

ROVIN

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEER

A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Frank sat down in the nearest chair and laughed as if Stiles had said something which was exceedingly witty. The outbreak was so spontaneous and unaccountable that the bookkeeper stared at him. He could not know that Phil would laugh with a good abandon just then if somebody were to turn across the road is due to the other side.

She seems to have taken you pretty well into her confidence, Jimmy. Perhaps you ought to tell me who her escort was this night of the fog—a Joe Somebody.

"Oh, that was me," paddled her arms. "I paddled her home. We agreed to each other by fake names in case anybody heard us talking. When she got into your car by mistake I was about ten yards away, but I was scared to move. I knew she could take care of herself."

Again Phil laughed. But Stiles was growing impatient and his worried look returned.

"Say, never mind all that, Mr. Kendrick, please. We've got to do something about this other thing right now, quick. Nickleby's been having a most interesting time of it since that afternoon with the fellow that's doing it. There's liable to be other setting-out with the same idea."

"Do you mean?" demanded Kendrick earnestly.

Layson took the train westward that night to get that farm enveloped in the fog."

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

What happened on the Winnipeg Express.

Two hours later Kendrick left Winnipeg Express, was awakened through the night. He told him that the hour was ten o'clock in the open time.

Outside in the darkness there was a heavy, cold, north wind blowing behind him, mile after mile.

The man's run of the night was a start of kind and doubt that her safe and sound at the house of Mrs. Thorpe.

The past passenger train did not leave in this part of the night but he had persuaded her to slow down so that he could get to her.

He took a compartment in the morning but at the moment was sitting in a corner of the open coach which at that late hour was filled with empty chairs and magazines in their leather covers.

One by one the other passengers sought their seats, leaving the solitary possession. He sat staring at the white window at the double of the lighted coach.

"Oodles of things to have done was to hear her of from this wild goose chase by reporting the matter to her father or by having her editor on board train to return at

it and studied the dainty hand-painted pin and when he restored it carefully to its place in his pocket-book he breathed deeply and his eyes shone with a glow of satisfaction.

What a deuce of a mix everything had been getting into this last little while back! It was as bad as one of those mystery yarns in the magazines with something happening on every page. He recalled with a smile a heated argument which the fellows had got into on one of the Varsity Aegean Club nights, when Billy Thorpe had contended that strange adventures were really occurring daily and nightly under the multitudinous noses of the modern, work-a-day world. It was impossible to be a student of history, argued he, without recognizing upon what slender threads of hazard great issues often hinged, or a reader of the news items without recognizing that mighty queer things were creeping constantly into the experience of some men. It wasn't necessary to seek these in the distorted perspectives of the old world or the political intrigues of Continental Europe for ordinary people were just as liable to have adventures. The trouble with most folks nowadays was that they were not trotting the thoroughfares of every-day commonplaces so long they had got dust in their eyes, they couldn't see the bridge-paths of the unusual but that didn't prove that romance wasn't doing business at the same old stand.

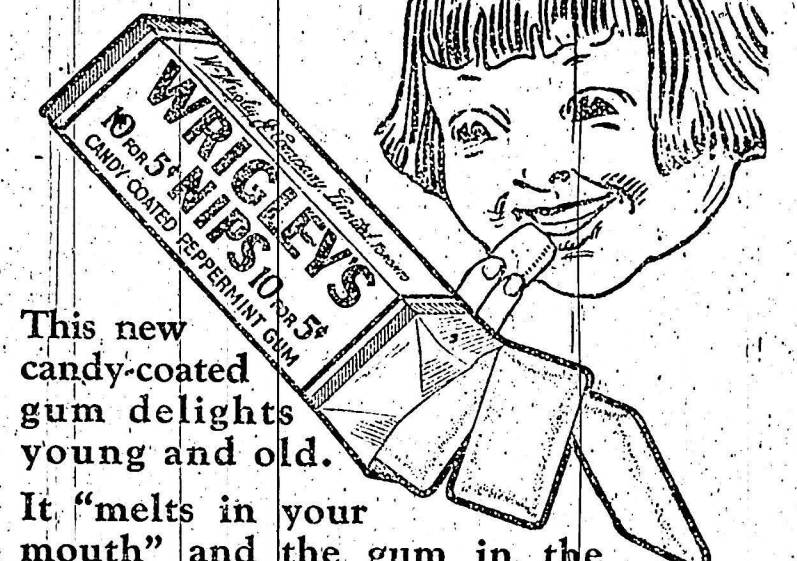
But the fact of her foolhardy trip into the Algoma wilderness was the main issue to meet just now, and with Phil had decided that the best thing to do was to go after her himself, follow her, overtake her, protect her if need be. Her paper might or might not know where she had gone and why, but he would say nothing to anybody. Miss Lawson had some secret, cherished plans, had planned something to carry them out entitled her to some consideration, and she would be grateful for his discretion. He had need of all the finesse which he could command if he hoped to win a place in her confidence. He could not afford to throw away a single card.

As the mysterious lady of the fog she had called him "fresh Aleck," thanks to her idiotic blundering, but even before that she had chosen for some reason to exert her woman's prerogative and had informed him quite plainly that she did not desire his acquaintance. That ought to have been enough. Then as Miss Margaret Williams she naturally would visit upon him her resentment at being surprised in her eavesdropping; the very stigma of the position in which she found herself before him could be relied upon to add fuel to her dislike, if it were not already sufficiently abhorred because she was beholder to him for his silence in regard to the matter. In the role of Ferguson's stenographer she had told him a second time that she did not wish to know him. Why, she was actually disliked him so much that even after his timely arrival in the park had placed her under the obligation of common civility towards him, she was still able to endure his forced escort a moment longer than it could be avoided!

And finally, there was that solitaire ring on her engagement finger. It did engage to somebody in Buffalo on McAllister, editor-in-chief of the Recorder. She could marry whom she pleased. He wasn't in love with her. That sort of thing was all right! It didn't hurt him to dislike him as much as apparently she did. He wanted to apologize for—well, for anything she might want him to apologize for. He wanted her to tell him why she did not wish to number him among her friends. He wanted to be her friend; that was it—Platonic friendship! She was the first girl he had ever fancied he might like to go and talk to once in a while, just for the pleasure of—well, chummying with her. It wasn't a good thing for a fellow who had no sister not to have a girl chum. She was—oh, what a peach-ino of a girl she was!

He smiled wistfully as he conjured a mental picture of her. Once more he took out the dollar bill, unfolded

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Nature is usually held up to us as a model of thrift and industry. But the obvious waste of her creation is everywhere. Even a Government department is not done to by so extravagant (George Peckham) Nature's waste of space and food.

There are really over a billion eggs in a thirty-mile egg in the water in the Gulf of New York alone. The eggs of the starfish are laid in the water in the same way. They are not eaten, they are not used, they are not even used as fertilizer. They are just thrown away.

Yet when we see a man, a woman, a child, a nation, a city, a world, multiplying, we must be glad.

So with experiments in things that spread, it is not surprising that the world is overpopulated. The number of people on the earth is now over two billion. The number of people who are born every year is over one hundred million. The number of people who die every year is over one hundred million. The number of people who are still alive is over two billion.

What Do Seeds Go To?

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