WEB OF STEEL

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Jr. Author and Clergyman Civil Engineer

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didn't find out anything, did you?"

THE FAMOUS ENGINEER LEARNS THAT HE MADE THE BIG MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE AND MANY LIVES MUST PAY THE PENALTY.

The Martlet Construction company is putting up a great international bridge planned by Bertram Meade, Sr., famous engineer. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., a resident engineer at the bridge, loves Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, head of the construction company, and they will marry as soon as the bridge is completed. The young engineer questioned his father's judgment on the strength of certain important girders, but was laughed at. His doubts are verified when the bridge suddenly collapses, with heavy loss of life.

CHAPTER VI.

The Failure.

In spite of himself and his confidence In the bridge, Abbott felt a little uneasy the next morning. At bottom he had more respect for Mende's tech- will stand long after you and I and or even admitted to himself. The good." to say the least, somewhat disquieting. much more so than be was fain to ad-

valuable time, the first thing the erectgo down to the pier head and make a that had been delayed and which had light their pipes, close their tool boxes, of the huge diamond-shaped truss, was driving the men with furious shore, were wrong, seriously, irreparably wrong, with the member and it gave way, the whole truss would go. The that, perhaps, he would have paid more was stirring. other truss would inevitably follow attention to Meade's appeal. So he suit, and the cantilever would immedi. hurried on the work at top speed. ately collapse. Abbott realized that, of course, as he climbed carefully down to the pier head and stood on the sumed his regular work, or to anybody of the afternoon sun illuminated it

could easily see that it had buckled, al- other examination at the expense of ing steel. Low, but clear enough in the though the deviation was slight, about much valuable time, for he had not intense silence, he heard a popping they would." two inches at its maximum in sixty passed so busy a day as that one since sound like the snap of a great finger. feet. He brought with him a line and, the bridge began. Everything was ex- Then the bright gleam of freshly It taut across the slight concavity like cracks had troubled him a little despite The lacing was giving way. Meade was thought of." a bow-string. He had estimated the Wilching's remark. He studied them a right. The member would go with itcamber, or the distance between the second time. They were just as they The first pop or two was succeeded by center of the bow and the string, at had been, so far as he could tell, no a little rattle as of revolver shots more careful measurements, he discov- rang exactly the same under his hamered that it was slightly over one and mer. three-quarter inches. In seven hundred and twenty that was scarcely no- bridge and spent the next half hour inticeable, and it did not seem very specting the progress of the work. The much to Abbott. As he stood there suspended span had already been feeling himself an insignificant figure pushed out far beyond the end of the steel, again the sense of its strength side of the river had been stopped. As ly, so much so that he laughed aloud halfway over they would transfer the In a rather grim fashion at the un- workmen and finish the opposite canti- great shout of the master builder, induced in his mind by Meade's words in another week they could get it out

which was easy enough by means of everything. That is not to say he was the criss-crossed lacing, and carefully heartless, but the bridge and its erecinspected the lacings at the center of tion were supreme in his mind. the concavity, or sidewise spring from | The material was arriving and everythe right line.

cracks in the paint, surface traceries way. Some of the employees of the half sinking straight down. apparently, running here and there higher grades had got the obsession of om the rivet holes. The rivets them- the bridge, but to most of them it was selves had rather a strained look. Some the thing they worked at, by which of the outer rivets seemed slightly they got their daily bread-nothing loose, where before they must have more. been tight, for the members, like all Those who worked by the day were Then, with a fearful crash, with a other parts of the bridge, had been already laying aside their tools, and carefully inspected at the shop and preparing for their departure. They any looseness of the rivets would certain's have been noticed there. But Abbutt's obsession as to the strength of the bridge had grown stronger. Lining it out, crawling over it, feeling its rigidity, he decided that these evident strains were to be expected. Of course the lacings that held the webs together would have to take up a terrific stress. They had been designed for that purpose. Largely because he did not find anything very glaring, and because he wanted to believe what he believed, the chief of construction left the pier head and clambered up to the floor with more satisfaction in his heart than his somewhat surprising anticipation which had so unwillingly grown under the stimulus of Meade's persistence, had led him to expect.

