

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

SPEND HONEYMOON RACING FROM DEATH

Newly Wedded Pair Have Thrilling Encounter With Mexican Outlaws.

COMMANDERED AUTO

Horses Were Also Stolen and Couple Had to Tramp to Ranch.

SAN ANTONIO, July 28.—M. B. Telsor and his bride are spending a few days in the remote border town of Boquilla, resting from a strenuous trip of 200 miles thru the mountainous region of northern Mexico, which they made to escape death at the hands of the outlaws.

Mr. Telsor was manager of a ranch on the plateau known as Llano de Los Cristianos, more than 300 miles from the nearest railroad point. He is an American. While on a visit to San Antonio, Texas, six weeks ago, he married Miss Dora Seltrous. The bride was reared on a ranch in western Texas, and when her husband suggested that she remain with her parents in San Antonio pending an improvement of conditions in Mexico, she told Mr. Telsor that nothing would delight her more than to be with him upon the remote Mexican ranch, amid quiet surroundings.

"Our troubles began shortly after we crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass on our way to the ranch," said Mr. Telsor. "On my way out of the country I had left my motor car at Eagle Pass and my wife and I started on the ranch in it. We were passing thru Aliende, about 80 miles below the boundary line, when we were held up by a ragged Mexican and a number of people who informed us they were Constitutionalists."

Paper for Car.

"The leader said he would have to commandeer my automobile. He confiscated it, giving me a receipt for its value, the sum to be paid when the Constitutionalists get control of the government. I made vigorous protest against the proceedings, but they only laughed and shrugged their shoulders. I finally managed to enlist their sympathy enough to get them to provide us with two horses with which to continue our journey. On the fifth day a troop of 20 armed men surrounded our hut.

"I knew the desperate character of many of the border Mexicans and what I most feared was an attempt on the part of the band to carry off my bride. I looked like a serious trouble when three of the Mexicans dismounted and stood in a group discussing the situation in low tones. They had already taken possession of our two horses and saddles. With their rifles in their hands the three men walked to the door and peered inside.

Needed the Money.

"In a quiet, courteous way the Mexicans told me the Constitutionalists were in need of horses and money. Would I please deliver over to them what they wanted and also turn over our horses for the good of the cause?"

"The argument I made was useless and five minutes later we were left stranded in a desert. Fortunately we met a sheep herder who told us that some Americans named Blocker lived at a ranch about 15 miles away.

"We set out next morning at 1 o'clock to the Blocker ranch. It took us all day to get to the ranch, where we were welcomed by one of the Blocker boys. We were given two horses and a Mexican guide, and on the third day my wife and I resumed our journey to the ranch, 75 miles distant."



The Scarlet Lightening.

The plant known for long as the scarlet lightening has been cultivated in old gardens, chiefly for the sake of the extreme brilliancy of its blossoms, which are an intense brick-red, so intense that the eye is caught and held at once.

Another point about the plant is this: when the flowerhead is perfect it looks like nothing on earth so much as one large round pom-pom of softest tulle. These heads are really very unique on that point there is no doubt. Unfortunately, to make the plant complete, there should be some such perfume.

But not a single whiff of fragrance is exhaled from the blossoms.

Each plant bears, as a rule, only one flower head. But its head is made up of a number of perfect florets, each one in itself unique. Pull one apart and you will find, first five named-colored petals, deeply two-toothed, at the outer rim, the toothed portion half an inch long, to where it bends sharply into a narrow green claw that forms the base of the corolla. Just where it bends the color changes, and you will find two tiny teeth pointing upwards, so that the flower head is fat and looking down the tube you will see that the entrance is protected by a fan-picket fence formed by these tiny teeth spoken of.

There are from twenty to forty of these flat-blossomed florets with their long green tubes to each large pom-pom, and the general effect is quadratic. On first sight, one thinks each wee flower forms a Maltese Cross, such is the effect given by the long outer teeth.

Each plant, as I said, bears but one pom-pom, and that one at the tip of a tall, wand-like stem, clothed with rather dark green, oblong leaves. So tall, so slender, the whole build of the

Daily Fashion Talk's BY MAY MANTON

A SUIT OF THE FASHIONABLE COTTON.

BROCADED sponge is a fashionable material, exceedingly comfortable and pleasant for midsummer wear. This costume shows it trimmed with a little plain colored silk and with braid. In another view, the blouse is shown made of plain material while the skirt and trimming are of checked, and the costume suits the two treatments.



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stem—for there are no side branches—that every breath of wind causes the heavy pom-pom to wave backwards and forwards. The stem of the flower is so large, that bees and butterflies are hovering about constantly. The long, slender, wand-like stem is a frequent visitor to his long slender tongue enabling him to rifle the honey tube of its every drop.

The plants will grow as high as five feet. One plant is out herbageous border quite close to the fence, as if to peer into the next flower garden—only there isn't any.

I have found that if the roots are separated in the spring, and each one planted single—even then they may be grouped in a desert. Fortunately we met a sheep herder who told us that some Americans named Blocker lived at a ranch about 15 miles away.

Protect them well in winter with rich mulch, and cultivate frequently thru the hot summer days.

Notice that the root does not penetrate deeply into the earth, so that the tall wands often need support, else they will pull themselves quite out of the earth.

GIRLS IMPERILED IN FACTORY FIRE

Fire damaged the roughest factory on the Kitchin Medicine Co., on Saunders avenue, Parkdale, to the extent of \$2000 yesterday morning. Many girls in the building had great difficulty in escaping, owing to the lack of proper fire escapes. The blaze was caused by the overloading of a pot in which ingredients for medicine were being boiled.

POISONOUS MATCH NOW THING OF PAST

Tendency in States and Canada is Toward Safety of Workers in Factories.

The poisonous match, that is, the match which is so fatal to the workmen engaged in its manufacture, has got to go. The following paragraphs from an American trade paper, The Wooden and Willow Ware Trade Review, shows the trend that this matter has taken in the States:

Diamond Match Co. Conforms to Phosphorus Law.

The Diamond Match Co. recently announced that, commencing with July 1, no white phosphorus or poisonous matches will be manufactured in its Oshkosh, Wis., and other plants throughout the country, states The Trade Review. This step was made necessary by the enactment, last year, of the Hughes anti-white phosphorus law, which prohibits the use of that compound in the manufacture of any matches made in the United States.

Independent Match Co. Closes.

The Independent Match Co., Alameda, Cal., on July 1 closed down permanently as a result of the federal law prohibiting the use of white phosphorus in matches, manufactured after July 1, states The Alameda Times-Star. The plant has been in operation for the past 12 years and was run entirely Chinaman.

In this connection it is interesting to know that the E. B. Eddy Co. of Hull, Canada, has for some time past been making and has put on the market a non-poisonous segul sulphide match.

Brookville Crossings Inspected.

Brookville, July 28 (Special).—Two members of the board of railway commissioners came to Brookville to personally view dangerous crossings on the line of the G. T. R. west of here, for which a subway is being planned. They also visited the C. N. R. trestle and enquired about the standardization of the road. Crossing conditions prevailing in Brookville were looked into before leaving town.

WOMEN'S SECTION

THE TRIPLE TIE BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Saturday.)

"And there is another reason, I think." "What in the world can it be?" replied Gordon, looking at his watch. "There was another pause and then Mildred turned her face to his with a smile. "Gordon," she said, "do you want to talk business with me?"

"Of course I do," he laughed. "I want to talk business whenever you want to talk business with me. What you want to talk about is just what I want to talk about."

"That is real nice of you. All right, we'll talk business. Now this is serious, you understand."

"I understand," replied Gordon, with a grin.

"Don't smile, please. Let me see: how will I start these negotiations? Oh, yes, I know. Let me see if you care to sell your property up here."

Gordon shot a swift glance at his companion and grew serious.

"Why, I had never thought of selling it," he replied. "Do you want me to sell it?"

"Certainly not, unless you want to, but I thought perhaps you might like to see it and if you did I might find you a customer. You pay commissions to the person that makes the sale," she added with a smile.

"If I sold it, I should be the whole proceeds from the sale would be yours."

"What a liberal man you are to work for."

"Who's your customer?" asked Gordon, now in a jovial mood.

"That's telling. Now, how much is your property worth?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Gordon, carelessly. "A couple of millions, I guess. All of that has gone into it, at any rate."

"It's a couple of millions," exclaimed Mildred, her eyes opening very wide. "A couple of millions what?"

"A couple of million dollars, of course."

Mildred gave a little gasp and it was a long time before she could speak again. Finally she broke into a gasp.

"What a joke on Dad," she cried.

"How so?" asked Gordon, joining in the mirth, though he knew not why.

"It's a joke on Dad," said Mildred, unable to control her merriment. Dad expected to buy it for about \$25,000."

"He did?" said Gordon in surprise.

"Yes, and isn't it a good joke on Dad, Gordon?"

"I don't quite get you, Mildred. What put it in your head that your father wanted to buy this property up in the mountains?"

"It's up to you."

"I'm a little foolish, Gordon, to tell the Deery family secrets, but as I can now see there is no chance of Dad getting the property, I'll say that he has some big water power scheme on and he needed your property to put the scheme thru. Of course, he thought it was a simply wild mountain land, mostly trees and rocks and brooks."

"Well, Honeybunch," said Gordon after a pause. "It's all up to you. If you don't care to sell the place after you see it, we will do anything you like with it."

"Do you like it, Gordon?"

"Like it, Mildred, I love it. I was born there and have spent every day of my life there, except a short time when I was in Atlanta. And then he added: 'But the trip to Atlanta was the luckiest I ever had. It happened to me, for I met you there, sweetheart.'

"You sweet boy," said Mildred, tenderly. "If you love your home, I love it, too, and we will always keep it, won't we, dear?"

They rode along in blissful silence for a while. At last Mildred said, with a little laugh:

"Two million dollars up here in the Georgia mountains that nobody knows anything about. What a chance you are, Elmer, said you were the highest-priced ball player in the world. I guess he is right, Gordon."

rose until it ended on the horizon in an indistinct blur. Half a mile further on Mildred exclaimed:

"What is that directly ahead of us? Looks like an immense gray battleship with volumes of smoke pouring out of its forward turrets."

"Wait a minute and you will see just what it is," replied Gordon. He opened the throttle and the car rushed up the hill. Before Mildred realized it they had stopped in front of a large, imposing, long, low, mansion built of granite. The distance its minarets had resembled the military masts and smoke stacks of warships and the smoke of Mildred's imagination was nothing more or less than a curving row of superb maples that shaded the western and part of the southern portion of the edifice.

"This is my home, Mildred," said Gordon. "This is the house where I was born and here is where I have lived all my life. I want you to see it, Mildred, and I want to tell you all about myself."

Mildred enthralled. Steve opened the foredoor of the car and they stepped out on a low, semi-circular porch extending out from the mansion on the southern side of it. The boys look the car away, leaving them alone. Mildred turned and looked at her eyes over miles and miles of country to the south, east and west. She was enthralled.

(To Be Continued.)

GIDEONS LIKED CITY.

A. S. B. Lothrop of Worcester, Hands Compliments to Toronto.

That the Gideons have enjoyed themselves in Toronto cannot be doubted. A. S. B. Lothrop of Worcester, Mass., in conversation with The World had some very complimentary things to say about this city. Among others he mentioned the general cleanliness of the streets, the comparative absence of flies and the beautiful residential districts.

Mr. Lothrop stated that the Gideons would distribute 45,000 Bibles thru the States this fall; 15,000 at Old Orchard, Maine; 15,000 at Manchester, N. H., and 15,000 at Providence, R. I.

ST. MARY'S PICNIC.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church members will hold their annual picnic at Fort Credit on Civic Holiday. A program of games and dancing has been arranged.

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN



EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

Marketing Series—No. 6.

EDITH's telephone rang shrilly at fifteen minutes to eight on Sunday morning. She had just come down stairs and put the coffee water on the range to heat.

She usually had breakfast at eight, but the night before she and her husband had gone to market with her neighbors, the Harts, and were tired from the unusual experience of making their way thru a typical Saturday night market crowd with a well-filled basket.

"Hello," she said into the telephone mouthpiece, and waited impatiently for a reply, wondering who would call her so early on Sunday morning.

Over the wire came a well-known voice: "This is Mrs. Hart, and I called up to tell you what to do with what you bought at market last night—that is, if you want me to"—it said.

"Thanks, I wish you would," answered Edith. And she meant it, for she appreciated her good neighbor's practical help.

"Then listen," called Mrs. Hart. "We will begin with breakfast. You bought chicken livers and bacon. Lay the bacon on the broiler rack over the dripping pan; put the liver beneath it so the dripping from the bacon will fall on the liver. Put both these in the oven and turn the gas on rather high. The bacon will cook first and must be dished when crisp. The liver will be done when you have the toast made. Serve this all on one big platter—the liver in the centre, garnished with bacon, and the toast at each end.

"Save the bacon fat and have fried eggs for supper tonight; they are fine fried in the fat from the liver and bacon combination."

"That sounds good," said Edith. "I don't think I can make a mistake, but I don't know how many pieces to cut the chicken in that we bought."

There was a note of helplessness in Edith's voice that made her neighbor laugh heartily before she answered. "You don't cut that chicken; it is to be baked."

