

# THE ENEMY

—BY—  
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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(Continued)

Honest, Mr. Doe, if you turn us up to Mike—"

Doe held up his hand, and Jerry-the-Limp, not quite knowing why, stopped.

"This is John Doe, Mr. Dowd," he said into the phone. "If you will remember when I was in your place not long ago, a man who pretended to be a crippled acquaintance with me, under the name of Bow-wow."

The four afternoon callers, huddled near the doorway in two groups, of three callers and one caller, heard a harsh voice crackling and snapping in the phone.

"Yes, they're here," returned Doe, with a smile. "I merely called you up, Mr. Dowd, to ask your advice as to what to do with them."

The answer of Mike Dowd was so short, so clean-cut, and so vigorous, that every person in the room could hear it.

"Kill 'em!"

A lot more came over the wire, not all the words were distinguishable and not all were intelligible, but enough could be gleaned, even by the caller nearest the door, whose red whiskers seemed to be curling tighter, to know that Mike Dowd promised to get Mr. Doe out of any consequences of his act if he killed them, or if he didn't want to mess his hands with them, merely to send them down to the Sink, and Mike would do the job.

"Thank you," returned Doe, and hung up the receiver; then he faced his callers. "Get out."

The tone was not vociferous, it was an extraordinary vigor, but enough there was such calm and firm decision about it that the callers got out; and, as they closed the door behind them, John Doe sunk limply on his desk, sprawled there, crushed, humiliated, shamed!

"You're a fine fatted!" growled Piggy Marshall, as they jostled out through the reception-room. He was already taking off his collar, and tearing it in the process.

"Didn't I tell you you didn't know the gent?" demanded Red Whitey, who was well in the lead.

The snubbed office boy was opening the outer door for them.

"For a handful of butts I'd croak you!" huffed Tank Tonkey vindictively, as they clustered in front of the elevator. "You had a fine frame-up, didn't you? Oh, yes! We'd come up here — say, do you know what this outfit cost me?" and he shook the coat and the violet blue tie at Jerry-the-Limp. "Nineteen cents! Now you buy it!"

"Do you suppose I want to play circus?" snarled Jerry-the-Limp, looking at the white circle with aversion. "Ain't you sport enough to invent a much in a big gamble like this? Why, all we had to do —"

"Yes, we did!" Tank Tonkey again. He was too big to give himself much to wrath, but when he was deadly. "All we had to do was to smoke your hop, and think this millionaire sport was Bow-wow, and we could get any of the rest of our lives! Oh, yes, we did!" Tank Tonkey's rage was rising in proportion to his weight. "I'll lean on you, you shrimp!"

"Shut your yawns, you boneheads!" shrilly yelled Jerry-the-Limp, wheeling on his followers with fierce command, but he saw in their cold eyes that his moral force was shattered and his leadership had had instant proof of it when Red Whitey, without a word of warning, suddenly pranced up and kicked him on the shin.

"Say!" growled Piggy Marshall; "don't any of these elevators stop on this floor!"

A messenger boy stepped up to the row of elevators and pressed a button, and the noise of the rest of the light. It was fairly crowded, and, as they thronged in, Jerry-the-Limp found himself forced violently into the periphery of Tank Tonkey.

"Get out of me!" Tank Tonkey, his voice made shrill by compression. "Step away or I'll bat you!"

"Paste him one for me, Tank!" requested Piggy Marshall.

"I'll, so help me, the minute I get round to swing an arm!" and in Tank's reddened eyes there came a savage gleam. "Push back, I tell you!"

"Get off my foot!" Piggy Marshall. He, too, was losing his temper. He might have gotten away clear, but the elevator started, seeing him run, grabbed him by the coat. That was no way to detain Jerry-the-Limp, for his arms were out of the sleeves in an instant, and, leaving the coat in the starter's hands, he darted through the lobby, in his blue shirt sleeves, with his celluloid dicker sticking straight out in front of him and his black bow tie slipped around under his ear. That second of delay, however, had been disastrous, for it enabled Red Whitey to catch him round the neck, at the curb, and, in two seconds more, Tank Tonkey and Piggy Marshall were upon him!

It took two policemen to drag Jerry-the-Limp from under his coater; and the last that admiring Broadway saw of General Jerry and his army, they were whizzing away in a patrol wagon, still snarling.

CHAPTER XXI  
Tommy Tinkle Goes A-Peddling  
Mrs. Stuart smiled as she opened

the door, for the young man who stood there, with a portly, rolly, sketches under his arm and a whimsical grin on his wide lips, was Tommy Tinkle.

"Any water-color drawing to-day, madam? Any oil portraits to paint; any white-washing to do?"

"Step in, and I'll look around," invited Mrs. Stuart, very glad indeed that he had come, for smiling was rather new, these days, in the Stuart apartments.

"Thank you," Tommy hung his hat on the hall tree in the vestibule, and lounged into the pink and gray parlor, and laid his portfolio on the table, picked him a chair in the bay window, and reached for his cigar case. "A certain beautiful young lady is not at home, I suppose. The way I mind if I smoke? Foggy weather were having."

"Tavy is at her music lesson, and you know you may smoke, and I don't think she'll have any more rain, and won't you sit down." It was good to hear her laugh, although the mirth did not extend as far as her patient eyes.

Tommy drew Mrs. Stuart's chair into a more pleasant view for her, and waited until she had seated herself, and reached for his portfolio.

"I've been doing some serious portrait work," he observed. "How is this one?"

Mrs. Stuart gave a little gasp of delight.

"Tavy," she cried. Tavy it was, glossy black hair, oval cheeks, slender, graceful neck, and, most marvelous of all, the dark gray eyes had within them a hint of their susceptibility to change through violet to blue! It was a happy Tavy who smiled up at Mrs. Stuart from the clean white page, but Tommy, with that fidelity which sees beneath, had caught the trace of inborn wistfulness in the eyes.

"Pretty fine, from memory and sketches," bridged Tommy, cocking his head on one side to admire his new work in the light. "River, Mrs. Stuart, flows down through the city of New York in an almost directly north and south line for the more important part of its course. On its broad bed, the river, with its commerce. The next portrait is of a lady whom all must reverence and admire, and whom to know is a privilege, and I'll swear to it. Here's what I propose. You may be making a serious mistake. If Tavy and Billy think so much of each other, and Billy is all right, you'd be very sorry you kept them apart. You just let Billy come up here, now and then, and watch him. If he makes one more mistake, just one, turn him out. I'll help you. So will Billy. Adroit Tommy. He saw, as she glanced down again at the ingratiating picture of Billy, that there was no wavering in her, and he knew better than to counsel a refusal which would be final. He went abruptly to the window.

"What a queer government boat. Did you ever see one like it, Mrs. Stuart?" He pointed it out, a long, low craft with a myriad of angling derricks, which, at that distance, looked like toothpicks. He relieved her of the sketch, as she stood at the window. "Will you and Tavy go to the theater with me some night this week?"

Again she laughed at him. Tommy Tinkle was an irresistible cure for the blues, and her eyes softened as he stood looking down at her, saw through Tommy, she saw mournfulness underneath his mockery. It was a quality she could easily distinguish because she was so thoroughly acquainted with it.

"You'll have to ask Tavy about that." Suddenly her eyes narrowed. "You're not arranging for us to meet any one?" The shocked look on his face was enough answer. "Fardon me, Tommy."

"I'm not damaged in the slightest," he lightly assured her. "How soon will the certain beautiful young lady be home?"

"She should be here now," and Mrs. Stuart glanced at the clock.

"Then I'll wait," and Tommy strolled across to the piano. He had a habit of making himself perfectly at home everywhere he went. He had been known to call merely because he liked to sit in a certain chair

and think. He opened the piano and ran his fingers over the keys. "I have decided Tavy and you need some excitement. You've been cooped up here too much since Billy went away. If you won't let him come back, I'll have to take you out myself."

He heaved over some music and pushed it aside, then he struck into a gay little composition of his own, a whimsical thing, full of unexpected turns, and ending with a crash which was humor itself caught into melody.

"You always seem happy," mused Mrs. Stuart, studying him curiously. "It's about the only good thing I do," returned Tommy soberly. "I think I'll go home."

(To be continued)



## Says Father's Daughter

"Father says that the Walladoo Bird does nothing but eat and drink—and that I'm a Walladoo Bird. But I'm not—I just drink milk. And I never eat between breakfast and noon, because for breakfast I eat



## Cream of Barley

The Energy Food

### \$5,000 IN TAXES TAKEN OFF BOOKS

Columbia Council and School Board Exonerates Iron Co. to Help Neighbors

Columbia, Pa., Jan. 18. — In order to settle the payment of taxes, long overdue, the Council and School Board have granted exonerations amounting to \$5,000, in favor of the Susquehanna Iron Company, a corporation that formerly operated the iron mills here, and later became financially embarrassed. The amount owing was in the neighborhood of \$15,000. This action caused much protest on the part of the citizens, but the claim is made that it was done to promote the operation of the mills under the new man-

### OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.

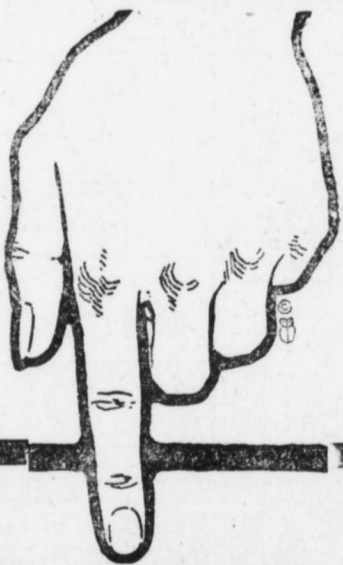
agement, the plant having been leased by the A. M. Byers Company, of Pittsburgh.

BANQUET FOR SOLDIERS  
Columbia, Pa., Jan. 19. — Members of Company C, Fourth Regiment Pennsylvania National Guard, who were mustered out of the Federal service yesterday, were entertained at a turkey supper in Keystone hall, last evening, and afterward a public reception was held in the Armory, in which several thousand people took part. With the company were the headquarters company, under Captain W. S. Detweiler; the Fourth Regiment Band, and Colonel E. C. Shannon and his staff officers, of the regiment. A dance followed the ceremonies.

SERMON ON AMUSEMENTS  
Perbrook, Pa., Jan. 19. — Mrs. Mae E. Fry, the evangelist who is conducting evangelistic meetings nightly in the United Evangelical Church at this place, declared in her sermon on "Amusements," last evening, that dancing is bad on morals and health, cards were invented to entertain inmates of an asylum and a large percent of theaters are corrupt, seminars of vice and a menace to morals. Her subject to-night will be on "Hell; What it is, Where, and Who Are Going There." To-morrow evening the subject will be "Heaven, or Shall We Know Each Other There?"

NEW BANK TO OPEN  
Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 19. — The new Mont Alto State bank will open its doors for business on Saturday, January 27. This was decided upon at a meeting held last night.

THRESHERMEN MEET  
Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 19. — Forty threshermen of this county attended a meeting of the Franklin County Threshermen's Association at Chambersburg yesterday afternoon. Lewis Crunkleton, Greencastle, presided.



## McFall's Shirt Sale Is On

Every shirt offered is of our regular high grade stock—none bought specially for sale purposes. Now is the time to buy for present and future needs, while the reductions are on.

