

New York Street Fair to include 'Most Everything'

Society Women to 'Bark' for Attractions—Acrobats, Riders and Clowns on Bill.

New York, May 13.—The street fair opens Tuesday. That in itself is not an astounding announcement, since New York has known all sorts of street parties for ever so long.

Four blocks on Park avenue, from Forty-sixth to Fifty-fifth street, will be given over to the fair.

Will Teach Integrity. Integrity soon will be taught in New York's schools.

Associate Superintendent Clarence E. Meloney said this week that training in old-fashioned ethics for students is proving a bigger need every day.

To Show Model Tenements. Chever models of the model tenements which the Metropolitan Life Insurance company plans to build as a contribution toward solving the housing problem will be shown next week at the Queens exposition in Astoria, Long Island City.

Urges Jewish Vigilance. All Jewish organizations were urged to join in the next session of the American Jewish congress to aid in the campaign for the protection of Jewish rights everywhere.

Girls Ban Rolled Hose; Vaccinated on Knees. Sistersville, W. Va., May 13.—The mystery why rolled stockings only show when maidens of Sistersville sit down has just been discovered.

Radio Kiss Is Said to Be Greatest of Indoor Sports. Seattle, Wash., May 13.—The radio kiss has been discovered by W. D. Romans of this city, and he says "it's the greatest of indoor sports."

Intelligent Hen Lays Egg Near Skillet on Gas Stove. Mr. Vernon, Ill., May 13.—W. A. Kern of this town is the proud possessor of what he considers a most remarkable hen.

Doctor Fails to Revive Snakes With Electricity. Lawrenceburg, Ind., May 13.—When three dozen snakes—rattlesnakes, cottonmouths and other varieties—were drowned by high water which flooded their pit at a carnival here, a physician attempted to revive the reptiles by application of electricity.

LOVE AND LEARN

(Continued from Page Nine.)

looking up at him strangely, half frightened, she took his hand from behind her back and moved away from him along the seat.

"All right, we'll go, Lela—you and I," announced young Mr. Hancock with sudden resolution.

"Nope!" answered the driver. "Then she is!" announced Joe quickly with a grin.

"Lela was crestless. 'Joe!' she gasped. 'It'll cost you a for-r-tune.' 'Fortune's nothing,' said Joe grandly, 'if it's something you want to do, and he glanced into her eyes with the boldest look he had ever dared.

"But can you get tickets? I hear they're scarce." "Five dollars apiece is all," said Joe loftily. "We can go that, I guess—for one day's pleasure."

Lela gazed once more at Joe in startled admiration. He was so strong and masterful. These were qualities in young Mr. Hancock she had never noticed before.

"You stopped a fast one with your chin, I should say," volunteered one of the first-aiders; "but you started the row, didn't you?"

"Row?" inquired Fat vaguely. "Why, there wasn't any row. I just knocked the tar out of a butinski sopp," remembered Fat, haltingly and painfully.

"Got your facts on wrong, Fat," cheered another of the relief party. "The sopp knocked the tar out of you. He has just departed—so get on your feet and get out of here."

"It has been a dream, a perfect dream," declared Lela with enthusiasm. "Nine o'clock tomorrow morning—early start," Joe warned, and at the same time thought to stimulate the eagerness of anticipation by remarking: "Plenty of fun! Plenty of time for a sandwich and a cup of tea somewhere on the way."

"You darling!" bubbled Lela. "I'll be up with the morning glories." There was, however, on Joe's part no feeling of vast elation over this promise for tomorrow.

She did not have any affections, he had decided. She was just a food and for pleasures generally. She was not bad, of course, but she was just naively selfish.

But Doc Kindred shook his head tonight. "Just got two in the safe, and they're sold to a fellow who is coming out here in a couple of days."

"And if he doesn't come?" Joe managed to inquire hopefully. "O, he'll come all right. He's one of the those guys that never likes to get left."

"Guess I'll stick around and see if he does," remarked Joe, as not entirely convinced and noting by the clock that it was now 10:48. "By the way, what you holding 'em at?"

"Five dollars apiece," said Kindred. "It was what Joe had expected. 'I'll take 'em,' he decided, for extravagance was fast becoming the habit with him.

