
Do not "stuff." a gallon of water every day. Breathe deeply. Keep out of doors as much as pos-

wible.

That is the basis of the longevity rules of Dr. W. P. Horton, Cleveland physician, who is 60 years old, but looks 40. He says he "feels 30," and on the old theory that "woman, poor thing, is as old as she looks, but a man's just as young as he feels," he says he is only 30.

Dr. Horton is "husky," clear eyed and the glow of health is reflected in his cheeks.

his cheeks.

his cheeks.

"I have been making a study of people for 40 years," said Dr. Horton.

"The trouble with most of them is that they 'exist' too fast. They don't live. In these days we don't really eat. We swallow predigested foods. We drink tea, coffee and other stimulants in ever increasing quantities. We exist in overheated, steam heated atmosphere. We spend too much time in stuffy unventilated street cars and not enough in the open air.

"Our children skate in indoor rinks, our men play pool and poker in smoke-

"Our children skate in indoor rinks, our men play pool and poker in smoke-filled rooms, our women play bridge in close drawing rooms. If there was more walking to school by children, walking at least part of the way to office by men and walking to market by the women we would all be better off. This was the children in the state of the women we would all be better off. This was the state of the women we would all be better off. This artificiality is telling on us. Instead of controlling our muscles and nerves, our muscles and nerves control us.

"Such stimulants as coffee and tea contain ingredients," such as tannin, which close the glands which contain the fluids of life. These ingredients are tontained in white and black pepper as tell as in tea and coffee. Red pepper, however, has the opposite effect. It spens the glands and keeps the life Buids racing within us. In addition, it treates a thirst for water, which, by the way, is about as near the 'waters of youth' or the 'elixir of life, as has been It is almost impossible for anyone to drink too much water. body cannot be flushed too Drink more water and eat less food, even of the right kind, and you'll see how much better off you are both ohysically and mentally."

The Rock Island. From the Wichita Eagle.

The Rock Island.

From the Wichita Eagle.

Twenty years ago there was no finer railroad property in the west than the Rock Island. Its equipment was first Mass, its road bed the best, its management unexcelled. Yesterday it went into the hards of receivers. So completely disordered is the financial fabric of the property, that an examination proves that he holding company, the head of the corporate body, has vanished. The Rock Island company, which owned the Rock Island Railroad company which owned the Rock Island Railroad company, which owned the Rock Island Railroad company, has disappeared. By the creation of successive corporations by inserting wheels within wheels, by uncontrolled issues of stock and their manipulation, the system was everloaded. The rails, cars, engines, terminals, right-of-way remain. They belong to the bond-holders. Potentially the road is greater physically than it was 20 years ago. Its territory is larger and more fully developed. With betterments in rail, road bed and equipment, it can be, in efficiency, the road it was 20 years ago. But the money which a shipping and travelling and an investing public put into the road for its betterment is water that has gone over the dam forever. If the Rock Island had remained under the control of pracheal railroad men, every cent which the public gave, would have returned to it in service. The road fell under the control of speculators, who returned the public little, squeezed the road dry, and threw the busks to the bondholders. The device is not new; it is old. Precisely the same thing has occurred before; it will occur again. The public has paid the price before, is paying now, and will pay again. It is the chief wonder of a wonderful age that the public continues to shrink from public ownership and goes on paying for a public service the toil of private exploitation.

Preventable Rallroad Wrecking. From the New York World. There ought to be a way to prevent such performances as have led to the

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

The stock of this great railroad property was once gilt edged and sold around \$200 a share. It fell into the hands of a clique of unscrupulous speculators who used the high credit of the property to manufacture over \$270,000,000 of new securities, which have now been practically wiped out. Through the agency of the New York stock exchange some \$150,-000,000 of wind-and-water stock was worked off on the public and otherwise used in one of the biggest swindling operations ever related to that institution. The road came to be operated primarily for these purposes and secondarily for transportation purposes.

We have government regulation of interstate railroads on a great variety of points more or less essential. We have no government regulation of such roads on the particularly essential point of capital inflation, which means speculative control, which in turn means an exhaustion of the property for temporary speculative effects.

It makes no difference whether the capital inflation is direct or as with the Rock Island, effected through holding companies. The one can be prevented as ensily as the other. The proposition of giving to the Interstate Commerce commission this essential measure of control has been before congress for years and neglected. How many more railroads are going to be wrecked through swindling speculative inflation before congress is moved to action?