\$1.50 and \$2.00 SHIRTS Now ... \$1.00 \$2.50 and \$3.00 SHIRTS Now ... \$1.85

\$2.00 SHIRTS Now .. \$1.35 \$3.50 SHIRTS Now .. \$2.50

Silk Shirts, values to \$5.00, now \$3.50

Hats All good styles and of unquestioned qualities but are odds and ends—limited quantity—regularly worth \$3.00 and \$3.50, while they last, at \$1.00.

All Overcoats, Raincoats, Wool Reefers, etc., are now reduced.

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Third and Market Sts.

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Dr. Franklin Miles, the Great Specialist, Gives New Book and a \$2.50 Nerve Treatment Free as a Trial.

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His Book contains many remarkable cures after five to twenty physicians and specialists failed, and also endorsements from Bishops, Clergymen, Statesmen, Editors, Business Men, Farmers, etc.

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His improved special treatments for these diseases are the result of thirty years' experience and are thoroughly scientific and remarkably successful, so much so that he does not hesitate to offer Free Trial Treatments to the sick that they may test them free. Write at once.

Describe your case and he will send you a two-pound Free Treatment and Book. Address, Dr. Franklin Miles, Dept. N8525 to 535 Franklin street, Elkhart, Ind.

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Regular \$20 and \$22.50 Suitings and Overcoatings

TAILORED TO MEASURE FOR \$15

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Besides our wonderful line at \$15.00, we also exhibit an extra high grade selection of suitings and overcoatings at \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00. These are positively equal to those that are sold in many places at \$28.00 to \$40.

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times quite long ones, but if they once have that craving they never are quite safe; never, and that old bitterness sprang into her eyes.

"That's just it," Tommy's voice was triumphant. "Billy has no craving, and I'll swear to it. Here's what I propose. You may be making a serious mistake. If Tavy and Billy think so much of each other, and Billy is all right, you'd be very sorry you kept them apart. You just let Billy come up here, now and then, and watch him. If he makes one more mistake, just one, turn him out. I'll help you. So will Billy. Adroit Tommy. He saw, as she glanced down again at the ingratiating picture of Billy, that there was no wavering in her, and he knew better than to counsel a refusal which would be final. He went abruptly to the window.

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The way a few shampoos with Resinol Soap check dandruff and stop scalp itching is a distinct surprise to people who have tried in vain to find relief from these annoying conditions. In severe cases, a little Resinol Ointment should be worked into the scalp after shampooing.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists. For samples of each, free, write to Dept. 2-N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

## Have You Ever Prayed for the End of a Miserable Day?

Perhaps You Have Prayed for the End of a Sleepless Night? Cadomene Tablets Bring Strength and Rest!

tonic, Cadomene Tablets. Do not hesitate to partake of the benefits, for hundreds of thousands have found in Cadomene Tablets the real strength and health which

Physical and Mental Exhaustion comes from starved, hungry Nerves, resulting from overwork, grief, sickness, worry excesses, malnutrition and dissipation.

Cadomene Tablets bring food-energy to the starved, hungry nerves, thus restoring the nervous system to a normal state, thereby overcoming the cause of physical and mental exhaustion. The power in these tablets produce physical strength, mental activity and consequent will-power and personal magnetism—the gloom disappears and sunshine beams from the countenance.

When a man or woman has symptoms of failing physical and mental power, weakened vitality and loss of normal vigor, characterized by dizziness, hideous dreams, trembling weakness, pains in spine, cold extremities, headache, melancholia, fear without cause, timidity and an unnatural feeling of discomfort and self-consciousness, when the recreations of life lose their pleasurable and everything seems going to the bow-wows and you feel like a too old, "down and out," it's time to start the use of Cadomene Tablets to brace and build you up and add force and vigor to the bodily structures.

To the nervous, irritable, half-sick, worried, non-efficient man or woman, Cadomene Tablets bring strength, poise, comfort, cheer and all the joys of living in health.

The convalescent, the dyspeptic, the neurasthenic—all find help, strength, energy and vitality in the perfect



they sought, and the proprietors offer your money back if you are not fully benefited in every way. Sold by all wide-awake druggists everywhere.