The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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ly two hours before they let me alone.

"Where did you live before you came to the Granddeck?"

"Where did you work?"

"Where is Rufus Gaston?"

"Where do your people live?"

"Why did you kill Daisy Lutan?"

"Where did you get the money you have?"

"We've got the goods on you. Why don't you confess?"

These were the sort of questions that were flung at me, first by one and then the other. Evidently at first they had had hopes of breaking me down.

"I have nothing to say," had been my unvarying answer to all their questions.

Finally they gave it up and locked me in a cell for the night, leaving me thankful that the honor of being a suspected murderer relieved me from sharing a cell with some of the frowsy prisoners I saw brought past my barred door.

"Haven't you any friends you would like to have notified?" was the last question they asked as they left me.

"I have nothing to say," I repeated once more.

Nor was this answer this time mere stubbornness. Who was there that I could notify of my plight? Birge and Roller, my two intimates, were somewhere on the high seas. The men whom I had known in the office where I had worked, for obvious reasons, were not to be called on. I had no idea of the whereabouts of my aged relatives beyond the fact that they were somewhere in Maine.

I had no intention whatever of communicating the fact of my arrest to my mother. Indeed, I was hoping that she would not hear of it until after my innocence was established.

I thought of Gorman. I would have been glad of his counsel, but I remembered that I did not know where he lived. He had told me he was giving up his position at the hotel. It would be useless to try to find him until morning.

Yet in spite of my apparent friendlessness, although to all appearances there was no one in New York to whom I could turn in this time of trouble, it was a wonderful comfort to feel that I was sure of one stanch friend—Barbara Bradford.

Although we had been acquainted but a few days, and although hardly a word of love had passed between us, I knew that her feeling for me already was something greater than friendship. I knew that she trusted me and that she would remain faithful in her affection for me, no matter what accusations were brought against me. I had been madly in love with her from almost the first time I saw her. Whatever happened, I must keep her out of it. I must find some means of warning her to say nothing to any one. I knew that her first impulse as soon as she heard of my arrest would be to come to my rescue, regardless of the fact that in establishing an alibi for me she would be blasting her own reputation. Under no circumstances, even if I was convicted, must she be permitted to speak. No explanation can account for the presence of a young girl alone in a man's rooms at eleven o'clock at night, even though she and I both knew how utterly undeserving of censure her presence there was and how important had been her motive in coming there.

Mention of Barbara's name in any way in connection with a murder case would be certain to wreck her sister's matrimonial plans. It would mean the ruin of her mother's ambitions and the unmasking of the parlous condition of their finances. It would mean that the reproaches of her mother and sister would be heaped on my Barbara's poor head.

I was still unsatisfied in my own mind as to just what part Claire Bradford was playing in the web of mystery about us. She was emotional and flighty, given to doing rash things. I felt that there was a strong possibility that relations with her ex-husband had been in some way re-established. I felt at times that she was being used as a tool by the conspirators in the Granddeck mysteries. If Claire was involved in any way, it behooved me to move carefully lest she should be betrayed in my efforts to clear myself.

There was nothing for me to do but to sit tight and take my plight as philosophically as I could until I could get in touch with Gorman. As soon as it was morning, I bribed a jail attendant to bring me a morning newspaper. On the first page I found an account of the murder under glaring headlines and read it with intense interest, my conviction growing with each line that I read that the police case against me was far better backed up than I ever imagined it could be.

Then and there I made up my mind never again to believe anything on purely circumstantial evidence. No one knew better than I how utterly innocent I was of that crime, how upright my conduct in New York had been, and how honest my motives for all my recent actions had been, yet this is what I read in the newspaper:

BURGLAR MURDERS WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS

Miss Daisy Lutan Found Mysteriously Shot in her Luxurious Apartment in the Granddeck.

Marks on Throat Where Murderer Had Choked Her

Police Arrest John S. Nelson, a Clerk, Out of Work, in Whose Rooms They Found a Revolver.

Daisy Lutan, an actress, whose matrimonial affairs recently brought her much notoriety, was found last night murdered in her apartment in the Granddeck. She had been instantly killed by a bullet wound through the heart, and there were marks on her throat where her assailant had tried to choke her. John S. Nelson, a clerk out of work, who had been acting as caretaker for one of the tenants in the building, was arrested.

