RICH MEN'S CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER

Author of "THE PIONEER," "TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

"Didn't the people at the Rocky Bar Hotel try to dissuade you from starting?" said Buford. "They must have known it was dangerous. They must have been worried about you or they wouldn't have telegraphed up."

"Oh, I believe they did." The young man tried to hide the annoyance the questions gave him under a dry brevity of speech. "They did all that they ought to have done. I'll see them again on my way down."

"And yet you persisted!" The actor turned to Rose with whom, as he sat beside her at table, he had become quite friendly. "The blind confidence of youth, Miss Cannon, isn't it a grand, inspiring thing?"

Dominick shifted his aching feet under the rug. He was becoming exceedingly irritated and impatient, and wondered how much longer he would be able to respond politely to the conversational assiduities of the stranger.

"Now," continued Buford, "kindly satisfy my curiosity on one point. Why, when you were told of the danger of the enterprise, did you start?"

"Perhaps I liked the danger, wanted it to tone me up. I'm a bank clerk, Mr. Buford, and my life's monotonous. Danger's a change."

He raised his voice and spoke with sudden, rude defiance. Buford looked quickly at him, while his eyebrows went up nearly to his hair.

"A bank clerk, oh!" he said with a falling inflection of disappointment, much chagrined to discover that the child of millions occupied such a humble niche. "I—I—was not aware of that."

"An assistant cashier," continued Dominick in the same key of exasperation, "and I managed to get a holiday at this season because my father was one of the founders of the bank and they allow me certain privileges. If you would like to know anything else ask me and I'll answer as well as I know how."

His manner and tone so plainly indicated his resentment of the other's curiosity that the actor flushed and shrank. He was evidently well-meaning and sensitive, and the young man's rudeness hurt rather than angered him. For a moment nothing was said, Buford making no response other than to clear his throat, while he stretched out one arm and pulled down his cuff with a jerking movement. There was constraint in the air, and Rose, feeling that he had been treated with unnecessary harshness, sought to palliate it by lifting the book on her lap and saying to him:

"This is the book we were talking about when you came in, Mr. Buford, 'Wife in Name Only.' Have you read it?"

She handed him the ragged volume, and holding it off he eyed it with a scrutiny all the more marked by the way he drew his brows down till they hung like bushy eaves over his eyes.

"No, my dear young lady, I have not. Nor do I feel disposed to do so. 'Wife in Name Only!' That tells a whole story without reading a word. Were you going to read it?"

"No; Mr. Ryan and I were just looking over them. We were thinking about reading one of them aloud. This one happened to be on the pile."

"To me," continued Buford, "the name is repelling because it suggests sorrows of my own."

There was a pause. He evidently expected a question which undoubtedly was not going to come from Dominick, who sat fallen together in the arm-chair looking at him with moody ill-humor. There was more hope from Rose, who gazed at the floor but said nothing. Buford was forced to repeat with an unctuous depth of tone, "Suggests sorrows of my own," and fasten his glance on her, so that, as she raised her eyes, they encountered the commanding encouragement of his.

"Sorrows of your own?" she repeated timidly, but with the expected questioning inflection.

"Yes, my dear Miss Cannon," returned the actor with a melancholy which was full of a rich, dark enjoyment. "My wife is one in name only."

There was another pause, and neither showing any intention of breaking it, Buford remarked:

"That sorrow is mine."

"What sorrow?" said Dominick bruskly.

"The sorrow of a deserted man," returned the actor with now, for the first time, something of the dignity of real feeling in his manner.

"Oh," the monosyllable was extremely non-committal, but it had the air of finality as though Dominick intended to say no more.

"Has she—er—left you?" said the girl in a low and rather awe-stricken voice.

The actor inclined his head in an acquiescent bow:

"She has."

