

PLAYS WITH DEATH

FEARFUL RISKS TAKEN BY STEEPLE JACKS

No Height from the Ground Too Great for Him to Attain in the Pursuit of His Hazardous Occupation.

PROPRIETARY REMEDIES AS PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Statistics Show, of the Deaths from Misuse of Drugs in Two Years, Only Three Per Cent. Were Due to Patent Medicines. According to Figures Based on Medical Certificates.

The press committee of the Proprietary Association of America, which met at its next meeting of that body on Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1917, presented a report showing the number of accidental deaths caused by patent medicines in the two years ending in 1917, as compared with deaths from other causes.

"In the pursuit of your life's vocation you have seen five men die from your side at a dizzy height to a terrible death below, would you continue in that vocation? If you did not, would you have sufficient confidence in yourself to retain your 'nerve' until all circumstances for thirty-five years?"

"The most careful brief part of the many exciting experiences in the life of H. F. ('Risky') Evans, 'Steeple Jack'."

"Risky" Evans is a type of the daredevil that is growing scarcer each year. The inventions of modern science have eliminated much of the necessity for risk which was in necessary climbing of steeples and high buildings in the earlier days.

There are plenty of men who work at great heights as nonchalantly as does the average person on the ground. Carpenters, masons and other builders must have the same contempt for the dangers that affects the average person who looks down from the cornice or the balcony.

On a wager, he once climbed at night, without ropes, ladders, or any other paraphernalia, the steeple of the church of St. Ignace, which stood erect on the topmost part of the church surrounding the steeple, set the cornice and copers he had carried with him in his pocket and from there blazing on either side of the steeple, to prove to the man with the money that he was not a coward.

He is the same man who, a few years ago, slid twice daily from the roof garden of the Masonic Temple at Chicago, and kept it up for the entire twenty stories of the tower, attracting at each performance crowds that impeded the streets, making them impassable.

He is one of the men who are often seen painting flagpoles many feet above the tops of the highest of downtown skyscrapers.

"Risky" Evans' first real experience at any great height from the earth was in the early '70s. He was then a boy of about sixteen years of age.

With the coming of the apartment house it has become a problem. Its industry is upon the women who occupy it as tenants.

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Bound to keep them from the court, the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good.

"Now be careful," admonished the lawyer, "do not let the finger."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the 'finger' observed counsel with a unpleasant smile."

Around the Metropolis

What is Going On in New York City Told in Interesting Manner

MILLIONS OF CHILDREN SUFFER PHYSICAL DEFECTS

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The startling statement is contained in a report on the physical condition of school children by a committee of prominent educators, headed by Chairman Burdeman, former president of the New York board of education, which is published concurrently with the closing of the schools throughout the country.

The inquiry has taken a wide scope and the observations apply not only to the school children of New York, but also to those of Boston, Chicago and other cities. A synopsis of the report says in part:

"The school children of the United States are suffering from physical defects, and the school curriculum is so devised as to maintain throughout the country (and it seems likely that they would be, as asthenia, and impaired vision, and defective breathing, and defective hearing are found in rural as well as urban schools) there must be 1,400,000 ill-nourished children, 5,615,000 with enlarged glands, and 6,232,000 with defective breathing in the United States.

SOCIETY QUEEN LEAVES HUSBAND FOR SON'S SAKE

SACRIFICING her own happiness for the sake of her young son, Marjorie and Francis, Mrs. Aurel Batony, daughter of Frank Work, has signed a pledge renouncing her husband.

The former Mrs. Burke-Roche, wife of the architect of the new city hall, is so well known in New York society, has parted from her husband, the exiding master, wily and manipulative, who has been married secretly two years ago.

Frank Work, the millionaire retired banker, has brought about the separation of his wife and her young son, Mrs. Batony has been prevailed upon for the sake of her sons' future to give up

SUPPLY OF OFFICE BOYS WAY BELOW THE DEMAND

WITH the ending of the summer season, the metropolis is crying for fifty thousand office boys, the old-fashioned kind preferred. Each year the city for boys who are not the skyscrapers becomes more insistent. New York's greedy business men gobble up some seventy thousand and youngsters are being trained and, though there are just about enough boys to supply the demand, they are not of the right kind.

It is a curious fact about New York's great army of office boys that a small proportion of them are graduates of the public schools. The schools graduate less than ten thousand boys a year, and fully half of these enter the high schools to equip themselves for business or other careers, so that probably not more than a few hundred are available for office work.

