NORTHWESTERN, LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA



Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wran-differentiation of the state of the support of the summoned from the city and iden-state the body. A young woman who ac-companied Wrandall to the inn and sub-sequently disappeared, is suspected for Wrandall starts back for New York of the way she meets a young woman in the rand who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the firl had done ber a service in ridding her deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Heity Cas-tions life, except that portion that re-tines to Wrandall. This and the story of the ingedy she forwards the girl ever to the ingedy in a course of the Wrandall and Heity return to New York after an abene of his narents. Sara Wrandall and Heity it wandall, brother of Challis, makes him-wis infatuation possibility for reverse on the instant to Sara and becomes greatly interest in Heity. East be hands of the Wrandall he marrying his mut-ference of a year in Europe. Lesile Wrandall, brother of Challis, makes him-with the theorem at the hands of the Wrandall hey marrying his mut-ference into the family. Lesile in com-parity with his friend Brandon Booth, an attrict, wisits Sara at her country place belle conference to Sara that he is madu, in low with Herty.

CHAPTER VIL-Continued.

"I say, Leslie, is she staying here?" cried Booth lowering his voice to an excited half-whisper,

"Who?" demanded Wrandall vacantly. His mind appeared to be elsewhere

"Why, that's the girl I saw on the road- Wake up! The one on the envelope, you ass. Is she the one you were telling me about in the club-the Miss What's-Her-Name who-"

"Oh, you mean Miss Castleton, She's just gone upstairs. You must have met her on the steps."

"You know I did. So that is Miss Castleton."

"Ripping, isn't she? Didn't I tell YOU SOT "She's beautiful. She is a type, just

as you said, old man-a really wonderful type. I saw her yesterday-and the day petore."

"I've been wondering how you managed to get a likeness of her on the back of an envelope," said Leslie sarcastically. "Must have had a good long look at her, my boy. It isn't a snap-shot, you know."

Booth flushed. "It is an impression, that's all. I drew it from memory, "pon my soul." disregarded. "She'll be immensely gratified, I'm

sure." "For heaven's sake, Les, don't be

such a fool as to show her the thing," cried Booth in consternation. "She'd never understand."

"Oh, you needn't worry. She has a fine sense of humor."

Booth didn't know whether to laugh of his friend and saying heartily:

"I wish you the best of luck, old



torn to bits. But it went back into his ! commodious pocketbook, and she was face clouded. "I have had a feeling all along that

too proud to demand it of him. She became oddly sensitive to Booth's persistent though inoffensive painted, Mrs. Wrandall. A queer sort scrutiny as time wore on. More than of feeling that she doesn't just like the once she had caught him looking at idea of being put on canvas." her with a fixedness that betrayed perplexity so plainly that she could not ing at him. fail to recognize an underlying motive. He was vainly striving to refresh his steps. The electric porch lights had memory; that was clear to her. There just been turned on by the butler. The is no mistaking that look in a person's girl stood in the path of the light. eyes. It cannot be disguised.

He was as deeply perplexed as ever ness of her in that moment. He car when the time came for him to depart ried the image with him on the long with Leslie. He asked her point blank walk home through the black night. on the last evening of his stay if they had ever met before, and she frankly over in the car for the very reason It was not unlikely, she said, that he had seen her in London or in Paris, impressions she had made on his but she had not the faintest recollecfancy.) tion of having seen him before their The three of them stood there for a meeting in the road

good humor.

few minutes, awaiting the butler's an-Urged by Sara, she had reluctantly nouncement. Sara's arm was about consented to sit to him for a portrait | Hetty's shoulders. He was so taken during the month of June. He put the up with the picture they presented request in such terms that it did not that he scarcely heard their light chatsound like a proposition. It was not ter. They were types of loveliness so surprising that he should want her for full of contrast that he marveled at a subject; in fact, he put it in such a the power of nature to create women way that she could not but feel that in the same mold and yet to model so

she would be doing him a great and differently. enduring favor. She imposed but one As they entered the vestibule, a condition: The picture was never to servant came up with the word that be exhibited. He met that, with bland Miss Castleton was wanted at the magnanimity, by proffering the canvas telephone, "long distance from New to Mrs. Wrandall, as the subject's York." "next best friend," to "have and to

The girl stopped in her tracks. hold so long as she might live," "free Booth looked at her in mild surprise, gratis," "with the artist's complia condition which gave way an instant ments," and so on and so forth, in airy later to perplexity. The look of annoyance in her eyes could not be dis-Leslie's aid had been solicited by guised or mistaken.

both Sara and the painter in the final "Ask him to call me up later, Wateffort to overcome the girl's objecson," she said quietly.