There was blood on his coat when Detectives Cullen and Edwards took him prisoner, and they found in his room a revolver with one chamber empty hidden under a pile of shirts in the dresser.

The apartment Nelson is occupying is directly above that of Miss Lutan. The police theory is that Nelson let himself into the apartment by swinging down from his window, and that Miss Lutan, returning unexpectedly, found him ransacking her rooms.

The crime was discovered by James Wick, superintendent of the apartment house, who was in the elevator when he heard screams followed by a shot. Getting out of the elevator to investigate he found Nelson at the door of the Lutan apartment.

Nelson glibly explained that he had heard a shot and was trying to see where it had come from. Mr. Wick's suspicions were aroused by his manner, and he made Nelson come with him into the apartment and kept him there until the arrival of the police.

Little is known at the Granddeck about young Nelson, and he stubbornly refuses to make any statement about himself. He was employed only a few days ago by Rufus Gaston as caretaker for his apartment. As Mr. Gaston is absent from the city it cannot be learned how he happened to give Nelson employment. The police believe he may have obtained the position through false references in order to gain an opportunity to loot the apartments in the building.

Superintendent Wick had ascertained that Nelson was once employed by a shipping firm in the Wall street district but had been discreditably discharged. His former employer confirmed this, but would say nothing about Nelson beyond stating that he had been discharged for cause.

Although Nelson was not over well supplied with money he had been seen recently ordering elaborate meals in some of the most expensive restaurants. Miss Nellie Kelly, the telephone girl at the Granddeck, reported that only the night before Nelson had taken her to dinner, ordering champagne and hiring taxicabs, and had tried to pump her about the tenants in the building.

The one fact that stuck out in the whole article that seemed of vast importance to me was the fact that Wick had informed the police that I had been discreditably discharged from my last place of employment. How did he know that? Certainly I had not told him. I had told no one of the occurrence except Barbara Bradford, and I was sure she had not revealed it to anyone.

It was indubitable proof to me that Wick, or someone with whom he was conniving, had been having me shadowed. Even my great-uncle Rufus did not know where my place of employment was. Evidently the plot to discredit me had begun the day I arrived at the Granddeck. I had been discharged on account of some mysterious note my employer had received. I began now to believe that Wick must have had me followed to my place of business and to have sent that note for the express purpose of bringing about my discharge. But why? That was the puzzle.

As I pondered over it I decided that my chance meeting with Barbara Bradford in the park had upset the plans of a blackmailing band, and that they were avenging themselves on me for my unwitting part. I was certain that Wick and Lefty Moore's wife were in connivance with them, and that the gang possibly included Claire Bradford's ex-husband. Wick had a passkey that enabled him to enter the Lutan apartment. Undoubtedly he could also enter mine as well. But Wick could have nothing to do with the planting of the revolver in my rooms. I was positive about that. He had not been out of my sight for a single moment from the time that we had discovered the body. The only way that it seemed possible to involve him in that was on the theory of a prearranged plot to make me appear the murderer. Was it possible that Claire Bradford had participated in this? I knew she had been in my rooms after the murder. It must have been she who put the revolver there.

One of the detectives who had arrested me appeared at my cell door.

"Come along," he commanded gruffly.

As I came out I was again shackled and led to the patrol wagon that was waiting. I had supposed that I was being taken to court to be arraigned, but such was not the case. I found myself at police headquarters, where both my photograph and my fingerprints were taken. I refrained from giving any information about myself, beyond giving my name and age, being careful to have my name recorded as John S. Nelson. Out in my home town everybody for years had known me by my middle name "Spaulding," and I was hopeful that they might fail to identify me if they read anything about me.

When everything that might serve to identify me had been recorded, I was taken into a large room where perhaps half a hundred men were assembled, most of them wearing masks. I looked about with curiosity. I had read of this ceremony. I was being "lined up" before the members of the city's detective force to see if any of them could identify me and to give them an opportunity to familiarize themselves with my features in case it should ever be necessary to arrest me again.

"Never saw him before," I heard one of them say. "Guess he must be a western crook."

"He's no amateur," said another. "That job up at the Granddeck was done by a professional."

