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MOVIE "SUPERS" IN PROTEST

Claim Salaries Do Not Fit Increased Duties and Responsibilities of the Work.

The "supers" of the moving pictures to the number of ten thousand have appealed to the American Federation of Labor to help them. The days when in the "legitimate" they could get several dollars a night for looking the part have given place to long hours of exposure to bumps and thumps and thrilling mauling and falling, for a wage scale seriously reduced, they maintain, by the exorbitant commissions demanded by the agents. The public is no longer satisfied to let a dummy fall from a cliff or jump from a motor car to a train, or stab a man-eating shark, or purloin the cubs of a she-bear in her den. It expects the "super" himself to be an "injiarubber idjit," blithe and resilient, whether he is dropped from a house roof or smothered under a haymow. He must be a glutton for punishment, and unite to the indurated symmetry of a marble faun the lungs of a Ted Meredith and the muscles of a Howard Berry.

Yet for all this he is to have the pay of a stevedore or a station porter. He thinks he deserves the wages of a Mexican bullfighter, at least. He suffers from competition. He is a "supernumerary." He gets the wages paid in callings that put little or no premium on mentality. Bruises, sprains and gashes, in a world dripping with gore, have a lessened market value since they have become part of the accepted order. The trivial wounds of civilians are little noted for the real and widespread suffering among the soldiers. The "super" would win at once as a warrior the sympathy that is denied in his cinematographic trials and sufferings.

Londoners and Zeppelins.

The contrary way in which the Londoner takes his Zeppelin raids has often been a matter of comment. He not only entirely refuses to be frightened, but, official instructions forgotten and disregarded, he crowds into the streets at the smallest hint of a raid, scans the sky eagerly, and claims, as a matter of course, and is accorded in the same spirit, the help of the local police force to the best possible view. Then, when it is all over, he must needs go and see all that happened. And the railway companies and the bus companies and the tramway companies carry him in thousands, and the police direct him, and instruct him, and tell him of the last trains home. And the street venders, even before the news is in the papers, are selling him souvenirs.

Clean Record.

"What makes Jinks so proud of his ancestors? I never heard any of them did anything."

"That's exactly the point. So many persons' ancestors did do things which got them into trouble with the police."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Youngstown, O., now has 21,000 public school pupils, an increase of 2,000 over 1915.

Philadelphia has 74,026 pupils in parochial schools.

POSTUM
HELPS
WHERE
COFFEE
HURTS
"There's a Reason"

THE BEST MAN

By

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "Marcia Schuyler," "Dawn of the Morning," "Lo, Michael!" etc.

Philadelphia & London.

J. B. Lippincott Company.

1914.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

Gordon could not afford to waste any more time. He must get rid of him at once!

The express office would not take a dog without a collar and chain unless he was crated; and the delays and exasperating hindrances seemed to be inhere tomorrow afternoon, has canceled terminable. But at last, following the advice of a kindly officer, he took the dog to an institution in New York where, he was told, dogs were boarded and cared for, and where he finally disposed of him, having first paid $10 for the privilege. As he settled back in a taxicab with his watch in his hand he congratulated himself that he had still ample time to reach his hotel and get into evening dress before he must present himself for his work.

Within three blocks of the hotel the cab came to such a sudden standstill that Gordon was thrown to his knees.

CHAPTER II.

They were surrounded immediately by a crowd in which policemen were a prominent feature. The chauffeur semed dazed in the hands of the officers.

A little, barefoot, white faced figure huddled limply in the midst showed Gordon what had happened: also there were menacing glances towards himself and a show of lifted stones. He heard one boy say: "You bet he's in a hurry to git away. Them kind allus is. They don't care who they kills, they don't."

A great horror seized him. The cab had run over a newsboy and perhaps killed him. Yet instantly came the remembrance of his commission: "Don't let anything hinder you. Make it a matter of life and death!" Well, it looked as if this was a matter of death that hindered him now.

They bundled the moaning boy into the taxicab and as Gordon saw no escape through the tightly packed crowd, who eyed him suspiciously, he climbed in beside the grimy little scrap of unconscious humanity, and they were off to the hospital to the tune of "Don't let anything hinder you! Don't let anything hinder you!" until Gordon felt that if it did not stop soon he would go crazy. He meditated opening the cab door and making his escape in spite of the speed they were making, but a vision of broken legs and a bed in the hospital for himself held him to his seat. One of the policemen had climbed on in front with the chauffeur, and now and again he glanced back as if he were conveying a couple of prisoners to jail. It was vexatious beyond anything! And all on account of that white dog! Could anything be more ridiculous than the whole performance?

His annoyance and irritation almost made him forget that it was his progress through the streets that had silenced this mite beside him. But, just as he looked at his watch for the fifth time, the boy opened his eyes and moaned, and there was in those eyes a striking resemblance to the look in the eyes of the dog of whose presence he had just rid himself.

Gordon started. In spite of himself it seemed as if the dog were reproaching him through the eyes of the child. Then suddenly the boy spoke.

"Will yous stay by me till I'm mended?" whispered the weak little voice.

Gordon's heart leaped in horror again and it came to him that he was being tried out this day to see if he had the right stuff for hard tasks. The appeal in the little street boy's eyes reached him as no request had ever done, and yet he might not answer it. Duty—life and death duty—called him elsewhere, and he must leave the little fellow whom he had been the involuntary cause of injuring, to suffer and perhaps to die. It cut him to the quick not to respond to that urgent appeal.

Was it because he was weary that he was visited just then by a vision of Julia Bentley with her handsome lips curled scornfully? Julia Bentley would not have approved of his stopping to carry a boy to the hospital, any more than to care for a dog's comfort.

"Look here, kiddie," he said gently, leaning over the child, "I'd stay by you if I could, but I've already made myself late for an appointment by coming so far with you. Do you know what duty is?"

The child nodded sorrowfully.

"Don't yous mind me," he murmured weakly. "Just yous go. I'm game all right." Then the voiced trailed off into silence again, and the eyelids fluttered down upon the little, grimy, unconscious face.

Gordon went into the hospital for a brief moment to leave some money in the hands of the authorities for the benefit of the boy, and a message that he would return in a week or two, if possible; then hurried away.

Back in the cab once more, he felt as if he had killed a man and left him lying by the roadside while he continued his unswerving march toward the hideous duty which was growing momently more portentous, and to be relieved of which he would gladly have surrendered further hope of his chief's favor. He closed his eyes and tried to think, but all the time the little white face of the child came before his vision, and the mocking eyes of Julia Bentley tantalized him, as if she were telling him that he had spoiled all his chances—and hers—by his foolish soft heartedness. Though, what else could he have done than he had done, he asked himself fiercely.

He looked at his watch. It was at least 10 minutes' ride to the hotel, the best time they could make. Thanks to his man, the process of dressing for evening would not take long, for he knew that everything would be in place and he would not be hindered. He would make short work of his toilet. But there was his suit case. It would not do to leave it at the hotel, neither must he take it with him to the house where he was to be a guest. There was nothing for it but to go around by the way of the station where it would have to be checked. That meant a longer ride and more delay, but it must be done.

Arrived at the hotel at last, and in the act of signing the unaccustomed "John Burnham" in the hotel registry, there came a call to the telephone.

With a hand that trembled from excitement he took the receiver. His breath went from him as though he had just run up five flights of stairs. "Yes? Hello! Oh, Mrs. Holman. Yes! Burnham. I've but just arrived. I was delayed. A wreck ahead of the train. 2

Very kind of you to invite me, I'm sure. Yes, I'll be there in a few moments, as soon as I can get rid of the dust of travel. Thank you. Goodbye."

It all sounded very commonplace to the clerk, who was making out bills and fretting because he could not get off to take his girl to the theater that night, but as Gordon hung up the receiver he looked around furtively as if expecting to see a dozen detectives ready to seize upon him. It was the first time he had ever undertaken a commission under an assumed name and he felt as if he were shouting his commission through the streets of New York.

The young man made short work of his toilet. Just as he was leaving the hotel a telegram was handed him. It was from his chief, and so worded that to the operator who had copied it down it read like a hasty call to Boston; but, to his code enlightened eyes it was merely a blind to cover his exit from the hotel and from New York, and set any possible hunters on a wrong scent. He marvelled at the wonderful mind of his chief, who thought out every detail of an important campaign, and forgot not one little possible point where difficulty might arise.

Gordon had a nervous feeling as he again stepped into a taxicab and gave his order. He wondered how many stray dogs, and newsboys with broken legs, would attach themselves to him on the way to dinner. Whenever the speed slowed down, or they were halted by cars and autos, his heart pounded painfully, lest something new had happened, but he arrived safely and swiftly at the station, checked his suit case, and took another cab to the residence of Mr. Holman, without further incident.

The company were waiting for him, and after the introductions they went immediately to the dining room. Gordon took his seat with the feeling that he had bungled everything hopelessly, and had arrived so late that there was no possible hope of his doing what he had been sent to do. For the first few minutes his thoughts were a jumble, and his eyes dazed with the brilliant lights of the room. He could not single out the faces of the people present and differentiate them one from another. His heart beat painfully against the stiff expanse of evening linen. It almost seemed as if those near him could hear it. He found himself starting and stammering when he was addressed as "Mr. Burnham." His thoughts were mingled with white dogs, newsboys, and ladies with scornful smiles.

He was seated on the right of his hostess, and gradually her gentle manners gave him quietness. He began to gain control of himself, and now he seemed to see afar the keen eye of his chief watching the testing of his new commissioner. His heart swelled to meet the demand made upon him. A strong purpose came to him to rise above all obstacles and conquer in spite of circumstances. He must forget everything else and rise to the occasion.

From that moment the dancing lights that multiplied themselves in the glittering silver and cut glass of the table began to settle into order; and slowly, one by one, the conglomeration of faces around the board resolved itself into individuals.

There was the pretty, pale hostess, whose gentle ways seemed hardly to fit with her large, boisterous, though polished husband. Unscrupulousness was written all over his ruddy features, also a certain unhidden craftiness which passed for geniality among his kind.

There were two others with faces full of cunning, both men of wealth and culture. One did not think of the word "refinement" in connection with them; still, that might be conceded also; but it was all dominated by the cunning that on this occasion, at least, was allowed to sit unmasked upon their countenances. They had outwitted an enemy, and they were openly exultant.

Of the other guests, one was very young and sleek, with eyes that had early learned to evade; one was old and weary looking, with a hunted expression; one was thick set, with little eyes set close in a fat, selfish face. Gordon began to understand that these three but did the bidding of the others. They listened to the conversation merely from a business standpoint and not with any personal interest. They were there because they were needed, and not because they were desired.

There was one bond which they seemed to hold in common: an alert readiness to combine for their mutual safety. This did not manifest itself in anything tangible, but the guest felt that it was there and ready to spring upon him at any instant.

All this came gradually to the young man as the meal with its pleasant formalities began. As yet nothing had been said about the reason for his being there.

"Did you tell me you were in a wreck?" suddenly asked the hostess sweetly, turning to him, and the table talk hushed instantly while the host asked: "A wreck! Was it serious?"

Gordon perceived his mistake at once. With instant caution, he replied smilingly, "Oh, nothing serious, a little break down on a freight ahead, which required time to patch up. It reminded me——" and then he launched boldly into one of the bright dinner stories for which he was noted among his companions at home. His heart was beating wildly, but he succeeded in turning the attention of the table to his joke, instead of so asking from where he had come and on what road. Questions about himself were dangerous he plainly saw, if he would get possession of the valued paper and get away without leaving a trail behind him. He succeeded in one thing more, which, though he did not know it, was the very thing his chief had hoped he would do when he chose him instead of a man who had wider experience; he made every man at the table feel that he was delightful, a man to be thoroughly trusted and enjoyed; who would never suspect them of having any ulterior motives in anything they were doing.

The conversation for a little time rippled with bright stories and repartee, and Gordon began to feel almost as if he were merely enjoying a social dinner at home, with Julia Bentley down the table listening and haughtly smiling her approval. For the time the incidents of the dog and the newsboy were forgotten, and the young man felt his self respect rising. His heart was beginning to get into normal action again and he could control his thoughts. Then suddenly, the crisis arrived.

The soup and fish courses had been disposed of, and the table was being prepared for the entree. The host leaned back genially in his chair and said, "By the way, Mr. Burnham, did you know I had an ax to grind in asking you here this evening? That sounds inhospitaole, doesn't it? But I'm sure we're all grateful to the ax that has given us the opportunity of meeting you. We are delighted at having discovered you."

Gordon bowed, smiling at the compliment, and the murmurs of hearty assent around the table showed him that he had begun well. If only he could keep it up! But how, how, was he to get possession of that magic bit of paper and take it away with him?

"Mr. Burnham, I was delighted to learn through a friend that you are an expert in code reading. I wonder, did the message that my friend Mr. Burns sent you this morning give you any intimation that I wanted you to do me a favor?"

Gordon bowed again. "Yes: it was intimated to me that you had some message you would like deciphered, and I have also a letter of introduction from Mr. Burns."

Here Gordon took the letter of introduction from his pocket and handed it across the table to his host, who opened it genially, as if it were hardly necessary to read what was written within since they already knew so delightfully the man whom it introduced. The duplicate cipher writing in Gordon's pocket crackled knowingly when he settled his coat about him again, as if it would say, "My time is coming! It is almost here now."

The young man wondered how he was to get it out without being seen, in case he should want to use it, but he smiled pleasantly at his host with no sign of the perturbation he was feeling.

"You see," went on Mr. Holman, "we have an important message which we cannot read, and our expert who understands all these matters is out of town and cannot return for some time. It is necessary that we know as soon as possible the import of this writing."

While he was speaking Mr. Holman drew from his pocket a long, soft leather wallet and took therefrom a folded paper which Gordon at once recognized as the duplicate of the one he carried in his pocket. His head seemed to reel, and all the lights go dark before him as he reached a cold hand out for the paper. He saw in it his own advancement coming to his eager grasp, yet when he got it would he be able to hold it? Something of the coolness of a man facing a terrible danger came to him now. By sheer force of will he held his trembling fingers steady as he took the bit of paper and opened it carelessly, as if he had never heard of it before, saying as he did so:

"I will do my best."

There was a sudden silence as every eye was fixed upon him while he unfolded the paper. He gave one swift glance about the table before he dropped his eyes to the task. Every face held the intensity of almost terrible eagerness, and on every one but that of the gentle hostess sat cunning—craft that would stop at nothing to serve its own ends. It was a moment of almost awful import.

The next instant Gordon's glance went down to the paper in his hand, and his brain and heart were seized in the grip of fright. There was no other word to describe his feeling. The message before him was clearly written in the code of the home office, and the words stared at him plainly without the necessity of study. The import of them was the revelation of one of the most momentous questions that had to do with the secret service work, a question the answer to which had puzzled the entire department for weeks That answer he now held in his hand, and he knew that if it should come to the knowledge of those outside before it had done its work through the department it would result in dire calamity to the cause of righteousness in the country, and incidentally crush the inefficient messenger who allowed it to become known. For the instant Gordon felt unequal to the task before him. How could he keep these bloodhounds at bay—for such they were, he perceived from the import of the message, bloodhounds who were getting ill gotten gains from innocent and unsupecting victims—some of them little children.

But the old chief had picked his man well. Only for an instant the glittering lights darkened before his eyes and the cold perspiration started. Then he rallied his forces and looked up. The welfare of a nations honor was in his hands, and he would be true. It was a matter of life and death, and he would save it or lose his own life if need be.

He summoned his ready smile.

"I shall be glad to serve you if I can," he said. "Of course I'd like to look this over a few minutes before attempting to read it. Codes are different, you know, from one another, but there is a key to them all if one can just find it out. This looks as if it might be very simple."

(Continued next week.)

"Tomorrow You Will Be King!"

Stacey Aumonier, in the Century.

"Tomorrow you will be king. This is the best and most highly paid job that I give out. You will have an enormous salary, and you will be able to buy anything you like to eat or drink, but you must wear the clothes that I give you. There will be several hundred suits and you must wear them on occasions as I dictate. You must always be thinking of ME and my CONSTITUTION (spelled in very large capitals), and you must not have any ideas of your own. You may think, but you must not express your thoughts. You must not have any likes or dislikes, any prejudices, any bias, or any political thought.

"Above all, you must not marry whom you like. I will find you a wife. You see, I was once a slave, as you will be tomorrow, and I like to keep you, although you are expensive to me, because you remind me of that time; or, rather, you bring home to me how I have developed, how I have become free, and I like to feel this power that I a People (with a very large P), may even keep one slave myself, may even be a tyrant when the mood comes over me. For I rejoice in you, and as you pass me in the street I will take off my hat and bow to you, and when you deign to acknowledge me, I will cheer and cry, "God Save the King!"

"When your day is finished and you say your prayers and retire to bed, in the silent watches of the night you may have whatever thoughts you like. Of course I should prefer you to think of ME and my CONSTITUTION, but I shall not exact that from you, provided your thoughts do not color your actions of the preceding day. Now go, sire, for tomorrow you will be king."

Didn't Run Out.

"What do you think of the electric range, Bridget?"

"Sure, mum, it's a great invention. When you and the master was away for over Sunday, mum, I burned it all the time, mum, and there seems to be plinty of electricity left!"

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"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 & $5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.
Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.
LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.
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W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES
Boys' Shoes Best in the World $3.00 $2.50 & $2.00

At Bridge.

Bridge Fiend—You ought to be able to write fine comedies, Mr. Scrib.

Mr. Scrib—You flatter me, Miss Beatrix. Why ought I?

Bridge Friend—Because you make such amusing plays.

Still Something Due.

Patient—Doc, I owe you my life.

Doctor—Yes, and that isn't all.—Minnesota Minnehaha.

Japan is to have a new iron foundry to be backed by 300 business men.

Ladder Needed.

Lady—We always keep the hose ready in case of a Zeppelin raid.

Visitor—But, surely, my dear, it would never reach them at the height they fly.—London Punch.

Quick Progress.

Only 44 years ago the first newspaper was founded in Japan. Now there are 2,000 of them in that country.—Buffalo Times.

Vancouver, B. C., in August started new buildings valued at $620,879.

Buy materials that last
Certain-teed
Roofing
Fully guaranteed—best responsibility
For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices
General Roofing Manufacturing Company
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers
New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati New Orleans Los Angeles Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Indianapolis Atlanta Richmond Houston London Sydney

Badges for the Wounded.

Those people whose curiosity leads them to study the many badges of rank which now decorate the sleeves of officers and men of the allied armies have been puzzled by the appearance of a new badge in the French army.

French soldiers on leave in England may be seen wearing narrow stripes on the arm above the elbow and ordinary people have been unable to understand why some of the rank and file have been able to sport even more of these decorations than officers of high rank. The explanation is simple. Every stripe means wounded once. The French government has inaugurated a scheme by which every soldier is entitled to wear one for every time he has been wounded.

Some men have already won several such stripes and the other day one man in London was the proud wearer of nine.

STOP ITCHING INSTANTLY
With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Nothing Better. Trial Free.
Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, irritations, pimples, dandruff and sore hands Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Nothing better, cleaner or purer than these super-creamy emollients at any price. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

In the Museum.

Manager—What's the matter with the "Human Ostrich?"

Assistant—Swallowed a fishbone at breakfast this morning.

Millions in Sand and Gravel.

During the last year 79,281,735 short tons of sand and gravel, having a value of $23,846,999, were dug out in the United States.

Evaporates.

"Pride goes before a fall, you know."

"Maybe it does; but it goes a lot quicker after one."

The position of the ultimate consumer is simplicity itself. He pays or goes without.

More Horses Than Ever.

For all motor vehicles which are multiplying like rabbits, horses are increasing in number. In New York State a census was taken by school-children last year under the auspices of the State education and agricultural departments. This was the first census of its kind ever attempted.

The children's figures give the number of horses last year at 1,017,728, which is an increase of 108,000 over the Federal census of 1910. The number of horses last year at 1,017,728, ber of cows remains unchanged, but sheep fell off 806,000. A gain of 200,000 is shown in swine.

You read some queer American dialect in the English papers.—Kansas City Journal.

Worries Bring Aches
Life today brings many worries and worrying brings on kidney troubles, so the doctors say. Kidney weakness reveals itself in backache, pains when stooping or lifting, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Be cheerful. Stop worrying. And, to strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the kidney remedy that is used and recommended the world over.
An Iowa Case
Mrs. A. D. Bumgardner, Forest City, Ia., says: "For two years I was in agony from kidney trouble. It began with backache and this was soon followed by headaches and nervous spells. My feet and ankles swelled badly. I steadily got worse until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They corrected the trouble and whenever I have used them since, they have done good work."
"Every Picture Tells a Story"
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 43–1916.

WINCHESTER
HUNTING RIFLES
When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING