

Someone whispered nervously to a | soda; I mean-" neighbor. One or two men lifted their dering . "Only go," she added faintly, heads and drew quick breaths. People What did she mean? Did she know glanced from side to side, and a few what she was saying. Probably not, feet shuffled uneasily. Then a thy he decided. What had he said himself puff of smoke came from the left a minute ago? He could not remember. wing and travelled as far as the middle What did anything matter now? He of the stage. It was followed by a went without a word. larger, rolling cloud. The effect was in- The Other Man stared straight in larger, rolling cloud. The effect was in-

In an instant the huge theatre was "it is time to move." a seething, swaying mass; from all She gave him her hand, and he helpsides burst screams, sobs, and oaths. ed her over chairs and wooden forms For a few seconds people were pushed till they were at the back of the buildin purposeless groups hither and thith- ing. "Here?" she asked. er. Then suddenly the crowd broke

nearest exit.

In the middle of the house, very him to share still, sat a group of three. The Woman she laughed.

the first few seconds it seemed as if clothes dusty----now?' they must be swept off their seats. the Woman's seat and the other on the he said.

seat before her. The Husband silentmet in a steady grip behind and in He made no reply: he did not want front of her. Thus till the rush was over they formed a human cage for

frantic neighbors.

the middle of the theatre was deserted. "I couldn't have borne to be touched me?" by such-animals." She gave a hurried glance at the nearest mass of hu- eyes. "Oh, I don't know what I'm saymanity and then fixed her eyes whim-bically on the smoke-clouded stage in humiliated. I don't want to die; but front. "What do they remind one of?" if I've got to, I'd rather be near someshe asked as though thinking aloud.

It was the Other Man who answered. "Pigs," he said contemptuously; "pigs, when the trough has just been filled, -crowding toward it."

She half turned her head towards

She paused, shud-

stantaneous. "Fire!" shrieked a shrill voice, and a woman started up frantically. "Fire! front of find. This fact in the for a minute they sat very still. Then he turned round. "Come." he said in an ordinary voice,

"No," he said, and spread his coal into rocking unwfeldly sections, each on the floor; "Here, please. The nearer pushing, fighting, tearing towards the the ground, the less smoke, you know."

She sat down silently, and motioned him to share the coat. Then suddenly

was in the middle, the Husband on her "It's queer, isn't it," she said, "that right, the Other Man on her left. For we should think about getting our "It's queer, isn't it," she said, "that

He did not answer. He was twisting Then with a quick movement, the a button on his overcoat round and Other Man wheeled half round on his round; it came off in his hand. Sudchair, put one hand on the back of denly he spoke. "You are very brave."

She drew a quivering breath. "I'm ly followed his example. They were trying to be brave enough for two," both big. strong men. Their hands she said in a low voice.

to understand. "I'm glad," she added hurriedly

her protection, shunting off by their "that we moved. Perhaps he will braced rigid frames, their crowding, not find us here." He turned swiftly, with a rush of

"Thank you," she said quitely, when joy. "Elizabeth!" he cried. middle of the theatre was deserted. "Then you are content here with

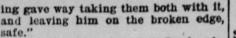
She brushed her hand across her

body brave like-like you.

"Elizabeth," he said passionately, "Don't you know-

She started. "Oh, hush!" she murmured. "It is so near-the end."

"That is just why," he said, and



She covered her face with her hands. 'Oh!" she murmured. I didn't know. What have I done?"

"He told me once," he went on, "that it had left him with the feeling that fire would never touch him, but that to think of anyone he cared for being in a fire made him—well, what you saw." saw.

got the curtain down."

The two stood up. Firemen and policemen were everywhere.

"No danger! No danger!" mouth, and though they were not strict-

ly true, the effect of the lowered curtain was magical. The crowd was pre ceptibly thinner, noticeably calmer, but round each exit were gruesome proofs of the violence of the panic. "Elizabeth!"

They looked at each other. "It's John," she said faintly.

"Yes," he said, and his smile was bitter, "It's John. Good-bye. Forget it all, Elizabeth. Do you know"looked at his watch-"it's all hap-

pened in less than ten minutes?" "Really?" she said. "It can't be possible." But her eyes were searching for her husband.

The Other Man noticed it. "Eliza beth!" he said, half shamefacedly. "Yes," she answered, her eyes searching the crowd.

"You are going to make up to him somehow for-for saying that to him?"

Her eyes softened and she held out her hand. "That was nice of you," she said gently. "Yes, I am going to make

up to him. I pray God, he will never know what I thought." "Elizabeth!" He had found her at last. The Other Man slipped away. "I've found a way," he exclaimed

breathlessly. "Come along." "Oh," she cried, "you've hurt your hand; it's bleeding."

why I've been so long." She followed him silently.

When they were in their carriage and on their way home there was an awkward silence. Elizabeth had just finished bandaging his hand with the aid of both their handkerchiefs.

"Dear," he said at last, "would you mind telling me why you-you asked me to go away?" looked at him a reproachful She

pout, "Must you inquire into all your wife's weaknesses?" she asked "I only wondered-

"Of course," she interrupted, "I knew you would, and I meant to tell you. But you'll despise me. You've got a very unheroic wife, John. When I asked you to go I was-she went on steadily-"I was nearly dead with fright, and I couldn't bear to have you to see it; so I said the first thing I thought of to get rid of you while I got over it: What did I say?—I didn't know what I was saying, John. But--I did get over it."

His face cleared and he bent and His face cleared and ne bent and kissed her. His voice was very tender. "Elizabeth, my wife—" he said. "Do you know"—he laughed lightheart-edly—"I've been worrying like every-thing about it. I fancied you thought I was in a funk about myself. I—I thought you meant that." The character of England's King while Prince of Wales, appears

She stared at him, then

THE WOMAN IN BRONZE.

Striking Figure of a Woman Who PATTERN FREE! Died of a Broken Heart.

A story of unrequited love is mutely told in cold bronze and marble in one People's Popular

prize pattern. To saw." They were silent for an instant. "Hullo!" he said suddenly, "they've mutual, but her family aspired to a wealthy alliance. Finally, filial duty

won the day and the girl was led to the altar by a rich suitor. They lived together for some time, and the bril-The words passed from mouth to liancy of the match was the talk of



Washington society. The woman's love, however, still went out to the poor artist and her husband, who had

depicting her as she was found, dead Let this "1900" Gravity

The figure of the woman is seated, with the bathrobe drawn about her, and the work is one of great strength The bronze is surrounded by marble beautifully carved. In front of it is a long marble seat, where one may admire the work of art. No name marks the spot, but at each corner of the lot is a small marble block, about six inches square, with the letter "A" carved in the top. The entire lot is surrounded by a dense growth of pine

Character of England's King.

The character of King Edward, while Prince of Wales, appears to been greatly



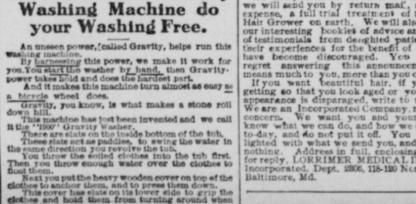
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been informed of the peculiar state of He held out the other to her. "No, affairs, could do nothing to win his no; it's nothing. I had rather a bother wife's affection. All the gifts that with the doors and windows. That's money could buy were showered upon affairs, could do nothing to win his her, but to no purpose. To his horror, one day several

months after their marriage he found his wife lying dead in a room in their house, the poor girl having died of a broken heart. Although deeply attached to his wife, he was struck with admiration by her devotion to his rival, and when she was buried in the family lot in Rock Creek Cemetery, he commissioned St. Gaudens, the scupitor, to make a bronze statue of heroic size,

and covered with her bathrobe.

trees, so that one not familiar with the



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"OH!" SHE CRIED, "YOU'VE HURT YOUR HAND; IT'S BLEEDING."

him with a C, because he is a Coward

His arms relaxed suddenly. "Ah,

"All?" she echoed. "Isn't it enough?" "No," he said bitterly; "I'm a cad,

Neither of them noticed that in front

She shook her head, "Wives know so

-a Coward!"

him. do look like that."

you love me, Elizabeth?" He drew her gan to move. 'Oh, thank God!" shrieked a fashionably dressed woman, her face made She was thinking shamefacedly of the who have fleeced several victims in a bideous by fear.

A sea of other faces, stamped with had last seen it. The blood of a dozen every shade of terror and ferocity, generations of pioneers and warriors turned towards the stage at the cry. was surging through her own veins cently, and starting home he put his For an instant the tumult sank to some and she scorned impending fate. thing like silence. Hope and thankfulness arose in a thousand breasts. Then I do." the tumult began again. "Ah, say it again," he urged, "with-out the believe."

'It's stuck! Oh. It's stuck!"-and the fight for life continued in all its sickening cowardly savagery.

The smoke was rapidly thickening. She tried not to think of it. "I love my love with a B," she said flippantly, "be "Have we any chance!" asked the Woman simply. For a moment neither cause he is brave, and I hate myanswered. Then again it was the Other Man who spoke.

"Unless they get the curtain down in time, none." he answered. dear don't!" he cried. "Is that all? Is

"There are no other exits; I know that the reason?" the place well. It won't be the fire probably, but the-smoke. In a minute or two we must move further back but not as bad as all that. Are you from it." He spoke with admirable blind? Don't you know what was the restraint. matter with him?"

They both turned towards husband, afraid," she whispered. "My And then suddenly the Husband tood up. His face was gray, and his lips

"Not this way," he murmured in a shaking voice, "Ah, merciful heaven, not again this way!"

The Woman quivered as beneath a loyalty to his friend, "afraid of losing lash, and her face became drawn. "John!" she said sharply, "John!" you. Surely you know what happened to his father and mother? Didn't you

He started slightly. "Yes?" She would not let her eyes meet his. again this way?" even wonder what he meant by "Not "Please go away," she said in a low

little of their husband's bachelor ex-perience," she reminded him with a He hesitated a moment, "What for?" he asked. She stirred impatiently wan smile.

"Oh, I don't care. Get a whisky- and-sodu if you know where to find it. or-or perhaps you'd better leave out the theatre. He was with them, the floor-

DUIST OUT aughing hysterically and threw her Many scandals were laid at his door; "Oh, you dear, arms round his neck. darling old stupid!" she cried.

"Don't you know yet that women never mean what they seem to mean?" He made a mock gesture of despair. 'So now that you seem to mean you are-well, rather fond of me, Elizabeth, what do you really mean?" She smiled up at him swiftly. "That his countrymen and it was precisely

pered. Upstairs in their own room, when he had gone down to give some orders

to the servants, Elizabeth wandered to the window. Her eyes were troubled. Suddenly she knelt down and buried her face in her hands. "God grant," she supplicated, "that he will never know—I do love him. I have al-ways loved him—but that I should have thought him afraid!" Sketch.

FEAT OF AMATEUR ROBBER.

Met With Entire Success in Separating Man From His Watch.

If a man who was robbed of a gold watch in Chicago, under peculiar con- No new book of importance, whether ditions which he will recognize from in German, English or French, appearthe recital of the adventure by the rob ed that failed to receive his attention, ber, will communicate with Hobart J. and many such were read and dis-"Yes," she said gravely; "they laughed recklessly. "In a few minutes Allen, of Irving Park, Chicago, he can cussed at Marlborough House before it must all be over. Haven't we a have back his timepiece, along with a their review appeared in print. Not Suddenly the fireproof curtain be right to make the most of them? Do profuse apology.

Mr. Allen recently bought a revolver towards him, and she did not resist. to protect himself from hold-up men grayness of her husband's face as she long subway under the Northwestern Railway tracks. He was kept at his business until quite late one night repistol in his pocket with a feeling of "Yes," she said absently, "I believe much satisfaction.

> The approach to the subway was dimly lighted by a single lamp. He plunged into the cavern and walked through. A figure dimmed the exit and as the two men met, the roar of and as the two men met, the roar of passing trains startled them, and they brushed each other in passing. A moment later Allen felt for his watch. It was not in his pocket. He ran back through the subway and overtook the other man just as he was emerging.
> "Hand over that watch or I'll blow your head off!" he shouted. The man leaped over a stone abutment and ran. Allen followed and cornered him against a wall.
> "I'll give you another chance," he said, leveling his revolver. The man, apparently too frightened to speak.

gave him the watch.

of his adventure.

A followed and the state of the state a wall.
Fill give you another chance," he is leveling his revolver. The man, barently too frightened to speak, we him the watch.
Allen went home and told his wife his adventure.
Why, your watch is in there on the exclaimed. Now Allen is looking to the man he held up.
Macon—That man is always on the wrong side of a question.
Bacon—Why, I've known him for twenty years, and in all that time i never knew him to think the same way as I have.
Hereafter let no trouble trouble that is darkest and a threatened storm surrounds us, is just abreaking:
Bacon—Why, I've known him for twenty years, and in all that time i years are bail anticipation.
Bacon—Why. I've known him for twenty years, and in all that time i years are bail anticipation.
Bacon—Why. I've known him for the out the the terouble syot.
Bacon—Why, I've known him for the next the terouble system.
Bacon—Why, I've known him for the terow him to think the same way as I have.

many journalists and prominent writers found themselves unable to resist temptation of making him the theme

of extravagant stories without foundation, or at best based only upon hearsay evidence.

While making no pretence to being a saint, his morals were neither better nor worse than the majority of I consider you just perfect," she whis- that fact that endeared him to them. The great influence that no other Prince possessed, and which was pos-

sessed by him in a superlative degree. was very largely due to his remarkable tact.

Thanks more to him than to any and women who had forfeit d their right to remain within their pale,

and no woman of questionable antecedents could with his sanction consort with ladies or with innocent girls. Few people had any idea how well read he was. It was generally reported that his reading was very

limited, and yet the reverse was true. a few of the French authors were ac-

customed to send him their first copies. His faults, never grave or serious,

simply served to bring out in greater prominence the many attractive points of his character, and since his accession to the throne even those faults have grown less and his vir tues and ability become brighter and greater.

From a Diplomat's Diary.

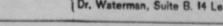
I've been thinking, since our boy returned.

Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them. Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down. This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tab turns. New we are all ready for guick and easy washing. You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tob and, with it, you revolve the tab one-third way round, then gravity pulls the other way round. The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but Gravity-power does practically all the hard work. You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily fall of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the <u>clothes</u> don't move. But the water moves like a mill race <u>through</u> the

clothes. The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every wing of the tub. Eack and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock. It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the

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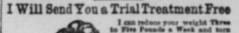


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