The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says ahe saw in the paper that the railroads are giving a great deal of attention to physical valuation and she doesn't suppose there's any business where it's more important to have the employes in good health.

It's Called a Faux Pas

He-Will you go to the dance with

She-I'm sorry, I can't. But I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl whom you can take.

He-I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you.-Tiger



SCHOOL DAYS



More Apt to Be

Flubdub-That girl thinks no man is good enough for her. Mrs. Flubdub-She may be right,

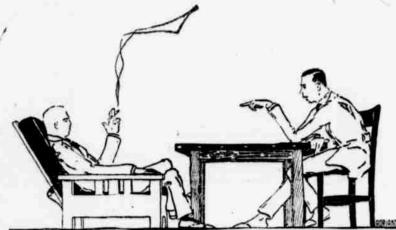
Mr. Flubdub-Yes, but she is more apt to be left .- Detroit Free Press.

Troubles of the Pullman King



A disputed birthright.

AND THEN THE ROW BEGAN



Tish-And believe me, she's some girl. Tush-Clever? Tish-Oh, very! She's got brains enough for two.
Tush-Just the girl for you. Why don't you marry her?

News to Her

SOME MORE WAR MANEUVERS

A traveling man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling man turned to the waitress with:

"This certainly looks like the

"The what?"

"The Flood. You've read about the Flood, and the ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

"Gee! Mister," she returned, "I ain't seen a paper for three days."-Harper's.



THE AFTERGLOW A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES
Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and
Beatrice Kendrick, his stenographer, waks
from a long sleep in his office in the tower
of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building,
New York city, they look about them and
see the office interior failen to decay, while
below they behold a vast forest of great
trees where New York city once stood. It is
evident that their sleep has lasted through
centuries, and that during this unconscious
lapse the city has been destroyed by some
great catastrophe. They seem to be the
only survivors of the inhabitants of the
western continent. They clothe themselves
primitively and subsist on food which has
withstood the ravages of centuries in glass
Jars.

After a time a troop of malformed savages appears. They storm the tower and a desperate battle ensues. Biern and Beatrics secape, finding a refuge in a ruined mansion on the Hudson. After a time they set sail for Boston in a boat which Stern has built. He hopes to find the telescope of the Harvard University by which to verify his discovery of the earth's changed relations with its astral neighbors. They reach what was once the city of Providence, where they find rusty firearms, still serviceable, and an aeroplane which Stern repairs.

In an expedition of exploration in the After a time a troop of malformed savages

In an expedition of exploration in the machine they are drawn into a terrible abyss, where the sun never shines, and are captured by strange people and condemned to death. In a great battle Stern uses his firearms and repels his captors' enemies, thus gaining their friendship. After many further adventures Stern and Beatrice escape from the abyes in the aeroplane and regain the land of the sun.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Once more on earth, Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyse and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neck is a chain and small locket which contains in-structions where to find the records of the lost civilization. The paper crumbles as they but the two gather enough to direct. They start for their old home on the banks of the Hudson, only to find it occu-pied by the hords. The beast-savages destroy the building while Allan and Beatrice are attacking from the Paulilac. In despair they make for Storm King, the mountain which is the sight of the great Gothic Cathedral. Here it is that some of the records are stored.

After many trials the two discover the

remains of the records, which are now more dust, and a leaden cheet which they succeed CHAPTER VII-(Continued) PEN it quick, Allan!" Beatrice ex-

OPEN it quick. Alian. we can hear the very voices of the past, the dead, a full thousand years ago!" With trembling fingers Stern slit the

canvas wrappings. "What a treasure! What a find!" he exulted. "Look, Beta—see what fortune has put into our hands!"

Even as he spoke he was lifting the great phonograph from the space where, absolutely uninjured and intact, it had reposed for ten centuries. A silver plate caught his eye. He paused to read:

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

New York City.

This Phonograph and these Records were immured in the vault of this building September 18, 1918, by the Philavox Society,

to be opened in the year 2000.

Non Perest Memoria Musicale Nostrae.

