The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXIII.

—17—

The Flesh-Pots of Egypt.

Convinced by Verda Richlander's telephone message to the construction camp that he stood in no immediate danger, Smith spent the heel of the afternoon in the High Line offices, keeping in wire touch with Stillings, whom he had sent on a secret mission to Red Butte, and with Williams at the dam. The High Line enterprise was on the knees of the gods. If Williams could pull through in time, if the river-swelling storms should hold off, if Stanton should delay his final raid past the critical hour—and there was now good reason to hope that all of these contingencies were probable—the victory was practically won.

Smith closed his desk at six o'clock and went across to the hotel to dress for dinner. The day of suspense was practically at an end and disaster still held aloof; was fairly outdistanced in the race, as it seemed. Williams' final report had been to the effect that the concrete-pouring was completed, and the long strain was off. Smith went to his rooms, and, as once before and for a similar reason, he laid his dress clothes out on the bed. He made sure that he would be required to dine with Verda Richlander, and he was stripping his coat when he heard a tap at the door and Jibbey came in.

"Glad rags, eh?" said the blase one, with a glance at the array on the bed. "I've just run up to tell you that you needn't. Verda's dining with the Stantons, and she wants me to keep you out of sight until afterward. By and by, when she's foot-loose, she wants to see you in the mezzanine. Isn't there some quiet little joint where we two can go for a bite? You know the town, and I don't."

Smith put his coat on, and together they circled the square to Frascatti's, taking a table in the main cafe. While they were giving their dinner order, Starbuck came in and joined them, and Smith was glad. For reasons which he could scarcely have defined, he was relieved not to have to talk to Jibbey alone, and Starbuck played third hand admirably, taking kindly to the sham black sheep, and filling him up, in quiet, straight-faced humor, with many and most marvelous tales of the earlier frontier.

At the end of the meal, while Jibbey was still content to linger, listening open-mouthed to Starbuck's reminiscences, Smith excused himself and returned to the hotel. He had scarcely chosen his lounging chair in a quiet corner of the mezzanine before Miss Richlander came to join him.

"It has been a long day, hasn't it?" she began evenly. "You have been busy with your dam, I suppose, but I—I have had nothing to do but to think, and that is something that I don't often allow myself to do. You have gone far since that night last May when you telephoned me that you would come up to the house later—and then broke your promise, Montague."

"In a way, I suppose I have," he admitted.

"You have, indeed. You are a totally different man."

"In what way, particularly?"

"In every conceivable way. If one could believe in transmigration, one would say that you had changed souls with some old, hard-hitting, rough-riding ancestor. Have your ambitions changed, too?"

"I am not sure now that I had any ambitions in that other life."

"Oh, yes, you had," she went on smoothly. "In the 'other life,' as you call it, you would have been quite willing to marry a woman who could bring you a firm social standing and money enough to put you on a footing with other men of your capabilities. You wouldn't be willing to do that now, would you?—leaving the sentiment out as you used to leave it out then?"

"No, I hardly think I should."

Her laugh was musically low and sweet, and only mildly derisive.

"You are thinking that it is change of environment, wider horizons, and all that, which has changed you, Montague; but I know better. It is a woman, and, as you may remember, I have met her—twice." Then, with a faint glow of spiteful fire in the magnificent eyes: "How can you make yourself believe that she is pretty?"

He shrugged one shoulder in token of the utter uselessness of discussion in that direction.

"Sentiment?" he queried. "I think we needn't go into that, at this late day, Verda. It is a field that neither of us entered, or cared to enter, in the days that are gone. If I say that Corona Baldwin has—quite unconsciously on her part, I must ask you to believe — taught me what love means, that ought to be enough."

Again she was laughing softly.

"You seem to have broadly forgotten the old proverb about a woman scorned. What have you to expect from me after making such an admission as that?"

Smith pulled himself together and stood the argument firmly upon its unquestionable footing.

"Let us put all these indirections aside and be for the moment merely a man and a woman, as God made us, Verda," he said soberly. "You know, and I know, that there was never any question of love involved in our relations past and gone. We might have married, but in that case neither of us would have got or expected anything more than the conventional decencies and amenities. We mustn't try to make believe at this late day. You had no illusions about me when I married Watrous Dunham's hired man; you haven't, any illusions about me now."

"Perhaps not," was the only rejoinder. "And yet today I had hoped to save you from those who are trying to crush you."

"I told you not to do that," he rejoined quickly.

"I know you did; and yet, when you went away this morning you knew perfectly well that I was going to do it if I should get the opportunity. Didn't you, Montague?"

He nodded slowly; common honesty demanded that much.

"Very well; you accepted the service, and I gave it freely. Mr. Kinzie believes now that you are another Smith—not the one who ran away from Lawrenceville last May. Tell me: would the other woman have done as much if the chance had fallen to her?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "I hope not," but he did not say it. Instead, he said: "But you don't really care, Verda; in the way you are trying to make me believe you do."

"Possibly not; possibly I am wholly selfish in the matter and am only looking for some loophole of escape."

"Escape? From whom?"

She looked away and shook her head. "From Watrous Dunham, let us say. You didn't suspect that, did you? It is so, nevertheless. My father desires it; and I suppose Watrous Dunham would like to have my money—you know I have something in my own right. Perhaps this may help to account for some other things—for your trouble, for one. You were in his way, you see. But never mind that: there are other matters to be considered now. Though Mr. Kinzie has been put off the track, Mr. Stanton hasn't. I have earned Mr. Stanton's ill-will because I wouldn't tell him about you, and this evening, at table, he took it out on me."

"In what way?"

"He gave me to understand, very plainly, that he had done something; that there was a sensation in prospect for all Brewster. He was so exultantly triumphant that it fairly frightened me. The fact that he wasn't afraid to show some part of his hand to me—knowing that I would be sure to tell you—makes me afraid that the trap has already been set for you."

"In other words, you think he has gone over Kinzie's head and has telegraphed to Lawrenceville?"

"Montague, I'm almost certain of it!"

Smith stood up and put his hands behind him.

"Which means that I have only a few hours, at the longest," he said quietly. And then: "There is a good bit to be done, turning over the business of the office, and all that: I've been putting it off from day to day, saying that there would be time enough to set my house in order after the trap had been sprung. Now I am like the man who puts off the making of his will until it is too late. Will you let me thank you very heartily and vanish?"

"What shall you do?" she asked.

"Set my house in order, as I say—as well as I can in the time that remains. There are others to be considered, you know."

"Oh; the plain-faced little ranch girl among them, I suppose?"

"No; thank God, she is out of it entirely—in the way you mean," he broke out fervently.

"You mean that you haven't spoken to her—yet?"

"Of course I haven't. Do you suppose I would ask any woman to marry me with the shadow of the penitentiary hanging over me?"

"But you are not really guilty."

"That doesn't make any difference: Watrous Dunham will see to it that I get what he has planned to give me."

She was tapping an impatient tattoo on the carpet with one shapely foot.

"Why don't you turn this new leaf of yours back and go home and fight it out with Watrous Dunham, once for all?" she suggested.

"I shall probably go, fast enough, when Macauley or one of his deputies gets here with the extradition papers," he returned. "But as to fighting Dunham, without money—"

She looked up quickly, and this time there was no mistaking the meaning of the glow in the magnificent brown eyes.

"Your friends have money, Montague—plenty of it. All you have to do is to say that you will defend yourself. I am not sure that Watrous Dunham couldn't be made to take your place in the prisoner's dock, or that you couldn't be put in his place in the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust. You have captured Tucker Jibbey, and that means Tucker's father; and my father—well, when it comes to the worst, my father always does what I want him to. It's his one weakness."

