miserable coat stuck in the garage

door. Why, you might have been ar-

rested and all sorts of terrible things!"

do a million times more'n that for

my little girl, any day in the whole

year. Just you forget all about what

"Forget it?" cried June. "Never as

The girl's eyes narrowed. The back

I'm so faint, with all this fright and

danger. It's given me a sick head-

ache. I'm going to bed. Tell mother,

won't you? And say I don't want any

dinner sent up to me. I want to go

sleep and not be disturbed till tomor-

of the day's official routine, before

going to his club for a belated dinner.

His secretary came in from the

"Young fellow outside there, chief."

he announced. "Wants to see you.

He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's

The chief took the slip of paper his

I am dumb. Cannot talk. But I

"Oh, all right. All right," grunted

can hear. I must see the chief of po-

the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner

some time between now and Christ-

The secretary vanished, reappear-

The visitor was quietly dressed and

move in the august presence of the

chief. He also carried under one arm

Unbidden, the caller seated him-

self gracefully in a chair beside the

evidently did not occur to him to re- run.

ing in a moment with a young man in

mas, if I have luck. Bring him in."

secretary tendered, and read the three now?"

you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

written lines it contained:

lice. Mr. Lamar sent me.

of moonlight lay athwart the window the city's hillside.

row morning."

outer office.

"I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and

of her right hand began to throb.

I did. It's what I'm here for."

"There, there!" soothed Mary, "It's

son in the detective bureau."

She was helpless, despairing. And

June paused, uncertainly. This farce

could not go on much longer. Meeks

was beginning to grow suspicious.

A quarter block ahead, the boule-

right ran a flight of forty marble steps,

leading downward to a terraced ave-

And then, as ever of late in her mo-

ments of direst need, an inspiration

Once more she took up her former

brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks

close behind her. As they came to

"Well," growled Meeks, "which way,

She pointed down the long flight of

marble steps, snowy in the vivid

moonlight. The man hesitated. She

glanced at him and saw the reason.

His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder

at the right hand with which she was

pointing. On the surface of the hand

gleamed the Red Circle; mercilessly

June caught the policeman roughly

into a lumbering run, protesting:

feet firmly on one broad step and

could not check his own speed as sud-

At the same instant, June braced

"Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks,

still catching his breath with difficul-

He stepped out of the shrubbery

clump to investigate. Then, the flute

The figure reached the house. It

paused, at the bottom of a vine trellis;

then skillfully began to climb the trei-

It reached a second-story balcony;

fumble with the long French windows

herself, and jerked backward with the

distinct in the clear light.

companion's arm.

steps homeward.

came to the girl.

was asking.

Chief Allen still sat in his private vard split into a "Y." At the left it

office, clearing up some odds and ends | continued at its present level. At the

dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for the fork of the boulevard, she halted

again.

two.

stick.

around the left ankle.

feet, sore all over.

Japanese melodies to it.

stared goggle eyed.

ty. "Gone!"

music.

the coat!

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What dreamed it was you, until I saw that

# The Red Albert

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his question after a red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is released from prison after serving his third term. One member of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son Ted are the only known living of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on the thought this back door, was looked. ective, is detailed to keep an eye on Circle Mm." June Travis and her moti-r, of the wealthy set interested in the reorm of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim." realizing that his family is a menace to society, enters the bedroom where Ted is aleepens and turns on the gas. Lamar changes upon "Circle Jim" and Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens," says Lamar. But the next day Bordens," says Lamar. But the next day he sees the Red Circle on the back of a wattan's hand outside a curtained automobile. June Travis, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Grant employs Lamar, Mary, June's naurse, discovers June's theft and the Red Circle on her hand, and tells her site is "Circle lim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know, Mary, to turn away suspicion from June, dresses as the catter of falling desired woman and is pursued by Lamar. vetled woman and is pursued by Lamar.

## FOURTH INSTALLMENT IN STRANGE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat door, drove his shoulder full against

"It seems to be a deadlock," laughed June forcing her merriment with a mighty effort.

the wood held firm.

"Miss Travis," broke in Lamar, "will you help me? I can't let go here. Will interested butler. you hurry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to, do it if you'll hold the coat corner for

"Shan't I hold it now?" suggested June; an idea flashing into her fearsick mind. "I'll hold the coat while you try to smash the lock."

"I don't like to batter down people's property," he answered, "even in the name of the law-without asking their permission.

"But-" "Besides," he added, "this Veiled Woman is strong. Whenever she tugs | Please! et her coat, it's all I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it out of your hands."

"Yes." agreed June, under her breath. "that's exactly what I mean her to do."

