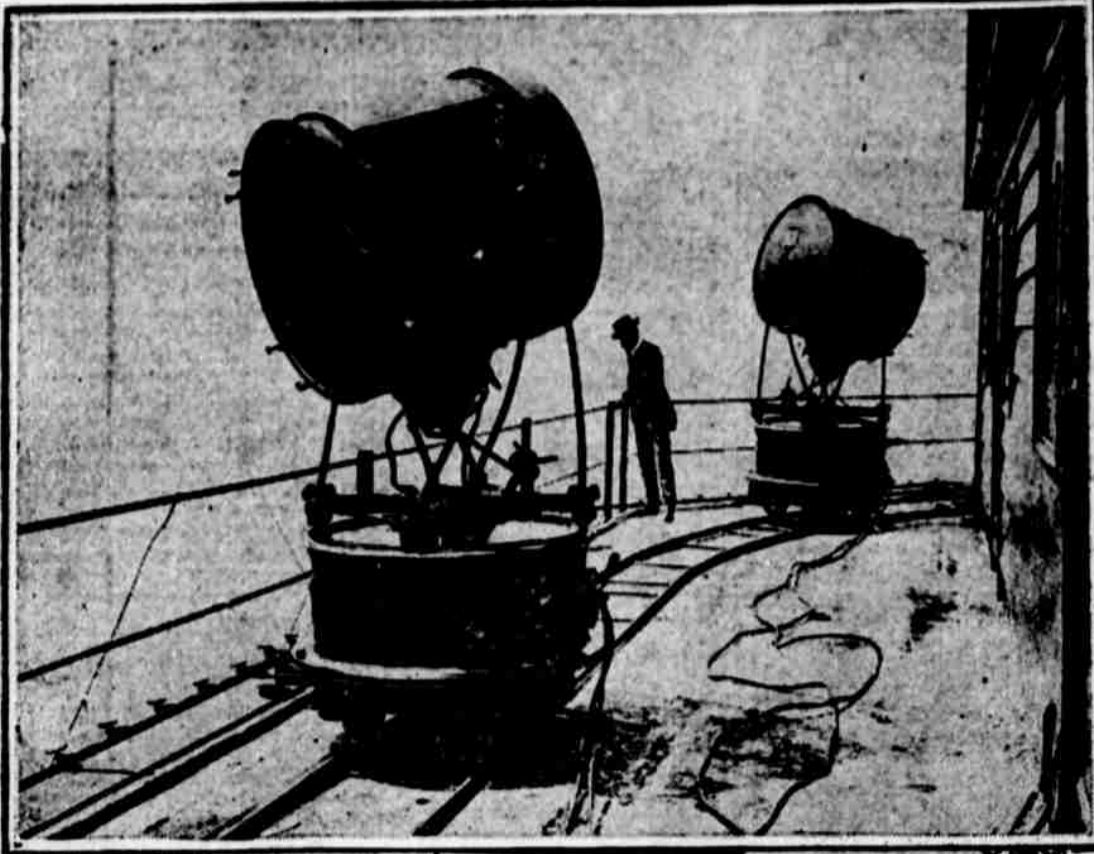


Body Snatchers of Eiffel Tower Save Hundreds From Compelling Desire to Jump From Rail to Earth Below



Loftiest Structure in the World Takes a Yearly Toll of Death—Tower Holds Strange Fascination.

By STIRLING HEILIG.

Paris—A painter fell from the Eiffel Tower. When his body struck the ground it sunk five feet into a flowerbed. Four more men must fall to complete the toll of the most dangerous painting job in the world.

They paint the tower every six years. All Paris is interested, because on its paint depends whether the gigantic mass of iron is to be the gleam of the eyesore of Paris!

Its first shade, in 1889, was "dead leaf." When the sun lit it hazel-golden, with effects of jeweler's fragility, it was beautiful. In 1895, after immense discussion, they painted it orange. In strong sun it gleamed like burnished copper. Oscar Wilde declared it noble. Puvion de Chavannes, the grand old painter, threatened to blow it up with dynamite!

Electricity Eats Paint!

In 1900 they made it "sun color"—which has always been repeated. Again, the tower became a thing of glory.

It did not gleam sun color long. According to Camille Flammarion, the atmospheric electricity which such a mass of iron receives is incalculable. Conducting tubes two feet in diameter lead it down to 50 feet below the water-bearing stratum; but its effects on paint are disastrous. The paint does not crack off or peel off. It just disappears!

It is the tower's way of calling for a special bunch of victims—painters. Every day it calls for voluntary victims by whispering to visitors with thrills of that incalculable atmospheric electricity, "Jump!"

On the upper platforms lounge men who try to look like tourists, yet whose lazy eyes watch every new arrival.

Electricity Urges: "Jump!"

When they see a tourist stand immobile by the railing, deaf to remarks, oblivious of surroundings, with eyes fixed on the abyss and face lit up with a holy look, they move a little closer to the tourist.

They are the body-snatchers of the tower. As the snake fascinates the bird, so the abyss calls to the tourists daily while electric soul-jolts murmur: "Jump!" They're snatched and saved, be sure—the snatchers have the habit!

I have seen ladies fairly rush to the "down" elevators, hiding their face in their hands. Those who may be really ready to jump will feel a strong, friendly human body bump against them, with hearty apologies: "A million excuses! How I am clumsy!"

Will Not Let You Jump!

It is the body-snatcher, saving your life. He will not let you jump. He stands by you, whether you intend it or not, until you return to normalcy.

On the ground, by the west pillar, is a police room. Here are wheelbarrows, shovels, and a big pile of black garden-earth. When a fascinated victim succeeds in jumping, few people realize what has happened.

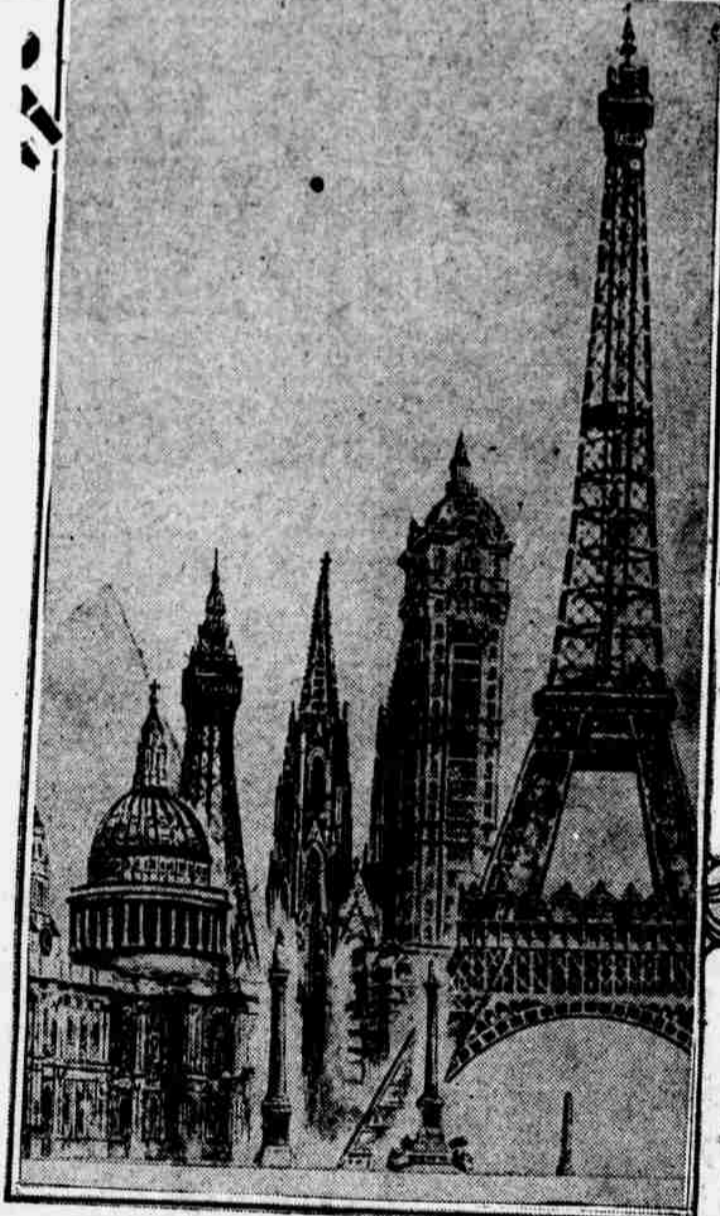
The falling body makes a deep hole in the earth; but before any horrified or curious party can accomplish the slow descent by elevator or stairway, the body is ploughed into the police-room, and the hole is filled up, smoothed with new earth, and, maybe, geranium or green shrub planted!

There are no statistics of those who jump. It is not a thing to talk about—they're mostly visitors. But there are full statistics of legitimate victims—painters and inventors of parachutes!

So fell Francis Reichelt. "I need height!" he said. "In falling, my parachute continues to unfold, all by itself. It is for aviators, who have no time, you understand, to adjust anything. A swimming gesture of the arms, you understand—"

Drops to Death.

