A NOVEL OF NEW YORK LIFE Author of

GYREX BEACH T T ILLUSTRATIONS BY F PARKER

"The Iron Trail" "The Spoilers" "The Silver Horde" Etc.

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Peter Knight, defeated for political of-fice in his town, decides to venture New York in order that the family fortunes might benefit by the expected rise of his charming daughter, Lorelei A wed-known critic interviews Lorelei Knight, how stage beauty with Bergman's Revua, for a special article. Her coin-hunting mother outlines Lorelei's ambitions, but Slosson, the press agent, later adds his information.

There is a lesson here for the small town girl who thinks she has a call to go on the stage. Too many pretty lasses from the country meet a bad fate in the sordid life of the city and too often success is bought at the price of sorrow.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

"His mother's son, Need we say more? He's a great help to the family, for he keeps 'em from getting too proud over Lorelei. He sells introductions to his sinter."

Campbell Pope's exclamation was of "Swimming Girls" descended from the enchanted regions above and scur-"Places."

"Some Soul Kissers with this troupe. eh?" remarked Slosson, when the scampering figures had disappeared.

"Yes. Bergman has made a fortune out of this End of show. He's a friend to the "Tred Business Man."

"Speaking of the weary Wall street workers, there will be a dozen of our ribbon winners at the Hammon supper tonight."

"Tell me, is Lorelei Knight a regular-er-frequenter of these affairs?" "Sure. It's part of the graft."

"She has to rece out her salary like the other girls. Why, her whole family is around her zeck-mother, brother and father. Old man Knight was run over by a tarkeab last summer. It didn't burt the Eachine, but he's got a broken back & something. Too bad it wasn't brother Jimmy. You must meet him, by the way. I never heard Lorelei, engaged Lilas in earnest conof Lorelei's Aing anything reallybad."

For the mument Campbell Pope made no reply. Meanwhile a great wave of singing flooded the regions at the back of the theater as the curtain rose and the chrus broke into sudden sound. When to did speak it was with unusual bitterness.

"It's the rottenest business in the world, Slosson. Two years ago she turned with a smile to say: was a country girl; now she's a Broadd'vou think?"

"She's too beautiful to last long." agreed the press agent, soberly, "espetrail. But he danger isn't so much agreeable and enjoy yourself." from the people she meets with as the They intend to cash in on her; the mother savs sh"

"And they will, too. She can have her choice of the wealthy rounders." "Don't get me wrong." Slosson has-



"You'll Pardon Us for Whispering, Won't You?"

tened to qualify. "She's square; understand?

"Of course; 'object matrimony.' It's to the ring and the orange blossoms. But what's the difference, after all, Slosson? It'll be hell for her, and a sale to the highest bidder, either way."

CHAPTER III.

In his summary of Lorelei's present life Siosson had not been far wrong. during the past two years-changes of habit, of thought and of outlook; the entire family had found it necessary to alter their system of living. But it was in the girl that the changes flaughter she bad spoken with the wisdom of a Cassandra. Moreover, she took naturally to the work, finding it more like play; and, being quite free from girlish timidity, she felt no stage fright, even upon her first appearance. Her recognition had followed quickly-It was impossible to hide such perfec-

rival concern.—York (Fa.) Disputes Philadelphia Record.

rival managers began to make offers, lar, derisive amusement. which Mrs. Knight, rising nobly to the first test of her business ability, used contract. The role of the Fairy Princess was a result.

Lorelei had arrived at the point where further advancement depended upon study and hard work; but, since these formed no part of the family program, she remained idle. Proficiency in stagecraft of any sort comes | pleasure. only at the expense of peonage, and this girl was being groomed solely for matrimony.

