

THE CLOSED ROAD

By KEITH KENYON.

When Bert Perry closed his desk on a rainy night he hadn't any very distinct idea of where to go, but as he passed the elevator and looked at the door of the office that used to be Jane Tenny's he decided on a trip to Piney Roads. Jane Tenny had been a public stenographer, but when things had grown dull in Wall street she had given up her business venture and moved off to Piney Roads to seek her fortune in chickens and fruit farming.

It was a six o'clock Saturday evening and Bert decided that his first stop would be at the Piney Roads hotel.

"It's a neatly kept little place," thought Bert, as he surveyed the symmetrical rows of hollyhocks on either side of the path, "although it doesn't seem very large."

Then he sounded his horn for someone to come and take his car, but no one seemed to be stirring and there was no sign of a garage. He sounded long and impatiently until at last from behind the house appeared an old man in overalls.

"There ain't any garage round here," drawled the man. "You'll have to take your machine down to the crossing."

"Where is the proprietor?" Bert was getting impatient and, as the old man seemed not to understand, he added, "the man who keeps the place, I mean."

"Oh, now I understand," drawled the old man, chuckling. "It ain't a man—it's a lady. She was back in the orchard picking cherries, and she said she had just stepped in to tidy up a bit and would be out soon. Here she is."

When Bert caught sight of a pink dress and then he recognized Jane—Jane, whose interesting, pale face had grown positively pretty since her sojourn in the country.

And how unembarrassed and cordial she was! She really seemed to be glad to see him.

"From the garden I could see it was you," she said, "and I just had to take off my sunbonnet. I don't want you to make fun of my farming."

There followed a few explanations. "No, I am not the proprietor of the hotel," Jane assured him. "There must be some mistake in the road book. In fact, you are the third tourist today who has come here with that idea. And you really came all the way up here to see me? Why didn't you let me know?"

Just then another car pulled into that driveway, a car of French build that made Bert's modest roadster look

insignificant.

"I say," called one of its two occupants to the farmer, who was just making his way back to the orchard, "where is the garage of this establishment? We'll drive right in and you have the proprietor ready to see us when we get back here. We've only twenty minutes for dinner."

"That's the way it's been all the afternoon," said Jane, when she had explained to the distinguished-looking tourists that her modest little house made no pretensions at being a hostelry.

"That's a great disappointment," said one of the men. "It promised to be something out of the ordinary in the way of inns. When I saw it I felt certain you'd give us a dinner worth eating. What? Back one road? Thank you."

When Bert returned to the veranda from his room, Jane had solved the mystery.

"I've been looking at your road book and it says that the way to get to the inn is to turn at the second road after you leave the pike. Well, the county has just closed up the first road and put a row of poplars across it. That accounts for the confusion."

It was not until after Jane's delightful little supper, served on the open veranda, that she showed her guest over the place, the orchards and the berry patches, the poultry yard and the neatly kept truck garden.

"But the worst of it all is," she confessed rather dolefully, "it doesn't pay any better than Wall street."

"Jane, I've just had an inspiration," he said, very solemnly. "You say that you want to make some money. Why, this very afternoon you have had a chance to make more money than we've been making in Wall street for a week, or that you can get from your farm for many a day. The inn down the road is no good, I am told, and the owner doesn't care whether he has any patrons or not. There are dozens of motorists along here every day who would stop for dinner or luncheon if they knew you had good things to eat. This road catches an unusually high-class traffic. Think about it, and in the meantime don't write to the road book people to change the directions."

"It's too much of an undertaking for a woman alone. If I had a man to go in with me—"

She blushed in spite of herself as she realized the full significance of those words.

"Jane," he said, "I've been waiting for this chance for more than a year. I'm tired of being a broker. Let's go into partnership. I'll buy out your place here and you go on raising hollyhocks and wearing becoming pink gowns, and I'll bloom forth as a country hotelkeeper. How does it strike you, little girl?"

"I think you would make an ideal business partner," she laughed bewitchingly.

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WHEN THEY MET

By KENNETT HARRIS.

The light struck Britherby's glasses at such an angle that they presented nothing but a flashing blank to Grallup. Behind the glasses Britherby's eyes at the moment were resting on the Janeway bungalow across the street, but Grallup did not know that and he stiffened indignantly and passed his new neighbor with a studiously averted gaze.

The next time they met neither took the least notice of the other. Grallup remarked to his wife that that fellow who had bought out Korker's equity evidently was a cut or two above Biberly Heights—or thought he was.

Britherby, a day or two later, was talking to Morfew, whose house is between Grallup's and the former Korker place.

"Who's your distinguished neighbor on the north?" he asked. "The nabob of the place, I presume. I think I made a mistake in not asking his permission to butt in here. He seems to resent it."

"Nonsense!" said Morfew. "That's Billy Grallup. Nothing of the nabob about Billy. Great chap, Billy. You'll like him when you know him."

"I don't believe I'd want to know him," said Britherby.

Morfew meant to ask Grallup what he had been doing to his face, but forgot it and so the feeling between Britherby and Grallup remained and grew. In course of time they were introduced as coldly as politeness allowed. After that they bowed scrupulously when they met.

It was early last fall that the passive hostility of the two men became active to the verge of tragedy.

One still, calm night, somewhere about twelve o'clock, Grallup was aroused from an uneasy slumber by the bark of a dog.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Grallup. "I wonder whose damned dog that is. I wish I was within good shotgun range of it—and had the shotgun."

A quick succession of staccato barks seemed to answer his thoughts with defiance. Grallup got up and leaned out of the window, listened a minute, closed the window and said something improper.

"I might have known it," he continued, savagely. "He's about the only man in the suburb who would maintain a nuisance like that."

He tried to ignore the noise, but the closed window had only slightly dulled it and it was too maddeningly irregular. He bounded out of bed and into his slippers, threw a coat over his shoulders and, stopping only to take a

couple of croquet mallets from a closet in the hall, hurried out of the house and ran down the street toward Britherby's. The barking had stopped, but he knew where to go.

He was almost at Morfew's when he was aware of a ghostly white-clad figure hastening toward him. The next moment he was face to face with Britherby, who was in pajamas and carrying a baseball bat.

For an instant they glared at each other in the moonlight. Then Britherby spoke: "So you thought it was about time to do something, did you?" he snarled. "I should think it was, myself. A man who will keep a dog like that I've got my opinion of, anyway."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Grallup. "I'm after that infernal dog that's been barking his head off in your yard all night. If you want to know. Do you mean to say it isn't your dog?"

"I never owned a dog in my life," said Britherby. "I thought it was your dog and I was going to take the liberty of killing him—and you, too, if you offered any objection."

"I had much the same idea," said Grallup. "But if it isn't your dog, whose—"

Furious barking interrupted him. It came from the rear of Morfew's house.

"So it's his dog!" said Britherby. "Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think as you do," said Grallup, grimly. "Morfew's a good man in some respects, but this is an outrage. I suppose he's lying there snoring!"

"I'll tell you," said Britherby, poisoning his club. "If you'll stand by me I'll batter his door down and if he doesn't get up and kill the beast, we will."

"I'll just go you on that proposition," said Grallup.

They pounded until Morfew came to an upper window and asked them what the dickens they wanted.

"We want you to come down and do something with that dog of yours," said Britherby.

"You've no business keeping a brute like that around," supplemented Grallup severely.

"Have you two been drinking or are you just plain crazy?" asked Morfew. "Routing a man out of his rest at this time of night! That's not my dog, you lunatics. I don't own a dog."

He slammed down the window.

The two laughed. Then Britherby shivered.

"You'd better come back with me," suggested Grallup. "I've got some medicine that's good for that and you can wear my overcoat home."

"Thanks, old man," said Britherby. "Any other time I'll be delighted, but I guess I'll get back to bed now."

He held out his hand and Grallup grasped it cordially.

"Good night, old chap," said Grallup. "I'll see you in the morning, then."—Chicago Daily News.

WOMAN LOBSTER DEALER



Many of the lobsters served in the finest "lobster palaces" of this country are supplied by Mrs. M. C. Pickett of New York, the only woman lobster dealer in America, here seen holding one of her monster crustaceans.

Searchlight's Use in War.

The electric searchlight is now considered as essential to an army as a battleship, says the American Boy. All the armies of Europe have portable searchlights, the French having brought them to an especially high degree of perfection. The field searchlight is usually carried on one motor truck and the generator on another, a quick connection being made by means of wires. The searchlight may be placed in a most exposed spot and both operator and generator kept in a sheltered position. The light may be automatically controlled from a distance, and thus though the enemy center their fire on the light the operator is not endangered. These field searchlights are fitted with 35-inch reflectors and throw a beam of 7,000 candlepower. These searchlights will illuminate objects at distances of a mile and over.

Anger.

Hiram Stanley rather absurdly described the dawn of human history as an epoch when primitive man first became angry and fought, overcoming the great quaternary carnivora and made himself the lord of creation. Plato said anger was the basis of the state. Ribot made it the establisher of justice in the world, and Bergson thinks society rests on anger at vice and crime, while Stekel thinks that temper qualities should henceforth be treated in every biography and explored in every case that is psychoanalyzed.

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A sweet-smelling glue, always ready for immediate use, may be made as follows: Take one pound of common glue, put in a vessel with one and one-half pints of salt water and allow to soften. Then one-tenth pound of salicylate of soda is added, and the whole dissolved together by heating. This is a cheap gum substitute, and useful for all household purposes. It is a strong cement and remains liquid.

To Kill a Cat.
The most merciful way of killing cats is to chloroform them with an old sock over the cat's nose. The toe is brought not to its nose. Pour a teaspoonful of reform on to the sock close the cat's nose. Almost as soon as the animal begins to be frightened, doze off. Twice more soak the sock, and the cat will be liquid.

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