

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## WHAT HAPPENED

J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank & Trust Co., young society leaders, popular bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, and destined to be one of the town's leading citizens, became innocently involved in a dishonest bank loan. Watrous Dunham, president of the bank, tried to shift the blame to Smith, who refused to be the scapegoat. When Dunham drew a pistol to threaten him, Smith struck the president a blow over the heart and left him for dead.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had said of the well-muscled young bank cashier that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he wilted, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a body blow which had sent the wily little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever you'll be given a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fist, Muther Montague, 'tis you fr th' night train widout stoppin' to buy any ticket—it'll be murder in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resounding and clamoring in his ears, Smith felt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the starting eyes there was a faint smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and, from mere force of habit, closed and snapped the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The watchman's only thought was to go to the police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how carefully the trap had been set, and how impossible it would be for him to escape any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantily lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all so dreadfully incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious, in their way. Long forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to be remembered and, in this retrospective aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the Smith side the bank cashier's feud with Dunham had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—two things that were not to be mixed. Blood and steel. Parental implantings may have been to say to the fruit of the womb, but sinners have more. Smith's was a case up with a map. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the crowd of the respectable and the well-to-do; he was a man feeling for his head. What was done was done, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early stragglers for the west-bound passenger train, late at ten o'clock were already waiting, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith entered the lighted waiting rooms as



Smith Knew What He Had Done.

Smith knew what he had done. A string of... had been pushed up from the... platforms recently... the shadow of the cars he... westward to the yard... watching crew was mak...

truss-rod he climbed in, and at the next coupling car closed the door.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The High Hills.

The Nevada through freight was two hours late issuing from the western portal of Timanyoni canon. Through the early mountain-climbing hours of the night and the early flight across the Red desert, the dusty, travel-grimed young fellow in the empty box car midway of the train had slept soundly, with the hard car floor for a bed and his folded coat for a pillow. But the sudden cessation of the crash and roar of the shut-in mountain passage awoke him and he got up to open the door and look out.

It was still no later than a lazy man's breakfast time, and the May morning was perfect. Over the top of the eastern range the sun was looking, level-rayed, into a parked valley bounded on all sides by high spurs and distant snow peaks. In its nearer reaches the valley was dotted with round hills, some of them bare, others dark with mountain pine and fir.

From the outer loopings of the curves, the young tramp at the car door had momentary glimpses of the Timanyoni, a mountain torrent in its canon, and the swiftest of upland rivers even here where it had the valley in which to expand. A Copah switchman had told him that the railroad division town of Brewster lay at the end of the night's run, in a river valley beyond the eastern Timanyoni, and that the situation of the irrigation project which was advertising for laborers in the Denver newspapers was a few miles up the river from Brewster.

As the train swept along on its way down the grades the valley became more open and the prospect broadened. At one of the promontory roundings the box-car passenger had a glimpse of a shack-built construction camp on the river's margin some distance ahead. A concrete dam was rising in sections out of the river, and dominating the dam and the shacks two steel towers, with a carrying cable stretched between them, formed the piers of the aerial spout conveyor for the placing of the material in the forms.

The train made its stop at the construction siding, but a mile farther along the brakes began to grind and the speed was slackened. Sliding the car door another foot or two, the young tramp with the week-old stubble beard on his face leaned out to look ahead. His opportunity was at hand. A block sashmere was turned against the freight and the train was slowing in obedience to the signal. Waiting until the brakes shrank again, the tramp put his shoulder to the sliding door, sat for a moment in the wider opening, and then swung off.

His alighting was upon one of the promontory embankments. To the westward, where the curving railroad track was lost in the farther windings of the river, lay the little intermountain city of Brewster, a few of its higher buildings showing clear-cut in the distance. Paralleling the railroad, on a lower level and nearer the river, a dusty wagon road pointed in one direction toward the town, and in the other toward the construction camp.

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a fugitive and vagabond turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided. Scrambling down the railroad embankment, he made his way to the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of aspens on the river's edge, where he broke all the tramping traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a soapless bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbled like knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least, was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorn from his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had to put the soiled clothes on again. There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the road and was on his way to the ditch camp. As he walked he read for the fiftieth time something on the page of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under flaring headlines:

### ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT.

Society-Leader Cashier Embezzles \$100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is today a fugitive from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night, the watchman of the bank found President Dunham lying unconscious in front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to cover a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him into insensibility and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not board any of the night trains that he was supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the city, a watch-

rant is out, and a reward of \$1,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not thought possible that he can escape. It was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society woman of Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He follied the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, and an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been installed, and from this point on, the wagon road held to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad so there would be little hauling by wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

Its single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping obligations upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired.

Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyoni's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were insensate and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken mustangs, any day in the year!"

"I used to drive a car a while back," said the tramp. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magneto wire; found and cleverly corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket.

"That's something like," he said. "The garage man said it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your fee?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled cool-naturedly.

"Nothing; for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the staid young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked brusquely.

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or a wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly.

"What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than that.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day-laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

Colonel Baldwin swung in behind the steering wheel of the roadster and held a fresh match to the black cigar. Though he was from Missouri, he had lived long enough in the high hills to know better than to judge any man altogether by outside appearances.

"Climb in," he said, indicating the vacant seat at his side. "I'm the president of the ditch company. Perhaps Williams may be able to use you; but your chances for office work would be ten to one in the town."

"I don't care to live in the town," said the man out of work, mounting to the proffered seat; and past that the big roadster leaped away up the road and the roar of the rejuvenated motor made further speech impossible.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### Wanted—A Financier.

It was a full fortnight or more after this motor-tinkering incident on the hill road to the dam, when Williams, chief engineer of the ditch project, met President Baldwin in the Brewster office of the ditch company and spent a busy hour with the colonel going over the contractors' estimates for the month in prospect. In an interval of the business talk, Baldwin remembered the good-looking young tramp who had wanted a job.

"Oh, yes; I knew there was something else that I wanted to ask you," he said. "How about the young fellow

that I suggested as job a couple of weeks ago? Did he make good?"

"Who—Smith?"

"Yes; if that's his name."

"The engineer's left eyelid had a queer droop when he said dryly: 'It's the name he goes by in camp; 'John Smith.' I haven't asked him his other name.'"

The ranchman-president matched the drooping eyelid of unbelief with a sober smile. "I thought he looked as if he might be out here for his health—like a good many other fellows who have no particular use for a doctor. How is he making it?"

The engineer, a hard-bitted man with the prognathous lower jaw characterizing the tribe of those who accomplish things, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window to look down into the Brewster street. When he turned to face Baldwin again, it was to say: "That young fellow is a wonder, colonel. I put him into the quarry at first, as you suggested, and in three days he had revolutionized things to the tune of a 20 per cent saving in production costs. Then I gave him a back at the concrete-mixers, and he's making good again in the cost reduction. That seems to be his specialty."

The president nodded and was sufficiently interested to follow up what had been merely a casual inquiry.

"What are you calling him now?—a betterment engineer? You know your



"I Used to Drive a Car."

best guess was that he was somebody's bookkeeper out of a job."

Williams wagged his head.

"He's a three-cornered puzzle to me, yet. He isn't an engineer, but when you drag a bunch of cost money up the trail, he goes after it like a dog after a rabbit. I'm not anxious to lose him, but I really believe you could make better use of him here in the town of Brewster than I can on the job."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

The young ex-tramp soon finds that his services are very much in demand, despite the fact that he is suspected of trying to hide his past.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ILLITERATE USE 5,000 WORDS

Persons of Fair Education Are Said to Have a Vocabulary Ten Times as Large.

The Chautauqua Magazine said a few years ago: "It is estimated that an English farm hand has a vocabulary limited to 300 words. An American workman who reads the newspapers may command from 700 to 1,000 words. Five thousand is a large number, even for an educated reader or speaker." This differs considerably from the statement published in a recently compiled English encyclopedia, which states that "it has been reckoned that the agricultural laborer uses about 1,500 words, but this is probably an overestimate. Intelligent artisans have a vocabulary of 4,000 words, while educated persons are familiar with, if they do not use, 8,000 to 10,000 words. This is a step forward all along the line, but it is a long distance from Dr. Joseph Jacobs' discoveries. In a recent review, Doctor Jacobs said "that the average well-educated American or Englishman can control from 20,000 to 25,000 words. But given an individual with a vocabulary of 10,000 primitive words, it is a simple matter for him to increase his stock of words by the use of prefixes and suffixes. From four to six derivatives may be formed by the use of these from nearly every primitive word. If proper names are added to either of these totals (40,000 to 60,000), they might yield a total of 50,000 to 70,000 terms, says the New York Times.

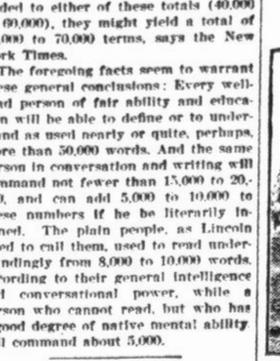
The foregoing facts seem to warrant these general conclusions: Every well-read person of fair ability and education will be able to define or to understand as used nearly or quite, perhaps, more than 50,000 words. And the same person in conversation and writing will command not fewer than 15,000 to 20,000, and can add 5,000 to 10,000 to these numbers if he be literarily inclined. The plain people, as Lincoln liked to call them, used to read understandingly from 8,000 to 10,000 words, according to their general intelligence and conversational power, while a person who cannot read, but who has a good degree of native mental ability will command about 5,000.

### BUILDING ROADS IN RUSSIA

According to Department of Commerce About \$300,000,000 Will Be Cost of Projected Lines.

Extensive railroad construction in Russia during the next ten years aggregating almost 60,000 miles, recommended by a special commission, has been approved by the Russian council of ministers. A report to the department of commerce says about \$300,000,000 will be the cost of 51 projected lines, aggregating 24,770 miles, recommended for construction during the period 1917-1922.

### MOVING BAGGAGE OF INTERNED GERMANS



TYPE OF ENGINE AND CARS USED IN NAVY YARD.

The photograph shows two navy-yard flatcars drawn by a peculiar short switch engine at the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia, loaded with the baggage of the interned German sailors of the raiders Prinz Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm, who had been started on their journey to the forts in Georgia where they are now interned.

The cars were guarded by United States marines.

### Hopeless Job.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Flaherty! And has yer husband been called up yet?" "Not yet, Mrs. MacLagan, thanks be! He's got six months' expension because he's doing work of rational deportment. They've put him into seminary duty abroad; but when I think of the trouble I has to get him up every morning and off to work, it's a fair puzzle to me how the government'll be able to call him up, if his own wife can't call him up, who in the world can?"

### Apples Valuable as Food.

Apples should be used in our diet as often as possible. They are easily obtained, reasonable in price, lend variety to the menu and are of value as a food and as a preventive of disease. Nothing in all our varied and fascinating range of fruits holds quite the same quality and qualifications as the apple. The more apples we add to our dietary the clearer brain and cleaner skin we are likely to have. A new, ripe apple at its best is digested in 65 minutes.

### Grounds for Suspicion.

She—"Do you really think I married you for your money?" He—"Well, the way my money has been going, it looks suspicious."

## CONDITIONS OF WAR

Effect of Failure of Railway Transportation Outlined.

### UNABLE TO CARRY SUPPLIES

Arms and Munitions Piled in Heaps on Ground at Vladivostok—Disorganization Among Railroads During Civil War.

The effect of a failure of transportation facilities in modern warfare is well illustrated by the present situation in Russia. There seems to be no doubt that the failure of the Russian military plans was to a very great extent the result of the disorganization of the nation's railway system, a disorganization so complete that it extended clear to Vladivostok, 6,000 miles behind the fighting line.

At that port an accumulation of arms, munitions and supplies shipped from America for the use of the Russian forces is piled on the ground for miles. Some of the material has been there for more than a year. It may well be doubted whether the Russian revolution would have come so quickly to a head had the military authorities been able to keep the troops properly supplied and thus put them more nearly on equal terms with the enemy.

### Conditions During Spanish War.

Nor does the Spanish war furnish the only example of a failure on the part of American railroads to meet the stresses of war conditions. Something of the same sort of disorganization affected the railroads of the Northern states during the Civil war and resulted in the first plan of railway centralization for military purposes.

When the serious nature of the struggle had begun to be evident to the people of the North and repeated calls for volunteers had resulted in the raising of large numbers of troops in different sections of the country the facilities of the railroads broke down completely. The movement of men and supplies in numbers then undreamed of was too much for the personnel and the equipment of the numerous small roads which at that time broke the journey between most of the principal cities.

### Government Control.

It was this situation which in 1902 impelled congress to pass an act giving the federal government power to take over the railroads in time of war. President Lincoln, however, contented himself with calling to Washington Col. Thomas A. Scott, then an officer of the Pennsylvania railroad and afterward its president for many years. Colonel Scott received an appointment as assistant secretary of war, with full authority over all the railroads in connection with the movement of troops.

Colonel Scott and his assistants soon had things straightened out and troops were moved to the various mobilization and concentration points as fast as the army authorities were able to take care of them. One of the Pennsylvania's bright young men whom Colonel Scott summoned to Washington to assist him in the work was a certain division superintendent, Andrew Carnegie by name, whose fame in other fields of endeavor has well-nigh obliterated the reputation for unvarying knotty problems, which he demonstrated as an official of the military railroads.

Another of his assistants was John P. Green, who afterwards rose to the vice presidency of the Pennsylvania and who is still serving the company on its board of directors.

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## GIRLS DO MEN'S WORK

Railroads radiating from Chicago already have begun to employ women for men's work as a result of war's effect in thinning the ranks of the men employees. The Erie and the Baltimore & Ohio have notified operating officials to employ women whenever necessary, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Alton and the Monon are preparing to take similar action.

## RAILROADS BUILT IN MIDAIR

One of Greatest Engineering Accomplishments Under Our Flag—Many Remarkable Scenes.

A railroad journey on the Island of Hawaii, where the great Kilauea volcano is always active and so easily accessible by auto from Hilo, is filled with remarkable scenes. The railroad is built almost on the edge of the great cliffs overhanging the Pacific, and it crosses deep canons, bores through ridges and follows horseshoe trestles, all of which forms one of the great engineering accomplishments under the American flag. The railroad passes through banana and scores of miles of sugar cane plantations, picturesque villages of laborers with sections devoted exclusively to Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese and Filipinos. Coffee plantations show an intense dark green against the lighter shade of the sugar cane. Occasionally passengers on the trains pass beneath cane bundles, which look like great winged birds, brought over the fields to mills on wire cables or trolleys. In other places they see the cut cane floating down water flumes to the mill. Some of these flume trestles are at least 250 feet above the bottom of the canon.

A splendid auto road parallels the railroad track and over this scores of taxis and jitneys carry a cosmopolitan population.—Boston Transcript.

## MOST POWERFUL OF ENGINES

"Seven Hundred," Triple Articulative Type, Put into Service—Power Is Unlimited.

Seven Hundred, the most powerful locomotive that ever hauled a train, was put into service on a Virginia railroad the other day. It is of the triple-articulative type—a type of which there are only three others in the United States, and all are owned by the Erie railroad. Seven Hundred, however, has a greater tractive power than any of its prototypes, there being practically no limit to the weight it can pull or push. Before its capacity could be reached, the drivers and couplers of the most modern cars would break under the strain. Were it possible to put them together, it could pull 300 cars, loaded to capacity, and it would be able to push a much heavier load. A conception of its weight, 841,000 pounds, may be gained when it is known that, in coming from Edinboro, Pa., it had to detour 50 miles between Philadelphia and Wilmington, because the most direct line was not strong enough to bear its weight. The cost to build the locomotive was \$240,000, and it will be used to haul coal in the West Virginia mountains.

## LOADED TRAIN GIVEN BATH

Flat Cars, Loaded With Ties, Run Into Steel Cylinder and Immersed in Preserving Fluid.

A strange-looking train, composed of a narrow-gauge oil-burning engine and a number of very low flat cars of corresponding width, constitutes an interesting part of a tie-trucking plant recently opened at Riverton, Wyo. A string of these cars, loaded with about 500 ties, is backed into a strongly built steel cylinder, 132 feet long. The engine is then detached, the big circular door at the end of the retort is tightly closed, and a zinc-chloride solution is forced into the chamber by a vacuum process. When the ties are completely immersed in the preserving fluid it is put under pressure to force it to the wood fiber. After six hours they are thoroughly saturated and are removed.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## NEW METALS BEING SOUGHT

Manufacturers Looking for Substitutes for Those Now Used, Because of Advance in Prices.

The recent advance in price of many of the more commonly used metals has led manufacturers to adopt or consider the adoption of various substitute metals or alloys for certain purposes. The advice of the bureau of standards has frequently been sought in this connection. An interesting field of investigation is opened up by such inquiries. It appears that the metals traditionally and currently used for various articles are in many cases no better adapted for the purpose than others, and a slight difference in price would warrant a substitution. It is not usually possible, however, to suggest substitutes offhand, as there are many factors involving manufacturing peculiarities, durability and other physical and chemical properties that first have to be determined. "There is," says the bureau, "a very wide field of research here, which would undoubtedly repay manifold the efforts put upon it."—Scientific American.

## Rubber Consumption Growing.

Consumption of rubber per capita is more than twice what it was 25 years ago. The company expects to manufacture uppers of shoes from rubber as well as soles. This company will operate its own merchant marine to bring crude rubber from Sumatra and carry manufactured articles to all parts of the world. The company now employs 28,621 men, and manufactures 218,330 pairs of rubber shoes a day. More than a million trees in Sumatra plantations are being tapped.

## Consolation.

Mistress—Oh, Norah, you've broken that willow pattern plate into a dozen pieces.

Norah—Never mind, mum; shure it'll make a foin picture puzzle for Master Harold.

## Willing to Share.

She—Ninety-nine women in a hundred are naturally generous.

He—Yes; where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away.

## Sore Eyes.

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye-Salve. No Stinging, No Smarting, No Burning. At Murine Eye-Salve Co., 250 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

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