"Let not the memory of our music
perish!" he translated. "Why, I remember well when these records were made and deposited in the Metropolitan: A similar thing was done in Paris, you remember. and in Berlin. But how does this machine

"Probably the expedition reached New Vork, after all, and decided to transfer this treasure to a safer place where it might be absolutely safe and dry." she sug-"It's here, anyhow; that's the main thing and we've found it.

fortune!"
"It's lucky, all right enough," the man assented, setting the magnificent machine down on the floor of the crypt. "So far as I can see, the mechanism is absolutely all right in every way. They've even put in a box of the special fiber needles for use on the steel plates, Beta. Everything's

"Do you know, the expedition must have been a much larger one than we thought? It was no child's play to invade the ruins of New York, rescue all this, and transport it here, probably with savages dogging their heels every step. Those certainly were determined, vigorous men and a goodly number at that. And the fight they must have put up in the cathedral, defending their cache against the enemy, and dy-ing for it, must have been terrifically dra-

"But all that's done and forgotten now, and we can only guess a bit of it here and there. The tangible fact is this machine and these records, Beatrice. They're real, and we've got them. And the quicker we see what they have to tell us, the bet-She clasped her hands with enthusiasm

"Put on a record, Allan quick! Let us hear the voices of the past once more— human voices—the voices of the age that was!" she cried, excited as a child.

CHAPTER VIII "Till Death Us Do Part"

LL right, my darling," he made an-A LL right, my darring. This is no place for melody, down in this dark and gloomy crypt, surrounded by the relics of the dead. We've been buried alive down the dead. We ve seen our added all the dead here altogether too long as it is. Brr! The chill's beginning to get into my very bones! Don't you feel-it, Beta?"
"I do now I stop to think of it. Well, let's go up, then. We'll have our music where it belongs, in the cathedral, with

sunshine and air and birds to keep it com-

Half an hour later they had transported the magnificent phonograph and the steel records out of the crypt and up the spiral stairway, into the vast, majestic sweep of

They placed their find on the broad concrete steps that in the old days had led up to the altar, and while Alian minutely examined the mechanism to make sure that all was right, the girl, sitting on the top looked over the records.

"Why, Allan, here are instrumental as well as vocal masterpieces" she announced with joy. "Just listen—here's Rossini's with joy. "Just listen—here's Rossini's Barbier de Seville, and Grieg's 'Anitra's Dance' from the 'Peer Gynt Suite,' and here's that most entrancing 'Barcarolle' from the 'Contes d'Hoffman'-you rememoer

She began to hum the air, then, as the mony flowed through her soul, sang a lines, her voice like gold and honey:

Relie nuit, o nuit d'amour, souris a nos ivresses! Nuit plus douce que le jour, o belle nuit d'amour! Le temps fuit et sans retour emporte nos tendresses! Loin de cet heureux sejour le temps fuit sans Zephyrs embrases, versez-nous ves caresses! Ah! Donnez-nous vos baisers!

The echoes of Offenbach's wondrous air, a crystal, stream of harmony, and of the passion-pulsing words, died through the vaulted heights. A moment Allan sat silent, gazing at the girl, and then he smiled. "It lives in you again, the past" he cried. "In you the world shall be made new once more! Beatrice, when I last heard that 'Barcarolle' it was sung by Farrar and Scottl at the Metropolitan, in the winter of 1913. And now—you waken the whole scene in me again!

"I seem to behold the vast, clear-lighted space anew, the tiers of glided galleries and boxes, the thousands of men and women hanging eagerly on every sliver note—I see the marvelous orchestra, many, yet one; the Venetian scene, the moonlight on the Grand Canal, the gondlas, the merrymakers—I hear Giulieita and Nick-lause bending these parfect scenes. My The echoes of Offenbach's wondrous air.



memory of man, rose powerful, heart-thrilling and deep with symbolism.

heart leaps at the memory, beloved, and I bless you for once more awakening it?" "With my poor voice?" she smiled. "Play it, play the record, Allan, and let us hear t as it should be sung!"

He shook his head. "No." he declared. "Not after you have sung it. Your voice to me is infinitely sweeter than any that the world of other days ever so much as dreamed of:"

He bent above her, caressed her hair and kissed her; and for a little while they both forgot their music. But soon the girl re-called him to the work in hand.

"Come. Allan, there's so much to do!"
"I know. Well now — let's see, what He paused, a new thought in his eyes.

"Well?" "You don't find Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' do you? Look, dearest, see if you can find it. Perhaps it may be there. If

She eyed him, her gaze widening.