The services of about 70,000 persons are required to take a census of this country.

....... "LITTLE GRAFTERS" AND THE "HIGHER UPS"

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 and profited by it, ever made a serious attempt to protect their corrupt and criminal tools. That would, indeed, be in violation of the rules of the game. The little men do the work, assume all the responsibility, and take whatever punishment comes—and keep slient as to the compilcity of other higher-ups. That, we say, is the rule of the game. It is the same as in the old days when the king repudiated the act of an agent, even if he had ordered it, when it was found that the monarch would suffer because of it. And the agent expected nothing else.

In cases of political crime, the bosses, so far from protecting their agents, invariably expect to be protected by them. And they are not often disappointed. Nothing is more astounding than this self-sacrificing loyalty. In "days of old" the barons used to give a full equivalent for the services performed by their retainers. But things have changed. The modern barons denand that their retainers shall not only work and steal for them, under their orders, but also bear the penalty for the crimes committed at the command of the barons. It is expected that the retainer shall not only do the dirty work of his overlord, but suffer in his steadand in abject clience.

Surely by this time the little people must realize that there is no possible protection for them. When

ple must realize that there is no possible protection for them. When exposure comes they are immediately dumped.

(Conyright, 1915, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) Hans and Gretchen were sitting be-Hans and Gretchen were sitting be-side the fireplace one very cold night

watching their last stick of wood burn. "What shall we do but freeze?" asked Hans; "now that our last stick is alt gone; there is no one to help us we are too old to go out to work?" "We shall be cared for," replied Gretchen; "I feel sure of that. Some one is knocking at the door," she said.
"Good evening!" said a cheery voice,
and a girl dressed in white came into the room. Her dress looked like the snow, all sparkling with little crystals and her hair fell over her shoulders

like spun gold.

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. Then with the same staff she touched the woodbox that stood beside the fireplace and it was filled with wood.

Next she went to the closet and filled all the shelves with food, and when she started toward the door the house was comfortable, and there was food enough to last some time. "Who are you?" asked Hans, who

who are your asked mans, who had been watching this shining creature with wondering eyes.
"I am the Fairy of Faith," was the reply. "You will do well to profit by

reply. "You will do well to profit by the example Gretchen set you, and have a little more faith," and with these words she went and closed the door. "This is all very well," said Hans, the next day, when he and Gretchen were sitting by the fire after a good dinner, "but where when this is gone?" "but where shall we get more

Oh! I hope the winter will soon be over now," said Gretchen, "and the summer will not be so hard for poor

Hans planted his garden when the Hans planted his garden when the spring came, but the rain came also, and one day he sat grumbling in the kitchen. "Where is your sunshine you hoped for?" he asked. "All the vegetables will be spoiled, and we shall starve this winter."

"Do try to look on the bright side." replied Gretchen. "I hope the sun will come out soon, and then you will see we shall have plenty and to spare this winter."

But Hans would not see anything but disaster ahead, and that night he ate his supper in silence, with a very black looking face.

looking face.
"Some one is knocking at the doer," said Gretchen.
"It is the wind," replied Hans; "who would be out in this rain?"
But the knocking came again and Hans opened the door.
A girl entered, dressed in garments

THE THREE SISTERS.

"I am the Fairy of Hope, come to help bright side, and hopes for better times. Your garden will please you in the morning, but it is really for Gretch-en that I came. Be of good cheer," she said to Gretchen, as she went out,

The next morning Hans found the sun shining when he awoke, and the vegetables grew in abundance, so that when winter came they had more than enough for their need and plenty of wood to keep warm.

One day, when the snow was on the ground, and it was very cold, Gretchen said: "Don't you think we ought to



to the poor family at the end of the

"No," replied Hans. "Why should w give away that which we have worked to get? Besides that, that lazy fellow should have worked and got enough ahead for the winter. He is a lazy, good for nothing. Now let him starve."

When they were at supper that night, a knock came upon the door.

Hans went to the door and opened it.

"Good evening," said a quiet voice, and a girl dressed in gray entered and ciosed the door, for Hans had backed into a corner of the room, her eyes were looking at him in such a mournful way. looking at him in such a mournful way

looking at him in such a mournful way.

"Who are you?" he asked at last.

