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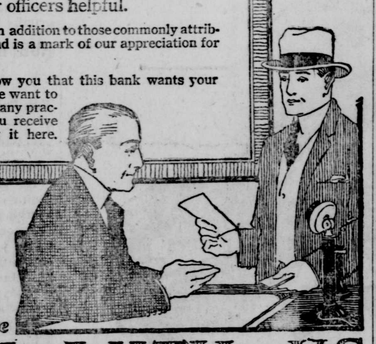
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Messages to Seekers of Success

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To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

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MYSTERIOUS BUNGALOW

By BARBARA KERR

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It sat back from the street, so called, in a lot all tangled over with wire bunch-grass, mesquite and cacti. She counted the different kinds, four varieties crowded around the steps leading up to the front door, as if they wanted to come in out of the arid loneliness.

Though dignified by the name bungalow, it looked more like a farmer's granary, with the windows covered with pieces of old-tarpaulin, cleated fast so no one could get a glimpse of the inside.

Some one else, evidently, had been as curious as was Mary Minthorn, for a jagged hole was cut in one torn shade, but try as she might, her eyes could not penetrate the darkness far enough to distinguish the meager outlines of furniture. She had too much regard for the property of others to make the hole bigger, so she would bring her book or a bit of handiwork, and perched upon the top step, amuse herself speculating upon the owner of the mysterious and lonely bungalow.

"A lunger like me, no doubt," she mused piteously, "who has perhaps gone away cured or been gathered to his fathers. I wonder," she said half aloud, "why I always think it is a man's house? It's set on high blocks as if the owner was afraid the rattlesnakes might crawl into it; maybe it's a woman lunger's home? Well, if it is, I wish she'd let me live in it." And she arose and tried to get a peep at the interior.

She had asked many people around the scattered village about the owner, but no one seemed to know, and the nearest neighbors were Mexicans who merely shook their heads with a "No savvy" when interrogated.

The bungalow still held a romantic interest for Miss Mary Minthorn, A. M., but her visits grew less frequent though she would now and then drive by from work, and slowing up, look speculatively at the lonesome shack.

It seemed to have a kinship to her. She had come to Llano Estacado to



"Mr. Rattler Yielded Up the Ghost."

regain her health and she felt so terribly isolated and lost in her incongruous surroundings. To keep busy and whip up her spirits she created for herself a unique business.

In her runabout, with shovel, a pair of lawn shears—rather old sheep-shears, knife and minor tools, she drove incessantly over the plains gathering botanical specimens for class analysis.

These she sent to schools and colleges where enterprising botany teachers fairly snapped up her boxes of plants labeled with interesting and droll comments. She did not go into scientific nomenclature, for that was the privilege of the student, but she would make sketchy notes that excited curiosity and led toward analysis.

"This is commonly called the Catsclaw or Kittensclaw, but the nearest it comes to a feline is that its next door neighbor was a perky little prairie-dog. And oh, how the honey bees of the valley love it—I mean the catsclaw, not the doggie."

"Now, here are Mr. and Mrs. Cactus and their offspring, you may hunt up the given names of the family."

"I couldn't send you specimens of this Giant Beargrass, but I plucked out some of his beard and send his picture." And the classes were always as eager to find these little notes twisted around stems as they were to classify and tabulate the strange plants.

"This beauteous posey was almost born to blush unseen, for a rattler rather contended with me as to my right, but my watchful bull-dog (automatic) barked at him, and Mr. R. yielded up the ghost and his rattles to science. I send rattles to prove the tale. Don't anybody dare to pun on that, it's not allowed."

As business increased and orders multiplied her notes were merrier and contents of boxes more varied. Mary even sang snatches of old college songs to the unrhythmic bumping of her "Mary-Liz" as she called her car. "After its mother and father," she explained whimsically. Her eyes grew bright, her cheeks a ruddy-brown and her body strong, pliant and steady of nerve. She who had a natural antipathy to firearms learned to handle them with ease and accuracy and she was looking forward with pleasure to the opening of the wild duck season.

Then one Sunday she decided it should be a day of utter indolence, so, taking a book, she departed for the neglected bungalow. Humming to herself, she sat down in the accustomed place and wrote a little note, signed and pushed it under the door.

In the lonely days she had written many notes to the mythical occupant. Some were pathetic in their attempt to be merry and philosophical, some chided the lunger for not being a good sport. "Why, look at me! Here I am a million miles from my kind, and I'm going to see it through. I'm going to be an example for some other poor suffering soul or die in the attempt."

But today she felt so good, so thoroughly fit, that she merely wrote: "Who told you that I was a lunger, anyway? M. M." and slipped it under the door. With a smile she flopped her book open to place and settled down to reading.

Had she noticed that the tarps were removed from the back windows, she would not have been so shocked when the door opened gently behind her. She sprang from her seat, almost toppling from the steps in her fright.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to give you such a fright," said the owner of the bungalow. And looking at the last little note in his hand, then at Mary; "but you are no more a lunger than I am!"

Her mind like a flash ran back over the contents of those foolish notes—"Did you—did you read them all?" she asked weakly.

"Why, of course I did. Didn't you write to me?"

"No, I didn't," flared Mary warmly. I didn't know you were in existence. I wrote them to your house."

"Pardon me." He bowed gravely. "Miss M. M., please enter and be made acquainted properly with my shack. I am Bart Drummond, geologist—"

"Oh, are you?" cried Mary. "I am Mary Minthorn, the old college roommate of your sister Rhoda."

"Now, who put the notion in your head that you were a lunger?" asked Bart later, when they had visited over mutual friends.

"Well, you remember that anti-tuberculosis exhibit we set out? I had charge of one section, and I worked so hard and got so morbid that I imagined I had every symptom ever heard of, so I decided to run away and not contaminate my friends."

"Yes, and sister Rhoda has worried herself sick about you," declared Bart, reprovingly.

"Oh," murmured Mary contritely, "I was selfish. But I had to work so hard to keep up my courage that I had not time to write."

"Except to vacant bungalows," laughed Bart. Mary blushed. "Wasn't that silly?"

"I don't think so," Bart assured her. "It was quite fortunate. The fact is, I was down here one night for some tools, and the notes identified you. I came back today to find you, and I wrote Rhoda who is coming on soon to visit us."

The way he said "visit us" caused the color to flame up in Mary's cheeks. Rising hastily, she said: "How delightful! But I must be going or I shall miss my dinner, and Sunday dinner is an event at my boarding place."

Bart got his hat, claiming the right to walk along; then, of course, Mary had to ask him to dinner. And somehow, since there were so few conveniences at the bungalow, and Mary's landlady more than willing, she had to invite him to take all his meals at her boarding house.

And it just naturally followed that when Rhoda arrived on the scene the tarps were removed from all the windows and the bungalow furnished setting for a very pretty little wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond will live up in the mountains closer to his work, and though the bungalow is again boarded up, they are more than willing to turn it over to any real or imagined lunger who may come to that part of Llano Estacado to regain health and happiness.

Where He Fished.

"So you were fishing yesterday, Rastus?"

"Yas, sah, so I was. Who did tol yer, sah?"

"Nobody told me, Rastus. I saw you fishing in a boat."

"No, sah, yer wrong; I never fished in a boat, boss."

"But I saw you with my own eyes, Rastus, and you were fishing in a boat."

"Yer cert'n'ly seed wrong, boss. I was sittin' in de boat, but I waser fishin' in de river."—Yonkers Statesman.

Little Pitchers.

"Pop, can you fly?"

"Of course not, child. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I heard Mrs. Jones tell Mrs. Smith you were a bird."

Not Up to Requirements.

Hostess—Will you have some bread and butter, darling?

Darling — Bread and butter? I thought this was a party.—Blighty, London.

PASSING OF NOTED THEATRICAL HOTEL

RENDEZVOUS OF SPORTING WORLD IN BALTIMORE TO BE WELFARE CENTER.

SALVATIONISTS GET IT.

Will Convert It Into Hotel For Working Girls And Maryland Headquarters.

"Soap, soup and salvation," instead of lobster and chorus girl will be the order of the day hereafter at "Joe" Tipman's hotel, known all over the country as the Baltimore headquarters of the theatrical and sporting world, for the Salvation Army has taken over the hotel and will convert it into headquarters for this division, with a hotel for working girls, an auditorium and other features to be added.

For a quarter of a century, when it was known as Rielly's Hotel, the four story building has been the gathering place of the moths which flitted and fluttered in Baltimore's "white light" district hundreds of noted actors and actresses have stopped there and pugilists whose names are familiar to hundreds of thousands have gathered in its barroom to discuss past victories and future events.

Now the hymns of the Salvationists will echo where once the merry lilt of rousing songs sounded and demure working girls will tread the halls which once resounded to the clatter of the high heels of the chorus girls.

In a way the passing of the hotel is a tragedy in the life of "Joe" Tipman. It was his ambition, when he bought the hotel last August, to make it the clearing house for the sporting world. Himself the hero of hundreds of prize ring fights and known in all the cities of the United States and in the large centers of England, "Joe" wanted to establish a hotel where thespians en route from city to city might always find friends and where his companions of the squared circle would find congenial company.

But "Joe" fell foul of the prohibition law. Last November he was sentenced to four months in the City Jail, a punishment which his friends say he took because he was too good a sport to throw responsibility on others. While he was serving his term, Brigadier Escott, of the Salvation Army, learned it might be possible to purchase the hotel, a new structure built only a few years ago to replace the one destroyed by fire.

Through the good offices of Warden Lee, the real estate men who negotiated the sale were almitted to "Joe's" cell and the bill of sale was signed.

Down from the walls have come the pictures of celebrities. The glass case containing the boxing gloves "Joe" wore when he fought "Battling Nelson," Tommy Feltz, Joe Gans, "Terrible Teddy" McGovern, "Packey" McFarland, "Young" Corbett, Dixon, the colored fighter, and those he wore in the ring in England, has been removed from its place of honor in the barrom, which soon is to be converted into a Salvation Army "saloon", where hot drinks, soft beverages and lunches will replace the exhilirating drinks that formerly were served.

Out from the vault where it has been safely guarded has gone the book of autographs containing the signatures of men and women known to the stage of today and of the past. Sarah Bernhardt, the "Divine Sarah," wrote her name in it and not many pages away are the signatures of the Dolly Sisters. Robert Mantell's name is inscribed in the little book; so are the names of Fannie Brice, now in the public eye in connection with the "master mind" case in New York; of Olga Petrova, Alice Brady, Frank Tinney, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, Bert Williams, Leon Errol and a score of other noted actors and actresses.

Already the word has gone out in theatrical circles that no longer will accommodations be available at "Joe's." The news is being received with regret for the hotel was known as a "decent" place where disorder of any kind was not permitted and where cleanliness was the rule rather than the exception. In the heart of Baltimore's theatrical district, but a few steps from three of the largest play houses, it was a Mecca for the girls of the chorus as well as for those principals who cared more for the gossip of their friends in cozy surroundings than for the cold formality of the marble facaded hostelries.

On the first floor will be an auditorium seating 500 persons. This will be the "James Potts Auditorium," named after the first Baltimore boy who fell in the great war. On the same floor will be offices and committee rooms, while the upper floors will be given over to rooms where, for the modest sum of $3 a week working girls may find comfortable, safe quarters, with baths and showers.

Early in April the Salvationists will take possession of the building. Their lease on their present quarters in the Hoffman Building expires then. In May the formal dedication of the building will take place and high dignitaries of the church will officiate.

Appropriate services will mark the passing of another old Baltimore landmark and prominent officers of the Salvation Army will be present.

RETIRING SECRETARY A "SHIRT-SLEEVE" BOY



©Mishkin, N. Y.
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

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FRANKLIN K. LANE.

FRANKLIN K. LANE TO "FOLLOW ON"

Accepts Invitation to Become National Chairman of Salvation Army's Annual Appeal for Funds.

WASHINGTON'S BEST BELOVED RESTARTING LIFE AT 55.

Former Cabinet Officer Before Entering the Oil Business as an Executive for the Doheny Interests Will Lend His Great Abilities to the Church Militant Organization.

Franklin K. Lane, referred to far and wide as "Washington's best loved man," is undertaking two notable innovations at an age when most men think mainly of retiring to the quiet of private life. One is to "earn enough money to support my family and keep my bills paid," and the other is "to step down from a high place to resume my place among the shirtsleeve boys and give them a hand if I can!"

Two history making statements from a man of Mr. Lane's attainments and station in life! And the remarkable part of it all is that he puts the shirtsleeve matter—the thing about helping his neighbors—ahead of that other thing—making more money in order the better to underwrite the Autumn of his life!

Few men reach a higher niche in the affections and confidence of the public mind than has this remarkable man from the West, who was once an editor, then a lawyer and finally a member of the President's cabinet and who withdraws from public life to "earn a better living" after rendering a service to the government the extent and value of which would be impossible to estimate. Still fewer men are called to such responsible places as Franklin K. Lane will now occupy. He will enter the oil business as an executive for the Doheny interests and will be established in New York city for that purpose by April 1. But the rosy prospect of making "a living wage" after several years spent in struggling along on the salary of a cabinet officer has not blinded Mr. Lane to another opportunity—that for striking a few powerful blows on behalf of the "man who is down, but never out!"

Franklin K. Lane has accepted an invitation from Commander Evangeline Booth to become the national chairman for the Salvation Army's annual appeal for funds in 1920. He is already on this job, although Wall Street does not greet him as an oil well executive for another month.

"It is a genuine privilege to find opportunity for encouraging a work so direct and practical and so valuable to the masses of the people as the work of the Salvation Army," said Mr. Lane at his office in Washington the other day. "When Commander Miss Booth asked me to take the responsibilities of national chairman for the 1920 appeal of that organization," continued the secretary, "the first thought that flashed across my mind was, How can I spare time for such work when I am entering upon a commercial task of great responsibility?

"And then there flashed across my mind a vision of the things the Salvation Army does—the help it gives to men and women and little children just when and where they need it most—and I thought to myself that after all there could be no more important thing than this. So I accepted—along with the other job—and I am trusting to the generosity of my new employers to indorse my action in the matter.

"I believe every right thinking man and woman in America owes the Salvation Army some of his or her time every year. And I am going to pay my share. I am going to get my shoulder squarely behind the movement for human that can win the hearts and the confidence of the common people like this Salvation Army has won them in recent years. I am going to pull off my coat and do some real work that will show where I stand when it comes to weighing the homely, unostentatious and highly practical relief methods of this amazing band of workers. I heard the call. The problems of the poor are there to be solved, and they can use my poor efforts perhaps, so I have answered the call.

"I won't do much talking in the coming drive. I will do real work, and when I do talk I don't want to talk to anyone but actual workers. There will be no speech making by me to those who might be curious to hear a former cabinet officer in action, but who are not interested in the work of the Salvation Army. I shall talk to workers and only to workers. The day for oratory in such matters has gone. We are down to brass tacks.

"I think I owe it as a citizen of America to show my understanding and appreciation of the helpful work the Salvation Army is doing in its rescue homes, maternity hospitals, free clinics, industrial homes, fresh air farms and tenement house relief work.

"My testimony is not needed, however, in this matter. There are 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of young Americans who went into the recent war either unaware that the Salvation Army existed or having no use for its methods if they did know of it. So far as I can learn these men came out of that war unanimous on one subject—and that was that the Salvation Army understood the average man, knew how to deal with him and simply 'delivered the goods' on the 100 per cent basis.

"There is no division of opinion on that one subject. There could have been no greater test for the Salvation Army than the test it received in the war. So after all I am merely adding my voice to the mighty chorus I have referred to when I say that the Salvation Army has long since won the right to make an appeal to the rest of us for its maintenance, and I am sure it will not make that appeal in vain.

"The Salvation Army one year ago abandoned its old custom of begging in the streets the year around so that its workers could devote all of their time and attention to the poor. It makes an annual appeal each May. Personally I know of no greater bulwark that could be raised against the rising tide of human unrest than to strengthen the hands of this band of self sacrificing Christian toilers who have the confidence of all men and women, regardless of race, creed, color or position in life. I think it is important for the interests of our advancing civilization that such a practical and wholesome work be stimulated and maintained to the utmost.

"They say there are no 'down and outers' any more. Personally I do not believe it, or if I did believe it I would know that the abnormal times have swung the pendulum back too far on one side—and that it will swing far to the other side directly. There will always be a bottom to society. The poor will always be with us. We owe it to our fellow men to know our neighbor and share his troubles and problems, and only by that method can we, in all fairness and righteousness, keep the scales even in this life.

"I am proud to face the problems of the poor with the Salvation Army in such a trying hour, and I hope that American men and women will stand with me in the work ahead of us. But they must be workers. I shall have no time to entertain mere observers."

Both for the organization that gives aid and relief to the poor and for the poor themselves, the high cost of living has been a troublesome factor in recent months. Money does not go far these days, but there's no one in the world who can get more worth-while work out of a dollar than can the Salvationists. In this country they gave away 3,699,767 meals in the twelve-month ending last September 30, and provided 371,334 meals besides at approximate cost. They supplied free beds for 1,181,547 night lodgings and 1,498,887 at a merely nominal charge. And in addition to all this and to all that was done for thousands in the Army institutions they gave temporary relief to 709,351 persons.

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