body has got to be mean and sneaky

and find out. Would you rather it

would be I than someone else who

BY FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CD. RHODES COMPRICED BY COMPLES SCHIOMERS SONS

retort.

and-

did such a thing?

Precisely.

son to know, socially."

musculine obtuseness.

a thing to you ought to be a sufficient

shouldn't have done it. It is because

think she wouldn't be a pleasant per-

It was his sister who undertook to

"It isn't anything she does, or

doesn't do, particularly; it is the at-

moves and has her being. If it weren't

well, it is rather hard to say just

what she would be. But she always

makes me think of the bonanza

"I don't," the brother contended.

"Or the intpudence," added Mrs.

Raymer, when her son had left the

room. Then: "I do hope Edward isn't

"I should say there is room for a

CHAPTER X.

Good Samaritans.

Since she had undertaken to show

self in the conventional field, Miss

When Jasper Grierson traveled alone

Louis, the Anita's drawing-room

tested to her father. "You ought to

Jasper Grierson's smile was a capi-

talistic acquirement, and some of his

"I don't own the railroad yet,

tip from a black eigar of heroic pro-

'I'll begin now, if you are going to

course, the occupant of the middle

section must be ill. Quite suddenly

With Margery Griersop, to question

was to ascertain; and the Pullman

conductor, once more checking his dia-

grams in Section 11, offered the readi-

est means of enlightenment. A few

minutes later Margery rejoined her

"Do you remember the nice-looking

young man who sat at the table with

us in the Choteau last night?" she

The gray-wolf Jasper nodded.

had an excellent memory for faces.

"What did you think of him?" The

"Humph! he didn't look like a dago."

"He isn't; it's just because he is

There was a long pause, broken

"I've been thinking," was the slow

query followed the nod like a nimble

father in the private compartment.

began abruptly.

boxer's return blow.

supper. Why?"

traveling without on attendant?

The daughter laughed.

for her father's money, she would be-

make the reason plain to him.

SYNOPSIS.

Grinweld, un Achieve a chieveno, an insurcession writer because of socialistic tendencies, sups with his friend Balabridge at Chaudiere's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that it processury he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbrathi, president of the Rayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with 100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hise and cry and goes abourd the Beile Julie as a deckhand, He merisciedly confronts Charlotte Farahe escapes the fine and try and soes abound the field Julle as a deckhard. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotts Farnham of Wahaska, Minn. who had seen him cash Galiraith's check in the bank. Charlotts recognizes Griswold, but decides to write to Galbraith rather than denounce the robber to the captain. She sees the brutal mate resound from drown-low by Griswold and delays sending berletter to Galbraith. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends fer letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis but secapes from his captors. Griswold decides an Wahaska, Minn, as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train, Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the finnicial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social recognition by the "old familles" of the town

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"Good-morning, doctor," she began people-the pick and shovel one day cheerfully, bursting in upon the head and a million the next. I believe she of the First church board of adminis- is a frank liftle savage, at heart." trators as a charming embodiment of youthful enthusiasm, "I'm running er | doggedly. "She may be a trifle new rands for popps this morning. Mr. and fresh for Wahaska, but she is Rodney was telling us about that clever and bright, and honest enough little First church mission in Pottery to ignore a social code which makes Flat, and poppa wanted to help. But a mock of sincerity and a virtue of we are not Methodists, you know, and hypocrisy. I like her all the better he was afraid-that is, he didn't quite for the way she flared out at me. for bearers. From that to putting the know how you might-"

It was an exceedingly clever bit of thousand who would have had the acting, and the good doctor capitulat- nerve and the courage to do it." ed at once, discrediting, for the first time in his life, the intuition of his home womankind.

"Now that is very thoughtful and going to let that girl come between kind of you, Miss Margery," he said, him and Charlotte! wiping his glasses and looking a second time at the generous figure of the piece of money paper. "I appreciate it the more because I know you must it is. Miss Gilman took particular have a great many other calls upon pains to let him know what train they your charity. We've been wanting to were leaving on, and I happen to put a trained worker in charge of that know he never went near the station mission for I don't know how long, to tell them good-by." and this gift of yours makes it posalble."

"The kindness is in allowing us to help," murmured the small diplomat. "You'll let me know when more is needed? Promise me that, Doctor Wahaska precisely how to deport it-Farnbam.

