The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

"Dan, I'm Suspicious of That Gang."

The Lead Went Straight Home.

What Happened to Mary

By DORA MOLLAN

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The girl occupying the stool nearest the window, fourth from the corner on the sixth floor of a huge skyscraper, wore on a certain day in January a bright pink blouse. It caught the eye of a man standing in the window on the corresponding floor of a hotel directly opposite.

Fascinated, he watched her deft fingers as, with the precision of a machine, she packed celluloid toilet articles into satin lined cases which she took from a pile beside her. She did not make a lost motion.

When the girl came to the end of the pile of boxes she turned on her stool and looked out of the window. Her glance met that of the man in the window opposite. She smiled. He acknowledged it by waving his hand. She returned the salutation, then as a boy deposited a fresh pile of boxes beside her, returned to her work.

With a start Strong Lewis remembered the warning words of his wife spoken as he left their country home for a business trip to the city. With a guilty feeling he hustled into hat and overcoat and out of the hotel. The episode, however, had not escaped the attention of the other girl who sat at the same table. "I'll tell Johnny on you, Mary," she giggled.

"Guess if I always keep them at that distance, Sadie, Johnny'll not have any kick coming," the other replied. But Johnny did have a kick coming that very night, and this is why.

When Strong Lewis returned to his hotel room it was verging on five o'clock. With the instinctive movement of a man who is not used to being cooped up indoors, he walked directly to the window. The girl in the bright pink blouse sat in the same place. Her fingers flew back and forth at the same task.

"Post at it all day—and every day, I suppose," the man soliloquized. "How on earth can she stand it?" Then his wife's warning, which hadn't been far from his thoughts all day, came into the foreground again. Muttering something about "taking a chance," and "a man named Brodie," Strong Lewis watched the opposite window intently. The girls were making preparations to depart.

He hurried down into the street. Girls singly and in groups, were stringing out of the doorway just across from the hotel. But they wore coats! How could he tell, then, which one he wanted? Ah! There she was; an unbuttoned coat disclosed a pink blouse.

Mary Cummings and her cousin, Sadie, accompanied by the girl who lived next door, had started to walk home together, as was their custom, when Lewis approached them. He addressed Mary. "Could I speak to you—on a matter which may interest you?"

All the warnings which reach city girls from every side concerning the danger in accepting the advances of unknown men rushed through the minds of the three girls. Sadie shook her head and that decided Mary. "She wasn't going to be bossed by Sadie just because she was two years older and many degrees plainer!"

So Mary answered the stranger with a polite "Sure." Whereupon the other girls walked ahead, turning around occasionally to be sure that Mary and the strange man were following. Then they hastened their pace to bear the shameful tidings to Sadie's mother, who was also Mary's aunt.

Strong Lewis did most of the talking until they reached the doorway of the flat building where the cousins lived. There Mary seemed to have something to say, the while they were watched by two curious pairs of eyes from an open window above. But when Mary entered the flat the window was closed and her aunt confronted her.

"You're of age, Mary, and it ain't for me to say, but I won't have any such goin's on by anybody what boards with me. Think of your mother what is dead—and think of Johnny."

"My board's paid till Saturday, and you can't tell—perhaps I'll leave before then." With a toss of her head Mary went to the room which she shared with Sadie and closed the door. Soon Sadie appeared with the excuse of wanting a handkerchief and, returning, reported to her mother that "Mary was dolling up in best duds!"

Sadie and her mother listened until they heard Mary leave her room and start down the stairs. Hurriedly they opened the front window and looked cautiously down. A taxi drew up at the curb and a man jumped out to help Mary in. Sadie was sure it was the man who had waved.

The girl from next door came over to discuss the scandal and many suppositions were brought forward before Johnny Deland came for his regular Monday evening call upon Mary. But the joy which they expected to derive from the telling of the news was spoiled by Johnny, who merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Jealous, because yer didn't get him yerself, eh?" to Sadie, whom he disliked.

Nevertheless, it was a dejected Johnny who, hands thrust deep in his pockets, slouched away and made for the corner saloon. For he had brought the good news of a raise and had planned to broach the suggestion that "maybe by June they might be gitting married."

Disgusted by the stirring innuendoes of the women, for Johnny had always rated Mary just a little below the angels, he decided over a desperate lemon soda that at least he'd give the girl a chance to explain. But Johnny couldn't imagine standing the suspense of not knowing for another day, so he hung around the saloon till closing time. Then he hid in the dark doorway of the flat building where Mary lived.

At half an hour after midnight a taxi stopped in front of the house and a man helped Mary out. Johnny heard the parting words:

"Then I'll be at the Woodville station to meet you at 6:30 day after tomorrow," the man said.

"Sure," said Mary, "and I never can thank you enough for the grand time I had tonight."

Not very encouraging words these for a man who wants to believe the best of his sweetheart!

Running up the steps, Mary stopped suddenly as she spied a man hiding in the shadows. "Mary," said Johnny in a hoarse voice, putting a hand on her shoulder. "Mary," but he could go no further. For Mary's face shone with relief and happiness at the sight of him. And Mary's voice was bubbling with eagerness to explain.

