

Seven Keys TO Baldpate
By EARL DERR BIGGERS
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"A good idea," commented Billy Magee.
"At first glance, yes," studied Peters; "but, on the other hand, it would be the death knell of my postcard business, and I'm calculating to go back to Baldpate next summer and take it up again. No, I'm afraid I can't let it be generally known that I've quit living in a shack on the mountain for love of somebody or other."
"Once more," smiled Magee, "big business muzzles the press."
"Not that I ain't obliged to you for the offer," added the hermit.
"Miss—er—Miss Rhodes and I will see you again," predicted Mr. Magee, "next summer at Baldpate inn."
The hermit looked at the girl, who turned her face away.
"I hope it'll turn out that way, I'm sure," he said. "I'll let you have a reduction on all postcards, just for old times' sake. Now, I must find out about the New York trains."
He melted into the crowd, an odd figure still, his garb in a fashion long forgotten, his clumsily hacked hair brushing the collar of his ancient coat. Magee and the girl found the check room and, after he had been relieved of the burden of his baggage, set out up the main street of Reuton. It was a typical up state town, deep in the throes of the holiday season. The windows of the stores were green with holly. The faces of the passers by reflected the excitements of Christmas and of the upheaval in civic politics which were upon them almost together.
"Tell me," said the girl, "are you glad—at the way it has turned out? Are you glad I was no lady Captain Kidd?"
"It has all turned out—of is about to turn out—beautifully," Mr. Magee answered. "You may remember that on the veranda of Baldpate inn I spoke of one summer hotel flirtation that was going to prove more than that. Let me—"
Her laugh interrupted.
"You don't even know my name."
"What's the matter with Evelyn Rhodes?" suggested Magee.
"Nothing. It's a perfectly good name. But it isn't mine. I just write under it."
"I prefer Mary, anyhow," smiled Billy Magee. "She called you that. It's Mary."
"Mary what?"
"You have no idea," said he, "how immaterial that is."
They came upon a throng blocking the sidewalk in front of a tall building of stone. The eyes of the throng were on bulletins. It muttered much as they had muttered who gathered in the station.
"The office of the Star," explained the girl. "The crowd is looking for new excitement. Do you know, for two whole hours this morning we had on exhibition in the window a certain package—a package of money!"
"I think," smiled Magee, "I've seen it somewhere."
"I think you have. Drayton came and took it from us as soon as he heard. But it was the very best proof we could have offered the people. They like to see for themselves. It's a passion with them. We've done for Corgan forever."
"Corgan says he will fight."
"Of course he will," she replied. "But this will prove Napoleon's Waterloo. Whether or not he is sent to prison—and perhaps he can escape that; he's very clever—his power in Reuton is broken. He can't possibly win at the next election. It comes very soon. I'm so glad! For years our editor has been fighting corruption, in the face of terrible odds and temptations. I'm so glad it's over now—and the Star has won!"
"Through you," said Magee softly.
"With—some one—to help," she smiled. "I must go upstairs now and find out what new task is set for me."

CHAPTER XXVI.
The Usual Thing.
MR. MAGEE postponed the protest on the tip of his tongue, and, climbing the gloomy stairs that newspapers always affect, they came into the city room of the Star. Though the paper had been long on the street, the excitement of the greatest coup of years still lingered in the place. Magee saw the deferential smiles that greeted the girl and watched her as she made her way to the city editor's desk. In a moment she was back at his side.
"I've got my assignment," she smiled ruefully. They descended to the street. "It's wonderful," she went on, "how curt a city editor can be with any one who pulls off a good story. The job I've got now reminds me of the experience of an old New York reporter who used to work on the Star."
With difficulty they threaded their way through the crowd and moved along beside the green decked windows.
"He was the first man sent out by his paper on Park row on the Spanish war assignment," she went on, "and

he behaved rather brilliantly, I believe. Well, he came back after the fight was over, all puffed up and important, and they told him the city editor wanted him. 'They're going to send me to the Philippines,' he told me he thought as he went into the presence. When the city editor ordered him to rush down to a two alarm fire in Houston street he nearly collapsed. I know how he felt. I feel that way now."
"What was it, a one alarm fire?" asked Magee.
"No," she replied, "a sweet little story about the Christmas toys. I've done it to death every Christmas for three years. Oh, well, I can do it again. But I'll have to wait until after Mrs. Norton's lunch."
She led him into a street where every house was like its neighbor, even to the "Rooms" sign in the windows, and up the steps of one she could have recognized only by counting from the corner. They entered the murky and stereotyped atmosphere of a boarding house hallway, with its inevitable hat rack and the uncollected letters of the homeless on a table. Mrs. Norton came breezily forth to meet them.
"Well, Mr. Magee," she said, "I certainly am glad you've come. I'm busy on that lunch now. Dearie, show him into the parlor to wait."
Mr. Magee was shown in. That rooming house parlor seemed to moan dimly as it received him.
On an ensel was the sad portrait of a gentleman, undoubtedly the late lamented Norton. His uninteresting nose appeared to be turned up at the constant odor of cookery in which it dwelt.
Mr. Magee stared round the room and smiled. Was the romance of reality never to resemble the romance of his dreams? Where were the dim lights, where the distant waltz, where the magic of moonlight amid which he was some day to have told a beautiful girl of his love? Hardly in Mrs. Norton's parlor.
She came and stood in the doorway. Hatless, coatless, smiling, she flooded the place with her beauty. Mr. Magee looked at the flabby angels on the wall, expecting them to hide their faces in shame. But no! They still rode brazenly their unstable clouds.
"Come in!" he cried. "Don't leave me alone here again, please. And, tell me, is this the gentleman who took the contract for making Mrs. Norton happy?"
"I—I can't come in," she said, blushing. She seemed to wish to avoid him.
"Yes, that is Mr. Norton." She came nearer the ensel and smiled at the late lamented's tonsorial crown. "I must leave you—just a moment!"
"You're never going to leave me again," he cried. "Don't you know that? I thought you knew. You're mine. I love you. I love you. It's all I can say, my dearest. Look at me—look at me, please."
"It has happened so quickly," she murmured. "Things can't be true when they—happen so quickly."
"A woman's logic," said Mr. Magee. "It has happened. My beautiful girl! Look at me."
And then—she looked. Trembling, flushed, half frightened, half exultant, she lifted her eyes to his.
"My little girl!" he cried down at her.
A moment longer she held off and then limply she surrendered. And Billy Magee held her close in his arms.
"Take care of me," she whispered. "I—I love you so!" Her arm went timidly about his shoulders. "Do you want to know my name? It's Mary."
"Mary what? The answer was seemingly of no importance, for Mr. Magee's lips were on hers, crushing the word at its birth.
So they stood, amid Mrs. Norton's gloomy objects of art. And presently she asked:
"How about the book, dear?"
But Mr. Magee had forgotten.
"What book?" he asked.
"The novel you went to Baldpate to write. Don't you remember, dearest—no melodrama, no wild chase, no—love?"
"Why?" Mr. Magee paused for a moment in the joy of his discovery. Then he came back to the greater joy in his arms.
"Why, darling," he explained gently, "this is it."
THE END.
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA.
Mrs. Jane Waters, 90, Also Had 18 Great-Grandchildren.
Olanita, Sept. 22.—Mrs. Jane Waters, widow of the late W. W. Waters, died at her residence here on Sunday night. Mrs. Waters was a most remarkable woman, for had she lived until Thursday she would have celebrated her 90th birthday.
She was the mother of eleven children, all of whom survive her except one. She was the grandmother of 46 children, great-grandmother of 48 and great-great-grandmother of one.
Mrs. Waters was from Marion county, but had lived in this community for forty-two years, where she is generally known and universally loved. She was buried yesterday afternoon beside her husband in the Presbyterian cemetery at Olanita.
For this "Mother in Israel" death had no terrors, and though she knew death was approaching she spoke of the end as calmly as if it were a journey she was undertaking. Her presence and example will be sadly missed by those who knew her.
As Poor Richard Says.
A penny saved is two pence clear, a pin a day is a groat a year. Save and have.