"I shouldn't be a good Methodist if Grierson had telegraphed her father I didn't," laughed the doctor. Then he to meet her in St. Louis on her return remembered the Mereside reception from Florida. and the regrets, and was moved to make amends. "I'm sorry we couldn't he was democratic enough to be satisbe neighborly last night; but my sis- fied with a section in the body of the ter-in-law is very frail, and Charlotte car. But when Margery's tastes were doesn't go out much. They are both to be consulted, the drawing-room was getting ready to go to Pass Christian, none too good, Indeed, as it transpired but I'm sure they'll call before they on the journey northward from St. go south.

"I shall be ever so glad to welcome proved to be not good enough. them," purred Miss Margery, "and I "It is simply a crude insult, the do hope they will come before I leave. way they wear out their old, broken-I'm going to Palm Beach next week you know."

"I'll tell them," volunteered the doc- do something about it." tor. "They'll find time to run in, I'm sure."

But for some reason the vicarious fellow-townsmen described it as "cast promise was not kept; and the Ray- fron." But for his daughter it was mers held aloof; and the Oswalds and always indulgent. the Barrs relinquished the new public library project when it became noised Madgie; you'll have to give me a "tie about that Jasper Grierson and his more time," he pleaded, clipping the daughter were moving in it. Miss Margery possessed her soul in portions and reaching for the box of

pattence up to the final day of her safety matches. home staying, and the explosion might have been indefinitely postponed if, on smoke that dreadful thing in this that last day, the Raymers, mother stuffy little den," was the unfilial reand daughter, had not pointedly taken tort; and the daughter found a magapains to avoid her at the lingerie zine and exchanged the drawing-room counter in Thorwalden's it was as with its threat of asphyxiation for a the match to the fuse, and when Miss scat in the body of the car. Half-way Grierson left the department store down the car one of the sections was there were ted spots in her cheeks still curtained and bulkheaded; of and the dark eyes were flashing. They think I'm a jay!" she said.

with a snap of the white teeth. "They her interest became acute. Who was need a lesson, and they're going to get the sick one, and why was he, or she, it before I leave. I'm not going to ming small all the time!"

It was surely the goddess of discord who ordained that the blow should be struck while the iron was hot. Pive minutes after the rebuff in Thorwalden's, Miss Grierson met Raymer as he was coming out of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. There was an exchange of commonplaces, but in the midst of it Miss Margery broke off abruptly to say, "Mr. Raymer, please tell me what I have done to offend your mother and sister."

If she had been in the mood to compromise, half of the deferred payment of triumph might have been discharged on the spot by Raymer's blundering attempt at disavowal.

"Why, Miss Margery! I don't know -that is-er-really, you must be mistaken, I'm sure!"

of some kind, and out of his head. He "I am not mistaken, and I'd like to is going to Wahnska." know," she persisted, looking him "How do you know it's the same hardly in the eyes. "It must be someone?" "I made the conductor take me to

thing I have been doing, and if I can find out what it is, I'll reform." see him. He talked to me in Italian Raymer got away as soon as he and called me 'Carlotta mia.'

could; and when the opportunity offered, was besotted enough to repeat the question to his mother and sister, delirious," Mrs. Raymer was a large and placid matron of the immovable type, and finally by a curt "Well?" from the bed and laid a cool paim on his foreher smile emphasized her opinion of father. Miss Grierson.

"The mere fact of her saying such

Most Essential Service for Humanity Performed by Those Who Manu-

extract from what she has to say:

In the American Magazine Ida M. stances derived from otherwise use- bles and flowers. Tarbell, writing another article in less waste, the dregs and refuse of business series entitled "The great industries. Millions of pounds the making and using of acid, all pro-Golden Rule in Business," emphasizes of trimmings from factories using duce smells which cause an active the usefulness of the fertilizer busi- leather and rubber and felt are turned and painful nausea to the unaccusness as an industry. Following is an into ammoniates in its great inchera- tomed. When men first go to work in require that much more nourishment "Few businesses perform a more making of cottonseed and castor oil, or at least to retain food, for a week tion made in the nutrition laboratory pared, after careful selection of indi- the Ark."

chance that he has friends in Wa- to whom you belong? I suppose some haska, and that someone will be at the train to meet him. But it is only a chance.

"Why doesn't the conductor tele graph ahead and find out?"

"He doesn't know the man's name tried to get him to look for a card, or to break into the suftcases under the berth, but he says the regulations

"Well?" said the father again, this time with a more decided upward inflection. Then he added: "You've to do: say lt." Margery's decision was announced

crisply. "There is no hospital to send him to-which is Wahaska's shame. answer, I should think," was her mild Maybe he will be met and taken care of by his friends: if he is, well and "I don't see why," Raymer objected. good; if he isn't, we'll put him in the carriage and take him home with us."

"What would you think if Gertrude The cast iron smile with the indul-"Oh, well; that is different. In the gent attachment wrinkled frostily first place, Gertrude wouldn't do It, upon Jasper Grierson's heavy face. The Good Samaritan act, ch? I've And Miss Grierson known you a long time, Madgie, but I

Florida, did you?" "But why?" insisted Raymer, with Miss Margery tossed her pretty

head, and the dark eyes snapped, me your pencil; I want to do some mosphere in which she lives and wiring.

All other gifts apart. Miss Grierson could boast of a degree of executive ability little inferior to her father's; did bonst of it when the occasion offered; and by the time the whistle was sounding for Wahaska, all the arrangements had been made for the provisional rescue of the sick man in

At the station a single inquiry served to give the Good Samaritan Intention the right of way. There were no friends to meet lower six; but the Grierson carriage was waiting, with the coachman and a Mereside gardener There isn't one young woman in a sick man to bed in one of the guest chambers of the lake-fronting mansion at the opposite end of the town was a mere bit of routine for one so capable as Miss Grierson; and twenty minutes after the successful transfer she had Doctor Farnham at the nameless one's bedside and was telephoning the college infirmary for a nurse.

Naturally, there were explanations regiment to march between them, as to be made when the doctor came down. To her first anxious question



"You've Made Up Your Mind What You're Going to Do; Say It,"

the answer came gravely: "You have a very sick man on your hands, Miss Then the inevitable: Margery." Who is he?"

She spread her hands in a pretty affectation of embarrassment.

"What will you think of me. Doctor Parnham, when I tell you that I haven't the littlest atom of an idea?" Charlotte's father was a small man. with kindly eyes and the firm, straightlined mouth of his Puritan forbears. Tell me about it," he said concisely. She told him.

A shrewd smile flickered for an inbest-beloved physician.

you prepared to go on, Miss Margery?" trieved.

There were fine little lines coming and going between Miss Margery's do it by halves, doctor," she said dewire St. Paul or Minneapolis and get a trained nurse-

"-You'd stand the extra expense, "I thought he paid a whole lot more attention to you than he did to his "He is on this car; sick with a fever gave him a bit of anodyne before I came down."

> Margery went to the outer door with of the gracious hostess as one who is, draft to be cashed. or who means to be, precisely letterperfect; and after he was gone, she went slowly upstairs and let herself be did not stir when she crossed to the

head.

might care even less than I do?" The sleeping man opened unseeing eyes and closed them again heavily I found the money, Carlotta mia; you didn't know that, did you!" he muttered; and then the narcotic seized and held him again.

His clothes were on a chair, and when she had carried them to a light that could be shaded completely from made up your mind what you're going the bed and its occupant, she searched the pockets one by one. It was a little surprising to find all but two of them quite empty; no cards, no letters, no pen, pencil, pocketknife, or purse; nothing but a handkerchief, and in one pocket of the waistcoat a small roll of paper money, a few coins and two small keys.

She held the coat up to the electric and examined it closely; the workmanship, the trimmings. It was not tallormade, she decided, and by all the little signs and tekens it was quite new never can tell when you're going to And the same was true of the other she can do such things that a few break out in a brand-new spot. Didn't garments. But there was no tag or lose any of your unexpectedness in trademark on any of them to show where they came from.

Failing to find the necessary clus to the castaway's identity in this pre-"Somebody in the family has to liminary search, she went on resolutethink of something besides making ly, dragging the two suitcases over to money," she retorted. "Please lend the lighted corner and unlocking them with the keys taken from the pocket of the walstcoat.

The first yielded nothing but clothing, all new and evidently unworn. The second held more clothing, a man's toilet appliances, also new and unused, but apparently no scrap of writing or hint of a name. With a little sigh of bafflement she took the last tightly rolled bundle of clothing from the suitcase. While she was lift ing it a pistol fell out.

In times past, Jasper Grierson's daughter had known weapons and their faults and excellences. "That places him-a little," she mused, putting the pistol aside after she had glanced at it: "He's from the East; he doesn't know a gun from a piece of common bardware."

Further search in the tightly rolled bundle was rewarded by the discovery of a typewritten book manuscript, unsigned, and with it an oblong packet wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine. She slipped the string and removed the wrapping. The brickshaped packet proved to be a thick block of bank notes held together by heavy rubber bands snapped over the ends.

While the little ormulu clock on the dressing case was whirring softly and chiming the hour she stared at the money-block as if the sight of it had fascinated her. Then she sprang up and flew to the door, not to escape, but to turn the key noiselessly in the lock Secure against interruption, she pulled the rubber bands from the packet. The block was built up in layers, each layer banded with a paper slip on which was printed in red the name of the certifying bank and the amount. "Bayou State Security, \$5, 000." There were twenty of these lay ers in all, nineteen of them unbroken. But through the printed figures on the twentieth a pen-stroke had been drawn, and underneath was written "\$4,000." Quite coolly and methodically

Margery Grierson verified the bank's count as indicated by the paper There were one hundred thoubands. and dollars, lacking the one thousand taken from the broken packet. The counting completed, she replaced the rubber bands and the brown paper wrapping. Then she repacked the suit cases, arranging the contents as nearly as might be just as she had found them, locking the cases and returning the keys to the waistcoat pocket from which she had taken them.

When all was done, she tiptoed across to the bed, with the brown paper packet under her arm. The sick man stirred uneasily and began to mutter again. She bent to catch the words, and when she heard, the light of understanding leaped swiftly into the dark eyes. For the mumbled words were the echo of a flerce threat: "Sign it: sign it now, or, by God, I'll shoot to kill!"

The robbery of the Bayou State Security bank was already an old story when Mr. Matthew Broffin, chief of the New Orleans branch of a notable detective agency, took over the case stant in the kindly eyes of Wahaska's of the bank robbery a few days after his return from Central America. "Almost anyone else would have Since two members of his own staff found plenty of other things to do-or had fired and missed their mark in St. not to do," was his comment. "Are Louis, there was a blunder to be re-

After a week of patient groping, Broffin was obliged to confess that the straight black brows. "We needn't problem of identification was too difficult to be solved on conventional lines. cisively. "If it would be hetter to it presented no point of attack. With neither a name nor a pictured face for reference, inquiry was crippled at the very outset. None of the many boardof course," laughed the doctor. "You ing and rooming houses he visited had are all the world's good angel when lost a lodger answering the verbal deyou set out to be, Miss Margery. And scription of the missing man. Very re-I'll send somebody before bedtime. luctantly, for bulldog tenacity was the Meanwhile, there's nothing to do but detective's ruling characteristic, he to keep your patient quiet; and he'll was forced to the conclusion that the do that for himself for a few hours. I only untried solution lay in Teller Johnson's unfortified impression that the chance meeting at his wicket was son's color would be charming if it not the first meeting between the robher kindly counselor, playing the part ber and the young woman with the

cult it might be to follow. Assuming neck and cheek. softly into the room of shaded lights. that there had been a previous meeting The sick man was resting quietly, and or meetings, or rather the passing acquaintance which was all the young woman's later betrayal of the man made conceivable, would the writer of

whose real identity-if she knew itshe had been careful to conceal in the fin read the note again-"a deck-hand, which his theory and the few known to know." facts pointed. The young woman knew the man in his proper person; she had been reluctant to betray him -that, he decided, was sufficiently tive minority had lost whatever counproved by the lapse of time intervening between the date of her note and it. its postmark date; having finally decided to give him up, she had told only what was absolutely necessary, leaving him free to conceal his real hind the brass grilles as she passed on name and identity if he would-and could.

convincement, Broffin knew what he burned half of one of the huge cigars, had to do and set about doing it methodically. A telegram to the clerk of the Belle Julie served to place the steamer in the lower river; and board ing a night train he planned to reach Vicksburg in time to intercept the witnesses whose evidence would determine roughly how many hundreds or thousands of miles he could safely cut out of the zigzag journeyings to which



'You Poor Castaway!" She Murmured.

the following up of the hypothetical clue would lead For, cost what it might, he was de-

termined to find the writer of the unsigned letter.

CHAPTER XI.

The Zwelbund.

On his second visit to the sick man odged in the padded luxuries of one of the guest rooms at Mereside, made on the morning following the Grierson home-coming, Doctor Farnham found the hospital status established, a goodnatured Swede installed as nurse, the bells muffled and Miss Margery playing the part of sister superior and dressing it, from the dainty, felt-soled slippers to the smooth banding of her hair.

An hour later, however, it was the Margery of the Wahaska renaigsance, Joyously clad and radiant, who was holding the reins over a blg English trap horse, parading down Main street and smiling greetings to everyhody.

By one of the chances which he was willing to call fortunate, Edward Raymer was at the curb to help her down from her high seat in the trap when she pulled the big horse to a stand in front of her father's bank. "I'm the luckiest man in Red Earth

county: I was just wondering when I should get in line to tell you how glad we are to have you back," he said, with his eyes shining.

"Are you, really? You are not half as glad as I am to be back. There is no place like home, you know."

"There isn't, and there oughtn't to be," was his quick response, "I've been hoping you'd come to look upon Wahaska as your home, and now I know you do.

"Why shouldn't I?" she laughed, and she was reaching for a paper-wrapped package on the trap seat when he got it for her.

"You are going somewhere?-may 1 carry it for you?" he asked; but she shook her head and took it from him. "Only into the bank," she explained;

and she was beginning to tell him he must come to Mereside when the sickman episode obtruded itself, and the invitation was broken in the midst, very prettily, very effectively. "I know," Raymer said, in instant

sympathy. "You have your hands full just now. Will you let me say that it's the finest thing I ever heard of-your taking that poor fellow home and caring for him?" Gertrude Raymer had once said in

her brother's hearing that Miss Grierwere only natural. Looking into Miss Grierson's eyes Raymer saw the refu tation of the slander in the suffusing It was the slenderest of threads, and wave of generous embarrassment Broffin realized sweatingly how diffi- deepening in warn tints on the perfect

"Oh, dear me!" she said in pathetic protest; "is it all over town so soon? I'm afraid we are still dreadfully 'country' in Wahaska, Mr. Raymer. Please cut it down to the bare, com-"You poor castaway!" she mur- the accusing letter be willing to add to monplace facts whenever you have a response. "Of course, there is a mured. "I wonder who you are, and her burden of responsibility by giving chance, won't you? The poor man was

the true name and standing of the man | sick and nobody knew him, and somebody had to take care of him.'

Like the doctor, Raymer asked the unsigned note to Mr. Galbraith? Brof- inevitable question, "Who is he, Miss Margery?" and, like the doctor again, whose name on the mate's book is he received the same answer, "I John Wesley Gavitt," was the descrip- haven't the smallest notion of an idea. tion she had given. It might, or it But that doesn't make the slightest might not, be an equivocation; but the difference," she went on. "He is a longer Broffin dwelt upon it the more fellow human being, sick and helpless. he leaned toward the conclusion to That ought to be enough for any of us

Raymer stood watching her as she tripped lightly into the bank, and when he went to catch his car the conservatenance or support he had ever given

True to her latest characterization of herself, Margery had a nod and a pleasant smile for the young men beher way to the president's room in the rear. She found her father at his Having come thus far on the road to desk, thoughtfully munching the unand named her errand.

"I want a safety-deposit box big enough to hold this," she said briefly, exhibiting the paper-wrapped packet. Jasper Grierson, deeply immersed in a matter of business to which he had given the better part of the forenoon, replied without looking up: "Go and tell Murray; he'll fix you out."

As on any other business day, President Grierson was solidly planted in his heavy armchair before a desk well littered with work. He nodded absently to his daughter as she returned, and knowing that the nod meant that he would come to the surface of things -her surface-when he could, she turned aside to the window and waited.

Though she had seen him develop day by day in less than three of the thirty-odd years of his western exile, her father offered a constant succes sion of surprises to her. When she opened the door to retrospection, which was not often, she remembered that the man who had stumbled upon the rich quartz vein in Yellow Dog Gulch could scarcely sign his name legibly to the paper recording his claim; that in those days there was no prophecy of the ambitious present in the man. half drunkard and half outlaw, whose name in the Yellow Dog district had been a synonym for-but these were unpleasant memories, and Margery rarely indulged them.

Just now she put them aside by turning her back to the window and taking credit for the tasteful and luxurious appointments of the private office, with its soft-piled rug and heavy mahogany furnishings. Her father was careless of such things; totally indifferent to them in business hours; but she saw to it that his surroundings kept pace with the march of prosperity. Here in Wahaska, as elsewhere, a little judiclous display counted for much, even if there were a few bigoted persons who affected to despise it.

She was in the midst of a meditated attack upon the steamship lithographs on the walls-sole remaining landmarks of the ante-Grierson periodwhen her father wheeled in his pivot chair and questioned her with a lift of his shaggy eyebrows.

"Want to see me, Madgle?"

"Just a moment." She crossed the room and stood at the end of the big desk. He reached mechanically for his checkbook, but she smiled and stopped him. "No; It isn't money this time; it's something that money can't I met Mr. Edward Raymer at the front door a few minutes ago; does he have an account with you?" Jasper Grierson's laugh was grimly contemptuous.

"The bank isn't making anything out of him. The shoe is on the other

foot."

"What is the matter? Isn't he mak ing money with his plant?" "Oh, yes; his business is good

enough. But he's like all the other young fools, nowadays; he ain't content to bet on a sure thing and grow with his capital. He wants to widen out and build and put in new machinery and cut a bigger dash generally. Thinks he's been too slow and sure." "Are you going to stake him?" Mar-

gery waged relentless war with her birthright inclination to lapse into the speech of the mining camps, but she stumbled now and then in talking to her father.

"I don't know; I guess not. Some how. Eve never had much use for

"Why haven't you any use for him? "Oh, I don't know-because, until just lately he has never seemed to have much use for me, I guess. It's a stand-off, so far as ll'cings go. I offered to reincorporate his outfit for him six months ago, and told him I'd take fifty-one per cent of the reorganization stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it. Said what little he had was his own, and he proposed to keep

"But now he is willing to let you help him?"

"Not much; he don't look at it in that light. He wants to borrow money from the bank and put up the stock of his close corporation as collateral It's safe enough, but I don't believe The chatelaine of Mereside came

abruptly to the point. "I want you to do it," she said, de-

cisively. "The devil you do!" Then, with the dry, door-hinge chuckle: "What's in the wind now?"

"I do want you to put him under obligations to you-the heavier the better. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to snub me, and I want to play even."

Grierson wagged his huge head, and this time the chuckle grew to a guf-CTO BE CONTINUEDO

weight, the men were found to pro-

duce about 12 per cent more heat

His Proof.

"Yes, my son." "Oh, yes, my boy."

"How do you know, pop?"

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.) WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL "Get on the water wagon!" is now the slogan of the New York health department. Its head, Dr. Sigismund S. Goldwater, says that "anything

which affects the health of the people of a city is a subject of concern to the health officials," and in accordance with this view he has declared war on liquor. "It is nonsense," ha says, "to go on fighting disease and crime if we don't do something to abolish the chief factor in causation. There are too many people sick from liquor in New York city-that's enough for me. . . . I want it understood that this is to be a real fight. It is not enough to make occasional deprecatory mention of alcohol and its results; we must have a definite antialcohol program. The work of the health department in this field will henceforth be systematic, aggressive and unremitting." Every means of publicity will be utilized in this campaign. It will be spectacular and in the vernacular, the rich man's champagne and highballs, as well as the poor man's "third rail" whisky and

beer, will be the object of attack. For months the New York state board of health has been giving out to the press of the state, under the title "Health Hints," strong statements concerning the injurious effects of alcohol. Therefore the action now taken by the New York city board is not a great surprise. It is being warmly commended by members of the medical profession, and without doubt health officials of other cities will follow the lead.

CHICAGO GOING DRY.

Billy Sunday's message to Chicago to the effect that "Batter Booze has three balls and two strikes called on him," prompted Chicago Tribune to interview some of the downtown saloonkeepers. This what one oldtimer said:

"Three balls and two strikes isn't putting it strong enough. The bat's half swung on the third strike now, way over the ball. You can go from one end of the loop to the other and crisscross, and you won't find a single saloonkeeper making money. In some where between three and five years this town's going to be dry as Evanston. The women are going to do it. and I don't much blame them. It's the women the thing's hit. Who suffers when a 'good fellow' making \$18 a week, shows his sporting blood by spending four or five of it over the bar on pay day? Say, it's a tragedy for that woman! So, what's she going to do? Just stop it, put her foot down and her vote down. Three balls and two strikes, eh? You can just call that third strike now."

"There's no doubt about it," said another, "Chicago is going dry. We all know that, and so far as we are concerned down here in the loop, it might as well be dry now."

DO IT ALONE.

The Rotary club of Manchester. England, recently gave a dinner at midday to Harry Lauder, the come dian. A Scottish menu was served in his honor, the haggis figuring prominently. The "Cock o' the North" was duly played by a piper and on the table were beer, wine and spirits,

Said Harry to his hosts:

"We, as Rotarians, meet as a business proposition in the middle of the day, when drink is not necessary. You may take one, two or three and go back to business 'muzzy.' You can't do your business if you are in a state of 'muzziness.' When you have finished you can drink as much as you like but do it alone. If you are going to hell, go by yourself; don't drag anyone with you. I have gone into clubs-not often, thank God-and seen a fellow come in when every other place was closed. He was regarded as a jolly good fellow, and everybody clapped him on the back and laughed. Did his people at home laugh?"

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

Incidentally, one of the interesting reults of the prohibition sweep which is causing comment here is indicated by the New York stock market reports, says a Washington (D. C.) correspondent. About ten months ago the shares of the Distilleries Securities company were quoted around nineteen and twenty-and on one occasion twentytwo. Then they tobogganed down to fourteen, fluctuated there a short time. and took other drops, until they were quoted two and a half and five and a half. This is the lowest record ever reached, and is credited to the fact that many distilleries in the dry and prospectively dry states have gone into voluntary liquidation, while in Ohio and Illinois many brewery companies have been placed in the hands of receivers.

HAVE YOU NOTICED? "Did you ever notice," says an es change, "that when the booze interests want to put one over on the people they always work under an alias? 'Manufacturers' and Dealers' association' is a fair sample. Also they always clothe their proposition in a high sounding and pleasing name—a catchy name-such as 'Home Rule.' And did you ever notice how many ignorsmuses 'fall' for such a name? Isn't it strange that such a powerful interest never presents a square front, but always proceeds by circumvention!"

BEFORE AND AFTER. Kansas, "the dryest state in the

Union," has a death rate of 7.5 to the -300 per cent lower than its neighbor, Missouri. Before the advent of prohibition its death rate was 17 to the 1,000.

SURE TO COME.

There is every indication that the experiment of nation-wide prohibition is going to be tried. Opponents of the plan might as well face the facts and get ready for a drought.—The Chicago

facture Fertilizers.

of grass grow where there was one. saves. Into its mixture go sub- abundant crops of grain and vegeta- lieved, if possible." tors. From the pomace left from the the plants they are often unable to eat,

"This waste and its transformation,

slaughter house, from the remains of who thought this nauses had any more Eames, says the Literary Digest. The or none, is the useful task of a fer fish and meat canneries, are made than temporary effects, like the orditilizer plant. It serves men, not only meals which the soil greedily swal- nary seasickness. It is, however, a be that women have a smaller proporby what it produces, but by what it lows, to give back to us later more painful experience and should be re- tion of active tissue than men of the Why Men Eat More.

That men est 5 or 6 per cent more than women-not because they are gluttons, but because they actually -appears as a result of an investiga-

INDUSTRY OF GREAT VALUE essential service. Making two blades from the horns and hoofs of the or more. I have never found a doctor of the Carnegie Benedict and L. E. viduals of nearly the same height and same weight and more inactive material, such as fat. The investigation disclosed that the average woman generates only 1,355 heat units in the twenty-four hours, as against 1,638 produced by the man, or about 2 per cent more for the latter per pound of body weight. When groups were com-

"Was Noah kind to animals?"

"Because there is no record that he carried a phonograph or a pianola in