For one little instant Smith felt the solid ground slipping from beneath his feet. Here was a way out, and his quick mentality was showing him that it was a perfectly feasible way. As Verda Richlander's husband and Josiah Richlander's son-in-law, he could fight Dunham and win. And the reward: once more he could take his place in the small Lawrenceville world, and settle down to the life of conventional good report and ease which he had once thought the acme of any reasonable man's aspirations. But at the half-yielding moment a word of Corona Baldwin's flashed into his brain and turned the scale: "It did happen in your case . . . giving you a chance to grow and expand, and to break with all the old traditions . . . and the break left you free to make of yourself what you should choose." It was the reincarnated Smith who met the look in the beautiful eyes and made answer.

"No," was the sober decision; and then he gave his reasons. "If I could do what you propose, I shouldn't be worth the powder it would take to drive a bullet through me, Verda. For now, you see, I know what love means. You say I have changed, and I have changed; I can imagine the past-and-gone J. Montague jumping at the chance you are offering. But the mill will never grind with the water that is past: I'll take what is coming to me, and try to take it like a man. Good-night—and good-by." And he turned his back upon the temptation and went away.

Fifteen minutes later he was in his office in the Kinzie building, trying in vain to get Colonel Baldwin on the distance wire; trying also—and also in vain—to forget the recent clash and break with Verda Richlander. He was jiggling the switch of the desk phone for the twentieth time when a nervous step echoed in the corridor and the door opened to admit William Starbuck. There was red wrath in the mine owner's ordinarily cold eyes when he flung himself into a chair and eased the nausea of his soul in an outburst of picturesque profanity.

"The jig's up—definitely up, John," he was saying, when his speech became lucid enough to be understood. "We know now what Stanton's 'other string' was. A half hour ago, a deputy United States marshal, with a posse big enough to capture a town, took possession of the dam and stopped the work. He says it's a court order from Judge Lorching at Red Butte, based on the claims of that infernal paper railroad!"

Smith pushed the telephone aside.

"But it's too late!" he protested. "The dam is completed; Williams phoned me before I went to dinner. All that remains to be done to save the charter is to shut the spillways and let the water back up so that it will flow into the main ditch!"

"Right there's where they've got us!" was the rasping reply. "They won't let Williams touch the spillway gates, and they're not going to let him touch them until after we have lost out on the time limit! Williams' man says they've put the seal of the court on the machinery and have posted armed guards everywhere. Wouldn't that make you run around in circles and yelp like a scalded dog?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Strong Man Armed.

Smith put his elbows on the desk and propped his head in his hands. It was not the attitude of dejection; it was rather a trancelike rigor of concentration, with each and all of the newly emergent powers once more springing alive to answer the battle call. At the desk-end Starbuck sat with his hands locked over one knee, too disheartened to roll a cigarette, normal solace for all woundings less than mortal. After a minute or two Smith jerked himself around to face the news-bringer.

"Does Colonel Baldwin know?" he asked.

"Sure! That's the worst of it. Didn't I tell you? He drove out to the dam, reaching the works just ahead of the trouble. When M'Graw and the posse outfit showed up, the colonel got it into his head that the whole thing was

"Your Friends Have Money."

merely another trick of Stanton's—a fake. Ginty, the quarry boss, brought the news to town. He says there was a bloody mix-up, and at the end of it the colonel and Williams were both under arrest for resisting the officers."

Smith nodded thoughtfully. "Of course; that was just what was needed. With the president and the chief of construction locked up, and the wheels blocked for the next twenty-four hours, our charter will be gone."

"This world and another, and then the fireworks," Starbuck threw in. "With the property all roped up in a law tangle, and those stock options of yours due to fall in, it looks as if a few prominent citizens of the Timanyoni would have to take to the high grass and the tall timber. It sure does, John."

"Do you know, Billy, I have been expecting something of this kind—and expecting it to be a fake. That's why I sent Stillings to Red Butte; to keep watch of Judge Lorching's court. Stillings was to phone me if Lorching issued an order."

"And he hasn't 'phoned you?"

"No; but that doesn't prove anything. The order may have been issued, and Stillings may have tried to let us know. There are a good many ways in which a man's mouth may be stopped—when there are no scruples on the other side."

"Then you think there is no doubt that the court order is straight, and that this man M'Graw is really a deputy marshal and has the law for what he is doing?"

"In the absence of any proof to the contrary, we are obliged to believe it—or at least to accept it. But we're not dead yet. . . . Billy, it's running in my mind that we've got to go out there and clean up Mr. M'Graw and his crowd."

Starbuck threw up his hands and made a noise like a dry wagon wheel.

"Holy smoke!— go up against the whole United States?" he gasped.

Smith's grin showed his strong, even teeth.

"Starbuck, you remember what I told you one night?—the night I dragged you up to my rooms in the hotel and showed you a picture of the girl I love? I told you then that I had no business to make love to Corona Baldwin!"

"Yep."

"Well, the time has come when I may as well fill out the blanks in the story for you." And with Billy looking straight into his eyes, he did so. At the end Starbuck was nodding soberly. "You sure have been carrying a back-load all these weeks, John, never knowing what minute was going to be the next. Now I know about this Miss Rich-pastures. She knows you and she could give you away if she wanted to. Has she done it, John?"

"No; but her father has. Stanton has got hold of the end of the thread, and, while I don't know it definitely, it is practically certain he sent a wire. If the Brewster police are not looking for me at this moment, they will be shortly. That brings us back to this High Line knockout. As the matter stands, I'm the one man in our outfit who has absolutely nothing to lose. I am an officer of the company, and no legal notice has been served upon me. Can you fill out the remainder of the order?"

"No, I'll be switched if I can!"

"Then I'll fill it for you. So far as I know—legally, you understand—this raid has never been authorized by the courts; at least, that is what I'm going to assume until the proper papers have been served on me. Therefore I am free to strike one final blow for the colonel and his friends, and I'm going to do it, if I can dodge the police long enough to get action."

Starbuck's tilting chair righted itself with a crash.

"You've thought it all out?—just how to go at it?"

"Every move; and everyone of them a straight bid for a second penitentiary sentence."

"All right," said the mine owner briefly. "Count me in."

"For information only," was the brusque reply. "You have a stake in the country and a good name to maintain. I have nothing. But you can tell me a few things. Are our workmen still on the ground?"

"Yes. Ginty said there were only a few stragglers who came to town with him. Most of the two shifts are staying on to get their pay—or until they find out that they aren't going to get it."

"And the colonel and Williams: the marshal is holding them out at the dam?"

"Uh-huh; locked up in the office shack, Ginty says."

"Good. I shan't need the colonel, but I shall need Williams. Now another question: you know Sheriff Harding fairly well, don't you? What sort of a man is he?"

"Square as a die, and as nervy as they make 'em. When he gets a warrant to serve, he'll bring in his man, dead or alive."

"That's all I'll ask of him. Now go and find me an auto, and then you can fade away and get ready to prove a good, stout alibi."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN BODY AS AN ENGINE

Keeps Itself in Repair and Constantly Maintains an Even Temperature Throughout Four Seasons.

To burn the fuel in a gasoline engine it must be carburetted or mixed with air and an electric spark must be applied to ignite the mixture. In the human engine the process is much more elaborate, since a very wide variety of crude foods is taken, refined, reduced to fuel and burned slowly. A gasoline engine may be termed a quick-combustion, high-temperature engine, while the human machine is a low-temperature and slow-combustion engine, which not only produces energy from its food, but lubricates itself, keeps itself in repair and constantly maintains an even temperature throughout the four seasons.

A man could not digest gasoline, nor could a gasoline engine run on butter. Nevertheless, the two classes and functions merge into each other. Science shows how alcohol is a curious illustration of this fact. An internal combustion engine could be run on alcohol and it is known that this fluid can be burned in the human body also, producing a vast amount of violent energy which is equivalent to that obtained in a gasoline engine when the throttle is pulled wide open and there is no load to carry. Physicians say that drunkenness is, in effect, racing the human engine beyond speed limits.

Old "Sugar Makin'."