Hetty met them at the top of th

tions. He was rather bored about it. "This is the third time he has called, but added his voice to the general Miss Castleton," said the man. "You clamour. With half an eye one could were dressing, if you please, ma'am, see that he did not relish the idea of the first time-

Hetty posing for days to the hand-"I will come," she interrupted sharp some, agreeable painter. Moreover, it | 1y, with a curious glance at Sara, who gratify his own whime, would be Booth's gaze.

obliged to spend a month or more in "Tell him we shall expect him on the neighborhood, so that he could de- Friday," said Mrs. Wrandall. vote himself almost entirely to the "By George!" thought Booth, as she

consummation of this particular underleft them. "I wonder if it can be Lestaking. Moreover, it meant that Vivi- lie. If it is-well, he wouldn't be flatan's portrait was to be temporarily tered if he could have seen the look in her eyes.

Sara Wrandall was quick to recog-Later on, he had no trouble in gathnize the first symptoms of jealousy on ering that it was Leslie Wrandall who the part of her brother-in-law. The called, but he was very much in the new idol of the Wrandalls was in love, dark as to the meaning of that exselfishly, insufferably in love as things pressive look. He only knew that she went with all the Wrandalls. They was in the telephone room for ten minhated selfishly, and so they loved. Her utes or longer, and that all trace of husband had been their king. But emotion was gone from her face when their king was dead, long live the she rejoined them with a brief apology er scowl. He compromised with him- king! Leslie had put on the family for keeping them waiting.

crown-a little jauntily, perhaps- He left at ten-thirty, saying good cocked over the eye a bit, so to speak night to them on the terrace. Sara -but it was there just the same, anvalked to the stens

she'd rather not have this portrait "Nonsense," she said, without lookcasion.

While they were going over the extensive assortment of gowns, with tion of his own importance. If Sara as the judge from whom there

seemed to be no appeal, he casually inquired if she had ever posed before. Booth was never to forget the loveli-He watched her closely as he put the question. She was holding up a beautiful point lace creation for his inspection, and there was a pleading (He declined Sara's offer to send him smile on her lips. It must have been her favorite gown. The smile faded confessed to a short memory for faces. that he wanted the half-hour of soll- away. The hand that dangled the gartude in which to concentrate all the ment before his eyes suddenly be-

came motionless, as if paralyzed. In



the next instant, she recovered herself, and, giving the lace a quick fillip that sent its odor of sachet leaping to

"Isn't there a distinction between posing for an artist, and sitting for one's portigit?" she asked.

He was silent. The fact that he did not respond seemed to disturb her after a moment or two. She made the fabrics that but illy concealed impres- The obvious solution came to him: big apples, Texas of its big territory, common mistake of pressing the ques-

tion. "Why do you ask?" was her inquiry. When it was too late she wished she had not uttered the words. He had caught the somewhat anxious note in her voice.

"We always ask that, I think," he said. "It's a habit." "Oh," she said doubtfully.

"And by the way, you haven't answered." She was busy with the gown for a



CHAPTER IX.

The Ghost at the Feast.

tensibly for the purpose of picking out He selected the numbers and began ed to the canvas with his crayon point, a gown for the picture. As a matter to run through them. He was search he remarked, with an unmistakable of fact, he had decided the point to ing for a vaguely remembered article note of relief in his voice:

his own satisfaction the night before. on one of the lesser-known English "That explains everything. It must She should pose for him in the dainty | painters who had given great promise have been Hetty Glynn who posed for white dress she had worn on that oc- at the time it was published but who all those things of Hawkright's." dropped completely out of notice scon "I dare say," said she indifferently.

afterward because of a mistaken no-

Booth's memory served him right, the fellow came a cropper, so to speak, in

trying to ride rough shod over public The next day he appeared bright opinion, and went to the dogs. He and early with his copy of the Studio. had been painting sensibly up to that "There," he said, holding it before time, but suddenly went in for the her eyes. She took it from his hand

most violent style of impressionism. and stared long and earnestly at the That was the end of him. reproduction. "Do you think it like me?" she in-There had been reproductions of his principal canvases, with sketches and quired innocently. studies in charcoal. One of these pic-"Amazingly like you," he declared

tures had made a lasting impression with conviction. on Booth: The figure of a young wom-She turned the page. He was watchan in deep meditation standing in the ing her closely. As she looked upon shadow of a window casement from the sketches of the half-nude figure a which she looked out upon the world warm blush covered her face and apparently without a thought of it. A neck. She did not speak for a full slender young woman in vague reds minute, and he was positive that her and browns, whose shadowy face was fingers tightened their grasp on the positively illuminated by a pair of magazine. vonderful blue eves. "The same model," he said quietly.

He came upon it at last. For a long She nodded her head.

time he sat there gazing at the face "Hetty Glynn, I am sure," she said, of Hetty Castleton, a look of half-won- after a pause, without lifting her eyes. der, half-triumph in his eyes. There Her voice was low, the words not very could be no doubt as to the identity distinct. of the subject. The face was hers: He drew a long breath, and she look-

the velvety, dreamy, soulful eyes that ed up quickly. What he saw in her had haunted him for years, as he now honest blue eyes convicted her. believed. In no sense could the pic-Sara Wrandall came into the room ture be described as a portrait. It was at that moment. Hetty hastily closed a study, deliberately arranged and de the magazine and held it behind her. liberately posed for in the artist's stu- Booth had intended to show the redio. He was mystified. Why should production to Mrs. Wrandall, but the she, the daughter of Colonel Castleton, girl's behavior caused him to change the grand-niece of an earl, be engaged his mind. He felt that he possessed in posing for what evidently was a secret that could not be shared with meant to be a commercial product of Sara Wrandall, then or afterward.

this whilom artist? Turning from a skilfully colored full not refer to the Hawkright pictures

casually over the dozen or more up the subject. All this flashed through sketches and studies on the succeed- his mind as he stepped forward to

likeness. Some were half-draped, show- saw it afterward, and, what is more to men abound. After all bigness is ing in a sketchy way the long graceful the point, he never asked her to pro- something of which every one is lines of the half-nude figure, of bare duce it.

redoubled interest.

token of simple amazement. The head but not in the way that might have of civilization. Nations vie with each of each of these remarkable studies been expected. He had no scruples other to command the biggest part of suggested in outline the head and fea- about sharing the secret or in keeping the world's trade. In this great strug-

studies of women's heads and figures, When he turned again to Hetty, the

shoulders and breasts, of gauze-like He thought hard over the situation. trees, Oregon and Washington of their sive charms. Suddenly his eyes nar- She had been at one time reduced to Oklahoma of its big oil wells, Colorado rowed and a sharp exclamation fell the necessity of posing, a circumstance of its big mines. New England of its from his lips. He bent closer to the evidently known to but few and least big mills, Alabama of its big iron depages and studied the drawings with of all to Sara Wrandall, from whom posits, Pennsylvania of its big steel the girl plainly meant to keep the industry and New York of its big Then he whistled softly to himself, a truth. This conviction distressed him, banks. Everywhere bigness is the boast The next morning at ten he was at haps ungentle sources. As for her pos-Southlook, arranging his easel and ing for Hawkright, it meant little or canvas in the north end of the long nothing to him. In his own experience, living room, where the light from the two girls of gentle birth had served as tall French windows afforded abun- models for pictures of his own makdant and well-distributed light for the ing, and he fully appreciated the exienterprise in hand. Hetty had not yet gencies that had driven them to it. appeared. Sara, attired in a loose One had posed in the "altogether." morning gown, was watching him from She was a girl of absolutely irrea comfortable chair in the corner, one proachable character, who afterward shapely bare arm behind her head; the married a chap he knew very well, free hand was gracefully employed in and who was fully aware of that short managing a cigarette. He was con- phase in her life. That feature of the scious of the fact that her lazy, half- situation meant nothing to him. He

0000

He Was Watching Her Closely.

He admitted to himself that he was

under the spell of her. It was not

it was a mysterious appeal to some-

thing within him that had never re-

vealed itself before. He couldn't

In his solitary hours at the cottage

on the upper road, he was wont to

take his friend Leslie Wrandall into

consideration. As a friend, was it not

difference in the world to him? He

invariably brought these deliberations

to a close by relaxing into a grim smile

of amusement, as much as to say:

But then there was Hetty Glynn.

bliged to confine his work to an hour

eon. She asked him to stay over and

quite explain what it was.

Dav 7

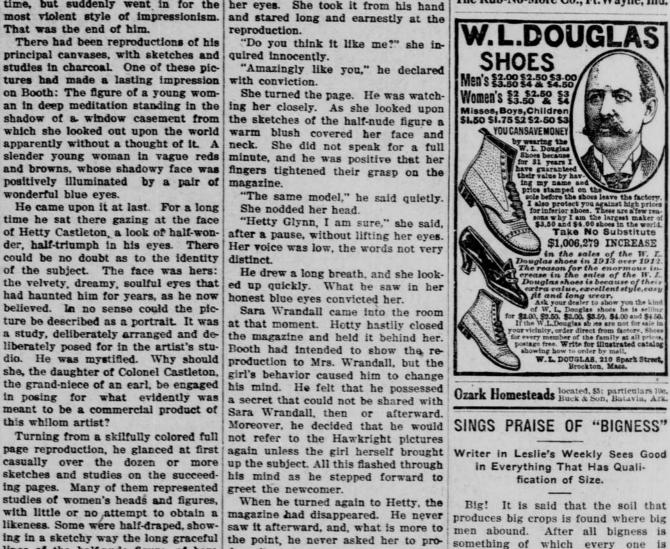
It was her husband who finally brought home RUB-NO-MORE. Nowshe's enthusiastic about it. She had intended to buy RUB-**NO-MORE WASHING** POWDER. But overlooked it. Don't you overlook it.

> RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes Sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens your milk crocks. It kills germs. It does not need hot water.

RUB-NO-MORE RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder Carbo Naptha Soap Five Cents-All Grocers

SUVOII!

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



proud. California boasts of its big



meant that Booth, who could afford to for some reason avoided meeting his nostrils, responded with perfect ing pages. Many of them represented greet the newcomer. composure.

"Thanks," said Leslie drily.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Hetty Is Weighed. Booth and Leslie returned to the city on Tuesday. The artist left behind him a "memory sketch" of Sara Wrandall, done in the solitude of his room long after the rest of the house was wrapped in slumber on the first



He Was as Deeply_Perplexed as Ever.

night of his stay at Southlook. It was as sketchily drawn as the one he had the formal garden. made of Hetty, and quite as wonderful in the matter of faithfulness, but utterly without the subtle something smiled her welcome. that made the other notable. The craftiness of the artist was there, but the touch of inspiration was lacking.

Sara was delighted. She was flattered, and made no pretense of disguleing the fact.

The discussion which followed the exhibition of the sketch at luncheon, was very animated. It served to ex- effect. That picture against the sky-" cite Leslie to such a degree that he brought forth from his pocket the treasured sketch of Hetty, for the purpose of comparison

The girl who had been genuinely enthusiastic over the picture of Sara. and who had not been by way of knowing that the first sketch existed, was covered with confusion. Embarrassment and a shy sense of gratification were succeeded almost at once by a feeling of keen annoyance. The fact that the sketch was in Leslie's posession-and evidently a thing to be cherished-took away all the pleasure she may have experienced during the first few moments of interest.

Booth caught the asgry flash in her eyes, preceding the flush and unacpallor that followed almost mediately. He felt guilty, and at the same time deeply annoyed with Leslie. Later on he tried to explain, but the attempt was a lamentable fail-way off-or some o ure. She laughed, not unkindly, in have it that way." his face.

Leslie had refused to allow the etch to leave his hand. If she could head. Then she arose gained possession of it, even for "Let us grant, the thing would have been you again."

noyingly plain to view. Sara had tried to like him. He had been her friend, the only one she could them:

claim among them all. And yet, beneath his genial allegiance, she could detect the air of condescension, the bland attitude of a superior who defends another's cause for the reason The spell was on him. that it gratifies Nero. She experienced a thrill of malicious joy in contemplatthe easy chair in which he had been ing the fall of Nero. He would bring smoking and dreaming and racking down his house about his head, and his brain by turns. there would be no Rome to pay the

fiddler.

row I'll prove it." Brandon Booth took a small cottage on the upper road, half way between from the sea pounding about the the village and the home of Sara Wrandall, and not far from the abhorred "back gate" that swung in the to get up at all. teeth of her connections by marriage. He set up his establishment in half a day and, being settled, betook himself off to dine with Sara and Hetty. All his household cares, like the world. rested snugly on the shoulders of an Atlas named Pat, than whom there them." was no more faithful servitor in all the earth, nor in the heavens, for that matter, if we are to accept his own estimate of himself. In any event, he was a treasure. Booth's house was always in order. Try as he would, he couldn't get it out of order. Pat's wife

saw to that. As he swung jauntily down the tree lined road that led to Sara's portals, Booth was full of the joy of living. Sara was at the bottom of the terrace, moving among the flower beds in

