The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Author of "THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt, encouraged by his sweetheart, Unity Martin, leaves Bethel, his native town, to seek his fortune. Simon Truitt tells Mark that it long has been his dream to see a steel plant at Bethel and asks the son to return and build one if he ever gets rich. Mark applies to Thomas Henley, head of the Quinby Iron works, for a job and is sent to the construction gang. His success in that work wins him a place as helper to Roman Andzrejzski, open-hearth furnaceman. He becomes a boarder in Roman's home and assists Piotr, Roman's son, in his studies. Kazia, an adopted daughter, shows her gratitude in such a manner as to arouse Mark's interest in her. Heavy work in the intense heat of the furnace causes Mark to collapse and Kazia cares for him. Later Roman also succumbs and Mark gets his job. Roman resents this and tells Mark to find another boarding place. Five years elapse during which Mark has advanced to the foremanship, while his labor-saving devices have made him invaluable to the company. In the meantime Kazia has married one Jim Whiting. Mark meets with an accident which dooms him to be a cripple for life. He returns to Bethel intending to stay there. He finds Unity about to marry another man and wins her back. Unity urges him to return to his work in the city. Mark rises rapidly to wealth and power in the steel business, but the social ambitions of his wife make their married life unhappy. The big steel interests are secretly anxious to get hold of stock in the Iroquois Iron company, supposed to be worthless. Timothy Woodhouse seeks financial assistance from Mark and the latter buys Woodhouse's Iroquois stock at a small figure. Henley forces Quinby to let Mark have stock in the Quinby company, through a threat that if he does not he will lose both of them.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

It was the less satisfying because he foresaw the end of a chapter. He had spent himself: in body—he was no longer capable of long intense application, he had fallen back upon the invalid's last resort, drugs; in mind—the creative faculty seemed dead, that very morning a young man in the mills had announced an important inventfon that was to have been Truitt's magnum opus and upon which his sterile brain had labored in vain; in soul—he could no longer dream. And for reward he had—the dry fact of a triumph he could not sense and the prospect of an empty, useless, discontented future.

He was a critic, you see; but not of himself. The world was out of joint.

Passers-by were diverted from their own cares by the sight of a well-dressed man stamping his cane on the pavement and muttering aloud: "An evil fate pursues me. Other men do as I do, desire as I desire and find content. Why can't I be contented—and happy?"

A thousand faces streamed past him, unrecognized and unrecognizing. Then, at a corner where two currents dammed each other, appeared one that seemed oddly familiar. It was of an undistinguished homeliness, pasty pale, morose, matching well the general shabbiness of its owner. At first Mark, confused by the dirty brown beard, did not recognize him.

The man had no doubts. At sight of Mark an evil glitter sprang into the sullen eyes.

"You!"

By the hate that had lived through fifteen years Mark placed him.

"Piotr Andsrejzski!"

"Peter Anderson," the man corrected him.

"That's a good American name. I'd forgotten you had a preference." Mark smiled and held out a friendly hand. "How are you, Peter Anderson?"

The hand was ignored. When Peter Anderson sneered, his homeliness became almost grotesque.

"Since you're so interested, I manage to keep alive."

"How do you manage it?"

"I'm a compositor on the Outcry—when there's any money for an issue."

"The Outcry?"

"You'll hear of it yet. It's the paper of our Cause."

Mark knew of but one cause that employed the capital. "Socialism, I suppose." He smiled indulgently. "I hope it's in funds sufficiently often."

"I look it, don't I?"

The answer was so obvious that Mark avoided it. "How," he asked hastily, "is Roman?"

"He breathes and sleeps and eats. But he's dead."

"Is that a Socialist parable? I'm not a Socialist, so you'll have to explain."

"His mind's gone. It began to go soon after you stole his job. But probably you've forgotten that, too."

"I have no recollection," said Mark coldly, "of any such occurrence." With a curt nod, he passed on.

He had gone but a few steps when he halted and looked back. Peter, unmindful of elbowing pedestrians, was still at the corner, glaring at him.

Impulsively he turned and retraced his steps.

"See here, Piotr," he said. "Let us not use hard names. There are a good many things we'd never agree on. But we can agree on this—you're hard up. I've been luckier than you. What can I do to help you?"

Piotr's lips formed a surly, "Nothing." But the refusal did not fall. A look of transparent craft displaced malevolence.

"Do you mean that?" he asked suspiciously.

"I'm not in the habit—"

"I don't care about your habits," Piotr interrupted ungraciously. "If you want to do something, you can lend me a hundred dollars."

"Lend," evidently, was a euphemism.

"What will you do—still, that's your business. Of course, I will. I wish you'd asked me something harder. Come along to the bank."

The bank was a few blocks away. Mark improved the time by asking the details of Roman's circumstances. Piotr, sullenness not lifted by the prospect of money, answered shortly. It was a pitiable story of descent—of the gradual dissipation of the savings of Roman's active years and the swift failure, through idleness and too much alcohol, of his mental powers, leaving him and Hanka dependent upon Piotr's scanty and uncertain earnings.

"Where," Mark asked, as they entered the bank, "do you live now?"

"Rose Alley."

"Rose Alley!" Mark stopped short. "My God!"

"What does your sort know of it?"

"Quite enough. Come along."

A few minutes later they were in the street again, Piotr the richer by the sum he had asked.

They stood facing each other—the strong man who had conquered and the inefficient, one of life's guerrillas, who had just taken of the strong man's largess. But the inefficient was not grateful; a hundred dollars could not conquer his hatred.

"I s'pose," he sneered, "you want me to thank you?"

"No. If you need more, come to me. And, see here, Piotr, I want you to get Roman and your mother away from Rose Alley."

"You want—!" The money in his pocket, Piotr threw craft to the winds. "What have you to do with us? Do you s'pose we'd let you help us?"

"But you took—"

Piotr chuckled—a chuckle of triumphant malice. "Did you think it was for us?" The chuckle grew into a laugh, as though he pondered some mammoth jest. "You—you—have just paid for the next issue of the Outcry!"

He wheeled and went haltingly away. Mark watched him until he turned a corner.

"Poor devil!" Mark shook his head pityingly. "He's mad."

It was not Mark's habit to waste precious hours wandering the crowded city streets in introspective meditation. He now went to the appointment with his lawyer to keep which he had left Henley.

It was a long and tedious consultation, having to do with a big real estate deal in which Truitt had shown his customary shrewdness. He displayed little interest. More than once Shirley, the lawyer, had to recall his straying attention. Shirley was astonished at this; his client was notable for his concentration on the matter in hand. He would have been even more deeply astonished, could he have looked upon the picture that lured away Mark's thoughts. But then, for

She Looked at Him Steadily, Showing No Surprise.

Shirley, the name of Rose Alley would have raised to life no dead memories.

Shirley's astonishment, however, reached its climax at the close of the consultation.

"It's a good deal," he remarked, "for you."

Mark answered with a nod and opened another subject. "I don't suppose Timothy Woodhouse left much."

"Practically nothing."

"How does our case stand?"

"We'll win it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely. His estate will never push it to trial."

"Then settle it."

Shirley whistled his surprise. "Has the philanthropic bee stung the whole Quinby concern?" he grinned. "I wouldn't do that, though. It would be an admission. As a lawyer, I couldn't advise—"

"I don't ask advice. Settle it."

Shirley waved a concessive hand. "It's your case, of course. For how much? They'll take any figure."

"For whatever you think fair. Not as a lawyer, however. Think of it," Mark smiled wryly, "as a gentleman—if the word means anything to you."

"It's your case," Shirley repeated. "But my notion is, people will think you don't want the publicity—for social reasons. That sort of talk—"

Mark rose abruptly. "I can't help," he replied, with an impatient frown, "what people think, can I? Fix it up as soon as you can."

But the day's adventures were not ended. The ghost of Timothy Woodhouse could not oust Rose Alley from Mark's mind.

The blacks, ordered by telephone, waited him. Swiftly, Mark holding the reins, they were guided across a bridge, along rough-paved, tumble-down streets, into a quarter such as their aristocratic feet had never trod. Grime and decay were everywhere.

It was 15 years since he had seen Rose alley, but he found the way as though he had taken it but yesterday.

