said his wife simply.

yours.

"I should like to have Mrs. Desmond

as my friend, not as my housekeeper,"

"By jove, and that's just what should like," he cried.

"There is but one way, you know."

"She must be one or the other, eh?"

"Precisely," she said with firmness.

'In my country, James, the wives of

best friends haven't the same moral

standing that they appear to have in

tell you that I do not mean to reflect

on Mrs. Desmond's virtue-or discre-

tion? Far from it. If she is to be my

friend, she cannot be your housekeep-

er. That's the point. Has she any

"She has a small income, and an an

nuity which I took out for her soon

after her poor husband's death. We

"I understand, James. You are very

"I am quite competent, James," she

"Are you laughing at me, darling?"

She gave him one of her searching

"Isn't it your mission in life to

"I love you, Yvonne-Good God, how

love you!" he cried abruptly. His

eyes burnt with sudden flame of pas-

sion as he bent over her. His face

quivered; his whole being tingled with

the fierce spasm of an uncontrollable

desire to crush the warm, adorable

body to his breast in the supreme

She surrendered herself to his pas

sionate embrace. A little later, she

withdrew herself from his arms, her

his kisses. Her eyes, dark with

lips still quivering with the flerceness

wonder and perplexity, regarded his

transfigured face for a long, tense

"Is this love, James?" she whis

"What else, in heaven's name, can it

be?" he cried. He was sitting upon

You Will Not Miss Her, I am

"Frighten, my darling?"

frighten one?"

ago?" she asked.

time, not now."

tioned in this house."

in her voice.

hated subject.

"Tell me about her."

"You have never told

the arm of her chair, looking down at

the singularly pallid face.
"But should love have the power to

"Oh, it is not you who are fright-ened," she cried. "You are the man.

He stared. "What an odd way to put it, dear." Then he drew back,

struck by the curious gleam of mock-

"Was it like this twenty-five years

He managed to smile. "Are you

His face hardened. "Some other

He faced her, his eyes as cold as

Yvonne, that her name is never men

She seemed to shrink down farther

"Why?" she asked, an insistent note

"It isn't necessary to explain." He

walked away from her to the window,

and stood looking out over the bleak

little courtyard. Neither spoke for

many minutes, and yet he knew that

her questioning gaze was upon him

and that when he turned to her again

she would ask still another question

He tried to think of something to say

that would turn her away from this

"Isn't it time for you to dress, dear

est? The Gunnings live pretty far up

north and the going will be bad with

"Doesn't Frederic ever mention his

nother's name?" came the question

"I am not certain that he knows her

name," said he levelly. The knuckles

of his hands, clenched tightly behind

his back, were white. "He has never

She looked at him darkly. Ther

was something in her eyes that caused

him to shift his own steady gaze un-

comfortably. He could not have ex

plained what it was, but it gave him a

curiously uneasy feeling, as of im-

pending peril. It was not unlike the

queer, inexplicable though definite

that he feared before it was uttered.

Fifth avenue piled up with snow-

"I may as well tell you now,

But I-ah, I am only the woman."

pered. "Is this the real, true love?"

unfathomable glances, and then smiled

said brightly. "You will not miss her,

generous and very loyal. I quite un-

derstand. Losing her position here,

means of her own? Can she-

were the closest of friends-

then, will not be a hardship?"

"No," said he soberly.

with roguish mirth.

amuse and entertain me?"

ecstasy of possession.

Oh, don't scowl so! Shall I

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the Jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary.

## CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Lydia flinched, she knew not why. There was a sting to the words, despite the languidness with which they

Risking more than she suspected, she said: "He never considers the cost of a thing, Mrs. Brood, if its beauty appeals to him." Mrs. Brood gave her a quizzical, half-puzzled look. "You have only to look about you for the proof. This one room repres

"How old are you, Miss Desmond?" The question came abruptly.

