

# MYSTIC THIRTEEN

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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Alton Beardslee had arisen to an uncomfortable and inauspicious morning. In the first place he had been routed out of bed at 7 o'clock and called to the telephone, where his broker informed him that Consolidated Central had closed the day before on a steep decline and that they would call for margins by noon if the market opened "groggy."

"With my marriage with Laura Pearson announced for only fifteen days from now, the prospect looks decidedly blue," ruminated Beardslee drearily. "Why did I ever get into this juggling stock game?"

His eyes blinked and he tried to baffle an annoying superstitious influence as his glance swept a calendar hanging on the wall.

"Friday and the thirteenth," he muttered defiantly. "As I don't believe in signs or omens—the mischief!" Stepping on a truant collar button Beardslee jogged, his elbow came up against the mirrored front of his shaving cabinet and in dismay he drew back from a shower of glass.

"I won't get rattled," he insisted doubtfully, but he left the house half an hour later in a wretched state of nervousness. His objective point was the office of a friend who might be inclined to assist him.

A black cat was crossing the road. "I'll beat the warning stuff," declared Beardslee. "Come on, kitty. Good for you—squarely in front of me. Now then, Fate, do your worst!"

Three squares further on the mock heroic mood of our mentally disturbed hero came to a climax. A derisive expression crossed his face. He walked squarely under a ladder set against a building front, a painter aloft.

"Hi, there!"

Too late Beardslee caught the warning. The painter aloft had dropped his brush. Fall of paint it landed on Beardslee's shoulder, made a straight downward dip and slid down one side of him clear to his feet, leaving a smooth, even strip of white the entire length of his body. Beardslee disdained the fulsome apologies of the knight of the paint pot and turned into a little shop bearing the sign, "Cleaning, Repairing & Dyeing Done Here."

"I'm in a hurry," he announced to an old man in charge. "How soon can you put this suit in presentable shape?"

"Half an hour," came the reply, after some mental calculation.

"Go to it!" and Beardslee practically disrobed so far as his outer garments were concerned and wrapped himself in a blanket apportioned him, and snuggled down in a chair gloomily. He half dozed, with closed eyes, quickly opened, however, as there was a flash and then the sound of an explosion. The interior of the place was filled with smoke and flames and its proprietor, whose operations had somehow ignited the cleaning material he had been using, was making

for the street. Beardslee sprang up, rushed thither himself and in his half-dressed condition darted into the hallway of an adjoining office building.

The street became crowded as the fire alarm was sounded. Beardslee gave up his clothes as lost. He turned into an office where a young man sat poring over some writing. He stared askance at the Indian-like habit of the intruder.

"What's the address here?" asked Beardslee of the clerk.

"Elston building."

"What room number?"

"Thirteen."

"It's the limit!" muttered Beardslee, but he completed the message. Then he sat down to wait. In the course of an hour the envoy from his landlady arrived. Beardslee resumed his way to his originally conceived destination, the office of the friend who might be inclined to help him out financially.

"Left for New York on the Limited an hour ago," was the depressing information he received.

Beardslee shrugged his shoulders resignedly. The rates were certainly against him. He proceeded on his way, determining what he would do; order his broker to close up his deals, stand the loss, call upon Laura, suggest a postponement of the wedding until he got on his feet again, and leave speculation alone for the future. As he neared the office of his broker the latter ran up against him on the street.

"Oh, I say; just the man!" he spoke exuberantly. "I'm bound for the exchange, but I'll go back with you and settle up."

"Settle up?" replied Beardslee, ruefully. "If there's a deficit you'll have to give me a day or two to make good."

"Deficit? Why, man, we thought it best to close out the deal in the face of an alluring profit, and there's thirteen thousand dollars to your credit! What you want to do? Shall we re-invest it for you?"

"Why, no, not right away," stumbled the dazed Beardslee. "Then Central Consolidated went up?"

"First thing the market opened—thirteen points in an hour."

"Mirror, black cat, ladder," he soliloquized, "all vapor. But the money—never to be risked again, that's solid, real, tangible thirteen thousand dollars. Dear little Laura! It's you and common sense after this!"

### Billions of Pins and Needles.

Fourteen billion ordinary toilet pins are produced by American factories annually. American mothers also find it necessary to purchase 720,000,000 safety pins every year. The yearly crop of metal hairpins is a billion and a quarter.

Needles of all kinds aggregate 235,000,000 every 12 months. The value of this pin and needle crop is \$13,000,000 at the factory. Forty-nine factories are engaged in the manufacture of the articles, the total capitalization being \$9,424,000.

In 1850 there were only four pin factories in the United States, having a combined capital of \$164,000 and a combined annual product of 297,550 pins. It will thus be seen that the growth of this industry is something tremendous.

### GOT FACTS SLIGHTLY MIXED

Representative Osborne Evidently Had Not Taken Keen Notice of Position of Sherman Statue.

One of the best speeches in the house in years came from Representative Osborne of California the day of the Pershing parade, says the Los Angeles Times. Having been one of the soldiers who marched up Pennsylvania avenue at the close of the Civil war for a final review by General Sherman, he was able to draw a beautiful and striking contrast with the return of the veterans of 1919.

At one point in the address the representative spoke feelingly of how Sherman, at the head of the column, at Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue had turned on his horse and looked back at the advancing veterans.

"Thus," said Mr. Osborne, "the figure of Sherman, cast in bronze, sits today at the head of Pennsylvania avenue, as he sat that day more than fifty years ago."

The reference to the Sherman statue aroused great interest and many were the pilgrimages made to the statue within the next few days to see how Sherman looked gazing down the avenue. But horror of horrors! It developed that Sherman was looking not toward the advancing column, but toward the White House, which stands in an opposite direction.

Now Osborne is looking for the man who placed it thus.

### Lava Under Ranger Field?

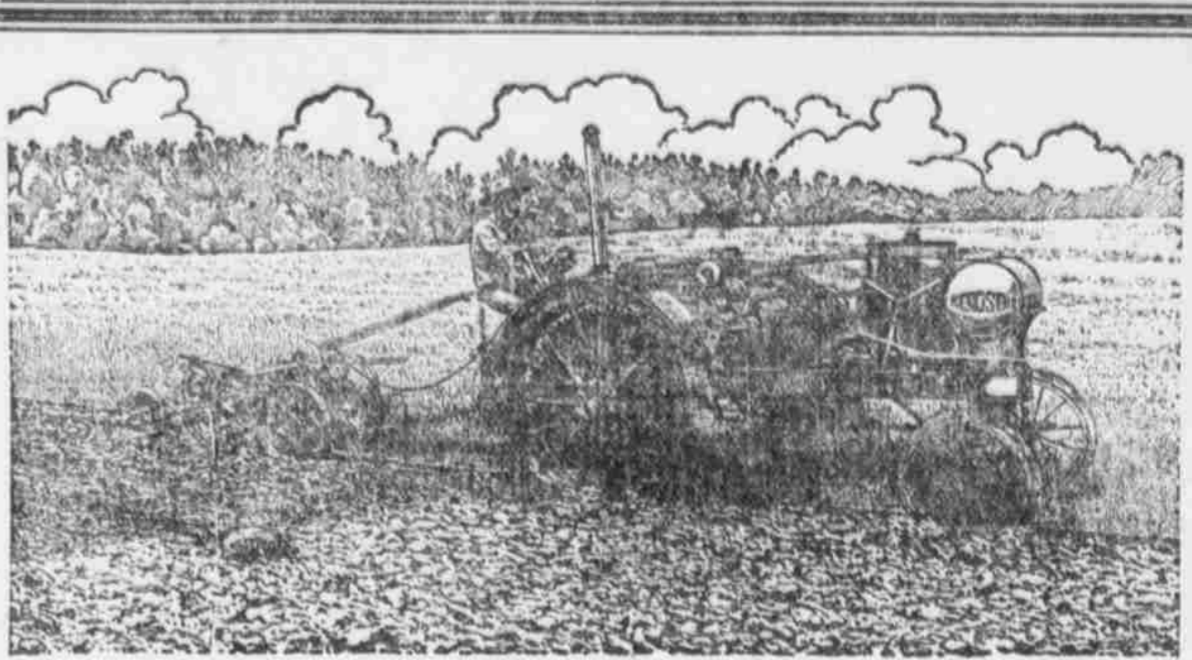
Geologists believe that continued oil operations in the Ranger field, should they attain a depth of one mile under the surface, will prove the existence of a live lava bed, a Ranger (Tex.) correspondent of the New York Evening Sun writes. In the region of Caddo oil drillers have discovered that bits of the drills show evidences of intense heat within 3,200 feet of the surface, and the heat at that depth is sufficient to discharge shots of nitrogen without the use of a fulminating cap.

A peculiarity of the Ranger field in Stephens county is the number of crevasses encountered in drilling through the black lime. These crevasses are filled more or less with oil-yielding sand and when this sand is "shot" the flow of petroleum rushes to the surface. Whether this rush is aided by the subterranean heat is problematical, but it is believed that the heat has a great deal to do with the rush of the oil.

### Had the Wrong Page.

A young miss of seven, who has memorized from numerous readings to her portions of her Chatterbox, pretends to be able to read. One evening she was seated upon the lap of a guest affecting to read one of her favorite passages relating to dolls. She was proceeding with great enthusiasm for several moments when the guest interrupted her by saying: "But my dear child, I don't see anything about dolls on that page."

"I know it," she said promptly and sheepishly. "I was reading on the wrong page." Then, turning several pages, "It's over here."



## Eight to Eleven Acres a Day At Less Fuel Cost Per Acre

That's the satisfactory result that users of the dependable Waterloo Boy Tractor get in plowing.

It's a "three-plow" tractor under usual field conditions—a dependable source of power that keeps three furrows turning steadily round after round until the plowing is done.

It's a tractor you can use to full satisfaction in pulling your other tractor implements and in operating belt machines.

Up to its rated capacity of 12 H.P. at the draw bar and 25 H.P. at the belt, it will do any of the farm power work that horses or heavy duty stationary or portable engines can do—plenty of reserve power for emergencies.

All of its work is accomplished with economy that every user appreciates.

It burns kerosene perfectly. No motor trouble, delay and expense from imperfect combustion. Saves many dollars in fuel cost. Every drop of kerosene is converted into a pure gas by its patented kerosene manifold—no mixing of kerosene and lubricating oil—no carbonizing of cylinders or fouling of spark plugs.

The powerful two-cylinder motor with big bore and long stroke, perfectly balanced on a solid foundation, runs at a moderate speed with only slight vibration. Gives full power without racking mechanism.

Through detachable protecting plates the working parts of the motor, the transmission and differential are easy to get at to adjust or repair from a standing position.

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### CLING TO OLD OBSERVANCE

People of Normandy Today, as for Centuries, Delight in Their Little Epiphany Cakes.

Norman cities and towns that have for centuries perpetuated their quaint observance of the Epiphany bake and eat their little cakes with joyful hearts. The custom is ancient and charming, an affair of children and colored lanterns parading the streets of ancient towns and singing an ancient song in piping voices; and where they go, well-disposed citizens open their doors and distribute cakes. Except in a few places the custom has gradually gone out, but here and there it continues, and carries with it the odd and interesting history of the Epiphany cakes. French bakers and pastry cooks began making them at least as long ago as 1700, and in those days the family that bought a cake ate of it and gave part of it to the children when they came singing the song that has now become ancient. In 1713, says the record, there was great dispute between the bakers and the pastry cooks as to which had the right to bake the Epiphany cakes; the grave question was taken to the parliament of Paris, which, after proper deliberation, decided in favor of the pastry cooks. In 1740, one does not know why, the privilege was taken away from the pastry cooks and given the bakers. Then in the time of the first republic the festival was abolished; a decree of the seventeenth Nivose, year II, by which the revolutionary determination for change designated January 6, 1794, declared that the custom commemorated the memory of the "last tyrant," Louis XVI. In 1801 the festival and the cakes were legally restored, and so the custom comes down, here and there, into the twentieth century.

### Peace Hath Its Sorrows.

A woman's society, whose principal activity during the war was providing entertainment for the soldiers, was about to give a dance. One of the women who had acted as chaperon meeting a demure miss who had earnestly and strenuously thrown herself into the party and dance game, asked: "Coming to the dance, Luella?" "I think not," answered Luella, with a sigh. "Why, what's the reason?" asked the surprised chaperon. "I would have no one to dance with," said Luella. "All our boys are back," replied the chaperon. "There are as many men as ever." "Well," said Luella, "we could always depend on the soldiers, but who's going to make those other men attend?"

### VARIATIONS SHOWN IN FACE

Surprising Irregularities of the Human Countenance Are Revealed by the Camera.

In many instances it will be found that a person's features are not at all regular, says London Answers. When photographed with only one side of the face showing, for instance, it is sometimes surprising how unlike the person the portrait appears to be. The cheek on one side will, in a number of cases prove to be more rounded than the opposite one, while the difference in the ears is often remarkable. If an upright line were drawn through the center of the face, marked variations would be seen. The forehead on one side would sometimes look higher than the other. The eyebrows as well differ in length, and on one side perhaps their curve would be greater than on the opposite side. The right eye in a number of cases will be not only a little larger, but also the color will vary in shade. The top lids, too, will differ materially—the bottom lids being more noticeable in their unlikeliness. Then the mouth has its irregularities. The movements of the under lip on the one side are in direct contrast to the other, and this is noticed when a person is speaking. The nose likewise is not alike both sides, and a careful study will discover a difference in the nostrils. Sometimes one is larger than the other, and by putting a ruler across the face just under the nose, and scrutinizing the top of the face, these variations will be seen.

### New Floor Machine.

Interchangeable brushes and pads supplied with a light-weight scrubbing machine for household use, make it possible to convert the device into a hardwood-floor polisher within a few seconds. As described and pictured in Popular Mechanics Magazine, the attachments are rotated by a motor, which is mounted on two rubber-tired wheels.

### The Kind.

"I see where music has been recommended as medical treatment to the doctors." "But suppose one were called to cure a brainstorm?" "He might try a jazz band."

### Very Acceptable Just Now.

"Pa, what is elastic currency?" "The kind that would come in very handy just now to stretch over the holiday season."

### LIGHTS OF IMMENSE POWER

Rays From Points on United States Coast Are Visible Seventy Miles Out at Sea.

The highest beacon light maintained by the United States for warning navigators is at Cape Mendocino, Cal., 422 feet above sea level. It has a range of 28 miles. The brightest light and one of the most brilliant in the world is at Navesink, N. J., on the highlands at the entrance of New York bay. It is 25,000,000 candle power and its glare has been seen from 70 miles out in the ocean. The largest lighthouse "lens" is at Makapuu point, on the island of Oahu (Hawaiian group). Its beam at night brings first news to voyagers from the United States that they are nearing the mid-Pacific archipelago. It is called a "hyper-radiant," the inside diameter of the lens being about nine feet and that of the glass lantern inclosing it 16 feet. The lens of the Navesink light incloses a powerful electric arc. But, generally speaking, kerosene is the preferred illuminant for many lighthouses. A lens frequently is built up of glass prisms arranged in panels, the object being to concentrate the light into a beam of maximum brilliancy and range. Some lighthouse lenses are so arranged as to revolve, a contrivance of the sort, weighing perhaps 6,000 pounds, being floated upon mercury and thereby turned so easily that a small bit of clockwork actuated by a 100-pound weight will operate it.

### Persia a Barren Land.

A large part of Persia is absolute desert. Much of the remainder is so scantily supplied with water that it is almost empty of human life. If Persia is imagined as chiefly a rich land of rose gardens, palms and nightingales the mental picture is fanciful in the extreme. No such vision is justified, even by the poets of Persia. The Rubaiyat has a good deal to say about roses, but it does not forget "the desert's dusty face" nor hide "the strip of herbage strown" which so narrowly "divides the desert and the sown."

### Fine Results From Simple Dyes.

A demonstration held in London by the Knox Guild of Design and Crafts showed the beautiful results produced by ordinary methods of dyeing. Some woolen stuffs woven by members of the guild with primitive apparatus were dyed with privet, bracken, gorse and other well-known plants and even with soot from the chimney, the last producing a beautiful old gold tint.

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—Chesterfield

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Extra wrapper of moisture-proof paper seals in the flavor.

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CIGARETTES

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