CAR SHORTAGE BECOMING ACUTE

Lack of Ships to Handle the Grain is Tying Up All the Rolling Stock of Lines.

NO RELIEF IS NOW IN SIGHT

If possible, the freight car shortage is more serious right now than earlier in the week, with a prospect that if relief comes, it will not be for a couple of weeks and perhaps a month, asserj the railroad freight men.

Speaking of the car shortage, the railroad men assert that indications point to a more complete tie-up of business than exists at this time. They contend that daily thousands of cars of wheat from Omaha and the central west are being moved toward the Atlantic and gulf ports and without any prospect of the grain being moved abroad, all on account of the lack of vessels to take it to Europe.

At this time there is but one elevator along the gulf coast that is in a position to handle grain. It is at Galveston, and the announcement is made that it has capacity for handling about 1[illegible],000 to 200,000 bushels of grain. This quantity would be about one day's shipments from Omaha.

Tieup in the East.

New York, Boston and Baltimore are completely tied up and not a bushel of grain of any kind being received at any of the ports. At Philadelphia the announcement has been received that there is one elevator that has space for a few cars of grain, and at Newport News there is facilities for handling something like 1,000,000 bushels. It is expected, however, that this space will all be occupied within the next twenty-four hours.

In the meantime cars from all the wheat markets of the central section of the country are being moved east and south, there to go onto tracks and into yards, to remain there until there is space in the elevators for unloading. In the meantime, assert railroad men, these cars are out of the trade, and, so far as being beneficial to the grain markets, they might just as well be destroyed.

Under ordinary conditions, it requires close to a month for a car loaded at Omaha to reach the Atlantic seaboard, unload and get back into this territory. With conditions as they now exist, it is asserted that there is no telling when a car loaded out will return. It may be a month, but it is more likely to be three months.

Neither Friend Nor Foe Recognized by the Health Office

The following is the scenario of a new moving picture film which will be named, "Having a Good Time."

Health Commissioner Connell answers telephone.

"Yes, this is the health commissioner. What did you say?"

"This is a friend of yours, doctor, and I want to say my boy was sent home from school to be examined. You know, doctor, that my boy would not have anything contagious. He is all right. Can I send him back to school right away? This is a friend of yours, doctor."

"I want to tell you that as health commissioner I recognize neither friend nor foe, when the health of the city is concerned. Your boy will have to be examined. Send him down to the office."

A small boy entered the office.

"Where is Dr. Connell?" Boy fumbles his hat and looks at the floor, which is of ordinary hard pine and not of such construction as to warrant any unusual scrutiny.

"Gimme your hand."

"I just had the grip," says the boy.

"Grip, your grandmother. You're just getting over a case of scarlet fever. Your hands are scaling. Who sent you? I said, who sent you here?"

"I dunno, doctor."

Commend Article in The Bee on Clear Speaking in School

The Bee's article Thursday on pleasant speaking and clear articulation in the public schools has aroused considerable interest in school circles.

Superintendent Graff and President Ernst of the Board of Education commended the article and voiced the sentiment that it was timely and would inspire many teachers to increased interest in teaching the boys and girls to speak distinctly.

The wife of Secretary Bourke called her husband to breakfast in subdued tones, her invitation to the matutinal meal having reference to buckwheat cakes.

"My dear, if your cakes are as nice as your voice this morning, I would advise that you keep the griddle hot," was the reply of the secretary.

At the next general meeting of the supervisors and principals Superintendent Graff will bring this matter up again and urge its importance among the teaching staff of the public schools.

Banks Money Just Before Thief Calls

Thursday afternoon Mrs. D. W. Cahill, 3672 Seward street, decided that it might be a propitious move to bank some $40 lodge money she had in her possession as treasurer of Harmony council of the Knights and Ladies of Security. Accordingly she did so.

Upon her return home Mrs. Cahill discovered that a burglar had ransacked her home from head to foot, but had not taken anything. But for Mrs. Cahill's sudden decision to bank the lodge money some thief might be more flush today.

M'SHANE GETS VERDICT OF ONE CENT FROM JURY

A verdict for the defense was rendered and Sheriff McShane was awarded 1 cent damages by a jury which heard the evidence in Mrs. Mary E. Tuffs' suit against McShane in Judge Estelle's district court.

The controversy concerned an automobile and player-piano, which had been seized by the sheriff and regarding which there was a dispute as to right of possession.

The Strange Case of Mary Page

By Frederick Lewis, Author of "What Happened to Mary" :: Pictures by Essanay

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CHAPTER 7.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

If only he could talk to Mary about it all! That was his next thought. If only he could have five quiet minutes away from Langdon, away from Daniels, and away from everyone—to tell her simply and humbly about his love! Then, he felt sure, she would at last understand and put her hands frankly into his. His eyes misted over at the thought and his heart beat wildly. Five minutes alone with her—when she wasn't afraid—that was what he wanted. The thought became an obsession which gained an added poignancy from the bitter knowledge that she would never again grant him such an interview.

He coud, he knew, threaten to withdraw his support of the new play, but on the other hand if it was a success there would be a hundred eager financiers ready to take his place. No, there was only one way to do it—to steal the interview and win her pardon later.

Involuntarily he halted in his restless pacing, and his face settled into ugly lines as he repeated the words to himself—"to steal the interview—that is the only way." For a moment he stood staring grimly in the direction in which Mary's taxi had speed; then, with a short laugh, he turned to his own car.

"The club," he said curtly, and within ten minutes was giving harsh orders over the telephone to Shale who was jocularly known among his friends as "Dave's Jackal."

It was current humor that Shale would long ago have been "sent up the river" if it hadn't been for Pollock's influence in high places, and though Shale himself elaborately and blasphemously denied this, he never questioned the orders that came to him in that quick, decisive voice. He did not question them that night (though it was perhaps as well that Pollock could not see his face), and the latter gave an oath of satisfaction as he hung up the receiver.

The second act had begun before he reached the theater, and again the relief on Daniels' face at sight of him was almost comic, though it was blended with a triumph that told the late arrival that the play was really a success.

"Glad you got here at last, Dave," he said excitedly. "Say, the people are eating it up. They're crazy over Mary already and what they'll do when this act is over heaven only knows. Just wait till they see her in the big scene—but for that matter she's making every scene a big one. Are—are you going back stage?"

Pollock shook his head. "I'll sit in one of the boxes," he said, "for a while at least." But though his voice was cool his hands were shaking, and one of them was tightly gripped around a big key—the key to a suit in the Hotel Republic, where a little later Mary was to be tendered the banquet that was to greet her elevation to stardom.

He scowled at the sight of Langdon with Mrs. Page in the opposite box, but he was too busy outlining what he was going to say to Mary a little later on to bother much about the present. Moreover, he had been drinking heavily again, and the heat of the theater and its lights made him sleepy and lethargic.

"Only two acts more!" he muttered to himself. "Two acts more—and then we'll see!"

With Mary's entrance, however, he roused himself, and before long the charm of her, and the genius of her playing enthralled him as it did the rest of the audience. His heart began to beat heavily, and the flame of his love began to run through his veins like molten metal, making him restless and wildly impatient for the moment when he would come face to face with her again. In his eagerness he almost loathed the enthusiasm of the audience that brought her back before the curtain time after time. This was indeed her hour of triumph. He begrudged even the few moments of Mary's happy little speech of thanks, and when the final curtain fell he leaped up with a sigh of relief and hurried out, anxious to avoid Daniels and escape the talk in the office that he knew was inevitable.

At the corridor leading to the narrow door which opened behind the scenes he hesitated a moment, but the sight of Langdon and Mrs. Page just passing through decided him, and with a muttered execration he swung on his heel and sought the limousine where Shale sat waiting.

"It's all right, Chief," said Shale, huskily, as Pollock got in. "It's a cinch to get over the fence in the back and then up onto the fire escape. Say, it's a wonder that fool hotel hasn't been stripped by a dip long before this: there isn't a window that you can't reach in five minutes."

"Well, take care you, don't get run in for a thief yourself," said Pollock harshly. Then, swinging about, he caught Shale's wrist in a viselike grip.

"You know the window?" he snapped. "Don't make a monkey of yourself and get in any other. And remember this—I'll send you up, by heaven, if you interfere—unless you're needed. You watch for that sneak Langdon—that's your job. Do you get me?"

"I get you the first time," answered Shale coolly, though his mouth was ugly. "Since when do you have to put me wise twice?"

Pollock moved uneasily and drew one hand across his forehead. "I'm not taking any chances," he muttered, and lighting a cigar settled back in the corner of the luxurious motor. Neither of them spoke or moved till the car drew up in front of the big hotel.

The moment it stopped Shale slipped out and hurried down the street, but Pollock, pushing his way through the gaily clad throng that filled the lobby at this after-theater hour went direct to the elevator, his fingers closed tightly around that key in his pocket.

Once in the suite engaged for him by Shale he drew off his coat and hat, and ordering a whisky-and-soda, drank it almost at a draught. Then he began a restless pacing up and down the floor, trying to estimate just how long it would be before the banquet party would reach the private dining room. With the door of his sitting room partially open he could watch the entrance to the banquet hall, but his impatience carried him more than once out into the corridor from which he could look down at the brilliant lobby below.

At last, after what seemed to him hours of waiting, he saw a group of the players arrive, and a few moments later the other members of the supper party passed his door. There remained only Mary and Daniels to come.

Trembling with excitement, he poured himself another drink of whisky, gave a swift glance at the window where Shale hovered on the fire escape, and then took up his post close to the door. Almost immediately he heard the hum of the elevator and then Mary's voice.

"Oh, come on, Phil," she was saying, "I shan't stay very long, anyway."

"By all means come along," echoed Daniels, with assumed cordiality. "You'll be a welcome guest."

Pollock could see them now, for they had passed his hiding place, and he gave a sigh of relief as Langdon said firmly:

"No, thanks—I won't come in. It's a supper for you, Mary, and for your company—and I feel a little out of place. Don't get too tired, though—and I'll call up tomorrow."

"Call up, indeed! I should say you would," bantered Mary. "You'll come out to the hotel and read all the press notices with me." A flush of pride was on her cheeks.

"All right," laughed Langdon, "that's a promise." And with a final word, he turned back and came slowly down the corridor, which echoed now to the sound of the tumultuous welcome to Mary—"The New Star!"

"Bless her!" whispered Langdon to himself. "But she ought to be home instead of there. I hope none of them drink too much." That thought seemed to trouble him, and he half hesitated as if regretting his refusal to go in with her, finally making his way down to the lobby and settling himself in a chair from which he could look up at the door of the banquet room.

Waiters were hurrying in and out, and Langdon could catch glimpses of the gay table with Mary, flushed and excited, at one end, and could hear the laughter and the little bursts of applause. Once when a hurrying waiter left the door wide he saw Mary on her feet protesting against the urgent hands that were thrusting a glass of champagne upon her.

With an exclamation of anger Langdon leaped to his feet, then sank back again. He couldn't interfere—not now, at any rate. He could, however, guess that they were urging her to drink a toast to the play, and he hoped that that meant that Mary was soon to leave. While he was impatiently hoping that this was true, a bell boy, who a moment or two before had gone into the banquet room, came out, followed by Mary herself.

With a throb of glad relief Langdon jumped up and hurried up the shallow stairs to the corridor to meet him, but to his surprise she was not in sight, and only the bellboy was coming leisurely along the hall. It seemed curious that Mary could disappear so suddenly.

Forgetting discretion, he caught the boy by the shoulder.

"Where did the young lady go?" he demanded harshly, and at the tone the startled boy cringed as if expecting a blow.

"Wots that to you?" he retored impertinently. "She's gone where she was expected, that's where she's gone."

"Well, wherever it is, take me there—quick!" snapped Langdon. "If want authority for it, go downstairs and tell Barney that Mr. Philip Langdon wants you to take him there."

At the name the boy gave a quick, choked cry, and with a muffled "I thought it wasn't any funny joke," led the way rapidly back down the corridor.

Almost simultaneously the door of the banquet room opened and Daniels' face, strained and uneasy, peeerd into the hall. Seeing Langdon, he hurried towards him and was but a few feet away when the boy paused abruptly and pointed to the door of Pollock's suite.

"She's in there," he muttered, and scuttled off. But not far, for even as Langdon's hand was on the knob, there came a woman's scream and the loud report of a revolver echoing high above the clamorous gaiety of voices and orchestra. There was an instant's terrified silence, and then the waves of humanity came surging down the corridor, headed by the hotel authorities. But Langdon and Daniels were already across the threshold of the room where lay the dead body of David Pollock and beside it the unconscious form of Mary Page with a revolver lying not five inches from her limp fingertips.

A thin dribble of blood was running across the carpet towards her, and Langdon snatched her up out of its way with a sudden horror, and his great fear found voice in a desperate cry:

"Mary! Mary, did you do this?"

It was not Mary who answered, but the hotel detective, who said sternly:

"Not did she do this, but why did she do this, Mr. Langdon," he corrected.

(To Be Continued on Tuesday.)

Why Tolerate Catarrh?

You have noticed, no doubt, that any cold aggravates nasal catarrh, and the flow of mucous amazes you that such objectionable matter could find lodgment in your head. To ignore this catarrh when the cold subsides is wrong because it continues to slowly injure the delicate linings of the nasal passages and clog them up.

To correct catarrh, cleanse the nostrils frequently with a solution of warm water and salt, insert vaseline on retiring, and take a spoonful of Scott's Emulsion after meals for one month. Scott's acts through the blood to feed the tissues, and contains soothing glycerine to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes.

Scott's is pleasant to take.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-40

Cross, Feverish Child Is Bilious or Constipated

Look, Mother! See if tongue is coated, breath hot or stomach sour.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomachache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

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THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE MARY PAGE SERIES WILL BE SHOWN AT THE EMPRESS JANUARY 23d

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—THE HOME PAPER

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