It must have been a busy, hard time for our elders, those old sugar makin' days, but we never heard them complain. Maybe they liked it, hard work and all, as a break in the monotony of a long, dull winter on the farm that was away back from the main traveled road. The old sugar house disappeared long ago, and the grand old trees are gone, too. The big level cornfield of today gives no hint of past joys, but some of us can close our eyes and reconstruct grandfather's farm, and when we have put the old grove back in its proper place, with the road winding up through it, past the old sugar house, to the quaint old steep-roofed house with its ever waiting look of welcome, and when the picture is complete, along with all the other joys of going to grandfather's, we can even taste the taste of real molasses that came from trees.—Indianapolis News.

Candles Vs. Electricity.

The Society for Electrical Development, anxious to encourage a wider use of electricity for lighting, has prepared figures showing it is much cheaper than candles or kerosene.

A recent test of six candles showed that for 1 cent only 2.68 candle-power hours were obtained. If electricity for lighting costs 9 cents for a kilowatt hour a 20-watt lamp can be lighted for 50 hours for 9 cents. The efficiency of a 20-watt incandescent is a candle-power for 1.17 watts. Thus a 20-watt lamp will provide about 17 candle power. It will burn 50 hours for 9 cents, or 850 candle-power hours will cost 9 cents. One cent will buy 94.4 candle-power hours, or 35 times as much light as can be obtained from a candle for 1 cent.

WAR BRINGS ADVENT OF GIRL RAILROADER

Among the first changes being brought about in the United States by the war is recorded the entrance of women into railroading. From doing flag duty at grade-crossings to wiping the monster locomotives and operating lathes in machine shops, girls are replacing old men and young men.

While the first call for the girl railroader was to replace men who will take up arms, with the bars down they are showing efficiency in branches heretofore employing old men and those crippled in the service of the companies. Especially is this true in the signal department.

The new school of telegraphy has recently been transferred from Bedford, Pa., to Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania railroad. When the transfer was made, the course was opened to women as well as men. More than 200 students are now taking the course. The only requirements for entrance are that the applicant be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five and possess good sight, hearing and a fair knowledge of English, mathematics and geography.

Have Miniature Line.

The girls are learning by actually operating the block system on a special road, which has been constructed for that very purpose—a miniature, electrically operated road over which hum freights, locals and expresses all day long with all the businesslike faithfulness to schedule which is necessary on the real railroad, telephone bells ringing and telegraph sounders clicking. Official reports and roders are made out just as though the girls were at work, as conceivably they soon may be, in the towers between Philadelphia and Altoona.

Down to the smallest detail the miniature road is complete. To a casual observer who might happen upon it by chance, there might be an element of humor in the busy men and women bending over their work along the line of this toy railroad. To the instructors and their classes it is the most serious work, for when the novices have fully mastered the system of the miniature railroad, with its block system, its ramifications of reports and transactions of official nature, they virtually have mastered the system of the Pennsylvania railroad and are potentially able to take their places at the keyboards, the signal phones and the switch and block towers.

In the train room the tracks are laid on a great table built in a U-shape, with terminals at each end. The blocks are represented by wooden partitions, through which are cut openings for the trains to pass. All the signaling is done with the regular equipment such as is used in the regular operations of trains, telephones and telegraphs. There are divisions in this system for 50 students and a passageway up to the center enables the instructor to move from one to another for individual attention.

Three-Track System.

At present the system is a three-track one, two regular lines and a continuous switch track in the center, just like many sections of the real railroad are built. Shortly there will be added a fourth track, which will make it the counterpart of the company's four-track trunk lines.

Another advantage which is given to the students is the opportunity to hear the messages and reports which go over the real wires of the company, as the lines have been tapped and receiving apparatus set up in connection with them in the school.

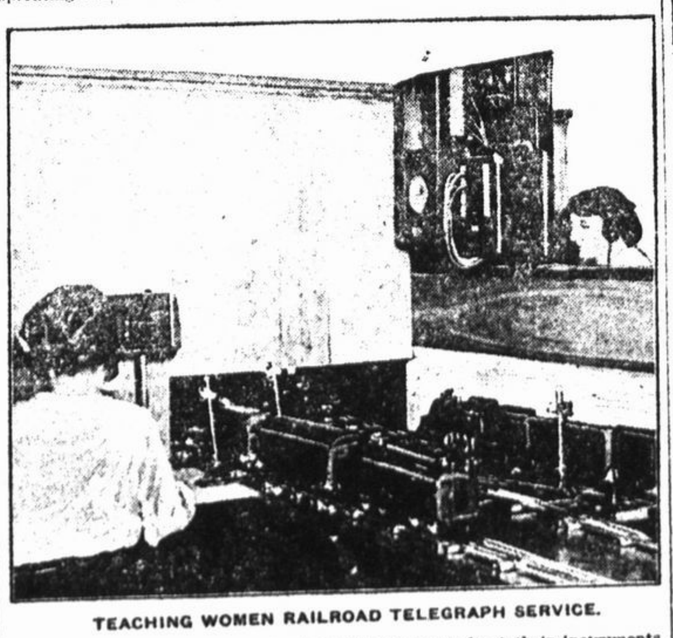
Telegraphy itself is no easy subject to master, but the equipment of the school contains special arrangements to enable the ready acquisition of speed and accuracy on the part of the students. The telegraph room is 20 by 40 feet, and down the two side walls and the center are tables at which the fair students sit at their instruments. These tables are wired in such a manner as to enable any student to enter any speed class at the request of the principal without the necessity of changing her seat. The classes are made up of speeds, 5, 10, 15 and 20 to 25 words a minute. This is accomplished by having four circuits around the room and a four-holed jack-switch box on each table.

This undertaking of the Pennsylvania railroad is not a fad, for the girls actually work hard. The course is not easy and it requires from six to eight months' steady application for completion. Besides telegraphy and block signal operations, all station office detail work is taught. At the end of the course a job is secured.

Other Lines Adopt Plan.

The Pennsylvania railroad is not the only company to adopt the system of employing women. At an Erie car shop in Buffalo are 28 young women who are taking the places of men. One young woman is running a belt cutter and is working 100 per cent piecework.

The Baltimore & Ohio road has introduced woman workers in a number of its shops with success. It has also opened positions in the freight and passenger terminals to women. They work the regulation day and wear overalls, caps and gloves while they are on the job.



TEACHING WOMEN RAILROAD TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

CUT IN PASSENGER SERVICE

Reduction Is Part of Program of War Board for Conservation of Coal and Employees.

Extensive reductions in passenger train service in addition to those already made are to go into effect in the middle West. Between March 1 and July 15 the railroads in this territory effected a saving at the rate of almost 7,000,000 passenger miles a year. The total reductions already made and those to be put into effect in this territory amount to 12,000,000 passenger miles. Reductions of 16,000,000 passenger miles have been reported in eastern territory.

This reduction in passenger train service is a part of the program of the war board for the conservation of coal and men. The reductions made in the central department will result in saving 500,000 tons of coal a year.

RAIL CASH BREAKS RECORDS

Figures for April Show Increase of More Than $500,000 on Net Earnings for 1917.

Complete figures of railroad revenues and expenses for April, announced by the interstate commerce commission, show an increase of more than $500,000 on net earnings for 1917 over 1916.

A new record for railroad operating revenues was set during the first four months of this year, the total being $1,202,606,000. For the same period in 1916, the previous banner year in railroad revenues, the figure was $1,005,916,000.

Raise Workers' Wages.

The British Columbia Electric Railway company has raised wages of its electrical workers from $4.50 to $4.90 for an eight-hour day. Wiremen employed on a monthly basis are increased $10.

New Signal System.

A new signaling system for single-track electric railroads records the progressive position of every car in service before the eyes of a dispatcher and enables him to signal to every motorman directly.

NEW FREIGHT CARS WANTED

Council of National Defense Negotiating for Construction of 100,000—Shortage Feared.

The United States government, through the council of national defence, is actively negotiating with car builders for the immediate construction of 100,000 freight cars. Inquiries have been made of the car construction companies as to how many of these cars may be turned out by them within a specified time. The government is planning to avoid a possible car shortage when the time comes for assembling supplies at the seaboard cities when the American armies are engaged at the battle front in Europe.

FASTEST TIME ON RAILROAD

Train on Philadelphia & Reading Runs Five Miles at Rate of 115.20 Miles Per Hour.

In July, 1914, in covering a distance of approximately five miles, from Egg Harbor to Brigantine Junction, a train on the Philadelphia & Reading traveled at the rate of 115.20 miles an hour. The fastest time on record for a distance of over 440 miles was made by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad between Buffalo and Chicago, in June, 1905, nine cars and two engines, including stops, going at the rate of 68.69 miles an hour.

Connecting Link in Peru.

Work has been begun in Peru on a railroad which will cross the Andes and form a connecting link between the headwaters of the Amazon river and the Pacific ocean.

Colored Flashlight.

For railroad men a Michigan inventor has patented a pocket flashlight that shows red from one end and white from the other.

Insignificant Smokestack.

In the latest design of locomotive the smokestack is so insignificant as to be almost unobservable.

Votes to Affiliate.

The Railway Mail association has voted to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

WAS ALL RUN DOWN

Easily Tired Out, Could Not Sleep Long, Completely Restored Since Using Doan's.

Mrs. Harry A. Lyon, 5 St. William St., S. Boston, Mass., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have surely done me wonderful good. About two months prior to the birth of my baby, I had two convulsions and was taken to a hospital. Doctors said the convulsions were due to my kidneys not working properly.

MRS. LYON.

"I had swelling of the feet and ankles so that I had to wear large-sized slippers. My back ached intensely, I was nervous and unable to sleep. I also suffered from awful headaches and felt weak, tired, languid, and run down.

"After I came home a friend suggested that I try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got some. I soon noticed improvement; my back became stronger and I felt better in every way. I kept on taking Doan's and was cured. They are surely reliable."

Mrs. Lyon gave the above statement in May, 1915, and on March 12, 1917, she said:

"My cure has lasted. I take Doan's occasionally, however, as a strengthener for my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

FREE to all sufferers of catarrh, hay-fever, asthma, bronchitis, long-trouble, eczema, salt-rheum, old sores, piles, can of Dr. Nardine's never failing remedy. NARDINE MEDICAL CO., Inc., JOHNSON CITY, N. Y.

She Studied Byron.

Mrs. Hawkins, who posed as a literary woman and professed a great admiration for Byron's works, had recently purchased a little dog and was showing him to a caller.

"What have you named him?" asked the caller.

"Perchance," was the reply.

"What a singular name for an animal!" commented the caller.

"I named him after Byron's dog," she explained. "Don't you remember the line in 'Childe Harold,' where the poet says, 'Perchance my dog?'"

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

GERMANS BRIBED THE UMPIRE

Carl Emil Junck Tells How Teutons Cheat in Other Ways Than in War.

Carl Emil Junck, a dye importer of Chicago, was talking about Germany.

"The German spirit today is tricky, shifty and false," he said. "The Germans today think it's clever to cheat. Their war, with its violation of every war law and every international agreement, is a cheating war.

"Here is an illustration of the German spirit:

"When I lived in Elberfeld I organized a football team among the Elberfeld boys. Once, when the team was to play a neighboring team, I gave the boys 100 marks to buy shoes, leg-guards or whatever would most help them to win.

"Well, they won, but their shoes and leg-guards were very old and shabby, and I said to the captain after the game:

"'Glad you licked 'em, though certainly some of the decisions were close. But what did you do with the money I gave you?'

"The captain answered with a knowing smile:

"'You said, Herr Junck, that we were to use the money in any way that would best help us to win; so of course we made a present of it to the umpire.'"

Pressed Steel for Autos.

Pressed steel is crowding out other materials—gray iron, malleable castings, wood, brass and aluminum—in the manufacture of automobiles.

Not on the Job.

Merchant—Don't open your grips.

Young Drummer—But I've forgotten what I'm selling.

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE