A CALL TO BATTLE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

The Honorable James Stoddard scarcely knew himself what impulse had taken him back to the old church. It was 15 years since he had left the city—it was 20 since he had been inside the Second Presbyterian church. If in the interval he had thought of the low, flat, gray building it had been somewhat vaguely as the place where he had been married, and therefore, as the beginning of his material prosperity. For the Honorable James had married a wealthy wife, and money begets money.

It was almost an accident that he found himself stranded in the little home city over Sunday. It was the fault of an unavoidable break in his itinerary, not any desire to return to the scenes of his boyhood. And when Judge Bennington, the local Democratic leader, had discovered him at his hotel and invited him to Sunday evening dinner, the senator was exasperated.

"Why can't they let me alone?" he said savagely to his wife. "Afraid I'd be lonely! There's nothing I would like better than to be lonely, if I had the chance."

It was a surprise when Angela suggested the old church that morning. They were Episcopalians now; the children had been baptized in that church. Stoddard himself rather liked the pomp and ostentation of the service, the perfection of the music, the decorous luxury of the congregation; the softened lights soothed his nerves.

He remembered the old church as something very different, as a place where things spiritual were unembellished, where there was only the austere beauty of long straight lines, of dull woodwork blending into the faded frescoes on the walls, as a place of battered hymn books and lop-sided foot cushions. Here had been no organ in his day—there was one now, he remembered. Angela had sent them a check one year toward the fund.

They drove to the church, and for fear of being ostentatiously late were as much too early. There was no usher, and after standing uncertainly in the aisle Stoddard led the way to

"The Devil You Are!"

the old pew, half-way down the church under the long side gallery.

As the pews filled, he began to realize that through all the movement and life of his last 20 years, little was changed here. No doubt he was recognized—there was sibilant whispering somewhere behind them.

Beside him a row of daughters in black—the mother was missing. Here a little woman in a heavy veil, and towering beside her a tall young fellow in a gray suit. Stoddard had to look twice to remember the Darlings, to miss John Darling, and to realize that the baby he had seen baptized was now a man. He began to have a queer choking feeling; there seemed to be a break in every pew, and there were fewer young men. No doubt, like himself, they had graduated from the old church into life somewhere else.

He looked at Angela; she was staring intently into her lap, where lay a little old hymn book. As she passed it to him she smiled, a little tremulously. Written in the front, with little flourishes and re-enforced shading, was the inscription, "Louie Stoddard, from his mother." Stoddard slipped the book into his pocket and wondered suddenly if the relatives here at home ever went up to the cemetery and looked after her grave. He couldn't be expected to look after those things, living so far away.

The singing was very bad; he knew that at once. Perhaps he was glad of it. It took his mind from unpleasant things—at least it was not paid worship at so much a note.

It was only a part of this going back into the past to find the old minister still there. He was very old; he went up the pulpit steps slowly, and his worn body looked pathetically small and frail in the straight, high-backed pulpit-chair.

It was a dark day; the lights came soberly through the long, opaque glass windows, with their narrow bordering of purple flowers and green leaves, as unlike as possible the stained glass martyrs of Saint Stephen's. The minister's eyes were dim, and the church dark. Stoddard saw with relief that they were not observed—he wanted to be an onlooker at that day's service.

Across from them, in the Breed pew, Catherine Breed was sitting. He could see her past Angela's clear profile, her head haughtily erect, her regular features arrogant and unsmiling. The lines looked hard, he thought, almost insolent. He was glad now that he had not married her, and yet, perhaps she would have been different had she married; she looked as if all the impulses of her nature had been frozen, as though she had missed her heritage, that dower of womanhood which should have been her right.

Through the sermon he relaxed somewhat; every inflection was familiar—it was as if each gesture, each word, had been impressed on his mind years ago. But toward the end the minister's voice strengthened; Angela shifted her position, there was a perceptible movement through the building.

"Men of the Second church," the minister's voice was full and strong, "forty years ago today I stood in this pulpit and looked in the faces of my people. Some of them are still here, worn and old like myself—thank God, the army of Jesus Christ has no age limit—you who were here will remember the day, a warm June day like this. The city was quiet—quiet with the stillness of desolation. Regiment after regiment had gone out and had not come back. Another call had come for volunteers; the danger was great. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the Army of the Potomac had been defeated with sickening loss; General Grant was before Vicksburg; Lee under cover of strategy, was moving his army north through the Shenandoah valley.