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly "It is so nice to see you again," she

said, giving him her hand. " My heart's in the highlands.'" he

quoted, waving a vague tribute to the heavens. "And it's nice of you to see me," he added gracefully. Then he pointed up the terrace. "Isn't she a by physicians with the state board of picture? 'Gad, it's lovely-the whole He stopped short, and the sentence was never finished, although she waited for him to complete it before remarking:

"Her heart is not in the highlands." "You mean-something's gone wrong-

"Oh, no," she said, still smiling; 'nothing like that. Her heart is in the lowlands. You would consider Washington square to be in the lowlands, wouldn't you?" "Oh, I see," he said slowly. "You

mean she's thinking of Leslie.' "Who knows? It was a venture on my part, that's all. She may be think-

ing of you, Mr. Booth." "Or some chap in old England, that's more like it," he retorted. "She can't be thinking of me, you know. No one ever thinks of me when I'm out of the left kidney." "Died suddenly at view. Out of sight, out of mind. No; the age of one hundred and three. To

she's thinking of something a long way off-or some one, if you choose to age." "Deceased died from blood poi-She smiled upon him with half-

closed, shadowy eyes, and shook her "Let us go in. Hetty is eager to see

time. At last she looked him full in "Don't you think her voice is love the face. ly?" she asked. Hetty had sung for

"That's true," she agreed; "I haven't answered, have I? No, Mr. Booth, I've "I dare say," he responded absently, never posed for a portrait. It is a "Give you my word, though, I wasn't new experience for me. You will have thinking of her voice. She is lovely." to contend with a great deal of stupid-He walked home as if in a dream. ity on my part. But I shall try to be plastic.' Far in the night, he started up from

He uttered a polite protest, and pursued the question no farther. Her answer had been so palpably evasive "By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud. "T that it struck him as bald, even awkremember! I've got it! And tomorward.

Pat, disgruntled and irritable to the point of profanity-he was a privileged character and might have sworn if he felt like it without receiving no-

house, and slept serenely until Pat tice-came shambling up the cottage and Mary wondered whether he meant walk late that afternoon, bearing two "Pat," said he at breakfast, "I want large, shoulder-sagging bundles. He had walked from the station-a matter you to go to the city this morning and fetch out all of the Studios you can of half a mile-and it was hot. His find about the place. The old ones are employer sat in the shady porch, viewin that Italian hall seat and the late ing his approach. ones are in the studio. Bring all of

The young man drew a chair up to the table and began the task of work-

"There's a divvil of a bunch of ing out the puzzle that now seemed thim," said Pat ruefully. more or less near to solution. He had He was not to begin eketching the a pretty clear idea as to the period he figure until the following day. After wanted to investigate. To the best of luncheon, however, he had an appoint- his recollection, the Studios published



Then he went to bed, with the storm

New York World Prints Humorous **Returns** Alleged to Be Taken From the Records.

The chief statistician of Wisconsin, in examining death certificates filed

health, has discovered and disclosed come of more than local interest. They reveal such aberrations of sense and science in the diagnosis of disease and the causes of death as' to merit consideration from reformers

who wish to put nearly every act of human life under medical supervision. A few instances must serve to illustrate the nature of a multitude. One report is this: "Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead." Another says: "Do not know the cause of

death, but patient fully recovered from last illness." A third reported: "Last illness caused by chronic rheumatism, but was cured before death." Still

another: "Deceased never had been fatally sick.". And this: "Died suddenly; nothing serious." Some reports are mere absurdities such as: "Kicked by a horse shod on this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old

son, caused by a broken ankle, which is remarkable, as the automobile struck him between the lamp and the radiator." have "died in infancy."

alert gaze was upon him all the time,

although she pretended to be entirely indifferent to the preparations. Dimly he could see the faint smile of interest on her lips.

Hetty came in, calm, serene and lovelier than ever in the clear morning light. She was wearing the simple white gown he had cnosen the day before. If she was conscious of the rather intense scrutiny he bestowed upon her as she gave him her hand in greeting, she did not appear to be in the least disturbed.

"You may go away, Sara," she said firmly. "I shall be too dreadfully selfconscious if you are looking on.' Booth looked at her rather sharply. Sara indolently abandoned her comfortable chair and left them alone in the room.