The whistle was just blowing for the pencement of work when he got back to the bridge floor. He could not but reflect, as the men came swarming along the tracks to begin their day's work, that the responsibility for their lives lay with him. Well, Abbott was a big man in his way, he had assumed responsibilities before and was perfectly willing to do so again, both for men and bridge. The workmen at He Made Another Careful Examinaleast had no suspicions or premonitions

Wilchings, the chief erecting foreman, knew about the camber. It had signal all that was left to do was to not bothered him. As he approached the two exchanged greetings. "You're out early, Mr. Abbott," said

always would get ready so that at the

stop. The riveters, who were paid by

the piece, kept at it always to the very

Wilchings. "Yes, I've been down to examine

C-10-R."

Wilchings laughed. "That little spring is nothing." He tatting on the rivet heads with a perlooked over the track and through the fectly damnable iteration of insistent maze of bracing at the member. "If

swinging steel grating against steel clanking of trucks, grinding of wheels, the deep breathing of locomotives, mingled in an unharmonious diapason of horrid sound.

now. He looked down at it through fering. She had chosen. the struts and floor beams and braces, of course. Yet, something impelled him it and him. It still stood bravely. It he is, how-" was all right, of course. He wished hold up the earth with that strut. You not regard it with the indifference that I checked and rechecked them. No- ment in the idea that had come to him. am ruined." "Not a thing except some hair-line cracks in the paint around the rivets." it merited. As he stared down at it body could know with absolute certainover the edge of the truss the whistle ty the ability of the lower chord mem-"You'll often find those where there's a heavy load to take up. This bridge for quitting blew.

Every sound of work ceased after and there a few riveters driving home younger engineer's terrified alarm, his Now Wilchings was a man of experi- a final rivet kept at it for a few secniter forgetfulness of the amenities be- ence and ability, and if Abbott had ond, but only for a few seconds, Then, tween them, his frantic but futile ef- needed any confirmation of his opinion for a moment a silence like death it- his name-" forts to telephone, of which the op- this careless expression would have self intervened. It seemed as if the erator told Abbott in the morning, his served. He did send him across the ever blowing wind had been momenhurried departure to New York, were, river to examine the half-completed tarily stilled. That shrill whistle and which work had been suspended, await- always affected everybody the same ing shipments of steel, Wilchings later way. There was inevitably and in-Although it involved a hard and reported that it was all right, which variably a pause. The contrast besomewhat dangerous climb downward was what he expected, of course, and tween the noise and its sudden stopand took upwards of a half hour of his this also added to Abbott's confidence. page was so great that the men in-The day was an unusually hard one. stinctively waited a few seconds and ing engineer did in the morning was to A great quantity of structural steel drew a breath before they began to thorough and careful examination of threatened to hold up the work, arrived pick up their coats and dinner pails, the buckled member. C-10-R was, of that day and the chief of construction and resume their conversation as they course, a part of the great lower chord was busier than he had ever been. He strolled along the roadway to the

which, with its parallel sixty feet away energy. Even under the best conditions | It seemed to Abbott that it had never on the other side of the bridge and its it would be well-nigh impossible to been so silent on the bridge before. although the cumulative burdens set two opposites across the river, support- complete the bridge on time. Abbott There was almost always a breeze, ed the whole structure. If anything had pride in carrying out the contract sometimes a gale, blowing down or up and the financial question was a con- the gorge through which the river siderable one. Had it not been for flowed, but that afternoon not a breath Helen Illingworth, drawing closer to

Abbott found himself waiting in sisting a temptation to clasp him in strained and unwonted suspense for her arms. Late in the afternoon, without say- the next second or two, his eyes fixed ing anything to Wilchings, who had re- on the member. The long warm rays bitterly. in fact, Abbott went down to look at clearly. In that second immediately Abbott, as he stood by the member the member again. He climbed down below him, far down toward the pier gave way in quick succession. Abbott | fession, a-" was a man with a powerful voice and He climbed back to the floor of the he raised it to its limit.

> The idle workmen, just beginning to laugh and jest, heard a great cry:

"Off the bridge, for God's sake!" Two or three, among them Wilchamid this great interwoven mass of cantilever. The work on the other ings, who happened to be within a few feet of the landward end, without unand stability came to him overpowering- soon as they got the suspended span derstanding why, but impelled by the agony, the appeal, the horror in the wonted nervousness which had been lever. Abbott calculated that perhaps leaped for the shore. On the bridge if he drove the men. He looked at his stood still staring, others peered downhe pursued his investigations further, was almost five o'clock. The men were steel wavered like ribbons in the wind, He climbed up on top of the member, nothing to Abbott. The bridge was The bridge shook as if in an earthquake, There was a heavy, shuddering, swaying movement and then the 600foot cantilever arm plunged downward, as a great ship falls into the forever, but-" thing was going on with such a swing trough of a mighty sea. Sharp-keyed He noticed, by getting down on his and vigor that he would fain have kept sounds cracked out overhead as the closely, a number of fine hair-line The men themselves did not feel that half inclining to the water, the inward him.