The number of women thus liberated from the "degrading drudgery" of home, plain duties is constantly and steadily increasing. It is a vast crowd of women, overdeveloped as to hips and bust, who spend their days in dressing, in speeding at a mad pace in motor cars in gambling at the bridge table, or in any other exciting diversion which gives false stimulation.

MISTAKE OF MRS. ASTOR SETS FASHION IN BELTS

Women with tens of thousands of dollars a year to spend in personal adornment, and who have the largest assortments in dresses and diamonds in New York, are getting rid of their gorgeous allowances fairly well by investing in expensive leather. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has purchased many expensive leather belts, each worth from \$100 to \$200, and most of them gilded richly. The buckles are solid gold.

Here is a little secret about a fashionable dress which Mrs. Astor is believed to have given to her friends. The maid charged with the duty of dressing the former Philadelphia belle by mistake slipped on one of the new belts with the buckle in the back. Mrs. Astor got a glimpse of it in a chivalric gesture before the maid detected the error. Instead of becoming angry the

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"All right, Fred," I answered. "I will go over to Bob's right now. I have to do it, but there is no other way."

I dropped the receiver and started for Bob's office. As I went through the counting-room of one of the clerks said, "They have just broken into Reinhart's safe and only Tom Reinhart's wife and only daughter have been killed in an automobile accident at their place in Virginia. They first had it that Reinhart himself was killed. That has been corrected, although the latest word is that he is prostrated."

I rapped on Bob's private-office door. I felt on the coming struggle as I heard his hoarse below. "Come in," he stood at the ticker, with the tape in one hand, while with the other he held the telephone receiver to his ear. "My God, what a picture for a stage! His magnificent form was erect, his feet were as firmly planted as if he were made of bronze. He was leaning back as if he were withstanding the rush of the Stock Exchange hordes, his eyes aro with a sudden, commanding gaze, his jaw set in a way that brought into terrible relief the new, hard lines of desperation that had recently formed in his face. His great chest was rising and falling, as though he were engaged in a physical struggle; his perfect-fitting, ivory black tuxedo cut away at his throat, and he was turning down white collar formed the setting for a throat and neck that reminded one of a forest of giant bayonets on the mountain arc awaiting the coming of the hounds and hunters."

I treated at the threshold to catch my breath, as I took in the man's figure. Had Bob Brownie been an enemy of mine I should have backed out in fear, and I do not know more than my fair share of cowardice. Inwardly I thanked God that Bob was in his office instead of on the floor of the exchange. His whole appearance was frightful. He showed in every line and lineament that he was a man who would hesitate at nothing, even if he should be shot in the back. He was the obstacle in his road, and his mind should suggest murder. He was the personification of the most fatal of all sins. Even when he caught sight of me, he hardly moved, although my coming must have been a surprise.

"So it is you, Jim Randolph, you! What brings you here?" His voice was hoarse, but it had a metallic ring that went to my marrow. Bob Brownie, in all the years of our acquaintance had never spoken to me except in kind and loving regard. I looked at him, stunned. "Must have shown how but I was. But all you have given no sign. His eyes, looking straight into mine, changed no more as if he had been addressing his deadliest enemy."

Again his voice rang out. "What brings you here? Do you come to plead for me, or do you come to warn me after the warning I gave you?"

I clenched both hands until I felt the nails cut the flesh of my palms. I loved Bob Brownie, I loved him as I love doing anything to make him happy, would willingly have sacrificed my life to protect his from himself or others, but this was no time for a brute, was no more Bob Brownie as I had known him than the howling north-east wind that whirled through the gentle, innocent zephyr of August, and I felt a resentment at his brutal speech that I could hardly suppress.

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"I am in Jim voice, 'Bob, is this the way to talk to me in your own of floor?' At any time before my words were uttered he would have been generous, southern, but now he said harshly, 'To hell with sentiment. What—He did not take his eyes off me, but he said to me that he was listening to a voice; then he let loose a wild laugh, which meant that he had been addressing his deadliest enemy."

"Eighty and coming like a spring freshet," he said into the mouthpiece, "and the boys want to know if I won't let them in on the secret. I'll be back and another then with all they will take down to 60. That's my answer. Tell them if Reinhart had his wives and his daughter, but now they are all killed, I'll send him damned trust to help him dull his sorrow. Give word at every place where I will have Reinhart where he will be, but his luck that he was not in the automobile with the rest of his tribe—"

"When I called these robbers a men and despoilers of women and children ever let up because of death? When they ever known to wait even for the corpse stiffened to give the hearts of the victims? It is my turn now, and if I let up a hair may I, yes, and begin, too, be damned, eternally damned."

I could not stand it. If I stayed, I, too, should become mad. I reached for the doorknob, but before I could swing the door open Bob's voice came like a wolf. He grasped me by the shoulders and with the strength of a madman hurled me half across the room. I sank into it as if I were a log. "No, you can't, Jim Randolph, no, no, no. You came here for some reason, but you have no right to tell me what it is. You know me, you are the only human being who does."

Were Superstitious, Too. A woman who takes her superstitions seriously started to enter a big department store one morning last week when she noticed a porter on a tall stepladder that stretched directly across the doorway, says the New York Press. In spite of the fact that there were five women behind her eager to pass into the shop she came to a sudden halt, looked up at the ladder and cried out, "Oh, I'll never walk under that," saying which she turned and strode away. Before she had gone far her superior, who rose superior to her fear of ladders, and looked to see if her remark had any effect on those who had heard her exclamation.

Don't Annoy the Officers. Army officers stationed in Germany are being stared at by tourists, often assuming threatening attitudes in retaliation, says the New York Times. The tourists are being told to shoot civilians on provocation, it is wise not to excite them. It is wise to remember that they do not feel superior to their own soldiers, even ladies.—Travel Magazine.

Many were pouring in through the outer office. Bob looked at them coldly. "What do you want? Is it possible you are down to a point where the stock exchange rushes over to a man's office when his wife happens to be out?"

They saw his bluff. You cannot deceive stock exchange men, at least not the kind that are employed on public days, but his coolness reassured them, and when they saw me it was odd that they pushed in a man who Bob had ignored his wives—guessed that I had been pleading for the life of the street.

"Well, where do you stand?" Frank Swan answered for the crowd: "The panic is in full swing. She's a collar-to-ridge-pole ringer. They're down 40 or over on an average. Ant-People's is down to 35, and still counting like sawdust over a broken dam. Barry Conant's house and a dozen other of Reinhart's have gone under. His banks and trust companies are going every minute. The whole street will be overboard before the close. The governing committee has just called a meeting to see whether it will not be best to adjourn the exchange over today and tomorrow."

Bob listened as if he had been a master at the wheel in a gale, receiving reports from his mates. There was no trace now of the scene he had just been through. He was cold, masterful, like the seasoned seaman who knows that in spite of the ocean's rage and the wild's howl, the wheel will answer his hand and the craft its rudder. "Jim, come over to the exchange." The crowd followed along. "We have but a minute and I want to have you say for me. You know, Jim, you know, I know, Jim, you understand it all, but I must tell you how sorrowful I am that in my madness I should have so forgotten my admiration, respect, and love for you, yes, and my gratitude to you."

Bob's towering figure was in front of me. His head had steeled forward, and his eyes were fixed across his breast. But that he stood erect I should have thought him dead, so still was he. I jumped to my feet and looked into his face, down which great tears were dropping silently. I touched him on the shoulder.

"Bob, my dear old chum, Bob, forgive me. For God's sake, forgive me for intruding on your misery."

I looked at him. I will never forget his face. No heartbroken woman's could have been sadder. He slowly raised his head, then staggered and grasped the ticker-stand for support.

"Don't, Jim, don't—don't ask me to forgive you. Oh, Jim, Jim, my old friend, forgive me for my madness; forget what I said to you, forget the brute you just saw and think of me as of old, when I would have plucked out my tongue if I had caught it saying a harsh word to the best and truest friend man ever had. Jim, forget it. I was mad, I am mad, I have been mad for a long time, but it cannot last much longer. I know it can't, and Jim, by all our past love, by the memories of the dear old days at St. Paul's, and at Harvard, the dear old days of hope and happiness, when we planned for the future, try to think of me only as I know you me, as you know that I should now be, as the 'system' says."

The clerks were rounding on the door; through the glass showed many forms. They had been gathering for some time, waiting for the door to open and a tone, a tone that no one could believe came from the same mouth that a few moments before had poured forth such bitter words. "Oh, I'll never walk under that," said Bob went to the door. 30 of Bob's brothers were there, abashed at not getting a reply to their calls.

any effect on those who had heard her exclamation. Walking directly behind her were the five women who had heard her exclamation.

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