

By DeLYSLE FERREE CASS

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IFTEEN minutes of twelve! A brief quarter of an hour later and all the town bells would be madly ringing; the factory whistles would be tooting; borns would shrill raucously; the restless crowds surging almiessly through the streets ing. Yes, J-A-M-E-S Thornton of J. would raise voices in the hysterical pandemonium that customarily wakes the dying year into extinction.

"Then," said Myrtle the telephone girl to herself, "then my busy time commences. Every lunatic in town will begin trying to get his or her friends on the wire to yell 'Happy New Year!'-everybody will be wanting their numbers at once and all sore because the telephone company hasn't put in 5,000 extra wires for their especial convenience tonight."

The metal loop with the receiver at her ear had grown irksome and heavy on Myrtle's head. Her hand raised to adjust it more comfortably just as one of the little white lights flashed on before her.

"Number please" (plugging the hole) ... Grand 4354 ... What did you say .. Yes, I know I have a sweet voice,' but my name don't happen to be 'Kiddo' . . . There you are." Just then another light flashed in

Myrtle's section. "Number please . . . Riverview 4197 . . . Thank you . . . What? . . . Oh, I

beg your pardon . . . 4111." "Why don't you listen as you're paid to do?" growled back a man's voice over the wire. His articulation was thick, hourse. Evidently he was laboring under some tremendous strain.

However it is not for the mere telephone operator to resent, whatever her provocation.

"4111, thank you," said Myrtle in the same pleasantly modulated tone as before and made the proper connection. But not even then being certain



The Ugly Revolver in His Hand.

that she had correctly understood the man's thick directions, she cut in on the line to listen for a moment and so forestall further complaints from him, cry of:

With the receiver clamped tight to her ear she could hear the 'phone bell buzzing faintly across the city-in a house, Myrtle judged, because the Riverview exchange lay in the aristocratic residential section. Buzz-Buzz-zz-z! Then came a woman's voice-soft, sweet and low.

"Hello . . . Oh, is that you, Jim? expected you home to dinner tonight. who . . . what . . . You promised, you know. . . . And 'Snookums' was so disappointed when I had to tuck him in bed without kissing his papa good night. He was so excited by all the noise on the streets | the inaminate form. and kept asking me if his bad daddy wouldn't come home early to him on New Year's eve. I really think you might have, Jim, because-"

"Oh, I know! I know!" Interrupted the man's voice impatiently, although he evidently was making a strong effort to conceal his distraught condition | number she so well remembered: from her. "Business detained me at the office later than I anticipated Ed- Riverview 4111. . . . Helio! . . . helna, and afterwards . . . afterwards Harry Forbes dropped in and we went out for a bite to eat together."

"But you'll be home right away now, won't you, dear?" pleaded the woman's voice coaxingly. "Please don't stay any later. I've promised 'Snookums' that you'll be home to wish him a Happy New Year while the whistles are still blowing."

"I can't possibly make it now . . there's a big deal we're talking over."

"Jim"-reproachfully - "I thought you assured me you never would dabble in the market again after that last time when you risked all we had in the world simply on the chance of making a few dollars without really earning

"Edna, I-I-"

"Jim, your very voice sounds queerly. Nothing has gone wrong at the of- man, a white light illumined his soul fice there today, has there, dear?"

also. "No . . . No, nothing," came the man's voice wearily, soothingly, "Don't | weakly,

worry now . . . No use any more. Excuse me if I spoke sharply, little girl. I'm tired out-that's all . . . Yes, yes

. . Good-by, dearest one," The receiver clicked sharply and the listening Myrtle experienced a sense of physical relief, the exact reason for which she would have been at a loss to explain. How strangely the man had intoned his good-bye-almost as if he never expected to be able to say it again to the wife he loved. It was BH If-

"Yes, number please . . . Oh-" It was the voice of the same man speaking crossly over the wire. "Get me Grant 6212-quick!" he

growled. "I'm in a burry." She plugged the proper hole connecting him and listened for a mo-

"Hello! Grant 6212? the Morgue? Well, this is James P. Thornton talk-P. Thornton, Inc. I'm about to commit suicide in my office at 1478 Stock Exchange building. If you'll send your men over here within 15 minutes they'll find my body here . . . Door's unlocked, ready for you. Statement for the newspapers will be found on desk. I've just completed it. . . . Was smashed in collapse of market on the board floor this afternoon . . . No that's-and then, ironically - all . . . Happy New Year!"

His receiver clicked down on the hook, severing the connection in the midst of horrified abjurations from the other end of the wire. Simultaneously Myrtle, the telephone girl, jerked the metal loop from her head and sprang down the aisle, disregarding the surprised exclamations of her fellows and the imperative call of the supervisor. She grabbed her hat and shabby little jacket from their peg on the lockerroom wall as she fled.

A suicide? . . . he was about to die by his own hand . . . And with that sweet-voiced wife waiting for him there at home with the dear little kiddie tucked up in bed and crying for his daddy's good-night kiss! It was wrong -all wrong! . . . To stop him! Ah, if only she could get there in time! There was a chance-a slim chance, for it happened that the Stock Exchange was directly next door to the big gray telephone building.

Fortunately the night elevator man had his car waiting there on the main floor, while he leaned against the side of the cage gossiping with one of the scrub women. Myrtle bounded in, startling both nearly out of their wits.

"Quick!" she panted, seizing his arm with tense fingers, "The fourteenth floor . . Not an instant to spare!" "But it's against rules to let you go

up there at this unholy time of night unless you've got a permit," expostulated the bewildered elevator man, "You can't-"

Myrtle drove the motive lever home herself and the iron cage shot swiftly upwards before the man could stop her. It was a sickening breathless rise . . Ah! the fourteenth floor at last! Precious moments wasted fumbling with the mechanism of the elevator door . . . Then through it and out . . . the staccato clatter of little high heels racing down the long dim, empty corere a blotch of light showed

through the transom of Suite 1478. For a brief second Myrtle's heart suspended its pulsation and she hesitated with her trembling hand outstretched to turn the knob. What if she should find-should find him already the victim of his own mad actlying there on the richly-carpeted floor of the sumptuously furnished offices with a pool of blood slowly coagulating around the bullet hole in his temple.

But Myrtle, the telephone girl, waited to conjecture no longer. She threw her weight against the unlocked door. It gave suddenly and precipitated her inwards coincidently with her frenzied "STOP!"

The man sitting at the long mahogany desk with the ugly revolver already in his hand half started to his feet, his face ashen; stared at this most unexpected intruder, bulge-eyed. He seemed unable to collect his thoughts; only passed his hand over his mouth two or three times, mutterhad gotten quite anxious about you. I log in a half-witted way: "Who . . .

Then he toppled suddenly and fell flat on his face to the floor. "Dead!" groaned Myrtle, horror-

stricken, dropping to her knees beside "Naw!" grunted the elevator man,

who just then joined her. "He's fainted -that's all, kid. Better go git me a wet rag to sop his face with. That'll bring him 'round in a jiffy."

But Myrtle was already seated at the adjacent telephone, calling the "Yes, yes, operator . . . That's it.

lo! Is this Mrs. Thornton talking? . . . No, you don't know me, but that doesn't matter. You hurry and wake up 'Snookums;' put on all his things and hurry down here to Mr. Thornton's office. He needs you . . . Asked me to call you up. . . . Says he wants to begin a Happy New Year with you and the baby right down here. . . You'll come right away . . . All right,

thank you . . . Yes, I'll wait here too-And just then a deafening racket of horns, whistles and bells burst forth, while hundreds of little white lights began to flash here and there along their great switchboard in the nearby telephone exchange, and the girls' hands flew to the connections. And, as James Thornton slowly revived under the tender, solicitous ministrations of the 'phone girl and the grimy elevator

"Where's 'Snookums?" he queried

MULES AS MUNITION TRANSPORTS



Scene on the western front, showing shells being rushed to the lines on backs of mules, the roads being virtual quagmires.

# "TREED" A MAN

Old Maine Guide Declares Animals Never Attack a Human Being.

## **EXPLODES POPULAR FABLES**

Takes Little Stock in Birch-Bark Horn Calls-in Mating Season Bulls Will Respond to Any Noise.

Bangor, Me .- According to old Ben York, a famous hunter and guide in Maine for 60 years, no moose ever was known to "tree" a man in the sense in which the term is generally understood, numerous reports to the contrary being fables or at best exaggera-

"In my day," said Ben York, "I have seen thousands of moose and killed hundreds of them. I have followed them days and nights, at all seasons, I have watched them for days at a time to learn their tricks; I have kept them in fenced inclosures near my camp for years at a time, and have tamed and driven them to harness all along the West Branch. More than all this, I have questioned reliable hunters and woodsmen who were alive and active when there were as many moose in Maine as there are hedgehogs now. and I have never known or learned from any reliable sources of a single instance of a human being being 'treed' by one of the animals.

Act Strangely at Times. "During the mating season," says York, "the bulls act very strangely at times, rushing about in an aimless manner, climbing steep hills, swimming furious streams and placing themselves in peril of their lives in many ways. While the fury for combat is on an old bull he will crash through the woods, running his head against rocks and trees and often injuring himself seriously. If a man should get in the bull's way at such a time, why, very likely he would become a candidate for the hospital. At such a time the bull never stops to note how much damage he has done. He keeps racing right along at top speed until he gets all fagged out or meets a rival for the object of his affections.

"The stories that some guides tell," said York, "about moose driving hunters into trees and standing guard over them all night, pawing the ground and bellowing with rage, are inventions of nature fakers to awe greenhorns. I am convinced that no moose ever deliberately attacked a human being, unless wounded and crazed with pain, in which condition the meekest of animals often become dangerous; and whoever tells of being treed by a moose at any time or under any circumstances is drawing upon his imagination.

"I have seen two bull moose fight," he says, "while I stood within a few rods of them, and keep up the battla for half an hour without becoming aware of my presence. At other times I have paddled up to a mother moose when she was feeding on the roots of pond lilies with her head under water, and drawn off half a pint of her milk without alarming her. , I have seen moose fight with wolves and bears, and have observed their extreme solicitude for their young; but never yet have I seen or known of a moose treeing a human being.

No Use for Moosehorn. "While I'm talking about moose," York said, "I want to say that I take no stock in the so-called moosehorn for calling bulls to their destruction in the mating season. The cow moose, whose cry is said to be closely imitated by the birch-bark horn, utters a long and dolorous wall at times, whatever the time of year. I have stood close by several times while cow moose were making such cries, but never knew a bull to respond, glthough I have waited for hours. All

are very alert to catch the slightest sound, and let a twig snap or an ax handle bent a tattoo on a hollow stump and the bull is away in the direction of the sound, bellowing his deflant challenge. I have used the birch-bark horn with some success in calling moose, but I have done as well or better by rapping the butt of my rifle against the trunk of a tree or breaking a twig in the thicket. It is my belief that the dominant passion in the mind of a bull moose in mating time is to meet and defeat every rival, and that the dolorous cry of the cow neither attracts nor repels the male."

Many of the oldest hunters and guides agree with Mr. York concerning the treeing of men by moose, but most of them believe that the birchbark horn is very useful to the hunter.

"TANKS" FIGHT IN PAIRS Known as Males and Females, Says Officer of Nova Scotia Battalion.

Kingsport, N. S .- A description of the operation of British "tanks" was

"There are two types of tanks, known as the male and female tank," he said. "They fight in pairs, a male and a female. The male tank carries two heavy guns and six machine guns and the female has two heavy guns and five machine guns.

"They certainly proved a great surprise to the Germans, and I might add along during the fight for Courcelette. San Diego's increase They of course did better work then than they have accomplished since, for the Germans have become accustomed to them and know better now how to fight back. Nothing but a direct hit by a heavy shell will damage them in

the least." Lieutenant Hiltz says the new British war machine travels about two or three miles an hour and when it comes to a trench the front part draws up after the manner of a caterpillar attempting to get over an obstacle. At night when the tanks are used a white also was low, with 5.3. Auburn, N. tape is run out ahead from the machine and serves as a guide for it.

### WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE



Miss Margaret Fahnestock, Jaughter of Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, was introduced to Washington society at a brilliant dinner and dance recently. Miss of suicide, the writer regards self-de-Fahnestock's Newport debut through the mating season the bulls staged last summer.

## 48,798 SUICIDES IN FIVE YEARS

Self-Destruction an Increasing Hazard in Life Insurance in This Country.

### MOST NUMEROUS IN THE WEST

Statistics Show Suicide Rate Has Apparently Reached Stationary Level -Highest Rates in Years of Great Business Depression.

New York .- An intensive study of suicide in the United States, with stalistics analyzing self-destruction from almost every possible angle, is published in the Spectator, a weekly insurance paper of this city.

The sections in which the greatest number of suicides occur, the ages at which the greatest number of persons end their lives, the relative number of self-killings of the present day as contrasted with other periods, are all analyzed by the writer, Frederick L Hoffman.

The chief conclusion reached is that the suicide rate in this country, while fairly high, has apparently reached a stationary level. That is, it has increased but a tiny fraction during the last five years over the five years preceding.

An unexplainable, or unexplained, fact about American suicides is that they are far more numerous in the western, Rocky mountain and central regions than in the East. The further West the investigator looks, the more suicides he finds.

#### The Statistics.

The following table is based on the percentage of self-destructions per 100,000 of population during the five years ending with 1914:

Section. Cities. Suicides. Per Ct. 10,119 Enstern ........55 Central ..........17 7,398 Rocky Mountain. 3 540 28.6 Pacific Coast.... 9 3,082

San Diego, Cal., has the record of the highest suicide rate in the country, it being 63.3 per 100,000 of population. San Francisco is not far behind, having a rate of 55.7. Sacramento is given by Lieut. Harry W. Hiltz of the also a place conducive to suicide, ap-Nova Scotia battailon on his arrival parently, for its rate is 51.2. These figures are for the year 1915, considered separately, and in each of those cases show increases over the percentage for the previous five years.

The figures for 100 American cities show that the general suicide rate for 1915 was 20.7, as against 20.3 for the period between 1910-14. The trifling increase throughout the whole counto us as well, as they came lumbering which the far Western cities had try is caused by the great increase was 20.1, Sacra mento's 19.6, San Francisco's 8.9.

Manhattan and the Bronx, which it to the proud owner. For the sake are analyzed together as a city, had a suicide rate during 1915 of 19.4 per 100,000, as against 18.6 during the five years before, an increase of 0.8. Back in the years between 1900-04 the rate was 21.7.

Augusta, Ga., had the lowest rate of all American cities which were investigated, the record in 1915 being four persons per 100,000. Mobile, Ala., Y., had a record of 5.4.

High suicide rates, the Spectator points out, have to a certain extent been connected with years of bad business and years when business houses failed, as in 1894, following the 1893 panic, when the general rate was 15.3, and 1908, following the last panic, when the rate reached the highest mark in the country's history, 21.6.

The smaller the city the fewer the suicides, the investigator found. Of the 100 cities considered, 76 were under 250,000 population. These showed a self-destruction rate of 18.2 per 100,-000. The 24 cities above the quartermillion mark showed an aggregate rate of 21.1.

### More Men Than Women.

Many more men than women end their lives. The tables show that the highest rate for the male sex is 21.5 per cent and that the period of life at which this number of men commit suicide is between the ages of fortyfive and fifty-four. The highest rate for women is 13.0 per cent, and the favorite age for self-destruction is between fifty-five and sixty-four.