"You mean? He nodded. "Just so! Perhaps, after all, you and I

"Oh, come and help me look for it,

"Oh, come and help me look for it, Allan!" she cried, enthusiastic as a child in the joy of his new inspiration. "If we only could find it, wouldn't that be glorious?" Eagerly they searched together.

"Ich Grolle Nicht,' by Schumann, no," Stern commented, as one by one they examined the records. "Ave Maria, Arcadelt-Liszt—no, though it's magnificent. That's the one you sing best of all, Beta. How often you've sung it to me! Remember, at the bungalow, how I used to lay my head in your lap while you played with my Samsonesque locks and sang me to sleep? Let's see—Brahm's 'Wiegenlied. Cradie-song, eh? A little premature; that's coming eh? A little premature; that's coming later. Eh? Found it, by Jove! Here we are, the march itself, so help me! Shall I

"Not yet, Allan. Here, see what I've

found."

She handed him a record as they sat there together in a broad ribbon of midmorning sunlight that flooded down through one of the clearstory windows.

"The Form of the Solemnization of Matrimony, by Bishop Gibson," he read. And silence fell, and for a long minute their types.

eyes met

"Beatrice!"

"I know: I understand! So, after all, these words-"
"Shall be spoken, O my love! Out of the dead past a voice shall speak to us and we shall hear: Beatrice, the vords your mother heard, we shall hear, too. Come, Beatrice, for now the time is at hand!" She fell a-trembling, and for a mo-ment could not speak. Her eyes, grew veiled in tears, but through them he saw a bright smile break, like sunlight after

She stood up and held out her hand to

"My Alian!"
In his arms he caught her.
"At last!" he whispered. "Oh, at last!"
When the majesty and beauty of the immortal marriage hymn climbed the high vaults of the cathedral, waking the echoes of the yacant spaces, and when it walled. of the vacant spaces, and when it rolled, pealing triumphantly, she leaned her head upon his breast and, trembling, clung to

him.

With his arm he clasped her; he leaned above her, shrouding her in his love as in an everlasting benison. And through their souls thrilled wonder, awe and passion, and life held another meaning and another mystery.

The words of solemn sacredness hallowed for centuries beyond the memory of man rose powerful, heart-thrilling, deep with symbolism, strong with vibrant might—and, hand in hand, the woman and the man bowed their heads, listening:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony—reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly. Into this holy estate these two persons now come to be joined."

His hand tightened upon her hand, for he feit her trembling. But bravely she smiled up at him, and upon her hair the golden sunlight made an aureole.

The voice rose in its soul-shaking question—slow and powerful:

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health, and keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

Allan's "I will!" was as a hymn of joy upon the morning air.

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded The words of solemn sacredness hallowed

upon the morning air.
"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedde

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou serve him. love, honor and keep him in sickness and in lealth, and keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

She answered, bravely:
"I will!"
Then the man showered the man

manding voice, like an antiphony of love I. Beatrice, take thee, Allan, to my wed ded husband to have and to hold from this day forward for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health to love and to cherish, till death do us part and thereto I give thee my troth!"

Already Allan had drawn from his little finger the plain gold ring he had worn there so many centuries. Upon her finger he placed the ring and kissed it, and, folowing the voice, he said:

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Forest, river, sky and golden sunlight greeted them as they stood on the broad porch of the cathedral, and the clear song of many birds, unafraid in the virgin wilderness, made music to their ears such as must have greeted the primal day.

Suddenly Alian caught and greeted here.

Suddenly Alian caught and crushed her in his arms.

"My wife!" he whispered.
The satin of her skin from breast to brow surged into sudden flame. Her eyes closed and between her eager lips the breath came

"Oh, Allan—husband! I feel—I hear—"
"The voice of the unborn, crying to us
from out the dark. O father, mother, give
us life!"

CHAPTER IX At Settlement Cura

TEN days later the two lovers-now man I and wife-were back again at the eastern lip of the Abyss. With them on the biplane they had brought the phonograph and records, all securely wrapped in oiled canvas, the same which had enveloped the precious objects in the leaden chest.

