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"THE MASTER KEY" Every Friday
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Monday and every other Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, two and three reel features. Sundays-5 and 6 reel features. Monday and Thursday War News
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GRAVESTONE LUNCHEONS.
One of the Curious Sights of New York's Financial District.
In old Trinity churchyard, where Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton lie buried, dozens of girls can be seen through the pickets of the bronze fences every day enjoying their noonday lunches amid the tombs of the old time New Yorkers. All about are high skyscraping office buildings. The elevated trains clatter and bang overhead, and on Broadway the trolley's gongs add tumult to the roar of the city. Within the old churchyard all is peace and quiet. It is here that the girls from these big office buildings come for a noontime to eat their lunch, far from the madding crowd, yet within hand's reach of the bustle of Broadway.
It was only a few years ago that some girl, a typewriter in a nearby office building, chanced to let her eyes fall over the gravestones of old Trinity. They did not bring thoughts of ghosts to her mind—they only made her think that it would be lovely if she could eat her lunch among such peaceful scenes. The next day she and a girl friend brought their lunches. They entered the churchyard and, seeking a secluded spot behind the old church, sat down on an old tomb and began to eat their sandwiches. Nobody objected. The next day they came again. Other girls, emerging from stuffy restaurants, saw them and resolved to imitate them. The next day there were half a dozen there, and nowadays, when the noon hour is bright and sunny, the number has increased to sometimes seventy-five—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Examination proved the wound to be slight. They glanced up from it to see the doorway swing slowly away as the room revolved.
"Trapped by smoke," said the lieutenant. He laid a warning hand on Dorr's arm. "Keep quiet. We've lost our directions and we must wait a moment till we discover where that doorway is."
So they stood hesitant for a few seconds. A panel slipped open in the wall and a woman's face appeared for an instant. Swift as the Chinawoman was, the police officer was quicker and he plunged through the shallow panel, with Dorr at his shoulder.
Once through they paused in the semidarkness to orientate themselves. Finally the lieutenant stepped forward. "This way," he said. "I hear voices."
At that very moment there came up to them an unearthly scream, a shriek of pure terror.
"Ruth!" John yelled, and he and the officer both plunged forward.
Instead of the firm footing they expected empty air received them. Twenty feet below they struck the water. Spluttering and sweating, the policeman helped Dorr to a little ledge that ran alongside the tunnel.
"The miserable Chinuk dropped us into the big sewer," he gasped. "It runs into the bay just a little ways on. We'll have to swim for it, partner."
Dorr looked down at his arm and shook his head. "Isn't that a bunt over there?" he demanded, pointing into the shadow.
"Blamed if it ain't," said the lieutenant, much relieved. "We'll soon be out of here."
In spite of his wound Dorr insisted on rowing, and the officer philosophically allowed him to, seating himself gingerly in the stern of the little craft and fending it off the brick walls of the tunnel with his hands as the swift current drew them onward.
To John the whole affair seemed like a dream. He saw the great dripping arches sliding past overhead to join the long vista of arches that bridged the glistening water which splashed gently along to the call of the tide; he saw the dark bulk of the lieutenant in the stern; he felt the pain of his wound; he still heard Ruth's wild call for help. But it was all unrelated, as if each were a fact by itself, isolated. He struggled to gather his senses together.
"Look out!" shouted the policeman suddenly as the great half cylinder curved sharply and a blast of fresh air struck them. "We'll be swept out into the bay! Keep the boat trim!"
Awakened by this warning, John devoted himself to his oars and a half moment later steered their little craft out under the piles of a wharf.
"Where to now?" he demanded dully. The lieutenant pointed a thick forefinger toward another small boat a few rods away. "There is Sing Wah now, by smoke!" he exclaimed.
John Dorr glanced around. He first saw the impassive visage of the Chinese and then the figure crouched in the stern sheets. It was Ruth! He raised his voice in a triumphant yell. Hearing that call from her mate, the girl roused herself and cried back across the water: "John! John!"
At this point the police officer took part with a stern order to Sing Wah to stop rowing and surrender. He emphasized this command by covering the Chinese with his revolver.
Sing Wah was of no mind to be caught in this way. With a dexterous sweep of the oars he whirled his little skiff around so that Ruth was between him and the other boat, and he never ceased to pull doggedly away.
"You've got to row, son," said the lieutenant grimly. "Mr. Sing Wah doesn't intend to be caught so easily. I don't shoot for fear of hitting the girl."
John saw the reasonableness of this and bent to his oars without regard to his wound. The boat surged through the water after the other.
With a good lead of a hundred yards Sing Wah stood a fair show of gaining his object—a landing under some wharf and a quiet escape. He knew that if he were to fall into the hands of the police under the present circumstances he would be treated mercilessly. He rowed furiously.
But the Chinese had long since ceased active life, and his muscles were soft. John Dorr steadily gained on him. Slowly he crept up, foot by foot, inch by inch, his eyes fixed on the steady figure of the officer in the stern.
At last he caught encouragement from the policeman's face. He heaved the skiff fairly out of the water, grasped the stern of the other boat and before the Chinese could clear himself for a leap overboard was upon him.
Now, Sing Wah was a true oriental. It showed in his swift drawing of a knife and a swifter slash at John Dorr's arm. But he was too late. With an inarticulate roar of rage John swung the knife overboard and then swung its owner after it.
Sing Wah gone and swimming away toward the shelter of a nearby wharf, John strode back to where Ruth lay half inanimate and picked her up in his arms.
"Honey! Honey," he murmured. "You're safe with me."
Very slowly she opened her eyes and gazed long and searchingly into his face. It was indeed true that she was safe. She laid her head on his shoulder in perfect confidence that all was well. The police lieutenant stepped into the boat and took the oars.
"It's not like Sing Wah to be doing such tricks," he argued to himself. "I believe that Harry Wilkerson is back of this. I'll just keep an eye out for Mr. Wilkerson."
The lieutenant contemplated his dripping uniform with a frown, which softened when he looked up at the two lovers. He pulled more strongly for the landing.