With the support of the family entirely upon her shoulders, she had been driven to many shifts in order to ******************** while the mother devoted her time almost solely to managing Lorelei's af- when your appetite flags." fairs. Presents were showered upon the girl, and these Mrs. Knight converted into cash. Conspicuous stage lost in a babble of voices as a bevy characters are always welcome at the prominent cafes; hence Lorelei never had to pay for food or drink when ried out upon the stage. Through the alone, and when escorted she received double curtain the orchestra could be a commission on the money spent. She faintly heard; a voice was crying, was well paid for posing: advertisements of toilet articles, face creams, dentifrices, yielded something. In the commercial exploitation of her daughter Mrs. Knight developed something like genius. But of all the so-called "grafts" open to handsome girls in her business the quickest and best returns came from prodigal entertainers like Jarvis Hammon.

As Lorelei and her companion left their taxicabs and entered Proctor's notel, shortly before midnight, they were met by a head waiter and shown ! into an ornate ivory-and-gold elevator. which lifted them noiselessly to an upper floor. They made their exit into a deep-carpeted hall, at the end of which two splendid creatures in the panoply of German field marshals stood guard over one of the smaller banquet rooms. Hammon himself greeted the girls when they had surrendered their wraps, and, after his introduction to

versation. Lorelei watched him curiously. She saw a powerfully built gray-haired man, whose vigor age had not impaired. In face he was perhaps fifty years old, in body he was much less. He had a bold, incisive manner that was compelling and stamped him as a big man in more ways than one. Playfully he pinched Lilas' cheek, then

"You'll pardon us for whispering. way belle. How long will she last, | won't you, Miss Knight? You see, Lilas got up this little party, and I've been waiting to consult her about some of the details. Awfully good of you to cia'ly now that the wolves are on her come. I hope you'll find my friends

Perhaps twenty men in evening people she eatf with. That family of dress and as many elaborately gowned hers would drive any girl to the limit. young women were gossiping and smoking as the last comers appeared. Someone raised a vigorous complaint at the host's tardiness, but Hammon laughed a rejoinder, then gave a signal, whereupon folding doors at the end of the room were thrown back, and those nearest the banquet hall moved toward it.

with a rumbling voice. The former dropped his cigarette and bowed courteously. His appearance as he faced Lorelei was prepossessing, and she breathed a thanksgiving as she took

Hammon clapped the other gentleman upon the shoulder, crying: "Hannibal, I saw your supper partner flirting with 'Handsome Dan' Avery. Better find her quick."

the dominant figures in the Steel syn- the tango." dicate; she knew him instantly from his newspaper pictures. The man beside her, however, was a stranger, and she raised her eyes to his with some curiosity. He was studying her with manifest admiration, despite the fact youthful appetite that awoke his envy. that his lean features were cast in a sardonic mold.

"It is a pleasure to meet a celebrity gave a little cry of pleasure, for it was roses, great, climbing bushes, heavy with blooms. The table, a horseshoe of silver and white, of glittering plate and sparkling cut glass, faced a rustic stage which occupied one end of the the limit." room; occupying the inner arc of the the old story, and her mother will see half-circle was a wide but shallow stone fountain, upon the surface of which floated large-leaved Egyptian pond lilies. Fat-bellied goldfish with tra interspersed sensuous melodies filmy fins, and tails like iridescent wed- from the popular successes with the ding trains, propelled themselves indo- tantalizing ragtime airs that had set

lently about. But the surprising feature of the decorating scheme was not apparent at ages before the guests. There was a first glance. Through the bewildering Many changes had come to the Knights | riot of greenery had been woven an al- | gan to examine their favors. most invisible netting, and the space behind formed a prison for birds and butterflies. Disturbed by the commotion, the feathered creatures twittered and fluttered against the netting in a showed most. When Mrs. Knight had panic. As for the butterflies, no arti- the monogram? Lilas picked these out forecast an immediate success for her ficial light could deceive them, and for Mr. Hammon, and they're exquithey clung with closed wings to leaves and branches, only now and then displaying their full glory in a sleepy pro-

"How-beautiful!" gasped Lorelei, when she had taken in the whole scene. "But-the poor little things are frightened." She looked up to find tion of loveliness as hers—and the her companion staring in Hammon's get?

Hammon was the center of an admiring group; congratulations were be- Jarvis?" as levers to raise her daughter's salary ing hurled at him from every quarter. and to pry out of Bergman a five-year At his side was Lilas Lynn, very dark. very striking, very expensively gowned and elaborately bejeweled. The room | friends?" was dinning with the strains of an invisible orchestra and the vocal uproar. Becoming conscious of Lorelei's clamor: gaze, her escort looked down, showing his teeth in a grin that was not of

"You like it?" he asked.

"It's beautiful, but-the extrava gance is almost criminal."

"Don't tell me how many starving newsboys or how many poor families the cost of this supper would support stretch her salary to livable propor- for a year. I hate poor people. Now tions. Peter was a total burden, and for the ortolans and the humming-Jim either refused or was unable to bird tongues. No doubt there's a pearl contribute toward the common fund, in every winecup. Prepare to have your palate tickled with a feather

"That's what the Romans did, isn't

"Are you a student as well as an artist, Miss Knight."

"I thought you were going to be pleasant, but you're not, are you?" Lovelei was smilingly fixedly. "I'm afraid you don't intend to have a good time, Mr .- " They had found their places at the table, and Lorelei's escort was seating her. "I didn't catch your name when we were introduced."

"Nor I," said he, taking his place beside her. "It sounded like Rice Curry or some other dish, but it's really Merkle-John T. Merkle."

"Ah! You're a banker. Aren't you pretty-reckless confessing your rank. as it were?"

"I'm a bachelor; also an invalid and an insomniac. You couldn't bring me any more trouble than I have." Again he looked toward Hammon, and this time he frowned. "From indications I'll soon have company, however." "Indeed. Is there talk of a divorce there?" She inclined her head in the

host's direction. Merkle retorted acidly: "My dear child, don't try to act the ingenue. You're in the same show as Miss Lynn, and you must know what's going on. This sort of thing can't continue indefinitely, for Mrs. Hammon is very much alive, to say nothing of her daughters. Let's be natural, at least. I haven't slept lately, and I'm not patient enough to be polite."

"It's a bargain. I'll try to be as disagreeable as you are," said Lorelel; and Mr. Merkle signified his prompt acquiescence. He lit a huge monohors d'oeuvres, and reluctantly turned down his array of wineglasses

"Can't eat, can't drink, can't sleep." he grumbled. "Stewed prunes and rice for my portion. Waiter, bring me a bottle of vichy, and when it's gone bring me another."

The diners had arranged themselves by now; the supper had begun. A bohemian spirit prevailed; the ardor of the men, lashed on by laughter, coquetry and smiles, rose quickly; wine flowed, and a general intimacy began. Introductions were no longer neces sary, the talk flew back and forth along the rim of the rose-strewn semieircle

Lorelei turned from the man on her Hammon was introducing two of his left, who had regaled her with an endfriends-one a languid, middle-aged less story, the point of which had sent man, the other a large-featured person the teller in hiccups of laughter, and said to John Merkle:

"I'm glad I'm with you tonight. don't like drinking men."

"Can a girl in your position afford preferences?" he inquired, tartly, Thus far the banker had fully lived up to his sour reputation.

"All women are extravagant. have preferences, even if I can't afford them. If you were a tippler instead of a plain grouch I could tell you precise-Lorelei recognized the deep-voiced by how you'd act and what you'd talk man as Hannibal C. Wharton, one of about. I'd die if I had to teach you

> Mr. Merkle grunted, "So would I." She smiled sweetly. "You see, we're both unpleasant people." Merkle meditated in silence while

> she attacked her food with a healthy, "I suppose you see a lot of this sort of thing?" he at length suggested.

"There's something of the kind nearlike you, Miss Knight," he murmured. ly every night. This party isn't as As they entered the banquet hall she bad as some, for the very reason that most of the men are from out of town, evident that Hammon, noted as he was and it's a bit of a novelty to them. for lavish expenditure, had outdone But there's a crowd of regular New himself this time. The whole room had Yorkers - the younger men about been transformed into a bower of town-" She paused significantly. "I accepted one invitation from them.

was quite enough." "I've traveled some," observed Merkle, "but this city is getting to be

She nodded her amber head. "There's only one Paris, after all, and that's New York."

The meal grew noisier; the orchesthe city to singing. Silent-footed attendants deposited tissue-covered packflutter of excitement as the women be

"What is it?" Merkle inquired, leaning toward Lorelei.

"The new saddlebag purse. See? It's very Frenchy. Gold fittings-and a coin purse and card case inside. See site. We share the same dressing room, you know."

Merkle regarded her with a sudden new interest. "Then-I dare say you're close

"We're close enough-in that room: but scarcely friends. What did you

publicity pleased her. In due course direction with an expression of pecul- "A gold safety razor-evidently a warning not to play with edged tools. I wonder if Miss Lynn bought one for

> "No, why did you say that," Lorelei asked, quickly, "and why did you ask in that peculiar tone if she and I were

The man leaned closer, saying in a voice that did not carry above the

"I suppose you know she's making a fool of him? I suppose you realize what it means when a woman of her stamp gets a man with money in her power? You must know all there is to know from the outside: it occurred



"I Suppose You Know She's Making a Fool of Him?"

to me that you might also know some thing about the inside of the affair Do vou?" "I'm afraid not. "All I've heard is

the common gossip." "There's a good deal here that doesn't show on the surface. That

woman is a menace to a great many people, of whom I happen to be one." "You speak as if she were a dangerous character, and as if she had delibgrammed cigarette, pushed aside his erately entangled him," Lorelei said, defendingly. "As a matter of fact, she did nothing of the sort; she avoided him as long as she could, but he persisted, he persecuted her until she was forced to-accept him. Men of his

> wealth can do anything, you know." "She had scruples?" "No more than the rest of us, I presume. She gave her two weeks' notice because he annoyed her; but before the time was up Bergman took a hand. He sent for her one evening. and when she went down there was Mr. Hammon, too. When she came upstairs she was hysterical. She cried and laughed and cursed-it was ter-

rible. "Curious," murmured the man, staring at the object of their controversy. "What did she say?"

"Oh, nothing connected. She called him every kind of a monster, accused him of every crime from murder to-"Murder!" The banker started.

"He had made a long ngnt to beat her down, and she was unstrung. She seemed to have a queer physical aversion to him."

"Humph! She's got nobly over that." "I've told you this because you eemed to think she's to blame, when it is all Mr. Hammon's doing."

"It's a peculiar situation-very. You've interested me. In a way I don't blame him for seeking amusement and happiness where he can find it, and yet-I'm afraid of the result." "The city is full of Samsons, and

most of them have their Delilahs." Merkle agreed. "These men put Hammon where he is. I wonder if they will let him stay there. It depends upon that girl yonder." He turned to answer a question from Hannibal Wharton, and Lorelei gave her a monument to our ignorance as to our attention to the part of the entertainment which was beginning on the unable to agree upon the time he first stage. Of a sudden the clamor was silenced, and indifference gave place Kansas City Star, a skull or a skeleton to curiosity, for the music had begun is found, as the Lansing skeleton in the introduction of one of Adoree Dem- Kansas, and a great controversy rages orest's songs. Lorelei had never seen over it, some archeologists claiming this much-discussed actress, whose wickedness had set the town agog, and ing it as quite modern. It is safe to her first impression was vaguely disappointing. Miss Demorest's beauty any of the skeletons that have been was by no means remarkable. She found as conclusive evidence of man's was animated, audacious, vividly alive in a daring costume of solid black, And yet they generally do agree that against and through which her limbs flashed with startling effect as she performed her famous Danse de Nuit. the average estimate being around "Hm-m! Nothing very extreme about 20,000 years ago. that," remarked Merkle, at length. "It

would be beautiful if it were better done.' Lorelei agreed. She had been staring with all a woman's intentness at

her frailty, and now inquired: "How does she get away with it?" "By the power of suggestion, I dare say. Her public is looking for something devilish, and discovers whatever it chooses to imagine in what she says

Hannibal Wharton had changed his seat, and, regardless of the dancer, began a conversation with Merkle. After a time Lorelel heard him say: "It cost me five thousand dollars to

They threatened to jail Bob, but of much since they began to be piled up, course I didn't allow that."

ago, and Bob hasn't changed a whit I think he's a menace to society." Wharton laughed, but his reply was ost in the clamorous demand for an

"So he gets his devilment from you. h?" Merkle inquired.

He's running with a fast crowd, and he has to keep up his end."

"Bah! He hasn't been sober in

"You're a dyspeptic, John. You were born with a gray beard, and you're not growing younger. He wanted to come to this party, but-I didn't care to have him for obvious reasons, so I told Hammon to refuse him even if he asked. He bet me a thousand dollars he'd come anyhow, and I've been expeeting him to overpower those door-

CHAPTER IV.

"I will dance again if you wish."

Mr. Wharton was still talking. "That's my way of raising a son. I taught Bob to drink when I drank, to smoke when I smoked, and all that.

The opening strain of a Spanish dance floated out from the hidden musicians, Mile. Demorest whirled into view in the arms of a young man in evening dress. She was still laughing, but her partner wore a grave face, and his eyes were lowered; he followed the intricate movements of the dance with some difficulty. To Lorelei he appeared disappointingly amateurish. Then a ripple of merriment, growing into a of the ordinary was occurring.

"The-scoundrel!" Hannibal Wharton cried.

your thousand. I withdraw what I said about him; it requires a gigantic intelligence to outwit you." To Lorelei he added: "This will be considered a great joke on Broadway."

"That is Mr. Wharton's son?" "It is-and the most dissipated lump

"Bob," the father shouted, "quit that foolishness and come down here!" But the junior Wharton, his eyes fixed upon the stage, merely danced the harder. A few moments later he sank into a chair near his father, saying: Well, dad, what d'you think of my educated legs? I learned that at night school."

Wharton grumbled unintelligibly, but it was plain that he was not entirely displeased at his son's prank.

"You were superb," said Merkle make a living for yourself at it."

who was watching him, decided that he must have at least twice the usual number: yet it was a good mouth-a good, big. generous mouth. "Thanks for those glorious words of praise; that's more than we're doing on | fer these 'pappy guys' to me, for no-

the Street nowadays. Whew! Got any grape-juice for a growing boy?" He helped himself to his father's wineglass and drained it. "You can settle and has a directors' meeting at ten." now, dad-one thousand iron men. I owe it to Demorest."

"Debt of honor. I heard she was sweepstakes to further disgrace herself by dancing with me." He caught Lore-

believe in fairies, too, dad. Introducme to the Princess."

Merkle volunteered this service, and Bob promptly hitched his chair closer Lorelei saw that he was very druck. and marveled at his control during the recent exhibition.

lel's eye and stared boldly. "Hedo!

"Tell me more about the 'Parti-color Petticoat' and 'Dentol Chewing Gum. Miss Knight. Your face is a household word in every street car," he began.

She replied promptly, quoting haphazard from the various advertisements in which she figured. "It never shrinks; it holds its shape; it must be seen to be appreciated; is cool, refreshing, and prevents decay."

"How did you meet that French dancer?" Hannibal Wharton queried. sourly, of his son.

"I stormed the stage door and waylaid her in the wings. She thought I was you, dad. Wharton is a grand old name." He chuckled at his father's exclamation.

"Where did you learn those Argen-

ine wiggles?" "Hard times are to blame, dad. The old men on the exchange play golf &!! day, and the young ones turkey-trot all night. I stay up late in the hope that I may find a quarter that some supurbanite has dropped."

The elder men rose and sauntered away in the direction of their host. whereupon Bob winked.

"They've left us flat. Why? Because the wicked Mile. Demorest has finally made her appearance as a guest. My dad is a splendid shock absorber. Naughty, naughty papa!" "It's probably well that you came

with her; fathers are so indiscreet." Young Wharton signaled to a waiter who was passing with a wine bottle and a napkin.

"Tarry!" he cried. "Remove the shroud, please, and let me look at poor old Roderer. Thanks. How natura! he tastes." Then to Lorelei: "The governor is a woman hater; but no man is safe in range of your liquid orbs. Miss Knight. Wouldn't mother enjoy reading the list of Hammon's guests at this party? 'Among those present were Mr. Hannibal C. Wharton, the wellknown rolling-mill man; Miss Lorelei Knight, principal first-act fairy of the Bergman Revue, and Mile. Adoree Demorest, the friend of a king. A good time was had by all, and the diners enjoyed themselves very nice." He laughed loudly, and the girl stirred.

"She'd be pleased to read also that ou came late, but highly intoxicated." "Ah! Salvation Nell." Bob took no offense. "If the hour was late she'd guffaw, advised her that something out know my intoxication followed as a matter of course. I am a derivative of alcohol, the one and infallible argu-

ment against temperance, Miss

Knight." "You talk as if you were always

drunk.' "Oh-not always. By day I am frequently sober, but at such times I am fit company for neither man nor beast: am harsh and unsympathetic; I scheme and I connive. With nightfall, however, there comes a metamorpho-

living, palpitating influence for good, spreading happiness and prosperity in "Do you consider yourself in such a

vaguely amused. "I am, and, since it is long past the closing hour of one and the tango parlors are dark, suppose we blow this 'Who's Who in Pittsburgh' and taxicab out to a roadhouse where the bass fiddle is still inhabited and the second generation is trotting to the 'Robert E.

Lee'?" Lorelei shook her head with a smile.

"I don't care to go." "Strange!" Mr. Wharton helped himself to a goblet of wine, appearing to heap the liquor above the edge of the glass. "No, if I were sober I could understand how you might prebody likes me then, but I'm agreeably pickled. Merkle won't take you anywhere, for he's full of distilled water

Will young Mr. Wharton prove in the end to be a menace or a

What are considered the earliest evi- ice age. The age of the shell heaps is dences of man's existence on this con- also established as reaching back far tinent, and the estimated date of the from the fact that since they were same? Charles Conrad Abbott, arch- deposited the same species of mollusk eologist, after seeking all his life to find an answer to these very questions, tionary change. wrote: "The literature of the subject is enormous and stands quite as much erudition." Archeologists have been appeared here. Occasionally, says the for it great antiquity, and others classsay that the majority do not accept existence here before the ice ages. man was here before the ice age, the date of which is variously estimated,

the north part of this continent was covered with a cap of ice a mile or two thick. It extended south to a little beyond Kansas City in this region. As floods which deposited the deep earth banks hereabouts known as "loess." Mr. Abbott believes the only evi-

ence here, which admit of no dispute. are our seacoast shell heaps, notably along the Atlantic coast. That these clams and oysters were placed there by man is proved by the implements found in them. In many places the base of the heaps are several feet below the ocean's surface at low tide. pay for the damage those boys did. proving that the land has sunk that and this would place the beginning of "I remember. That was five years the shell heaps back nearly to the last Europe with North America.

has gradually undergone an evolu-

great age, are not supposed to go back more than a few thousand years.

As to the origin of man in America there are great divergencies of opin

Eduard Seler, professor of American antiquity in the Observatory of Berlin. says: "Where the various prehistoric peoples of America came from no one knows. I do not think they came from Asia in comparatively recent times Man is very old in America, I think: perhaps he antedates the glacia period. The cultures of the prehis toric peoples bear no trace of being imported either from Asia or Europe. Neither their architecture nor sciented were brought from other countries. The architecture of the ancient peoples of America bears no resemblance to anything we know in the old world. It is my belief that the architecture. the astronomical knowledge, the science and culture of prehistoric Mexico developed there without a hint

The contrary view is insisted on by as eminent investigators who believe the evidence indicates man must have floated hers from Asia, or crossed by way of what is now the Bering straits from Siberia, or come by way of a ridge of land that once connected north WOMAN AVOIDS **OPERATION**

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y. - "For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was geting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in myback and I had pains in my stom-ach. I went to a doctor and he said I

nust go under an operation, but I did ot go. I read in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle and in the proving from the very first bottle and in the proving from the very first bottle and in the proving from the very first bottle and in the proving from the very first bottle and in the proving from the very first bottle and in the paper about the paper about it. ing from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my hus-band, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation." - Mrs.

JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y. Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

pound was used and good health followed. If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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a funeral. The home team suffered a humiliating defeat." **HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES**

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Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Heads and "Tales." When the dynamite trial was held in this city, the name of Charles Miller became a household word. In one small Indiana town the children of a certain family who knew the attorney were fond of acting out Bible scenes. The two older sisters had decided on the story of John the Baptist, and sis. Once I am stocked up with ales, asked little John to take the part of wines, liquors and cigars, I become a the Bible hero. John was from Missouri and had to be shown. After carefully explaining the importance of his part to him, and the mighty character whom he was to impersonate, John looked up in disgust, and drawled: 'Naw! I ain't goin' to be no John the Baptist. I'd rather be somebody great like Charlie Miller." - Indianapolis

Stood Up for His Mother. Three-year-old Sherman was visiting a neighbor and sat watching her make a cake. As she put in the ingredients he kept asking. "What's that?" Finally he asked her what kind of cake she was making and the lady replied:

"An angel cake. Don't your mamma ever make angel cake?"

He studied for a little time and then, in a tone of assurance that his mamma could not be outdone by anyone, replied: "No, she just makes the Lord's

cake."

Albumen in Wheat. Professor Dawley says that chemical analysis of different grains shows wheat to contain a larger amount of albumen than any other grain. There-

for egg-producing food. The Proper Place. "Janet's young man is an aviator." "Then why don't she entertain him

in the sky parlor?"

fore it is the grain to make the base

In this Matter of Health

one is either with the winners

or with the losers.

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Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food, easy to digest. It is economical, has delicious flavor, comes ready to eat, and has helped thousands in the winning class.

"There's a Reason

or rousewood.

encore by Mile, Demorest, "It isn't devilment. Bob's all right. men or creep up the fire escape."

The hand-clapping ceased as the dancer reappeared, smiling and bow-

she announced, in perfect English, "introducing my new partner, Mr.-" she glanced into the wings inquiringly-"Senor Roberto. It is his first public appearance in this country, and we will endeavor to execute a variation of the Argentine tango."

My father raised me that way."

Merkle observed dryly: "He's won

of arrogance in New York."

warmly. "It's the best thing I ever saw you do, Bob. You could almost The young man grinned, showing rows of firm, strong teeth, Lorelei,

"What do you mean?" tue here with some kind of an electric thrill, so I offered her my share of the

salvation to this beautiful girl pursued by smuthounds?

****************** (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man's Existence on Earth

The "ice age" was a period when this sister whose strength consisted of it gradually melted there were great dences we have of man's ancient exist-

The cliff dwellings of Colorado and elsewhere are not believed to be of great antiquity. The mounds of which there are so many, especially in the southern and middle western states. were built by modern Indians, many of them by the Cherokees. The ruins of Mexico and Central America, white of

of information from Europe or Asia."