They made a camp, which was to serve them for a while as headquarters in their tremendous undertaking of bringing the Merucaans to the surface, and here care-fully stored their treasure in a deep cleft

of rock, secure from rain and weather

They had not revisited the bungalow on the return trip. The sight of their little home and garden, now totally devastated, they knew would only sadden them unneces-

"Let it pass, dearest, as a happy memory that was and is no more," Stern cheered the girl as he held her in his arms the first night of their stay in the new camp, and as together they walched the purple haze of aunset beyond the chasm. "Some day, perhaps, we may go back and once more restore Hope Villa and live there again, but for the present many other and far moro weighty matters press. It will be wisest for a while to leave the East alone. Too many of the Horde are still left there. Here, west of the Ohio River Valley, they don't seem to have penetrated—and what's more, they never shall! Just now we must ignore them—though the day of reckoning will surely come! We've got our hands full for a while with the gigantic task ahead of us.

"It's the biggest and the hardest that

"It's the biggest and the hardest that one man and one woman ever tackled since the beginning of time!" She drew his head down and klased him, and for a little while they kept the silence

of perfect comradeship. But at last she questioned:

questioned:

"You've got it all worked out at last. Allan? You know just the step to take? One false move—"

"There shall be no false moves. Reason, deliberation, care will solve this problem like all the others. Given some 1500 people, at a depth of 500 miles, and given an aeroplane and plenty of time—"
"Yes, of course, they can be brought to the surface. But after that, what? The dangers are tremendous! The pairiarch died at the first touch of sunlight. We can't afford to take chances with the rest:"

"I've planned on all that. Our first move must be to locate a rocky ledge, a

ave planned on all that. Our first move must be to locate a rocky ledge, a cave or something of the sort, where the transplanting process can be carried out. There mustn't be any exposure to the actual daylight for a long time after they're on the surface. The details of food and water have all got to be arranged, too, it means work, work, work of the surface.

ter have all got to be arranged, too. It means work, work, work! God, what work! But—it's our task, Beta, all our own. And I glory insit. I thank heaven for it—a man's-size labor! And if we're strong and brave enough, patient and wise enough, we're bound to win."
"Win? Of course we'll win!" she answered, her faith in him touching the sublime. "We must! The life of the whole world's at stake!"

Night came, and redder glowed the fire-light in the gloom. They spoke of life, of love, of destiny; and over them seemed to brood the mystery of all that was to be. The very purpose of the universe enwrapped itself about their passion, and the untroubled stars kept vigils till the dawn.

home of humanity was not to be the dis-tant regions of the East, involving so long and perilous a Journey, but rather some location in the vast warm central plain of what had once been the United States.

of what had once been the United States. They judged they were now somewhere in the one-time State of Indiana, not far from Indianapolis. So much warmer had the climate grown that for some months to come at least the Folk could without doubt accustom themselves to the change from the hot and muggy atmosphere of the abyss to the semitropic heat.

The main object now was to discover suitable caves near a good water supply, where by night the Folk could prosecute their accustomed fisheries. Agriculture and the care of domestic animals by daylight would have to be postponed for some time, possibly for a year or more. Above all, the health of the prospective colonists must be safeguarded.

It was not until nearly nightfall of the next day, and after stops had been made at the ruins of two considerable but unidentified towns—for fuel, as well as to fit up an electric searchlight and hooded the stop of the sto lamps to illuminate the instruments in the abyss—that the explorers found what they

About half-past five that afternoon they sighted a very considerable griver, flowing westward down a rugged and irregular valley, in the direction of the chasm.

"This can't be the Ohio," judged Stern.
"We must have long since passed its bed, now probably-dried up. I don't remember any such hilly region as this in the old days along the Mississippi Valley. All these formation must be the result of the cataclysm. Well, no matter, just so we find what we're after."

find what we're after."

"Where are we now?" she asked, peering downward anxiously. "Over what State—can you teil?"

"Possibly Tennessee or northern Alabama. See the change in vegetation? No conifers here, but many palms and fernetrees, and new, strange growths. Fertile ien't the name for it! Once we clear land here, crops will grow themselves! I don't think we'll do better than this, Beta. Shall we land and see?"

A quarter-hour later the Paulilac had safely deposited them on a high, rocky plateau about half a mile back from the edge of the river canyon. Stern, in his eagerness, was all for cave-hunting that very evening, but the girl restrained him.

eagerness, was all for cave-hunting that very evening, but the girl restrained him. "Not so impatient, dear?" she cautioned. "Too fast arrives as tardy as too slow?" Tomorrow's time enough."