"Oh, Johnny," she said, "I've been to the Winter Garden! All my life I've wanted to go to one of them swell shows, and when Mr. Lewis says: 'What can I do to persuade you to come to the country?' I says: 'Take me there.' And Johnny, all the time he talked to me about the great big house he is going to hamboozle his grandmother into lending him the money to build when she comes to visit them, and his wife says she can't come if he don't bring some one home from the city to help her do the work, and he saw me in the window and likes the way I work; and he says there's a little house we can live in, and we'll go day after to-morrow—Johnny—" Mary paused for breath.

"But we can't live together in a little house, Mary, until—" Johnny's voice was trembling with the hope of supreme happiness.

"Of course not, Johnny," Mary answered his unspoken question.

Wedding Day in Borneo.

On the wedding day in Borneo the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous may attend the pair. A cigar and betel leaf, prepared with areca nut, are next put into the hands of the bride and bridegroom.

One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being calls down blessings upon the pair and implores that peace and happiness may attend them. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared betel-leaf and cigar into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband.

Origin of Easter Egg Custom.

The favor accorded to eggs among Eastertide observance is said to have originated from the ancient worship of Ostara, goddess of the East, whose feast was celebrated with much eating and drinking, many special offerings being made, including the egg of sea fowl. From northern Germany the worship extended into Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon name for April, the season of the festival, was Easter month, and in Germany this month is still known as Ostermonath. Many other of the popular Easter observances, especially in the Netherlands and Germany, indicate traces of similar origin. The egg is symbolical of the resurrection.

Ideal.

Mrs. Nostrand—Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson seem to lead an ideal life.

Mrs. Macon—Yes, I often remarked about it.

Mrs. Nostrand—I wonder what their secret is?

Mrs. Macon—Well, Mrs. Jefferson told me once that she never presented her husband with neckties or cigars on Christmas.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Early Fiscal Reform.

Jonah was thrown overboard.

"We are getting rid of an excess prophet tax," they explained.

FEASTS THAT WERE FEASTS!

State Dinners of Old Romans Surely Never Have Been Duplicated by Other Peoples.

Those who think the Thanksgiving table is the limit in plenty might consider a small part of the menu of a ... rabbit larded with fish fins, relishes, wild bear, dates, almonds, little pigs stuffed with sweetmeats, blackbirds' tongues, grapes, locust fried in honey, honey flavored jelly blocks encasing broiled humming birds, breads, cheese cakes, whole thrushes with bones removed, sugar-loafs crusted with caviar, haunch of a bear, fried ...

HOPES TO REGAIN THRONE

Former Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary Writes to "the Faithful."

WIRE REPLACING OLD-TIME FENCE

Stone Walls, Split Rails and Hedges Rapidly Being Discarded by Farm Owners.

MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS

Essential That Ends and Corners Be Erected Firm and Solid—Posts Should Be Large Enough to Give Needed Strength.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Attaching the Wire After It Has Been Stretched.

LOSS FROM INFERIOR SEEDS

BEST IS USUALLY CHEAPEST

GATHERED FACTS

FINEST HORSES USED IN GOVERNMENT STUD

Troubadour of Willowmoor Won Ribbon at Chicago Show.

Morgan Stallion McMahon Was Made Champion at Vermont 1920 Fair—Excellent Records Made by Other Animals.

One of the Stallions in the United States Department of Agriculture's Stud.

START GARDEN EARLY

TURKEYS INCREASE IN SIZE

ANNUAL LOSS FROM BRUISES

Sure Relief

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

$10 a Month

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Henry L. Doherty & Company

60 Wall Street, New York

VICTIMS RESCUED

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

Banner Lye is easy to use

WHITE CAPS FOR HEADACHE

Have You Tried Them?

Cuticura Soap —The Safety Razor— Shaving Soap

Harvest 20 to 45 Bushel to Acre Wheat in WESTERN CANADA

Farm Land at $15 to $30 an Acre

Learn the Facts About Western Canada

W. S. Nethery, Room 82, Interurban Station Bldg., Columbus, O.

Canadian Government Agent.

Spohn's Distemper Compound

SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, IND.

"WENT IN" WITHOUT ARMOR

HELPS SOUTH SEA NATIVES

Francis Scott Key Monument

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

GET VALUE OF EACH MINUTE

NOT A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

WORK DAYS AND REST NIGHTS

Can you do it now? If you can't, there's something wrong. Many find coffee a disturbing element, so wisely leave it off and use

Postum Cereal

Postum is a pure cereal drink containing nothing that can possibly disturb nerves or digestion. You'll find Postum has a delightful flavor that fully satisfies.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Old Pump on Isle of Man

Japanese Prints

RUSSIA NOT SEEKING WAR

PITTSBURG MAN MAKES WONDERFUL STATEMENT

Declares Tanlac Enabled Him to Eat Better, Sleep Better and Work Better. — Has Gained Thirty Pounds.

HARRY M. ALLEN, Of Pittsburg, Pa.

GOLFER NOT "WHOLLY" BAD

FINE CROPS SURE

Farmers in Western Canada Jubilant at Prospect.

Weak and Miserable?

A Kentucky Case

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

No More Misery After Eating

Just Take An Eatonic

Catarrh Can Be Cured

ABSORBINE

FRECKLES