Kindred turned to the safe, while Fat, who took no note that the back over the cigar lighter belonged to Joseph Hancock, reached for a tiny pad of paper lying upon the counter and scribbled an I. O. U. for \$10 thereupon.

"What's this?" demanded Doc, frowning at the scrap of paper on the glass of the showcase and withdrawing the hand in which he had been extending the pad of paper and gaily striped pasteborders. "I can't take no I. O. U.'s for these tickets. I got to account with cash tomorrow morning."

"Well, I guess you can put up the cash. You know I'm good. You've taken by chits times enough before," blustered Fat.

and had peered that bill from a collection of his fellows that he extracted from his trousers pocket. As between cash and credit, Doc Kindred was all for this picture backed kind of paper.

"Here!" he said, and skinned two 10s from off his roll and tossed them on the show case. "I guess that's the pair, not some time, but now!" There was a most emphatic emphasis on the "now."

"Not since night before last," Lela answered in aggrieved tones and with the appearance of a cloud upon her brow. "Wasn't it cheap of him? He didn't ring up or anything about going to the meet. Why, if it hadn't been for you, Joe, I might have been moping there in that old attic all day long."

"You're on, boy!" said Kindred, thrusting the tickets into Joe's hand with a suddenness that left the transaction instantly complete.

Fat Franklin, before he saw his face, recognized the voice of the man who had once deluged him with soup and who today, probably through a stupid accident—for he could not credit Joe with so much intelligence as to have done the thing by design—had upset some very cherished plans of his.

"It was an unexpected blow, so far as Joe was concerned; but the lad blocked with his left and crossed with his right, the right which was as hard now as if it held a brick within it.

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"Not to speak of," Joe dissembled, with a play upon his words. "Well, wasn't that just too lovely? It seems as if everything is turning out wonderfully for us, doesn't it?"

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By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ing and revealing; but in his heart there was a fresh stab of pain, induced by the reflection that all these earnest gazings of gratitude merely meant that she was thankful to see him again.

But while Joseph Hancock arranged his circumstances, practical Lela Mason thanked her lucky stars and went on to extract the last thrills of the day from the memory of the which, to her, marked the climax of the social experience in her young life and left her in a state of sighing ecstasy.

In this state Joe took her home. Irma Woods, her roommate, rode with them, partly to make sure of her proprieties and partly because she wanted to spite Charlie Moran, with whom she had quarreled on the way over. In the small hours they were up at Mrs. McIlheny's, to find that worthy woman's doors still open, the light still burning on her windows for draped portavantages that he could sulk.

Joe felt something knock dimly inside of him, which should have warned him that his love was not so dead after all; but it was not he, he perceived gloomily, and Fat and were engaged all right; the girl's manner told him that; but since, during an entire period of thirty-six hours beyond the moment of his victory, Fat had mysteriously failed to press his intentions, a natural surmise was that the lady in the case was willed, and—little poacher—she was willing, therefore, to accept more favors from Joe. Knowing what he knew, Joe felt a certain sense of responsibility for Fat's failure to appear, but was not thereby moved to enter a defence for the absent one.

"A new interest had by this time seized upon the volatile girl, as she noted with enthusiasm the pennants with which Joe had dressed the corners of the car, and the packages of confetti and serpentine on the front seat, for use at the pavillion in the afternoon.

"Joe! You're a dear!" she exclaimed impulsively, and clasped the nearest of his hands and shook it. "Why—why—your palms are all calloused," she discovered with amazement. "You've been doing hard work—man-of-war."

Joe threw up his hands and laughed at the preposterous idea; but this was mainly a maneuver to get one of them away from her clasp. He could not bear her seemingly innocent, comradely touch. Perhaps this was the day, the day, the day, he had lost his extremely analytical viewpoint. His heart began to covet her again, and he could not be comradely with another man's treasure.

Instead of analyzing he began to find excuses for her, and was even sadly happy that though lost to him, he was nevertheless permitted to give her a day of pleasure.