AVIATOR ROBBINS ARRESTED.
Is Fined for Speeding in Automobile —Says It Was to Prevent Customer From Delay.
Aviator E. A. Robbins when tried in the police court this morning for speeding on Main street on Tuesday afternoon in his automobile gave as his novel excuse that he had a customer who wanted work on his machine in a hurry and he did not wish to delay the customer any longer than absolutely necessary. Needless to say, however, he had to pay a fine of \$10 for speed in work on the car.
Aviator Robbins, since the outbreak of the European war, has found such a depression in financial circles that he could not at this time succeed in organizing a company to build aeroplanes. He has as a means of a livelihood, pending a lessening of financial depression, undertaken to operate the Reliable Automobile Company, a work in which he had been long engaged before the desire to ascend in the world fixed itself upon him, and he is now manager of an up-to-date garage on Liberty street.
On Tuesday afternoon when the rush order on the car came, Mr. Robbins found it necessary to go to the Jenkins Auto Supply Company store for some auto parts. Twice he made the trip between 4 and 5 o'clock to get parts of the machine. Policeman J. D. Chandler notified Mr. Robbins later on that he had violated the city ordinance against speeding in making one of these trips and today Mr. Robbins appeared before the recorder. The charge was exceeding the speed limit in an automobile on Main street between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock on Tuesday evening. Mr. Robbins in reply stated that he remembered making two trips on this part of the street at the time mentioned, but stated that he was positive that he had not gone over fifteen miles an hour. He said that he remembered being in a hurry to get the pieces for the work on a machine at his garage, but did not think that he went faster than machines customarily ran along this street, and if the machines were timed, he thought that a dozen or two arrests could be made every day. He knew that he had not intentionally violated the ordinance, he said. Policeman Chandler was equally positive that automobile had been going 25 to 30 miles an hour and the recorder made the fine \$10, which Mr. Robbins at once paid.
There were several other cases in court also today, two being for unlawful storing of liquor, the defendants forfeiting a bond of \$25 each, in these cases. One case was for violation of the speed limit on a motorcycle and one for failing to stop at the corner of Salem and Liberty streets in turning the corner in an automobile. The fines when collected totalled \$72.00 for the city treasury.

APPROVES SUMTER CIRCULAR.
Boston House Writes Levy & Moses to "Buy a Bale of Cotton" for Them.
Boston, Sept. 21, 1914.
Messrs. Levy & Moses, Sumter, S. C.
Dear Sirs: We have read carefully the circular issued by the Sumter Chamber of Commerce, which you were good enough to send us, and feel that such a straight-forward method as is proposed therein to improve and relieve the present acute condition in cotton prevailing over the Southland must commend itself to all patriotic business concerns, and is deserving of enthusiastic and cordial support.
We have endeavored to keep in touch, through the daily press and other ways, with the trend of affairs, and the "Buy a Bale" movement has appealed to us from the very first.
Our business interests cover practically the entire cotton belt and we feel a keen interest in each customer, and stand ready to lend such individual assistance as is consistent and in harmony with all. We have been called upon by many loyal agents to assist them in their districts by buying a bale, which we have been very glad to do.
As our agents in Sumter, may we ask you to buy for us a bale of middling cotton on a basis of 10c per pound, sending us warehouse certificate on a public warehouse, together with scale and grade tickets and insurance certificate. Upon receipt of your bill we will remit any balance due beyond the \$50 check which we are enclosing. May we ask that you furnish us with full information as to the carrying charges, and any other expenses connected with this transaction.
We wish to express our personal appreciation of your business friendship, and assure you that we stand ready now and at all times to serve you to the best of our ability.
With kindest regards, we are,
Yours very truly,
Chase and Sanborn.
Vera Cruz, Sept. 22.—A manifesto by Gen. Candido Aguilar, governor of the State of Vera Cruz, intended to allay possible fears of constitutionalist reprisals, was issued today.

WHERE HELP IS NEEDED.
Civic League Through City Nurse Calls Attention of Public to Pathetic Case.
A very pitiful case has lately come to the attention of Miss Gibson, the city nurse. It is that of a young couple, the husband has developed tuberculosis, the wife is in very bad health and they are absolutely without funds or means of support. Since the man has been without work, they have been living with the wife's people in a small house where there was a bed-ridden grandmother, an invalid aunt, numerous small children and one woman who supported the whole by her needle. There was no room for the couple in this household and so, since the women of the Civic League have looked into the case, a house has been found and the two moved into it. Her family are going to try and pay the rent for it. His only relatives live in a neighboring county and in that home there are two cases of pellagra, so moving them there was out of the question.
The man has not been ill long, so with care and precaution there is hope that he might improve and become self-supporting. Meanwhile many things are needed to keep this little household alive. They must have groceries, food of some kind; fuel, sheets, blankets, or any heavy covering for cold weather.
Will not the readers of The Item look on this as an appeal from a case which the Civic League has investigated and knows is deserving and give some assistance? Miss Antonia Gibson, City Nurse, Phone 391, will receive contributions of the above asked for articles or money, or will direct anyone communicating with her as to where to find the couple to assist them.

Pisgah News and Views.
Pisgah, Sept. 23.—Cotton holding is an established fact and properly so. In every yard the cotton ginned is there. Now there are two rights, the farmer his has and it is his right not to bankrupt himself for some one else. I know of no man who wants to boot another in debt but we are going to have a price for our cotton or there will be no sale and that might just as well be understood now as later.
The enlistment service now going on in the Kershaw Association is very interesting and instructive. Groups of three or four churches meet at the central church and there the services are held. The first meeting was at Mt. Olivet church last Sunday. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. E. Wilkins and J. A. Davidson, and J. E. DuPre. The audience was large. On Monday a like service was held at Mizpah church. Here a large congregation was present. With the same speakers. On Tuesday the meeting was at Mt. Zion church and this will continue until the association is gone over.
Dr. W. J. Langston joined the speakers Tuesday. Rev. Wilkins is a fine speaker. You don't get tired of hearing him. The Kershaw is a live association and bids fair to be the banner one in the State.
I notice the report of the honor meeting held at Jefferson hotel, at Columbia last week for Jennings and Pollock that some speaker congratulated them on their redeeming South Carolina. Who did they redeem it from? Native white citizens, many of them who helped Hampton, and redeemed the State. Such talk as this widens the chasm between the two factions and will eventually result in the forming of two parties. The men who voted against Smith are just as fine citizens and patriotic as those who voted for him, and to have slurs cast against them for exercising their right, places those who do it as beneath a gentleman's notice. Pollock must have an exalted opinion of himself to think he can be elected United States senator. Ask D. E. Finley, congressman from the 5th district about him and hear his opinion. He bucked against Finley a few years ago and went down in overwhelming defeat. I hope Manning will make him a notary public as a reward for his wonderful work in this State. Talk about opening people's eyes. It takes a man with brains to do that.
(It is the other way about—it takes a man with brains to have his eyes opened.—Ed.)

TRIED TO BRIBE VOTERS.
Columbia, Sept. 23.—At preliminary hearing before Magistrate John M. Kinloch yesterday Addison Hollis of Upper township was bound over to higher courts on the charge of attempted bribery in connection with the recent primary election. Hollis was placed under \$500 bond.
According to testimony, Hollis attempted to purchase the votes of three citizens, offering to pay \$5 in one case and \$3 each for the remaining two. E. H. Frost, a magistrate, who swore out the warrant, said that the reports had been brought to him and that he was acting only as an officer of the law in pressing the charge.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE ACTIVITIES.
Alfred Scarborough Author of New Student Government Constitution—Wilfred Shaw Elected President of South Carolina Club—Debate and Other Events Planned.
Davidson, N. C., Sept. 23.—At a recent meeting of the student body a new student government constitution was adopted in place of the old one which contained many loopholes through which the accused could evade the penalty of the law on a technicality.
By this new constitution was drawn up the unflinching efforts of Mr. Alfred Scarborough, President of the student body, during the summer, under the able guidance of Associate Justice T. B. Fraser of South Carolina. It is in legal form containing a solemn oath sworn to by each member of the student council.
The boys from South Carolina have recently become organized into a "South Carolina Club" electing Mr. W. M. Shaw of Sumter, president; Mr. L. H. Anderson of Anderson, vice-president and Mr. Roy Perry of Easley, secretary and treasurer.

Geo. H. Hurst, Undertaker and Embalmer.
Prompt Attention to Day or Night Calls.
AT J. D. Craig Old Stand, N. Main
Phones Day 539 Night 201

Our Lady Patrons
Will find that in the arrangement of our NEW HOME we have made special provisions for their comfort. In addition to a cozy corner of the lobby, provided with writing tables and comfortable seats, we have a special rest room for the ladies, and we cordially invite them to make use of it.
The First National Bank OF SUMTER

Time and effort are your tools for accomplishment and a Bank account proves neither were wasted!
Why don't you learn the advantages of having a Bank account in a reliable Bank?
To start is the thing—don't be backward because your beginning may be small, all big things had small beginnings and there is a pile of satisfaction and comfort in watching your account grow. We want to help you save and be somebody, if you will only give us the chance. Begin with \$1.00.
4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings.
THE BANK OF SUMTER
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Your Bank Book Points the Way
To having some cash on hand just at the time you need it most. When you get the habit of banking your money, the savings habit follows naturally. Try it with us.
The Commercial & Savings Bank
"A Savings Bank for Those Who Save"

This club has a membership of 75 and represents every phase of college activities. The purpose is manifold, a challenge already having been issued from it to the Virginia-Tennessee club for a joint debate for November 1st. The club also hopes to put out a baseball team next spring and many advantages are hoped to be derived from it.
A banquet in the near future will be one of the pleasing social events which the club has arranged for.



GET ON A CRESCENT BICYCLE
and a little push starts it going; a little push keeps it going. It is the easiest running wheel made. Why walk when you can ride a wheel like the Crescent. Take a look at one. Note all the good points it has. Strength, lightness, comfort and speed. It's wonderful how such a wheel can be sold for \$15.00.
H. L. TISDALE,
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