The Ambition of Mark Truitt

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt decides to leave his native town of Bethel to seek his fortune. His sweetheart, Unity Martin, encourages him in his project.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

He went again to the cupboard and took down a battered tin candlestick. He lighted its candle and started toward the inward door. Half-way, he stopped abruptly and turned, his mouth working strangely.

"If ye ever git rich," he dragged the words out slowly, even painfully, "come back here an' build a steel plant. There's a heap of fine coal an' iron in these hills, an' the river an' railroad'll give ye good transportation. This valley's meant fur it. I was jest a little too early—an' a little too ignorant, I reckon. But ye're smarter an' better schooled than me, an' the time's comin'. I'd like to see a Truitt build it."

Never before had Simon Truitt spoken of his dream and failure to his son.

"Why, yes," Mark answered, on a sudden pitying impulse, "I'll think about it."

"Yes. Keep thinkin' about it. It's—it's a big idea."

Mark started. The phrase again! Simon went to the window and peered out into the silvery night—toward the south. Then he moved heavily toward the door. He turned again; the flickering light from the candle threw the lined, patient face into sharp relief.

"Good night, Mark."

"Good night, father."

The door closed. For many minutes Mark, left alone, absently fingered the pocketbook and thought of the man who had given it to him. Then he blew out the lamp and rose from the table.

He, too, paused at the window and looked out into the night, toward the south. He tried to see the sleeping valley as his father had dreamed it, alight with the fires of many furnaces, palpitant with the rumble of many engines. He thought he saw it.

The picture faded. He saw only a vague shadowy mass in a moonlit meadow, the dismantled forge, silent witness that for those who march upon the battlefield that is called industry is no third choice. They must conquer—or be conquered!

CHAPTER III.

The Masters.

He found himself, a lonely foreign figure knowing not whither he would go, somehow in the city's heart.

Chance led him to the principal thoroughfare. The city had begun to quit its toil, and the released toilers were pouring into the street, an endless unordered horde, heedless of him as they were of one another. Never before had he seen so many people.

He had a confused sense of being sucked into a narrow, gloomy canyon through which poured a flood of humanity, a treacherous, dangerous torrent, with many cross-currents. Countless faces, wan in the unnatural twilight, streamed by him; a stranger type to him, fox-featured, restless of eye.

Full darkness fell. He paused under a fiery sign, The Seneca. Through a great plate-glass window he saw a gaudy red-and-gold interior broken by many columns that to the inexpert eye somewhat resembled marble. Uniformed pages scurried to and fro. Well-dressed men lounged in easy chairs or sauntered leisurely about. Many lights burned brilliantly. He looked within longingly.

While he debated whether or not to enter this expensive-looking hostelry, a porter swooped upon him and snatched from his hands the ancient carpetbag that held his slender wardrobe.

"This way, suh!"

He followed the porter to the desk, painfully conscious of the figure he cut, unseath, out of place. A clerk of lofty mien placed an open register before him.

"Write your name here."

Mark wrote it.

"And your town."

Mark hesitated—and then, with a dogged lowering of his head, firmly wrote the name of that city.

In the dining room that night many smiles were cast at the raw country youth. He did not regard himself as a subject for mirth. As he attacked the strange viands the waiter set before him, a little of his self-confidence returned. The vivid sense of a cruel, overpowering entity faded. Homesickness for Bethel, the refuge, subsided.

He began to take in details of the novel scene around him.

His ears strained to catch the remarks that floated to him from the neighboring tables. It was a strange tongue he heard, lightly disdaining topics that would have buzzed the gossips of Bethel for a moon. There was a young man who wore diamonds and talked in a loud and impressive fashion.

". . . Elizabeth, I see, broke the record again." (Elizabeth, it developed, was not a race horse, but one of the Quinby Steel company's blast furnaces.) "Yes, sir! More'n forty thousand tons. Henley says—I think so myself—we're going to have the biggest year yet. —No-o, I don't know exactly know him, but I know people that do.—And Tom Henley's going to be the biggest steel man in this business—gets his fifty thousand a year already. . . . MacGregor and Quinby, they're the richest. They own the ores, make the steel while Henley makes the money. See? Ha! ha! That Henley's the brainy of the outfit. . . . And he's the d——d youngest, too." Mirth his half-million, they say, and ain't over thirty-five. . . ."

And this was the city from another angle. Tom Henley, evidently, had the monster well in hand.

The name had a familiar ring. Mark drew from his pocket a letter Richard Courtney had given him that morning. Upon it was inscribed, "To Thomas Henley, Esquire."

"He may be willing to help you find work," Courtney had said, "if he remembers me."

Mark regarded the letter thoughtfully. He wondered what was in it. After a moment's hesitation he opened—it was unsealed—and read it.

"My Dear Henley," the letter ran, "I am sending you one who is the work of my hands. He is a young man of parts, 'good friends,' as we say up here in Bethel, 'with work.' Also he 'has a nose for money.' They are qualities for which you, perhaps, can help him find a market. . . . I say he is my handiwork; but he is an unfinished product. What, I wonder, will the new life that succeeds me as his mentor make of him? Perhaps I should let him strike out for himself and learn at once the ugly cruelty of the struggle that now seems to him so glorious. But we oldsters have the habit of helping youth to the sugar-plums of which we have learned the after-taste. . . . And this introduction is the last thing I can do for a young man who means much to me."

After many minutes' study Mark came to his decision. He would present himself and the letter to Thomas Henley. He would do it that very night. He rose from his dinner.

"Where," he inquired of the supercilious clerk, "does Thomas Henley live? I must see him tonight."

The directions brought Mark at length into the heart of a small community from which the city still kept at a humble distance. Not so the fog, which was no respecter even of gilded colonies. From a tall iron fence sloped a wide sweeping lawn dotted at exact intervals with trees and shrubbery. And in its center loomed a great shadowy mass, punctured by many windows shooting broad luminous bars into the fog. It was the castle of the tamer.

He proceeded with a boldness proper to adventurers in Eldorado, past the waiting carriages that lined the graveled driveway, to the wide veranda. There he halted. From within came the strains of music and a gay clamor of voices. He could not know that on this night the tamer gave a feast, a formal dedication of the new castle to the entertainment of his kind. But he felt the hour to be ill-suited to his purpose.

Yet it was effected.

Curiosity to look within carried him to a window. To his wondering gaze unfolded a vista of Irish point and damask satin, carved mahogany and marble figures, gilt-framed pictures and silken rugs.

And amid this lavish display of beauties paraded a bevy of creatures seeming to his excited fancy to have stepped out of "Arabian Nights."

"Unity," he said, "will like that."

While he stood there a troop of men, garbed in a monotony of black and

"If That's All You Want, What Are You Good For?"

white, marched into the room. At the same time voices came from another wing of the veranda.

And then he, son of the blacksmith of Bethel, became a spectator at the birth of a project that for a brief but brilliant period was to move the world to hosannas!

"Henley," said the first voice, deep, yet softly flowing as honey. "I have come to the time of life when a man of sense puts away the lusts of the flesh—"

"Is your digestion out of order?" interrupted the second, sharper, less musical and with a sardonic quality that delighted the listener. "I noticed you didn't eat much tonight."

"Ah! It is more than stomach. It is soul!" the mellow voice flowed on. "My labors and investments have been blessed with good fortune. So I am now able to turn my energies to the higher duties, to doing large things for humanity. And lately my thoughts have dwelt much on—philanthropy and paleontology."

The speaker, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

"Mmm! Two 'p's,' it came. "Quite alliterative. Go on."

"Henley, you are the first to whom I have spoken of my purpose. It is fitted. In what nobler work, what more fertile philanthropy, can a man of wealth engage than in the development of the science of paleontology? Think, Henley—to add to humanity's knowledge of the extinct life that came before our own! It is a labor to fire the imagination. And that is my purpose. I shall build and endow in this city the most complete paleontological institute in the world, and before I lay aside the project, a branch institution in each of the largest cities of the nation." The voice trembled with emotion.

There was a sound as of two hands sharply meeting. "Good! I see! Let the Scotchman look to his laurels! MacGregor may build his libraries, but Quinby shall have his paleontological institutes!"

Mark wondered at the patience of the answer. "Ah! You are pleased to jest. But the project is new to you. And," sighingly, "the young think only of wealth and power."

"My dear Mr. Quinby," the other purred, "no man in his senses could jest at paleontology. — What the devil!"

The speakers had turned the corner of the veranda and come upon the eavesdropper. Thus for the first time Mark Truitt looked upon the two men in whose legions he was to conquer.

Who has not in fancy's gallery a portrait of Jeremiah Quinby, taken from the prints of the day when his star swept so brilliant through the sky? The lofty brow seems to shelter a very ferment of noble projects. The grave eyes and mouth speak to us of a great soul anguished by the sight of suffering humanity's needs, which he is bravely, self-effacingly seeking to relieve.

Photography has been less kind to Thomas Henley. No philanthropy has claimed him as its apostle. And then he was a less promising subject for the art. His body was squat and heavy; his face was bony and ugly and arrogant, often still further marred by a cold, cynical sneer. A lesser man, thus presented, would have been repulsive. Yet from Henley radiated a tremendous vitality that made him magnetic or compelling as he chose—the dynamic quality that could galvanize a man or a regiment to the mad effort he demanded. After the first glance Mark looked no more upon Quinby; he understood why the philanthropist had so meekly swallowed the insolence.

"This," he thought, "is a man."

Henley charged upon him, gripping his arm.

"What the devil," he repeated, "are you doing here?"

"Looking into the window."

"What are you doing that for?"

"Because," Mark answered simply, "I never saw anything like it before."

"Probably," the philanthropist-to-be suggested nervously, backing away, "he is some sneak thief. Perhaps you'd better hold him while I get help."

"Oh, don't be frightened," Henley replied protectively. "I won't let him bite you."

The sardonic note was again uppermost. Mark, looking down at Henley—he had the advantage of his captor by half a head—grinned involuntarily, and was himself led into impudence.

"No, I won't bite you, Mr. Quinby."

Quinby took another step backward, his nervousness becoming more manifest. "He knows my name! He may be some crank who—"

"My dear sir!" This time there was a touch of impatience in the words. "Gentlemen of your importance must expect their names to become household words. If you'll feel easier, step inside while I attend to this Peeping Tom."

The philanthropist, still insensible—it seemed—to the thinly veiled insolence, accepted the suggestion.

"Now then," Henley demanded sharply, "what do you want here? You don't look like a sneak thief."

"I brought a letter to you."

"Who from?"

"Dr. Richard Courtney."

"Who's he?"

"He's our preacher in Bethel."

"Bethel? Elucidate Bethel."

Mark defined the village geographically.

"Humph! Let me see the letter."

Mark gave the missive to him, and Henley, opening it, began the perusal.

"How many letters like this do you suppose I get every day?"

"A good many, I expect."

"Dozens!" Henley snapped. "Dozens! Enough, if I gave 'em all jobs, to cover the Quinby mills three deep with incompetents in a year."

He completed the perusal of the letter.

"Well," he sneered, "you who peep through windows, I suppose you want a nice, fat job you're not fit to fill? They all want that."

Suddenly Mark felt anger, hot anger, at this arrogant young man, not so many years his senior, who baited philanthropists with as faint scrupling as he rough-handled the seeker of work. Henley saw him stiffen.

"No, I don't," Mark cried hotly. "I only want a chance to work. A chance to show what I'm good for."

"If that's all you want—what are you good for?"

"I'm a blacksmith, but I can do anything."

"Humph! We can use fellows who can do anything—to swing pick and shovel. Do you know where we're building our new plant?"

"I can find out."

"Go to the labor boss and tell him to give you a job with the construction gang. If you're good for anything, you can work up the way I—no, not the way I did, but the way you'll have to if you want to get along where I'm running things."

"All right," Mark said shortly and turned on his heel.

CHAPTER IV.

The Service of the Strong.

To the nation had come a rare passion for building. It was tearing down its old barns, to build anew, bigger and stronger. There were cities to be raised in the deserts; and they must be made stanch and lasting. The pioneer and his harvest must be carried, not by crawling conestoga and mule train, but by the power of steam. Men would go down to the sea no longer in ships of wood, but in floating palaces that mocked the storm. Those who made war were to be sheltered behind impenetrable ramparts and, again, equipped with engines and missiles before which stoutest defenses crumbled. Toilers on land and sea must find in their hands new weapons, hard and keen and sure, to bring nature, her forces and treasures, into bondage and service.

Therefore, steel!

And, therefore, the army of steel workers.

A strong west wind had sprung up during the night and the sun shone clear on the line of that day's recruits. One by one they passed before a keen-eyed youth—only the young officered this army—who, after one glance, accepted or rejected. The enlisted were turned over to the timekeeper, who gave them numbered cards and assigned them to various waiting squads.

A big Swede, a wiry little French-Canadian and a slow-moving Pole were passed.

He nodded curtly to the next applicant. "All right! Get your card."

And this recruit was he who had accepted Thomas Henley's challenge. The latter had already forgotten the incident, but Mark was still hot with the determination to prove his mettle to the tamer.

He gave his name to the time-clerk and received his card, also the command, "Go with Houlahan's gang."

Thus, he reflected, he had taken the first step in his campaign of conquest—he was a private in Houlahan's squad.

"Git a move on!" thundered a voice in his ear. "D'ye think yez arre a prathy shtuck in th' grround? Marrch!" It was the voice of Houlahan. Mark marched.

Corporal Houlahan had no romantic conception of his duties, and his tyranny was of a sort to give his underlings the realistic point of view.

"Here, ye Oly—"

"Ay bane Johann."

"Ye're Moike, 'f Oi say ut," bellowed Houlahan. He enlarged upon Johann's dishonorable pedigree. "Dig in!"

The Swede, the best worker in the gang, began to shovel in a nervous haste that added nothing to his efficiency. Mark saw the red creep into the fair skin.

"Shtir it up, ye Frinch loafer!" the corporal addressed the next in line. "We're runnin' no barber shop here. F'r two cints Oi'd bate some worruk into yez."

It was a tired and sadly fretted gang the noon whistle relieved. Mark stretched himself out on the ground, closing his eyes on the dinner pails his comrades produced; in his eagerness to be enlisted he had not thought of his midday meal, and he was very hungry.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and opened his eyes. The Frenchman and the Swede sat beside him.

"M'sieu ees 'ongree, eh?" The Frenchman carefully broke a loaf of brown bread—all his meal—in the middle and proffered Mark one-half.

"Un' t'irsty?" The Swede held out a bottle filled with cold coffee.

Mark looked covetously at the gifts, but he shook his head.

"M'sieu 'ate dat dam' 'Oula'an?" the Frenchman inquired.

"I do," Mark responded with fervor.

"Dat mak' fr'en's out of us, eh? Eat, m'sieu."

Hunger overcame scruples. Mark ate the bread and drank the coffee.

"Much obliged. I was hungry. You're all right—" He paused inquiringly.

"Marcel Masquelier," the Frenchman completed the sentence.

"Johann Johannsen," rolled from the region of the Swede's stomach.

Mark identified himself.

"Dat ver' good name.—Br-r-r!" The exclamation was for the corporal, who, with the labor boss, approached. The latter glanced over the excavation.

"How many loads have you taken out?"

"Thirty-nine, sor."

"Only thirty-nine?" the boss rejoined sharply. "It ought to be fifty."

"The dom'd loafers won't worruk," Houlahan defended himself angrily.

The boss cast his swift appraising glance over the resting groups.

"It's a good gang," he said shortly. "And it's your business to make 'em work." He passed on.

"We'll get it now," Mark muttered. "That Irish bully'll never know how to get work out of men. I'd like to tell the boss so."

Johann's face began to work. "Ay skoll kill Mister Houlahan," came his slow growl, "mebbe so."

"Mebbe so not." Marcel shrugged his shoulders. "One mus' leeve. An' one mus' work. Eh?"

"Steady, Johann!" counseled Mark. "Don't let him rattle you."

"You 'ear, Jo'ann?" Marcel added earnestly. "I 'ave respec' for w'at my fr'en, M'sieu Mark Truitt, say."

They "got it," indeed, that afternoon. The Irishman, under the sting of his boss' reproof, raged and cursed endlessly in the effort to get more work out of his men. The gang, irritable and sullen, worked erratically, with feverish spurts that brought inevitable reaction; the men became demoralized, interfered with one another.

Mark, some whim of the boss making him a special target for the fusillade of profanity, was hard put to keep his temper in leash; he was harder put to restrain the mutinous Swede, who itched with a desire for assassination. Toward the end of the day even the philosophic Marcel grew ill-natured and snarling. Somehow Mark felt their hospitality of the noon hour had put upon him a responsibility for them, though they were his seniors by at least ten years.

"One must live, you know," he reminded Marcel. "And one must work."

"One mus' not be treat' like a dog,

"Would You Mind Saying That Again?"

m'sieu." Marcel ripped out a long French oath. "Jo'ann, you 'ave my consen' to keel dat 'Oula'an."

Suddenly the Swede dropped his shovel. "Ay bane by endt. Ja!"

Johann was too slow in his mental processes to be shamed into patience.

"Pick up that shovel and get to work," Mark commanded sharply.

The Swede blinked stupidly for a moment, then slowly obeyed.

"You our boss, hein?" Marcel sneered.

"No, Marcel, since noon—your friend," Mark responded.

Marcel, too, stared and then, with a gesture of contrition, bent himself doggedly to his task.

Mark thought he heard a chuckle. He looked up to meet the eyes of the tamer. As to the chuckle, he may have been mistaken; in the keen impersonal glance was no sign of recognition. Henley, with the labor boss, departed on his tour of inspection. Mark gave himself anew to his work, with a sudden inner expansion. Not Henley, but the submissiveness of his malcontent "friends," was the cause of that expansion.

Mark learned that there are a right method and a wrong of doing even the simple task of plying a shovel; that there is a fashion of handling even so common an animal as the day laborer which brings out his highest efficiency. He found, moreover, that he had the gift—granted as often to the false and the foolish as to the true and the wise—of popularity. Men liked him; they laughed at his jokes; on a day's acquaintance they confided to him their troubles—squalid tragedies they were, alas! only too often. Marcel always called him "m'sieu," a distinction he accorded not even to Blair, the labor boss.

One chill, foggy evening, as the whistle blew, he looked about him and realized that the excavation for the new mill was completed.

"Why, we're through!" he muttered.

Johann stared stupidly.

"Mebby dat Meestair Blair 'e geev us anudder job, you t'ink so, eh?" ventured Marcel hopefully.

"No. We're the rottenest gang on the work. It's Houlahan's fault. And I haven't had my chance. D——n him!"

"D——n!" The impending calamity was becoming clear to Johann.

"M'sieu 'as los' 'ees chance. Dat ver' bad. Jo'ann an' me, we 'ave los' a job," Marcel sighed.

But the fear was not justified. At the tool-shed they were ordered to report next morning a half hour earlier than usual. And:

"Truitt," said the time clerk, "the boss wants to see you."

Mark made his way to the rude shanty that was Blair's office.

"Truitt," the latter demanded, "what's the matter with Houlahan's gang?"

"Too much bullying," Mark answered directly.

"I thought so. Report tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir. Of course."

"I'm going to put your gang on the new coke oven beds. It's a rush job. I give you three weeks for it."

"Give me?"

"Yes. I'm putting you in charge of the gang."

For an instant Mark stared foolishly. Then he grinned. "Would you mind saying that again?"

Blair complied. "Look here," he added boyishly, "I'm taking a chance on you, because you look and talk intelligent. Are you?"

Mark admitted it.

"Then prove it. I want to make a record on this job and so you've got to. Houlahan," Blair added, "didn't—and he loses his job. See?"

Mark saw.

In the morning Houlahan reported, happily unaware of a new order of things.

"Houlahan," Blair announced casually, "Truitt will take your gang today."

Houlahan glared malevolently at Mark.

"And where'll Oi go?"

"You can take Truitt's old place—or quit," said Blair curtly.

"My God!"

There was no resistance. As if dazed, the Irishman shouldered his pick and shovel and with the gang followed Mark to the new job.

You have seen a sensitive horse become docile and eager when a master takes the reins. So it was with Houlahan's, now Truitt's, gang. They were, since they had survived the weeks of bullying, no mean type; and they responded gratefully to the changed leadership. Where they had been sullen and resentful, they now became willing and promptly obedient. As the day advanced, the pace, instead of slackening as under Houlahan's command, grew faster; the last hour's record was the best of all.

Often Mark went home to his lodging by way of the mills. Then he began to spend his evenings studying them, sometimes in company with Blair, who when the day's work was done sunk his rank in a frank liking for his new lieutenant.

At first Mark saw only a vast spectacular chaos; a Brobdingnagian ferment of unordered and unrelated enginery and consuming fires. No guiding hand appeared, no purpose was felt. Some awful mischance that must bring the whole fabric crashing to earth seemed always to impend. It was unbelievable that this creation had been brought forth from the mind and by the hand of man.

Gradually to his accustomed eye the chaos resolved itself into a system—rather, a marvelous system of systems that worked with a single purpose, each unit fitting precisely into the ordered whole.

"God!" he exclaimed one night, overcome by the splendor of it all. He and Blair were standing on the bridge over the blooming mill, watching the half-naked troop that with hook and tongs worked a two-ton ingot over the rolls.

"What is it? What's happened?" Blair looked around for an accident to explain the ejaculation.

"Nothing. I was just thinking how—how big it is." Mark laughed at the feebleness of his words. "What would you give to be down there?"

There is such a thing as luck. A man—himself an artist who had not yet become exploiter—who had just come unnoticed on the bridge, heard, and with a half smile, saw the eager face.

Blair shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, it's big. But it's hard work. Good pay, though."

"I suppose so," Mark answered carelessly. "I wasn't thinking of that."

The man spoke. "Good evening, Blair."

"Oh! Good evening, Mr. Henley." Blair struck a respectful attitude. "A bad night, sir."

Henley looked at Mark. "I don't just place you. Where have I seen you before?"

Mark flushed at the recollection.

"I took a letter I had for you and you caught me—"

"So you're Peeping Tom, eh? Did you get a job?"

"Yes, sir. With a pick-and-shovel gang. I'm boss now."

Henley seemed not unduly impressed.

"He's the man that dug the new oven beds," Blair interposed generously. "He did it in two weeks and three days."

"Two weeks and two days," Mark corrected eagerly.

"So long?" Henley continued indifferent.

"I had a spoiled gang. It took a week for me to shape 'em up."

"Humph! That's what we pay bosses for. We gave you credit for that job, Blair."

"I took him out of the gang and put him on the job. But he did the work. He knows how to get work out of men."

And that was high praise—the very highest, Henley thought. He turned again to Mark.

"Are you satisfied with your job?"

"No," cried Mark. "I don't want to be just a Hunky-driver. I want to learn how to make steel."

"It's easier to learn how to make steel than to be a Hunky-driver," Henley said dryly. "However, I think we can find you another job."

MAKEUP MAN IN BAD MIXUP

Transposed Lines of a Wedding and Auction Sale With Very Ludicrous Effect.

In handling the slugs which make up the lines in a newspaper, and in separating the various items, the makeup man sometimes gets the lines mixed up and they naturally read rather queer. As an illustration of what can happen, we cite the mixup of the Bangor (Pa.) News a few days ago when the printer got a wedding and an auction sale mixed up with the following results:

"William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Smith, and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east, in the presence of 70 guests, including two mules and 12 head of cattle.

"Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot for the parties, average 1,250 pounds on hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, one feed grinder and two sets of work harness, nearly new, and just before the ceremony was pronounced the Mendel and Sons wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, five years old, one Jersey cow and one sheep, who carrying a bunch of bride's roses in her hand was very beautiful. She wore one light spring wagon, two crates of apples, three racks of hay, one grindstone of mousseline de soie and trimmings with about one hundred bushels of spuds. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip. Terms, spot cash."

GOT THE VISUAL EVIDENCE

Eastern Doctor Trails a Drink of Punch From the Lips to the Stomach.

Having followed with his eyes the course of a milk punch from the mouth of a patient into his stomach, Dr. Henry V. Broeser of Hoboken, N. J., began the treatment of a case in which visual evidence will take the place of books and theories in measures to effect a cure. The doctor seemed specially pleased with the prospect because, he said, the chances would be against recovery if he had to rely on the blind expedients which practitioners commonly employ in such maladies.

The novelty in this treatment consists of the use of the fluoroscope in observing alimentary and digestive processes. Dr. Broeser made the diagnosis. No one before him had employed the fluoroscope for such a case, so far as he knows.

His patient was placed in front of the lighting machine and the X-ray directed toward the body with an intensity of 11,000 volts, but with amperage so attenuated that the man experienced no discomfort. The extreme brightness of the ray projected on a glass screen, coated with a salt solution of barium, platinum and cyanide, a replica in shadows of the living body, showing the beating heart and other organs so clearly that when the milk punch was drunk, its passage from mouth to stomach was perfectly visible on the glass.

Doctors Gave Him Up

A Music Teacher Saved From A Catarrhal Disease By Peruna.

Prof. W. L. Perkins, Waynesboro, Va., writes:

"I was under the care of a doctor for four months, but did not improve at all. At last he gave me up to die of bronchial catarrh. So I thought I would try a bottle of Peruna. I began to feel better at once. Now I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I want to thank you, Dr. Hartman, for your advice. I shall always praise your Peruna for catarrh of the lungs."

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR WEAK SORE EYES

WAR SPIRIT IN THE NURSERY

Small Scions of Princely European Houses Take the Infection From Their Elders.

Even in the midst of war the human element remains. This little story came from Berlin the day before war had been declared on France:

Two little grandsons of Kaiser Wilhelm, children of the crown prince, appear to have inherited the martial temperament of their ancestors. The eldest, Prince Wilhelm, somehow got hold of the fact that the prince imperial of 1870 went to the front in the Franco-Prussian war and asked his mother, "Shall I go?" "Yes," said the crown princess, "but grandpapa will put off the war for 15 years, when you will be grown up."

The young princes play all day at "Austrians and Russians," a newly invented military game, which consists in kuocking over rows of sand piles, and the Russians are always ignominiously defeated.

Little County Zchichy, a six-year-old relative of Austria's ambassador at Berlin, who has been staying at the seaside near the family of the Prussian crown prince, is the local hero. He stole away and, armed with a tin sword and a genuine pistol without ammunition, proposed to go to the front, but was ingloriously captured by the enemy—a fat Pomeranian nurse.

Remove Old Shamrock Mast.

The mast of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock III, which has stood as a flagstaff in front of the Brewster building in Long Island city for the last four years, will shortly be removed to one of the parks of the borough to make way for the Queensboro plaza station of the dual subway. The removal of the great staff will be no easy task. It is imbedded in 25 feet of solid concrete. This cannot be blasted away without injuring the pole. An effort will be made to raise the whole mass and then break away the concrete.

Heavy Enough.

Mrs. Flatte—This paper says almost half of many thousand loaves of bread recently tested in London were short weight.

Mr. Flatte—No such charge can ever be brought against your bread, dear.

His Investment.

"Have you ever invested in bonds?"

"Only the bonds of matrimony."—Detroit Free Press.

Even the sarcastic woman cuts out her cutting remarks when she has an ax to grind.

FOOD FACTS

What An M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public.

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients gain very rapidly, just as I did in strength and weight.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact, I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days of Grape-Nuts, when regular food does not seem to sustain the body, works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.