Shouts, oaths, screams rose, heard faintly above the mighty bell-like requiem of great girders, struts and ties smiting other members and ringing in the ears of the helpless men like doom. mighty shiver, the landward half collapsed on the low shore, like a house of cards upon which has been laid the weight of a massive hand. The river section, carrying the greater load at the top and torn from its base, plunged, like an avalanche of steel, 200 feet down into the river, throwing far the traveler on the outward end of the suspended span and a locomotive on

the floor beneath. Wilchings, and the few men safe on the shore, stood trembling, looking at the bare pier head, at the awful tangled mass of wreckage on the shore beam and stringer, girder and strut, bent, twisted, broken in ragged and horrible ruin, while the water, deeper waves smoothly over the agitations of driven before. the great plunge beyond the pier. They stared sick and faint at the tangled. of joints, but structural weakness in

before had been living men. They had seen body after body hurled through the air from the outward end and, as they gazed fearfully in horror the surface of the water. They caught Abbott had been standing near the from the hundred and fifty who had outer end of the cantilever and he gone down with the bridge. The 200turned and walked toward the bank. foot fall would have killed them with-The pneumatic riveters were rat-tat- out the smashing and battering and sound. A confused babel of voices, the the agor and hurled them, crushed and could not be condor we had a pier somewhere we could clatter of hammers, ringing sounds of broken, into the river.

swift moment packed with such regrets as might fill a lifetime-an eterbridge!

CHAPTER VII.

For the Son.

y silence. No one spoke for a moment, sorrow he realized it, too late. None moved. Colonel Illingworth's

"We are ruined," gasped the colofastening his gaze on the questioned nel, tugging at his collar. "We could member. There it stood satisfactorily, stand the financial loss, but our reputa- enough. If he had only listened to the impersonal way. tion! We'll never get another con- boy. And now there was nothing he to walk out on the nearest floor beam | tract. I might as well close the works. | could do but wait. Yes, as the long look down at it once more, leaning far him. The blood of those men is upon the evening approached, there sudden- be mad or Meade must be mad. out to see it better. He could get a his head. Well, sir, I'll let the whole by flashed upon him that there was still better view of it with nothing between | world know how grossly incompetent | something he could do. He had ex-

He is-"

"He's got to bear the responsibility," cried the colonel passionately. "It has

"No, I tell you," thundered the younger man. "For I'll proclaim my own responsibility. The fault is all cantilever on the other bank, upon the consequent cessation of the work mine and I'll publish the fact from one end of the world to the other."

> "It's a load I wouldn't want to have on my conscience," said Colonel Illingworth.

> "The ruin of a great establishment like the Martlet," added Doctor Sev-

> "The dishonor to American engineering," said Curtiss. "And the awful loss of life," con-

tinued the colonel. "I assume them all," protested the young man, forcing his lips to speak,

forth so clearly and so mercilessly bade fair to crush him. "It was only a mistake," protested her lover's side, and with difficulty re-

"A mistake!" exclaimed her father

"You said yourself," urged the woman, turning to the chief engineer, "that you didn't know whether the designs and surveyed it throughout its length, a hundred feet or more to make an- head he saw a sudden flash as of break- would work out, that nobody could know, but you were convinced that

"Wait," interrupted the father. "Meade, there is one consequence you with infinite care and pains, he drew actly as it had been. Those hair-line broken metal caught his excited glance. have got to bear that you haven't

"What do you mean?"

ne and a half inches. As he made larger, no more numerous. The lacings heard from a distance, as the lacings incompetent engineer by his own con-

"It is just," said Meade. "I have nothing further to deflere, gentlemen. I must go to my father."

