

RED PEPPER AN ELIXIR

From the Kansas City Star. How To Beat Oldster. Eat red pepper. Eschew black pepper, tea and coffee.

The Rock Island.

From the Wichita Eagle. Twenty years ago there was no finer railroad in the west than the Rock Island.

Preventable Railroad Wrecking.

There ought to be a way to prevent such performances as have led to the Rock Island receivership. There is a way.

WORD GEMS SCRATCHED ON WINDOWS OF INNS

Throughout the country, particularly in the smaller towns and villages, there still remain many inns and old taverns whose windowpanes have been scratched.

"LITTLE GRAFTERS" AND "THE HIGHER UPS"

From the Indianapolis News. There is, as far as we know, not a case on record in which the "big men" the men who inspired crime.

THE THREE SISTERS.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Hans and Gretchen were sitting beside the fireplace one very cold night watching their last stick of wood burn.

PAPER IN THE KITCHEN.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) The kitchen might well be literally crowded with paper of various sorts.

A Drunken Tokk.

From the New York World. The common stock capitalization of the Bethlehem Steel company is \$60,000,000.

THE THING THAT LASTS.

By Edmund Burke. It has pleased providence to place us in such a state that we appear at every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutation.

"I am the Fairy of Hope, come to help you, although you do not deserve it, for poor Gretchen has to bear your grumbling, and still she looks on the bright side, and hopes for better times.



She hurried to the fireplace and touched the dying fire with a bright staff she carried in her hand. The fire blazed and warmed the room.

CHAPTER VI--(Continued).

Mr. Presbrey took the liberty of interrupting him. This was an instance when Horace was not only likely to excuse an interruption but might even welcome it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BENDING OF HORACE BLAGDEN.

Late the next afternoon Horace received a telegram that puzzled him not a little. It was from Chetwynd. "Who won the prize? Wire me at the Holland as usual."

MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER VI--(Continued).

Mr. Presbrey took the liberty of interrupting him. This was an instance when Horace was not only likely to excuse an interruption but might even welcome it.

Eric could hardly believe his senses. It was the first time he had heard that expression come from his uncle's lips. Somehow, it had never entered his head that Chetwynd's father could be sorry for anybody.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BENDING OF HORACE BLAGDEN.

Late the next afternoon Horace received a telegram that puzzled him not a little. It was from Chetwynd. "Who won the prize? Wire me at the Holland as usual."

missed several things, and—well, he as much as said I'd taken things that didn't belong to me." Horace smiled with grim derision.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Blagden's face grew deathly white and then turned purple. He sprang to his feet and advanced upon the boy, a furious glare in his eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

The shadows of dusk crept into the room through the high windows; the waning light of the summer day looked in upon the strange tableau, and vague sounds from the street below, but without the power to disturb.