

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 22 to 24 Park Row, New York.

The Old Trail!

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By J. H. Cassel

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE MUMMY; by Edmond About.

NAPOLEON was hemmed in by the allied armies of England, Russia and the German States. In desperation, he sent a message to Gen. Rapp, who was defending Dantzig, bidding him abandon the city and march to his Emperor's relief.

The Emperor chose, as bearer of this important message, his bravest and most ardently devoted aide, Col. Victor Fougas. The Colonel set forth in mid-November of 1813. Through four of the allied armies he worked his way, risking his life at every step. Then, just as he was nearing Dantzig, he was captured by the Germans who besieged the place.

They searched him, found Napoleon's message, and after a tedious court-martial, condemned the captive to be shot as a spy. Fougas's only comment on the verdict was a defiant shout of: "Long live the Emperor!"

With the besieging army was Dr. Johann Meiser, the foremost German scientist of his day. Meiser had met Fougas while the latter was awaiting trial. A warm friendship sprang up between the two. When Fougas was sentenced, Meiser pleaded in vain for the gallant young soldier's life.

At dawn on the bitter cold winter day set for the execution, Meiser went to say farewell to his friend. At the prison he was told that Fougas had been placed in an open cell at the top of a tower the preceding night and had just been found on his cell floor frozen to death.

Meiser went up to see the body. At a glance his medical insight showed him that Fougas was still alive, but that the spark of life flickered so faintly that not but a doctor could discern it.

Acting on impulse, he persuaded the authorities to sell him the body for dissection, and he carried it safely to his own laboratory. But there a tough problem confronted the old scientist: What was he to do with this man he had rescued?

If he did not speedily revive Fougas, the feeble spark of life would die out. If he did revive him, the court-martial sentence would be put into effect; Fougas would be executed as a spy. There was no way of smuggling him out of the army lines.

At length Meiser hit on a queer solution to the puzzle. He decided to keep Fougas in a state of suspended animation until the war should be ended. The surest way to do this, he considered, was to turn the Colonel into a mummy.

The human body is four-fifths water. By dry heat and by a vacuum process Meiser succeeded in reducing Fougas's weight from 150 to forty-five pounds. He worked with the utmost care to prevent his patient from dying during this odd process. And he succeeded.

But as the war's end Meiser's nerves failed. He dared not risk making known the fact he had harbored his country's condemned foe. So he kept the mummy in his laboratory, bequeathed it \$75,000 francs and wrote out a long statement of the case, which he laid by among his secret papers.

In 1824 Meiser died. His heirs found and read the statement. By this time Napoleon, too, was dead. France (and indeed all Europe) was at peace. The Emperor's old soldiers had settled down to lives of placid industry.

Because of Meiser's high repute the statement was credited. Several great surgeons, following his written instructions, set to work to turn the mummy back into a man. They subjected it to hot vapor baths, and, until at last the system had soaked up enough moisture to compensate for what had been lost, in time, Col. Victor Fougas lay before them in all his former aspect of youth and strength. A heart specialist now took charge. And presently the Colonel's revived heart began to beat. As the surgeons stood back, gazing on the miracle they had wrought, Fougas's eyes opened wide. He glared dazedly about him, then leaped to his feet with a ringing shout of: "Long live the Emperor!"

Those who sneer habitually at human nature and get to despair are among its worst and least pleasant samples.—DICKENS.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

AUGUST 19.—I have listened to such a pitiful story. And I am so ashamed of myself for having harbored even the faintest suspicion that Ned was not the loyal, loving husband I know him to be.

Perhaps he detected a difference I didn't mean to show in the kiss I gave him when he returned last night. For, putting his hands on my shoulders, he held me off from him and looked hard at my face.

"What's the matter, Mollie?" he asked, quite tenderly. "I half closed my eyes to keep from falling the tears which had suddenly started at the gentleness of his touch. 'Something is bothering me,' I admitted. 'I'll tell you about it after dinner, dear.'"

It was rather a silent meal which we shared, for Ned was tired and I'm afraid he felt the constraint I tried vainly to erase from my voice and manner. Neither one of us ate much. After the meal I led him to the coolest, most comfortable nook in our apartment; the wide window seat that is nearest the Hudson River.

He tried to put his arm about me, but, instinctively, I stiffened. "Please read this, first," I said, for the letter was still in my hand, and I was not enough to permit him to decipher the rather large and bold characters of the anonymous letter I had received.

Was it imagination, or did I see his face twist and darken as he read the first few lines of the accusation involving himself and his office assistant, Lillian Duryea? But when he had finished it he said, stiffly: "Do you believe this, Mollie?"

"No," I answered and knew that I spoke the truth. "But what cause, what reason can you have given anybody to write me such a letter?"

"I do see Miss Duryea often," he explained, without a quiver. "I even go to her apartment. But it is provincial time that I spend with her. I'll tell you something that I have heretofore kept secret to protect that poor girl. Miss Duryea is addicted to the use of narcotics. She is what is known as a 'dope fiend.'"

"She understands the routine of my office so well that she can follow fluently the work of my department. I even would partially under the influence of her drugs. I have not dared to trust her with any important duty for some time. Then why do I not discharge her and obtain another assistant, you wonder? For two reasons. I am sorry for the girl. Also, I believe that I can cure her."

"It is with her willing co-operation that I am developing the new cure for devotions of habit-forming drugs, of which I told you the day we went to Glen Island. Don't you remember—I said that was what my book was waiting for. I told you the truth, although I spared you its painful details when I assured you weeks ago that you could not help me in writing my book as Miss Duryea helps—'poor girl!'"

"Oh, I am sorry for her!" I exclaimed, as Ned paused. "But who, I added wonderingly, 'can the writer of this letter be?' Can't you find him and punish him?"

"I thought for a moment that Ned's face was again oddly contorted, but he responded lightly enough: 'He some chap really. I have told her assistant. Of course I have told her that in her present state she has no right to marry. But I know nothing of her private affairs and she may have some admirer who isn't aware of the truth and who ascribes her rejection of him to the most sinister cause.'"

"Poor girl!" I said, and kissed Ned. "I was going to apologize for ever reading the letter, when my husband spoke of her suddenly, and with a brusque 'Forget it!' proposed that we go for a ride in the car."

(To Be Continued)

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Facts Not Worth Knowing By Arthur Baer

No matter how much you mow the grass on a lawn it never seems to get discouraged.

Always place the can of sardines in the aquarium until ready to serve. Fish keep best in their native element.

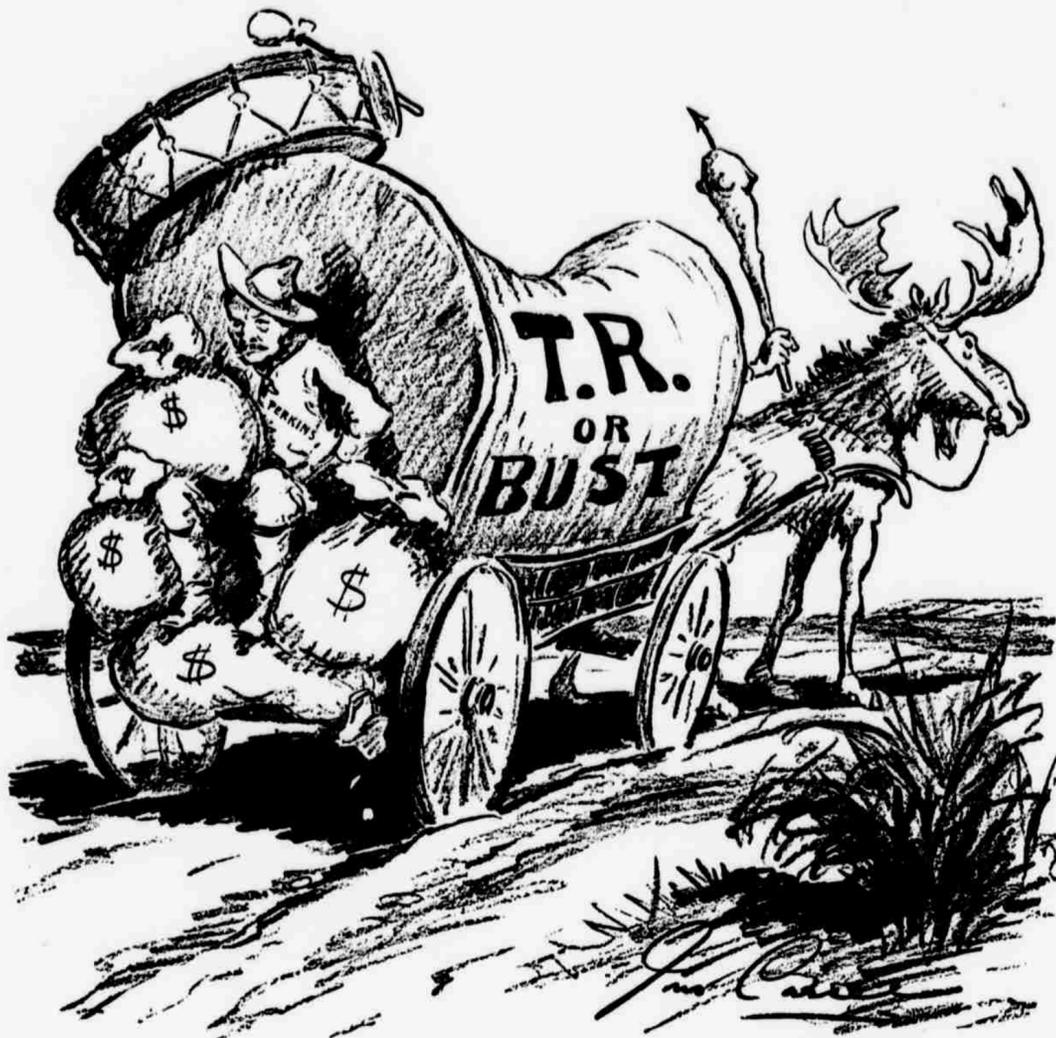
Scientists have figured out that the life of the Z on a typewriter is much longer in Dublin than it is in Petrograd.

Patents have been refused to a Yonkers citizen who claimed to have evolved a method to prevent ocean voyagers being kicked by angry fish.

A nice, pearly noise can be made by inhaling vigorously on the straw after the soda water glass has been emptied of its contents.

When completed the Lincoln Highway will stretch 3,000 miles. At present they are trying to make about 100 miles of Lincoln Highway stretch 3,000 miles.

In writing scenarios for the movies remember that having the villain commit hari-kari is much cheaper than feeding him powdered diamonds.



WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Nobody will begrudge the hard-up Hughes boomers at Chicago all the "boost" they can get out of the Justice's eloquent little talk to schoolgirl graduates about the flag.

The need was desperate. Already his friends had distilled a six-star brand of preparedness out of the Justice's speech and with Herculean efforts they may yet squeeze out something about the tariff, a hint or two to Wall Street and a new Mexican policy.

Meanwhile all Justice Hughes seems to have said, or the gist of it, was:

"The flag means America first; it means an undivided allegiance; it means America united, strong and efficient, equal to her tasks. It means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors; that to each generation comes its patriotic duty, and that upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure as those before you have sacrificed and endured rests the national hope."

Admirable words. But wherein do they differ from what President Wilson has repeatedly said, or wherein do they express sentiments which the President does not share and upon which he has not consistently acted?

The most violent exertions of his friends have so far failed to reveal Justice Hughes as anything other than an exceedingly able and distinguished American whose patriotic views are extraordinarily like those of the President.

A curious qualification for a candidate expected to carry the Republican Party into power on the issue of preparedness.

KITCHENER.

ENGLAND has lost her sturdiest war chief. To make it worse, the blow falls at a moment when the British spirit was doing its best to rally from the disappointment of a costly and doubtful encounter with the enemy on sea, where, if anywhere, Britons looked for clean-cut victories. The effect is doubly depressing.

Despite the criticism that assailed him, despite the complaints of his close-mouthed obstinacy, despite the specific charge that his foresight failed to provide the right kind of ammunition for the English armies in France, Kitchener continued to stand as a reassuring tower of strength in the eyes of the British public—or the greater part of it.

In his very defects he realized the British ideal of the soldier-commander—self-contained, silent, showing no extraordinary flashes of intellect or imagination, but strong, steadfast, dependable. Behind him the British mind felt the solid guarantees of the Nile, the Soudan, Khartoum, South Africa. He was not a man of speech, but he spoke eloquently enough to British confidence and hope.

The War Minister can be replaced. The loss of the popular hero-veteran is a far more serious one. The allies have had but two men who possessed the super-quality of suggesting quiet, comforting, all-compelling strength. Of the two only Joffre is left.

TELL THE PUBLIC ABOUT IT.

THE new Municipal Night Court for wage-earners was opened this week in the Second Municipal District Court House, No. 264 Madison Street.

This court, which after much effort was finally and properly established by the Board of Justices independently of the mandatory bill passed at Albany which Mayor Mitchell vetoed, was designed to provide wage-earners with prompt judgment in civil suits involving sums less than \$50. It was thought many workers would welcome a night court where cases involving the payment of their wages could be settled without requiring them to take time from their working hours to appear in court.

It is a singular fact, however, that out of seventy-one plaintiffs in cases filed in the municipal courts since May 15 only one asked for a night trial. When the new night court met for the first time Monday there was not a single case on its calendar.

Apparently what the new court needs is a publicity agent. The persons likely to find it most useful are many of them toilers who have little time to post themselves on what the city is doing for their convenience. And their lawyers rarely take the trouble to explain to them all their rights and privileges.

Make sure that wage earners know about the new night court. The experiment should not be permitted to fail for lack of a little advertising.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A secret is like canned goods: it won't keep after it is opened.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The girl with big feet who wears white shoes may be long on courage, but she's certainly shy on judgment.—Macon News.

Observation of all mankind teaches us that the fool-killer is a mythical being.—Albany Journal.

We hear much of the "model husband" who isn't, but, too little of the model wife who is.

For the reason that he gets on his nerves a hustler is the bane of a lazy man's life.

Letters From the People

Care of Walks and Lawns. To the Editor of the Evening World. I wonder if some Evening World reader who has lived in two-family houses can give me some information on the subject of sidewalks and lawns. Having always lived in apartments, we last fall moved into the downstairs half of a two-family house. The people upstairs, when we asked them concerning keeping the sidewalk cleared of snow and ice, stated that the custom was for the people downstairs to attend to that. We did, and this spring they told us it was also our duty to pay for keeping the lawn

cut and the hedge trimmed. Recently we discovered that our next-door neighbors, who have been together in the same house four years, each contribute half toward the care of the walks and lawns. In another house on our street the landlord, who does not live in the house or neighborhood, attends to these things. Is there any definite custom ruling?

MRS. P. W. B.

To the Editor of The Evening World. In Decoration Day, May 30, a national holiday, and so observed in all States.

A. M. O.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WILLIE JARR was asking his mother for the hundredth time, "Maw, can't I be a Boy Scout?"

"There you see!" cried Mr. Jarr. "The neighborhood which you decried offers exceptional advantages in music and languages! Can Master Percival Fetherbrain play a mouth organ with his nose? Can he converse in gibberish?"

"Mrs. Fetherbrain pays five dollars a lesson to her son's piano teacher and five dollars a lesson to his French tutor, and that's more than we can afford for our children."

"I'm glad of it," replied Mr. Jarr. "It will do Willie more good to get his accomplishments as he's now getting them. Besides, it's cheaper. If he goes in the business I'm in, playing the piano and speaking French will get him nowhere."

"I'm not speaking of business," said Mrs. Jarr. "He is a little gentleman," said Mrs. Jarr, "and you would do well if you patterned after him."

"That Boy Scout movement is a good thing for the youngsters," spoke up Mr. Jarr. "I think I'd rather see Willie a Boy Scout than to know he could speak French and play a piano."

"Can I get a Scout book, maw?" asked Master Jarr, who saw that the discussion between his parents was taking the conversation away from the main question.

"Ask your father," said Mrs. Jarr; "he seems to prefer you should be interested in such things."

Master Jarr produced a tattered, red-covered book. "This is 'Lazy Slavinsky's,'" he said, "and it tells you how to give the Scout's salute and how to be a Scout. I'm a tender-foot now."

"Well, you should be, the way you kick your feet through your shoes!" sniffed his mother.

"Would you rather learn to speak French and play the piano like little Percival Fetherbrain or be a Boy Scout?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I'd rather be a Boy Scout," replied Master Jarr eagerly.

"I heard a lady read a paper deprecating the Boy Scouts movement, claiming it incited a fighting spirit in boys," said Mrs. Jarr. "We may not always live in this neighborhood and I think it would be much better if our children made other associations than with the Bepiers and Slavinskys!"

"Gussie Bepier is all right!" remarked Master Jarr. "He can play a mouth organ with his nose, and Izzy Slavinsky can talk gibberish so nobody can understand him unless you

Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"Apparently," he replied. "But with my condition was in here to-day," said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man took a seat at the lunch counter. "I certainly cause a lot of worrying among the hue and cry of the people, don't I, kid?"

"Mrs. Jarr, 'I'm speaking of refined associations.'"

"Can't you compromise, Willie?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Couldn't you be a refined Boy Scout?"

"I want to be a Boy Scout and I don't want to play the piano and speak French," replied Master Jarr. "But all the gang are going to let their hair grow long like Buffalo Bill, because then the Indians want to get your scalp. Gimme a dollar, paw, to join the Boy Scouts, won't you?"

"And father forked over."

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time.—BACON.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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EVERY man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time.—BACON.

Every man wants all that's coming to him—and his enemies hope he'll get it.

A man will believe and trust a woman forever—provided she never makes the fatal mistake of telling him the honest truth about herself.

Just now the average wife is getting awfully tired of hearing her husband tell what he would do if he were "President," while she sits patiently by and makes over her last year's bathing suit.

Next to a man in the throes of the love-fever the platonic friend, who has to listen to the recital of his symptoms and sufferings, perhaps suffers worst.

Most bachelors regard the feminine passion for letter writing as a vicious mania and look upon the postman as their mortal enemy.

No, dearie, love is not blind, only nearsighted; and marriage is the great optician, warranted to dispel all illusions and make all defects perfectly clear.

"Love" is what makes a man go to sleep at night with the firm determination never to see a girl again—and wake up next morning wondering feverishly how long it will be before he can decently dare to telephone her.

After a quarrel the sweetest memory a woman can have is that of the bitter thing she left unsaid.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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