THE NEW SILHOUETTE.
Flares Featured For Fall and Winter Costumes.

BLUE AFTERNOON GOWN
The new silhouette is striking. Glance at the fall gown pictured here if you wish to know how it differs from those it is superseding. You will observe that there is a decided flare to the tunic, which is open in the front. The skirt was of dark blue velvet. Dark blue tulle was used for the two tiered tunic and combined with velvet for the bodice. The collar and vest were of white organdie.

Dyeing Rugs or Carpets.
Cheap faded rugs and carpets that are not too badly worn should be dyed all over.
To do this successfully it is first necessary to scrub the rug, then rinse it. Mix the dye and keep it well stirred in the vessel, so that the color will be even.
While the rug is still wet apply the dye with a clean whitewash brush. It colors evenly this way. If the rug is dyed on the floor place a great many newspapers under it to absorb the moisture.
It should be thrown double over a line to dry or else allowed to dry on the floor. It will shrink slightly.
For a cotton rug which turns a dirty white use such colors as dark green, mahogany, red and drift blue. Jute rugs may be dyed in a similar manner, but the dye in this case should be applied to the dry rug.

The Skyscraper Hat.
There is nothing startling in the height of trimmings applied to fall and winter millinery. The hat shown here is of black velvet with a novel decoration of coque.
Cuffs Grow in Size.
Cuffs are reaching a startling size, some of them almost touching the elbow. Young women are wearing with their fall street frocks of dark serge of worsted and mohair mixture hemstitched organdie collars with deep cuffs to match, and the effect is exceedingly smart if the accessories are irreproachably fresh and crisp.
Only a tall, slender woman, however, should wear the very deep cuffs of white fabric on a dark costume. On a short, plump woman these conspicuous cuffs give an effect which is not smart, but heavy and inartistic.

NEW VELVET TURBAN

Gloves and Boots.
The woman who desires to look smart and correct at the season's commencement is fastidious about her gloves and boots.
Gloves with rather wide stitching on the back are liked just now, and white gloves should not be worn before 2 o'clock in the afternoon.
Buttoned boots with curved heels and tops of contrasting kid are fashion's choice for town wear.