"The president called for a hundred and twenty thousand more men—those who could be spared had gone before; there were left the fathers of families, the sons of widows. That morning the people had been awakened with the blast of bugles and the clanging of the church bells. Some of the men who sat in these pews were stained with clay from the earthworks where they had labored all night. And standing here"—the old man's voice shook—"with the eyes of women and children on me, I read the president's call for more men, and asked for volunteers to follow me to the field. Sixty men stood up at the call, every man of enlisting age in the congregation. Not a man who did not leave a mother, or a wife and children. Of the 60, 18 came back again. Three of them are still living, but the time is not far when there will be none to answer 'present' to the roll call.

"But although these men are gone, their children and even their children's children are still with us. Today we are threatened, not with civic conflict, but with civic degeneracy. This great country, which was saved at such a cost, is in danger, danger from its public men, who would sell its soul for gain; danger from its people, who are becoming place seekers and money getters. Men of the Second church, your country needs you as much today as it did 40 years ago—volunteers for the army of pure government and just legislation. I am an old man, but once again I would like to see my people respond to the call of duty. Up, then all of us, who volunteer to preserve the purity of this great country we love."

Before the call was finished men were on their feet; in the pew ahead of Stoddard an old man in faded army blue stood up with the erectness of youth. Boys got to their feet sheepishly, urged by their mothers' eyes. The heads of families, solid men all, rose with a quiet determination that was almost grim—many of them remembered vividly the historic scene of 40 years ago.

Stoddard had felt his pulses leap at the minister's words; his father had been one of those to go, and had not come back. Then he looked at Angela; probably she would be scornful if he posed as an advocate of pure government. She gave no indication of emotion, sitting erect and tense, but she was very pale. "Louie Stoddard, from his mother." Perhaps he would better get up. He drew a deep breath, then he rose slowly, gripping the back of the next pew with straining fingers.

"The spirit of your fathers lives in you," said the minister softly. "Thank you."

Through the benediction Stoddard did not look at his wife. They slipped away quietly when service was over, and once in the carriage, he relaxed again.

"Well," he said with an attempt at lightness, "how do you like me as an advocate of purity in politics?"

"If you had not stood up," she said, looking away from him, "I should have hated you." And with a new tenderness he reached over and took his wife's hand.

By the following Wednesday the Stoddards were back in Washington and by Thursday the senator was immersed in business again. On that day there came to him a gentleman named Flynn, a well-groomed, smooth-voiced individual, shifty of eye, who spoke for some minutes concerning a certain iniquitous measure in which he was much interested. At the end of that time Stoddard leaned back in his office chair and thrust his hands deep in his pockets.

"The fact is, Flynn," he said smoothly, "I am already committed against that thing."

"The devil you are," said Flynn, forgetting his urbanity. "Why, the thing's barely been broached. The other side hasn't got hold of it yet. The party—"

"Well, I'm committed," said the senator finally, and he looked at a small photograph on the top of his desk, a daguerreotype of a soldier, with eyes like his own. "As for the party—well, this is a party you never heard of."

(Copyright.)

Plucky.

Soldiers as a rule are plucky fellows when wounded. This story is told of one:

He came in on a stretcher—face all bruised and swollen, eyes protruding, all full of mud and bits of stone. There wasn't an inch of his body without its own bruise or cut.

He'd been standing in a muddy place and a big obus had plumped into the ground just in front of him, and then, from a couple of feet down, had gone off and up. As he opened his eyes the doctor said to him: "You must have had a pretty rough passage."

He replied. "Nuthing in it, sir—nuthing in it. I'll be all right after I've had a shave."

His Feat.

"The detective who arrested the fleeing criminal on the high seas trampled on the impossible."

"How so?"

"He landed his man in the middle of the ocean."

INCREASING DEMAND FOR TIMBER OF ELM

Total Stand Placed at Approximately 7½ Billion Feet

Wood Is Desirable Where Strength, Bending Quality and Ability to Withstand Shock Are Concerned—Takes Good Polish.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Elm timber growing in the farm wood lot is a valuable asset.

The demand for elm is increasing, while the supply is rapidly diminishing. It is estimated that the total stand of elm in the United States is approximately 7½ billion feet. This amount would furnish a supply for approximately 30 years at the present rate of cutting, as the annual output of elm lumber is about 24,000,000 board feet, placing elm twelfth in rank among all woods and tenth among hardwoods in point of lumber production.

Elm wood is desirable where strength, bending quality and ability to withstand shocks are required. It is, in general, heavy, hard and strong. The most important use to which it is put, according to the bulletin, is in the cooperage industry, the amount credited to this use being more than twice that of the next in importance, which is in the manufacture of baskets and crates. It is estimated that 147,000,000 board feet are used annually in making cooperage stock or barrels.

Elm is used extensively in making agricultural implements and vehicles also. It is useful in the manufacture of wheels and bodies for automobiles, and the rapid growth of this industry has brought about a considerable increase in the demand for elm. Its ability to take a good polish makes it desirable in the manufacture of certain pieces of furniture, cabinet work and interior trimmings. It is a fairly durable wood, the average untreated lumber in situations exposed to weather lasting six to eight years. When properly treated with creosote this period may be lengthened to 20 or more years.

RAISE MORE HOGS FOR MEAT

No Farm Is Complete Without Swine to Assist in Modern Methods of Farming.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Meat for the nation and profits for the farmer can be increased by raising hogs. No farm is complete unless some are kept to aid in the modern

Sow and Litter of Eleven.

method of farming. Swine multiply more rapidly than other farm animals and make greater gains per hundred pounds of concentrated feed consumed.

As a consumer of by-products the hog has no rival.

Hogs might be kept profitably upon a number of farms where they are not found today. As a general proposition, it is safer for the average farmer to handle a small number of hogs in connection with his other farm business.

As much feed as possible for hogs should be raised on the farm; no more feed than is absolutely necessary should be purchased.

Hogs weighing from 200 to 300 pounds are in greatest demand on the market, and usually the greatest profit is obtained from selling hogs at these weights. The price realized depends upon the kind of carcass the hog will yield.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

The trouble was caused by father's chickens and his habit of calling them "chicks" for short. At least Bobby thinks it was. He and mother were on the car when one of mother's friends entered. She wore a new hat which was adorned with a beautiful green feather. Bobby was eyeing the feather when he heard mother say to the woman, "You're so chic, you know."

So he drew his own inferences and acted accordingly when the cross next-door neighbor, resplendent in new yellow furs, came to call. He looked at the furs on the woman and then at his mother. Then

"Now, you can call her a cat, mother," he informed her.

Cure for Malignant Measles.

Doctors Dumas and Brissaud of Paris report the case of a man in the last stage of malignant measles, with death in coma threatening. A transfusion of blood from a man who had recovered a week before from uncomplicated measles was resorted to. Two hundred mils of the donor's blood were received in 25 mils containing one grani of sodium citrate, and about 100 mils of the mixture were administered. Within a few hours there occurred not only a temporary fall in temperature but a complete transformation of the patient's general condition. A relapse occurred and another injection of blood was given. An unexpected recovery followed.

HATRED OF MR. DARBY

STORY 58 —— 2558

By GEORGE ADE.

Our boarding house was a peaceful home for all of us until Mr. Darby arrived. The trouble with Mr. Darby was that he held opinions. Rather, he didn't hold them. He threw them at people.

Mrs. Cross, our landlady, a widow of enduring charms, had certain positive convictions which she had laid before us many times, without once arousing a contradiction. This was before Mr. Darby came. She made many assertions which none of us indorsed, but we held our tongues, in the interest of harmony. Mr. Seabury had no wish to argue with her because he was fully occupied with his consuming passion for Miss Beatty, the music student, who sat directly across the table from him. As for the others, we had no line of controversy to begin with and, besides, Mrs. Cross was such a superior woman that it would have been folly for any one of us to enter the lists against her.

Therefore, although Mrs. Cross was a woman of resisting fiber and combative skill, our boarding house was a peaceful home for all of us, as I said at the beginning—until Mr. Darby came.

