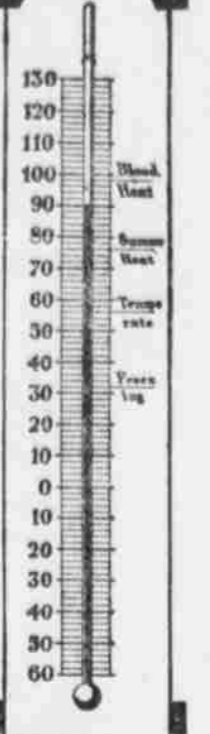


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Speed of Bullets.

The speed of bullets is measured in several different ways and with the most exquisite accuracy, even to the millionth of a second. A cylinder having a circumference of 1,000 millimeters revolves ten times in a second. Each space of one millimeter will represent one ten-thousandth of a second. Each millimeter space divided into one hundredth, which can be read with a Vernier scale. A tube 100 meters long is filled with an explosive and at every ten meters of its length is fixed an insulated conductor governing an electro-magnet that sets in motion a pen or stylus tracing lines upon the cylinder, the surface of which has been coated with lamp black. When the charge is exploded, the breaking of the successive circuits fixes exactly the time that elapses between the breaking at every ten-meter interval, and this gives us the speed of the explosion.

Safety First.

Bacon—This paper says St. Louis policemen have been instructed to keep their uniform coats tightly buttoned when on duty.
Egbert—Geel! St. Louis must have some very clever watch thieves.

Marriage is the worst kind of a fall when a man marries for money and doesn't get it.
A lucky man is always pointing with pride to his superior judgment.



A Summer Vacation At Home

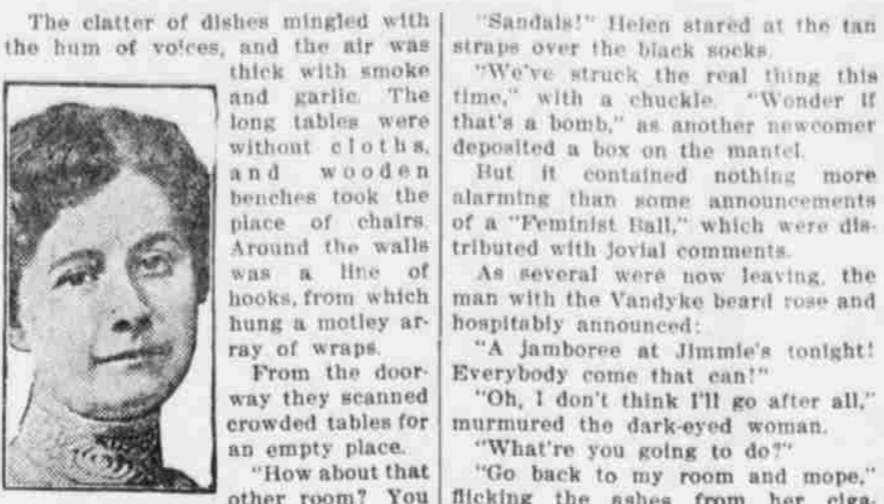
Avoid needless work, especially hot cooking, and plan to get all possible rest and leisure.
There are many ways. For instance, a hot breakfast is uncalled for in summer. There's no excuse for early morning cooking with Post Toasties in the house.
Nothing will please husband and children better than a bowl of crisp, delicious

Post Toasties

with cream or good milk.
There is pleasure in serving this dainty food and you start the day without work or worry.
With Toasties in the pantry it takes but a moment to prepare a breakfast or lunch that pleases all—you save time and temper.
Order a package of Post Toasties from your grocer and start on your home vacation.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER
Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.
They Dine at an Anarchist Restaurant in an Atmosphere of Real Bohemia
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel H. Urner.