"I am the Fairy of Charity," the girl replied, "and I have come to ask you way you refuse to help the poor man who is your neighbor and less fortunate than yourself. You have no charity in your hear. Gretchen is the one who has brought all your good fortune to you. Be charitable to those who do not know how to help themselves and not know how to help themselves, and give from out your plentiful store to those who have less.

"I am the last of the three sisters, and if you do not profit from our visits, "Some one is knocking at the doer," said Gretchen.

"It is the wind," replied Hans; "who would be out in this rain?"
But the knocking came again and Hans opened the door.

A girl entered, dressed in garments like the sun, so bright and warm that they filled the room with a feeling of gladness, which even Hans, with his doubting spirit, feit.

"Who are you?" he asked.

and if you do not profit from our visits, you will live a sorrowful and unloved old age. Be warned in time, and remember the fairy sisters who have visited you—Faith, Hope and Charity—I am the last, and the greatest to be desired." And she disappeared into the night as her sisters had done.

Hans came out of his corner when she had gone. "You'd better fill a basket," he said, "and I will take it in the morning to the poor family at the end of the road."

PAPER IN THE KITCHEN.

economies

newspaper. So a supply of papers cut in quarters should be neatly placed in a cupboard.

Old magazines are used by some laundresses for iron stands, although it is a per year good plan to stand the iron on some metal contrivance, as the scorching paper smells. Moreover, old magazines ought to be sent to hospitals or to friends, where they can be further enjoyed.

like a fruit cake, three or four layers of the paper should be used.

Some of the shops sell waxed paper discs already cut for lining layer cake pans, but it is not difficult to cut these if you have time.

Always have some brown paper for draining croquets and other dried food. This should be fresh brown paper, bought for the puppose, as that which a cupboard.

roll of paper toweling in the kitch-

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The kitchen might well be literally crowded with paper of various sorts, If all its uses are taken into count when the wise housekeeper is thinking of erator to chill and a dozen uses will occupate.

conomies.

To begin with, a lining of newspaper to the dust box is good. This lining can be destroyed daily when the contents of the box are burned. The garbage can, too, can be lined with newspaper, and all bits of refuse that are put into it can be wrapped in newspaper for the sake of further prevention of odors.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen stove, the best way to get it off is to rub it quickly with some bundled up newspaper. So a supply of papers cut in quarters should be neatly placed in a cupboard.

Occur to every housekeeper who tries them.

There are on the market paper dish cloths that are also very sanitary. They are cheap, and after they have been used a few times they should be destroyed.

Of course, plenty of waxed paper should be on hand, for on it candles and various other confections can be rained, and it can be used under cakes and for linings for cake tins. For a cake that requires very long cooking, the paper should be used.

bought for the purpose, as that which comes around bundles may not always en is always useful. These towels, if be clean. A few small sheets of blotthey are liked, can be used for hand ting paper, too, can be used for draintowels. Moreover, they can be used to ing fried foods.

WORD GEMS SCRATCHED ON WINDOWS OF INNS ++++++++++++++++++

From the London Tit-Bits. Throughout the country, particularly in And you'll have to make fast with a pin: the smaller towns and villages, there still But be sure lay a pin or two in. remain many inns and old taverns on whose windowpanes have been scratched rhymes, verses, and epigrams by people who afterwards became, or who were at who, however, still preserves the cut-ou

the time, more or less famous.

The poet Burns was what might be termed a great "offender" in this respectone wonders where he procurred the necessary diamond—and several of his glass-borne rhymes have been preserved to this day. It was on a window of the Dumfries-a favorite resort of his-that he inscribed the well known tribute to the beauty of the young daughter of the factor of Closeburn es tate, near Ellisland:

O lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart, There's not a flower that blooms in Bay That's half so fair as thou art.

On another occasion the poet was dining at the inn at Moffat, when "the charmlovely Davies" of one of his songs rode by, accompanied by a lady tall and portly. A friend who was with him asked why God made the one lady so large and other so little. Whereupon Burns scratched the following on the pane at his elbow:

Ask why God made the gem so small, And why so huge the granite? Because God meant mankind should set The higher value on it.

No one has apologized more prettily for those of "scrimpit stature. On an inn parlour window at Mold, in Flintshire, are the following lines, which are attributed to Sheridan:

Were I to curse the man I hate From youth till I grow old. Oh, might he be condemned by Fate To live his life in Mold;

while on a pane of glass in the parlour window of the Red Lion at Henley, Shenstone, the English poet, scratched the

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.
Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

A verselet, which is both amusing and true, may be seen on a windowpane in a hostelry in the Lake district, in the neighbourhood of the Langdale Pikes. It runs

Little bits of Langdales, Little bits of Pikes, Make the little tourists Walk their little bikes

Advertisement not infrequently finds place among the jingling periods of a pithy rhyme, as is evident from the prac-tical advice given below. The landlord himself claims to the authorship of the

occur to every housekeeper who tries

the state of the s

Should you start with your clothes A size or two large, You will find when you've dined at this inn Your buttons fly off like a cavalry

The following inscribed on the coffee

room window of a Thames-side taverr was promptly removed by the landlord, pane as a curiosity behind the bar;

I told the waiter James
To fetch me for my pickin'
Some Beaune of '87
And a tender little chicken.
He took my order in a trice;
But as I hope for heaven,
fhe wine was bottled in the spring,
The bird was 87.

A Drunken Stock

A Drunken Stock.

From the New York World.

The common stock capitalization of the Bethlehem Steel company is \$15,000,000 par value. At one time in yesterday's market this body of stock was valued at \$19,200,000: at another time it was valued at \$2,550,000 more. In the five hours of trading on Tuesday it was worth at one time \$4,800,000 more than, it was at another time. It has fluctuated nearly \$1,000,000 between sales. It has fluctuated millions of dollars between hours of trading. And it pays no dividends.

This is about the worst case of intoxication ever known to affect a security in the experience of the New York stock exchange. The celebrated debauch of Northern Pacific in the corner of 1901 was over in a few hours. The 30-point manipulation in Rock Island lasted for little more than as many minutes. But Bethlehem Steel goes reelling from curb to curb and bouncing from floor to celling and through the roof day after day. It is selling at the highest prices ever quoted for a stock yielding no income, and estimates of its value as a future sober and industrious citizen are as wide apart as its stretches of leg to keep right side up in the mean time.

As an incident of the present speculative revival, Bethlehem Steel will be long remembered. Mr. Schwab has given the Wall street market the most exciting gamble of its life. But, if this drunken stock does not sober up soon, it will be in order for the exchange, on behalf of the public safety thereabouts, to see that it is "run in" and put to bed for a sobering up.

*************** 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 mutations.

There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for a guide with regard to ourselves, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes—our advocate, our access the form the stand after the great the contract the contract of the stand after this globe is burned to ashes—our advocate, our access the form the stand after the standard after the standa to ashes—our advocate, our ac-cuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well spent life.

.......

IIII IIII IIII

MARY MIDTHORNE

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

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IIII IIII IIII

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. So Mr. Presbrey rose to the occasion. He put in a tempering

"My dear sir, put that thought from "My dear sir, put that thought from you, once and for all. Chetwynd was certainly as eligible as anyone. All is fair in—er—love, and war. Ha, ha! Quite so, quite so! Ha, ha! You heard what Mr. Borden, of the committee, said. "Amazingly clever and brilliant idea for a college boy, and well thought out." Those were his very words. I made it a point to remember words. I made it a point to remember them so that I might repeat them to Mrs. Blagden.'

Horace smiled benignly, and then permitted a cloud to cross his face. He squeezed Eric's shoulder in consoling grip and said: "It's hard on you, Eric. If it hadn't been for Chetwynd, I am sure you would have carried off the honor. I can't help thinking that I should have kept your cousin out of the

contest."

"It wouldn't have been right sir,"
said Eric simply. He had swallowed
hard before opening his mouth.

"I am sorry, Eric," went on his

uncle, kindly.

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.

There were tears in Mary's eyes as they followed Mr. Blagden and his guests into the house. She pressed Eric's arm.

"I just know his design wasn't as "I just know his design wasn't as good as yours, Eric," she whispered.
"Oh, I don't mind a bit, girlie," he said bravely, despite the sore. disappointment in his heart, "It's all in a lifetime." A moment later, he muttered, more to himself than to her: "I wonder when he worked at the design. He read novels all the time, so far as I could tell." "I suppose it will be on exhibition at the public library," said Mary, in

grudging tones. "I'll see it tomorrow."

Mrs. Blagden came down the stair-

way, dry eyed and eager. Even as she shook hands with the Presbreys, she flashed a questioning glance at her husband.
"Did Chetwynd get it?" she asked.

"Certainly," replied Horace. She beamed. "You must telegraph the news to him, Horace." He playfully tapped her on the cheek with his slim, cool fingers. "I already have done so, my dear.'

CHAPTER VII. THE BENDING OF HORACE BLAGDEN.

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

What puzzled Horace was this: what What puzzled Horace was this: what had become of the telegram addressed to his son at the Holland half an hour after the awarding of the prize the day before? But what would have puzzled anyone who knew Mr. Blagden at all well, was his action in sending a second telegram without inquiring at the telegraph office why the first had not been delivered. The thin line between the banker's eyes seemed to have deepened perceptibly after the receipt of his son's query. Somehow, he had the ugly son's query. Somehow, he had the ugly notion that his first telegram was ly-ing unclaimed at the hotel in New York.

4 in the afternoon. It was his prac-tice, not to say habit, to walk up the street to his club—the only one in town that a gentleman could enter without glancing over his shoulder in all direc tions-there to read the Boston papers and engage in a subsequent game of cribbage with Colonel Harkweather, who also read the papers before doing anything else. On this particular af-ternoon, however, the colonel not only read the Boston papers, but scanned the New York dailies and then took up the magazines. Finally he went home in fine disgust. It was the first time in months that Blagden had failed to appear. He was half way home before it occurred to him that the banker might be ill. So he entered a drug and telephoned to the house on ill. He was not at all relieved to hear from Mrs. Blagden herself that Horace had never been in better health If anything, the colonel was more fu rious than before, considering himself a much abused man. He kept saying over and over again to himself that he was sorry Blagden was not ill: there was now no excuse at all for him that he could see But Horace sat at his desk much

later than usual on this day, a trou-bled frown on his brow. He was not thinking of Chetwynd, as you might -at least, he was not devoting suppose all of his thoughts to the boy. It seems there was a very grave cause for suspecting a former employe of dishonest practices during the last days of his employment in the bank. Within the past week, auditors, in going over the books anticipatory to the appearance of the bank examiner, had unearthed discrepancies in the balances. There was a clearly defined shortage of nearly \$5,000, carried over for several months before coming to light. Careful investigation revealed the fact that the shortage was created about the time the assistant teller left the bank in order to make room for the president's son. The young man himself, one John Payson, after losing his position, se-cured work in the offices of a building and loan society, upon the unqualified recommendation of Horace Blag den. He remained in the bank for a week after Chetwynd was installed, in structing him in the duties of office. As near as could be reckoned, the embezzlement occurred immediately before or during his week of instruction.

Nothing of the kind had happened be

fore in the history of Blagden & Co. Not so much as a penny had been feloniously taken from its coffers, not in all the 60 years of the bank's existence To wonder, then, that Horace was dis turbed.

To think that he had employed a mar who could stoop to theft! And to think that subsequently he had recommended him to a position of trust! It was most

upsetting. With a promptness that suggested panic Mr. Blagden hired a New York detective and put him on the case. For detective and put him on the case. For a week or more, that worthy had been devoting his time and intelligence to a study of the past and present habits of the suspected young man, with the surprising result that, so far, he was unable to report to Mr. Blagden that they were anything but good. This, of course, convinced Horace that the fel-business going into his room, that ha'd contain-of-industry vote.

"I wrapped it up carefully and put it was followed by the case. I wrapped it up carefully and put it was followed. I would support to what they regard as the "masses," or the "lower regard as t

low was an uncommonly clever rascal

The detective was Adam Carr.
On this particular day, Mr. Blagden sat in his private office long after the hour for closing, aimlessly fingering the telegram he had received from his son, but intently considering the day's report from Adam Carr. It was beginreport from Adam Carr. It was begin-ning to enter his mind that Carr was not competent to handle a case so baffling as this appeared to be. He was wondering if it would not be a wise move to dismiss him and employ a Boston man who, it appears, had caught a very clever defaulter after chasing him for three years. But as Horace was a prompt man in everything, he was bound to admit that he was averse to hiring a man who was so slow as all that. He had talked it over with the cashier and three of the directors, and they had advised hiring the Boston man. That was another reason why

he hesitated.

Carr's report for the day brought nothing new to his impatient mind. The ex-teller was behaving in a most circumspect manner. There was no evidence that he gambled, speculated, or kept a woman in New York. Payson had not visited New York in two years so far as Adam Carr could learn, and Horace was forced to admit that if he had a paramour at all, she must be in New York. She couldn't be in Cor-

inth. The telephone on his desk rang. He put the receiver to his ear with me-chanical precision and said: "Yes." The voice that came out of the little black tube was so loud and vibrant that his eyelids twitched with pain; he held the receiver a little farther away. It always annoyed him to have anyone shout in his ear. A look of surprise followed immediately. Eric Midthorne was speaking.

was speaking.

"Yes. I am still here," replied Mr. Blagden. "What is it?" He listened for a moment to the strident, excited voice and then cut in with the curt remark: "It isn't necessary to shout. I can hear you. . . Yes, I will wait here if it is important. But don't be long about it. Come up if you must Three minutes later Eric burst into

the room without so much as a tap on the mahogany door. "Dear me, Eric, is this the way to enter a room?" demanded Horace, in that mild tone of reproof that never failed to hurt more than a sharp repri-

mand. Eric's face was as white as chalk. He came directly to the desk, but many seconds elapsed before he could force words through his twisted lips. Horace stared at the boy's convulsed face in

actual surprise.
"Uncle Horace," began Eric hoarsely, "it was my drawing that took the prize. Do yeu know that? It was my drawing. I have just seen it." Mr. Blagden's brow darkened; his grey eyes narrowed and seemed to turn

black as coal. "What are you saying?" he demand-Eric struck the desk a violent blow with his clenched fist. His eyes shot

fire.
"It was my drawing! Chetwynd stole Horace opened his eyes very wide. A look that no one had ever seen in them before grew as he stared, with parted lips, at him who uttered those awful words. He closed his lips sudden-ly to hold back the gush of ice water that seemed to fill his mouth. He swal-lowed, and the chill spread through-out his body. He did not realize it at

the fear of Chetwynd. a bit greyer than before perhaps, but quite as austere. 'What do you mean, sir, by striking

my table in that manner? Try to gov-ern yoursel, sir, or leave the room." He He chose to resent the boy's actions, rather than his words. Afterwards, in analvsing his emotions, he came to acknowledge a shameful weakness in shrinking from the real attack.

"I swear, Uncle Horace, so help me God, that the drawing sent in by Chetwynd is the one I made. I have never een the one that bears my name. never drew it. Oh, it was a dirty trick! It was fiendish! Uncle, you've just got It was fiendish! Uncle, you've just got to straighten it out. He took my drawing. I don't know how or when but it mine that has his name on it over Tears of rage and despair filled his

Mr. Blagden had himself well in hand by this time.
"You are making a very serious charge against your cousin, Eric," he said levelly. "I cannot permit you to

said levelly. "I cannot permit you to go on in this way. You—"
"But it is true!" cried Eric wildly.
"I swear it's true!" "Do not interrupt me. Why should I believe what you say? How could Chetwynd have come into possession of your drawing? You kept it under lock and key; you presented it to the committee with your own hands, did you not? You would hardly go so far as to accuse the honorable judges of substituting one drawing for the other,

missed several things, and-and-well. he as much as said I'd taken things

that didn't belong to me."

Horace smiled with grim deristveness. 'It is possible he had as much right to accuse you as you have to accuse him. It seems to me his case is as good as

am not a thief!"

"I am not a thief!"
"He might say the same. Did he find the scarf pin?"
"The told her he found

Eric flushed. "He told her he found t. But he lied." "Eric!" "He lied!" Mr. Blagden's face grew deathly

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.

"You scoundrel! You vilifier! You unhung rasca!! How dare you come to me with such a story as this?" He choked, he appeared to be strangling. Eric shrank back aghast. No one had ever heard a blasphemous word on the lins of Horace Blagden, but new Eric lips of Horace Blagden, but new Eric was to listen to a torrent of wild profanity that would have shocked even the walls of a ship's forecastle. He was seized with the fear that his uncle had

gone mad, utterly mad.
"Uncle!" he cried, putting up his
hands as if to shield himself from a

"I could kill you where you stand, curse you," hissed the man. A great light broke in upon stand, curse you," hissed the man.

A great light broke in upon him. "Ah! Now I understand! Now I can see how a man justifies himself for taking another's life. By heavens, I know how sweet it would be to kill." In his frenzy, he looked about for a deadly weapon.

Then, as suddenly, his whole manner changed. He fell back against the table, his jaw dropping, an expression of great horror crossing his face.

of great horror crossing his face.

"Good God, help me," he greaned, shaking as with the ague. "What is it I have said? What is it that is in my heart? Murder? Oh, my God."

He would have fallen had not the how leaved forward to eateh him her boy leaped forward to catch him by the arm. Mr. Blagden shook him off. Eric fell away, moving toward the door.

ready to flee from this amazing figure,

ready to flee from this amazing figure, this unknown being.

His uncle turned his sodden eyes upon him, and motioned with a trembling hand for him to stay.

"Stop! Don't run away. Wait, Eric.

I—I ask you to wait here until—until
I—" Whatever it was that he meant to say, the words were not uttered. Somehow Eric understood. He stood in the middle of the floor and watched his uncle stagger to the couch over near the wall, upon which he dropped as if every vestige of strength had deserted him.

The minutes passed slowly. The picture remained the same. The wondering, half stupefied boy in the middle of the room; the motionless figure on couch, from whose lips ever and anon came two hoarsely whispered words: "My God!"

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 came, but without the power to disturb. Somewhere, off in the deserted banking room, a watchman was shuffling and whistling. Eric waited for him to open the door and break the spell that had fallen over the president's office. Nothing else, it seemed, could shake the fetters from his feet, or drive the warm blood back into his empty veins. Would the heavy breathing figure on the couch never change its limp position? Would the hand never be drawn away

from the eyes it covered?

At last, when the room had grown quite dark, Horace Blagden moved. The boy's tense figure relaxed so suddenly that his legs almost gave way.

"Answer the telephone, please," said Mr. Blagden, his voice clam once more

The telephone had been buzzing for a minute or longer. Eric grabbed up the receiver. "It is Aunt Rena," he said lazily.
"She wants to know if you are ill why you are so late coming home, uncl

but weak.

"Tell her I am all right and will be there at once."
He arose from the couch, taller. the moment, but afterwards he was to recall that he was experiencing the first Eric as he saw him through the gathtouch of a blighting fear from which he was never afterwards to be free; ering darkness.

the couch, In an instant, he was himself again, Will you get my hat and cane from bit greyer than before perhaps, but the closet?" the closet?"
The boy hesitated. "I can't go home with you now, Uncle Horace. Not after

what I've said to you."

There was another long period of silence. The man's eyes were half closed.

(Continued next week.) A Vote Getting Speech

From the Kansas City Star. It is understood that the political speeches of Senator Weeks of Massachu-setts, until recently of Hornblower & Weeks, bankers and brokers of Boston, speeches of Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, until recently of Hornblower & Weeks, bankers and brokers of Boston, formerly president of the Newtonville Trust company and vice president of the First National bank of Boston, have awakened the greatest enthusiasm in the

highest financial circles.

Mr. Weeks has assured big business that it was being abused; frightfully abused. The officers of the United States Steel corporation, the Standard Oil company, the Pennsylvania railroad and other similar institutions had suspected as much all along, and when they heard about it from Senator Weeks they knew it must be

As the senator so cogently says, whither are we drifting? Here is the Interstate Commerce commission sitting on the lid for the railroads and refusing to permit them to fix what rates they please. Here ie congress shaving the tariff and telling the big woolen mills monopoly that it must submit to a little foreign competition. Here is the Missouri public utilities commission waiting to see what the Metropolitan is going to try to put over on Kansas City.

committee with your own hands, did you not? You would hardly go so far as to accuse the honorable judges of substituting one drawing for the other, of placing my son's name on your work or allowing him to do so, if it could have gone that far."

"But it is my drawing and it has his name on it. It wasn't there when I submitted the design to Mr. Porter, the librarian."

"Do you consider this a sportsmanlike manner in which to take defeat?" demanded Horace sneeringly.

"I don't consider it a defeat, Uncle Horace," said Eric deliberately. "My drawing won the prize."

Mr. Blagden's stern gaze wavered ever so slightly.

"If you placed your drawing in Mr. Porter's hands, then what, may I ask, inspires you to make this deliberate charge against my son? It isn't likely he could have wished his name to appear upon it, to have it appear there as if by magic. This is not the age of Aladdin."

"I can't understand it any more than you, sir, but it is true, just the same," cried Eric deggedly. "Mr. Porters asys that no one touched the drawings."

"Then, will you be good enough to try to put over on Kansas Cly.

Oh. my

Oh.