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PICTURE RECORDS OF WAR

They Will Be Valuable as Object Lessons in Training the Future Schools.

A large proportion of the pictures made in the European war are not intended for public exhibition, says St Nicholas. A rigid censorship is exercised over all photographic work by the governments, exactly as in the case of the mails and printed matter The films may be developed in the field or in nearby cities, but they are not permitted to leave the country until they have been passed upon. A board of censors sits in a darkened room at headquarters and scans every detail of the movies as they flash past Should some secret, valuable in any way to the army, be revealed, it is erased or the film is destroyed.

The presence of the moving picture men in such numbers at the front does not mean that the governments are going into the show business. The photographs thus secured, at enormous expense, become matters of official record and are, of course, invaluable. In no previous war has such complete photographic reproduction been possible, and the government officials have been quick to take advantage of the opportunity. It is estimated that upward of 10,000 films have been prepared by the army movie men in Germany alone. They are intended mainly for educational work in the military training schools.

As illustration for textbooks and lectures, the war movies will have a unique value in the classroom. A lesson in strategy, for instance, may be illustrated by a movie picture showing the advance or retreat of troops in an actual engagement. Every phase of military instruction may thus be illustrated. The motion picture showing the construction of bridges will help to train still more efficient engineers in the future than in the past. A careful study of their value will make the great expense and risk involved in securing these interesting war pictures seem trifling.

Arithmetically Speaking.

Tommy (to Jock, on leave)—What about the lingo? Suppose you want an egg over there, what do you say?

Jock—Ye juist say, "Oof."

Tommy—But suppose you want two?

Jock—Ye say 'Twa oofs," and the silly auld fule wife gies ye three, and ye juist gie her back one. Man, it's an awful easy language.—Punch.

Wrong Time O' Year.

"That fellow seems excited about something."

"Yes. He was born in Kansas and this is the first time he has ever seen the ocean."

"Umph! He must be a stupid cuss to wait until the bathing season is nearly over before coming to take a look at it."

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"There's a Reason"

THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

BY

ZANE GREY

Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
MCMXV

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Like a swift shadow and as noiseless Duane stole across the level toward the dark wall of rock. Every nerve was a strung wire. For a little while his mind was cluttered and clopped with whirling thoughts, from which, like a flashing scroll, unrolled the long, baffling order of action. The game was now in his hands. He must cross Mount Ord at night. The feat was improbable, but it might be done. He must ride into Bradford, 40 miles from the foothills, before 8 o'clock next morning. He must telegraph MacNelly to be in Val Verde on the 26th. He must ride back to Ord, to intercept Knell, face him, be denounced, kill him, and while the iron was hot strike hard to win Poggin's half-won interest as he had wholly won Fletcher's. Failing that last, he must let the outlaws alone to bide their time in Ord, to be free to ride on to their new job in Val Verde. In the mean time he must plan to arrest Longstreth. It was a magnificent outline, incredible, alluring, unfathomable in its nameless certainty. He felt like fate. He seemed to be the iron consequences falling upon these doomed outlaws.

Under the wall the shadows were black, only the tips of trees and crags showing, yet he went straight to the trail. It was merely a grayness between borders of black. He climbed and never stopped. It did not seem steep. His feet hight have had eyes. He surmounted the wall, and, looking down into the ebony gulf pierced by one point of light, he lifted a menacing arm and shook it. Then he strode on and did not falter till he reached the huge shelving cliffs. Here he lost the trail; there was none; but he remembered the shapes, the points, the notches of rock above. Before he reached the ruins of splintered ramparts and jumbles of broken walls the moon topped the eastern slope of the mountain, and the mystifying blackness he had dreaded changed to magic silver light. It seemed as light as day, only soft, mellow, and the air held a transparent sheen. He ran up the bare ridges and down the smooth slopes, and, like a goat, jumped from rock to rock. In the light he knew his way and lost no time looking for a trail. He crossed the divide and then had all down hill before him. Swiftly he descended, almost always sure of his memory of the landmarks. He did not remember having studied them in the ascent, yet here they were, even in changed light, familiar to his sight. What he had once seen was pictured on his mind. And, true as a deer striking for home, he reached the canon where he had left his horse.

Bullet was quickly and easily found. Duane threw on the saddle and pack, cinched them tight, and resumed his descent. The worst was now to come. Bare downward steps in rock, sliding, weathered slopes, narrow black gullies, 1,000 openings in a maze of broken stone—these Duane had to descend in fast time, leading a giant of a horse. Bullet cracked the loose fragments, sent them rolling, sliding on the scaly slopes, plunged down the steeps, followed like a faithful dog at Duane's heels.

Hours passed as moments. Duane was equal to his greatest opportunity. But he could not quell that self in him which reached back over the lapse of lonely, searing years and found the boy in him. He who had been worse than dead was now grasping at the skirts of life—which meant victory, honor, happiness. Duane knew he was not just right in part of his mind. Small wonder that he was not insane, he thought! He tramped on downward, his marvelous faculty for covering rough ground and holding to the true course never before even in flight so keen and acute. Yet all the time a spirit was keeping step with him. Thought of Ray Longstreth as he had left her made him weak. But now, with the game clear to its end, with the trap to spring, with success strangely haunting him, Duane could not dispel memory of her. He saw her white face, with its sweet sad lips and the dark eyes so tender and tragic. And time and distance and risk and toil were nothing.

The moon sloped to the west. Shadows of trees and crags now crossed to the other side of him. The stars dimmed. Then he was out of the rocks, with the dim trail pale at his feet. Mounting Bullet, he made short work of the long slope and the foothills and the rolling land leading down to Ord. The little outlaw camp, with its shacks and cabins and row of houses, lay silent and dark under the paling moon. Duane passed by on the lower trail, headed into the road, and put Bullet to a gallop. He watched the dying moon, the waning stars, and the east. He had time to spare, so he saved the horse. Knell would be leaving the rendezvous about the time Duane turned back toward Ord. Between noon and sunset they would meet.

The night wore on. The moon sank behind low mountains in the west. The stars brightened for a while, then faded. Gray gloom enveloped the world, thickened, lay like smoke over the road. Then shade by shade it lightened, until through the transparent obscurity shone a dim light.

Duane reached Bradford before dawn. He dismounted some distance from the tracks, tied his horse, and then crossed over to the station. He heard the clicking of the telegraph instruments, and it thrilled him. The operator sat inside reading. When Duane tapped on the window he looked up with startled glance, then went swiftly to unlock the door.

"Hello. Give me paper and pencil. Quick," whispered Duane.

With trembling hands the operator complied. Duane wrote out the message he had carefully composed.

"Send this—repeat it to make sure—then keep mum. I'll see you again. Good-by."

The operator started, but did not speak a word.

Duane left as stealthily and swiftly as he had come. He walked his horse a couple of miles back on the road and then rested him till break of day. The east began to redden. Duane turned grimly in the direction of Ord.

When Duane swung into the wide, grassy square on the outskirts of Ord he saw a bunch of saddled horses hitched in front of the tavern. He knew what that meant. Luck still favored him. If it would only hold! But he could ask no more. The rest was a matter of how greatly he could make his power felt. An open conflict against odds lay in the balance. That would be fatal to him, and to avoid it he had to trust to his name and a presence he must make terrible. He knew outlaws. He knew what qualities held them. He knew what to exaggerate.

There was not an outlaw in sight. The dusty horses had covered distance that morning. As Duane dismounted he heard loud, angry voices inside the tavern. He removed coat and vest, hung them over the pommel. He packed two guns, one belted high on the left hip, the other swinging low on the right side. He neither looked nor listened, but boldly pushed the door and stepped inside.

The big room was full of men, and every face pivoted toward him. Knell's pale face flashed into Duane's swift sight; then Boldt's, then Blossom Kane's, then Panhandle Smith's, then Fletcher's, then others that were familiar, and last that of Poggin. Though Duane had never seen Poggin or heard him described, he knew him. For he saw a face that was a record of great and evil deeds.

There was absolute silence. The outlaws were lined back of a long table upon which were papers, stacks of silver coin, a bundle of bills, and a huge gold mounted gun.

"Are you gents lookin' for me?" asked Duane. He gave his voice all the ringing force and power of which he was capable. And he stepped back, free of anything, with the outlaws all before him.

Knell stood quivering, but his face might have been a mask. The other outlaws looked from him to Duane. Jim Fletcher flung up his hands.

"My Gawd, Dodge, what'd you bust in here fer?" he said, plainly, and slowly stepped forward. His action was that of a man true to himself. He meant he had been sponsor for Duane and now he would stand by him.

"Back, Fletcher!" called Duane, and his voice made the outlaw jump.

"Hold on, Dodge, an' you-all, everybody," said Fletcher. "Let me talk, seein' I'm in wrong here."

His persuasions did not ease the strain.

"Go ahead. Talk," said Poggin.

Fletcher turned to Duane. "Pard, I'm takin' it on myself thet you meet enemies here when I swore you'd meet friends. It's my fault. I'll stand by you if you let me."

"No, Jim," replied Duane.

"But what'd you come fer without the signal?" burst our Fletcher, in distress. He saw nothing but catastrophe in this meeting.

"Jim, I ain't pressin' my company none. But when I'm wanted bad—"

Fletcher stopped him with a raised hand. Then he turned to Poggin with a rude dignity.

"Poggy, he's my pard, an' he's riled. I never told him a word thet'd make him sore. I only said Knell hadn't no more use fer him than fer me. Now, what you say goes in this gang. I never failed you in my life. Here's my pard. I vouch for him. Will you stand fer me? There's goin' to be hell if you don't. An' us with a big job on hand!"

While Fletcher toiled over his slow, ernest persuasion Duane had his gaze riveted upon Poggin. There was something leonine about Poggin. He was tawney. He blazed. He seemed beautiful as fire was beautiful. But looked at closer, with glance seeing the physical man, instead of that thing which shone from him, he was of perfect build, with muscles that swelled and rippled, bulging his clothes, with the magnificent head and face of the cruel, fierce, tawny-eyed jaguar.

Looking at this strange Poggin, instinctively divining his abnormal and hideous power, Duane had for the first time in his life the inward quaking fear of a man. It was like a cold tongue bell, ringing within him and numbing his heart. The old instinctive firing of blood followed, but did not drive away that fear. He knew. He felt something here deeper than thought could go. And he hated Poggin.

That individual had been considering Fletcher's appeal.

"Jim, I ante up," he said, "an' if Phil doesn't raise us out with a big hand—why, he'll get called, an' your pard can set in the game."

Every eye shifted to Knell. He was dead white. He laughed, and any one hearing that laugh would have realized his intense anger equally with an assurance which made him master of the situation.

"Poggin, you're a gambler, you are—the ace high, straight flush hand of the Big Bend," he said, with stinging scorn. "I'll bet you my roll to a greaser peso that I can deal you a hand you'll be afraid to play."

"Phil, you're talkin' wild," growled Poggin, with both advice and menace in his tone.

"If there's anythin' you hate it's a man who pretends to be somebody else when he's not. Thet so?"

Poggin nodded in slow gathering wrath.

"Well, Jim's new pard—this man Dodge—he's not who he seems. Oh-ho! He's a hell of a lot different. But I know him. An' when I spring his name on you, Poggin, you'll freeze, an' your hand'll be stiff when it ought to be lightnin'.—All because you'll realize you've been standin' there five minutes—five minutes alive before him!"

If not hate, then assuredly great passion toward Poggin manifested itself in Knell's scornful, fiery address, in the shaking hand he thrust before Poggin's face. In the ensuing silent pause Knell's panting could be plainly heard. The other men were pale, watchful, cautiously edging either way to the wall, leaving the principals and Duane in the center of the room.

"Spring his name, then, you—" said Poggin, violently, with a curse.

Strangely Knell did not even look at the man he was about to denounce. He leaned toward Poggin, his hands, his body, his long head all somewhat expressive of what his face disguised.

"Buck Duane!" he yelled, suddenly.

The name did not make any great difference in Poggin. But Knell's passionate, swift utterances carried the suggestion that the name ought to bring Poggin to quick action. It was possible, too, that Knell's manner, the import of his denunciation, the meaning back of all his passion held Poggin bound more than the surprise. For the outlaw certainly was surprised, perhaps staggered at the idea that he, Poggin, had been about to stand sponsor with Fletcher for a famous outlaw hated and feared by all outlaws.

Knell waited a long moment, and then his face broke its cold immobility in an extraordinary expression of devilish glee. He had hounded the great Poggin into something that gave him vicious, montrous joy.

"Buck Duane! Yes," he broke out, hotly. "The Nueces gunman! That two-shot, ace of spades lone wolf! You an' I—we've heard 1,000 times of him—talked about him often. An' here he is in front of you! Poggin, you were backin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane. An' he'd fooled you both but for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Cheseldine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! An' when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would the boss—anybody—have expected of Poggin? Did you throw your gun, swift, like you have so often? Naw, you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great—meetin' us here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you love life. Because you an' I an' every damned man here had to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's goin' to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—me—who've lived to see you a coward. It comes once to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!"

The hoarse, taunting voice failed. Knell stepped back from the comrade he hated. He was wet, shaking, haggard, but magnificent.

"Buck Duane, do you remember Hardin?" he asked, in scarcely audible voice.

"Yes," replied Duane, and a flash of insight made clear Knell's attitude.

"You met him—forced him to draw—killed him?"

"Yes."

"Hardin was the best pard I ever had."

His teeth clicked together tight, and his lips set in a thin line.

The room grew still. Even breathing ceased. The time for words had passed. In that long moment of suspense Knell's body gradually stiffened, and at last the quivering ceased. He crushed. His eyes had a soul piercing fire.

Duane watched them. He waited. He caught the thought—the breaking of Knell's muscle bound rigidity. Then he drew.

Through the smoke of his gun he saw two red spurts of flame. Knell's bullets thudded into the ceiling. He fell with a scream like a wild thing in agony.

Duane did not see Knell die. He watched Poggin. And Poggin, like a stricken and astounded man, looked down upon his prostrate comrade.

Fletcher ran at Duane with hands aloft.

"Hit the trial, you liar, or you'll hev to kill me!" he yelled.

With hands still up, he shouldered and bodied Duane out of the room.

Duane leaped on his horse, spurred, and plunged away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Duane returned to Fairdale and camped in the mesquite till the 23rd of the month. The few days seemed endless. All he could think of was that the hour in which he must disgrace Ray Longstreth was slowly but inexorably coming. In that waiting time he learned what love was and also duty. When the day at last dawned he rode like one possessed down the rough slope, hurdling the stones and crashing through the brush, with a sound in his ears that was not all the rush of the wind. Something dragged at him.

Apparently one side of his mind was unalterably fixed, while the other was a hurrying conglomeration of flashes of thought, reception of sensations. He could not get calmness. By and by, almost involuntarily, he hurried faster on. Action seemed to make his state less oppressive; it eased the weight. But the farther he went on the harder it was to continue. Had he turned his back upon love, happiness, perhaps on life itself?

There seemed no use to go on farther until he was absolutely sure of himself. Duane received a clear warning thought that such work as seemed haunting and driving him could never be carried out in the mood under which he labored. He hung on to that thought. Several times he slow up, then stopped, only to go on again. At length, as he mounted a low ridge, Fairdale lay bright and green before him not far away, and the sight was a conclusive check. There were mesquites on the ridge, and Duane sought the shade beneath them. It was the noon hour, with hot, glary sun and no wind. Here Duane had to have out his fight. Duane was utterly unlike himself; he could not bring the old self back; he was not the same man he once had been. But he could understand why. It was because of Ray Longstreth. Temptation assailed him. To have her his wife! It was impossible. The thought was insidiously alluring. Duane pictured a home. He saw himself riding through the cotton and rice and cane, home to a stately old mansion, where long eared hounds bayed him welcome, and a woman looked for him and met him with happy and beautiful smile. There might—there would be children. And something new, strange, confounding with its emotion, came to life deep in Duane's heart. There would be children! Ray their mother! The kind of life a lonely outcast always yearned for and never had! He saw it all, felt it all.

But beyond and above all other claims came Captain MacNelly's. It was then there was something cold and deathlike in Duane's soul. For he knew, whatever happened, of one thing he was sure—he would have to kill either Longstreth or Lawson. Longstreth might be trapped into arrest; but Lawson had no sense, no control, no fear. He would snarl like a panther and go for his gun, and he would have to be killed. This, of all consummations, was the one to be calculated upon.

Duane came out of it all bitter and callous and sore—in the most fitting of moods to undertake a difficult and deadly enterprise. He had fallen upon his old strange, futile dreams, now rendered poignant by reason of love. He drove away those dreams. In their places came the images of the olive skinned Longstreth with his sharp eyes, and the dark, evil faced Lawson, and then returned tenfold more thrilling and sinister the old strange passion to meet Poggin.

It was about 1 o'clock when Duane rode into Fairdale. The streets for the most part were deserted. He went directly to find Morton and Zimmer. He found them at length, restless, somber, anxious, but unaware of the part he had played at Ord. They said Longstreth was home, too. It was possible that Longstreth had arrived home in ignorance.

Duane told them to be on hand in town with their men in case he might need them, and then with teeth locked he set off for Longstreth's ranch.

Duane stole through the bushes and trees, and when nearing the porch he heard loud, angry, familiar voices. Longstreth and Lawson were quarreling again. How Duane's lucky star guided him! He had no plan of action, but his brain was equal to 100 lightning swift evolutions. He meant to take any risk rather than kill Longstreth. Both of the men were out on the porch. Duane wormed his way to the edge of the shrubbery and crouched low to watch for his opportunity.

Longstreth looked haggard and thin. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he had come out with a gun in his hand. This he laid on a table near the wall. He wore no belt.

Lawson was red, bloated, thick lipped, all fiery and sweaty from drink, though sober on the moment, and no had the expression of a desperate man in his last stand. It was his last stand, though he was ignorant of that.

"What's you news? You needn't be afraid of my feelings," said Lawson.

"Ray confessed to an interest in this ranger," replied Longstreth.

Duane thought Lawson would choke. He was thick necked anyway, and the rush of blood made him tear at the soft collar of his shirt. Duane awaited his chance, patent, cold, all his feelings shut in a vise.

"But why should your daughter meet this ranger?" demanded Lawson, harshly.

"She's in love with him and he's in love with her."

Duane reveled in Lawson's condition. The statement might have had the force of a juggernaut. Was Longstreth sincere? What was his game?

Lawson, finding his voice, cursed Ray cursed the ranger, then Longstreth.

"You damned selfish fool!" cried Longstreth, in deep bitter scorn. "All you think of is yourself—your loss of the girl. Think once of me—my home—my life.!"

Then the connection subtly put out by Longstreth apparently dawned upon the other. Somehow through this girl her father and cousin were to be betrayed. Duane got that impression, though he could not tell how true it was. Certainly Lawson's jealousy was his paramount emotion.

"To hell with you!" burst out Lawson, incoherently. He was frenzied. "I'll have her, or nobody else will!"

"You never will," returned Longstreth, stridently. "So help me God I'd rather see her the ranger's wife than yours."

While Lawson absorbed that shock Longstreth leaned toward him, all of hate and menace in his mien.

"Lawson, you made me what I am," continued Longstreth. "I backed you—shielded you. You're Cheseidne—if the truth is told! Now it's ended. I quit you. I'm done!"

Their gray passion corded features were still as stones.

"Gentlemen!" Duane called in far reaching voice as he stepped out. "You're both done!"

They wheeled to confront Duane.

"Don't move! Not a muscle! Not a finger!" he warned.

Longstreth read what Lawson had not the mind to read. His face turned from gray to ashen.

"What d'ye mean?" yelled Lawson, fiercely, shrilly. It was not in him to obey a command, to see impending death.

All quivering and strung, yet with perfect control, Duane raised his left hand to turn back a lapel of his open vest. The silver star flashed brightly.

Lawson howled like a dog. With barbarous and insane fury, with sheer impotent folly, he swept a clawing hand for his gun. Duane's shot broke his action.

Before Lawson even tottered, before he loosed the gun, Longstreth leaped behind him, clasped him with left arm, quick as lightning jerked the gun from both clutching fingers and sheath. Longstreth protected himself with the body of the dead man. Duane saw red flashes, puffs of smoke; he heard quick reports. Something stung his left arm. Then a blow like wind, light of sound yet shocking in impact, struck him, staggered him. The hot rend of lead followed the blow. Duane's heart seemed to explode, yet his mind kept extraordinarily clear and rapid.

Duane heard Longstreth work the action of Lawson's gun. He heard the hammer click, fall upon empty shells. Longstreth had used up all the loads in Lawson's gun. He cursed as a man cursed at defeat. Duane waited, cool and sure now. Longstreth tried to lift the dead man, to edge him closer toward the table where his own gun lay. But, considering the peril of exposing himself, he found the task beyond him. He bent, peering at Duane under Lawson's arm, which flopped out from his side. Longstreth's eyes were the eyes of a man who meant to kill. There was never any mistaking the strange and terrible light of eyes like those. More than once Duane had a chance to aim at them, at the top of Longstreth's head, at a strip of his side.

Longstreth flung Lawson's body off. But, even as it dropped—before Longstreth could leap, as he surely intended, for the gun—Duane covered him, and called piercingly to him:

"Don't jump for the gun! Don't! I'll kill you! Sure as God, I'll kill you!"

Longstreth stood perhaps 10 feet from the table where his gun lay. Duane saw him calculating chances. He was game. He had the courage that forced Duane to respect him. Duane just saw him measure the distance to that gun. He was magnificent. He meant to do it. Duane would have to kill him.

"Longstreth, listen!" cried Duane, swiftly. "The game's up. You're done. But think of your daughter! I'll spare your life—I'll try to get your freedom on one condition. For her sake! I've got you nailed—all the proofs. There lies Lawson. You're alone. I've Morton and men to my aid. Give up. Surrender. Consent to demands, and I'll spare you. Maybe I can persuade MacNelly to let you go free back to your old country. It's for Ray's sake! Her life, perhaps her happiness, can be saved! Hurry, man! Your answer!"

"Suppose I refuse?" he queried, with a dark and terrible earnestness.

"Then I'll kill you in your tracks! You can't move a hand! Your word of death! Hurry, Longstreth! Be a man! For her sake! Quick! Another second now—I'll kill you!"

"All right, Buck Duane; I give my word," he said, and deliberately walked to the chair and fell into it.

Longstreth looked strangely at the bloody blot on Duane's shoulder.

"There come the girls!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Can you help me drag Lawson inside? They mustn't see him."

Duane was facing down the porch toward the court and corrals. Miss Longstreth and Ruth had come in sight, were swiftly approaching, evidently alarmed. The two men succeeded in drawing Lawson into the house before the girls saw him.

"Duane, you're not hard hit?" said Longstreth.

"Reckon not," replied Duane.

"I'm sorry. If only you could have told me sooner! Lawson, damn him! Always I've split over him!"

"But the last time, Longstreth!"

"Yes, and I came near driving you to kill me, too. Duane, you talked me out of it. For Ray's sake! She'll be in here in a minute. This'll be harder than facing a gun."

"Hard now, but I hope it'll turn out all right."

"Duane, will you do me a favor?" he asked, and he seemed shamefaced.

"Sure."

(Continued Next Week.)

STAMPS CARRY GERMS, IS SCIENCE EDICT

From the New York Times.

Two Philadelphia scientists, Dr. Robert A. Kelly and Philip D. McMaster, have been carrying on an investigation in the McManus Laboratory of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania to determine whether or not postage stamps are germ carriers. Their experiments have been completed and the results are published in the current issue of the Medical Record.

The answer to the query is "Yes."

They learned that out of 50 stamps tested in several ways 48 yielded bacteria. On the other hand, with the possible exception of two cases, none of the germs isolated could cause disease.

This does not mean, however, that care should not be exercised in handling stamps, for it is just as easy for them to be impregnated with disease germs as with those that are harmless, the experimenters say. Here is a part of their report:

"The purpose of this study was to determine the normal bacterial flora of postage stamps; that is, to get some idea of the general character of bacteria found on stamps, with especial emphasis in the search for tubercle bacilli, bacillus tetani, the colon group and diphtherial forms.

Bought Stamps in Stores.

"The literature on this subject is surprisingly meager and but little record is made of the bacteria of stamps. The subject is usually approached from the viewpoint of the spread of infection by the postal service as a whole, the infection by letters and the fumigation of letters, and but little record is made of infection by stamps or of the bacteria of stamps.

"In order to determine this, 50 stamps were bought in various stores in Philadelphia, including the central office, branch stores, almost all the large department stores and some of the small general stores. Most of the stamps were bought from sheets and a few (three) from stamp books. The character of the place was noted, its general cleanliness, the clerk and his appearance, and whether the stamps were placed on the counter with the change, or not. In almost all cases they were presented with the glue side up, showing that the precepts of public hygiene have had that much effect.

"The majority of the stamps showed one or more organisms, but in no single instance were they found to be pathogenic in type.

"This does not exclude the fact that under favorable conditions certain pathogenic types which would resist drying to a certain extent, might be carried on a postage stamp. On the other hand the work proves the stamp to be a carrier or organisms, and these could be readily transferred from one individual to another. This would only be of importance where the organism was pathogenic.

"We have in mind a drug store where one of the members of the druggist's family had advanced tuberculosis. His sputum contained many bacilli. He had a hacking cough and was the habit of protecting his mouth with his hand while coughing. During busy times he often serves customers, and not infrequently dispensed stamps to children, who would immediately moisten them with their mouths and paste them to letters. A single exposure in this case might prove negative, but the constant exposure in some cases would undoubtedly end in infection."

These conclusions were reached by the investigators:

Moisteners Advised.

"A study of 50 stamps obtained from as many different sources, clean, dirty and indifferent, sh owed bacteria in every instance except two.

"With the possible exception of two cases no organism pathogenic in type was discovered.

"Aside form hygenic reasons, it is dangerous to lick postage stamps on the ground that the stamps are bacteria laden, and under favorable conditions might easily convey pathogenic types, especially colon, diphtheria, and tubercle bacilli.

"We would therefore advocate a movement to have installed in all places dispensing postage stamps a moistening device of some type. This movement could be started with beneficent results in the postoffices of the United States government.

West Virginia's Experience.

From the Richmond Virginian.

Now that Virginia is soon to pass forever from under the name of the licensed saloon, it may prove of interest to know how business fared in our neighboring state of West Virginia when John Barleycorn was forced to vacate.

We recently gave the experience of Washington state and of the city of Seattle, as set forth by one of the staunchest foes of prohibition, the editor of the Seattle Times, in which he declared that not only had none of the dire prophecies of evil come to pass, but that he was now sure that no such dire results as he once predicted would ever follow the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

In West Virginia, during the campaign to vote the state "dry," much the same argument was advanced as became so familiar to our people in Virginia in 1914. Business would be ruined, business houses would stand idle, large capital invested in breweries would be absolutely wiped out and not only would hundreds of men directly employed in the liquor business be deprived of their means of livelihood but thousands would be indirectly affected.

What has been the result in West Virginia? We are reliably informed that the buildings formerly occupied by saloons were promptly rented for other purposes and that the dark prospect of vacant buildings and depreciated real estate has vanished into thin air. In fact, many of the saloons were already rented for other purposes before the whisky men vacated.

The capital invested in brewery plants has not been wiped out by any means, the breweries having been promptly converted to legitimate business uses. At Charleston the Kanawha Brewing company, we are informed, has been converted into a cold storage plant, being used for that purpose by the Biagi Fruit & Produce Co., a large wholesale concern of that city. The brewery at Bluefield has been turned into an ice cream plant, and its ice plant is making ice for sale, both departments doing a good business, it is said. They also use part of their building for cold storage.

The Fairmount Brewing company has gone into the ice cream and bottling business, and it is said to be doing well.

The Huntington brewery employs three times as many men as a meat packing concern as it did as a brewery, and in addition furnishes local market for live stock.

The Parkersburg brewery is now being utilized as an ice cream plant.

At Wheeling the Reyman Brewing company, formerly one of the largest in the state, has gone into the meat packing business, and employs more men than before.

The Benwood brewery is operating as a chemical plant.

We understand that the old talk of prohibition hurting business is never even mentioned in West Virginia.

The Deserted House.

Hushed voices of the summer winds that pass;
Vague dimness on the vacant window sill;
Decay, and silence—these are death, and still
Something there is of presence in the air;
The sentient grace of her who planted there
The flowers that choke amid the tangled grass
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Scribner's.