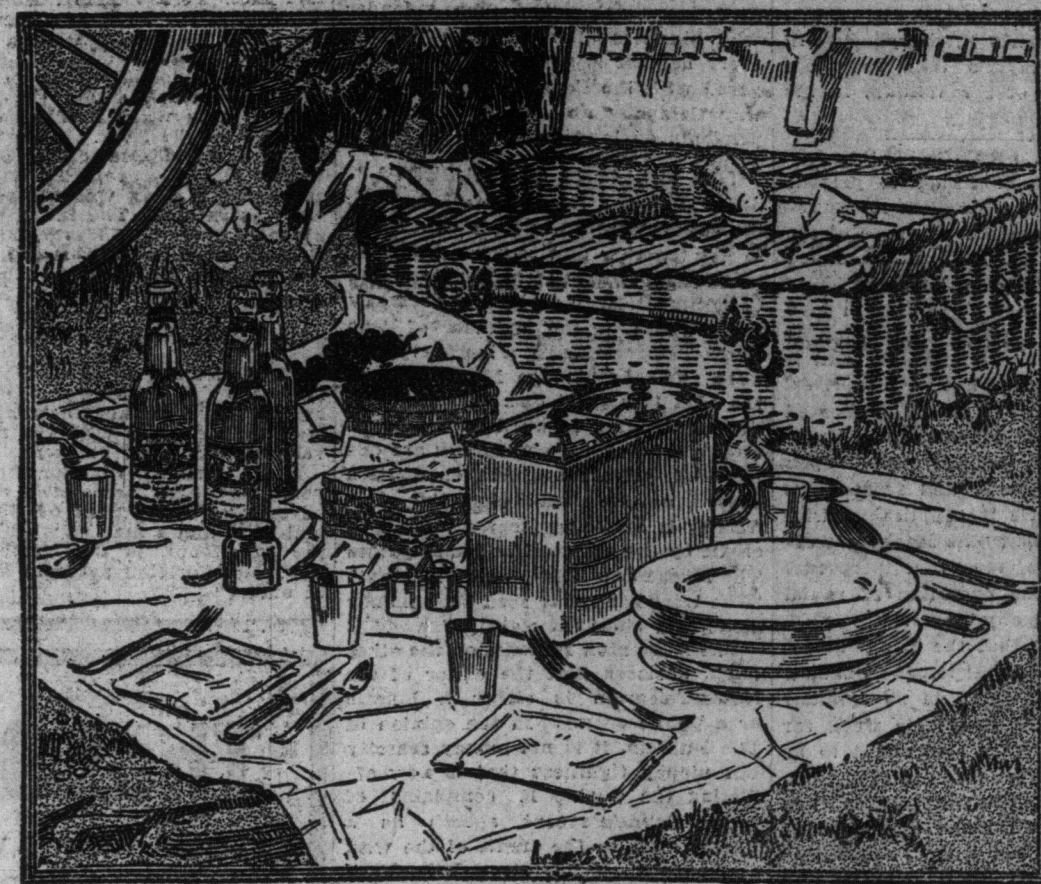
"Make a fine rich bread stuffing; put in any bacon and liver you have left from breakfast; add an egg and a little milk to the bread crumbs. Wash the chicken well inside and out and stuff it full. Sew the openings shut and dredge the fowl with flour. Skewer the legs to the sides and fold the wings under. Put in the oven right after breakfast and bake it slowly until done."

"Add potatoes about an hour before it is done, as they cook quickly this season."

"If your baking pan has no cover you must baste the chicken when it looks too brown. Now," she added kindly, "is that as clear as mud?"

"I understand, I think," replied Edith, "and if there is anything else I can ask you over the phone, I will call you."

"Oh, call me up if you get in trouble," said Mrs. Hart, "and don't forget that you must save the drippings for chicken gravy and chicken dumplings. The chicken that is left from dinner you can have in a chicken salad tomorrow night. Good-bye." And the click of the telephone receiver told Edith her lively neighbor had hung off.



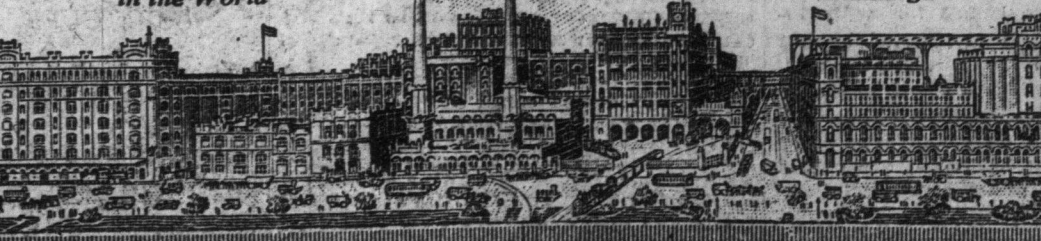
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