At noon they turned in for lunch at Eagle's Rest. There must have been a dozen automobiles parked in the circle outside the rustic chalet, with more arriving every minute, and already 70 odd merry studes were lunching. For Lela to learn that Joe had thoughtfully telephoned an advance order, and to have in consequence just the cutest little table for two reserved upon the vine-grown piazza at just the very best spot for overlooking the entire gaze, was absolutely thrilling.

Besides the sheer joy of the experience, it ministered greatly to Lela's feeling of self respect to see herself looked after in this way. And Joe had done it—was doing it. Not Jack English or Milt Franklin, sons of millionaires, but Joe Hancock, the co-op waiter, to whom each single dollar was at least as large as the one in the pocket of a millionaire.

"How ever did you do it?" she demanded, as one who had worked a magic. "Wherever did you get the money?"

"O, it was some that I didn't have any use for," he laughed, but there was a cynical note that laughter which frightened the girl.

"Use for?" she asked in an apprehensive whisper. "Joe? You—you have spent money that—that wasn't yours? That you hadn't a right to spend?"

"O, it was mine, all right, he said, drily. "I had a right to spend it." "But on me?" A tardy conscience was beginning to stir the girl.

"Every cent of it!" he reassured her promptly, and then hesitated. He had meant—it had been his program—to tell her, at the end of this wild orgy of extravagance, how he had got the money, and what for, and let conscience twist her, if it would; but now that his feeling toward her had changed again, he was momentarily ill at ease.

"I was a little nervous, but I earned it for you," he confessed, "wheeling bricks—two solid months of afternoons of wheeling bricks—"

"Is that where you were?" Lela almost screamed. "I got to get money to buy a diamond ring, so that we could be engaged."

Lela's heart leaped wildly. "Joe! You old dear!" she exclaimed, and her face was a sunburst of glad surprise, while, if ever there was a drama-

tion in a woman's eyes, it looked out of hers. Not even Joe Hancock, blind as his erroneous deductions could make him, failed to comprehend this. For an instant his face expressed astonishment, bewilderment, mystification. Then he gripped her by the elbows and held her almost violently while it seemed that he tried to read her very soul in her eyes.

"You—you don't love Fat Franklin?" he demanded. "Joe?" The girl began to answer in tones that, while tremulous with emotion, were none the less subdued, for she perceived that he had been the victim of painful misapprehension. "Joe, dear, I didn't love anybody in the world until today—never saw anything in any man to love until today, and that man is you. Joe—you! You are great! Great! I love you, and I never could love anybody else."

For a moment Joseph Hancock was dazed, still as a statue, unwilling that any other sensation should register in his mind except the wonderful thrill of hearing this bewitching little creature say that she loved him, and of seeing her look at it with every beam out of her sparkling eyes; then speech and action found their way.

"O!" he groaned in transports of relief and joy. "O, you darling!" And he gathered her close into his arms and held her there as if determined that she should never escape from them.

Yet whole eternities of bliss upon the mountain top of existence may be ticked off in a few seconds, and presently the pair were standing quite still, with arms about each other, but in conversation once more.

"Hilton would me night before last that he loved me," she recited, "and that he wanted to marry me, but I told him that he'd said that to a hundred girls already, and he puffed out his lips, sulking as usual when he doesn't get what he wants, and went away muttering that he would show me."

Lela shrugged Milton Franklin out of further consideration with one switch of her shoulders, as if impatient that Joe Hancock should stand before her as the sole male fact in the universe. Joe meanwhile had possessed himself of her engagement ring, and stood looking at it half foolishly.

"But now," he remarked ruefully, "I haven't got any ring to put on it." "You've got the finger," Lela reminded him.

"And that's better," he said, kissing it. "But isn't it queer the queer things?" he inquired, still a bit woozy in the head and struggling to adjust his consciousness to the rapturous symphonies which swept from heartstrings whence a few minutes before only dirges had been sounding. "You never find out about 'em at all until you fall in love with 'em and then you begin to learn a lot of things quick. To think now that if I hadn't been throwing away my money in buckets!"

"Yes, would?" Lela interrupted, reading his thought and blushing as from some moral delinquency. "It wasn't just the spending of money. It was seeing how daring and forceful you were, and how you wouldn't hesitate at any cost to—to make me happy!" And she blushed again, this time with delight. "But O, wasn't it terrible, though—sending all that money of—of ours?"