He drew up at the mouth of a narrow, shallow court, and giving the reins to his man, got down from the trap.

A few children—dirty, sallow, undersized—had been playing in the court. With difficulty, for they had not his tongue and were afraid of the stranger, he learned from them in which tenement Peter Anderson lived.

He groped and stumbled up two flights of stairs that groaned protestingly under his tread. He found a door and knocked. It opened. . . .

For a full minute, speechless, he stared at the woman who stood on the threshold.

CHAPTER XVI.

Glowing Embers.

The figure silhouetted in the doorway was one to make men dream, full curved, strong with the strength of women whose forbears have always toiled, yet without heaviness; it was the strength that lies in quality, not in bulk.

She looked at him steadily, showing no surprise. And by that he read that she had learned to take life, its coincidences and its climaxes as they came, calmly, without loss of poise.

She spoke first, in a low even voice that hinted even less than her manner at inner excitement. "I thought it was Piotr. Your step sounds like his."

They might have been daily familiars.

"Yes," he flushed. "I am somewhat in his case."

He almost missed the swift glance she cast toward his cane. But he was grateful that she had no comment for his injury. In the presence of her splendid perfections his own physical shortcoming seemed almost cause for shame.

"How do you do, Kazia?" he said gravely. "I didn't expect to find you here."

He held out an uncertain hand. She took it, neither hastily nor reluctantly, for a brief meaningless clasp.

"I am here sometimes. Will you come in?"

She stood aside and he entered, trying to overcome his limp. It was the kitchen, which in Rose alley—as he remembered—had to serve as living room as well. It was clean, but bare; pitifully bare.

By the stove stood a little faded woman, much stooped, her hair white and thin, her pale lack-luster eyes for the moment brightened by a startled question. He went over to her and took her hand. She shrank away from him.

"It is Mark Truitt, Matka," said Kazia in Polish. "Don't you remember?"

Hanka said something in the same tongue.

"She says," Kazia interpreted, "they have never forgotten."

Their eyes met again. . . . His turned away quickly and went to the other occupant of the room. He sat in the only armchair, a huge mass of inert flesh, head slouched forward and fingers playing aimlessly with the long unkempt beard that reached half-way to the bulging waist. Mark laid a hand on his shoulder. Roman looked up. But Roman saw as the new-born babe sees.

The grasp on his shoulder tightened. "Roman, don't you know me? I'm Mark—Mark Truitt, you remember."

The shoulder stirred a little under the tight grasp. Roman's head slouched forward again and he began once more his aimless twisting of the long beard.

"How long," Mark's voice had become sharp, "has he been this way?"

"Almost three years."

"And here?"

"A year longer."

Kazia's eyes said: "What is that to you?"

"Why," he demanded, "didn't you let me know about it?"

She smiled—contemptuously, as it seemed to him.

"We must get them out of here," he went on hastily.

"We can't. Piotr won't let us."

"He must," Mark declared curtly.

"He will not," she repeated.

"I saw him today. He's crazy."

"He is. He's a good compositor and could make enough to keep them at least decently. But he prefers to work for the Outcry—for little or nothing. Generally it's nothing. He says it's for the cause."

"But, that's no reason why he shouldn't let me help them."

She shrugged her shoulders. "To Piotr it is. I know, because I've tried."

"Then," he said, "we'll take them away and settle with Piotr afterward."

He said it crisply, with the assured air of fortune's darlings who, having made their resolve, take its consummation for granted. Her faint smile showed again.

"It isn't so simple as that. They won't go."

"They won't go!" He stared. "Why not?"

"For one thing," she returned quietly, "the Matka loves her son. I'll ask her."

She turned to Hanka and for several minutes the two women talked earnestly in their native tongue. Hanka shook her head continuously.

"She says," Kazia returned to Mark, "'My Piotr wouldn't like it.'"

Hanka interrupted, laying a hand on Kazia's arm and looking anxiously toward the door. Kazia nodded.

"She says also," she interpreted again, "that we'd better go. It's most time for Piotr to come home. She's right."

"I think," Mark answered, "I'll stay, since I'm here, and have this out with Piotr."

"You'd better not." Her swift glance seemed to measure his physical frailty. "Piotr's temper is uncertain. He found me here once and drove me out. It—" The gloom could not quite hide the color that surged into her cheeks. "It wasn't nice."

"I'm sorry for them, but just the same, since I've started, I'll see this through and wait for Piotr."

"No, you'd better not," she repeated with cold emphasis. "You can prove your inflexibility in some other way. Piotr is apt to have been drinking and if his temper is stirred up, he'll make them suffer." She nodded toward Hanka and Roman. "Really, you're quite helpless in the matter."

"I seem to be." He laughed shortly, to conceal a disappointment as undefined as the emotion set stirring by the sight of his old friends. "But, at least, I can leave some money."

But she shut him off from this, too. "No. What money they can use without Piotr's knowing of it, I can furnish."

He limped stiffly toward the door, more hurt than he was willing to admit to himself by the rebuff and the failure of his impulsive mission.

He went quickly out into the dark passage, that he might not have to look longer, and there awaited her. When she came, he led the way down the rickety stairs and out into the foul smelling court, lighted up now by a swaying arc lamp.

"One would think," he blurted out, "you wanted to stay there."

"Do you find that so wonderful?"

"I'm glad you can't. It's no place for such as you."

"Many people have lived here."

"But not from choice. I know. I lived here once myself, before—" He hesitated a moment. "I left it to live with Roman."

She made no reply. He stopped, facing her and blocking her egress.

"You're thinking my going there was to the advantage of no one but myself?"

"Why else should you have gone there?"

"That's almost cynical, isn't it? I might have had several other reasons—but didn't. At least I did you no harm."

"Neither harm nor good."

"One doesn't like to think of one's self as reduced to even a harmless nonentity. Still, most of the virtues are negative, I believe. Though I'm vain enough to wish I could have been a positive influence in the making of the woman you've become. It's rather remarkable, Kazia."

"It isn't remarkable—or excuse for vanity."

She had not winced, nor had her steady gaze wandered. But for just an instant a fleeting somber shadow had rested in her eyes.

"I must go," she said.

They walked in silence to the mouth of the court. At their approach Mark's man got down from the trap, touching his hat.

"Can I set you home?" Mark ventured, not at all sure that she would accept. But she affected no reluctance.

She glanced at a little watch she wore. "I go to the Todd hospital, and I've overstayed here a little."

He helped her up to the seat. The horses sprang forward, swung into the car tracks and quickly left the tenement neighborhood behind. For a time Mark gave his attention to guiding their swift course around overtaken cars and the slow lumbering teams that drew the heavy traffic of the street. They were on the bridge before either spoke.

"You said, to the hospital," he began suggestively. "Do you—"

"I'm on a case there."

"You're a nurse, then? I remember you had a knack for that sort of thing. Your husband—er—I hadn't heard—"

"I haven't seen him for 12 years."

"Kazia," he asked gravely, "will you tell me about yourself?"

"There is nothing to tell—any more than there is about you."

"That is, you're not interested in what has happened to me. You're frank."

"Because a chance has thrown us together for an hour is no reason for us to pretend an interest neither of us can feel."

"You may speak for yourself, please. At least, we can oil the wheels of circumstance by going through the polite forms. You could smile very graciously on my man Felix, but to me—" He broke off with a short laugh. "History has a way of repeating itself. I remember saying something of the sort to you once before. Of course, you've forgotten."

"I forget—nothing."

"Ah!" He turned quickly to her again. "Then I did do you harm."

"I can't see—"

"It follows," he interrupted. "If I had done you no harm, you would remember charitably, not coldly or worse, and you would be at least as cordial to me as to my groom."

"Now it is you," she answered after a thoughtful pause, "who will not let me oil the wheels. Probably what you

"Ah!" He Turned Quickly to Her Again. "Then I Did You No Harm."

say is right. I haven't thought much about influences—I haven't had time."

"I'm sorry. Which seems all I can do about it. You and Piotr and Hanka seem in a conspiracy to teach me that for regrettable things we can pay only with regret. But I promised to save you time."

Darkness had fallen when they drew up before the hospital. Mark descended painfully to help her down—a rather superfluous courtesy, since she was better able to alight alone than was he. "You're in good time, I hope?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you for the ride."

They exchanged a conventional hand clasp. She moved toward the steps leading to the hospital door. He began to climb back into the trap.

But the restive horses started too soon, while he was balanced on the little mounting step. His foot was dislodged. He would have fallen, perhaps been dragged, had Kazia not sprung forward, and catching the reins, brought the horses sharply to a stop.

"You are hurt?"

"No," he lied through set teeth, as he pulled himself up to the seat. His hip, in fact, had received an excruciating wrench. "I'm a little awkward. This is one of the things I can't get quite used to."

"I supposed it was only temporary."

He shook his head briefly, as though the topic were distasteful.

"Another—you probably won't believe this—is an existence that continually requires little cruelties of one. Big ones, too, sometimes."

"You say—requires?"

"At least, encourages. But I," he smiled unpleasantly, "am subject to regrets. And equally unprofitable impulses. Of course," with obvious irony, "this is very interesting to you."

She was standing between two balustrade lamps. In their bright glow he saw her cool impersonal regard change, become questioning. And the dark shadow again—as though she had seen and known to the full the cruelties whereof he spoke. Her lips parted. But no words fell. With an odd little gesture of repression she turned and slowly mounted the stairs. At the top she paused for an instant.

"Good night," she repeated. "And thank you again."

He dined alone at his club that night. The events of the day had left him depressed and strangly restless and with a strong distaste for companionship.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fanned into Flame.

"I'd better quit thinking of her," Mark told himself.

A virtuous and a wise resolution, forsooth! And one strangely hard to keep. The thought—of a woman of the people, dwelling in a fine strong body whose splendid perfection the toil of the people could not diminish, whose flame it could not quench—never withdrew entirely, at most retired into ambush whence to spring out upon him at unguarded moments, with ever increasing potency to stir his jaded imagination.

Attainment of the partnership had indeed proved to be the climax of his career with the Quinby company. Followed quickly the long imminent collapse. There was no specific ailment, save a heavy stubborn cough and the constant ache in his injured hip, which were really symptoms. It was rather a general failure of his powers. He was no longer able to whip flagging energies to the day's tasks. The cool, clear, incisive brain that could grasp a multitude of details and yet not lose sight of result and purpose had become cloudy, vacillating and wandering, a poor tool for the direction of a huge, intricately organized plant operating under tremendous pressure. He was subject to attacks of profound melancholy. He could not sleep without the aid of drugs. Worst of all, the will to endure, to mock pain and weakness, had broken.

"What's the matter with me?" he demanded of his physician.

"Burnt out," was the succinct reply.

"What can I do?"

"Nothing. And quit taking drugs."

"But," habit protested, "I can't do nothing."

"It's your life," interrupted the doctor. "But you've consulted me and I propose to earn the stiff fee I'll charge you. Drop everything, go to the country or to the end of the earth—personally, I'd advise the end of the earth, because it's farthest away and newest to you. Forget work, play a while."

Mark asked and received from the directors a six months' vacation. But, although he formulated no reason, he did not at once leave the city. When the weather permitted he filled in the hours by driving through the parks. They were long tedious hours, as drearily empty as he had forecasted. The nights, when he lay sleepless, fighting an incipient craving, were longer and drearier. Thus it was that he had leisure to think of Kazia Whiting, though at some loss to explain why the reappearance of one whom in his receded youth he had treated badly should command so much of his interest.

Nor did he admit a design when his drives took him almost daily past the Todd hospital. Nevertheless the sight of that institution was enough to evoke a faint thrill of excitement not to be laid to its barrack-like architecture, followed by a more emphatic disappointment as the neighborhood was left behind. One afternoon Kazia, in company with another young woman, emerged from the grounds as he was passing and gave him a cool impersonal nod. He guessed that it was her recreation hour and marked time alone. The quick leaping interest should have been a warning to him. Perhaps it was, for:

"I'm making a fool of myself," he growled. "What do I know of this woman?"

On the third day thereafter, at the same hour, he passed the hospital. This time Kazia appeared alone. She gave him again the cool impersonal nod and would have passed on. But he drew the horses up sharply and called: "Kazia!"

She paused, hesitated a moment, then went over to the curb.

"Will you drive with me for a while?"

"I ought to walk," she answered.

"Please, Kazia." It did not seem absurd to him that he pleaded.

She hesitated again, then—

"Yes," she said.

He would have alighted to help her to the seat, but she forestalled him.

"Don't get out." And she was beside him.

He touched the horses with his whip and they sprang forward.

"You aren't well," she said abruptly.

And he, ascribing to that fact her unexpected compliance, was at the moment almost glad of his disability.

"Is it obvious? I believe I'm not. In fact, my doctor has ordered me to get out and play—I find it very hard work. That's why—that's one reason why—I asked you. I needed company. The circumstance," he smiled, "ought to appeal to you professionally."

"Nurses are notoriously hard-hearted."

"Yes? Then I can't work on your sympathies. On the whole, I'd rather have it so. You'll have to admit it took courage to ask you to play with me, because—you'll admit again—you weren't exactly cordial the last time."

"What did you expect?"

"But I expected nothing," he retorted. "I didn't know you would be at Roman's. Why, I hadn't even heard of you for—I've been counting it up—14 years. That isn't gross flattery, is it? But, of course, you aren't the sort of woman that likes flattery. Are you?"

"Then you're not so sure, after all? But I do like it."

"I must remember that." He chuckled. "Playing becomes distinctly easier. Isn't it lucky I happened along by the hospital just when I did?"

"But I thought—" She almost smiled. "I thought it was a habit."

"So you've seen me? Now you mention it, I may as well confess that this isn't luck, but the result of a very clever plot. I've been driving past the hospital almost every day in the sneaking hope that just this would occur."

"You say, a sneaking hope—?"

"You see," he confided, "I'm easily frightened. How could I know that I'd find you so—so beautifully human?—Are you preparing to snub me for that?"

"I am considering it." The smile was unmistakable now. "But I won't, because today is one of the days when I can't help being beautifully human. I'm so healthy that sometimes I just have to take a vacation from myself."

"And I'm so unhealthy that, though I'd like to, I can't give Truitt the slip for even an hour. He's a persistent beggar—as you may have noticed the last few weeks."

They laughed.

It was a clear afternoon, beautiful with the mellow radiance of autumn sunshine. But the wind that swept sky and air clean was crisp and penetrating. To her, superbly healthy, it gave only a rare tinge of color that enhanced her charm, gave the last needed softening touch. His wasted body, despite the heavy overcoat he wore, could not resist the chill breath. But, though he knew he would probably pay later for the exposure, he would not by so much as a minute curtail the hour.

"I haven't had so pleasant—it's a puny word, but let that go—so pleasant a time in years," he declared.

"I see," she laughed, "you have taken me at my word."

"But I mean it," he protested. "I'd like you to believe that I mean it."

He became grave.

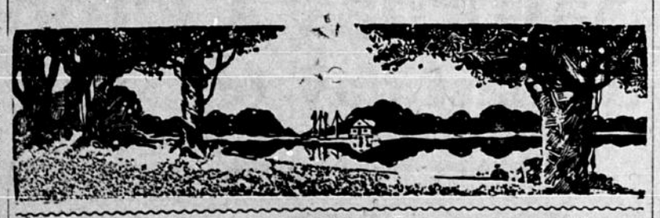
"Since that day at Roman's I've been thinking a good deal of what we said—about my having harmed you. If regrets—but there's nothing so useless. That sort of thing isn't easily forgiven, is it?"

"Oh, very easily."

"You are thinking that I give too much significance to our little affair. I do not—"

"No, I mean I have never blamed you. Of course, we were too young for it to have any lasting significance. And, if I remember aright, I invited it—and so put you in what must have seemed a very tragic quandary at the time." The most critical ear could have discerned nothing ungenuine in her rippling laugh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



COMFORT IN SWISS PRISONS

Penal Institutions of the Republic Can Hardly Be Said to Be Abodes Greatly to Be Dreaded.

A Swiss prison would not be a bad place in which to spend a cheap holiday for a short time, as you have practically all you want—a comfortable cell, central heating, electricity, good food, a fair quantity of wine or beer, and tobacco, and a library. One can learn a trade, have plenty of exercise, and there is little work to do in return for all these advantages. Until a year ago, at the Thorberg prison, good conduct prisoners were even allowed out for the day on "parole" once a week; but though no prisoners escaped this custom has been suppressed. Of all the Swiss prisons, perhaps the jolliest is that of Kreuzlingen, in the Canton of Thurgau, and an interpellation will be made shortly by deputies in the Grand Council concerning the liberty which the inmates of this establishment enjoy. They have weekly smoking concerts, when the latest music hall songs can be heard, and good music, with the result that at evenings the towns-people—Kreuzlingen has nearly 6,000 inhabitants—gather enviously under the prison walls and promenade in the street, enjoying the free entertainment, especially as some of the convicts have good voices. On these occasions there is no warder to prevent a conversation between the prisoners and their visitors across the wall, and thus the former learn the latest news. It is noticed that the prisoners are very polite when young women are present. Packets of cigarettes and other small luxuries—not on the regular menu—find their way over the walls, and this custom, though strictly forbidden, is winked at. These pleasant little "soirees musicales" are now threatened. It is only fair to the Swiss authorities to say that crime is decreasing, as the population increases, in the country.

Terrible Misfortune.

"They are shifting consuls on the merit system," said Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth collector. "Here's a man in Shanghai at $1,500 getting shifted to Barcelona at $3,000. Another consul with a Warsaw job at $4,000 is shifted on the merit system to Fiume at $3,000. A few more such shifts, and where will the poor fellows land?

"'Shifting consuls on the merit system'—that's a good way to express it. It reminds me of Bilson.

"'Have you heard of the terrible misfortune that has befallen Bones?' Bilson said to me.

"'No!' I said. 'No!'

"'Bones, poor fellow,' said Bilson, 'has eloped with my wife.'"

Fortunate is the woman who is too busy to have that kind of a tongue.

Overdrawn.

Robinson—I hear you fell out with the bank.

Jackson—Yes; I lost my balance.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

His Title.

"Mark has a mania for giving girls presents of handsome umbrellas."

"Yes, they call him their rain beau."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Improved.

"He's a self-made man, is he not?"

"Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."—Judge.

Source of Appreciation.

W. B. Trites, the American novelist who had to go to London to get published, where his books achieved a great success, was lunching in Germantown when his host's little son asked:

"Father, what is appreciation?"

"Appreciation," said Mr. Trites, "is my boy, a rare malady, something like beri-beri—people get it far away from home."

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly,

Judge Miller.

PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.

Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Poor Little Orphan.

Alice Joyce, star in motion pictures, had an experience with a little negro girl a few days ago which brings a chuckle whenever it is repeated.

Miss Joyce was on her way home after an arduous day's work. A little colored girl crying against a telegraph pole aroused her sympathy. The charming star approached the girl and inquired the cause of the trouble. The child replied that her aunt had just driven her from the house.

"Where is your father?" asked Miss Joyce.

"Nevah had no pappy," was the reply."

"Well, where is your mother?"

"Daid," was the laconic answer."

Miss Joyce was touched. "Dead," she replied pityingly.

"Yaih! she done died befo Ah was bo'n!"

Hoarding Coin in France.

It has been estimated that during the month of August silver coin to the amount of $400,000,000, or 2,000,000,000 francs, went into hoard in France, the Wall Street Journal states. The difficulty of making small change under these circumstances resulted in issuing notes of denominations from a half franc to two francs each. This fractional currency is made exchangeable at the Bank of France for larger bills. If silver currency in the five countries of France, England, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy fled into hoard to about the same extent, then as much as $2,000,000,000 in silver alone, or twice the public debt of the United States, must have disappeared in little more than a month. Assuming that as much gold and silver went into hiding, the five countries must have withdrawn from circulation and from bank deposit a grand total of $4,000,000,000 of metallic currency.

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion.

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum when used by mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. But when it is prepared according to directions on package and served hot with cream, it is certainly a delicious beverage."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 20c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, made a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.