The clatter of dishes mingled with the hum of voices, and the air was thick with smoke and garlic. The long tables were without cloth, and wooden benches took the place of chairs. Around the walls was a line of hooks, from which hung a motley array of wraps.
From the doorway they scanned crowded tables for an empty place.
"How about that other room? You wait here," and Warren strode through to what had been the back parlor of the once dignified old house.
Although Helen had wanted to see what this much-talked-of anarchist restaurant was like, the stifling cigarette smoke and bare tables were not alluring. She was almost glad when Warren came back with a brief "full up."
But as they turned to leave somebody called out jovially, "Hold on there! Always room for two more!"
Warren nodded his thanks as they took the end of a bench made vacant by the others sliding themselves and their dishes closer together.
Somebody shoved toward Warren a soiled menu mimeographed in purple ink. Glancing over his shoulder, Helen saw the items, "Bean soup, 10c; Small steak, 25c; Succotash, 5c," and promptly decided that the food was too cheap to be either good or clean.
"Seem to be shy on waiters," Warren tried to catch the eye of a man in shirt sleeves dashing kitchenward with an overloaded tray.
"Steve's the only food slinger here—but he's a wonder," a man opposite informed them sociably.
"He must be to wait on this crowd," admitted Warren.
"Never been to Mollie's before?"
"This is our first offense."
"Well, I'll show you the ropes. Write your order on this," reaching for a small pad, "and give it to Steve. Then forget it!"
"Any bread up that way?" called someone.
"Sure!" and a long French loaf went coasting down the bare table.
Helen thought of the wet, dirty dishcloth with which Steve had just wiped off one of the other tables, and decided not to eat any bread.
"How about a cocktail?" Warren asked their friend opposite. "Can you get anything to drink here?"
"If they know you. Take a chance—write it down anyway."
"Dear, look!" Helen was gazing at the weird hectic-colored posters above the line of coats. "Are they Cubist and Futurist—or what?"
"There's the chap that drew them." The man opposite pointed out an anemic-looking youth with flowing hair and tie. "Maybe he knows."
Steve now dashed up with a tray laden with bowls of thick, reddish-brown bean soup. Two of these he shoved across the table to Warren.
"The soup had slopped over the nickel edge of the bowl in smeary brown streaks. With a feeling of revulsion Helen pushed it from her.
"What's the matter?" sharply. "Now no supercilious airs here!"
"But, Warren, I can't very well eat soup with a fork," for only a fork and a black-handled knife were at her place.
"The spoons are out there in the pantry—in a box to your right," was the helpful suggestion of a young woman next to Helen.
With the air of a habitue, Warren strode back to the green swinging door, beyond which several of the others had foraged.
"Did things look clean?" whispered Helen when he returned with the spoon.
"Didn't notice," indifferently. "Ah, here we are!" as Steve slammed before them two cocktails in plain whiskey glasses.
The cocktails were dark and sweetish, and Helen drank hers with distaste, but it gave her courage to try the soup.
"If Steve don't bring all you order" (the man opposite reached for his hat and coat), "hustle out and help yourself. That's the rule here."
His place was soon taken by a dark, foreign-looking woman with gleaming black eyes and pallid skin. She seemed well known here, and was greeted with careless familiarity.
"One of my blue days," as she lit a cigarette with long, nervous hands. "How I loathe Sunday! If I'd had a good dose of cyanide, I'd have shuffled off today."
"Oh, we all feel like that at times," comforted the man with the Vandkye beard who sat next to her. "What got you hipped today?"
"I don't know," musingly, watching the circle of her cigarette smoke, "except this was the anniversary of my divorce."
"Wouldn't mind a little thing like that," said her neighbor cheerfully. "Taking off her dusty black hat, she tossed it up on a hook. Her dark, cloudy hair was coiled in a careless knot low on her neck.
Helen watched her, fascinated. It was a glimpse into a different world. Who was this weird, dark-eyed woman? What did she do? In spite of her unhealthy pallor and her shabbiness, she was curiously attractive.
"Now that's what I call a fetching get-up," grinned Warren as a man came in with a slouch hat, baggy corduroy trousers, and sandaled feet.

"Sandals!" Helen stared at the tan straps over the black socks.
"We've struck the real thing this time," with a chuckle. "Wonder if that's a bomb," as another newcomer deposited a box on the mantel.
But it contained nothing more alarming than some announcements of a "Feminist Ball," which were distributed with jovial comments.
As several were now leaving, the man with the Vandkye beard rose and hospitably announced:
"A jamboree at Jimmie's tonight! Everybody come that can!"
"Oh, I don't think I'll go after all," murmured the dark-eyed woman.
"What're you going to do?"
"Go back to my room and mope," flicking the ashes from her cigarette.
"Don't be a fool," lighting his pipe. "Where're you living now?"
"Same place—380 Washington square. It's rotten—but the room's only four per. Man overhead walked the floor all last night."
"That was pleasant. You come on to Jimmie's! Have a drink first."
"No, thanks. I'm not drinking. So long. Tell Jimmie my mood's not hilarious enough for his party."
Taking a quarter from her hungry-looking purse, she laid it by her plate, reached for her hat and jacket, and hurried out.
380 Washington square—what kind of a place was it? wondered Helen. To what dingy, dreary room was this woman returning?
It was late now, and the crowd was gradually thinning. "Mollie" herself came out from the pantry, rolled down her sleeves, took off her apron, and sat at one of the tables to chat. She was tall and angular, with short, bushy hair, and an interesting face.
"Good crowd tonight, Mollie?"
"Fair. Forty-eight. If they'd only come earlier."
"No, I'll pay for my own dinner. I graft on cigarettes—but not on food," insisted a girl as a man went up to Mollie with two checks.
"I'll have to sign for mine tonight," announced the man with the sandals as Mollie drew from a deep pocket a bag of change.
"Wonder if I dare tip her?" muttered Warren.
But when Mollie handed him his change, it was with a friendly "Good-night!" and an air that plainly implied "no tips."
Outside it was snowing—wet, stinging flakes. Helen shivered and held her muff to her face as they started down the ice-coated steps.
"Wasn't it interesting?" eagerly taking his arm: "But not at all what I expected. I always thought anarchists—"
"Oh, they're not the bomb-chucking kind," Warren paused to turn up his collar. "Just an impracticable bunch, trying to make over the world. Did you hear that chap spouting about the war and universal anarchy?"
"No, I was watching the woman opposite us. Wasn't she weird? Yet," musingly, "in a way she was fascinating, too. There's Washington square just ahead. Let's walk through and see what 380 is like."
"Some studio joint. Know what's the matter with her—don't you?"
"Why no," wonderingly; "what do you mean?"
"Dope."
"Oh!" with a shudder, tightening her hold on his arm.
They were on the south side of the square now, and through the swirling snow Helen tried to read the numbers over the dimly lit doorways.
384, 382, 380—the shabbiest of all that shabby row. The lower windows were dark, but there was a faint light on the third floor. The blind was up and Helen could see the dim, unshaded gas jet and a patch of wallpaper. It looked unutterably dreary.
Was that her room? Was she up there now, trying to fight off the craving for the drug that was wrecking her?

For a fleeting second Helen had a wild impulse to dash up to that room—to tell that woman that she wanted to help her. Then, as Warren impatiently drew her on, she lowered her face in her muff and hurried along the slippery pavement without looking back.
The whole evening had been for Helen an illuminating glimpse into the careless good-fellowship, the reckless improvidence, and the sordidness of Bohemianism. And now she pressed closer to Warren with a throbbing thankfulness that it was a life of which neither of them was a part.

Meter Reading Made Easy.

Meter inspectors who stalk into one's house, leave cellar doors open and create several varieties of trouble and commotion are to become only unpleasant memories to the householder, because of a recently adopted building feature. Architects have taken cognizance of the inconvenience that attends the placing of meters that can only be read from within doors and have solved the problem by providing space for the meters next to the outer walls and by the letting in of small doors through which the instruments may be read from the outside. A glass panel protects the meter indicators, and through this the reading is made. The door containing the glass panel is fitted with a lock, which protects the meter against tampering. The householder is not the only gain from the new plan, however. Since door bells need not be rung, and since circuitous trips through dingy passages are unnecessary, much time is saved by the inspectors and much expense by the gas and electric companies.

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