

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

FATHER AND CHILD.

You are so helpless and I so strong, Oh, but the way is so lone, so long! Would I might fare with you thus always, Down to the dusk of your latest day.

Mr. William Chalmers, his managing editor, was a tall, smooth-shaven, clear-cut young man, who had passed his 35 summers. He had acquired no gray hairs in the accumulation of a vast and varied fund of experience.

CHAPTER I. KIDNAPPED.

"All about the Kidnapped Millionaires!" Record Extra! All about the Great Mystery! Record Extra!

Mr. Van Horne thoroughly understood the great reading public to which his paper made a bid for support. It wished to be amused. The Record amused it. It wished to be thrilled. The Record thrilled it.

Excitement on Wall Street. "Palmer J. Morton, R. J. Kent, Andrus Carmody and Simon Pence have mysteriously disappeared. They did not appear at their offices this morning."

The street crowds received the news calmly. They did not believe it. But they bought the papers. The news came by the way of Wall street. Strange rumors had been in circulation all the morning.

There was a splutter of dashes on the tape. Customers gathered around the pedestals. There was news coming. They anticipated the announcement of an important failure.

"11:07 a. m.—Palmer J. Morton, R. J. Kent, Andrus Carmody and Simon Pence have not appeared at their offices. They did not return to their residences last night. Relatives are alarmed and have notified the police."

The murmur of the Stock Exchange swelled into a roar which reverberated above the rumble of traffic and the unrest on the streets. This was the morning of the third of May, memorable in the records of Wall street.

CHAPTER II. TWO NAPOLEONS OF JOURNALISM.

Robert Van Horne was the owner and editor of the New York Record. He was a leading light in a much-criticized school of journalism. He

was the exemplar of the theory that the modern newspaper should "do things"—to quote the idiomatic expression of Mr. William Chalmers, his managing editor.

Soon after the death of his father, Van Horne bought the New York Record, a paper which had survived a checkered career in the arena of metropolitan journalism.

Mr. Van Horne thoroughly understood the great reading public to which his paper made a bid for support. It wished to be amused. The Record amused it.

Mr. Van Horne was a friend of Robert Van Horne. He was a young man with a fortune and a hobby. His hobby was journalism.

Mr. Van Horne was delighted to accept the volunteer services of the brilliant but erratic Walter B. Hestor. At the time this story begins, Hestor was about 32 years old.

It would take a volume to recount the journalistic exploits of Walter B. Hestor. He built the splendid steam yacht the "Shark" and employed it in his worldwide search for sensational news.

At his own expense he established a system of espionage on all the courts of Europe. Hestor was known in every palace of royalty, and in a few years became recognized as the most brilliant newspaper correspondent in the world.

At the time this story opens Mr. Hestor had returned to New York after a cruise in Philippine waters. He was interviewed by all the newspapers, and his portrait flashed from hundreds of prints in all parts of the country.

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At the office of The Record Mr. Hestor had a luxurious private room, as befitted his rank as the special envoy of the paper.



HESTOR WAS DELIGHTED TO HEAR FROM SIDNEY.

compelled to make a western trip on important business. Hestor was delighted to hear from Sidney Hammond, and at once arranged a theater and supper party in his honor.

A party of eight occupied the Hestor box at the opera and thoroughly enjoyed "La Boheme." Walter B. Hestor and Miss Edith Le Roy; Sidney Hammond and Miss Olive, his sister; Mr. Converse and Miss De Neville; Mr. Blake and Miss Meredith, constituted the merry group.

There was a crush of carriages in front of Delmonico's. It was the night hour when New York attains the height of its feverish activity. The avenue was alive with swift-moving equipages.

A table had been reserved for Mr. Hestor and his guests—brave in its array of linen and flowers, and its glitter of cut glass.

When this social duty was ended, Miss Edith Le Roy took prompt charge of certain details—as was the wont of this vivacious young woman.

"You are the host, Mr. Hestor," she said, "and you must take the head of the table. Miss Meredith will sit at your right, and Mr. Hammond will take his place next to her."

The dinner went on merrily amid a general conversation in which a limitless number of topics were introduced, discussed, and dismissed.

While Miss Le Roy was energetically defending her favorite French author from an attack unwittingly made by Mr. Blake, her plans so carefully arranged at the opening of the dinner were disrupted by Sidney Hammond, who readily persuaded Miss Meredith to change places with him.

topic which seemed of special interest to them.

Sidney Hammond was a college mate of Walter Hestor. He was the stroke oar in the famous crew which humbled the pride of the rival university. Unlike many of the athletic heroes of the institutions of learning, Hammond combined the frame of a muscular Apollo with the brain of the scholar.

"How long does our famous correspondent intend to remain in New York?" asked Sidney Hammond. "It must seem dull here after what you have been through."

"It seems good to be here," replied Hestor. "I am going to quit roaming around and stay in this country for awhile. I believe there is more big news on the tapis here than anywhere in the world."

"They are getting big enough and bold enough to attract attention," said Hammond. "There will be plenty of news about them some day."

"How do you like the Record's leading editorial to-day?" he asked.

"Candidly, I cannot say I liked it," said Hammond, after a moment's pause. "I suppose Williams wrote it. It sounded like his stuff. Williams is a good writer, and there is no better man on local issues, but I am afraid the trust problem is beyond his depth."

[To Be Continued.]

CLAY PIPES AS CHARMS.

In nearly all local museums in England the visitor may see very tiny clay pipes, generally broken off at the stem, that he is told, after inquiry, are "fairy pipes," says Stray Stories.

Often enough, gardeners and people excavating for house foundations turn these pigmy pipes up and keep them as curiosities without knowing what they are.

In reality these pipes were never meant to be smoked. All the early tobaccoists in this country sold them to satisfy a demand of the superstitious. In country places in particular the friends of an old man who had been a smoker would fill the small bowl of one of these pipes with tobacco and put it on the coffin as the latter was lowered into the grave, or they would simply throw the pipe on to the grave.

Again, wherever a so-called "fairy ring" appeared on the turf in the country place, the simple folks, to appease the fairies and pigmies who had made the ring during their revels, and to soothe the impish little people, would place fairy pipes full of tobacco on the spot.

A lady of Cape Town, on meeting Dewet for the first time, cried: "Oh! general, I am so pleased to meet you—or should I," she added naively, "address you as ex-general, as the English have it?" "Ex-general will do, madam. You see, I am a Britisher now, and as the English are so fond of prefixes and affixes to their names, I must be one of them. I am ex-general to-day. Who knows, some day I may be excellency!"

"I say, didn't I see you running down the street yesterday, with Bill Bounce after you?" "Y-e-s."

Rescuing the Blacklisted Women of England

The Work That Is Being Done at the Farm Home for Inebriates of Lady Henry Somerset as Told by Herself

NO GREATER problem faces the people of my country than how to arrest the alarming increase of inebriety among women. The English people cannot be blind to the fact that England stands in the unenviable position of being almost the only nation that has a drunken womanhood.

It was in order to meet this great evil that the Farm Colony at Duxhurst was started, but since that day, now nearly eight years ago, the eyes of many have been opened. The cottages are simply furnished with just such utensils as every self-respecting laborer ought to have at home—clean, dainty and pretentious—and the women take immense pride in what they call "our little Lomes."



THE PRETTIEST LITTLE COTTAGES IN THE WORLD.

bitual inebriate act has been several times amended, and this year we have at last arrived at the point where the drunkard is no longer free to ruin his own life and the life of those who belong to him, but his personal liberty is sacrificed for the benefit of humanity at large.

Our Farm Home consists of a colony village, built on the slopes of the hills of Surrey, a breezy, upland farm, overlooking the beautiful plains that stretch away for miles on either side. The strong, bracing air and lovely woods have all lent themselves as the best possible surroundings for our village settlement.



MILK CARRIERS AT DUXHURST FARM.

Since Duxhurst was open, county council reformatories have been started in various places where women are committed under the amended act. These are doing excellent work, and we flatter ourselves that much of the experience gained at Duxhurst has been very useful in their construction and organization, but the class that come to us can find a home there. They are the wives of artisans who earn small wages; women who perhaps have not been taken before a magistrate, but whose homes are desolate through drink; servants who have lost their characters and consequently their situations; young women who, on account of hard work and late hours in shops and other places of business, have begun to drink and are ruining their lives at the very outset.