

The Dials

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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got outer bed on the wrong side, the old lady went a header sure—oh, I know it!

A moment before, I had thought that so far as the mere matter of jolly misdeeds was concerned, I had soundly whipped the whole lot; but now my dashed brain was reeling before this new horror! To think that she was—but oh, it couldn't be! And yet I recalled ominously that most of the time I had known her, I had only seen her sitting!

"By Jove, the way, sir!" He closed my eyes at me as he carried from the broom's beauty a half inch of his close mud, using for the maltreatment a perfectly blunt knife. "That was a peckery on you made to copy the chief yourself—a leetle irregular, you know," he shook his head at me, "but as the captain said, we ain't making no point about that with a gent like you—sure not!"—another imperious look of his, and he puffed inhalations of joy. "But I knew you never could get him to the station—I could have told you."

"Oh!" I remarked, puzzled. By Jove, I had a dashed awful thought for a moment that I must be losing my intelligence; and he puffed inhalations of joy. "But I knew you never could get him to the station—I could have told you."

"Oh, I'm on, sir!" Another one of those awful whacks on his club scratched his helmet sideways. "You know I saw everything—it was right there at the Kahooka, you know?"

"Oh, that!" I said, understanding. For I knew then that he was talking about Foxy Grandpa in my rooms. I had almost forgotten, the jolly old fellow, and it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to show some interest as they must have recaptured him along with the pajamas. "I said," I chirped up, "did you have much trouble about it—getting him again, you know?"

"By Jove, her figure exactly!" I ejaculated, staring.

"For it was her—no, dash it, she was!" I had a perfectly clear view of her now as she paused on a little point and hung there by the petticoat in the Hudson. In her hand was a full-blown, ripened rose, and her lips were shaping in ravishing little points, as usually she blew the petals from her. List go they would not, but hugged back in the arms of the light breeze, creeling and fluttering about

spouted—oh, something scandalous—bringing in the names of mighty near all the important people in New York; his friends, he said. Oh, yes, he mentioned you in particular, sir!"—and his face expanded in a relaxing grin.

"Dashed impudence!" I murmured feebly.

"Oh, yes," carelessly, "but the sarge quitted him—just purty near noother him to sleep before he got through—you know—it's one of his ways!"—his glance lifted solemnly.

"That, you know," I murmured admiringly. I reflected approvingly up on what a dashed good thing it was to have a man in that position—whatever it was—who was of such a devilish mild and gentle temperament: the quiet word—the soft answer—the kindly remonstrance—all that sort of thing, you know."

"But, if no offense, there's just one question I'd like to ask you, sir. He swung his club with a smiling, genial air."

"Oh, dash it, no!" I responded absently.

"My eye had been suddenly attracted by a feature, gleam of white through the trees. It was slowly moving up the slope to a pavilion overlooking the lake. Ze."

He drew nearer with a contented air. "Just a little argument I had with the old woman, you know, about the pajamas. Would you mind to see me—as a man to man, understand—if they garments is—his voice stopped—"I like her real shape—sarge!" I murmured.

"And he tapped the parcel lightly with his stick."

Jenkins cleared his throat loudly and shifted the pajamas to his other side. "For my self, I just winced at the stroke of a what-you-call-it, but one end of my dashed brain was being pulled by the flapping play of the dapping sunlight there upon—"

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"I gave Jenkins instructions, 'Him or course, manage to speak with me alone.' I cautioned, having thought of Judge Hillings; 'and don't forget the money.'"

"Certainly, sir," said Jenkins attentively. "I'm just to say: 'Mr. Lightness's compliments, sir, and he says you'll be glad to see him.'"

I nodded. "Exactly, and I'll wait here—but, oh, hurry, dash it!" And I looked longingly at the pavilion and tried to pierce the door the minute he did hurry! By Jove, he was back almost immediately and looking a bit rattled.

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NEWS OF MICHIGAN

"Every Day Is Bake Day, at Our House!"

Alma-Alma had two bad accidents, one coming from a live wire, and the other from an automobile running off from a culvert and overturning. In the first Warren Creek of Forest Hill, a lineman for the Union Telephone company, was probably fatally injured when climbing a pole he came in contact with a live wire carrying 1,200 volts. Creech fell from the pole and supposedly upon a hydrant. His skull was cracked. He was rushed to Brainerd hospital, where he lies between life and death. The second accident occurred four miles east of town about noon when Jack Dalley and his wife were learning to run his new automobile. When they were on a curve, the car slipped and was over the side. Mrs. Dalley's neck was broken and she died instantly. Dalley escaped with severe bruises.

DR. PRICE'S Cream BAKING POWDER

"It is Hot Biscuit, Muffins, Sally Lunn, Waffles, Pot Pie, and almost daily, for that the season has come, a Fruit Short Cake—all home-made, home-baked—of course, and perfectly delicious! Home-baking, thus, with the aid of Dr. Price's Baking Powder, provides the most tasty food, which I know to be of absolute purity, clean and healthful, and with considerable economy."

Our correspondent has written for us the whole story.

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PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO

MORE HOSPITALS ARE NEEDED

Situation Improved, but Further Work is Needed to Stamp Out Tuberculosis.

Only four states, Mississippi, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming, have no beds whatever in special hospitals wards for consumptives. Eight years ago when the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis was organized, there were 26 states in which no hospital or sanatorium provision for consumptives existed, and the entire number of beds in the United States was only 10,000.

"While these figures would indicate a remarkable growth in anti-tuberculosis activity," Dr. Livingston Farrand, executive secretary of the National association, in commenting on the subject there are still practically ten indigent consumptives for every one of the 30,000 beds, including those for pay patients. In other words, a consumptive who could not pay his hospital care in this country too poor to provide hospital care for themselves.

"The fact that the United States has stamped out in the United States more hospital provision for these feet of infection must be provided."

Singing in Their Brains

Two Frenchmen, in visiting an art gallery, stopped to admire a painting by an American. The artist happened to be in the gallery and in broken English one of the Frenchmen asked: "How did monsieur ever catch such a wonderful picture?"

"Oh," replied the artist, with a far-away look, "what painting was an offspring of my brain?"

The other Frenchman was greatly interested and asked his friend what that American had said.

"I can hardly explain," whispered the first Frenchman excitedly. "I said the picture was one spring off of his brain. Ees eet any wonder zat we derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lively breathing."

Singing and the Lungs

It is well known that singing, like whistling, is a fine exercise for the lungs, and some doctors advise those who fear consumption to go in for singing for this reason.

At the same time they, of course, do not advance the claim that singing alone will save anyone from or cure consumption. Acquire the habit of taking the deep breath, but the primary requisite of any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lively breathing.

After they reach the age of 40 women laugh only when they feel like it.

If there ever is a time when you are justified in cursing, it is when the summer weather sets your appetite to fusing.

But there isn't any need to risk your soul and shock the neighbors—Tempt your appetite, with Toasties and go singing to your hearts' content.

Prepared by W. J. MURPHY, Tempe, Ariz.



"I did notice with the legs."

an awful look—said, the pajamas were his own and he had just had an idea. And that—"well"—he fanned the air for a moment in the effort to find an appropriate gesture—"I'm used to these wall men, but that gun was the limit—pulled out a card case, and he got him, there, but he was to go with him to his club—his club—"I told him I'd give him the club if he didn't go quietly—or you see I recognized him in a minute; you can't lose them from kind! He but he gave himself away; told me he'd overlook my conduct on this occasion; my senses and my head would leave him. Well, that was enough! beckoned Jimmy Dwyer across and we run him down the line to the station. Oh, we got him, there, but he was easy—'for him! And there he'll stay a while!"

"That had to pause and pump air, he was so wild!"

"But it would tickled you," he resumed, using one of the vest's extended and putting the cigar until it almost fanned. "If you consider, the grand-stand play this guy put up before the sergeant! But the old man just let him blow off. Just as there came behind the desk, the wind away and jabbing a pen through the blotter, while this stuff tumbled and

Delicate But Keen Thrust

English Lawyer's Method of Handling Witness Sp as to Discredit Him With Jury.

Said John B. Curtis, the well known lawyer and president of the Indiana Society of New York, speaking about the recent hearing of Detective Burns when he was on the witness stand in a memorable case: "I'm afraid that sometimes we get a little too personal and severe with witnesses. How much better was the handling of a famous detective who was testifying in a London court. It was divorce case and I was on the witness stand in the case. The detective witness came on the stand dressed in black broad-brimmed hat, more a gold and medals like a soldier, more a like a respectable middle-aged solicitor than a member of the police force. The witness' testimony was likely to be damaging to his client, so Mr. Lockwood began his

cross-examination very gently and was excessively polite. He said: 'I believe you are John Blank and the firm of Blank & Co. the eminent solicitors of London?'

"Yes, sir," said the witness. 'I represent that firm.'

"And I presume," continued the attorney, "that in the course of your duties, as a detective, you have at times, to assume many disguises?"

"Yes, sir," said Lockwood, smiling.

"I believe you have the good habit of the coat just what you are disguised as now?"

Not Used to It.

Theater Manager—You are engaged for the box-office. All you will have, to do is to receive money. Thanks. I think I should like to have a few rehearsals."—Meggenendorfer Blätter.

Father Had Been There.

"Good morning, Mis—er—ab—father—that is—" begins the new son-in-law. "Now, Jim, I'm a divorce case and I know just how you feel. I felt like forty kinds of a fool when I first tried to call my father-in-law 'Father,' and I said right then that if I ever had a son-in-law I'd not give him the same word. You call me 'Mister' or 'sir' or 'hull,' or anything else you like, until the time comes when we will be natural for you to address me as 'Grandpa'—Life.

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