"Just or not," cried Helen Illing- heart. worth, "I can't allow you to dispose of me in that way, father. If he is as pers to the public at once. Was there blamable as he says he is, and as you anything else he could do? Yes. He world, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Miss Illingworth, you don't know what you are saying," said Meade, fore he traced them on paper. He had gathering nuts or communing with naitself some stepped forward, some forcing himself into a cold formality not written very long before the door ture, never expressing the slightest dehe did not feel. "I am disgraced, But he was a conscientious man, so watch, grudgingly observing that it ward. The great sixty-foot webs of shamed. There is nothing in life for me. My chosen profession-my reputation-everything is gone." "The more need you have for me,

"It is noble of you. I shall love you

He turned resolutely away and walked doggedly out of the room. Helface and surveying the lacing bars them at work an hour or two longer. truss parted at the apex, the outward en Illingworth made a step to follow

"Helen," interposed her father,

catching her almost roughly by the arm in his anger and resentment, "if you go out of this door after that man. I'll never speak to you again." "Father, I love you. I'm sorry for

you. I would do anything for you but this. You have your friends. That man yonder has nothing, nothing but me. I must go to him."

She turned and went out of the room without a backward look or another word, no one detaining her. Now it happened that by hurrying down the hill in the station wagon, Meade had ahead of it, as from a giant catapult, just caught a local train, which made connections with the Rending express some twenty miles away, and Helen Illingworth in her car reached the station platform just in time to see it depart. She remembered that ten miles across the country another railroad ran and if she drove hard she could between the pier and the bank; floor possibly catch a train which would land her in Jersey City a few minutes before the train her lover caught. She told the chauffeur, who scented a rothan the chasm it had cut, rolled its mance and drove as he had never

to the Hudson terminal in the city. tion to his father, and he understood of 20,000 horse power. Later it will be interwoven mass of steel, ribboning in The newsboys on the street were al- and admired him. Aside from that increased to 40,000 horse power. The every direction—for in the main the ready crying the loss of the bridge. jealousy the old man could not but like water is carried by a system of canals rivets held so it was not any defect She saw the story displayed in lurid the young one. He was too like his into an arid district, where it irrigates red headlines as she sprang into the father for Shurtliff to dislike him. The a surface of nearly 100 square miles. the body of the members that had taxi and bade the chauffeur hurry her secretary wished him well; he wanted brought it down-and inclosing as in to the Uplift building downtown. The to see him a great engineer. Of course a net many bodies that a few seconds bill she handed him in advance made he could never be the engineer that

.

office during the whole long afternoon. yet rise very high. Shurtliff would not here and there dark figures floated to He sat alone, quietly waiting for the admit that there was anything on earth of bituminous coal mined was 509,000, glimpses of white, dead faces as the in rapid review, so pictures of the past

The secretary was greatly surprised 1915 of 66,500,000 tons, or 15 per cent, he stopped beside his own desk to according to estimates by C. F. Leeber end. As to the drowning life unrolls to equal Meade, Sr. mighty current rolled them under and took form and shape in his mind. He as he stopped beside his own desk to recalled many failures. No success is hear his name called from the inner arrive. He had learned to achieve by strange note in it which somehow gave failing, as everybody else learns. But him a sense of uneasiness. He went 600,000 tons. crashing of the great girders that had failures and mistakes, which were parfallen upon them or driven them from donable in the beginning of his career, aghast. should have taught him. He realized claimed.

The message was received in ghast- and comparative inexperience—to his

face was fiery red. Bertram Meade pride, the only thing which could in alive. was whiter than any other man in the any way alleviate his misery or lighten room. He was thinking of his father. his despair. It was his own son who second time, "what is the matter?" The girl moved first. Her father had pointed out the possible defect. and the young engineer were the two Youth more often than not disregards swered the other, and the secretary nomost deeply touched. They were both the counsel of age. In this case age ticed the strangeness of his voice more in agony, both in need of her. Unhesi- had made light of the warnings of and more. "It's about to collapse. Pertatingly she stepped to the side of the youth. It was a strange reversal, he haps it-has failed already." younger. And the father saw and un- thought, grimly recognizing a touch of Abbott was right above the pier head derstood even in the midst of his suf- sardonic and terrible humor in the site brow and then brought it down heavily

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Well, he had been mad

When the bridge fell he would avow the whole responsibility, take all the bers to resist compression. But what blame. Fortunately for his plans, his some means." ever the fault, it is mine. My father son had reduced to writing his views nical knowledge than he had displayed every man on it has quit work for the briefest of intervals, except here had absolutely nothing to do with it. on the compression members, which is no power on earth could save that



"Mr. Meade, What Is the Matter?"

and this letter had been handed to his father. His first mind had been to Squirrels Depend on Asylum Inmate tear it up after he had read it and had overborne the objections contained therein, but on second thought he had carefully filed it away with the origiyounger Meade's own handwriting.

Of course he would submit those pa- fisted.

of the outer office opened and he heard sire to get back to the outside world Shurtliff was an old bachelor, gray, Yes, and as there is no great passion all about the private affairs of the two engineers, father and son. He knew all about the protest of the younger

what he intended to do with it. Shurtliff might have been a great man if left to himself or forced to act other." for himself. But pursuing a great passion so long as he had, he had merged himself in the more aggressive personality of his employer and friend. He been completed near Barcelona, Spain. had received a good engineering edu- It is built across the chasm through cation, but had got into trouble over which the Noguera Pallaresa river a failure, a rather bad mistake in his flowed. Abutting on almost perpendic early career, too big to be rectified, to ular cliffs, the dam is constructed of be forgiven, or condoned. The older concrete, and measures 330 feet in Meade had taken him up, had been height and 700 feet in length. The kind to him, had offered to try to put thickness is 230 feet at the base, gradhim on his feet again, but his big fail- ually decreasing to 14 feet at the top. ure had increased his natural timidity, The valley above the dam was bought so he stayed on. He had become a from the various landholders at a cost part of the old man's life.

Young Meade had never been able The girl caught the express and rode ed him. He realized the man's devohim recklessly break the speed limit. his father was. That would not be in the power of man. But still, even if Bertram Meade, Sr., had not left the he never attained that height, he could 570,000,000 tons, the previous high rec-

uninterrupted and unbroken. It is office. He recognized his employer's

"Good God, Mr. Meade!" he ex-

Meade had been right. Abbott had too late that his later achievement had Ordinarily he was the quietest and one swift flash of acknowledgment, one begot in him a kind of conviction of most undemonstrative of men. There omniscience, a belief in his own infalli- was something soft and subtle about bility, bad for a man. His pride had his movements. An exclamation of nity in a hell of remorse-before he, gone before, hard upon approached the that kind had hardly escaped him in like the rest, had gone down with the fall. He had been so sure of himself the thirty years of their association. that even when the possibility that he | He checked himself instantly, but might be mistaken had been pointed Meade, Sr., understood. The day beout and even argued, he had laughed it fore Shurtliff had left him a hale, to scorn. His son's arguments he had hearty, vigorous somewhat ruddy man. held lightly on account of his youth Now he found him old, white, trembling, stricken. Meade looked at Shurtliff with a lack-luster eye and with a Again came that strange feeling of face that was dead while it was yet

"Mr. Meade," began the secretary a

"The International bridge," an-

Meade passed his hand over his on the desk.

"As we sit here, maybe, it is falling," he added somberly in a sort of dull,

Into the mind of the secretary came a foolish old line: "London bridge is to the extreme edge of the truss and And it is your father's fault. It's up to hours passed and the sun declined, and falling down, falling down, falling down!" He must "I can't believe it, sir. Why?"

"There's a deflection in one of the perienced some strange physical sen- lower chord members of one and three-"Sir," said young Meade, standing sations during that afternoon, unease quarters inches. It's bound to colthat he had never said a word about it very erect and whiter than ever, "the in his breast, some sharp pains about lapse. The boy was right, Shurtliff," to anyone. He did not see why he could fault is mine. I made the calculations. his heart. He forgot them for the mo-explained Meade. "I was wrong. I

"Don't say that, sir. You have never failed in anything. There must be

"Shurtliff, you ought to know there had almost taken the form of protest, member. It's only a question of time when it will fail."

The secretary leaned back against the doorjamb, put his hand over his face, and shook like a leaf. The old man eved him.

"Don't take it so hard," he said. "It's not your fault, you know."

"Mr. Meade," burst out the other man, "you don't know what it means to me. A failure myself, I have gloried in you. I-you have been every. thing to me, sir. I can't stand it." "I know," said Meade kindly. He

rose and walked over to the man, laid his hand on his shoulder, took his other hand in his own. "It hurts more, perhaps, to lose your confidence in me than it would to lose the confidence of the world."

How the gods conspiré to make complete the wreckage of reputations and how young Meade is cast into outer darkness is told in the next install-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IS PATRON SAINT OF BIRDS

for Their Supply of Butternuts in Winter.

"The patron saint of birds and squirnal drawings. It was, of course, in the rels" is happy. And though he is sixty years old and has been a patient of Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. He went to his private safe, opened the state hospital for the feeble-mind- Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv. "Do you think I'd let my daughter marry a man who had ruined me, an put back the other drawings and ling and his health is good. He has the drawings and found the letter at- ed for 36 years, his hair is brown and closed the safe without locking it. been in the institution more than half Each Should Be Given Small Tract to Then he went back to the desk and of his life, but his life seems to be considered the document. He had been more sane than the lives of the thoublind, mad. He laid the paper down sands who have outstripped him in on his desk and put his hand to his the life race—and have become wrinkle-cheeked, blear-eyed and hard-

Albert Gentle has forgotten the say he is, now is the time above all sat down at the desk and drew a sheet. He was entered in the hospital in 1880 Neighbor, rector of St. James' Episcoothers for the woman who loves him to of paper before him and began to because he loved the small animals write. Slowly, tremblingly, he perse and food of the forests. He has been vered, carefully weighing his words be- there since, spending most of his time

> the sound of soft footsteps entering | "Last year I picked 27,500 butterthe room. He recognized the new- nuts for my squirrels," he said. "I

He stopped writing and called to him. must be here always to care for them." thin, tall, reticent. He had but one aginatively he somehow emerged from increase his income. The preacher passion-Meade, Sr.; but one glory- the character of an old simpleton, said: the reputation of the great engineer. clothed in an absurd, rusty frock coat, trousers of another day and general without jealousy, Shurtliff was filled appearance of Washington Irving's would give him the means of solving with womanly jealousy of Bertram schoolmaster and became the sancti-Meade because his father loved him fled keeper of a great trust. What and was proud of him. Shurtliff knew was more important than caring for and make him more independent and those little animals?

"Most people do not know how important it is that we should always Mende. The father had told him just think of the tiny bits of life that God has put on this earth," he said slowly. "Often they do not think of each

> Europe's Largest Dam. The largest dam in Europe has just

of near \$1,000,000, and now filled with water forms an artificial lake 151/4 to get very far it to the personality of miles long and 3% miles wide. The Shurtliff, but he liked him and respect- water that now passes through the

> Greatest Coal Production. Coal production records were

smashed in 1916, when the output was around 597,500,000 tons, compared with according to estimates by C. E. Lesher of the United States geological survey, department of the interior. The quanthrough constant blundering that we voice, of course, yet there was a tity of Pennsylvania anthracite was about 88,812,000 net tons, a decrease of

> Approval. The nod of an honest man is enough,

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Could Do No Work. Now Strong as a Man.

Chicago, Ill.-"For about two years suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had bet-

ter health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Jos. O'BRYAN, 1755

Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.



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THE PAXTON HOTEL CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

Russia is to create a merchant ma

RED FACES AND RED HANDS Soothed and Healed by Cuticura-Sample Each Free by Mail.

Treatment for the face: On rising and retiring smear affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For the hands: Soak them in a hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and rub in

Cuticura Ointment. Free sample each by mail with Book.

Till to Increase His Income, a Minister Declares.

That every minister throughout the country, particularly in rural districts. should be made to become a tiller of the soil in addition to his spiritual duties, is the belief of the Rev. John J. pal church at Bradley Beach, N. J. He emphatically advocated the project in a recent sermon, the Brooklyn Eagle

The Rev. Mr. Neighbor expressed the opinion that every student for the ministry should be required to take a course in an agricultural college as a comer. It was old Shurtliff, a man need just that many to feed them all part of his training for the pulpit. Then who had been his private secretary They get so hungry in the winter time, each parish should set apart a cerand confidential clerk for many years. I make so many of them happy. I tain amount of land for the minster to till, the proceeds of which would go to He said it quietly, with dignity. Im- help pay his salary and incidentally

> "Such a plan would be beneficial to both the parish and its rector. It a large part of the financial difficulty that often hampers him in his work efficient. Certain hours in the day. or so many hours a week, should be set apart and prescribed as a time for his agricultural duties. This would benefit him physically as well as aiding him to make both ends meet."

You cannot fan away a fog.



Scientific facts prove the drug, caffeine, in coffee is harmful to many, while the pure food-drink-

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is not only free from drugs, but is economical, delicious and nourishing.

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum is highly recommended by physicians for those with whom coffee disagrees.

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