Again there was a pause. Unless Buford chose to be more biographical, the conversation appeared to have come to a deadlock. Neither of the listeners could at this stage break into his reserve with questions and yet to switch off on a new subject was not to be thought of at a moment of such emotional intensity. The actor evidently felt this, for he said suddenly, with a relapse into a lighter tone and letting his eyebrows escape from an overshadowing closeness to his eyes:

"But why should I trouble you with the sorrows that have cast their shadow on me? Why should my matrimonial troubles be allowed to darken the brightness of two young lives which have not yet known the joys and the perils of the wedded state?"

The pause that followed this remark was the most portentous that had yet fallen on the trio. Rose cast a surreptitious glance at the dark figure of young Ryan, lying back in the shadows of the arm-chair. As she looked he stirred and said with the abrupt, hard dryness which had marked his manner since Buford's entrance:

"Don't take too much for granted, Mr. Buford. I've known some of the joys and perils of the wedded state myself."

The actor stared at him in open-eyed surprise.

"Do I rightly understand," he said, "that you are a married man?"

"You do," returned Dominick.

"Really now, I never would have guessed it! Pardon me for not having given you the full dues of your position. Your wife, I take it, has no knowledge of the risk she recently ran of losing her husband?"

"I hope not."

"Well," he replied with a manner of sudden cheery playfulness, "we'll take good care that she doesn't learn. When the wires are up we'll concoct a telegram that shall be a masterpiece of diplomatic lying. Lucky young man to have a loving wife at home. Of all of us you are the one who can best realize the meaning of the line, ''Tis sweet to know there is an eye to mark our coming and—'"

Dominick threw the rug off and rose to his feet.

"If you can get Perley to help me I'll go upstairs again. I'm tired and I'll go back to my room."

He tried to step forward, but the pain of his unhealed foot was unbearable, and he caught the edge of the table and held it, his face paling with sudden anguish. The actor, startled by the abruptness of his uprising, approached him with a vague proffer of assistance and was arrested by his sharp command:

"Go and get Perley! He's in the bar probably. I can't stand this way for long. Hurry up!"

Buford ran out of the room, and Rose somewhat timidly drew near the young man, braced against the table, his eyes down-bent, his face hard in the struggle with sudden and unfamiliar pain.

"Can't I help you?" she said. "Perley may not be there. Mr. Buford and I can get you up stairs."

"Oh, no," he answered, his words short but his tone more conciliatory. "It's nothing to bother about. I'd have wrung that man's neck if I'd had to listen to him five minutes longer."

Here Perley and Buford entered, and the former, offering his support to the invalid, led him hobbling out of the door into the hall. The actor looked after them for a moment and then came back to the fire where Miss Cannon was standing, thoughtfully regarding the burning logs.

"I've no doubt," he said, "that young Mr. Ryan is an estimable gentleman, but he certainly appears to be possessed by a very impatient and ugly temper."

Buford had found Miss Cannon one of the most amiable and charming ladies he had ever met, and it was therefore a good deal of a surprise to have her turn upon him a face of cold, reproving disagreement, and remark in a voice that matched it:

"I don't agree with you at all, Mr. Buford, and you seem quite to forget that Mr. Ryan has been very sick and is still in great pain."

Buford was exceedingly abashed. He would not have offended Miss Cannon for anything in the world, and it seemed to him that a being so compact of graciousness and consideration would be the first to censure an exhibition of ill-humor such as young Ryan had just made. He stammered an apologetic sentence and it did not add to his comfort to see that she was not entirely mollified by it and to feel that she exhaled a slight, disapproving coldness that put him at a great distance and made him feel mortified and ill at ease.

"I Don't Agree With You at All, Mr. Buford."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Unknown Eros.

The ten days that followed were among the most important of Dominick Ryan's life. Looking back at them he wondered that he had been so blind to the transformation of his being which was taking place. Great emotional crises are often not any more recognized, by the individuals, than great transitional epochs are known by the nations experiencing them. Dominick did not realize that the most engrossing, compelling passion he had ever felt was slowly invading him. He did not argue that he was falling in love with a woman that he could never own and of whom it was a sin to think. He did not argue or think about anything. He was as a vessel gradually filling with elemental forces, and like the vessel he was passive till some jar would shake it and the forces would run over. Meantime he was held by a determination, mutinous and unreasoning as the determination of a child, to live in the present. He had the feeling of the desert traveler who has found the oasis. The desert lay behind him, burning and sinister with the agony of his transit, and the desert lay before him with its horrors to be faced, but for the moment he could lie still and rest and forget by the fountain under the cool of the trees.