He looked into the abyss and turned back in dread. He tore a newspaper, to try the wind. He looked down again and slowly his face illuminated. His look of voluptuous longing frightened the reporters. Before they could consult, he was near the railing. The cape unfolded. A bulging balloon of brown silk swelled above him. It looked, for a moment, like success. Then down went Francis, like a lump of lead!



Top picture shows giant searchlights and wireless station on top of Eiffel tower. Below, pictorial comparison of the tower with other famous structures.

Painted requires nearly 60 tons of liquid paint for each single coat.

Sixty-five painters, working continuously together, take three months to do a single coat.

In 1889, only five painters fell—or jumped. The tower had just taken 28 victims during its construction, and all were careful. In 1895, 11 painters fell, few of them men of 1889. Without experience of the tower's lure, they had the French artisan's vanity and daring. When, after three had gone down, the management, interposed life saving tackle, they rebelled in a body. As a result, nine others dashed to a jelly in 45 days!

In 1900, they called for "painters experienced on the tower." They responded in mass—demanding quadruple wages. When put wise to motives of humanity, they accepted 40 per cent above union scale—on condition not to disgrace themselves by enforced use of tackle. Eight fell.

Nine More Fall.

In 1907, it was the same. Nine fell, and always without tackle. In 1913, they had got to be a little corporation. Only five went down.

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Jack and Jill

It was just five minutes of seven. Dinner was finished, and Jack was just drawing on the waistcoat of his evening clothes, when he observed the time. They were bound for the theater.

"Jill," he cried cheerily, through the bath-room door, "Hello honey, what is it dear—want me to fasten your studs?"

"Studs?" he shouted incredulously. "For the love of Mike, darling, I'm all dressed. Don't tell me you're not nearly ready."

"Oh, I'll be ready in time," said Jill.

So Jack, looking quite like the hero in a play himself, his tall figure wonderfully distinguished in his new evening clothes, idled down stairs to the little living room where he read a page of Montaigne.

It was seven-ten before he strode out into the hall and looked expectantly up the stair-case.

"Oh, honey," he cried eventually, seeing no sign of his Jill-girl, "Yoo-hoo," she called down happily.

"Most ready, dear?"

"Oh, I'm hurrying."

He read two more pages of the cynical Montaigne. Seven-twenty-two.

There came the sound of splashing from above.

"Holy smoke!" he ejaculated, "I do believe she's just taking a bath now. Can you beat that?"

Out into the hall again and a leap up the stairs. He stood outside the bath-room door. Then he knuckled the panels.

The sound of splashing stopped abruptly.

"Well, what is it, dear?" Jill's

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Earth Protects Her Child!

Stirred, thus, to jump, by atmospheric electricity ("it's strong enough to make each atom of the vast steel structure tingle!"), how shall a girl keep her head where strong men feel the urge to spread their arms and swim, except overwhelming counter-currents (thrilling from the feet up) gently jazz her to a soft convulsion, though no boob have nerve to test it!

All these things were known perfectly in 1889. Then, in October, 1890, they were forgotten by joint effort of newspapers and population.

Admit Tower Is High.

Niagara Falls are high. They could fall from the tower's first platform. The loftiest masonry constructions in the world—American skyscrapers—could not reach even the intermediate platform, half way up the shaft, 647 feet from the ground. The third platform (like the brim of a hat) is 911 feet high. Niagara, with a suspension bridge 100 feet above it, could fall between it and the top of our highest skyscraper, leaving space to spare!

Holds 13,200 Persons.

The ground enclosed by its four legs is three acres.

Restaurant, theater and cafes of the first platform seat 1,600 persons, and their "exterior galleries" hold 400 more. The second platform accommodates 3,000 persons, the intermediate and third 1,000 more. Add 3,200 adults mounting and descending stairs and elevators, and the total "saturation" of the tower becomes 13,200 people—the population of no mean city!

"Saturation" has probably never

been reached, but it is remarked in Paris that the tower's shareholders, after getting not a cent throughout the war, touched 7 1/2 per cent last year, and expect a 12 per cent dividend shortly.

For this prosperity they have to thank the wireless—and that other, queerest of all "whisperings," which I said that I would mention in good time.

Gets Free Advertising.

Now that it is such an important wireless station, the tower gets free advertising all over the world; and a large proportion of visitors who come to Paris for the first time, feel bound to make the ascent.

A queer legend of the tower's first days, in 1889, revived with talk of the tower's need of paint, has doubtless helped to boost the dividends.

Not atmospheric electricity alone, they say, but its comingling with obscure earth magnetism of unimaginable force, works with the vertigo on hearts and souls' outpourings!

The telluric currents (no one knows a word of their true nature, scientifically) twist and soften the harsh flood of atmospheric electricity which urges: "Jump!" and deafen fair ears to its horrid mandate! Mother Earth, in tenderness for daughters of Mother Eve, makes it to sound to them like kss, kss—"Kiss!"

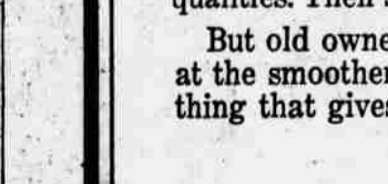
And so, for 50 visitors who seek Thrill No. 1—of braving an alleged danger there may be 100 who have sneaking willingness to test Thrill No. 2—of problematic safety! "No woman," runs the story, "can resist discreet, persistent efforts of a man to kiss her, at the top of the Eiffel tower!"

The Whispering Magnetism

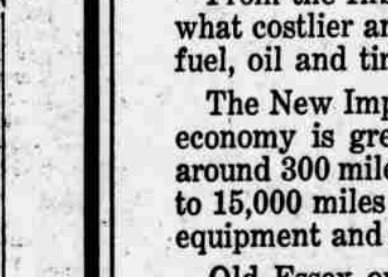
"Good bye gormandizing!" laughed another. "Got to keep the stomach sweet, to work up there! Or else, look out for vertigo and whispering magnetism!"

"To feel what we painters feel,"

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That is so fleet and smooth in its response to your will you are never conscious that it is a piece of machinery.

That is so easily operated you can guide it for hours through crowded city traffic or send it across country for a whole day's run without the usual fatigue to driver or passenger.

That is so reliable that attention with an oil can virtually constitutes its sole service requirements.

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Old Essex drivers sense the difference as soon as they take the wheel.

Its speed and acceleration and endurance are known to them. Others may not be so familiar with these Essex qualities. Their surprise and delight will be all the greater.

But old owners, who know the Essex will be charmed at the smoother way the New Improved Essex does the thing that gives them pride in their cars.

More Economy Than Ever

From the first Essex appealed to men because it does what costlier and larger cars do and at small car cost in fuel, oil and tires.

The New Improved Essex adds gasoline mileage. Oil economy is greater, although old Essex cars averaged around 300 miles to the quart. Its tires often gave 10,000 to 15,000 miles of service. Now cord tires are standard equipment and greatly increase tire mileage.

Old Essex owners hardly understand how reliability could be increased. Many—hundreds in fact—report upwards of 30,000 and 40,000 miles of service, with

incredibly small repair bills as judged by the usual requirements of motor car operation.

But the new improved Essex lengthens the period of that service. Simple and inexpensive ways to replace parts as they wear are provided. Thus the tight, squeak-free and rattle-free qualities and lively performance of the Essex when new, may be retained throughout the life of the car. And how long an Essex may be relied upon to serve, needs more years for proof than opportunity has yet provided.

A Better Car for Less Money

All the advantages of the original Essex are retained. The pride of the owner is greater. You can turn it in narrow streets. It finds room in small parking spaces. It is small and light and yet commodious, safe and comfortable.

The New Improved Essex expresses the new day meaning of refinement—of reduced weight—freedom from unexpected bulk, and the finest mark of motoring luxury.

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voice was impatient, fretful.

"You know we are going to the theater tonight, not tomorrow matinee," he said, in lofty sarcasm.

"Yep," replied Jill calmly, "I know it, old dear."

He fumed and clumped down stairs again.

Three more pages of Montaigne, and it was a quarter of eight.

He heard her coming down the stairs slowly.

"Goodness, Jill, hurry up," he said crossly. "It takes half an hour to get in to town, and fifteen minutes more to get to the theater. We'll land there just about in the middle of the first act if you don't hurry."

"Oh, I'm hurrying, dear," she said softly, pulling on a glove.

Jack snorted.

"Yah—you look rushed to death."

He thrust her along to the station and they caught the 7:59, where-



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as he had planned to get the 7:25.

"Well, we'll miss half the show, of course, but you don't mind a little thing like that," he said cynically.

"We'll be on time," retorted his Jill-girl calmly.

"On time! Gee, women are the limit."

It seemed as if Jack was right for it was twenty-two minutes of nine when they reached the theater. They heard the orchestra braying, and there was an awful crush about the entrance. But they were finally seated. Jill had her hat off and her hair fluffed, and Jack had a chance to read the jokes in the program, before the curtain actually arose on the first act of the play.

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