"Miss Mason—Miss Mason!" called a voice from above stairs with mild remonstrance in its tones. "Here, kiss me good-night!" directed Lela.

Joe Hancock obeyed dutifully, and turned and ducked down the steps, penniless, but rich.

Navigation Subordinates Draw More Than Chief. Washington, May 13.—A bureau chief drew more than one of his subordinates in the unusual situation revealed in appropriation reports for the bureau of navigation in the Department of Commerce.

The navigation commissioner, head of the bureau, is paid \$4,000 a year, while the port commissioner at New York, his subordinate, gets an annual compensation of \$5,000. The chief's salary is equalled by the port commissioner at San Francisco, who also gets \$4,000 a year.

At the same time the deputy commissioner, second in command, is paid \$3,000 a year, while the port commissioner at Seattle, his subordinate, gets \$3,500, and the Boston commissioner, also a subordinate, gets \$3,000.

Mail Courtship for 14 Years Ends in Marriage. Haines, Ore., May 13.—After a courtship of 14 years—by mail—W. A. Flower and Miss Linda Free, of Milwaukee, Wis., were married here. The bridegroom is 75 years old and his newly acquired wife is 68. They will live on Flower's ranch near here.

This is the Last Day Of Welch's Bargain Week. Coffee, Tea or Milk FREE with every 5c order of Burns' Wheat-Ten Bread. ALL SIX RESTAURANTS.

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MEN

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These three organs are responsible for more misery than any other in the body. Pain in back, tired feeling, getting up at night, premature hair loss, etc., are some of the results of these troubles. We believe we have the best treatment known to quickly correct these disorders. Costs nothing unless it does the work, and name for immediate refund.

Kortex Compound (in tablet form) is the result of many years of scientific research. It contains no harmful drugs or opiates. It acts naturally to rebuild the vitality in man or woman, to revive the power of youthful vigor and stamina. More widely acclaimed than Gland treatments or bark and animal extracts, it has a powerful action in strengthening and renewing the tissues and to overcome the handicap of physical weakness, resulting from breaking nature's laws.

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ALLENRUU relieves at once. One bottle—a full pint—will show you the way to complete recovery or your druggist will gladly return your money.

Cuticura Beautifies Skin Hair and Hands

Makes Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your every-day toilet preparation. Cleanses and softens your skin, hair and hands. Improves the skin to soothe and heal the Talcum to powder and perfume.

AllenRUU relieves at once. One bottle—a full pint—will show you the way to complete recovery or your druggist will gladly return your money. It is a simple, safe, and effective treatment for rheumatism, and has been used by thousands of patients who have obtained complete relief.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are made of the finest ingredients and are guaranteed to give you the best results. They are sold in all drug stores and by mail.

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Physician Says Greatest Curse to Health and Strength

of American people is lack of iron in the blood which WEAKENS ALL THE VITAL ORGANS and often causes severe suffering from derangement of the heart, stomach, liver, intestines and other organs.

Explains what to do

Nuradium to Revitalize to Conquer Disease

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New York.—In a recent conference with the writer in regard to why such an enormous number of people nowadays are in poor health, weak and low in vitality, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician in Bellevue Hospital (Out-door Dept.), New York, and Westchester County Hospital, said: "In my opinion, the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. More than 90 per cent of the people who come to my office for their bodies become more or less anemic and this in time often leads to serious derangement of the heart, stomach, liver, intestines and other organs. It seems almost impossible to get people to understand and appreciate the value of iron in the blood. There are billions of red corpuscles in your blood stream and each one must have iron or it becomes starved and dies. As a result, your blood becomes pale, thin and watery. Without iron, your food merely passes through your body without doing you any good. You do not get the strength out of it, and you may therefore become thin, emaciated and all run-down. The shrinking of the facial tissues and muscles frequently caused by this lack of iron makes both men and women look years older, and entirely robs women of their fresh, youthful beauty and clear smooth skin, as well as nice complexion."

Nuxated Iron ENRICHES THE BLOOD—GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY. Haines Drug Co., Sherman & McConnell, Boston Drug Co., and Green's Pharmacy.