He did not consciously think of Rose. But if she were not there he was uneasy till she came again. His secret exhilaration at her approach, the dead blankness of his lack of her when she was absent, told him nothing. These were the feelings he had, and they filled him and left no cool residue of reason wherewith to watch and guard. He was taken unawares, so drearily confident of his allegiance to his particular private tragedy that he did not admit the possibility of a defection. A sense of rest was on him and he set it down—if he ever thought of it at all—to the relief of a temporary respite. Poor Dominick, with his inexperience of sweet things, did not argue that respite from pain should be a quiescent, contented condition of being, far removed from that state of secret, troubled gladness that thrilled him at the sound of a woman's footstep.

No situation could have been invented better suited for the fostering of sentiment. His helpless state demanded her constant attention. The attitude of nurse to patient, the solicitude of the consoling woman for the disabled, suffering man, have been, since time immemorial, recognized aids to romance. Rose, if an unawakened woman, was enough of one to enjoy richly this maternal office of alternate cosseting and ruling one who, in the natural order of things, should have stood alone in his strength, dictating the law. Perhaps the human female so delights in this particular opportunity for tyranny because it is one of her few chances for indulging her passion for authority.

Rose, if she did not quite revel in it, discreetly enjoyed her period of dominance. In the beginning Dominick had been not a man but a patient—about the same to her as the doll is to the little girl. Then when he began to get better, and the man rose, tingling with renewed life, from the ashes of the patient, she quickly fell back into the old position. With the inherited, dainty deceptiveness of generations of women, who, while they were virtuous, were also charming, she relinquished her dominion and retreated into that enfolded maidenly reserve and docility which we feel quite sure was the manner adopted by the ladies of the Stone Age when they felt it necessary to manage their lords.

She was as unconscious of all this as Dominick was of his growing absorption in her. If he was troubled she was not. The days saw her growing gayer, more blithe and lighthearted. She sang about the corridors, her smile grew more radiant, and every man in the hotel felt the power of her awakening womanhood. Her boyish frankness of demeanor was still undimmed by the first blurring breath of passion. If Dominick was not in the parlor her disappointment was as candid as a child's whose mother had forgotten to bring home candy. All that she showed of consciousness was that when he was there and there was no disappointment, she concealed her satisfaction, wrapped herself in a sudden, shy quietness, as completely extinguishing of all beneath as a nun's habit.

The continued, enforced intimacy into which their restricted quarters and indoor life threw them could not have been more effectual in fanning the growing flame if designed by a malicious Fate. There was only one sitting-room, and, unable to go out, they sat side by side in it all day. They read together, they talked, they played cards. They were seldom alone, but the presence of Bill Cannon, groaning over the fire with a three-weeks-old newspaper for company, was not one that diverted their attention from each other; and Cora and Willoughby, as opponents in a game of euchre, only helped to accentuate the comradeship which leagued them together in defensive alliance.

The days that were so long to others were to them of a bright, surprising shortness. Playing solitaire against each other on either side of the fireplace was a pastime at which hours slipped by. Quite unexpectedly it would be midday, with Cora putting her head round the doorpost and calling them to dinner. In the euchre games of the afternoon the darkness crept upon them with the stealthy swiftness of an enemy. It would gather in the corners of the room while Cora was still heated and flushed from her efforts to instruct Willoughby in the intricacies of the game, and yet preserve that respectful attitude which she felt should be assumed in one's relations with a lord.

