STOMACH CATARRH Few, if any, remedies can equal the value of Pe-ru-na for catarrh of the stomach. At this season it is estimated that every third person is more or less troubled with this form of catarrh BE READY Have the Proper Medicine in the House, Sold Everywhere ablets or

Did Seem Peculiar

auid

Girl friend bought a slip-on, which, as cognoscenti know, is the filmy thing a lady gets into first. Then she went to a theater and lost the package. Called up the manager.

'Was anything found in Box A after the matinee?" she asked. "Don't know," said the manager.

"I'll inquire. What was it?" Girl friend blushed unseen at the other end of the wire. Then she stammored:

"It-it was a slip-on."

"I'll ask," said the manager. "But how in the name of Mike did you manage to lose It?"-Atlanta Constitution.

### When in Doubt

Lady Planist (who, after an hour of it, has nearly played her visitor to sleep)-What would you like me to play now?

The Visitor (dreamily -- Oh, I dunno -I should keep right on with trumps.



Ah Cum was himself puzzled. Why hadn't he admitted that he recognized the photograph? What instinct had impelled him swiftly to assume his Oriental mask

"Whyf" asked O'Higgina. "What's the particular dope?" "If I told you, you would laugh." answered Ah Cum, gravely.

"No; I don't think I'd laugh. You never saw him before yesterday. Why should you want to shield him ?"

"I really don't know." "Because he said he was a

Yale man !" "That might be it."

"Treated you like a white man there, did they ?"

"Like a gentleman." "All right. I had that coming. I didn't think. But, holy smoke! -the Yale spirit in. . . .

"A Chinaman. I wonder. I spent many happy days there. Perhaps it was the recollection of those happy days. You are a detective?"

"Yes. I have come thirteen thousand miles for this young fellow; I'm ready to go galloping thirteen thousand more."

'You have extradition papers1"

"What sort of a detective do you think I am!" countered O'Higgins.

"Then his case is hopeless." "Absolutely."

"I'm sorry. He does not look the criminal."

"That's the way it goes. You never can tell." There was a pause. "They tell me over here that the averge Chinman is honest."

Ah Cum shrugged. "Yes?" "And that when they give their word they never break it." D'Higgins had an idea in regard

Bought the freedom of a sing-

song girl; and all the while you

knew you'd have to tote the girl

"I've got a proposition to

"So long as it is open and

"It's that, but it interferes

"Very much, if I can earn

"It won't. Here goes. I've

with the college spirit stuff.

Would a hundred dollars interest

it without offending my con-

come all these miles for this

young fellow; but I don't cotton

to the idea of lallygagging four

weeks in this burg. I've an idea

it'll be that long before the chap

gets up. My proposition is for

you to keep an eye on him, and

the moment he puts on his

clothes to send me a telegram,

care of the Hong-Kong Hotel.

Understand me. Double-crossing

wouldn't do any good. For all you might know, I might have

someone watching you. This time

he couldn't get far. He will

have to return to Hong-Kong."

"Not necessarily. There is a

"He won't be taking that. The

only safe place for him is at sea;

and if he had kept to the sea, I

shouldn't have found him so

easily. Well, what about it ?"

"As an honest Chinaman ?"-

O'Higgins produced his wallet.

"Agreed. Here are the jade

"Fifty now and fifty when I re-

carvers. Would you like to see

"Lead on, Macduff!"

taking out the offensiveness of

the query by smiling. "As an honest Chinaman."

back. But the Yale spirit!"

Ah Cum laughed.

above board."

you!"

science."

railroad."

"I accept."

them at work ?"

turn.'

make," said O'Higgins.

elsewhere. She would be elemental; there would be in her somewhere the sleeping tigress. The elemental woman was always close to the cat: as the elemental man was always but a point removed from the wolf.

sunlight-beautifully clear in one

spot and mysteriously obscured

It was so arranged that Ruth went on duty after breakfast and remained until noon. The afternoon was her own; but from eight until midnight she sat beside the patient. At no time did she feel bodily or mental fatigue. Frequently she would doze in her chair; but the slightest movement on the bed aroused her.

At luncheon, on the third day, a thick-set man with a blue jaw smiled across his table at her. She recognized him as the man who had blundered into the wrong room.

"How is the patient?" he asked.

"He will live," answered Ruth. "That's fine," said O'Higgins. "I supose he'll be on his feet any day now." "No. It will take at least

three weeks."

"Well, so long as he gets on his feet in the end. You're a friend of the young man !"

"If you mean did I know him before he came ill," no." "Ah." O'Higgins revolved

this information about but no angle emitted light. Basically a kindly man but made evnical and derisive by sordid contacts, O'Higgins had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as unselfishness. The man or woman who did something for nothing always excited his suspicions; they were playing some kind of a game. "You mean you were just sorry for him?"

"As I would be for any human being in pain." "Uh-huh." For the life of

him, O'Higgins could not think of anything else to say. Just because she was sorry for that young fool! "Uh-huh," he repeated, rising and bowing as he passed Ruth's table. He wished he had the time to solve this riddle, for it was a riddle, and foursquare besides. Back in the States young women did not offer to play the Good Samaritan to strange young fools whom Jawn D. Barleycorn had sent to the mat for the count of nine: unless the young fool's daddy had a bundle of coin. Maybe the girl was telling the truth, and then again, maybe she wasn't. The situation bothered him considerably. Things happened frequently over here that wouldn't happen in the States once in a hundred years. Who could say that the two weren't in collusion? When a chap like Spurlook jumped the traces, cherchez la femme, every time. He hadn't gambled or played the horses or hit the booze back there in little old New York . "Aw, piffle!" he said, half aloud and rather disgutedly, as he stepped out into the sunshine. "My old coco is disintegrating. I've bumped into so much of the underside that I can't see clean any more. No girl with a face like that . . . . And yet, dang it! I've seen 'em just as innocent looking that were prime vipers. Let's get to Hong-Kong, James, and hit the high spots while there in time."

is not quite equal to the task. She was acquiring truths, but in a series of shocks rather than by the process of analysis.

There were seven tales in allshort stories-a method of expression quite strange to her, after the immense canvases of, Dickens and Hugo. When she had finished the first tale, there was a sense of disappointment. She had expected a love story; and love was totally absent. It was a tale of battle, murder, and sudden death on the New York waterfront. Sordid; but that was not Ruth's term for it; she had no precise commentary to offer.

From time to time she would come upon a line of singular beauty or a paragraph full of haunting music; and these would send her rushing on for something that never happened. Each manuscript was like the other the same lovely treatment of an unlovely subject. Abruptly would come the end. It was as if she had come upon the beautiful marble facade of a fairy palace, was invited to enter, and behind the door-nothing.

She did not realize that she was offering criticisms. The word "criticism" had no concrete meaning to her then; no more than "compromise." Some innate sense of balance told her that something was wrong with these tales. She could not explain in words why they disappointed.

Two hours had come and gone during this tantalizing occupation. At least, the tales had the ability to make her forget where she was; which was something in their favour.

"My coat!" Ruth did not move but stared astonishedly at the patient. "My coat!" he repeated, his

glance burning into hers. (TO BE CONTINUED)

#### Papa's Contrition.

From the Los Angeles Times. Papa is very sorry and says it was all his fault.

Papa and mamma were having a serious quarrel and papa tried to twist mamma's arm—right out on the front lawn. So sonny warned papa to stop it, and papa being disobedi-ent, sonny rushed into the house and secured mamma's gun and ran out and shot papa in the shoulder. Fortunately the tragedy did not

Should a Wife Go To Business? From the Designer Magazine.

Taking the subway or the streetcar with your husband to work in the morning may sound like a glor-lous dream until you have had to do it. Breakfast is a hurrled affair with the toaster pressed into active service and you have to leave the dishes unweshed. But Sadie or Annie or Mrs. Mahoney, the char-woman, will be in to wash them afterward and she will leave the apart. ment as neat as could be expected without the mistress of the house to look over the cracks and unswept corners. You hurry to the subway or the L together and if your husband is annoyed that his wife has to stand with a swaying mob and be transieu upan by the crowds of the morning rush hour be probably does not show it. In time he will. This is one of the things that begin, very slowly and subtly, to eat into a man's self-respect. Another is that you are, for the rest of the day, as completely out of his life as though you had never entered it. A man, being a sentimental creature, likes to cherish the illusion that he is saving his wife from contact with a rough and vulgar universe. It is un-reasonable for him to feel that it is all right for you to work in a kitchen and all wrong for you to work in an office. But he does feel that way, perhaps because the kitchen belongs to him and the office to some one else.

There probably is not a woman living who does not want to help the man she loves. If she is self-sup-porting and efficient, it is inevitable that she will want to give him the kind of help she knows how. There are undoubtedly cases where women must continue to work after they are married. There are even cases where it is advisable, as if the husband has other dependents to sup-port. If he is ill or if a few years' increased salary would open the way to a secure future. But many married women are not working from motives like this; they are working merely because they are bored, because a kitchen seems pretty humdrum after an office, because keeping up an apartment does not give one enough

scope for one's talents. There isn't much glory about housekeeping unless you feel that it is glorious to see a tired man's face light up when he comes home in the evenings. Cooking and washing dishes, sewing and counting laundry are tiresome jobs; but then, so is every other job. You may give up your freedom when you are tied to the stove and the door-bell and the vacuum cleaner, but you give it up just as much when you enter an of-fice and are tied to the typewriter and the buzzer and the time-clock. If you are to be ruled by some one, it might as well be your own husband.

Significance of Col. Forbes. By Charles Merz, in the Century Magazine.

This is the story of the drummer boy who sat on the front porch till they made a general of him, and thereafter managed in two active years to waste through negligence and graft a sum sufficient to construct ten modern battleships.

It is a story as spectacular as any tale of adventure in the library of youth, and the staid congressional

## **O'NEILL FRONTIER**



which contains proven directions Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100-Druggists apirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu-



FOR OVER 200 YEARS

hearlem oil has been a worldwide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



genet internal troubles, stimulate vital gans. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL

o Ah Cum.

"Your tone suggests something marvellous in the fact," replied Ah Cum, ironically. "Why shouldn't a Chinaman be honest? Ah, yes; I know. Most of you Americans pattern all Chinese upon those who fill a little corner in New York. In fiction you make the Chinese secretive criminal, and terrible -or comic. I am an educated Chinese, and I resent the imputations against my race. You Americans laugh at our custom of honouring our ancestors, our many-times great grandfathers. On the other hand, you seldom revere your immediate grandfather, unless he has promised to leave you some money."

"Bull's eye!" piped O'Higgins.

"Of course, there is a criminal element, but the percentage is no larger than that in America or Europe. Why don't you try to find out how the every-day Chinese lives, how he treats his family, what his normal habits are his hopes, his ambitions? Why don't you come to China as I went to America-with an open mind ?"

"You're on," said O'Higgins, briskly. "I'll engage you for four days. To-day is for the sights; the other three days-lessons. How's that strike you ?'

"Very well, sir. At least I can give you a glimmer." A smile broke the set of Ah Cum's lips. "I'll take you into a Chinese home. We are very poor but manage to squeeze a little happiness out of each day."

"And I promise that all you tell me and show me will sink in." replied O'Higgins, frankly interested. "I'm a detective : my ears and eyes have been trained to absorb all I see and all I hear. When I absorb a fact, my brain weighs the fact carefully and stores it away. You fooled me this morning; but I over-heard two old maids talking about you and the young man.'

"What has he done ?" "What did he have to drink over here last night?"

"Not even water. No doubt he has been drinking for days without eating substantially, and his heart gave out." "What happened ?"

Ah Cum recounted the story of the sing-song girl. "I had to give in to him. You know how stubborn they get." "Surest thing you know.

Ah Cum raised the skirt of his fluttering blue silk robe and stored the bill away in a trouser wallet. It was the beginning and the end of the transaction. When he finally telegraphed his startling information to Hong-Kong, it was too late for O'Higgins to act. The quarry had passed out into the open sea.

From the comatose state, Spurlock passed into that of the babbling fever; but that guarding instinct which is called subconsciousness held a stout leash on his secret. He uttered one word over and over, monotonously: "Fool! . . . Fool!"

But invariably the touch of Ruth's hand quieted him, and his head would cease to roll from side to side. He hung precariously on the ragged edge, but he hung there. Three times he uttered a phrase:

"A djinn in a blue-serge coat!" "A djinn in a blue-serge coat!"

And each time he would follow it with a chuckle-the chuckle of a soul in damnation.

Neither the American Express nor Cook's had received mail for Howard Taber; he was not on either list. This was irregular, A man might be without relatives, but certainly he would not be without friends, that is to say, without letters. The affair was thick with sinister suggestions. And yet the doctor recalled an expression of the girl's: hat it was not a dissipated face, only troubled.

The whole affair interested him deeply. That was one of the compensations for having tonsigned himself to this part of the world. Over here, there was generally some unusual twist to a case. He would pull this young fellow back; but later he knew that he would have to fight the boy's lack of will to live. When he recovered his mental faculties, he would lie there, neutral; they could save him or let him die, at they pleased; and the doctor knew that he would wear himself out forcing his own will to live into this neutrality. And probably the girl would wear herself out, too.

To fight inertia on the one hand and to study this queer girl on the other. Any financial return was inconsiderable against the promise of this psychological treat. The girl was like some north-country woodland poul, penetrated by a single shaft of

He signalled to Ah Cum; and the two of them crossed on foot into the city.

It was not until the morning of the fifth day that the constant vigil was broken. The patient fell into a natural and refreshing sleep. So Ruth found that for a while her eyes were free. She tiptoed to the stand and gathered up the manuscripts which she carried to a chair by the window. Since the discovery of them, she had been madly eager to read these typewritten tales. Treasure caves to explore!

All through these trying days she had recurrently wondered what this strange young man would have to say that Dickens and Hugo had not already said. That was the true marvel of it. No matter how many books one read, each was different, as each human being was different. Some had the dignity and the aloofness of a rock in the sea; and others were as the polished pebbles on the sands-one saw the difference of pebble from pebble only by close scrutiny. Ruth, with-out suspecting it, had fallen upon a fundamental truth: that each and every book fitted into the scheme of human moods and intelligence.

Ruth was at that stage where the absorption of facts is great, but where the mental digestion

prove fatal. On the contrary, a news tem assures us that the regrettable incident may result in a happy reconciliation of the family especially as papa handsomely maintains it was all his fault.

So far, so good. But there is the fact that mamma had a loaded gun in the house all ready for sonny to shoot with. Perhaps papa had a nice little gun there, too. Quite obviously sonny's first thought was of the useful gun.

Should sonny be punished? Oh probably not. Papa is quite right about that. But we can see where a father strong enough to twist mamma's arm in a quarrel might also have been sufficiently authoritative in his own household-and benign in his strength-to have made guns an indecent superfluity.

# Wedding Tests Stamina.

H. S. Dickey in the Current Hisory Magazine.

Each tribe of Yumbo Indians (of Ecuador) is divided into numerous families, and each of these is governed nominally by a chief known as the "guaynaro." Theoretically the guaynaro has powers of life cr death over beck and call of the humblest white policeman. The only time his word is undisputed is when a young man from a neighboring tribe mates with a member of the guaynaro's family. The suitor for the maiden's hand has first to present the guaynaro with rare gifts, after which he mast prostrate himself before the guaynaro and recite a 7-hour discourse, in which all the guaynaro's merits are set forth. The young woman then is informed of her impending nuptials and within a few days she is united to the

man who has chosen her. If she has objection, she keeps it to herself; any other course would be useless. She is 11-years old; it is time she had a husband. Old maids among the Yumbos cast an especial stigma upon a family.

The day then is set for the marriage ceremony. This ritual begins with a feast in which all the neighboring families take part. At dawn they gather around huge bowls of a nauseous concoction known as chica, which is a fermented and highly intoxicating drink made from the fruit of the chonta palm.

While the drinking is going on the bride is being dressed. All her clothing is removed-a short process-and she is provided with a new skirt of blue cloth which reaches almost to her knees. Around her shoulders are tled two red bandana handkerchiefs and across her forehead a red ribbon. Thus attired and accompanied by the guests she goes to the house of the bridegroom, who is dressed in white trousers, with a bandana handkerchief tied about his neck. Together they proceed to the house of the guaynaro, who officiates at the marriage. Hand in hand, they listen to the old man talk for several hours. When he tires he dismisses them. This concludes the ceremony and the dance begins.

An infernal noise, produced by as many as twenty drums and the voices of perhaps a hundred Indians raised in a monotonous doleful chant, marks the commencement of the performance. Then the volces are hush ed and two lines are formed, one of men and one of women. with the bride in the center.

boards. which bind it do not hide the vivid titles of its chapters. There are touches here that would defy belief if they were not so well authenticated by evidence in black and white. Tales of floor-wax, for example. Seas and seas of floor-wax. Floor-wax enough to polish a dance-hall half the size of South Dakota, and last their purchaser a hundred years. Tales, again of plans for hospitals so amazingly contrived that only when the time had come to break the ground it was discovered that the architect had forgotten to include a kitchen. There is a story here in which extravagance joins hands with utter disregard of wounded youngsters promised care and rehabilitation; a story at the same time comic, cruel, and mad.

-

The story begins and centers in the extraordinary career of Colonel Charles R. Forbes.

A good-natured president who hadn't the faculty for saying "no" appointed to an impressively high office a personal friend who hadn't the faculty of faithfulness to duty. Washington, meantime, was govern-ed on such easy-going, shouldershrugging terms that not until his friend had wasted the colossal sum of \$200,000,000 was his measure taken.

The real significance of the Forbes case for the American people is this: Aside from making their chaice of the party they want to lead them in the next four years, what can be done better to insure honesty and efficiency in a political democracy in which "influence" and "patronage" tend to play such important roles?

One Casualty Stops Battle.

From the Kansas City Star. An Italian newspaper correspondent in China gives some amusing impressions of civil war in that country. He points out that blood is rarely drawn in battles.

When Gen. Tschan-Hlun had been 13 days in Pekin, the republican generals, Sao-Kun and Tuan, marched against him. Each side was equipped with machine guns and airequipped with machine guns and alr-planes and a "battle" ensued. A bomb strick a house and killed a civilian, and Tschan-Hlun's army thereupon scattered. The Chinese soldier of today is splendidly drilled in the European way, but if it begins to rain he stope

fighting and opens his paper umbrel-la, which. with a fan, forms part of his equipment. There is rarely any fighting in China when the weather

Then, Now and Always.

From the Vincennes (Ind.) Sun. No doubt children of 1892 had "individuality" also, but the neighbors thought it cussedness.

A survey of water-borne traffic com-pleted by the Shipping Board's special bureau shows that nearly 126,000,000 tons of freight, exclusive of coastwise com-merce, were handled by American ports during the year ending December 31.

#### Relics.

From the Vancouver Province. "John," said his wife. "I found some very queer-looking tickets in your deck today. One said: 'Ruler, 6 to 1.' What does it all mean?" "My archaeological studies, dear," he answered. "Relics of a lost race."

Eclipsed.

From the Washington Jtar. "Crimson Gulch seems strangely quiet and subdued." "We know when we're beat." an-swored Cactus Joe. "Snake Ridge has won out as the center of gun-play ro-pence. It's got a motion picture sta-

