in the whole world, killing the drug store saloon, making it impossible to cure snake-bites by the liquor treatment and clapping down the "lid" and rivetting it on.

They were not satisfied by going this far, but showed their appreciation of the benefits of state-wide prohibition by making it a felony for the fellow who violated the law a second time. And I have just lately received from the warden at the penitentiary a receipt for one "Red Mercer" who was sent up from Barber county as a first consignment to serve nine years for violating the new prohibitory law.

The law that sent him there was made by those tow-headed, one-gal-lused, boys that grew to manhood in Kansas without ever having seen a saloon.

Yes, something's the matter with Kansas. Of what it is there can be no doubt in the mind of the unprejudiced observer. And in view of the effect in the Sunflower State, there is little wonder that an increasing number of persons believe that this nation will be past the most dangerous rocks in its course when the thing that is the matter with Kansas is the matter with every square mile of territory from Eastport to San Diego and from Walla Walla to Key West.

## Kind Words.

They do not cost much. It does not take up time to say them.

They can accomplish much. They help one's own good nature. Kind words make other people good natured.

They shame the hearer out of unkind feelings and make morose and sour spirits become kind themselves.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them. Sarcastic words irritate them, and wrathful words make them wrathful; but kind words produce a picture on the mind, and it is always a beautiful picture.

## For Bigger Beetles Destroying As ers.

A lady has written to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, stating that black bugs were eating her aster plants, devouring the flowers and eating off the buds, and asked for information as to a remedy for the same. The suggestions offered will help other persons who are liable to have such troubles at this time of year, as this pest is quite likely to occur each fall.

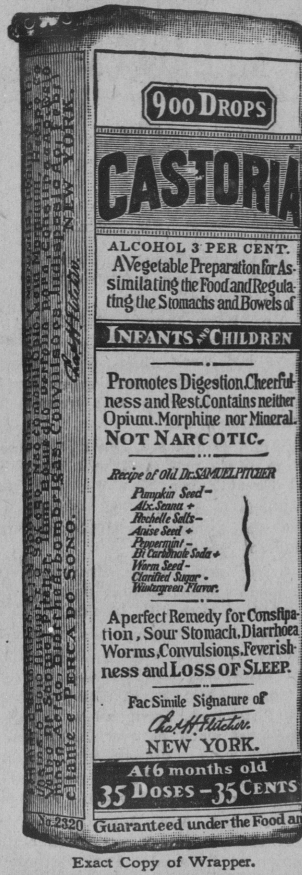
The reply is as follows:

The insects destroying your asters by eating the buds and blossoms are no doubt the old-fashioned potato beetles or Blister Beetles. The best way to destroy these is to use some old strong molasses in water sweetened, and to this add one ounce of arsenate of lead for each gallon of the sweetened water. Then spray with this mixture. Spray thoroughly from different sides or directions, so that all parts of the plants are more or less covered before the liquid drips from them.

Another good way to destroy these pests is to spread under the plants some strips of old blankets soaked with kerosene oil, and shake the plants so that the insects fall on to the oil blankets, and even though they run away afterward they will be killed by the effects of the oil.

These particular insects are easily whipped out. Take bunches of switches and beat the plants lightly, or just enough to start the insects to moving, and when they move out on to the grass or ground, hit them with the bunches of switches, and those that are not killed will leave. I have seen them driven out of potato patches by this treatment.

They are slowly killed by poisoning, and you may at first think that the spraying is not doing much good, but by continuing the spraying for a day or two you will find that they can be cleaned up."



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