

## ELSIE BOOSTS ARMY AS STEADY JOB FOR YOUTHS

After Seven Months Under Military Regulations Miss Janis Says Soldiers Are "Regular Guys."

BY ELSIE JANIS.

If mother had only had the forethought to bring me up a regular guy I certainly would consider Uncle Sam's army as a good steady job.

This war has taught us a lot about armies. Personally I never went in for soldiers before the war and I thought the army was mostly brass buttons and bull.

But now having spent nearly seven months traveling in army cars, eating army food, obeying army orders and falling in love with the entire army, I know better, and I think a lot of the fellows who kicked about things "over there" are going to miss the same things over here.

Take for instance, Private who hated the routine and regulations when he comes back to trying on shoes for peevish women or adding up figures in books that only tell of the money some one else is making or losing.

In the army he took orders from his superior officers, but he knew that if he made good he might be giving orders in a few months. But as office boy in a waist manufacturing company, what chance has the poor boob got of sneaking up the ladder when the guy who monopolizes the top rung is a regular Potash or Perlmutter whose business it is to grease the rungs and keep expenses down?

The pay in the army is good. The private soldier is admitted to be the "top dog," because without him there ain't going to be no war—or peace! The American army will always have food enough though the cost of living goes so high that St. Peter has to throw it back.

The army will always have a place to sleep even though common millionaires can't afford a hall bed-room in a New York hotel, and the army will always be respected, because that's what an army is for—to demand respect and to get it—not to fight for it all the time, but to be ready in case anyone is doubtful.

If I were a boy struggling in the whirlpool of wage earners today I would volunteer for the army of occupation. I would see France and Germany and maybe Russia.

I'm for the army all the time, and I advise every man I know to get into it.



## THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

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### CHAPTER II

#### Something About Manderson

"Our Manderson biography happens to be well up-to-date," replied Miss Morgan, drooping her dark eyelashes as she considered the position. "I was looking over it only a few months ago. It is practically ready for tomorrow's paper. I think the Sun had better use the sketch of his life they had about two years ago, when he went to Berlin and settled the potato difficulty. I remember it was a very good sketch, and they won't be able to carry much more than that. As for our paper, of course we have a great quantity of cuttings, mostly rubbish. The sub-editors shall have them as soon as they come in. Then we have two very good portraits that are our own property; the best is a drawing Mr. Trent made when they were both on the same ship somewhere. It is better than any of the photographs; but you say the public prefers a bad photograph to a good drawing. I will send them down to you at once, and you can choose. As far as I can see, the Record is well ahead of the situation, except that you will not be able to get a special man down there in time to be of any use for tomorrow's paper."

Sir James sighed deeply. "What are we good for, anyhow?" he inquired dejectedly of Mr. Silver, who has returned to his desk. "She even knows Bradshaw by heart." Miss Morgan adjusted her cuffs with an air of patience. "Is there anything else?" she asked, as the telephone bell rang.

"Yes, one thing," replied Sir James as he took up the receiver. "I want you to make a bad mistake some time, Miss Morgan; an everlasting bloomer—just to put us in countenance." She permitted herself the fraction of a smile as she went out.

"Anthony," asked Sir James, and was at once deep in consultation with the editor on the other side of the road. He seldom entered the Sun building in person; the atmosphere of an evening paper, he would say, was all very well if you liked that kind of thing. Mr. Anthony, the Murat of Fleet Street, who he lighted in riding the whirlwind and fighting a tumultuous battle against time would say the same of a morning paper.

It was some five minutes later that a uniformed boy came in to say that Mr. Trent was on the wire. Sir

James abruptly closed his talk with Mr. Anthony. "They can put him through at once," he said to the boy. "Hullo!" he cried into the telephone after a few moments. A voice in the instrument replied: "Hullo be blowed! What do you want?" "This is Molloy," said Sir James. "I know it is," the voice said. "This is Trent." He is in the middle of painting a picture, and he has been interrupted at a critical moment, that's all!

"Trent," said Sir James impressively, "it is important. I want you to do some work for us."

"Some play, you mean," replied the voice. "Believe me, I don't want a holiday. The working fit is very strong. I am doing some really decent things. Why can't you leave a man alone?"

"Something very serious has happened."

"What?"

"Sigbee Manderson has been murdered—shot through the brain—and they don't know who has done it. They found the body this morning. It happened at his place near Bishopbridge. Sir James proceeded to tell his hearer briefly and clearly, the facts that he had communicated to Mr. Figgis. "What do you think of it?" he ended.

"Come now!" urged Sir James. "Tempter!"

"You will go down?"

"There was a brief pause. "Are you there?" said Sir James.

"Look here, Molloy," the voice broke out querulously, "the thing may be a case for me, or it may not. We can't possibly tell. It may be a mystery; it may be as simple as bread and cheese. The body, not being robbed looks interesting, but he may have been outed by some wretched tramp whom he found sleeping in the grounds and tried to kick out. It's the sort of thing he would do. Such a murderer might easily have sense enough to know that to leave the money and valuables was the safest thing. I tell you frankly, I wouldn't have a hand in hanging a poor devil who had let daylight into a man like Sig Manderson as a measure of social protest."

Sir James smiled at the telephone: a smile of success. "Come, my boy, you're getting feeble. Admit you want to go and have a look at the case. You know you do. If it's anything you don't want to handle, you're free to drop it. By the bye, where are you?"

"I am blown along a wandering wind," replied the voice irresolutely,

"and hollow hollow, hollow all delirium!"

"Can you get here within an hour?" persisted Sir James.

"I suppose I can," the voice grumbled. "How much time have I?"

"Good man! Well, there's time enough—that's just the worst of it. I've got to depend on our local correspondent for tonight. The only good train of the day went half an hour ago. The next is a slow one, leaving Paddington at midnight. You could have the Buster, if you like."

Sir James referred to a very fast motor car of his—"but you wouldn't get down in time to do anything tonight."

"And I'd miss my sleep. No, thanks. The train for me. I am quite fond of railway traveling, you know. I have a gift for it. I am the stoker and the stoked, I am the porter sings."

"What's that you say?"

"It doesn't matter," said the voice sadly. "I say," it continued, "will your people look out a hotel near the scene of action, and telegraph for a room?"

"At once," said Sir James. "Come here as soon as you can!" He replaced the receiver. As he turned to his papers again a shrill outcry burst forth in the street below. He walked to the open window. A band of excited boys was rushing down the steps of the Sun building and up the narrow thoroughfare toward Fleet street. Each carried a bundle of newspapers and a large broadsheet with the simple legend:

### MURDER OF SIGBEE MANDERSON

Sir James smiles and rattled the money in his pockets cheerfully. "It makes a good bill," he observed to Mr. Silver, who stood at his elbow.

(Such was Manderson's epitaph. (Continued Tomorrow.)

### Lost Bankbook Cashed, Bank Held Not Liable

MACON, Ga.—Keep your bankbook locked up, for if it is stolen or lost and some impostor gets it and goes to a bank and draws the money out the bank is not liable. Judge H. A. Mathews, of the Bibb county court, has just so ruled in the case of Mary Wilson against the Citizens' and Southern Bank of Macon, and his decision has been affirmed by the court of appeals. Mary Wilson claimed that some one stole her bank book, went to the bank and withdrew \$400, forging her name.

Yes, But It Isn't Plainer Time! I wish some man like Burbank would fill the world with glad surprise.

And grow, could he but have the zeal.

An anti-skid banana peel.

It's Usually Like Pulling Bicuspids to Get Them to Do It at That!

Wife: Richard, I wish you would take care of the baby for an hour or two. I am going to have a tooth pulled.

Husband: See here, dearie, you mind the baby, and I'll go and get a couple of teeth pulled.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificates being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere makeshift support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a FREE test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore, cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

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I own a ..... car.

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BOY SCOUT IS KILLED AS AUTOMOBILE SKIDS

John Williams, Aged 14, Down On Way Home From Church.

14 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams, 1414 S. 16th St., was killed when his automobile skidded on a wet street and struck a lamp post.

Coroner's jury in the case of the death of the boy returned a verdict of manslaughter against the driver, who was not named.

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