Mr. Darby was past forty, with a high brow, a reddish-gray mustache and a square, blocky chin, indicating determination. He was a consulting engineer—an architect or something else so techincal that it was beyond our comprehension—and when he gave an opinion he did it in a dry, dictatorial way, after the manner of a college professor. He seemed to believe that his decision always put an end to arguments and was not subject to appeal.

The first evening at dinner, after we had met him and after the dinner had progressed as far as the roast beef, Mrs. Cross had been telling of her shopping experiences that day, and she concluded her narrative with this statement: "Well, anyway, the women in the stores have much more tact than the men."

Mr. Darby elevated his eyebrows in surprise, and then said, very coolly: "I don't think so."

We gasped.

Think of it! The new boarder had dared to contradict Mrs. Cross. He

They Locked Horns, Figuratively Speaking.

had invoked the thunderbolt and seemed quite unconcerned as to the results.

"My opinion is based on several years' experience as a shopper," said Mrs. Cross. "I cannot believe that you have ever done very much shopping, Mr. Darby."

"When I say that women have less tact than men, I am merely stating a fact which is proved by any careful observation of the sexes and is corroborated by all the history of the world," said Mr. Darby. "It may be that here and there you will find an exceptional woman who is more skillful as a tactician than a certain man, exceptionally stupid, with whom she may be compared for the moment. But if we must generalize, then I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that men, both in department stores and elsewhere, are more tactful than women."

With that they locked horns, figuratively speaking. They discussed the sexes from every known standpoint. Mrs. Cross was sharply sarcastic. Mr. Darby was cool and opinionated, seeming to hold his adversary in good-natured contempt.

Our happy little dinner gathering, usually given over to good-natured bantering and frivolity, had become a debating club, in which Mr. Darby and Mrs. Cross were the contending orators, while we sat as awed listeners.

That evening, after four of us had gone to Martin's room to smoke our evening pipes, we held an indignation meeting and agreed that Darby was an egotistical nuisance and that the sooner Mrs. Cross got rid of him the better it would be for all concerned.

Martin was especially cut up. Martin was a quiet little man, as gentle and inoffensive as a house cat, and we had long suspected that he was in love with Mrs. Cross, although no one believed that he would ever summon the courage to declare himself. We had twitted him frequently as to his supposed fondness for the landlady, and his blushes had been a virtual confession.

And on this evening, after the first of the many Cross-Darby debates, his anger at the new boarder showed that he really cared for Mrs. Cross.

"I tell you, no gentleman would sit at a table and contradict a lady as that fellow did this evening," said Martin, with great warmth.

"That's right," we said.

"He is a conceited ninny," said Martin, puffing his pipe with great violence.

We agreed with him.

As I have intimated, the debate as to the tactfulness of women was but the first of many battles in which all the rhetorical and logical weapons were wielded with tremendous violence.

If Mrs. Cross advanced a proposition, Mr. Darby would be sure to take exception to it, either in whole or part, and instanter the duel would begin. It would continue throughout the dinner hour and would be resumed with unabated fury after we had gone into the parlor. Usually the men would excuse themselves and go up to Martin's room to smoke, and say mean things about Darby.

Miss Beatty, the music student, and the two other young women of our strange household, would also escape, and usually Mr. Darby and Mrs. Cross would be left together to continue the struggle indefinitely. Of course, these debates ended as all debates must end, with each debater still unconvinced and defiant.

The only satisfaction we derived from witnessing these daily conflicts was in the knowledge that Darby had met his match in Mrs. Cross. She was just as well read and just as resourceful and quick-witted as he was, and sometimes she dealt a home thrust that delighted all of us and even aroused Martin from his quiet melancholy.

Poor Martin! How he hated that man Darby!

One night we were sitting in his room engaged in our usual occupation, that is, we were denouncing Darby.

"Think of it," said Martin. "That infernal scoundrel is simply badgering the life out of Mrs. Cross. He seems to take a fiendish delight in contradicting everything she says. As a self-respecting woman she dare not allow him to walk over her roughshod, and he has not the gallantry to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and you see the result. They are sitting down in the parlor at this minute, engaged in some argument that will last half the night."

"Why don't you go down there and rescue her?" asked Seabury. "She would be glad to have any one come in and put an end to the dispute."

"I wish I could," said Martin.

"Why not?" I asked. "Just wander into the parlor and ask Mrs. Cross to play something. I'll tell you, Martin, it's your duty to protect her from that man."

"Do you think so?" he asked seriously.

"Most assuredly."

"Well, I believe I will go down for a little while."

He went out of the room, and in less than a minute he was back again, very pale and holding to the doorknob.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"I didn't go in," he said, in a whisper. "I looked in first. It was quiet in there. I walked in—and—and—he had his arm around her!"

"What!" exclaimed Seabury.

"It's a fact. They were both on the sofa and he had his arm around her."

"Why, I thought she despised him," said Seabury. "They're always in argument."

"That's the way some people enjoy themselves," I suggested. "We'll tell Miss Beatty what Martin saw and have her find out all about it."

Miss Beatty at once confronted Mrs. Cross with the convicting evidence.

"It is true," said Mrs. Cross. "I regard Mr. Darby as the most brilliant man I have met since my first husband died. He is a strong man—a man of intellectual power and deep convictions."

Mr. Darby told Miss Beatty that he had always wanted to marry a woman of brains, and not a mere doit. The landlady was his kind of a wife.

And so they were married after a courtship marked by numerous fierce and entertaining controversies.

And Martin—our dear, old Martin, who had worshiped her from afar all these years—was quite unconsidered.

Poor Martin.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

White Light Best.

White light seems to be the most comfortable for the eye. In tests of the effects of various illuminants C. E. Ferree and J. Rand, as described to the American Illuminating society, have used kerosene lamps and various incandescent lamps and it appears from the results that the color of the light has a marked effect on eye fatigue. With the white light of the tungsten lamp there was the least loss to the worker from need of resting the eyes. The fatigue was somewhat greater with the yellow light of the carbon lamp or kerosene lamp, and greatest of all with the tungsten lamp having a blue bulb.

A Conflagration.

Myrt—What caused the racket down at your house last night?

Gert—Oh, nothing much. That young Simpkins called and tried to propose to me.

Myrt—Well, what of it?

Gert—Pa heard him say he was on fire with a mighty love—and he put him out.

VERY HIGH.

She—Do you think the food in this restaurant is healthful?

He (absently)—Yes; but the prices are sickening.

As to Jonah.

Poor Jonah, we will bet a pin,
On being swallowed felt "all in."
He also felt, we may surmise,
Glad that whales don't Fletcherize.

Do Your Part

THERE are three parties in every telephone conversation---the person calling, the operator and the person who answers. All three share the responsibility for quick and accurate service.

THE person calling should give the number in a distinct voice, speaking directly into the mouthpiece, and wait at the telephone until the called person answers or the operator reports. The person called should answer promptly.

CARE and promptness on the part of both telephone user and telephone operator are essential to good service.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

G

WEEVILS CAUSE SERIOUS LOSSES

Harvest Beans, Peas and Cowpeas Promptly After Maturity to Prevent Damage.

TREAT SEED BY FUMIGATION

Kill Insects Before They Can Increase in Numbers and Carry on Destructive Work—Growers Have Become Discouraged.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The serious losses caused by bean and pea weevils—which amounts to millions of dollars annually—is largely preventable, and by putting a stop to it a valuable and much-needed source of the nation's food supply can be saved. No satisfactory artificial remedies can be applied to kill weevil grubs in beans, peas or cowpeas growing in the field, but they can be easily and effectively controlled afterward if the necessary care is given. The crop should be harvested as soon as possible after maturity, and the seeds thrashed or shelled and treated by fumigation, heat or cold storage, in order to kill the weevils in them before they can increase in numbers and carry on their destructive work.

Weevils not only cause serious damage to peas, beans and cowpeas in storage but also in the field, and are responsible for a curtailment in the acreage planted in these crops. In some sections, particularly the coastal regions of the middle Atlantic states, this pest has carried on its work of destruction so successfully that growers have become discouraged and have discontinued to produce on a commercial scale these valuable food crops. Badly infested seeds are worthless for planting. In one experiment on record only 50 per cent of infested beans germinated, and of these 30 per cent were so badly injured that they could not develop into normal plants.

Harvest All Seed.