Tomorrow's time enough."

"Ruling me with quotations from Shakes-peare, sh?" he laughed, with a kiss. "All right, have your way—Mrs. Stern!" She laughed, too, at this, the first time made camp and postponed further labors

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Farmer Smith's Column

THE END OF THE ROAD

Dear Children—I was walking along a country road one day when I met a small boy. "Where is the end of this road?" I asked the little man.

"It ain't got no end," he replied. His grammar was not correct, but that boy get me to thinking. Where is the end of life's road?

Do you suppose "it ain't got no end"?
Let me ask you another question: How
did the little boy KNOW there was no end
to the road?

to the road?

After he told me there was no end to the road, did I stop? Did I sit down and say, "Oh, well! There is no end to it, so I guess I will not go any farther"?

I kept on going. I KNEW the road would take me where I wanted to go.

Where do YOU want to go?

What is YOUR AIM IN LIFE?

Do not tell me that you have no aim, or

Do not tell me that you have no aim, or that you are too young to think about such things. I was editor of a paper when I was in school. It was called the Paper Wad. Never mind the end of the road. See

that the road you are on takes you where you want to go. Take the shortest road, for the shortest road is always the RIGHT You may walk up the side of the mountain, for that is the shorfest way to its summit, but it is the hardest. So the RIGHT ROAD is sometimes the hardest to

travel, but it pays, for it will get you where you want to go. Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH.

JUDGE GOAT

By Farmer Smith Imagine the surprise of Billy Bumpus, Mrs. Bumpus and the court officer when they all looked up to see Judge Goat walk

for three days," said Judge Goat to Billy.
"I'm not eating," said Billy, getting up
from the table and bowing very low. "Your
Excellency, will you be kind enough to sit
here and have a little repast with my wife

and I and your Excellency's servant?"
"I have always heard of your wife as a
fine cook,' said the Judge.
"You flatter us both, your Excellency. We would be only too happy to give you the best that our house affords. I can wait until my three days are up if it pleases your Majesty. Your very wish is a com-mand to me," said Billy, again bowing very

Now, the Judge had never been flattered so much before in all his life, and when he heard Billy address him as he did it tickled his vanity so that he smiled from ear to

ear.
"Sit at the head of the table and carve, insisted Mrs. Bumpus, pushing the Juds into a chair and handing him a napkin. into a chair and handing him a napkin.

"Willie, dear, will you see if there is any of that brickbat soup left? Nothing in all the world would give me more pleasure than to have our honored guest have some of that soup."

In a jiffy Mrs. Bumpus was in the kitchen hunting up some of the soup that Billy hadn't touched. She heated some of the soup and put it before Judge Gost.

"I'm so sorry that Billy can't have some of this excellent soup." said Judge Gost.

Billy looked at his wife and smiled.

Then he said:

"I'm sorry, your Majesty, but I wouldn't eat any of that soup for any amount of money."

"How kind of you." replied the Judge, laughing. "The more I eat the more I like this delicious soup. If YOU had some that wouldn't leave much for me."

wouldnt leave much for me.,"
"I learn by experience," said Billy.
"How's that?" asked Judge Goat.
"I never eat anything that has been stolen. If I did it would make me as bad as the one who stole the thing in the first place." Billy looked at his distinguished guest out of the corner of his eye.
"WHAT!" exclaimed the Judge.
"I mean that I was locked up for stealingthe brickbats that soup was made from.

the brickbats that soup was made from. That's the reason I don't want any more

of it."
"I don't quite understand you," said the Judge in amazement.
"You don't, don't you! Well, you ought to be arrested for cating that soup. The brickbats in that soup were stolen. If I could be arrested for stealing them, you ought to be arrested for eating them. See?"
"You I see" replied the Judge faintly.

"Yes. I see," replied the Judge faintly "Well, the best thing you can do is to let me eat, too, and then we both will be in the same hoat." Billy looked at his wife.

be in the same host.

wife.

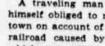
"Eat all you want to, only don't tell on me." whined Judge Goat.

"Fil keep still this once, but never do it again, do you hear?" commanded Billy.

"Yes. I hear. Mrs. Bumpus, soup for four, please."

At that moment the telephone bell rang and Judge Goat scooted under the tall without even waiting to find out who me calling!





Flood."