"I am nineteen." "You were surprised to find me so

young. Will it add to your surprise if I tell you that I am ten years older

"It doesn't seem credible." "Are you wondering why I tell you

my age? 'Yes." said Lydia, bluntly. "In order that you may realize that

am ten years wiser than you, and that you may not again make the mis-take of underestimating my intelli-

The color faded from Lydia's face She grew cold from head to foot. In-voluntarily she moved back a pace. The next instant, to her unbounded se, Mrs. Brood's hands were out stretched in a gesture of appeal, and ck, wistful smile took the place

"There! I am a nasty, horrid thing. Forgive me. Come! Don't be stubborn. Shake hands with me and say that you're sorry I said what I did." It was a quaint way of putting it, and her voice was so genuinely appealing that Lydia, after a moment's hesitation, extended her hands. Mrs. Brood grasped them in hers and gripped them tightly. "I think I should like to know that you are my friend, Lydia. Has it occurred to you that I am utterly without friends in this great city of yours? I have my husband, that is all." "There! I am a nasty, horrid thing.

The girl could no more withstand he electric charm of the woman than he could have fought off the sun-tine. She was bewildered, and com-

"It's lt's very good of you," she It's—It's very good of you," she rmured, her own eyes softening as by looked into the deep, velvety that would not be denied. Even she wondered whether she could be really like this magnetic create, she felt herself surrendering to a spell of her. "But perhaps you it not like me when you know me ther."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Brood, calmly, lmost indifferently, and dismissed the abject. "What an amazing room! one can almost feel the presence of se can almost feel the presence of a genli that created it at the wish the man with the enchanted lamp, a rule, oriental rooms are abomitions, but this—ah, this is not an lental room after all. It is a part the East itself—of the real East. have sat in emperors' houses out are, my dear, and I have slept in a palages of kings. I have seen palaces of kings. I have seen such things as these, and I know they could not have been trans-

hese came from the palaces of , Mrs. Brood," said Lydia enthu-cally. "Kings in the days when were real. This rug-

I know," interrupted the other. "My shand told me the story. It must be cost him a fortune."

It was worth a fortune," said Lydia lating squint had come into rood's eyes while she was g. To Lydia it appeared as it

"A collector has offered him—how uch? A hundred thousand dollars, not that it? Ah, how rich he must

tor you refer to-I was referring to my husband,"
id Mrs. Brood, unabashed. "He is
ry rich, isn't he?"

managed to conceal her an es are rated."

loesn't matter," said the other releasly. "I have my own fortune, and it is not my face," she added, ith a quick smile. "Now let us look I must see all these wo We will not be miss still half an hour till tea all there is to be told about me what I am, and how he came

came to marry him, but-the other way 'round. It's the way with men past middle age."

Lydia hesitated before speaking. "Mr. Brood does not confide in Frederic. I am afraid they have but little in common. Oh, I shouldn't have said

Mrs. Brood regarded her with nar rowing eyes. "He doesn't confide in Frederic?" she repeated, in the form of a question. Her voice seemed lower than before.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, annoyed at her-

"Is there a reason why he should dislike his son?" asked the other, regarding her fixedly.

"Of course not," cried poor Lydia. There was a moment of silence Some day, Lydia, you will tell me shout Mr. Brood's other wife."

"She died many years ago," said the girl, evasively. "I know," said Mrs. Brood. "Still I should like to hear more of the woman he could not forget in all those years-

She grew silent and preoccupied, a slight frown marking her forehead as she resumed her examination of the room and its contents.

Great lanterns hung suspended be side the shrine, but were now un lighted. On the table at which Brood professed to work stood a huge lamp with a lacelike screen of gold. When lighted a soft, mellow glow oozed through the shade to create a circle o golden brilliance over a radius that extended but little beyond the edge of the table, yet reached to the benign countenance of Buddha close by.

Over all this fairylike splendo reigned the serene, melting influence of the god to whom James Brood was wont to confess himself! The spell of the golden image dominated every thing.

In the midst of the magnificence moved the two women, one absurdly out of touch with her surroundings. yet a thing of beauty; the other blend ing intimately with the warm tones that enveloped her. She was lithe intimately with the warm tones with the grace of the most se ductive of dancers. Her dark eyes relected the mysteries of the Orient her pale, smooth skin shone with the clearness of alabaster; the crimson in her lips was like the fresh stail



of blood; the very fragrance of her erson seemed to steal out of the un clous setting, a gem among gems She had attired herself in a dull Indian red afternoon gown of chiffon. The very fabric seemed to cling to her supple body with the sensuous joy of with appraising eyes, experienced a swift unaccountable desire to hold this xicating creature close to her own

There were two windows in the room, broad openings that ran from near the floor almost to the edge of the canopy. They were so heavily cur-tained that the light of day failed to netrate to the interior of the apart ent. Mrs. Brood approached one of these windows. Drawing the curtain apart, she let in an ugly gray light from the outside world.

She looked down into a sort of court yard and garden that might have been transplanted from distant Araby. Uttering an exclamation of wonder, she

"Is this New York or am I

"Mr. Brood transformed the old car riage yard into a—I think Mr. Dawes calls it a Persian garden. It is rather bleak in wintertime, Mrs. Brood, but in the summer it is really enchanting. See, across the court on the second floor where the windows are lighted those are your rooms. It is an enorthe little balcony outside your win dows, and the vines creeping up to it?

"But how desolate it looks today, with the dead vines and the colorles

a summer night with the moon and

stones! Ugh! She dropped the curtains. The soft warm glow of the room came back and she sighed with relief. "I hate things that are dead," she said.

At the sound of a soft tread and the gentle rustle of draperies, they turned Ranjab, the Hindu, was crossing the room toward the small door which gave entrance to his closet. He paused for an instant before the image of Buddha, but did not drop to his kneed as all devout Buddhists do. Mrs Brood's hand fell lightly upon Lydia's arm. The man turned toward them second or two later. His dark, handsome face was hard set and emotion less as he bowed low to the new mis tress of the house. The fingers closed tightly on Lydia's arm. Then he smiled upon the girl, a glad smile of devotion. His swarthy face was transfigured. A moment later he unlocked his door and passed into the othe room. The key turned in the lock

with a slight rasp.
"I do not like that man," said Mrs Brood. Her voice was low and her eyes were fixed steadily on the closed

CHAPTER V.

Husband and Wife. The ensuing fortnight brought the expected changes in the household James Brood, to the surprise of not only himself but others, lapsed into a curious state of adolescence. His infatuation was complete. The once dominant influence of the man seemed to slink away from him as the passing days brought up the new problems of life. Where he had lived to command he now was content to serve. His friends, his son, his servants viewed the transformation with wonder, not

to say apprehension. It would not be true to say that the remarkable personality of the man had suffered. He was still the man of steel, but retempered. The rigid broad-sword was made over into the fine flexible blade of Toledo. He could be bent but not broken.

It pleased him to submit to Yvonne's commands. Not that they were arduous or peremptory; on the contrary, they were suggestions in which own comfort and pleasure appeared to be the inspiration. She was too wise to demand, too clever to resort to cajolery. She was a Latin. Diplomacy was hers as a birthright. Complaints, appeals, sulks would have gained nothing from James Brood, Nor would it have occurred to her to employ these methods. From the day she entered the house she was its mis-

There were no false notions of sentiment to restrain or restrict her in the rearrangement of her household. She went about the matter calmly, sensibly, firmly; even the most prejudiced could not but feel the justice of her decisions. The serene way in which she both achieved and accepted conquest proved one thing above all others: She was born to rule.

To begin with, she miraculously transferred the sleeping quarters of Messrs. Dawes and Riggs from the second floor front to the third floor back without arousing the slightest sign of antagonism on the part of the crusty old gentlemen, who had occu-pled one of the choice rooms in the house with uninterrupted security a matter of nine or ten years. Mrs. Brood explained the situation to them they even assisted the servants in moving their heterogeneous belong-ings to the small, remote room on the third floor, and applauded her plan to make a large sitting-room of the chamber they were deserting. It did not occur to them for at least three days that they had been imposed upon, cheated, maltreated, insuited, and then in the big room on the second fic

They had been betrayed by the wife of their bosom friend. Is it small cause for wonder, then, that the poor gentle-men as manfully turned back to the tipple and got gloriously, garrulously and also in the middle of the library where tea was to have been served to

The next morning a fresh edict was ssued. It came from James Brood and it was so staggering that the poor gen tlemen were loath to believe their ears As a result of this new command, they began to speak of Mrs. Brood in the privacy of their own room as "that due to her mischievous, malevolent in-fluence that a spineless husband put forth the order that they were to have nothing more to drink while they re mained in his house. This command was modified to a slight extent later on. Brood felt sorry for the victims. He loved them and he knew that their was injured a great deal more than their appetite. In its modified form, the edict allowed them a small drink in the morning and another at bedtime, but Jones, the butler, held the key to the situation and—the side board. And after that they looked up on Mrs. Brood as the common enemy of all three.

The case of Mrs. John Desmond wa disposed of in a summary but tactful

"If Mrs. Desmond is willing to re main, James, as housekeeper instead of friend, all well and good," said Mrs. Brood, discussing the matter in th seclusion of her boudoir. "I doubt nowever, whether she can descend to that. You have spoiled her, my dear.'
He flushed. "I trust you do no "I trust you do

mean to imply that-

and he would take all sorts of the to make a child happy. His

dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about, or boxed, or nodded strange heads, or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how, a few hours after his death, a lit. asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room ay, and left there. In a little me limping downstairs, the tears

silently away, known to nobody there -From "Eugene Field, Lover of Child-hood," by Hildegrade Hawthorne, in

Sanitary Sandwiches Latest

sensing of danger that more than once "One can be lonely even in the neart he had experienced in the silent, tranof a throng," she said cryptically. "No,

quil depths of great forests.

with love.

"I wonder what could have hap-

pened to make you so bitter toward

eyes that so recently had been ablaze

again," he said, a queer note of hoarse ness in his voice. "Never, do you un

derstand?" He was very much shaken.

ing out her hand to him. "I am fool-

ish, but I did not dream that I was be-

it is because I am-jealous."

more in his veins.

most thoughts.

"Forgive me," she pleaded, stretch-

"There is no one-nothing to be

over his moist brow. Then he drew

She leaned back and sighed contented-

"I have been considering the advis

a year or two," said he at last. She started. She had been far from

"Yes. He has never been abroad."

"Indeed? And he is half European

oo. It seems-forgive me, James

Really, you know, I cannot always

keep my thoughts from slipping out

you should inquire," he said resignedly

"I suppose it is only natural that

"Of my servants," she added point-

He flushed slightly. "I dare say I

deserve the rebuke. It will not be necessary to pursue that line of in-

quiry, however. I shall tell you the

story myself some day, Yvonne. Will

She met the earnest appeal in his

"Who is to tell me the wife's side

The question was like a blow to him

eyes with a slight frown of annoyance.

You shouldn't expect it, dear."

you not bear with me?"

of the story?"

went on coolly:

his voice.

We must never speak of-of that

lames, I will not have him sent away." He was silent for a moment. "We will leave it to Frederic," he said. Her face brightened. "That is all I

her," she went on, still watching him through half closed eyes. "Was she unfaithful to you? Was—" ask. He will stay." There was another pause. "You two "Good God, Yvonne!" he cried, an have become very good friends, angry light jumping into his eyes-the

Yvonne.' 'He is devoted to me." She blew cigarette smoke in his face

ing cruel or unkind. Perhaps, dear, jealous of," he said, passing a hand nearer and took her hand in his. He lounged again on the arm of her chair. ly, the smile on her red lips growing sweeter with each breath that she took. He felt the blood warming once For a long time they sat thus, looking into each other's eyes without speaking. He was trying to fathom the mystery that lurked at the bottom of those smiling wells; she, on the other hand, deluded herself with the idea that she was reading his innerability of sending Frederic abroad for right in her reading. "Now? This

He Was Silent for a Moment.

and laughed. There was a knock at "Come in." she called.

Frederic entered.

CHAPTER VI.

The Spreading Glow. Yvonne Lestrange, in a way, had been born to purple and fine linen. She had never known deprivation of any description. Neither money, position nor love had been denied her during the few years in which her charm and beauty had flashed across the great European capitals, penetrating even to the recesses of royal courts. It is He stared at her as if he had not heard doubtful if James Brood knew very much concerning her family when he proposed marriage to her, but it is cer-

smile on her lips at the time. He saw

it fade away, even as the crowd came

between. He knew that the smile had

not been intended for him, but for

some of the eager cavaliers who sur-

rounded her, and yet there was some

thing singularly direct in the look she

That single glance in the duke's

They were married inside of a

house proved to be a fateful one for

month. The virile, confident American

had conquered where countless sup-

pliants of a more or less noble char

He asked but one question of her

she asked none of him. The fact that

she was the intimate friend and asse

ciate of the woman in whose home he

met her, was sufficient proof of her standing in society, although that

would have counted for little so far as

She was the daughter of a haron:

Paris, coming from St. Petersburg

when a young girl; and she was at

orphan with an independent fortune of her own. Such common details as

these came to Brood in the natural

way and were not derived from any ef-

fort on his part to secure information

concerning Mademoiselle Lestrange.

Like the burnt child, he asked a ques

"Have you ever loved a man deeply,

devotedly, Yvonne—so deeply that there is pain in the thought of him?"

She replied without hesitation

There is no such man, James. You

"I am confident that I can hold your

leve against the future, but no man is vital enough to compete with the past.

Love doesn't really die, you know. If

against all newcomers, he deserves to

lose it. It doesn't follow, however, that

he can protect himself against the

man who appears out of the past and

played you an evil trick," she said.

"You speak as though the past had

He did not mince words. "Years

ago a man came out of the past and

took from me the weman I loved and

wonder at your courage in taking the risk again," she said.

as if convincing himself that there

was no risk. "I shall make you love

me to the end, Yvonne. I am not

afraid. But why do you not ask me

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

for all the wretched story?"

"I think I wonder at it myself." said

"No, I am not afraid." he went on,

roice suddenly lowered.

"Yes," he said quietly.

"Your-your wife?" she asked in a

tion which harked back to an un

acter had gone down to defeat.

Brood was concerned.

gotten pain.

may be sure of that."

claims his own.

aright. Before he could speak, she "I dare say there are two sides to tain that he did not care. He first saw it. James. It's usually the case." her at the home of a British nobleman. He winced. "There is but one side but did not meet her. Something in to this one," he said, a harsh note in the vivid, brilliant face of the woman made a deep and lasting impression "That is why I began my inquiries on him. There was an instant when with Mrs. Desmond," she said enig-matically. "But I sha'n't pursue them their eyes met through an opening in the throng which separated them. He

gave him.

any farther. You love me; that is all was not only conscious of the fact that he was staring at her, but that she care to know-or that I require." "I do love you," he said, almost imwas looking at him in a curiously pene ploringly. trating way. There was a mocking She stroked his gaunt cheek. "Then we may let the other woman-go

He felt the cold sweat start on his brow. Her callous remark slashed his finer sensibilities like the thrust of a dagger. He tried to laugh, but only

succeeded in producing a painful gri-"And now," she went on, as if the matter were fully disposed of, "we will discuss something tangible, ch? Fred-

"Yes," said he, rather dazedly. "Frederic."

"I am very, very fond of your son, James," she said. "How proud you

must be to have such a son.' He eyed her narrowly. How much of the horrid story did she know? How much of it had John Desmond told to

"I am surprised at your liking him. Yvonne. He is what I'd call a diffi-

"I haven't found him difficult." Morbid and unresponsive. "Not by nature, however. There

a joyousness, a light-heartedness in his character that has never got beyond the surface until now, James. "Until now?"

"Yes. And you talk of sending him away. Why?" "He has wanted to go abroad for

years. This is a convenient time for "But I am quite sure he will not

care to go at present-not for awhile, "And why not may I sak?"

Because he is in love. "In love!" he exclaimed, his ting hard

"He is in love with Lydia." "I'll put a stop to that!" "And why, may I ask?"

mimicked. instantly collected himself. "He not in a position to marry, that's all."

He swallowed hard. "Yes." "Poof!" she exclaimed, dismissing the obstacle with a wave of her slim

hand. "A cigarette, please. There is another reason why he shouldn't go— an excellent one." "The reason you've already given is sufficient to convince me that he ought to go at once. What is the other one,

She lighted the cigarette from the match he held. "What would you say if I were to tell you that I object to

his going away-at present?" "I should ask the very obvious ques

"Because I like him, I want him to like me, and I shall be very lonely without him," she answered calmly.

"You?" he cried. "Why, you've never known anything butunsightly skin affection, bathe the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins, In most cases the sick skin quickly becomes clear and healthy again, at very little cost. Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be kept on the face, hands or other exposed surface with-out attracting undue attention. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Scap also clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff, Sold by all druggists; for trial free, write to Resinol, Dept 17-P, Baltimore, Md.

> Make the Liver Do its Duty

.......

Try

this easy

way to heal

your skin with

If you are suffering from eczema,

ringworm or similar itching, red.

Nine times in ten when the liver in right the stomach and bowels are right CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CARTERS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Con-

and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good Sudan Grass; valuable descriptive Bookie Free, and attractive prices on matured a-spected, guar, seed. C. Ullery, Lubbock, Te. Fable Up to Date.

A counterfeiter was once walking along a lonely side street when he was stopped by a bold, bad robbet The robber presented a large, openfaced revolver and demanded coin. He got it—about two gallons of lead dolars fresh from his victim's private mint Next day the robber bought himself

an automatic pistol of the latest design, a weapon which he had long cor-eted. He paid for the gun out of the proceeds of his latest haul and was immediately haled before a magi-trate and sent up for a long term of years for counterfeiting.

Moral—If they don't get you for what you've done, they'll get you for something else.

There Are Chances and Chances. Walter L. Ball, a Muncie a former state senator, says that our day when he was in his early law practice he was called on to look after the defense of a negro client. No desiring his efforts to be entirely wasted, he asked of his client: "Was do you think my services are worth? do you think my services are wor

"Well, they're worth just as must as my chances of getting away," was

One on the "Coco." nt of a seat on the The occupant of a seat on the was disturbed by the struggle elderly man who tried to place a large on the rack overhe "That rack is only for light articles

Then why don't you put your on it?" was the snappy reto

A FOOD DRINK Which Brings Daily Enjoyment

A lady doctor writes: "Though busy hourly with my

ffairs, I will not deny myself pleasure of taking a few i tell of the enjoyment obtained from my morning cup of Pos is a food beverage, not a stin like coffee. "I began to use Postum 8 yes

not because I wanted to, but become, which I dearly loved, made nights long, weary periods to be ed and unfitting me for bu ing the day.

"On advice of a friend, I first Postum, making it carefu gested on the package. As I k ways used 'cream and no see mixed my Postum so. It looked was clear and fragrant, and it pleasure to see the cream color ! my Kentucky friend always her coffee to look, like a new i She was silent for a long time. "I

"Then I tasted it critically, tried many 'substitutes' for twas pleased, yes, satisfied Postum in taste and effect, and and being a constant user of it all

years. acquaintances that they will like turn in place of coffee, and benefit from its use. I have "I continually assure my fri weight, can sleep and am

Name given by Postum Ca. Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to ville." in pkgs.

Postum comes in two fo Regular Postum — must boiled. 15c and 25c package.
Instant Postum—is a solub der. A teaspoonful dissolves in a cup of hot water, and with and sugar makes a delicious be Instantly. 30c and 50c tins.
Both kinds are equally delice

cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for P

of Instrument That Make Deadly Gunnery of the Present Day.

sed on a warship is the range Without this instrument it is ent it is

received through the two object glasses, one located near each end and on the side of the tube, being reflected and prisms, so that both are brought to the eye of the observer, who through the eyepiece, located at middle of the tube and on the op per half of the object sighted on a

HOW RANGE FINDER WORKS | ship or other object sighted on being | riggings and funnels will appear to be offset horizontally from the lower part of the ship so long as the instrum is not set for the correct range. The mages then are brought together by prisms, and this sets a scale that hows the distance in yards to the

Eugene Field Loved Childr

the St. Nicholas Magazine.

Enter the sanitary sandwich. Many the New York cafes have adopted a machine for their free lunch coun ters, that delivers a sandwich with sity of tipping the carver. This intelligent mechanism consists of a num

ber of vacuum tubes of glass, each containing ham, corned beef and of bread drops out on the platform. If you want a ham sandwich, press the lever and a knife cuts off a slice of ham an eighth of an inch in thickness and drops it on the bread. Another push at the bread lever and your sandwich is complete. The new machine can make a sandwich every seond and give it away, which should just about keep up with the capacity of some of the hungry ones.