COUNTRY EDITOR IN PANAMA

(Continued from previous page)

in these tropics. The West Indies have been buffeted back and forth from one nation to another like pawns on the chess board. Every European upheaval was accompanied by a sympathetic reaction in the colonies and islands passed from hand to hand like marbles among newsboys. Added to these changes was the occasional descent of some band of buccaneers who acknowledged no sovereignty and whose possession was by right of might. What wonder that these lands became peopled with many strange and diversified races. I have seen people walking the streets of Kingston, who were the exact prototype of people I knew at home only done in ebony. In the case of the Irishman he was probably a human Spanish omelet, while the Kingston variety might be described as a hypothetical homogenous cosmic material done in Irish Green, English Tweed, Scotch Plaid, German, Portugese, French, Spanish and other European trimmings, combined with native Indian Cacibs, maroons and coolies. The finished product is neither a Leghorn nor a Shanghai—possibly a Minorca would best apply. After this lucid explanation you may doubt the correctness of my assertion that these people partake of the form and characteristics of home people but it is nevertheless true, the resemblance is often so startling that you look twice. Of course here is no possibility of mistake for the Kingston duplicate of the home-folk is always done to a brown turn and sometimes the crust is burned.

Back in Santiago for one more glimpse of human life before sailing for Jamaica. The city boasts one good hotel on the American plan and American in its architecture. The public buildings are all of cream-colored adobe or cement or something like that. They look for all the world like a World's Fair group. The streets are remarkably clean and we saw few if any beggars, like the tetterdemalions we later found in Jamaica. The middle classes so far as I could learn from superficial observation were moderately prosperous and from such expenditures as I ventured to make I thought I could see the reason why. The streets like all foreign towns are very narrow and yet very clean. Street cars managed to run through them but it was like our local Judge McMahon's description of his dream of entering Heaven, "Who are you," says St. Peter. "Judge McMahon of St. Johnsville, do you think I will make it?" "You will, " says St. Peter," but it will be a tight squeeze."

Leaving Santiago we passed the Cuban navy which is about the size of the Cuban army. A little gun boat about the size of a minute and about as long as a dash. Every time she dipped her flag the boat tipped up. It is said they moved the cook's galley up on the bridge to keep the water out of the captain's soup. The police of Santiago were a joy to the eye. Little diminutive toy men belted and strapped and bedecked with gold lace and brass buttons until one wondered if they had to take off their uniforms to wink. A big saber, a revolver and a club was added to make the picture complete but somehow with all their armament they only succeeded in making themselves look extremely funny. Every time I saw one of these dapper little cops I had to laugh and every time I laughed the cop looked me over with disgust. He probably had as low an opinion of me as I of him and so we both some profit from the experience.

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Our National Capital

Events of Interest from the Seat of Government by the News Special Correspondent, J. E. Jones

A WAR THAT IS NOT A WAR

Washington, D. C., April 25.—While a country was impatiently waiting for the Senate of the United States to pass a resolution upholding the action of the President in using armed force in Mexico, that great body was deliberately choosing a pathway to be traveled which would leave the record of Congress absolutely plain. The President had admonished Congress that it must under no circumstances commit the American government to "war" upon Mexico. The action of the United States was to be directed according to the President, against the Huerta (pronounced Wherta) faction, which Washington has refused to recognize as a government. The President told Congress in his speech: "I come to ask your approval." And before that approval was obtained Vera Cruz was in the hands of the American navy.

We sat in the Senate gallery through the afternoon, and the long night, and watched one of the greatest scenes enacted in that Chamber since the Spanish-American war. Some people may say that the Republicans sought to make a partisan issue, and if such was the intention they certainly have left a clear record. The Administration forces stood firm for the resolution that came from the Committee, and which, it was charged "was written on a White House typewriter." This resolution "justified" the President, because of the refusal of Huerta to salute the Stars and Stripes, and for two or three minor instances of official insult by Huerta. On this platform the Democrats stood pat. The Republicans in their resolutions—the principal one of which was that introduced by Senator Lodge, recited the generally chaotic conditions of Mexico, and held that these conditions should form the basis of our action against Huerta. Many asserted that the instances cited by the President did not furnish a good reason for the use of armed force, and several Senators took the ground that the apology in the form offered by General Huerta, was all the United States should demand. There was no thought, or charge, in that Chamber, that the Senators were quibbling, and when the minority resolutions were all defeated, the Republicans had made their point plain that it was only the method of approval for which they fought, and the Senate at 3:25 in the morning sustained the President absolutely—only thirteen Members voting against the resolution offered by the Administration.

If the latest move in Mexico is successful it will be said that a united and patriotic Congress "upheld the President." If our new Mexican policy is a failure then the Republicans in the next campaign will produce the record made by them to lay all the blame on the Democratic Administration. Call this patriotism, politics, or what you will—nevertheless that's the way it was fixed in Congress.

The Funny Representatives

Ninety-seven Congressmen voted to reduce their own salaries from $7,500 to $6,000 a few days ago—but there were 205 in opposition, and had there been any real danger of this proposition going through, about nine of the ninety-seven would have found a speedy method of changing their votes. The Representatives as a rule are very much impressed with their own greatness, and their confidential opinion is that they are "working" altogether too cheap. A few years ago legislators throughout the country started in to advocate cutting out railroad passes, direct primaries, restricted campaign contributions, and a lot of other things they never wanted. But the public took up the suggestions, and so thoroughly approved that the public servants had to carry the propositions through in order to save their jobs. But the lesson does not seem to have sunk home, and the Congressmen who are still trying to jolly the voters with the notion that they are genuine reformers, will wake up some day to the fact that the country thoroughly approves the idea of a cut in their salaries—and then they are going to be very very sorry. Some of the Members will get so mad that they will conclude "they can't afford it," and will go back home and practice law, and if they are lucky many of them will get about half of that six thousand when they have to depend on the results of private real rustling.

The Milk of Human Kindness

When the beautiful daughter of Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury, quit munching chocolates in the Senate gallery, the night the Mexican resolution was passed, and pulled her daddy's coat tail so that he would turn around, a good many people smiled pleasantly at the incident. When Bryan left the Senate because Senator Fall was flaying him, most people were wondering how the Secretary relished hearing such things in a place where he could not talk back. These are mere incidents in the lives of American "royalty." But the official family is found to be very kind, and the wife of the President makes war upon the slums of the Capital, while her daughter sings for the blind; and the wife of Vice-President Marshall cancels social engagements in order that she may stay at home to nurse a sick maid. It has also been noted that the Secretary of State celebrated his last birthday surrounded by the men in his department and their wives. And then the Secretary of the Navy has let it be known that he is for "the under dog," and insists on closer relationship between the higher officials and the men who wear the navy uniform. Meanwhile the Secretary of the Interior established a "Home Club" for his employees, and the Postmaster General lays off horses and puts on motor trucks. Surely the milk of human kindness is overflowing the pail.

Trust Busting is Troublesome

The House Judiciary Committee believes that it was the remedy for all of the evils of the trusts, and it has finally worked out a bill which has received the O. K. of the Administration. It is due to come before the House of Representatives, where in the natural order of things it will be passed on to the Democratic caucus, and slid through the lower House with the slightest possible delay. It usually takes only a few days for Administration measures to go through the lower branch of Congress, but the Senate—Oh that is different. The best informed Congressmen have been paying little attention to the prophecies of an adjournment in June, and with the canal tolls matter, the trust legislation, that most interesting treaty with Columbia, and a "war" on hand, the probabilities are that the Members will be here until about next September.

Teaching the Indians

Arrangements are being made for a series of teachers institutes for employees of the Indian Service, to be held during the coming summer. It has always been considered honorable employment for the American girls to teach the red men how to twist their tongues about the English language, but similar efforts among the negroes resulted in the early days of our country in visits from the White Caps and the Klu Klux Klan. These institutes will be held during the summer in Oklahoma, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, New Mexico, California, and Oregon. All problems connected with the education and industrial instruction of the Indian are to be taken up, and the teachers are to be given leave of absence, and their expenses will be borne by the Department of the Interior, which has made an appropriation to cover traveling and other expenses.

Refuse "Tainted Money"

"Take back your gold" is the practical meaning of the refusal by Congress to use $250,000 of funds which the Rockefeller Donation has offered. As a result the government will itself vote that amount for certain investigations in carrying on educational work in the southern states, which have formerly been financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. This relates the eradication of the boll weevil, the marketing of agricultural products, farm credits, forms of co-operation among farmers of the United States, and girls and boys clubs, formed to improve the methods of growing poultry and various grains, and also stimulating the interest in home economics.

Letting in the Public

Senator Kenyon is still on the trail of "executive sessions" of the Senate, and he wants all forms of secrecy abolished. The agitation for open meetings of the committees of Congress appears to be taking a vacation, as nothing has been heard of that reform of late.

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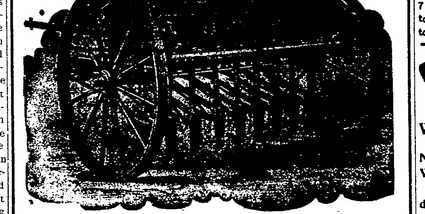

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Editor Andover News:—

So many false and malicious statements are being circulated in some portions of Allegany County in regard to the Tompkins County Fire Insurance Company, which has done a large business here for many years past, that we feel obliged to call public attention to it and to assure our many policyholders that this company is still doing business here and is entirely worthy of their continued support. The company has not sold any of its territory, nor called for the surrender of its policies as has been falsely stated, except in a few cases where an inspection had shown such risks not desirable.

A radical change in the insurance laws requiring it to maintain a much higher reserve fund obliged it to levy an assessment in January last to provide that increase, which was done by the advice and order of the InsuranceDepartment, and when paid in will furnish the full amount required. This reserve fund belongs to the Policy Holders, and only those who continue with the company or join it as new members will share in its benefits. This large reserve fund will make the company stronger than ever and should commend it to the insuring public rather than condemn it.

We urge our policyholders especially to give no credence to false and malicious statements circulated for a purpose not necessary to state here. Many who had surrendered their policies for cancellation, on finding they had been deceived, have asked to have them returned.

The Company has felt obliged to make some changes in its agencies in this section of the state, certain agents having proved unfaithfully to say the least.

Dr. F. H. Ellsworth of Wellsville, now represents this Company in this section as well as in Wellsville and Scio and adjoining territory and we request our policyholders and other property-owners to consult him in regard to their insurance interests.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Michael Dean, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof said estate at the Law office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, the undersigned Administrator of said deceased, at the Law office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before June 22nd, 1914.

Dated December 12th, 1913.

J. P. Dean,
F. H. Dean,
Administrators.

THE
Ne'er-Do-Well

By
REX BEACH
Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A Question and the Answer.

IN all their married life Edith Cortlandt had never known her husband to show such stubborn force. Failing to dominate him as usual, she was filled with a strange feeling of helplessness and terror.

"You had no right to accept such evidence," she stormed.

"But! Why try to fool me? I have your own words for it. The other afternoon I came home sick—with my head. I was on the gallery outside when you were pleading with him, and I heard it all. But he was growing tired of you. That, you know, makes it all the more effective." He smiled in an agonized fury.

"You—cur!" she cried, with the fury of one beating barehanded at a barred door. "You had no right to do such a thing even if I were guilty."

"Right. Aren't you my wife?"

The look she gave him was heavy with loathing. "That means nothing with us. I never loved you, and you know it. You never could have succeeded without me. All you have is due to me—even your reputation in the service. Your success, your influence, it is all mine. The debt is all on your side, as you and I and all the world know."

"Who made me a manikin?" he demanded, with womanish fury, a fury that had been striving for utterance these many years. I had ambitions and hopes and ability once—not much perhaps, but enough—before you married me. I was nothing great, but I was getting along. I had confidence, too, but you took it away from me. You—you absorbed me. You had your father's brain, and it was too big for me. It overshadowed mine. In a way you were a vampire, for what I had you drained me of. But tonight, when he got up before those other men and dangled my shame before my eyes, I had enough manhood left in me to strike back. Thank God for that at least! Maybe it's not too late yet for me to be a man. Maybe if I get away from you and try"— His voice died out weakly. In his face there was a miserable half gleam of hope.

"I never knew you felt like that. I never knew you could feel that way," she said in a colorless voice. "But you made a terrible mistake."

"Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

"No, I have loved him for a long time. I can't remember when it began." She spoke very listlessly, looking past him as if at a long familiar picture which she was tired of contemplating. "I never knew what love was before; I never even dreamed. I'd give my life right now to undo what you have done, just for his sake, for he is innocent. Oh, don't sneer; it's true. He loves the Garavel girl and wants to marry her. I'm going to tell you the whole truth now without sparing myself. It began, I think, at Tampa, that night when he kissed me. It was the only time he ever did such a thing. It was dark, we were alone, I was frightened, and it was pure impulse on his part. But it woke me up, and all at once I knew how much he meant to me. When I discovered that he cared for that girl—well, if you overheard you must know. I frightened Garavel into dismissing him, and I set out to break him, just to show him that he needed me. Tonight he scorned me. That's the truth, Stephen. If we believed in oaths I would swear it."

"You are shielding him. You want to make me out wrong." But she knew he knew.

"Those are the facts. Heaven knows they are bad enough, but they are by no means so bad as you thought. And I'm your wife, Stephen. That thing you did was brutal. Those men will talk. I was guilty no doubt in my thoughts, but I'm young, and you have no right to blight my life and my reputation—yes, and yours—by a thing like that. We will have to meet those men. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "In all my life I never felt but one moment of power, and that, it seems, was false. For years I have longed to show myself a man, and now—what have I done? I am no [illegible] why couldn't you be consistent? Why did you go halfway? Why couldn't you be all good or all bad and save me this?"

"All women are half good and half bad."

"I can't blame you for not loving me, I suppose," he mumbled. "No woman of your kind could love a man like me."

"Those men!" she said in a way that made him writhe.

"Wait until I—think. I must think."

"Perhaps in the morning we can see a way out."

"That's it." He nodded. "You go to bed and I'll think. I'm trying to think now, but this heat is suffocating me and my head is tired."

Despite the breathless oppression of the night, she shivered. "I never can meet them now, and I don't see how you will dare to, knowing that you were wrong."

"Don't!" he pleaded. "The other was bad enough, but this— Tell me what to do!"

"I can't. I don't know myself. All I can see is that those men will never cease to believe, no matter what you tell them."

As she prepared for bed an hour later she heard him still stirring about in his quarters, but afterward she did not detect his cautious footsteps when he stole out of his chamber, closing the door softly behind him.

* * * * * * *

Kirk was roused from a heavy, senseless slumber the next morning by a vigorous rapping at his door. He opened the door and Runnels rushed in.

"Where did you go after I left you last night?"

"I came here, of course." As the memory of the previous night swept over Kirk he scowled.

"Did you stay here?"

"No. I went out again, and was out nearly all night trying to walk it off."

Runnels' face blanched, and he drew back.

"Then, of course, you know?"

"What?"

"About Cortlandt. He's dead!"

"Dead? When? Where? How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows just how. He was found on the sea wall near Alfarez's house, shot."

"Shot! Good Lord!"

"Did you see Cortlandt again after I left you?" Runnels swallowed hard.

Kirk whirled about and faced him. "Great heavens! No! See here, that idea is ridiculous!"

Runnels sank weakly into a chair and mopped his face. "When you said you'd gone out again it knocked me flat, understand?"

"I can prove where I was, for Allan was with me. I couldn't sleep, so I tried to walk off my excitement. No, no; I couldn't do a thing like that! I thought last night that I could, but—I couldn't, really."

"I'm afraid Wade will tell all about the party if we don't stop him."

"Then we'd better hunt him up." Kirk resumed his dressing, while Runnels consulted his watch.

"No. 5 is due in twenty minutes. We'll probably find him at the office."

Together they hastened to the railroad building, Runnels telling all he knew of the tragedy as they went along. Cortlandt's body, it seemed, had been found about daylight by a Spitogoty policeman, who had identified it. Becoming panic stricken at the importance of his discovery, he had sounded the alarm, then reported directly to the governor, whose house was close by. The whole city was alive with the news. The police were buzzing like bees. Rumors of suicide, murder, robbery, were about, but no one seemed to know anything definite.

"It was suicide," Kirk averred, with conviction. "The man was insane last night, and that accounts for what he said about me. He's been sick for a long time."

"If those boys will only keep their mouths shut," Runnels said anxiously. "There's no telling what these Spitgoties might do if they heard about that row."

"Cortlandt was an American."

"But it happened in Panama, and it would be their affair."

Although it was Sunday, the four young fellows who had taken part in the entertainment on the night before had gathered in the office and at the appearance of Runnels greeted him eagerly. Toward Kirk, however, they maintained a disheartening constraint.

The acting superintendent began to caution them tersely.

"It's a bad business," said Runnels, "and it's something I for one don't want to be mixed up in. I've heard rumors already about some sort of a quarrel at our party, so I'm afraid you fellows have been talking."

Wade acknowledged it recklessly. "Yes, I'll answer for my part, and I'm not going to make any promise of secrecy either."

Into the office behind them came Ramon Alfarez and two Panaman policemen, one evidently a sergeant.

"Eh, there you are!" Alfarez cried as he caught sight of Kirk. "You are arrest!"

"What for?"

"Gentlemen, you will be so kind as to receive the name, yes? The judge will desire to make inquiries regarding those supper to Senor Cortlan' las' night."

At that moment the building began to shake and reverberate as No. 5 rolled in from Colon, bearing John Weeks, American consul, and Mr. Williams of St. Louis in one of the forward coaches. As the two hurried out through the turnstiles they found the street blocked by a considerable crowd, evidently interested in something quite apart from the arrival of the morning train. But before they could learn the cause out from the nearby building came Ramon Alfarez, accompanied by several policemen and a group of railroad employees, among whom was Kirk Anthony.

"There he is!" wheezed the consul, clutching at his companion's arm. "Get him now before his friends."

"You are arrest!"

Williams thrust the policemen and the curious onlookers aside and, laying hold of Anthony, cried in triumph:

"Well, Mr. Jefferson Locke, I want you."

A little man in blue uniform was attempting to take the prisoner in charge, but the detective disregarded him.

Runnels elbowed his way forward with a question.

"Oh, I've got a warrant for him," Williams declared. "What for? Well, for one thing, he embezzled $80,000, and I'm going to take him back."

"Eh? What is this?" Alfarez bustled into the conversation. "Embezzle? He is then a thief?"

"Exactly. If you're the inspector I'll ask you to make this arrest for me. I believe we're on foreign ground."

"I regret you 'ave arrive' so late," snirked Alfarez. "The gentleman is already arrest' for the murder of Senor Cortlan'. He will first answer to that, I assure you."

It was during the lunch hour that Ramon Alfarez called at the Garavel home, finding the banker and his daughter still loitering over their midday meal and discussing the topic that had electrified the whole city.

"So fine a man," the father was saying. "He was, indeed, my good friend. It is shocking."

"Yes, and to think he should have been killed in this cowardly manner!"

"Killed! Is it believed that he was murdered? Caramba! I supposed he had shot himself. That was the gossip an hour ago."

"Upon leaving the Tivoli last night Senor Cortlan' dined with six of his friends at the Central. There was drinking. The waiters have been questioned; also one of the men who was present has recounted to me what occurred. It seems that for a long time Senor Cortlan' has been jealous of his wife. Cortlan' openly accused his enemy before all the others. It was most dramatic. It was terrible! There was a scene of violence. The other man made threats."

Garavel breathed an incredulous exclamation.

"Ah,but wait! It was Senor Cortlan's best friend, too, the man for whom he had accomplished many favors, whom he accused." He noted with mingled anger and satisfaction the pallor that was creeping into the girl's cheeks. "You would never guess. It was—I hesitate, and yet you are bound to learn, my dear friends—It was this Ant'ony."

"It is a lie!" said the girl quietly. "He loved no one but me."

"Gertrudis!" The banker was shocked beyond measure at what he considered his daughter's jealousy. "Those are not nice words."

"I do not believe it."

Ramon had not counted upon such a spirit, and, his anger getting the better of him, he sneered: "I should not have spoken. I did not know you still care."

"She does not care," Garavel declared loudly.

"Ah, but I do. I love him very dearly."

The two men were upon their feet in an instant, staring at her, the elder in amazement, the younger with rage and resentment blazing from his countenance.

"Silence!" thundered the banker. "Yonder stands your affianced husband."

"It is a mistake"— she persisted gently.

"No, no, no! There is no mistake," chattered Ramon. "Those other men have told all, and your Ant'ony is now in the carcel under guard. It was I who saw to his arrest. Nor is that all. He is not at all the man he pretended to be, even his name is false. This morning there arrived an American officer of police to arrest him on other charges. He is a thief, it seems, having stolen $80,000 gold from his employers. Oh, there is no mistake. Within the hour I have been talking with this detective, and he has the papers of proof. Is not that enough?"

"It is, indeed!" cried the father.

"But it is not true," maintained the girl simply, and her eyes were as steady as altar flames. "Take me to him, please. I must go at once to the carcel."

But he only answered her with a stare of amazement. "Go!" he murmured, after an instant. "Have I lost my senses?"

"Yes, I must go, for he is my husband. We were wed last night."

"Mother of God!" the banker ejaculated hoarsely, and sank into the seat from which he had arisen. Ramon was staring from one to the other, his head turning jerkily.

"Oh, yes! The judge from Colon married us during the dance. I was. have liked a church wedding, but that will come later. The Senor Runnels and his wife were there also, and they will tell you. It made me very happy." Her face was transfigured by a look that left the two men no choice but to believe.

"A civil marriage!" stammered Ramon.

"A civil marriage, indeed!" said Garavel in a choking voice. "So that is where you were when I believed you to be dancing! But I will not have it, understand! You are betrothed. You have given your word to Ramon."

"Ah, but I never loved him. You compelled me to consent because you said you could not be president unless I married him. And that was not so. Ramon deceived you. Now it is all right. You will be president, and I can be happy."

Ramon's suspicion kindled on the instant. He turned upon the banker. "So I begin to see! That was a trick, then, to betray my father."

"But wait!" Gertrudis exclaimed sharply. "Did you not trick us also? Did you not use the general, your father, to make me give up the man I love? Which of us, then, is the better?"

Andres Garavel spoke threateningly, menacingly, to his daughter.

"It was no marriage, and it will not stand. I will have it annulled. The man was a criminal, a fugitive, even when he forced you to marry"—

"No, no! You cannot do that. It was I who asked him to marry me." The girl lied tremulously, manic stricken at the threat. "Before God, I am his wife!" she maintained. "And if this marriage has a flaw then I will stand beside the prison gates and remarry him as he comes forth."

"He will not come forth," Ramon declared harshly.

"Oh, yes! And now will you take me to him?"

"No!" her father bellowed. "You insult my daughter, you are under my roof, and here you shall stay until you give up this madness and this man. I forbid you to go near him. Come! Do you promise?" She inclined her dark head. "I must learn more of this affair at once. You will find your senses, miss, or if you do not you will spend your life in meditation and prayer—that much I promise you."

"I do not wish to enter a convent," she said, with white lips. "I wish to be happy. When Keerk is free I shall go to him. Now, if you please, I—think I shall go away." She turned and went out of the big high ceilinged room, and not until she had reached the hall did her feet waver or her head droop.

(Continued next week)

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THERE ARE CERTAIN CONDITIONS

WHICH DO NOT COME ABOUT EVERY WINTER, at least, not in all localities. Usually when the weather is severe, caused by the heat underneath melting the snow on the roof, the water runs down until it reaches the projection, and, of course, there being no heat under there, it freezes and forms ice at the edge of the roof, which acts as a dam, forcing the water back up under the shingles, down through the roof boards running down the walls inside the house.

THIS KIND OF A LEAK IS ESPECIALLY DISASTEROUS because it runs down the sides of the room, spoiling the decorations, ruining the pictures, and often doing great damage. It is not very pleasant to have the house newly papered throughout, and then, through no fault of the roof, to have such a thing as this occur.

Any roof of the SHINGLE CONSTRUCTION is unable to prevent this state of affairs. Wooden shingles will crack, slate will break, and when the water is higher than the tops of the shingles or slate, it is bound to run through.

In February, 1914, also in January, 1910, the above conditons prevailed, when extreme cold weather, with plenty of snow on all the roofs, caused damage amounting to thousands of dollars, extending over a wide area.

The advantage which RUSSELLOID SHINGLES has over wooden shingles or slate is that when the water backs up under them and freezes it does not crack them; furthermore, they cling so tightly, each one on top of the other, that it is almost impossible for the water to force its way up under them.

Russelloid ALWAYS READY

In Elmira, N. Y., not one of the fifteen or twenty RUSSELLOID SHINGLE roofs, caused any trouble; whereas, nearly every wooden shingle and slate roof in the city leaked more or less around the edges.

Of course, the regular RUSSELLOID ROOFING which comes in rolls is exempt from any trouble of this kind. There is absolutely no chance to back up under it, being a smooth surface all over the roof.

It certainly does not pay to stand the chance of a recurrence of this thing another winter. You cannot afford to run the risk. The only way we can recommend to avoid a repetition of this trouble is to put a strip of RUSSELLOID along the edge of the roof next to the roof boards. This affords protection three feet up from the bottom, which will effectually protect the roof from leakage on account of the formation of ice, as before stated.

If your roof is beginning to show signs of wear, it would be better to replace it with RUSSELLOID SHINGLES, and then you have a roof all over which is unquestionably the best wearing, best looking roof that can be had at any price.

You should at least see these RUSSELLOID SHINGLES before you make any changes. The new shape, just out this season, allows of various designs, especially when combining the red and green shingles together.

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