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Weekly Lumber Review

One hundred and nineteen mills reporting to West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending July 12, manufactured 64,128,361 feet of lumber, sold 76,562,858 feet, and shipped 76,34,64 feet.

New business was 19 per cent above production. Shipments offset new business.

Forty-one per cent of all new business taken during the week was for future water delivery. This amounted to 1,547,168 feet, of which 24,616,168 feet was for domestic cargo delivery and 6,910,000 feet export. New business by rail amounted to 159 cars.

Fifty-one per cent of the week's lumber shipments moved by water. This amounted to 38,996,674 feet.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

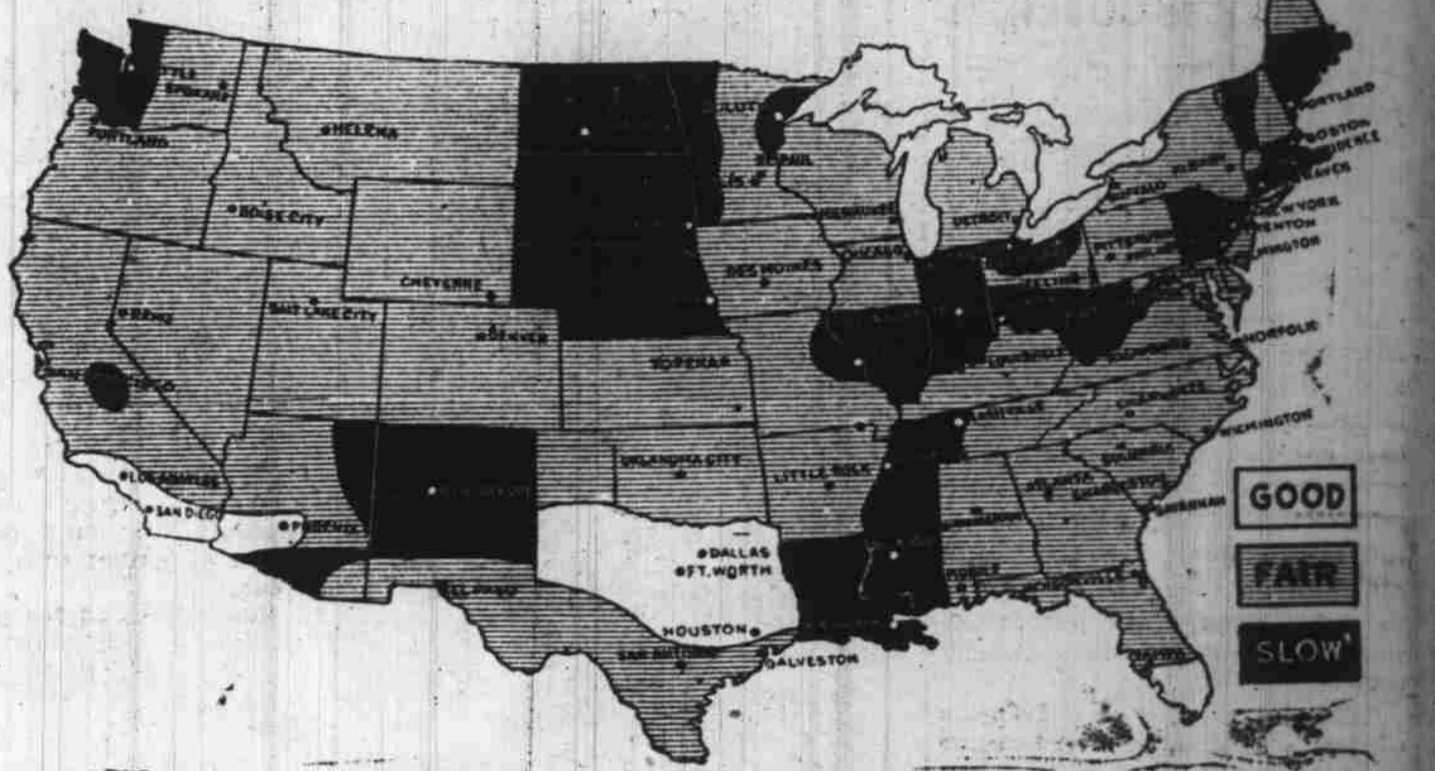
Adele Garrison's

New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER NO. 219

GOOD FAIR SLOW



This map shows business conditions in every state in the Union, as reported in the August number of The Nation's Business, official publication of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

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of which 27,218,781 feet moved coastwise and intercoastal, and 11,777,892 feet overseas. Rail shipments totaled 1,091 cars.

Local auto and team deliveries totaled 4,516,690 feet.

Unfilled domestic cargo orders totaled 102,511,259 feet. Unfilled export orders 73,613,000 feet. Unfilled rail trade orders 3230 cars.

In the 28 weeks of the year, production reported to West Coast Lumbermen's association has been 2,629,731,718 feet; new business 2,543,759,471 feet, and shipments 2,755,207,696 feet.

wide-eyed, with no change of expression for an instant, then I turned my eyes to my father, who had arranged seats for Katie and me on a big divan, and was standing in front of us with a judicial dignity forbidding enough to poor Katie, but through which I could see to the warm sympathy hidden beneath his stern mask.

"Katie," he began slowly, "Why were you listening just now?"

She swallowed painfully, and soke in little convulsive jerks.

"I no want to listen. I shoost want to see eef you all in your rooms, und den I hear bells. O—O—" as if the very mention of the bells caused her uncontrollable terror. "Vot I tell you, Miss Underwood? You see 'Dot come true. He can coom und do ting—"

She turned on Lillian with animal-like rage, while the rest of us stared, wondering what the ravings of the girl might mean. But Lillian evidently understood. She crossed the room, looked steadily at the girl, and then laughed lightly.

"I thought you had better sense," she said contemptuously. "Watch me, now."

She walked to the door of the library, and from behind it took up something which I recognized as a gaily-colored harness of bells which it was Junior's delight to wear when he "played horse."

"Here are your bells," she said.

"We were sure you would try to listen, for—we know—what—else—you—have—done," her words fell slowly, meaningly. "So I simply stretched these bells across the door, low down, and took them away just now while Mrs. Graham was talking to you. Now do you see that nobody else had anything to do with it? There is nothing can harm you except your own foolishness."

But Lillian's words were like a reprieve to a condemned prisoner we all understood as we saw the girl creep back into her face, the wild look leave her eyes. And I, for one, now understood the meaning of the colloquy.

Katie had attributed the sound of the bells to the "black magic" with which the man, Anton, had so cunningly threatened her.

"O—O—I so glad," she breathed, then turned with a simple dignity to my father. "I tell you truth now," she said.

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HOW MADGE HELPED KATIE TO TELL THE TRUTH AT LAST

At the sudden jangle of bells outside the library door, all of us were on our feet, and three of us made a simultaneous dash for the door. Only my father remained standing motionless, waiting for the outcome of the scene to which the bells were the cue.

Allen Drake reached the door first swung it open, and dashed into the corridor. As he did so, we heard a choking gasp of terror, a patter of swiftly running footsteps, then a fall. I was at his side as he stooped over a huddled, moaning figure upon the floor, and I pushed him away roughly.

"I will take her," I whispered hoarsely, kneeling and gathering Katie's trembling form into my arms. She screamed wildly as I touched her, for in her unreasoning fright she had closed here eyes tightly, and her own moans had prevented her from hearing my whisper. I put my lips to her ear and spoke clearly, firmly:

"Right in here, Katie."

"Katie! No one shall hurt you. I am here with you. But you must get up and come with me and tell the truth."

Her moans ceased, and she clasped me convulsively, then she opened her eyes and gazed wildly at me.

"Oh, Missis Graham! Vot you tink of me?" she wailed. "Und nobody, not even you, believe me ven I tell truth."

I struggled with my conscience to say the soothing thing.

"I'll believe you, Katie," she clutched my hands, pulled herself to her feet, and put her hands to her tumbled hair with the instinctive gesture of femininity.

"Den I no care who else tink I bum liar," she said superciliously. "Were you want me go?"

"Right in here, Katie," I took her by the arm and led her firmly to the library, where my father was still standing. As I stepped back to usher her through the narrow door I heard Allen Drake's drawing murmur:

"What a mint of money you could earn in a menagerie!"

"I Tell You Truth."

I pretended not to hear him, but I could not resist stealing a glance at him a little later. I found him watching me with a mirthful gleam in his eyes, and as he caught mine, he slyly pretended to crack an imaginary whip. I fancied that nothing would annoy him more than an absolute ignoring of his nonsense, so I stared at him

"Don't distress yourself on my account, Katie," Allen Drake drawled, and I saw that he really had enjoyed the girl's attack and respected her for it. "It's refreshing to hear the truth occasionally. And I grant your assertion, I have no idea where your simian mind has concealed the 'poipers.' But that the climax of the third act is imminent, I can see without the aid of spectacles. So I await your disclosure with intense interest."

That Katie did not understand his word I, of course, knew, and was incensed at Allen Drake for the sly fun he was poking at the girl. But his tone evidently pointed his meaning to her quick perceptions, for she turned away from him with a gesture really superb in its disdainful defiance, and addressed herself to Lillian.

"Meesis Underwood, you remember vot I tell you dot man say, all dot stuff I tell you not to tell."

"Yes, Katie."

"I tell you all but vot ting. He tell me dot I m.u.t get paper for heem, say eet leetle paper mit all kinds funny marks. He tell me got I must look in ebery book, ebery ting in room. I have awful times getting chance to look, for dot old voman, and Meesis Harrison dey always snooping around after me, and ven I get eef, I shoost sit me down und howl, for I no want to geev eet to dot lan, und I not know how to keep eet away from heem. Eef I couldn't find eet, he coom und hunt heemself, and hee keel me. He know eveyting you tink, dot man!"

She paused as if in reflection at the diabolical powers of the man Anton, and I wished whimsically that my mother-in-law could have heard the girl's reference to herself and her daughter, Elizabeth. I remembered most distinctly the letter Mother Graham had written to me, saying that Katie was "snooping" all over the house, reciting the girl's activities in cleaning my father's room, and saying that when Katie had finished, she had sat down and "howled." Mother Graham had attributed the girl's emotion to her failure to find something she wished to appropriate to her own use, but my partisanship and my common sense as well preferred Katie's story to my mother-in-law's theory.

"Go on, Katie," Lillian said encouragingly. "Did you give the paper to the man?"

Katie swept us with a triumphant glance.

"I give paper, but not dot one," she said.

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CAN FOOD AND USE IT
By JESSIE D. McCOMB

Danger of poisoning from canned food has been exaggerated out of all proportions to its frequency. It causes many less deaths than automobiles do, and yet very few people are deterred from either owning or riding in an auto, or from going on the streets where they are by the hazard involved. As a cause of death, it is less important than typhoid fever, for instance, but it gets much more publicity. And yet death from typhoid fever or automobile accident or any other cause is just as terrible and permanent as from it, and much more frequent. There is no reason to single out the dangers of poisoning from canned food and start a panic, and stop canning food or stop eating food canned by safe methods.

Home canning is safer today than it ever was. And if the occasional tragedy resulting from eating spoiled canned food which is due to accident or carelessness in its preparation will make housewives think more about their methods and make them more particular that each step in the operation is done carefully, then good has come from even it.

Not all spoiled food is poisonous and not all food poisoning is botulism, but it is the particular kind that started the near-panic. It is interesting to note that the California commission appointed to investigate botulism reported in 1922 that in the preceding 10 years not more than 100 jars of home canned food had been proven to contain bacillus Botulinus, while the United States Department of Agriculture estimates, based on reports of its extension work, that in 1917 alone, one of the years covered in that report, 86,000,000 glass jars of food were

WANT ADS

RESULTS

A SURE SHOT

PHONE

23 of 583



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