In gathering the crop, exercise care, the bulletin urges, to leave no portion of it in the field, as seeds scattered on the ground or left in shattered pods on the dried vines, may carry the pest over winter, and furnish a supply of weevils the following summer. The crop should be harvested as soon as possible after reaching maturity and the seed thrashed or shelled soon afterwards. Storing in the pod does not confine the weevils. Immediately on placing the seed in storage, fumigate with carbon disulphid or carbon tetrachlorid. These chemicals when exposed to the air vaporize into a heavy poisonous gas which immediately kills the weevil. Carbon disulphid is the more generally used, though carbon tetrachlorid has the advantage of not being inflammable. Seed to be fumigated should be placed in an air-tight container, such as a tin can or barrel. The chemicals, used at the rate of from 2 to 4 pounds to each 500 cubic feet of space to be fumigated, should be poured over the top of the seed, and fumigation should continue for from 24 to 48 hours.

Killed by Heating.

When there is only a small quantity of seed, the weevil may be killed by heating the seed in the oven for several hours. The oven should not be hotter than 120 to 145 degrees Fahrenheit. Dipping seed in boiling water for one minute is also an effective remedy. Weevils will not feed or cause damage at low temperatures, and if seed can be kept in cold storage at a temperature of 32 to 43 degrees Fahrenheit, no trouble from this pest will result.

Good Opinion of Himself.

At the station the other day a naval officer on leave was met by his wife and small son. After greeting his wife the father lifted up the boy and kissed him several times and said, "Oh, you don't know how glad papa is to see you!" The boy answered, "You'll be gladder when you get acquainted with me."

RODS GIVE NO PROTECTION

French Vine Growers Find They Derive No Benefit From Metal Rods They Erected.

The vine-growing region of the Gironde, in France, has been quite extensively equipped in recent years with tall metal rods, similar to lightning rods, known as paragreles or "electric Niagaras," and alleged to afford protection from hailstorms. A careful study of the functioning of these rods has recently been published by M. E. Courty of the University of Bordeaux. The statistics presented show that numerous hailstorms have occurred in the vicinity of nearly all the rods. Moreover, according to M. Courty, there has been no obvious change in the character of these storms since the erection of the rods. His article points out some of the principal reasons for the erroneous conclusions that others have drawn in favor of them; for example, the fact that, normally, only one thunderstorm in five is attended by hail; that the area over which hail falls is normally very small in comparison with that covered by the thunderstorm, and hail tends to occur in scattered patches or narrow bands; and, lastly, that a district in which hail has fallen for two or three years in succession often remains free from hail for years, regardless of the installation of hail-protecting devices.

MAKE USE OF WASTE HEAT

Councilors of Reykjavik, Iceland, Apply System That Reduces the Taxation of the Citizens.

The city council of Reykjavik, Iceland, has now begun the baking of bread in a special bakery in connection with the gas works, where modern machinery has been installed in a special building. The result was excellent, in that the waste heat from the gas works is being used in a practicable and profitable manner, and in the course of a short time all the black bread which may be needed will be baked in the new bread factory.

The idea was that of a young student there, and it is considered one of the best means of saving coal, time and money. Three-pound loaves have been completely baked in three hours in considerable numbers.

Lake Siljan.

The forested district round about Lake Siljan is one of the most interesting bits of country in the world, in the matter of local color and folk customs that have been preserved almost unchanged from earlier times. Lake Siljan lies in the heart of Sweden, in a region still relatively isolated. The lake is large enough to afford traffic for small steamers, and the country boats of the peasants are numerous.

In dress and customs, the people of the villages that dot the shores have kept the variety and color that distinguished country districts before modern means of transportation made the world a unit, forcing us all to dress and act and think alike. Thus the village of Orsa has even a dialect markedly different from its neighbors, which is said to resemble the old Scotch more than Swedish. People of villages 10 or 12 miles apart can be distinguished by their distinctive dress. —Chicago Daily News.

Think of Yourself.

You cannot reach a high degree of success in anything without making enemies.

Perhaps your lack of success has been caused by this very feeling that you desire to make and retain your friends.

You might have improved your position many times, but you feared the ill feeling engendered in certain circles with your advancement.

There are times in the lives of all men when they must each choose between what is for their own best interest and their friends, and this does not mean that it is a case of taking advantage of friends—merely displeasing them.

Perhaps it is a principle of business involved—perfectly honest and honorable, and to your financial credit—but what would your friends think if you took the decisive step?

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