The twilight hour that followed was to Dominick's mind the most delightful of these days of fleeting enchantment. The curtains were drawn, a new log rolled on the fire, and the lamp lit. Then their fellow prisoners began dropping in—the old judge stowing himself away in one of the horsehair arm-chairs, Willoughby and Buford lounging in from the bar, and Mrs. Perley with a basket of the family mending, and the doctor all snowy from his rounds. The audience for Rose's readings had expanded from the original listener to this choice circle of Antelope's elect. The book chosen had been "Great Expectations," and the spell of that greatest tale of a great romancer fell on the snow-bound group and held them entranced and motionless round the friendly hearth.

The young man's eyes passed from face to face, avoiding only that of the reader bent over the lamp-illumined page. The old judge, sunk comfortably into the depths of his arm-chair, listened, and cracked the joints of his lean, dry fingers. Willoughby, his dogs crouched about his feet, looked into the fire, his attentive gravity broken now and then by a slow smile. Mrs. Perley, after hearing the chapter which describes Mrs. Gargery's methods of bringing up Pip "by hand," attended regularly with the remark that "it was a queer sort of book, but some way or other she liked it." When Cora was forced to leave to attend to her duties in the dining-room, she tore herself away with murmurous reluctance. The doctor slipped in at the third reading and asked Rose if she would lend him the book in the morning "to read up what he had missed." Even Perley's boy, in his worn corduroys, his dirty, chapped hands rubbing his cap against his nose, was wont to sidle noiselessly in and slip into a seat near the door.

The climax of the day was the long evening round the fire. There was no reading then. It was the men's hour, and the smoke of their pipes and cigars lay thick in the air. Cut off from the world in this cranny of the mountains, with the hotel shaking to the buffets of the wind and the snow blanket pressing on the pane, their memories swept back to the wild days of their youth, to the epic times of frontiersman and pioneer.

The judge told of his crossing the plains in forty-seven and the first Mormon settlement on the barren shores of Salt Lake. He had had encounters with the Indians, had heard the story of Olive Oatman from one who had known her, and listened to the sinister tale of the Donner party from a survivor. Bill Cannon had "come by the Isthmus" in forty-eight, a half-starved, ragged lad who had run away from uncongenial drudgery on a New York farm. His reminiscences went back to the San Francisco that had started up around Portsmouth Square, to the days when the banks of the American River had swarmed with miners, and the gold lay yellow in the prospector's pan. He had worked there shoulder to shoulder with men who afterwards made the history of the state and men who died with their names unknown. He had been an eye witness of that blackest of Californian tragedies, the lynching of a Spanish girl at Downieville, had stood pallid and sick under a pine tree and watched her boldly face her murderers and meet her death.

The younger men, warmed to emulation, contributed their stories. Perley had reminiscences bequeathed to him by his father who had been an alcalde in that transition year, when California was neither state nor territory and stood in unadministered neglect, waiting for Congress to take some notice of her. Buford told stories of the vicissitudes of a strolling player's life. He had been in the Klondike during the first gold rush and told tales of mining in the North to match those of mining on the "mother lode." Willoughby, thawed out of his original shyness, added to the nights' entertainments stories of the Australian bush, grim legends of the days of the penal settlements at Botany Bay. Young Ryan was the only man of the group who contributed nothing to these Sierran Nights' Entertainments. He sat silent in his chair, apparently listening, and, under the shadow of the hand arched over his eyes, looking at the girl opposite.

But the idyl had to end. Their captivity passed into its third week, and signs that release was at hand cheered them. They could go out. The streets of Antelope were beaten into foot-paths, and the prisoners, with the enthusiasm of children liberated from school, rushed into open-air diversions and athletic exercise. The first word from the outside world came by restored telegraphic communication. Consolatory messages poured in from San Francisco. Mrs. Ryan, the elder, sent telegrams as long as letters and showered them with the prodigality of an impassioned gratitude on the camp. Perley had one that he could not speak of without growing husky. Willoughby had one that made him blush. Dominick had several. None, however, had come from his wife and he guessed that none had been sent her, his remark to Rose to "let her alone" having been taken as a wish to spare her anxiety. It was thought that the mail would be in now in a day or two. That would be the end of the fairy tale. They sat about the fire on these last evenings discussing their letters, what they expected, and whom they would be from. No one told any more stories; the thought of news from the "outside" was too absorbing.

It came in the early dusk of an afternoon near the end of the third week. Dominick, who was still unable to walk, was standing by the parlor window, when he saw Rose Cannon run past outside. She looked in at him as she ran by, her face full of a joyous excitement, and held up to his gaze a small white packet. A moment later the hall door banged, her foot sounded in the passage, and she entered the room with a rush of cold air and a triumphant cry of:

"The mail's come."

He limped forward to meet her and take from her hand the letter she held toward him. For the first moment he looked at her, not at the letter, which dwindled to a thing of no importance when their eyes met over it. Her face was nipped by the keen outside air into a bright, beaming rosiness. She wore on her head a man's fur cap which was pulled down, and pressed wisps of fair hair against her forehead and cheeks. A loose fur-lined coat enveloped her to her feet, and after she had handed him his letter she pulled off the mittens she wore and began unfastening the clasps of the coat, with fingers that were purplish and cramped from the cold.

"There's only one for you," she said. "I waited till the postmaster looked all through them twice. Then I made him give it to me and ran back here with it. The entire population of Antelope's in the post-office and there's the greatest excitement."

Her coat was unfastened and she threw back its long fronts, her figure outlined against the gray fur lining. She snatched off her cap and tossed it to an adjacent chair and with a quick hand brushed away the hair it had pressed down on her forehead.

"I got seven," she said, turning to the fire, "and papa a whole bunch, and the judge, quantities, and Willoughby, three. But only one for you—poor, neglected man!"

Spreading her hands wide to the blaze she looked at him over her shoulder, laughing teasingly. He had the letter in his hands still unopened.

"Why," she cried, "what an extraordinary sight! You haven't opened it!"

"No," he answered, turning it over, "I haven't."

"I've always heard that curiosity was a feminine weakness but I never knew till now," she said. "Please go on and read it, because if you don't I'll feel that I'm preventing you and I'll have to go up stairs to my own room, which is as cold as a refrigerator. Don't make me polite and considerate against my will."

Without answering her he tore open the letter and, moving to the light of the window, held the sheet up and began to read.

He Was Reading the Letter, His Body Close Against the Window Pane.

There was silence for some minutes. The fire sputtered and snapped, and once or twice the crisp paper rustled in Dominick's hands. Rose held her fingers out to the warmth, studying them with her head on one side as if she had never seen them before. Presently she slid noiselessly out of her coat, and dropped it, a heap of silky fur, on a chair beside her. The movement made it convenient to steal a glance at the young man. He was reading the letter, his body close against the window-pane, his face full of frowning, almost fierce concentration. She turned back to the fire and made small, surreptitious smoothings and jerks of arrangement at her collar, her belt, her skirt. Dominick turned the paper and there was something aggressive in the crackling of the thin, dry sheet.

"Perley got a letter from your mother," she said suddenly, "that he was reading in a corner of the post-office, and it nearly made him cry."

There was no answer. She waited for a space and then said, projecting the remark into the heart of the fire.

"Yours must be a most interesting letter."

She heard him move and looked quickly back at him, her face all gay challenge. It was met by a look so somber that her expression changed as if she had received a check to her gaiety as unexpected and effectual as a blow. She shrank a little as he came toward her, the letter in his hand.

"It is an interesting letter," he said. "It's from my wife."

Since those first days of his illness, his wife's name had been rarely mentioned. Rose thought it was because young Mrs. Ryan was a delicate subject best left alone; Dominick, because anything that reminded him of Berny was painful. But the truth was that, from the first, the wife had loomed before them as a figure of dread, a specter whose presence congealed the something exquisite and uplifting each felt in the other's heart. Now, love awakened, forcing itself upon their recognition, her name came up between them, chilling and grim as the image of death intruding suddenly into the joyous presence of the living.

The change that had come over the interview all in a moment was startling. Suddenly it seemed lifted from the plane of every-day converse to a level where the truth was an obligation and the language of polite subterfuge could not exist. But the woman, who hides and protects herself with these shields, made an effort to keep it in the old accustomed place.

"Is—is—she well?" she stammered, framing the regulation words almost unconsciously.

"She's well," he answered, "she's very well. She wants me to come home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Something Like It.

"Will you have some mocking bird soup?"

A new waitress in a family hotel on the hill startled the diners last evening by asking this question.

"I'll not eat at this hotel again, I'm a member of the Audubon society. The very idea! Making soup out of mocking birds!" indignantly remarked a woman.

"I'll take a chance on it just once," said her husband.

The waitress went to the kitchen and returned.

"I made a mistake," she said. "It was mock turtle soup."

Baiting Her.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—Boston Transcript.

THE DEAREST BABY

Mrs. Wilkes' Fondest Hopes Realized—Health, Happiness and Baby.

Get a Canadian Home In Western Canada's Free Homestead Area

THE PROVINCE OF Manitoba

For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

RESINOL STOPS SKIN TROUBLES

ABSORBINE, JR.

The Man Who Put the EEs in FEET

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

F. S. F. What is it?

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

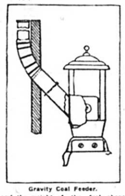
PATENTS

INDUSTRY and MECHANICS

NOVEL GRAVITY FUEL FEEDER

Invention Simplifies Work of Coaling Furnace or Stove—No Back-Straining Labor Needed.

The labor of coaling the furnace or stove has been simplified by the invention of a North Dakota man. This invention is known as the gravity fuel feeder and the coal merely flows into the stove as a valve is opened. To do this, of course, the coal bin or hopper that holds the fuel must be located above the furnace or stove. A pipe then leads down from this source of supply into the back of the stove



Gravity Coal Feeder.

and the weight of the fuel above keeps this pipe always filled. A cut-off at the bottom of the valve holds back the avalanche, but when more coal is needed this cut-off is opened and there is a rush which fills the furnace in an instant, without the back-straining labor of carrying shovelfuls or scuttlefuls to it.

PAPER CLOTHING IS INVENTED

English Inventors Hope to Be Able to Produce Garments Costing No More Than Laundering.

London, which recently announced the discovery of economical ways of making artificial rubber, is the scene of experiments in paper clothing. Paper garments have been made and worn as curiosities, but they were pasted together and they did not commend themselves to a climate where rains fell from time to time. Paper napkins, towels and handkerchiefs have been offered to the public, but their introduction has been slow. They do not look enough like the articles they are designed to replace. Paper garments will not displace cotton and linen until they resemble them in texture. That is the promising feature of the London experiments. It is said that a process has been perfected whereby paper can be produced that will deceive the eye and pass for cotton or linen fabrics and will hold buttons, seams and buttonholes. The inventors hope to be able to produce garments that will cost no more than the price of laundering. However, cotton planters are unlikely to take alarm for the present.

USEFUL DEVICE FOR PAINTER

Does Away With Necessity of Man Stooping While Working on Scaffold or Side Wall.

The painter working on a scaffold or side wall must stoop to dip the brush in the paint pot. To do away with this stooping, I built a pot stand of oak barrel staves, ripped to one and one-half inches in width, writes Aug. Meyer of McCloud, Cal., in the Popular Mechanics. The crosspieces are 12 and 18 inches long, respectively. If the paint pot is large,

A Paint Pot Stand.

the bottom rests on the top piece and against the wall. This stand also comes handy many times as a stepladder to reach high places in gables. Spikes are fastened in the lower ends to keep them from slipping. When moving the scaffold up or down, the stand is hung on the guard rope or rail.

Value of Oil Fuel.

Engineer officers of the United States navy are apparently most favorably impressed with oil fuel, and this as the result of their practical experience on ships that are equipped for its use. Lieut. Com. Allen of the Nebraska estimates that, weight for weight, fuel oil will carry his ship one-third farther than coal, and at much less expense, the saving of course varying with the local market price of the oil. In that ship, one thousand tons of oil can be carried in the double bottom, over and above that which could be stowed in the bunker spaces, and this one thousand tons would be sufficient to carry the vessel about five thousand miles.

Artificial Saltpeter.

Thorlakhavn, the best natural harbor on the south coast of Ireland, has been acquired by a French company, along with neighboring waterfalls yielding about 200,000 horsepower, and a plant will be erected at this place for manufacturing artificial saltpeter by the utilization of atmospheric nitrogen, according to the Birkeland-Eyde process.

MOVING PICTURES IN HOMES

Films Will Be Displayed in Picture Room of Future Dwellings—Another New Industry.

A prediction may safely be made that in the very near future provision will be made for moving pictures in the home. When a man decides to build a house to cost, say, $25,000 or more, the architect will plan the picture room in which the family and their guests can enjoy a select program of latest productions. It may be in connection with a dancing room or it can be accommodated in much less space. A projecting machine suitable for the house will not be very costly, and the films will doubtless be delivered each week by companies organized for that special purpose. Travelers returning from abroad will find pictures of cities and scenes they have visited a wonderful help in reciting to friends and relatives incidents of the places they have visited.

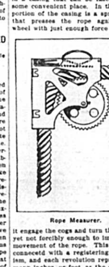
Another new industry which will soon come into existence in all the larger cities will be film photography, H. H. Windsor writes in Popular Mechanics. Children's birthdays, garden parties, weddings and other functions which in later days or years recall pleasant memories will be thus perpetuated by the film photographer. He will eventually be considered as much a necessity as the orchestra. Undoubtedly one of the most acceptable wedding presents in days to come, from parents to bride and groom, will be a set of progressive films showing the children as they advanced from infancy to high school days. As a feature of the wedding festivities these pictures would afford both amusement and entertainment.

DEVICE FOR MEASURING ROPE

Machine Works Automatically and Wheel Registers Lengths Instantly—Useful in Store.

Rope Measurer.

A Kansas man has invented a device for measuring rope that might well be called automatic, inasmuch as the rope is measured as it passes over a wheel and the lengths instantly registered. This wheel is pivoted within a casing that can be fastened at some convenient place. In the upper portion of the casing is a spring arm that presses the rope against the wheel with just enough force to make



Rope Measurer.

it engage the cogs and turn the wheel, yet not forcibly enough to impede the movement of the rope. This wheel is connecetd with a registering mechanism, and each revolution represent so many inches, or feet, as the case may be. As the rope passes out, therefore, the length is recorded at the same time. Such a device would be useful in a hardware store or other places where rope is sold.

NOTES OF INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS.

More than half of the lake shipments consist of iron ore.

Missouri in 1912 produced 3,605,912 tons of sand and gravel, valued at $1,042,674.

The increase in the cost of platinum has forced the chemist to look for a cheaper substitute.

By January 1, 1914, there will be one automobile in use to every 75 inhabitants of the United States.

Alaska broke another record last year by producing minerals valued at $21,850,000, an increase over the year before of $1,200,000.

If rubber tipped screws be placed near the ends of the rockers they will prevent a rocking chair upsetting if tilted too far back.

As far back as 1791 a gas engine similar in many ways to the internal combustion engines of today, was patented in England.

Final figures on the lead production of the United States last year, recently issued, show a record output of 486,976 short tons.

Lessons in practical sheet metal work and metallurgy are included in a course for hardware salesmen in an English technical school.

A fortunate landslide in China recently uncovered a rich deposit of coal many miles from where any coal had been known to exist.

Aluminum can be blackened by immersing it for a few moments in a boiling of 30 per cent. solution of caustic soda, drying it and polishing with a plumbagoed brush.

In the 48 years that records have been kept more than $160,000,000 worth of sewing machines have been exported from the United States.

The brick made in the yards along the Hudson river, in New York, since 1901, if laid flat, would make a sidewalk 20 feet wide around the world.

A species of tree of unlimited growth in Natal, heretofore regarded as worthless commercially, has been found to yield a juice that contains rubber in large quantities.

So that machine oil may be used to lubricate vehicle wheels instead of grease, a Seattle man has invented a hub in which a channel is packed with wool, and with an opening to admit the point of an oil can.

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

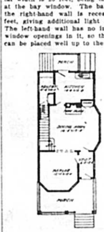
by WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Everyone realizes the advantages of building on a good wide lot, but unfortunately real estate values are so high that not everyone can afford as large a space as he would like. Real estate operators have a habit of dividing up their sections into 25-foot lots, probably because that is a convenient number to figure with and not because it makes a space well suited for home building purposes.

As a matter of fact, it is a difficult matter ordinarily to design a satisfactory frame house to occupy a 25-foot lot. Some space must be left on each side for light and air; also the fire hazard arising from too close building must be considered.

The accompanying design solves this problem especially well. The total width is 20 feet, being the width at the bay window. The balance of the right-hand wall is recessed 2½ feet, giving additional light and air. The left-hand wall has no important window openings in it, so the house can be placed well up to the lot line

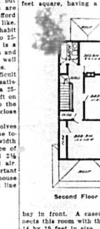


First Floor Plan.

on that side. Accordingly, on a 25-foot lot, even though the adjoining property should be built in close, a strip of lawn 7½ feet wide could be had along the right side of the house. This would be enough to secure good sunshine and air for the dining room and kitchen, the parlor or living room taking its light from the front.

This design has been very popular with the home builders in all parts of the country, which is not surprising when one considers the very attractive and substantial outward appearance of this house and the convenient arrangement of the interior.

Coming through the vestibule, which is 4x8 feet, access may be had to the parlor and also directly into the dining room. The parlor is 12 feet square, having a large octagon



Second Floor Plan.

bay in front. A cased opening connects this room with the dining room, 14 by 19 feet in size. An open stairway at one side of this room adds to its apparent size. The kitchen is directly back of the dining room, with a good-sized pantry to the left. The cellar stairs go down from this pantry. A nice feature of the dining room is the fireplace and china closet.

No house should be built without a good, serviceable fireplace, if such can possibly be had. As an aid to ventilation it is unsurpassed, and for comfort on the cold, rainy days of fall or spring, and even summer, when the furnace fire is out, there is nothing quite so cozy and comfortable as a blazing wood fire in the grate.

The second floor of this house provides three good-sized bedrooms and a bath. There is also a generous supply of closet space.

The house is planned along very economical lines as the estimated cost, $2,000, will indicate. This estimate provides for a good grade of material throughout, red oak floors down stairs, yellow pine upstairs and birch trim throughout; also a good quality of plumbing and lighting fixtures.

WAR DOES NOT MEAN PANIC

SCREEN MAN LIKED SINGING

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

EYE ACHES Pettit's Eye Salve

Personality.

Personality is just one's centralized experience of the world, and there is no way of making it greater except by making that experience greater and more centralized; in other words, being a bigger, broader, better man or woman. Every intellectual achievement, every moral victory, every bit of solid work, will leave personality richer, profounder, more delicate. In fact, to cultivate it, the plan is don't cultivate it. Let it alone and do your duty and it will grow.—E. B. Andrews, in the International Journal of Ethics.

BABY IN MISERY WITH RASH

Monroe, Wis.—"When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got nearly all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, hair fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust, the water would ooze out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lie awake holding his hands so that he could not scratch and disfigure himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good.

"Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them half used my baby was cured. His head is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is admired by everybody and has no disfigurements." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

AWFUL.

"I don't wemember what I ate, but I had an awful weam."

SAD PREDICAMENT.

Good for Small Towns.

Matching It.

Paradox.

It Depends.

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Lamentable Ignorance.

Natural Supply.

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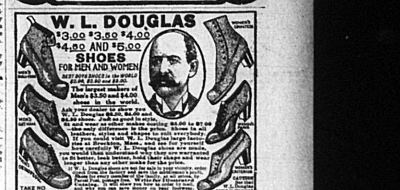

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

THERAPION

Mamma Says It's Safe for Children

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR For Coughs and Colds

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES