JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

By EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE; 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and indefinite selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Charles," said John Rawn one evening, "I have been thinking over some scientific problems."

"In my belief," went on Rawn, "I am upon the eve of a great success, Charles."

"What sort of success, Mr. Rawn?" inquired Halsey.

Rawn smiled largely. "You will hardly credit me when I tell you, almost all sorts of success! To make it short, I have formed a power company—a concern for the cheap generation and general transmission of power. In the course of a few months we'll proceed in the manufacture of electrical transmitters and receivers for what I call the lost current of electricity."

Halsey stood cold for a moment, and looked at him in amazement.

You don't mean to say—why, that's precisely what I've been thinking of for so long."

"I don't doubt many have been thinking of it," rejoined Rawn. "It had to come. These things seem to happen in cycles.

"Moreover, I've got the company formed."

"You, Mr. Rawn? How did you manage that? I didn't know that you—" Halsey at last gasped.

"A great many haven't known about a great many things," said Rawn, walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, his air gloomily dignified.

"Is it a big company?" queried Halsey weartily.

"Twenty-five million dollars," answered John Rawn calmly.

"We are going to dam the Mississippi river, a couple of hundred miles above here at the ledges. For the time, that will be our central power plant. We will contract for a million and a half dollars' worth of power each year in St. Louis alone. That comes down by regular wire transmission. That is nothing, it's only a drop in the bucket. Our big killing is going to be with the other scheme—the second current—the same idea you've been trifling with. We'll go east with that."

Young Halsey's little capital of five hundred dollars was as important as young Halsey's original idea, which latter Mr. Rawn had also appropriated.

So now these two brought very considerable bundles of copper wire and other things, and made several machines of this and the other shape, and tried divers experiments. In all this work young Halsey's manual skill and technical training continually was in quest, John Rawn for the most part standing by and frowning heavily, watching Jacob labor for the earning of Rachel; for Halsey knew this surrender of his idea was the price of Grace. Halsey had little hope of ultimate success in his appliances. Not so Rawn. He had something akin to a feeling of certainty.

Differing thus—yet who shall say they were not partners, after all, since all these things were true regarding them?—they at last emerged from the woodshed in Kelly Row, after many long weeks. They carried into the front room of the Rawn house in Kelly Row a small machine, which presently was to do large things. This novel and mysterious little machine, with a glass jar underneath, many coils and wheels within, and an odd, toothed crest of little upreaching metal fingers, had been produced only at great cost, great sacrifice. It had seemed wholly right and reasonable that all of young Halsey's five hundred dollars should disappear little by little, and it had done so, long ago. It seemed proper that the small savings which Grace had deposited in a tin baking-powder can—for she was like her mother, part ground-squirrel, and secretive—should also disappear little by little, and they also had gone. In some way, only the women knew how, they all had had enough to eat, so far as that meant actually necessary food; but the entire Rawn family were a gaunt and haggard, as well as a wearied and anxious quartette, when finally they gathered about the little machine out of the woodshed. Their play was on one card and the card was turned. What was it?

* * * * * * * *

In the most commonplace way in the world, and quite as though he had always done this very thing, Mr. Henry Warfield Standley, president of the I. & D. A. Railway Co., warned in advance by Mr. Rawn's telephone, came to the door himself. Presently the three, Rawn, Halsey and the president of the company for which both so long had worked, sat at the long glass-covered table, where lay many papers. The president pushed a button and ordered the attendance of Mr. Theodosius—Ackerman, the general traffic manager; so that now they made four in company.

Very little was said, but after a time young Halsey nervously removed the newspaper from his little machine, and displayed it uncovered on the table, a ribbed and coiled and toothed little model, showing file marks here and there, and resembling nothing in particular in the world. Young Halsey, tacitly elected spokesman by Rawn, cleared his throat as he addressed the president of the road, for whom he still felt naught but awe.

"We have put our receiver in tune with the dynamo in the basement of this building, Mr. Standley," began he, finally.

"And now you can see right here, on the table before you, about all the rest of it that we have. It isn't attached to anything at all. There is no wired connection of any sort whatever. Now if we can run that electric fan over there with 'juice' that we can take right out of the air—with the second current which we take out of the motor in the basement—just as well as the primary current wired to the fan will run it, why, then, it looks to me as though our receiver here ought to be accepted as a working device."

The room was silent now. They sat looking at him. He resumed:

"Besides, this receiver is more powerful than you think. I suppose I could burst that fan wide open with it, by just wiring the two, after disconnecting the original wiring of the fan to the house system."

Halsey spoke very calmly, yet the hands of the president of the road, resting on the edge of the table, trembled slightly. The fighting red had disappeared from the face of the G. T. M. He was bluish gray, as though deathly ill. He was, however, the first to recover. "Well, why don't you burst it, then?" he exclaimed savagely, mopping at his forehead.

Every man present sprang back from the little instrument on the table. There came a slowly increasing purr of the motor, a series of intense blue sparks showing at the toothed points of reception. The blades of the fan began to revolve faster and faster; so fast that at length both eye and ear ceased to record their doings. Then, after sight and sound had failed to serve, there came a crash!

There was no fan on the shelf where it had stood. Fragments of metal were buried in the woodwork, in the wall. John Rawn wiped the blood from a cut on his cheek. No one said anything. It was quite commonplace, after all.

"You wished to see what it would do," said Halsey grimly. "The power seems to be there. Any time you like, say amount you like. And you saw that it didn't come in here by wire—it was only transmitted from the received, not to it. The fan is broken, but the receiver is just the way we left it. Well, it looks as though we had settled a few questions, doesn't it?"

Standley turned an agitated eye upon John Rawn. "Mr. Rawn," said he, "referring to the tenor of our earlier conversation, I desire to say that we are not in the habit of giving the lion's share to anybody—"

"Suit yourself," said John Rawn, smiling.

"But in this case, as I said to you at first, there's so much in this if there's anything at all, that there's no use splitting hairs over it." He receded rapidly from the position he coveted but saw he could not hold.

"We ought to begin work at once. Er—Mr. Rawn, do you happen to have any present need for any money—personally?"

"No," answered John Rawn calmly. "I am in no need of funds. When the organization is completed, and I begin my work as president of the power company, I shall be glad to go on the pay-roll, of course. I should add now that I expect Mr. Halsey to be my general manager in the mechanical department."

"In regard to salaries," said the president, hesitating, "we might roughly sketch out something—"

"My own salary will be a hundred thousand dollars a year," said Mr. Rawn quietly. "I don't think we should ask Mr. Halsey to work for less than five thousand. Do you, gentlemen?"

"There shall be no haggling, gentlemen, no haggling," said the president blandly. "It shall be as Mr. Rawn suggests."

"That's the talk!" drawled Ackerman. "I'll tell you, Rawn, come in to-morrow. We'll get the patent lawyers and our corporation counsel, and begin work on this thing."

That was all there was about it, the proceedings being wholly prosaic and commonplace. Mr. Halsey found again his newspaper, again wrapped up his machine therein, took it under his arm, and hesitatingly turned toward the door, the palest now, and most unhappy of them all. He had denied his own first-born.

CHAPTER III.

The New Mr. Rawn.

It was a wholly different John Rawn who, at forty-eight, found himself seated at the vast and shining desk of the president of the International Power Company, in the city of Chicago. The past was so far behind him that he could not with the utmost striving reconstruct the picture of it. He was a wholly new, distinct and different man. He had not as yet ever worked at a desk blessed with a row of push buttons, and was ignorant as yet, and very naturally, in regard to the particular function of each of these several buttons whose mother of pearl faces now confronted him. Resolving to take them seriatim, he pushed the one farthest to the right, which, as it chanced, was the one arranged to call to him his personal stenographer.

The door opened silently. John Rawn looked up and saw standing before him a young woman whom he had never seen before. "I beg pardon, Madam," said he, half rising. "I didn't know you were there. How did you—is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am the stenographer assigned for your work, Mr. Rawn, until you shall have concluded your own arrangements in the office," answered the young woman.

She was almost tall, certainly and wholly shapely; young, but fully and adequately feminine; womanly indeed in every well curved line. Her hands and feet, her arms—the latter now disclosed by half sleeves—all were of good modeling. Her hair, piled up in rather high Grecian coiffure and confined by a bandeau of gold-brocaded ribbon, was perhaps just in the least startling.

Virginia Delaware, Mr. Rawn's personal stenographer, was born the daughter of a St. Louis baker. She had, however, passed through that epoch of her development and by some means best known to herself and her family, had attained a good education, ended by three years in a young ladies' finishing school in the east.

"I was just about to say," he went on, "that I intended to have the boy get my car ready. Would you tell him to have it at the door in fifteen minutes? Then come back. There are one or two little letters."

"I Am the Stenographer Assigned for Your Work."

A few moments later the young woman was seated at a small table near the end of the desk. Without any nervousness she awaited his pleasure.

Mr. Rawn's long and shiny car was waiting for him when he stepped with stately dignity down the broad stair of the National Union Club.

Threading its path through the crowded traffic of the side streets, the car presently turned up the long northbound artery of the great western city. Miles of cars carried hundreds of men to miles of mansions. In less than an hour, from town to home, John Rawn also pulled up at the entrance to his home. Speed limits are not for such as Mr. Rawn.

This residence, yet another of these pretentious mansions, top-heavy on its inadequate delimitations, and done by one of the most ingenious architects to be found for money, was as new, as hideous, as barbarous as any that could be found in all that long assemblage of varied proofs of architectural aberrations. It was as new as Mr. Rawn himself. The brick walks were hardly yet firmly settled, the shrubs were not yet sure of root, the crocus rows in the borders still showed gaps. Large trees, transplanted bodily, still were sick at heart in their new surroundings.

Rawn's dignity was such that he scarcely saw the man who took his coat and hat, and who received no greeting from his master. Laura Rawn needed to speak to him the second time.

"Well," said he, turning and sighing, "how's everything?"

"Very well, John."

"Not so bad, eh?" He jerked a thumb to indicate the lake.

"It's grand!" said his wife, yet with no vast enthusiasm in her tone.

"I should say it is grand! Anyhow, there's nothing grander around Chicago. There's not very much here in the way of scenery. Of course, in New York—"

"Oh, don't let us talk of New York, John."

"I don't see how I could stand anything bigger or grander than this." It could not have been called a wholly happy family gathering, this at Graystone Hall. Indeed, it lacked perhaps three generations, possibly three aeons, of being happy.

With little more speech after the evening meal than they had had before, at one hour, perhaps, was passed in the room which the architect called the library. Mrs. Rawn called the parlor, and Mr. Rawn called the gold room. Then Laura Rawn, as was her wont, passed silently up-stairs to her own apartments—or her bedroom, as she called it—widely removed, in the architect's plans, from those of her husband. One room, one couch, had served for both in Kelly Row.

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In appearance Virginia Delaware might have won approval from a closer critic than John Rawn. Her face really was almost classical in its lines, her poise and dignity now might have been that of some young, clean-limbed wood-goddess of old. She always seemed unfit for humdrum duties.

"We have some letters this morning, Miss Delaware," began Rawn. "You couldn't quite take care of them all, eh?"

"We handled all we could, Mr Rawn. I have referred a large number to proper department heads, and answered quite a number. It seemed better to refer these for your own action."

"Business growing, eh?" said Rawn, turning around to his desk. The girl's reply was just properly enthusiastic for the business:

"It's wonderful the mail we get. Inquiries come from all over the country. Yes, indeed, it seems to grow."

"I was about to say, Miss Delaware," Rawn answered, "that I am, as you know, a very busy man."

"Yes, sir," she said, evenly and impersonally.

"I have so many things to do, you see, that I don't get much time to attend to little things outside of my business. A man's business is a millstone around his neck, Miss Delaware. We men of—ahem!—of affairs are little better than slaves."

"Yes, Mr. Rawn," she said gently. "I can understand that."

"For instance, I don't even know, as long as I have been here in Chicago, the names of the best firms of decorators, house furnishers, that sort of thing—"

"Does Mrs. Rawn get about very much, sir?"

"Mrs. Rawn unfortunately is not very well. Also she has the habit of delaying in such matters. Then, as I don't myself have the time to take care of everything—why, you see—"

Her eyebrows were a trifle raised by now.

"—So I was just wondering whether I couldn't avail myself of your—your—very possible knowledge of these stores—shops, I mean."

"Of course, Mr. Rawn, I'd be willing to do anything I could," she said. "I know the city pretty well, having lived here for some time. If you would rather have me use my time in that way, it would be a great pleasure. I like nice things myself, though of course I could never have them. I've just had to flatten my nose against the window-pane! But what is the color scheme, Mr. Rawn?"

"About everything the confounded builders and decorators could think of," said Rawn frankly. "I think they called it a gray-and-silver motive. I know there's something in white, with dark red for the doors and facings."

Miss Delaware sat for a moment, a pencil against her lip, engaged in thought.

"Certainly, Mr. Rawn. I'll be very glad to do it, if I can be spared from the office."

"That's all, Miss Delaware."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queer Customs in Mexico

STREET SCENE IN MEXICO CITY.

A BRISK agent from the United States banged into a Mexico City hotel and vociferully asked the price of rooms. "Five dollars a day," the manager replied, without looking up from the newspaper he was reading behind his desk.

"But there will be seventy-five persons in my party," the agent said, "and we shall need fifty rooms at least."

"If you want fifty rooms the rate will be $6 a day," the manager answered as he arose, walked away and ended the dialogue.

The Mexican way in most of the visible events of life is not like the American way. Many statesmen and some diplomats may be ignorant of that fundamental truth.

A professional interviewer, jaded and irritable by 1,220 miles of travel from the Texas frontier, covered with sand and full of it even to his shoes, dragged himself out of a cab in front of one of the best hotels in Mexico City at seven o'clock in the morning.

The interviewer, this being his first journey into the country, expected he would be met at the curb by a porter. No porter was there. The interviewer, bearing his own baggage, entered a huge door and found himself in a large court. In a far corner he saw a black man in a blue coat.

Yes, he was the porter, but he was playing with a dog and didn't know anything about rooms. The manager would appear by and my. For thirty minutes the indignant interviewer walked the patio. He did not exist so far as the Indian porter was concerned.

The interviewer was a nervous American and he kept busy. He moved his baggage several times and tried to read the Spanish signs hanging on the wall. Also he wanted to be noticed.

Refused to See American.

A thin little man leisurely descended the stairs at eight o'clock. He wore an overcoat and a white silk muffler. Mexico City is cold at night, but the days are warm and brilliant.

The thin little man, almost as dark as the porter, did not look at the American. He was smoking a cigarette and seemingly had eaten his breakfast. Anyway, he appeared serene and satisfied. Presently he went behind the counter, slowly took off his overcoat and muffler, opened an account book and began to write.

The interviewer, determined to make a business-like demonstration, grabbed up his bags and rapidly walked to the counter. He whacked the stone floor with his heels, dropped his bags and coughed. The little man never looked up.

"I should like to see the manager," the interviewer said in a voice of peace, but with the heart of a warrior.

"I am the manager," the thin man answered in English that easily could have sounded better. His face was without interest or expression, and he continued to write and utterly by look to ignore the interviewer.

"I want a room," the American said, roaring inwardly, but concealing his anger.

The dark little man put down his pen, lighted another cigarette and walked to the blackboard which hung in the court near the large door. Written thereon in chalk were the numbers of the rooms and opposite the numbers were the names of the persons occupying the rooms.

Having read the blackboard up and down and down and up, the thin little man said: "I have no room."

"But," the American continued, "No. 85 appears to be unoccupied; so does 96, so does 107 and so does 125."

"Those are store rooms," the Mexican replied. He walked back to his desk. He had not looked at the American; he never did look at him.

"But can't I have a room some time during the day?" the interviewer asked.

"I don't know," the manager answered. He was again writing in his account book, and the porter was still playing with the dog.

The American gathered up his property and passed out into the street.

Old Spanish Customs.

Nothing in Mexico is quite like anything in the United States. The customs of Spain reach back into the years—they are rooted far and deep in the social laws and the lives of the people. Even the mountains of the parched north are strange to northern eyes—mountains hung in fleeting vapors, now black, now blue, but always harsh and inhospitable.

For hundreds of miles the traveler sees nothing but cactuses—which look like pillars made of immense green pancakes edge to edge—and struggling bushes. As one sinks away into the south little round stacks of grain appear at the rims of irrigated fields. Walls three or four feet high, constructed of spongy, volcanic rock, slip over the parched plains and, straight as a surveyor's line, climb the dreary mountains and are lost beyond.

In front of huts built of clay or rotten railroad ties are old tin cans containing flowers. The Aztecs loved flowers, though they ate the hearts of their enemies. There are also birds in cages, fashioned out of reeds. Presently cattle are seen in great droves and a high hill is made white with thousands of goats. Wide ditches are full of muddy water and dark men in white cotton shirts, their trousers rolled to the hips, let in the flood or shut it out with shovels.

A gray wall is thrown around the clay houses, barn and other buildings of a planter. There is a church behind the wall and the Spanish priest lives on what the planter and his workmen give him for marrying them when living and burying them when dead. The lord of the flat acres is a baron, passed into this from another generation, and he has his vassals, his chapel and his strong drink.

MOTHERS! READ THIS

Steketee's Worm Destroyer in Chocolate Syrup

for special benefit of children that cannot take the worm powders or the tablets—Steketee's Worm Destroyer is not intended for the cure of worms alone—but it is used for the following ailments:

Has your darling child a fever?
First of all, give it Steketee's Worm Destroyer.
Has it foul breath?
Has it spasms?
Give it Steketee's Worm Destroyer.
Is your child restless at night?
Is it worms that ails your child?
Has it fainting fits?
A sure sign of worms.

Steketee's Worm Destroyer is considered the best worm remedy on the market and very few people, young or old, but what are troubled with worms in one form or another. People's stomachs are lined with phlegm and the use of this remedy cleanses the stomach and purifies the blood.

Price for the powdered by mail, 25c; for the tablets by mail, 25c. We cannot send the syrup by mail for less than 35c, owing to the weight of the bottle. Postage stamps may be sent in payment. Ask druggists for Steketee's Pin Worm Destroyer.

Address Geo. G. Steketee, Prop., 49 Cherry St., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

For Sale by All Druggists.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

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Genuine must bear Signature

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

Two Years Has a Great Idea.

It had been a hard afternoon for Joseph. His mother had taken him downtown shopping with her, and as they were crossing Gladstone boulevard on the way home his little feet began to lag. Joseph is two years old.

"Carry me, mamma," he said.

"But I can't, Joseph," she said. "Don't you see mamma has her bundles and her pocketbook to carry? It's only a little piece now."

Joseph trudged a bit farther and then he had an idea.

"You put your pocketbook and bundles down and let them walk," he said. "Then you can carry me!" So she found room for him.—Kansas City Star.

Hard to Reach Her.

A good planter's wife, "befo' de wah," was teaching a jet black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two letters, but always forgot the useless letter "C."

"Don't you see with your eyes, Betsy? Can't you remember the word see?" said the mistress.

"Yassum," answered Betsy, but she couldn't. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely: "A—B—" and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sheeps wid 'em, mistis." And this ended for that day the effort to "educate" Betsy.

Search for a Name.

"Does anybody call the junk that fellow writes 'poetry?'"

"Why not? It has been called everything else that's unpopular."

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Experience of a Southern Man.

"Please allow me to thank the originator of Postum, which in my case, speaks for itself," writes a Fla. man.

"I formerly drank so much coffee that my nervous system was almost a wreck." (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the drug found in coffee.) "My physician told me to quit drinking it but I had to have something, so I tried Postum.

"To my great surprise I saw quite a change in my nerves in about 10 days. That was a year ago and now my nerves are steady and I don't have those bilious sick headaches which I regularly had while drinking coffee.

"Postum seems to have body-building properties and leaves the head clear. And I do not have the bad taste in my mouth when I get up mornings. When Postum is boiled good and strong, it is far better in taste than coffee. My advice to coffee drinkers is to try Postum and be convinced."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

IS THANKFUL FOR ONE EYE

Philosopher Thinks He Has Seen as Much in His Time as One Man Ought.

Recently W. A. Morgan, the father of W. Y. Morgan of Hutchinson, lost the sight of one of his eyes. "While I was at the hospital," says Captain Morgan, "I did a lot of thinking how I could get along supposing I went entirely blind. I wouldn't be able to read, just sit in darkness all the time if was not asleep. Then I figured that I would be nearly helpless. I would have to get somebody to lead me around wherever I went. But supposing that I couldn't get anybody, what would I do then? I remembered that I had seen blind men who were led around by dogs, and I commenced to speculate on how long it would take me to train up a pup to have sense enough to lead me around.

"And then suppose that it should spy a cat on the other side of the avenue and take a sudden notion to catch it. That would mean that it would lead me out into the street where I probably would be run over by an automobile, or a street car. And just when I had become desperate somehow the situation seemed to get ridiculous and I laughed. Now I am feeling pretty well again and I have one good lamp left. Of course it is unhappy when one comes up on the blind side, but it beats no eyes at all too bad to talk about. So I have a good deal to be thankful for. Anyway, I am not certain that I have not seen as much in my time as one man ought to see."—Kansas City Journal.

Disputed Door.

A curious suit is reported from Avignon, France. It is brought by an antiquary to obtain possession of the door of the city of Alan, which he had bought. Possession was refused on a prior contract with another party, but this contention was discovered. At this stage it was discovered that an old agreement existed prohibiting the demolition of any part of the property. This agreement is now being contested, and it is anticipated that the sale to the antiquary will be confirmed.

GLASS-PLAYGROUND FOR TOTS

Novel Feature in Connection With a Public School Building in Portland, Ore.

Glass-covered playgrounds in which the school tots can caper about, play ball, "black man," run races and do all the other inimitable and enjoyable things of childhood, have been built as a part of the new $150,000 Falling schoolhouse that is being finished at Front and Porter streets, in Portland, Ore.

There are two of these, 90 by 40 feet in size, one for girls and another for boys, and their object is to provide an outdoor recreation park for the children in inclement weather. The glass is covered with fine, stying wire mesh, which makes it a source of disgust to the ordinary healthy baseball, which is used to treating glass as no barrier.

These playgrounds, fitted out as they are with trapezes, swings, "slides," etc., cost $5,000 each. They are built in one of the indentations of the "H" shaped building.

The building is of reinforced concrete, three stories high, and will cost when completed $150,000. It is absolutely fireproof in every detail. It is located on a lot 450 feet long by 200 feet wide, and has a ground floor size of 100 by 150 feet.

A new method of ventilation and heating is used. It is known as the blower system and heats by means of hot air. It changes the air in a room automatically every 15 minutes, and in this way insures perfect sanitary conditions in this respect.

The Falling school contains 28 classrooms, in the basement will be the lunch rooms, manual training rooms and toilet. The other floors will be given over to the teachers' offices and classrooms.

All the floors are of clear maple. This is an unusual feature for school buildings.

Names and Faces.

She—"It seems strange that you did not remember my face and yet you remember my name." He (awkwardly)—"Well, you know, you have an attractive sort of name."

Lucky Loss of Privilege.

For Boston lawyers of today the late Judge Sherman has become what General Butler was for their fathers—the starter and the target for stories of all kinds. After a particularly hard case, a member of the bar met the Judge's son, and took him by the hand. "You son of fortune," said he, "to have Judge Sherman for your father!" "Why, how's that?" answered the young man. "You can't try cases before him!"

Just About the Limit.

"I'm so blamed mad I can't see straight," snorted Fansome.

"What rubbed you the wrong way?" asked Mr. Gadders.

"I met Snoddles on the street just now."

"Well?"

"And when I asked him if he was keeping up with the world series he asked me, 'The world series of what?'"

His Thrilling Experience.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography: "I am eleven years old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measles and whooping cough, soon a great dane jumped and bit my face and then I fell off a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish.—Everybody's.

Value of Initiative.

One great value of initiative is the conquering of fear. Through all history we find that those that have accomplished things lived above fear. Fear of adverse criticism, fear of hardship, fear of failure, all were lost in a supreme effort to share with their fellow men the gifts God had entrusted to them.—Blanche Blessing.

Salt Improves Milk.

A little salt—a saltspoonful to each tumblerful—makes milk more easily digestible for most people and makes it less apt to cause biliousness.

Unfamiliar Fruit.

An old farmer says the banana is nothing but husk and cob.