

# RISK

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Size	Plain Cases	Non-Skid Cases	Tubes
3x30	\$ 9.00	\$ 9.45	\$2.35
3 1/2 x 30	11.60	12.25	3.70
4x33	19.05	20.00	3.85
4x34	19.40	20.30	4.00
4 1/2 x 36	27.35	28.70	5.20
5x37	32.30	33.90	6.25

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### Cleanliness Kills Flies.

How do flies live through the winter? A few lazy, lousy flies can be found half dead, but still living, around chimneys and warm places in the house or stable. They will come to life just as soon as the boys begin playing marbles. If no garbage or filth were to be found the female flies would die and the stock might be lost. We must keep things clean to keep flies from breeding. When they have come we can catch them with fly paper or fly traps or kill them with fly poison. We can keep them out of the house by keeping the windows and doors screened. They crawl into the sugar, the milk and the bread. They have just been crawling into other places. They get typhoid germs and give you typhoid. They get consumption and spread it.

### SWAT THE FLY

Without the support of a united and aggressive public sentiment sanitary laws will avail but little in the conservation of public health—a good reason why you should become an active worker in the anti-fly crusade. There's room for everybody in the ranks of the army of disease fighters.

### Constantine and Sofia.

Sofia, it is curious to recall, might have been Constantine if Constantine had adhered to the preference he felt at one time for it. Several places were thought of as the site of the new Rome before the unrivaled natural advantages of Byzantium secured the honor, among them Troy and Serdica in Moesia, which we now know as Sofia. "Serdica is my Rome" was an actual saying of Constantine, who was almost certainly born not far off, at Nish, for the claim of York to be his birthplace is generally abandoned. But "Constantine" would not have meant what it has if it had been fixed anywhere but on the Bosphorus.—London Standard.

### The Bad Soldier.

In one of the barrack rooms a soldier, not having much time to dress for guard, had cleaned his boots very well in front, but hardly at all behind. One of his chums, noticing this, said: "Why don't you clean the backs of your boots, Pat?" "Oh," said Pat, clapping on his helmet and hurrying out to parade, "a good soldier never looks behind." In consequence the adjutant awarded Pat three extra parades, and a few days after his chum, seeing a great difference in his boots, remarked, "I thought a good soldier never looked behind, Pat?" "No," replied Pat, "but the adjutant does."—London Answers.

## Mount Vernon

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

By J. E. Jones

A pretty little story of visits to Mount Vernon on the Potomac—"Impressions and sentiments like yours and mine," explains the author to those who have seen our country's greatest shrine.

Bound in colonial blue and buff, with hand illuminated cover design, and colonial ribbon book mark; profusely illustrated with handsome half-tones and pen drawings, it is a dainty and invaluable reminder that will instantly appeal to every person who has been to Mount Vernon, while to those who have not had that good fortune this clever happy little story of our beloved George and Martha gives a clearer view and understanding of their colonial home, which is today the pride of Virginia and the Nation.

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SPECIAL NOTE: Mr. Jones is the Washington correspondent of The Herald, and if you will state that you are a reader of this paper, an autographed copy of the first edition will be furnished on the regular order.

## A Woman's Wit

By EDITH V. ROSS

It was on a bright morning in December that Mrs. Garland decided to send her little boy to the sidewalk to get the fresh air. She put on his overcoat and his shoes, she told him to run about for awhile. Jimmie was six years old, and his mother, who was a self-reliant woman, had discharged his nurse.

Jimmie did not return, and his mother went out to look for him. He was not on the stoop or on the sidewalk. Indeed, he was not in sight. His mother walked hurriedly up and down the street, expecting every moment to catch sight of him, but she did not. Finally she asked some children playing near by, and they told her that they had seen a little boy—describing Jimmie—go off with a man.

Then Mrs. Garland knew that her boy had been kidnaped. By a strong effort of the will she kept her head and questioned the children closely as to the appearance of the man. They described a small, poorly dressed person, his trousers patched and his elbows in rags. His hair was what they called brown. This is all they could remember.

Mrs. Garland, though in agony about her boy, being an unusually self-contained woman, very soon brought herself into a condition to think what she should do. When a child is kidnaped she is usually far more. The parents are informed of the fact and negotiations opened for payment. Mrs. Garland, who was a widow, made up her mind to await the kidnaper's demand before taking any action.

And yet one can never be certain when a child has disappeared that he will ever be heard from. There are many disappearances that remain forever mysteries. It is therefore the more remarkable that this mother should have contacted herself and acted in a way that would afford the greatest number of chances for getting her boy safely back. She reasoned that if the boy's loss were published in the newspapers the kidnaper would read it and, taking fright, might remove her boy to a distance. If no notice were taken of the matter he would write.

On the third day after the kidnaping the postman handed her a letter which she soon as Mrs. Garland looked at it she knew was the one expected. It was addressed simply to the street and number and written in English. The kidnaper demanded \$5,000 for the return of the child. An Italian name was signed, the writer stating that a reply could be sent to the general delivery at the postoffice, but whoever called for it would have nothing to do with the case.

Mrs. Garland determined, if possible, to win the confidence of the kidnaper. So she replied that her only wish was to recover her child. She could raise but \$3,000, which she would be glad to give if the person would instruct her where to make the delivery. She also said that she had not reported her loss to the police and had no intention of doing so. She preferred to pay and recover her boy.

The kidnaper wrote that he would accept the \$3,000. On a certain avenue between two streets was a vacant lot. At or near 11 o'clock on a certain night Mrs. Garland was to leave the money in a cracker box she would find in a corner farthest from the street. Within two days after the receipt of the money the boy would be placed on the street near his home. Mrs. Garland wrote back that the conditions were accepted, except that her boy was to be returned within twelve hours after the depositing of the funds. A letter came agreeing to this stipulation.

Now, on this last letter Mrs. Garland noticed a stamp that had evidently been placed on another envelope and removed. The stamp was soiled, indicating that some one with dirty hands had endeavored to make it stick. Mrs. Garland took up a magnifying glass and discovered thumb marks.

Thus far no notice of the kidnaping had appeared in any newspaper, and the police were ignorant of Mrs. Garland's loss. On the appointed night she went to the vacant lot and deposited bills to the amount of \$3,000. The next morning at dawn there was a sharp ring at the doorbell. Mrs. Garland ran downstairs and opened the door, and there stood Jimmie. He said he had been left there by a girl.

Having got her child back safe and well, Mrs. Garland went to the office of the police and informed them of the case, stating that she had obtained from United States treasury officers \$3,000 in captured counterfeit ten and twenty dollar bills. Since they had been paid to an ignorant Italian he would not likely know that they were counterfeit and he might be caught trying to pass them. Instructions bearing on the case were sent out, and a girl was spotted offering one of the bills. She was followed to a squalid room in a tenement building, and every one found there was arrested. All but a few of the counterfeit bills were taken, and a man arrested was found to be the kidnaper. The children who had seen him take Jimmie away were not able to state positively that he was the person they had seen committing the act, but his thumb marks corresponded with those on the stamp of the letter sent Mrs. Garland, and he received a long prison term.

## Getting at A Secret

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

Jim Hathaway and I were not only chums, but occupied rooms in the same bachelor apartment house. Jim was a secretive chap and especially fond of making a mystery of what was an ordinary happening. I poked fun at him for doing so, but this seemed to have no effect in stopping him from continually trying to impress me with his ability to do things without my having any knowledge of them. Then when the denouement came he would assume an air of superiority as much as to say, "I don't go about blabbing of my affairs."

There came a time when I believed that Jim had an affair on hand with a girl. The reason why I came to this conclusion was that he began to show a contempt for women. "The best thing a fellow can do with a girl," he would say, "is to let her alone. By doing so he avoids the expense of theater tickets and flowers, only to find out later that she's encouraging some other fellow." I was not interested in Jim's love affairs, but I saw no reason why he should take pains to deceive me in the matter. However, it did not trouble me that he thought proper to do so. I was very fond of him and considered his idiosyncrasy of no real importance, not doubting but that I had others myself just as absurd.

Jim and I occupied a common living room, and one evening when we were about to go out to dinner together Jim picked up an envelope that had been left by the postman during the day, unsealed, and took out a booklet advertising some kind of goods. I noticed him looking at it, or some part of it, with apparent interest; then he tossed it in the wastebasket.

The next morning I happened to go to that same wastebasket to recover a bit of paper I had thrown in it containing an address. I stumbled on the envelope containing the advertisement and noticed that it was addressed in a feminine hand. I thought nothing of this, since girls are usually employed to address advertising matter, and was hunting on for my paper when I raked up the advertisement. It gave a list of articles that would alone interest a woman. This set me to thinking why it should have been addressed to a man. While meditating on this I noticed some lead pencil marks on the booklet. They were 8 16 7 1/2.

Now, had it not been for what I have said about Jim and his mysteries it would not have occurred to me that these figures were not merely some thing put there by some unknown person for some very ordinary purpose but intended for a cipher. First, advertisements of special interest to women are not usually mailed to men. This suggested that the booklet had been used for cipher purposes by the recipient. What better method for communication could there be? Whether the figures had a meaning or not, I resolved that if I ever got a girl whose parents would not permit me to visit her I would use this plan of communication.

I tried hard not to pry into Jim's affairs, but the puzzle was too fascinating for me to let alone. Besides, there was the temptation to beat Jim at his own game. What 8 16 7 1/2 meant haunted me till I hit upon the fact that the present month was August, the eighth month in the year. The present day was the 12th. Did not the figures contain an appointment? If so, it was for Aug. 16 at half past 7 (probably in the evening).

I could not quite bring myself to shadow my friend on that evening, but during the next month or so I noticed that he received a number of advertisements on which there were lead pencil marks. I did not try to decipher any of them. Indeed, I had not deliberately tried to decipher the first one. I had come upon it by accident. It had got into my head and I couldn't get it out till I had solved it. What I did was to buy a wedding present and leave it where Jim could see it. He was always asking me what it was for, so I told him that it was for a friend who was about to be married, adding that I could not name the person since the engagement was a secret.

The reason why I counted on Jim's coming marriage was that it is difficult if not impossible for two men to live together one of whom is engaged with out the other knowing it.

Jim never told me of his engagement till a couple of weeks before the wedding. There had been no reason whatever for the secrecy attending the affair except such as influences young couples in similar cases and Jim's idiosyncrasy. The girl's parents were much pleased with the match, and Jim's parents were not living. Jim probably would have kept the secret from me longer, but he wished me to be his best man, and it was proper that he should give me timely notice.

The evening before the wedding I carried the wedding gift I had procured to the bride's home. Jim was there, and when I opened the box in which it was contained Jim started as if he had been shot. I laughed, explained the joke to the bride, and we all laughed together. But I kept them wondering for many months before I told them how I had got on to their secret.

That cured my friend of making mysteries out of very small things. Ever afterward he was frankness to perfection. As for his wife, I doubt if she had ever been so troubled.

A. J. SHERWOOD, PRES.  
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