But she forebore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lemar's and "Mary! Mary!" set jaw, she meekly turned away toward the hour

Mary, on ... rage door, Dosp tened, panting, to



"Even the Tailor's Labe! is Gone!"

light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into the sidewalk. one last wrench at the recalcitrant

Lamar's greep unshakable. But the today. But for your showing me tur caused two of the coat's upper where you had seen the Veiled Wombuttons to fly half way across the an. I should never have gotten on her carage. One of Mary's lean shoulders track. It was splendid of you." elipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.

the remaining buttons. Freeing her- corner, like grim death, I felt quite a self, she left the imprisoned coat to heroine. But-" fall to the greasy floor of the garage-Max Lamar still gripping its corner, an the door's far side, with futile poison to say; but it's got to be said. BRETTY.

unded man in hospitals-the

gloom, Mary groped her way.

She found the opposite wall, and

she thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long disuse. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crusted portal. A shower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact.

She heard voices-one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide; with a whining of hinges and a clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across

Darting back to close the door behind her, the old woman cast a fearful look up and down the alley. The coast To the very admiring clerk who strutwas clear. Incontinently Mary took to her heels

Max Lamar clung doggedly to the coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard mufthat protruded from the locked garage | fled noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick. the door panel, again and again. But that he could not classify them. Nor, indeed, had he time to. For, present- he wants me to buy him a new outly, June reappeared around the corner fit." of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a merning gown and a highly

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a and explain matters? Then ask leave thief into your garage, as Miss Travis for me to break the door down. I can has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's coat, as you see. Will you let me break the lock of your garage door and get in? Of course, I'll pay-"

"If I may suggest," said the woman in frigid politeness, "it might be better to go into the garage by the back door. before breaking my locks. Had that occurred to you, Mr. Detective?"

"If I let go of this coat-Miss Travis, will you hold the coat corner for me while I go around to investigate?

"Why, yes." quaveringly assented June, taking hold if the cloth, alongside Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong."

As he disappeared, June pressed her face close against the door. "Mary!" she whispered eagerly;

No answer. Then in a moment, the sound of a key in the lock. The door er side of the ga- swung open. The woman of the house stood in the garage threshold. June

> empty coat. "She-she is gone?" stammered June, her temples pulsing and buzzing

with swift relief. "Yes," snapped the woman, "she got out of the coat and then out of the back door. Your detective friend is exploring the alley for her. I'm going to watch him pick up clues. It is quite amusing. Almost as amusing as Field day at a lunatic asylum."

A new terror beset June: the coat that she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this: Lemar would assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From the maker's name, he could in time trace its ownership to her.

She turned the coat over, exposing the label. With a jerk she tore it away and thrust it into the front of her dress.

the sill of the open door.

"Well?" queried June, interestedly, as Max came in sight around the corner of the garage. "What news of the Veiled Woman?"

"Got clean away." he reported, sulkily. "No trace of her."

He caught sight of the coat lying self to a decent night's sleep." where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkened.

"Clever woman!" he muttered. Even the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll with it to every tailor in the city. | the story." One of them is bound to recognize it. And we'll catch our woman that way, before another day's ended."

They left the grounds and gained "I want to thank you ever so much,

The cloth was stout and Max a brick; and helping me as you have,

"It wasn't," she contradicted, "I was glad to be of any help. When I was in trembling haste, she unfastened hanging on to that ridiculous coat-

"There's another thing," he said, hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue Will you try to forgive me, in ad-

you were the Veiled Woman."

"When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an hour ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "do you know what I thought? I thought all right! It's all right, honey! I'd "Mr. Lamar!" cried June, her sweet

voice vibrant with amazed reproach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exact- long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were ness. How else could I account for sopart of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame-so unconvincing. The simple truth often does, you know, Won't you forgive me, please?"

"You-you doubted my word?" mur mured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could-?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But I paid for my mistake. I never was more hideously miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again." he concluded vehemently.

room the lightness of manner fell Night had fallen, but a broad streak nue one tier below the boulevard on from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard. Gradually the Red Circle crept into

The moment she was in her own

sight on the back of her white hand. 'Nothing can stop him," she repeated. "Nothing can save me-except myself!" Taking her room telephone from the

lesk, she ordered her limousine brought from the garage. \* \* \* \* \* \* Ten minutes later June Travis en tered a men's outfitter's shop of the

cheaper sort, on a downtown street.

ted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said: "My brother is to leave the hos pital today. He is recovering from smallpox,-Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him.-He has just tow. telephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes, to prevent infection. And

Lamar, meantime, swept like a a crook-handled Malacca cane. whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Allen.

"Got her!" he announced. "At least | chief's desk and drew from his pocket



"Go Along With This Young Fellow. Don't Let That Coat Out of Your Sight!"

She heard Lamar returning, and end, Here's her coat. The Veiled wrote a line or two on the pad, tore off she carelessly dropped the coat across | Woman's big black coat. I'll tell you | the sheet and handed it to Chief Allater how I got it. Can't some of your fen. The chief read: born idiots chase around to all the tailer shops in a rush and find who it was made for? If they find that coat he left with you this afternoon. they'll find the Veiled Woman. And mystery; and maybe I can blow my-

The chief looked at his watch. "Inside of half an hour." he said "every first-class store and tailor shop in town will be shut for the night. And this coat came from a first-class place. Anyone can see that. We'll tion, he reached for his scratchpad, have to wait till tomorrow morning, glancing doubtfully once more at the Here," to his secretary. "Tell the detective department to get busy on that tomorrow. First thing. Handle it careand have Allen send a man around Now, then, Max, my boy, let's hear my head cutter. He will know at once,

June, coming out from the men's outfitting shop, carried a big and awk- brows centracting. ward bundle that she had refused to Miss Travis," he said, "for being such a theatrical wigmaker. A few minutes later she emerged, with a second part, and smaller package, got into the limousine and went home.

June went straight to her bedroon and dropped the parcels on a chair. Thence she went into her sitting room -to find Mary waiting for her.

At sight of the loyal old woman the girl rushed up to her and caught Mary close to her breast.

"You dear! she exclaimed, in tear ful gratitude. "You dear! You splendid old dear! It was wonderful of ter happened to be. Don't let that coat you! Wonderful! Oh, there aren't out of your sight. And as soon as he's any words to thank you! I never done showing it to his cutter, bring it she asked, as they finished poking be (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.)

and she's clamped fast to the other out taking off his right-hand glove, he lis.

Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the "Get it." Allen commanded his secre then the Red Circle will stop being a tary. "It's that black coat I told you

Presently the secretary returned with the coat. The caller took the coat, handling it

with the deft skill of a born garment-worker. At last, looking up from his inspec-

coat, then scribbled: I am almost sure this is one of ours; but I can't swear to it. Kindly take this coat to police headquarters fully. It's all gasoline and grease, let me take the coat and show it to

> and our books will show who bought The chief read the scrawl, his bushy

"Lord, man!" he broke out, "I can't allow the obsequious clerk to send turn the thing over to you, like that. home for her. Her next visit was to It is going to be needed as evidence." The caller got up, as though to de-

"Hold on," said Allen, on second thought. "You can take it. But I must send an officer with you to make sure it gets back hero all right when your

cutter has had a look at it." Answering a summons, a policeman entered-a tall, lank man, new to the force.

"Meeks," instructed Allen as the officer saluted, "go along with this young fellow to his shop or wherever his cut-

The True Values.

stepped over the railing and began to

My name is Attman, ladies tailor. of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it.

The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm, Yama grabbed up his fallen to take to the detective bureau." flute and dashed for the house. A second or so latter burst unceremoniously into the library where Mrs. Travis

and Mary were sitting. "'Scuse!" he sputtered. "'Scuse,

light."

please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!" The women flew upstairs. Yama,

prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed.

When he reached the second floor Mrs. Travis was already hammering andfrantically at the locked outer door

of June's suite. "What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside.

"Quick!" called Mary. "Let us in dearie! There's a man-"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig. shook down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumpled the pillows and threw back the coverings of anything, I s'pose." her bed, and presently appeared,

sleepily blinking, in the doorway. "My dear! My dear!" shrilled Mrs. burglar in your rooms." "A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily

"Who saw this wonderful burglar?"

a dozen maids to keep them dustless

and it needs a dozen gardeners to keep

the grounds. There is a ceiling in it

cross. "How silly! There can't be."

back here and deposit it with Huma- hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did."

"Oh!" laughed June, "Yama, eh? For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis I might have known it. This is the hurried on, from street to street, Pofourth burglar in six months that liceman Meeks ever close at her side. Yama has discovered, and that nobody The officer's eyes never for an in- but Yama was able to see. And he stant left the coat that hung over his has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." The girl was in despair. She had

"But," insisted Yama, "I did saw planned so cleverly this kidnaping of him. He climbed the trellis to bed room window there an-

"That bedroom window leading out with the blind instinct of the despair on the balcony is locked from the ining, she unconsciously turned her side," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama. "Where does this cutter of yours if you give us any more foolish scares live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman like this-"

"And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

by the arm with her other hand, pointto bed? My head aches frightfully. It Billousness, Sour Stomach, Bad ed again toward the terrace beneath was all right when you waked me up. wore on his head a golf cap, which it them, and started down the steps at a Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Fearful of losing sight of the pre-Travis and then Mary, "I'm so sorry cious coat, the policeman also broke you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather "Hey! Go easy there! What's your more than our share of the yellow hurry? Want me to break my neck?" peril lately." Even as he spoke, June planted her

But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks . . . . . . . Chief Allen's delayed dinner was denly. So he lunged ahead a step or destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and As he lumbered past her, the girl headed for the dining room, the first deftly swung her stick; holding it by person he chanced to see was Max the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly

"Look here, old man," the chief hailed him in mock rage, "if I starve Adv. to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when Policeman Meeks' body smote the I'm starting out to feed?"

stairway about six steps farther "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Ladown; bounded in air; missed a step mar, mystified, "a tailor's dummy?" or two; then struck the stairway "No, a dummy tailor. The one you again and proceeded to roll rapidly sent to look at that Veiled Woman down the remaining twenty-four steps. coat. The young fellow who says his For a bare half-second, the patrolname's Attman or something like man lay half-stunned and breathless. that. He blew in on me just as I was Then he scrambled groaningly to his getting ready to-"

"Who blew in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today."

"Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speakcine I have known of cases of gall stones It was Yama's custom, on moonlit ing of that ladies' tailor who came and gravel that were benefited by its ights to take his Japanese flute from you, ten minutes ago, to get the use. would not hesitate in saying that nights, to take his Japanese flute from | from you, ten minutes ago, to get the his tin trunk in the storeroom and to coat-' fare forth into the farthest reaches of

"I tell vou." reiterated Lamar. "I the Travis garden; there to lean pendon't know what you're talking about. sively against a tree in the midst of a I haven't even seen any ladies' taiclump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the lor-"

moon, to play sentimental and hideous "Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! Tonight, Yama was tootling away He's got the coat and-say! Come right dreamfully, when the sound of back to headquarters with me, on the crackling bushes broke in upon his run, Lamar.'

They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. fell from his nerveless fingers and he In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of Across a patch of lawn a figure was June's visit. As he finished his frown running; its feet soundless on the turf. cleared away.

"We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat."

The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp sun to shine cevery room. up the steps just ahead of them. "Meeks!" yelled the chief.

Policeman Meeks tried to salute, jauntily. But the effort was a ghastly failure.

"The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office: Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?"

"I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps

"You are!" snarled Chief Allen: 'you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up? You-"

"He tripped me," sniffled Meeks, 'When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar. fiercely.

"Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I-"I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?"

"Only one clue," coweringly assented Mecks, "and that don't amount to "What was it?"

"He-he had a big, red ring-a birthmark like-on the back of his Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a right hand. I took notice of it when

"The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle-again!"

house," said Mr. Burroughs. "It needs | the Gwaun Cae Gurwin colliery, the largest in the Swansea district and

said to be the largest in the world.

It has a capacity of 300,000 tons a

"That so? Well, my wife helps to make up the average."-Boston Eve

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This Winter.

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often agonizing dressing of the heal--Sir Almroth Wright has suggested placing a thin piece of perforated celluloid over the bare wound before the ordinary dressings are apslied. The result is that, instead of having to tear the lint away in dressthe wound, often an extremely aful process, the dressings come away easily and quite painlessly. The sters in the schools down Shepherd's celluloid, which seems to be more holes Bush way. Look at this, for instance: Tit-Bits

pressing Wounds With Celluloid. | than material, is first rendered soft and To remove one of the worst terrors pliable by soaking in a 20 per cent bie who had been kept after school solution of carbolic acid, then washed in weak salt solution, and then laid directly on the raw granulating surface. Fine lint soaked in a five per cent solution of common salt in sterile water is then placed over the celluloid. after which firm bandages are applied.

They have some precocious you

"Oh, Miss Tuttleson," said little Bob-"whenever I see you I can't help think in' of experience.

"What do you mean?" the lady de

manded, with a good deal of asper "Experience is a dear teacher, you

know." Then she gave him a pat on th cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at

"You ask me what values impress me as being the true ones. I am very

ure, for one thing, that it is the inner far more than the outer resources on which one must depend for lasting happiness. Do you see that palace of my neighbor's across the river?" In the treetops beyond the Hudson

comed the roofs of a great housenansion copied almost whole from Italy and set down in the New York any of the little girls again.-London woods.

there."-John Burroughs.

May Nationalize Coal Mines. Lord Rhondda, whose coal interests

There are a hundred rooms to that in Wales are very large, has taken over ining Transcript.

200 years old and a carpet 400 years year. Further mergers are expected and the nationalization of the coal inold and relics and treasures from feudal Europe without number; but I dustry of Great Britain is expected. would not give Slabside or Woodchuck Lodge for it all, if I had to live "They say a lot of the bread you get now is underweight."