

Operator No. 13

Was It an Unlucky Number?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Giles Ellwood, fresh from his native city of the progressive west, bounced out of his hotel bed and ran to the window. A clatter of hoofs on the asphalt, the clang of gongs, the swift rushing of electric vehicles, the glitter of arc lights on red and nickel, trailing plumes of black and white smoke, and the fire engines disappeared up the avenue.

The westerner sat down on the edge of the bed and yawned sleepily. At home in his own city a fire was first announced by the ringing of alarm bells that respectable citizens might be informed of the coming spectacle and be on hand to witness the conflagration. Inside his vest pocket was the list of box numbers at which he was in the habit of glancing when the bells in the towers brayed forth the alarms.

Here in New York it was different. The silent alarm system might have its advantages, but it certainly deprived interested strangers from witnessing that much advertised attraction—a three alarm Gotham fire.

Then, again, at home if he was without his trusty alarm card, all he had to do was to telephone to the central telephone office and ask where the fire was. Did he dare do that in New York? Yet possibly a three alarm fire was eating up dollars within a half dozen blocks of his hotel.

He snapped on the electric light, looked at his watch, saw that it was 2 o'clock and went to the telephone. There were two of these, one that connected with the hotel switchboard and the other a long distance instrument. He glanced at them and chose the hotel telephone.

"Number?" came in such sweet reply that Ellwood reddened with sudden excitement.

"Er—I don't want anybody—that is, will you please tell me where the fire is?" he stammered.

"Why, it is in the hotel here around on the Broadway side. There is no danger; it is under control now," said the voice sweetly, though rather wearily.

"Thanks, very much," said Ellwood earnestly, and he reluctantly hung up the receiver.

He tumbled into bed, dazedly aware that something strange had happened. He could scarcely define the feeling that prompted him to earnestly go over in his mind his yearly income and wonder for the first time if he could afford to marry on it. It was the first time he had taken that into consideration.

Ellwood laughed at his own folly and fell asleep, feeling very light hearted over nothing in particular. When morning came and with it the business he had prescribed for the day he could not drive from his recollection the voice he had heard in the night. He made up his mind to talk with her again if possible.

After breakfast he hobnobbed with the clerk and professed a desire to see the switchboard of the house telephone service.

A double row of straight backed figures with becoming black straps over their varicolored heads rewarded his curiosity. Then it was that he recollected that his particular voice must be on the night shift, for he had spoken with her at 2 o'clock that morning. He determined to wander toward in the wee sma' hours of the next morning.

Night came and with it the coveted opportunity to enter into some communication with the voice that had attracted him. He looked aimlessly from the window and wished for another fire. But fires are not made to order, so he took down the receiver, and his mouth settled into the lines of determination that had been graven on his face.

"Number?" came her adorable voice. "Oh—can you tell me where the fire is?" he asked frantically.

"Fire? I didn't know there was one," she said rather wearily.

"Neither did I," blurted Ellwood. "I thought there might be one, you know."

"Oh!" she said crisply and cut the connection.

Ellwood leaned back in his chair, his hand over his heart. He was frankly worried. "I don't know but what I've got heart trouble," he muttered dubiously. "Can't be my dinner, for I ate carefully, and nothing but heart trouble could cause such shortness of breath and palpitation." He would call the house physician and have his heart examined at once.

His order was received and answered, and presently the doctor came to his room. He was a tall, fair, ravenoned individual who scanned the face of his patient with a searching glance. "Good evening—or, rather, morning!" he said affably. "You are in need of a doctor?"

Ellwood sank down on the couch and placed a hand weakly on his heart. "It's here," he said. "I'm afraid it's my heart."

The doctor came over and sat beside him, and, taking one strong brown band in his delicate white one, he felt for the pulse.

"What have you been eating?" he asked bluntly.

"Been drinking anything?" queried the other.

"No, sires," returned Ellwood. "I cut out that years ago."

The doctor was watching his face curiously, and a faint smile curved his thin lips.

"Who is she?" he asked quietly, and Ellwood had the grace to redder to his ears.

"I don't know," he said shortly.

"Find out and I'll guarantee a cure," assured the physician as he replaced his stethoscope in its case and tucked his fee in his pocket. "My advice to you is to keep as quiet as possible, eat carefully, continue to drink nothing and do your best to win that young lady. Good night."

The door closed after his form, and Ellwood threw himself down on the sofa and laughed silently, though happily. "By Jove!" he muttered. "It's going some to fall in love like that. What's that?"

That was the same clatter of hoofs and ringing of gongs he had heard the previous night. Ellwood flung himself into some clothes and slipped his overcoat over all. Then he dashed to the telephone and heard her voice once more.

"There is a fire now," he said urgently. "Will you please tell me where it is?"

There was a little silence and then a startled cry. "Why, it's in Ninety-eighth street. That's where I live. Oh, dear!" she ended in a little sob.

Ellwood thought rapidly. "Can't you call them up and find out? Haven't your folks got a telephone?" he demanded.

"We just moved in today, and it isn't installed. Oh, dear!" Her voice was very low and sweet, and Ellwood could fancy he saw her wringing little white hands in helpless agony.

"Wait a little while. Don't you worry. I'm going to the fire, and I'll inquire about your people," he reassured her. "I'll have to have your name—just the last one, you know."

"Lane," she said gratefully, "and thank you so much, Mr. Ellwood."

"I'll let you know as soon as I find out," he said and was gone. In the street he jumped on a car and was borne northward to where a red glare shone against the sky. As he neared the scene the picture resolved itself into a flaming apartment house, streets crowded with pedestrians and onlookers, a fire line drawn sharply about the building and a horde of police.

Ellwood paused in a doorway and outlined a plan of action. How could he get inside the fire lines? He couldn't. Inquiring for the Lanes among the excited people who had been driven from their homes was much like searching for a needle in a haystack.

He noticed all at once that he was standing in the doorway of another apartment house, and he glanced hastily at the names over the letter boxes. There it was—Lane—the most beautiful name in the world. The Lanes were safe. She would be delighted. He took the number of the building and hastened to the nearest subway station and was dashed down to his hotel. He rushed into the office and spoke to the clerk.

"May I speak to Miss Lane, one of the telephone operators, on a matter of importance?" he stammered under that young man's polite stare.

"Against the rules," said the clerk. "It really is important—I will guarantee that," urged Ellwood.

The clerk hesitated and, then relenting, sent Ellwood to the chief operator, who proved to be a good natured individual.

"Lane?" he queried. "Oh, that's operator No. 13." He picked up a receiver and spoke into the transmitter, "Send No. 13 to me at once."

"Unlucky number, eh?" he grinned at Ellwood.

"Oh, I don't know! Sometimes thirteen's a lucky number. It is for me," remarked Ellwood, with an enigmatic smile.

Just then the door opened and she came, deathly pale and trembling with anticipation of some ill news. She was all that Ellwood had dreamed—dark, petite and demurely lovely, with the sweetest contralto voice. Her brown eyes sought his face anxiously.

"It's all right," he assured her. "I've been up there and found the place where you live. The fire is across the street. I took the number of your house—1183. That right?"

"Oh, yes, and thank you so much, Mr. Ellwood," she breathed relievedly. "It was very good of you to take the trouble."

The chief operator was across the room intent on official business, and Ellwood had a brief instant in which to look down into the brown eyes that were rapidly reducing his incipient heart disease into a chronic ailment.

"I'd like to know you better, Miss Lane. I wonder if I presented credentials would your mother permit me to call."

"I think she might," said No. 13 gently as the soft color flowed back into her cheeks. "I will ask her. Of course you are not a stranger to the hotel people, Mr. Ellwood. Oh, I must go. Good night."

Ellwood held her little hand for the fraction of an instant, and she was gone. He floated down the corridor in an ecstasy of delight. Life was a radiant, beautiful thing.

The hotel physician brushed against him as he passed. "Feeling better?" he asked.

Ellwood nodded happily. "Fine as a fiddle, and yet my case is incurable," he said.

JUVENILE MODES.

Dancing School
Frock of Velvet.



VELVET DRESS WITH MOTIFS OF SCARLET.

For dressy occasions such as the afternoon dancing class and school functions the costume pictured will be found very useful for the young girl.

An oriental touch is given the black velvet frock by motifs of scarlet and gold embroidery on sleeves, sash and rounded out neck. The low heeled boot with a buttoned top of cloth is correct footwear for afternoon wear.

THE PERFECT GIRL.

She is Miss Elsie Scheel, Student at Cornell.

The most nearly perfect physical specimen of womanhood just now is Miss Elsie Scheel, a student in the college of horticulture at Cornell university. According to Dr. Esther Parker, medical examiner of the 400 coeds in the university, Miss Scheel is not only a young woman of great strength, but in her physical makeup there is not a single defect.

Miss Scheel, who is a light haired, blue eyed girl whose very presence speaks perfect health, is twenty-four years old, weighs 171 pounds and is five feet seven inches tall. Her normal chest measurement is 34.6 inches, waist 30.3 inches, hips 40.4 inches. She is very fond of outdoor sports and walking. Her hobby is motoring, her favorite sport basketball, and she is an ardent suffragette. She is much interested in horticulture, but if she were a man she would study mechanical engineering, as she likes to work about an automobile.

She eats but three meals in two days and almost always goes without breakfast. She does not believe in eating mechanically. Her favorite food is beefsteak. She doesn't care about delicacies and has no liking for candy. She has never taken a drink of tea or coffee in her life and keeps regular hours. She says she has never been ill and doesn't know what fear is. Girls would be happier if they got over the fear of things, she says.

When she finishes her course Miss Scheel is going to grow vegetables on her father's farm.

Midseason Millinery.

The pose of a modern hat on the head is a most important consideration. This plum colored hemp model, matching a draped gown of plum colored

lansdowne, a silk and wool weave much in favor now, has a white feather which slants rakishly off at one side, the slant of this feather lending chic to the whole costume.

Worth Knowing.

Never throw away pieces of lemon after they have been squeezed with the lemon squeezer, for they come in handy for removing stains from the hands and elsewhere. Dipped into salt they will scour copper kettles nicely and remove stains from brasswork. Lemon like this will take stains, dirt and odor from pans and kettles as nothing else will. The odors of fish and onions can thus be easily removed.



PLUM COLORED HEMP HAT.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Power Behind.

At a prayer meeting a good old brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony:

"My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us, and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm and good crops, and it was true they did have a fine family of children; but, she added with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nothing but the Truth.

Everything depended upon the testimony of his particular witness, and the lawyer realized the fact.

"Now," he said, shaking his finger warningly, "we want to hear just what you know. Don't tell us what you think or what you've heard or what somebody else knows. Do you understand?"

The witness brightened visibly and showed by his glad smile that he understood.

"It was like this, sir," he began. "Old Bill Grubbs said to me that Jim Payne told him he heard Thomas John's wife tell Sid Lewis' girl that her husband was the 'ero of the fight and that they paved into one another like'—"

But then the judge told him to stand down.—Philadelphia Record.

A Legacy.

While in a battle an accommodating young man noticed a crippled soldier who seemed to be in great misery. The cripple said that he was wounded in the leg, and the young man immediately threw him across his shoulder and started for the doctors in the rear of the army. While on his way a cannon ball came along unnoticed by him and took off the cripple's head. When he reached his destination he was asked why he was carrying a corpse. He looked very much surprised when he noticed the headless body and said: "Well, I'll be banged! He told me it was his leg!"—National Monthly.

Booking So-and-so.

Herbert J. Meyer, the booking agent, received a telegram from a Louisville theatrical manager that read:

"Is Joe So-and-so in New York? How is his act? Book him if O. K."

Meyer replied: "So-and-so not in New York. Understand his act is stupid and mediocre."

Presently this telegram came from the Louisville manager:

"Cut out So-and-so. If Stupid and Mediocre good act book them week Sept. 9!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Social Horticulture.

Cultivating friendship. Weeding out acquaintances. Sowing wild oats. Raking the servants over the coals. Looking after one's stocks. Planting one's foot down on extravagance. Harrowing people with one's ill temper. Digging up the coin.—Boston Transcript.

In and Out.

"After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do, and women have theirs."

"It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Handicap of Sex.

Mr. Grump (a savage bachelor)—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for \$25.

Miss Readywit—As usual, we women are at a disadvantage. A grizzly bear can't be bought for many times that.—Boston Transcript.

His Condition.

Father—Now, Tommy, promise me that you will always count a hundred before you hit another boy.

Tommy—Yes, I will if there's any one around to hold the other boy while I count.—Harper's Bazar.

Helping the Game.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Socialist. "Money is filthy lucre."

"Well, I've done the best I could today," replied the man who dabbles in stocks. "I've cleaned up \$1,000."—Lippincott's.

The Penalty.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years!"—Cassell's.

Rules of the Game.

He—Dearest, you're the goal of my affections.

She (removing his arm)—Five yards for holding.—Harvard Lampoon.

Different Then.

"They say he's honest to a penny."

"Perhaps. But did you ever lend him a book?"—Exchange.

For Sale

Large Dairy and Hay Farm

GOOD SUMMER RESORT.

The Buy-U-A-Home Realty Company has just listed one of the finest and best-known farms in Wayne county. It is located in the heart of the summer boarding business, in Wayne's highlands. The property consists of 325 acres and is well watered both by creeks and springs. A most beautiful natural lake, consisting of 15 acres, is one of the attractive sheets of water in Preston township. Ideal for the location of summer cottages. The farm is 2 1/2 miles from the Lakewood station on the Ontario & Western railroad, three miles from Poyntelle on the same road and two miles from Como. Of the 325 acres 275 are under good state of cultivation, consisting of meadows, plow ground and well-watered pasture fields. The balance are in maple, beech and birch timber. This farm is especially adapted to raising hay and for dairying.

There are four dwellings and cottages upon the premises. Dwelling No. 1 will accommodate from 40 to 50 guests. Near this house is a never-falling spring for domestic use. The second cottage contains nine rooms. Good water. Small barn near house. Home No. 3 is a very good seven-room cottage furnished with water by one of the best springs in Wayne county. Cottage No. 4 is a near beautiful natural spring lake, which consists of about 15 acres. The above mentioned places are located in an ideal summer boarding district visited every year by boarders from Philadelphia, New York, Scranton and other cities. Other cottages could be built on the border of this lake.

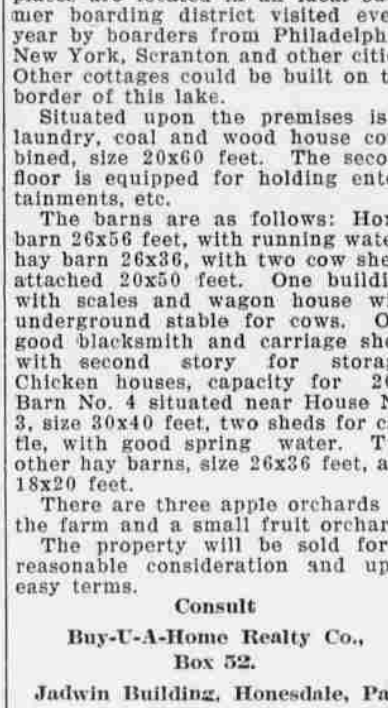
Situated upon the premises is a laundry, coal and wood house combined, size 20x60 feet. The second floor is equipped for holding entertainments, etc.

The barns are as follows: Horse barn 26x56 feet, with running water; hay barn 26x36, with two cow sheds attached 20x50 feet. One building with scales and wagon house with underground stable for cows. One good blacksmith and carriage shop, with second story for storage. Chicken houses, capacity for 200. Barn No. 4 situated near House No. 3, size 30x40 feet, two sheds for cattle, with good spring water. Two other hay barns, size 26x36 feet, and 18x20 feet.

There are three apple orchards on the farm and a small fruit orchard. The property will be sold for a reasonable consideration and upon easy terms.

Consult
Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co.,
Box 52,
Jadwin Building, Honesdale, Pa.

Something Nice



AT THIS OFFICE in the line of Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Bill-headers, Statements, Folders, Handbills, Show Bills, Posters, Sale Bills, Pamphlets, Blank Books. Let us print them for you



HERE IS A BARGAIN

Located in Berlin township about 3 1/2 miles from Honesdale is one of the best farms in that locality. It consists of 108 acres, which is all improved. The soil is sand loam and red shale. It is well watered by springs; orchard. Twelve-room house, barn 37x47 feet with shed 22x90 feet. Part cash, balance on easy terms. See

Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co.,
Jadwin Building, Box 52, Honesdale.

WE WILL MAIL YOU \$1

for each full set of False Teeth or \$50 for 1/2 set. Partial sets in proportion. Highest cash prices paid for Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds and Jewels. Send what you have today

PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS
623 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are the best. Always Reliable. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, or \$5 each known as Best. Sold Always Reliable.

BLOODLINE OINTMENT cures Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Fever Sores, Itch and all skin irritation, 50c a box, mailed by The Bloodline Corporation, Boston, Mass.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimrakel office, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

CHARLES A. McCARTY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

M. E. SIMONS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office in the Court House, Honesdale Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW
Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle

CHESTER A. GARRATT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

LIVERY

F. G. RICKARD Prop

FIRST-CLASS WAGONS,
RELIABLE HORSES.
Special Attention Given to
Transit Business.
STONE BARN CHURCH STREET.

LEGAL BLANKS for sale at The Citizen office: Land Contracts, Leases, Judgment Notes, Warrantee Deeds, Bonds, Transcripts, Summons, Attachments, Subpoenas, Labor Claim Deeds, Commitments, Executions, Collector's and Constables' blanks.

W. C. SPRY

BEACHLAKE.

AUCTIONEER

HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE
IN STATE.

H. F. Weaver

Architect and Builder

Plans & Estimates
Furnished
Residence, 1302 East St.

—The Citizen wants a good, lively correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? Write this office for particulars.

PATENTS

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsmen.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

J. E. HALEY

AUCTIONEER

Have me and save money. Will attend sales anywhere in State.
Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)

JOSEPH N. WELCH

Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

—We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes