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to the girl wearing the Lewis Shoe. Pliability in the leather, comfort in the last, all-round goodness in the shoe, make walking a real pleasure.

The Lewis

\$2.50 Shoe for Women

combines comfort with style—durability with economy.

Your dealer should keep the shoe with the "Lewis" mark on the sole. If he does not, send for our catalogue, showing a great many varieties from which you can select the one best suited to your needs.

"Lewis" shoes for men are \$3.00.

Made by **J. B. LEWIS COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**




THE NECESSARY INSPIRATION

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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You and I know very little about great successes. We have deserved them, of course, but we have not had them yet. Therefore it will be extremely difficult for me to describe and for you to understand the feelings of Mr. Roland Blake in the early part of the current month.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth," was the way he expressed his sentiments to me when I offered my congratulations.

The new heaven must have referred to the winning of Emily Woodruff and the new earth to the fact that she had great possessions. It struck me that this allusion to his fiancée's money was

"No, there isn't," said I, and the answer was perfectly frank.

Whatever may be thought of the degree of Miss Woodruff's beauty, she is certainly a perfectly original creation. Nobody looks or speaks or moves in the least like her. When she walks along the street, all the people's heads go round as if they were cogwheels in a piece of machinery.

"Of course, as to her money," said he, "it's very unfortunate."

I laughed.

"You know what I mean," he protested. "People will say that I am seeking money, whereas heaven knows that if she were as poor as—as I am, by jingo, it wouldn't make the slightest difference!"



"People will lie, whatever you do," I replied, "so don't let that worry you. Money is a good thing, and I'm glad you're to have some."

"I wonder how it will seem?" he said, and then cautiously, "Hush!"

A shadow appeared upon the ground glass panel of the door. A hand was laid upon the knob vainly and then came a loud, aggressive rap.

"It's Crowley!" whispered Blake. "He's collector for a confounded tailor! See the villain stand there wait!"

The shadow fell darkly on the door. Obviously Crowley was a person of magnificent proportions.

"I used to be a good deal afraid of him," whispered Blake. "He's an offensive beggar, with a voice so carefully cultivated that he can dun a man on the ninth floor and make every word audible to the engineer in the subcellar. But those beasts won't bother me much longer. Why, my dear fellow, with this new happiness, this tremendous inspiration, to help me, I'll write enough stuff in the next three months to pay every debt and live like a prince besides."

"Go right ahead and do it, then," said I. "Don't waste precious time talking to me. I'll read a magazine till Crowley's feet get tired, and then I'll slip out."

Presently I heard his pen scratching on the paper, and it was pleasant to think that the words he was writing in the first flush of his happiness might live for centuries in the hearts of men. I felt proud to be present on such an occasion.

It may have been two hours later when I rose to go. Crowley's shadow had vanished. Blake, with the tip of his penholder pressed against his lips, was looking upward to the ceiling and through it to the clouds. There was a fine light in his eyes.

"Written much, old man?" I said.

"No," he replied. "I haven't put anything on paper yet."

"But I thought I heard your pen."

"That was while I was writing a little note to Emily," said he. "I can't go to see her this evening, and there were a few things that I wanted to say."

He folded half a dozen sheets of paper and put them into an envelope, upon which he wrote an address.

"Would you mind handing that to the fellow in the passenger office down stairs?" said he, giving me the envelope and half a dollar to pay for the message. "Thank you. Goodby. I'm going to work now."

The last glimpse I had of him he was still looking aloft, with the expression of a cherub about to sing a new song.

On Thursday I looked in upon Blake again. He was drawing little profiles of Miss Woodruff on a sheet of paper, for Blake is clever with the pencil as well as with the pen.

"How does the story come along?" I asked.

"What story?" he demanded.

"The masterpiece you began when I was here last," I replied.

"Oh, that be hanged!" he exclaimed. "It was rot. I threw it away."

"Haven't you started another?"

"Well, I've been getting my ideas together," said he. "There are one or two big things that I may start upon when I can get hold of them by the right end."

Then we had a nice long talk about Miss Woodruff, and, having decided in the course of about two hours that she was an incomparable angel, we adjourned the meeting and went out to play a game of billiards.

Sunday forenoon Blake and I took a bicycle ride together. I had never seen him so happy or so full of fine fancies. He told me that he had begun a story and asked me to come to his den the next day and see what I thought of the introductory chapter.

I couldn't call on Monday, but I found the time Tuesday afternoon. Blake had written about 1,000 words substantially as they were to stand in the finished story, and I want to say here in strict confidence that they were far from good.

The style was quite different from Blake's ordinary. As a rule, when he attacks literature he cuts off a piece with a battle-axe and presents it to the public on the end of a spear. That's what I have always liked about his work.

I told him frankly that if the beginning of the new story gave any idea of what it was to be like throughout he had made a mistake.

"Sentimentalism isn't your forte," said I.

"This isn't sentimentality. It's genuine feeling," said he. "And it is properly expressed, because I've taken time with it. I've cut it down and worked it over, and I've viewed it always in the new light that has come to me. Bless the dear girl! Let's talk of her for awhile and let criticism rest. As for your opinion, I pity and forgive you. Let that suffice."

So we talked about the dear girl and, as before, wound up with a game of billiards. And, by the way, Blake made a Roman holiday of me. His billiards had improved a hundred per cent within the week.

It was agreed that I should drop in upon him at his lodgings after dinner. Miss Woodruff was not to be at home, and an evening in his bachelor quarters was the best that Blake could hope for.

It may have been 8 o'clock when I arrived. Blake came to the door of his little parlor in response to my rap. He had on an old red "sweater" with a faded H on the front of it. An old pair of trousers and a straw hat with no crown in it completed his visible attire.

I had seen Blake wear this hat before, when he had to work late at night. The brim shaded his eyes, and the absence of the crown, in his opinion, prevented an injurious effect upon the hair such as is said to come from wearing one's hat in the house.

Blake has plenty of hair, and in moments of excitement it stands out from his head at all sorts of angles. On the occasion in question it streamed up through that broken hat as if the circle of straw had been a funnel supplied with a mighty draft of air.

"Everything has gone to the devil!" was his greeting to me.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Has Miss Woodruff?"

"Oh, no; she's all right, but that infernal villain Hatfield, to whom I've owed a couple of hundred dollars for a year or two, is going to make trouble."

"What trouble can he make?" I demanded.

"Why, he'll tell Mr. Woodruff, and then my cake is dough," said Blake. "You see, I neglected to mention the Hatfield matter in my talk with Woodruff, and he'll remember that. I tell you it would ruin my life."

"But there's nothing disgraceful about this debt."

"No, except that I didn't tell Woodruff about it. There's the pinch. I've got to raise the money for Hatfield tomorrow."

"How in blue blazes are you going to do it?" I demanded. "I haven't it, and"—

"I've seen Harper," said Blake. "If I'll finish that Porto Rican romance for him, he'll pay spot cash. There's about \$3,000 words to write, and I can't do it—except that I've got to. Why, old man, fancy my trying to write tonight. I'm so worried, so totally upset, that my brains are mush. I can't think of my own name. Yet I must do it. But, oh," he groaned, "it will be awful rot!"

He rather staggered when he walked to his chair beside the big table in the center of the room.

"Sit down and keep still," he said, "but don't leave me. Just stay by through this night, and maybe I can turn the trick. If I'm left alone, I shall either go crazy or go to sleep, and one's as bad as the other tonight."

Three seconds later his pen was digging holes in the paper. At first it went heavily onward, and frequently he stopped and paced the floor, assuring me that no man so miserable as he was could possibly write.

Presently, however, he began to go more steadily. His eyes took on a glare. He no longer addressed any remarks to me, but he said things about Porto Rico and the character of his story to the air.

Meanwhile he smoked long black cigars, the ends of which he chewed savagely.

This continued for hours. About 1 o'clock he slowed up, and several times

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DOWN WITH A PARACHUTE.

A Circus Balloon Man Says It's Gentle and Not Hazardous.

"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," said a circus balloon artist. "Ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down, alight quietly and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. No; there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air and thus work it to where you want to land or to avoid water, trees, chimneys or church spires. Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down, the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air, and the parachute drops back on the circus lot or not far away. A balloon is made of 4 per cent muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is made of 8 cent muslin.

"There is much more danger is coming down in a balloon. When it strikes the earth, it's like a big ball and bounds up again, taking you with it. Not long ago in McKeesport, Pa., I came down in a balloon because the parachute would not let go. I nearly came down in a big stack of a blast furnace, but the hot air drove the balloon away. After that I never intrusted the parachute arrangement to any one, but attended to it myself.

"The rope that secures the parachute is cut with a knife. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill if you're up high enough. There are several hundred parachute men in the business, and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. A man can't shake out a parachute if it don't open. A man in the air is simply powerless. Invariably the fall is head first. When the parachute begins to fill, the descent is less rapid, and finally when the parachute has gradually filled it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the lot where you started from. The first performers must have had nerve to make the drop. Now it is a regular business, not considered hazardous at all. The hardest work is to bring back the balloon with a wagon. Sometimes it tears in the trees or wherever it may land when not in the open."—New York Sun.

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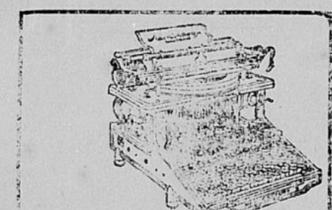
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