"Shall we try a few effects, Miss Castleton?" he inquired, after a period of constraint that had its effect on both of them.

"I am in your hands," she said sim-

He made suggestions. She fell into was in no doubt concerning Hetty. She the position so easily, so naturally, so was what she appeared to be: A geneffectively, that he put aside all previ- tlewoman. ous doubts and blurted out:

"You have posed before, Miss Castleton." love, he was able to contend; but

She smiled frankly. "But not for a really truly pertrait," she said. 'Such as this is to be." He hesitated an instant. "I think

recall a canvas by Maurice Hawkright," he said, and at once experienced a curious sense of perturbation. It

was not unlike fear.

Instead of betraying the confusion his duty to go to him with his sordid or surprise he expected, Miss Castlelittle tale? Was it right to let Wranton merely raised her eyebrows indall go on with his wooing when there quiringly. existed that which might make all the

"What has that to do with me. Mr. Booth?" she asked. He laughed awkwardly.

"Don't you know his work?" he inquired, with a slight twist of his lip.

"Serve him right, anyway. Trust him "I may have seen his pictures," she to sift her antecedents thoroughly. replied, puckering her brow as if in He's already done it, and he is quite reflection. "Oh," she cried, with a satisfied with the result. Serve them bright smile of understanding. "I see! all right, for that matter." Yes, I have a double-a really remarkable double. Have you never seen Het-What of her? Hetty Glynn, real or

ty Glynn, the actress?" mythical, was a disturbing factor in "I am sure I have not." he said, takhis deductions. If there was a real ing a long breath. It was one of re- Hetty Glynn and she was Hetty Caslief. he remembered afterward. "If tleton's double, what then? she is so like you as all that, I couldn't On the fifth day of a series of rather have forgotten her." prolonged and tedious sittings, he was

"She is quite unknown, I believe trol or petrol electric motor pumps, 27

she went on, ignoring the implied comand a half in the forenoon. Mrs. Wranpliment. "A chorus girl, or something dall was having a few friends in for motor turntable ladders, 11 motor lorries, 5 motor ladders, 15 motor like that. They say she is wonderfully auction-bridge immediately after lunchcars, and a motor canteen van, or 249 like me-or was, at least, a few years new motor appliances. In three years horses will be unknown in the Lonago.

take a hand, but he declined. He du He was slient for a few minutes not play bridge. studying her face and figure with the CO BE CONTINUED

of its big men in the industrial, the railway and professional fields. The product of this bigness of men has been a big country with big wages. Let us stop cavailling and finding fault. Let us put an end to busting and smashing, and give the widest opportunity for individual effort. Encourage bigness of the factory and the pay envelope alike. Give big brains a chance, whether in bank, counting room or workshop. Bigness pays .- Leslie's Weekly.

Known of Old.

"Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page, like most married novelists, treats married life in his books from the inside, as it were," a Washington woman said on her return from Rome.

"At a tea Mr. and Mrs. Page had a ludicrous argument over something or other, and when their misunderstanding was satisfactorily cleared up Mr. Page laughed and said:

"This seems like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel, doesn't it?'

"'It seems,' Mrs. Page retored, 'more like a chapter that will slip into one.'" .

The people who are hard to get along with are those who object to our having our own way.

6



come from the ovens to your table in tightly sealed packages - ready to eat when opened - with cream, good milk or fruits.

Every crisp flake of this attractive food represents the best part of choice white Indian corn-

Perfectly cooked, delicately flavoured and toasted to an appetizing golden "brown."

Post Toasties are made for your pleasure and nourishment.

Sold by Grocers



dealing with the practice of that profession .- New York World.

Smile, and Others Will Smile.

In an elevator of one of our large stores I saw a lady turn her head and in so doing, struck another lady's face with her feather, the lady struck was angry and scowled at the first lady, and in so doing turned her head and struck with her hat ornament another lady. This lady turned her head and struck another lady's face; this lady was annoyed, but she had seen the others, and as she looked up she saw two gentlemen with broad smiles on their faces, and she smiled. and soon the others in the car saw the humorous side, and there were smiles upon smiles in that gloomy store ele-

vator. London's Modern Fire Brigade.

don fire brigade.

The London fire brigade is rapidly becoming a completely motor-equipped fire fighting organization. Today London possesses 97 motor appliances and two motor fire floats. It is now proposed to spend in the near future \$500,000 in providing 53 motor escape vans, 43 electric escape vans, 94 pe-

A mother is reported to

The significance of these reports lies