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303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.
Notice
Supplemental Special Assessment Notice No. 104
Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the city council of the city of Highland Park, County of Lake and State of Illinois, having ordered that a supplemental special assessment be levied to pay the deficiency of the cost of the work and interest for the grading, draining, paving with macadam and otherwise improving Grand Bluff Place and Belle Ave., in the city of Highland Park, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as follows: Grand Bluff Place from its junction with the northerly line of Park Ave., thence northerly to its intersection with the northerly line of Belle Ave., produced westerly in its course across said Grand Bluff Place, and Belle Ave., and Belle Ave., produced into Grand Bluff Place, from the easterly line of the paved roadway herein provided for on Grand Bluff Place, thence easterly across Grand Bluff Place, and along Belle Ave., to the easterly terminus of Belle Ave., which improvement was provided for by an ordinance passed heretofore on the second day of January, A. D. 1906, and the lawful expenses of such proceeding, which improvement was provided for by an ordinance passed heretofore on the fourth day of November, A. D. 1914, and the lawful expenses of such proceeding, the ordinance for said supplemental special assessment being on file in the office of the city clerk of said city, and having applied to the county court of Lake County for an assessment of the costs of said improvement, according to benefits, and a supplemental special assessment thereof having been made and returned to said court, the final hearing thereon will be had on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1915, or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit.
Said supplemental special assessment is payable in one installment. All persons desiring may file objections in said court before said day, and may appear on the hearing and make their defense.
W. E. Brand,
Officer appointed to make said assessment.
Dated at Highland Park, Illinois, December 24th, A. D. 1914. 43-44

Georgie's Christmas Gift
It Was Sent by the Governor of the State.
By EILEEN BRENNAN
"Mamma, don't papa come home for Christmas this year?"
"No, dear; papa can't come home for Christmas. We'll have to wait another year."
"Oh, mamma, that's what you said last year, the year before and every year! I don't believe he will ever come."
The mother kissed her little girl and turned away to hide her tears. She had but faint hope that her husband would return to her for a number of years, and when he did he would be broken in spirit if not in health.
Evan Walker had been a bookkeeper in a bank. One day the cashier went to the president and informed him that a shortage of over \$40,000 had been discovered in the funds. Asked if he suspected any one of a defalcation the cashier replied that he did not, but he was going over the books in which the shortage had been carried with a view to discovering the cause. Walker had done the bookkeeping which covered the case, but Walker was a woe in the eye.
A week later Val, the cashier, informed the president that he had had an expert accountant at work on the books, and had learned just how it had been covered up. Since no one but Walker had had anything to do with the work in question it was impossible that any one else could have effected the embezzlement.
Walker was accused. There was a long drawn out trial, at the end of which half the jury believed him guilty and the other half were in doubt. A compromise verdict was effected. They agreed to find a verdict of guilty and recommend mercy. The judge reduced the sentence from the limit of twenty to ten years.
Walker was innocent of the charge, and there was not sufficient evidence of his guilt to convict him. But there was a weak spot in his case that he had speculated in stocks and had lost some money. On this evidence, together with the fact that he had had exclusive care of the bank's books, the compromise verdict was reached.
When the husband and father was removed to the penitentiary his children were told that he was going on a journey for a long while. This fabrication their mother was obliged to keep up, dreading the time when they would grow to an age when it would be impossible to keep their father's disgrace from them longer.
The Christmas season was the most trying period of all for her. The children always reminded her that she had promised them their father should be with them, and she had wearied of inventing excuses for not fulfilling her promise. On this occasion when her child had reminded her of the promise made the year before she gave up trying to frame an excuse.
A few days later Mrs. Walker took up a newspaper, and her eyes lit on an announcement. Rushing from the room she ran to her children, folded them in her arms and covered them with kisses.
"What is it, mamma?"
"Papa is coming home."
"When?"
"I don't know."
"For Christmas?"
"Possibly. He may come for Christmas, though he may not get here by that time. But he will come, and he will not come broken in spirit, but holding his head high."
"Why, mamma, what can you mean?"
"I forgot myself. I am so happy that I don't know what I am saying. Oh my darlings, you don't know what a good thing has happened!"
The mother tore herself away from her children, realizing that she had said too much and dreading lest she should say more. When she had read again and again what she had seen in the newspapers and given herself time to regain something of her composure—her sadness had disappeared—she returned to her children and, folding the three of them in her arms, said:
"We know that papa is coming home, though we don't know that he will come for Christmas. Nevertheless we must make our preparations. Each one of us must have a gift for papa, and we must have a nice dinner and holly and evergreen wreaths and everything that will give us a merry Christmas."
"But, mamma," said Georgie, "suppose papa doesn't come on time?"
A slight shadow passed over the mother's face, but she overcame the feeling that produced it.
"In that case, Georgie, we will defer our Christmas till papa comes."
"And not have any Christmas at all on Christmas," put in the youngest, "not hang up any stockings? What will Santa Claus think when he comes and finds no stockings ready for him?"
"Well, sweetheart, we'll have to do the best we can. We'll have two Christmases—one on Christmas day, the other when papa comes."
This did not please the children at all, and they agreed that their mother must write papa that he must be sure

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