Two boys between the ages of five and nine are on record as having killed themselves in the period between 1910-14. Ten was the most youthful age at which there is record of girls having committed suicide, 69 having made away with themselves between ten and fourteen years.

There were 48,798 suicides in the country between 1910 and 1914.

As to sensons, the greatest number of suicides appear to have occurred in May and June, the rate for those months being 9.3. The smallest numher occur in January-7.4.

Firearms were the favorite method during the period under analysis, 14. 432 persons having shot themselves, Poisoning was next, with 13,995. Then came hanging, with 7,007; asphyxiation, 5,834; cutting instruments, 3,142; drowning, 2,716, and jumping from high places,834.

Despite the virtually stationary rate was struction, in his summing up, as an "increasing hazard to life insurance,"

PROFITS IN DAIRY BUSINESS

Unfortunate That Farmers Can Make Living Even When They Are Losing Money on Herd.

It is unfortunate for dairy farmers that they cannot always tell how much they are making or losing without a great deal of study and investigation. It is also unfortunate that they are losing money on their herd. If it were possible to immediately determine the profits and losses in the dairy business farmers would not continue to lose money when they think they are making a little. Men who care only for a living are usually satisfied if they get it some way or other and such men are slow to realize what they are losing by maintaining an un-

profitable herd of cattle. The remedy for the situation is to charge up the products of the farm to the cows who are eating the products, Test every cow and know what she can do, breed to a purebred dairy bull and improve the herd and then dispense with the boarders. There is no mystery about how a man can lose money on the dairy business and still make a living. He does not make the living from dairying.

### URGE REGULARITY WITH COW

Does Her Best Only When Milked at Equal and Stated Periods of About Twelve Hours.

The cow can do her best only when milked at equal and regular daily periods of about twelve hours each the year around. The full supply of milk is not in the udder ready to be drawn out before milking time comes, but some of it is produced by the glands during the operation of milking. The udder, however, is usually filled and the cow becomes accustomed to this, but if the operation of milking is delayed and glands cease to some extent to secrete milk, they will then not be stimulated to good activity during the process of milking. This injures the glands and produces a decrease in the milk flow.

### SOURCE OF DELICIOUS MILK

Under Ordinary Conditions Only Dirky, Diseased Product Is Obtained From Family Cow.

(By PERCY WERNER, JR., Missouri College of Agriculture.)

The family cow should be a constant source of cheap, pure and delicious milk. Such may be the case, if a few precautions are taken. . It is frequently observed, however, that under the conditions surrounding the family cow only dirty, diseased milk can be produced.

A cow may be suffering from tuberculosis, the worst disease to which she is subject, and still show no signs of



Cows and Calves Thrive on Abundant Pasture.

of the children who drink the milk a qualified veterinarian should be called upon to inspect and test each cow every year.

With the assurance of a healthy cow, she should be housed in a clean, well lighted shed and provided with a clean yard in which to exercise. The milk should be drawn into a clean, smalltopped milk pail and kept cool until consumed.

Milk sours and spoils because of the bacteria which enter it with dirt from the cow and from pails not thoroughly washed. Keeping these bacteria out of the milk and preventing their growth by keeping the milk cool, are easy and efficient means of procuring the best of milk from the family cow, provided she is free from disease.

Gentle cows are the result of training and kindness.

Mottled butter is due largely to uneven distribution of salt.

The dairy farmer raises more grain and better grain and gets a higher price than anybody.

Dairy cows that freshen in the fall should receive some extra feed six to eight weeks previous to calving.

The best cows are never cheap and seldom for sale; so it is up to every dairyman to give the heifer calves the most intelligent care.

Test your cows for yield and butterfat. You may be surprised to learn that some are only loafers while others are profitable workers.

When a cow becomes accustomed to being fed and milked at a certain time she becomes restle s and uncomfortable when the hours are changed.