Many slighting comments were made, too, on my personal appearance. I learned for the first time that I had a "bad ear," and that my eyes were shifty. The only emotion these comments aroused in me was a feeling of pity, not for myself but for all poor unfortunates who fall afoul of the law. Even though a man is presumed to be innocent until he has been convicted I had observed that since the first moment of my arrest everybody had taken it for granted that I must be guilty and had treated me with little respect or consideration.

From headquarters I was taken to the police court and without further delay brought before a magistrate.

"John S. Nelson, arrested for the murder of Daisy Lutan," said the detective.

"Have you counsel?" asked the magistrate.

"No," I replied.

"I will assign Mr. Myers as the prisoner's counsel," he announced.

A young chap, evidently just out of law school, stepped forward, and drew me a little to one side.

"Plead 'Not guilty,'" he directed, "and be careful to say nothing more."

"Of course," I replied. "I'm not guilty. I had nothing to do with it."

I could see by his face that he did not believe me and as I turned again to the court I made up my mind that even if the court had assigned him as my counsel I would tell him nothing.

"How do you plead?" asked the court.

"Not guilty," I replied.

"Remanded without bail for further examination until Thursday morning," snapped the court, and I was led back into an anteroom, Mr. Myers and the detective accompanying me. The latter there surrendered me to some official, presumably a prison keeper.

"Looks pretty bad for you," said Myers, as we were left alone for consultation.

"I suppose it does look that way," I laughed.

"No chance to make it self-defense," he went on, plainly amazed at my manner. "No jury'd ever stand for a burglar shooting in self-defense."

"No," I admitted, "I suppose they wouldn't. Fortunately I'm no burglar."

"If we could make out it was a lovers' quarrel," he suggested.

"If I had ever known Miss Lutan," I admitted, "that might not make a bad defense."

"Look here," he replied indignantly, "young fellow, you are up against it harder than you seem to realize. They've got the goods on you, and it'll be the chair for yours if you're not careful. You've got no chance proving an alibi."

"Why not? I never saw Miss Lutan until I saw her body in her rooms. I never was in her rooms until I went in there with Mr. Wick after we had heard the shot. What's more, I never owned a revolver in my life and never saw the one the detectives found until they pulled it out of my dresser drawer."

Incredulously he listened. I could see that he did not believe a word I was saying.

"You don't look like a dope fiend, either," he observed scathingly.

"Look here," I retorted, "it is bad enough to have the police take it for granted that I am a criminal and a murderer, but when the counsel the court assigns me starts out on the same course, we quit right now. I'll get a lawyer of my own when I need one."

"I'll come around this afternoon and see you again," he said coolly. "A few hours in the Tombs will make you see things differently."

A few minutes later I found myself ensconced in a cell again, still confident of my speedy release, but somewhat puzzled as to what would be my best method of procedure. I was unacquainted with any lawyers; in fact, with any one in the whole city with whom I could consult. My immediate hope lay in my friend, Detective Gorman. There was nothing for me to do but to wait until I heard from him.

Fortunately I had had the forethought when the detectives were arresting me to take from its hiding-place in the bookcase my little hoard



I Stood There Astounded. It Was Not Barbara; It Was Her Sister Claire.

of money. This enabled me to send out of the prison and have a luncheon brought in. Making myself as comfortable as possible, I sat down to wait for Gorman, occupying my mind meanwhile with thinking of Barbara Bradford.

The thing uppermost in my mind was how to prevent her from being in any way involved. She must never know that only by her testimony would I be able to prove an alibi. Should she ever realize this, I knew that her sense of justice would make her come forward and tell the truth, even though it meant the loss of her own reputation and the scandalizing of all her acquaintances. She must not be permitted to talk.

She must not even try to see me while I was in prison.

The one way—the only way—I saw by which I could escape from the law's toils without implicating her was through the speedy rounding up of the band of criminals who I was positive were responsible for Miss Lutan's murder as well as for all our troubles. I was relying on Gorman to do this.

A keeper's voice interrupted my chain of thought.

"You're wanted down in the counsel room," he said. "There is a visitor for you."

"A visitor," I cried excitedly. "Who is it?" I thought of course it must be Gorman come to my rescue.

"It's your sister," he announced.

My sister! A thrill shot through me at his announcement. I knew of course it could not be my sister. Both of them were mere children far away in the West. It must be Barbara. Undoubtedly she had resorted to this ruse to make sure of seeing me while at the same time concealing her own identity.

Overjoyed at her coming, delighted to know that I had read her heart aright and that my confidence in her trust in me was justified, I hastened with the keeper to meet her.

Delighted as I was at her coming, I was formulating in my mind how best to make it clear to her that she must leave at once and that no matter what happened she must keep her lips closed about the events of last night. Under no circumstances would I permit her to sacrifice herself to save me.

In the counsel room a veiled figure awaited me. I sprang forward eagerly toward her. The woman standing there put up one hand in a repelling gesture and then flung back her veil.

I stood there astounded. It was not Barbara. It was her sister Claire.

CHAPTER X.

For a full minute Claire Bradford and I stood there observing each other. Even before a word was spoken I think we both sensed our mutual distrust. As I studied her, I was trying to conjecture what could have been the motive so impelling that she had dared to come even within prison walls to see me. Had Barbara sent her? I doubted it. I was sure that more than likely her visit was to plead with me to keep silent about her part in the tragedy. I was certain she was going to ask me to pledge my word to tell no one of her second visit to the Gaston apartment.

Yet as I studied her weak, beautiful face, so like Barbara's and yet so different, with its sensuous mouth and roving, brilliant eyes, I still was wondering how it was possible for a girl of her refinement and social position to have become enmeshed with such common criminals as the two employees of the Granddeck, Wick and the telephone girl.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit," I asked at length, adding with some sarcasm, "from my sister?"

Never for a second had I imagined that other than a selfish motive could have brought her thither, and the conversation that followed was all the more surprising to me on that account.

"I had to say I was your sister," she answered quickly. "I wanted to be sure of seeing you and I did not wish anyone to recognize me. You know, I believe, who I am?"

"You are Barbara's sister," I replied.

"That's why I came," she cried, "for Barbara's sake. I have come to plead with you for her."

"To plead—with me—for her," I echoed in astonishment.

"Yes," she cried passionately. "She's young. She's little more than a child. She did not realize what she was doing. You must not let anyone know you even know her. You must never, never tell."

"Never tell what?" I answered noncommittally.

She answered with a convulsive sob. I thought for a little that she was going to break down completely. Her manner and the pallor of her face attracted the attention of the keeper who was in the room with us, and he started forward as if expecting her to fall in a faint. Resolutely she pulled herself together and went on in calmer tones.

"Oh, I know all about it. I know that she is completely fascinated by you. I know that she has been meeting you in the park. I know that she has lunched with you at the Astor." She hesitated and her face crimsoned—"I know that she has even visited you in your rooms late at night. Oh, please, please, I beg of you, if there is a spark of manhood in you, do not take advantage of a silly girl's weakness. Please help me protect my little sister's name; promise—you will, won't you?"

"Why should I?" I replied carelessly, repressing my desire to leap at once to Barbara's defense and explain how pure and honorable her conduct had been and how lofty the motive that had governed her actions. Tempted though I was to defend her, I realized that this might be an opportunity to learn something of Claire Bradford's associates, and I determined to make the most of it. How else could she know of all my meetings with Barbara unless she was in league with the persons who had been having me shadowed? How the knowledge that Barbara had been in my apartment could have come to her was a mystery beyond me. I would have sworn that that was a secret sacred to our two selves.

"Listen to me," she commanded, speaking in low tones, "Barbara is my baby sister, innocent of the ways of the world. I must save her from herself, and her heedlessness. Never, never, if I can help it, shall she suffer the agony and shame and disgrace that I have known. Years ago I, just as she is now, became infatuated with a man far below me in the social scale. He, too, was a criminal."

I smiled indignantly at the "he, too," but she paid no attention.

"I ran away from school and married him and learned too late that he had a wife and child already. All my life, ever since, that terrible thing has followed me. It's like a specter ever rising to confront me. Even if I have to kill you, I am going to save my little sister from following in my steps."

"Where is Gaston Maurice now?" I asked. "Have you seen him recently?"

She gasped and shuddered, looking at me incredulously.

"You," she breathed excitedly, "who are you? How do you know his name?"

"Never mind how I know it," I replied. "What I want to know is where is he now? When did you see him last?"

"Not for years—not since long before my father's death—not since the marriage was annulled."

"Nor heard from him," I persisted.

"No, nor heard from him," she hesitated, "unless—"

"Unless what?" I insisted, as she stopped abruptly.

"I can't tell you," she said firmly. "I don't know. They must have come from him, from someone that knew—the letters."

"What letters? Tell me about them."

"I can't tell what I don't know. I haven't the least idea where Gaston Maurice is. I had hoped he was dead in the war. Yet he can't be. I have had anonymous letters threatening me. They must have come from him or from someone whom he told of our marriage? How else could they know?"

Her distress was so real and her manner so convincing that I decided that she must be telling the truth.

"Well," said I, "if you cannot tell me where to find Gaston Maurice there is one thing that you can tell me."

"What is that?"

"Why did you visit my apartment late last night? Why did you put that revolver in my dresser?"

"Revolver," she queried in a puzzled tone, "what revolver?"

"The revolver with which Miss Lutan was killed."

She eyed me in shocked surprise.

"Why do you say this to me? I never saw the revolver."

"You cannot deny that you were in my apartment last night.""

"But the revolver," she protested.



"You Cannot Deny That You Were in My Apartment Last Night."

"What do you mean by that? I know nothing of any revolver."

"Last night, a few minutes after Miss Lutan was murdered," I said sternly, "some man or woman entered my rooms and placed a revolver with one chamber discharged in the dresser in my bedroom. It was evidently placed there for the purpose of throwing suspicion on me, of making me out the murderer. The detectives found it there and arrested me. If you did not enter my apartment to hide the revolver, why then were you there?"

"I knew nothing about the murder," she answered irrelevantly, "until this morning—until I read about it in the papers."

"What about Wick?" I hurled at her. "Didn't Wick tell you?"

"Wick," she repeated in a puzzled way. "Oh, Mr. Wick, the superintendent. No, I have not seen him for several days."

"Did you do nothing yesterday at his direction?"

"How absurd! Of course not."

"Why, then, did you go into my rooms?"

She looked at me with a frightened face, and her manner became more confused.

"I really believe you are trying to implicate me in your crime," she ejaculated. "It's absurd for you to try to question me this way."

"Lady," interrupted the keeper, "you'll have to be going now. Time's up."

"Promise me," she begged hastily in an undertone, as she departed, "whatever you think about me, you'll keep my sister out of it."

"I'll promise nothing, unless you confess everything," I repeated, determined, if I could, to drag her secret from her, even though I, as well as she, was eager to shield Barbara's name.

Claire Bradford's attitude, I must confess, puzzled me greatly. Her denial that she had seen the revolver, or that she had been working in conjunction with Wick seemed to ring true, and I was also inclined to believe her statement that she knew nothing of her former husband's present whereabouts. While I was pondering over her statements, my cell door opened and Gorman was let in.

"Well, young fellow," he said, "this sleuthing business didn't turn out exactly the way we expected it to, did it?"

"You don't think I'm guilty, do you?"

I waited in agony for his answer.

If he failed me, there was no one absolutely no one, to whom I could turn.

"It looks like you were guilty from reading the morning papers," he an-

SIDEWALK IS THEIR MARKET

Where All Sorts of Goods Are Disposed of by New York's "Down and Outs."

At the Bowery approach to the Williamsburg bridge may be witnessed an interesting sight at any hour of the day, says the New York Times. This is the gathering of near down-and-outs disposing of what is left of their wardrobes and who, being poor salesmen, usually take what is offered and not what they expected to get.

The other morning there were four on hand. One had three frayed silk shirts, two pairs of more or less worn trousers and three sets of silk underwear. He asked 50 cents each for the shirts and took $1 for the three. The trousers brought 75 cents the pair, while he had much trouble in disposing of the silk underclothing at 25 cents a garment.

Another had a fur-lined coat which wasn't so very awful looking. He tried his best to get $5 for it and held on for nearly an hour. Finally a motorman came along and, after digging in every crevice of his pockets, produced $4.78. This won the coat.

A ragged fellow had three razors, for which he asked $1 each. A big fellow with wiry whiskers wanted a razor but wasn't willing to pay the price. He offered 45 cents, then 50. He bought for 60.

This "market" is held in the open, on the sidewalk, and the police do not appear to care, for there is never any interference.

GEORGE HAD ANOTHER GUESS

Old Gentleman Had Also Been Doing Some Thinking About the High Cost of Living.

A congressman who is investigating the high cost of living said to a Washington correspondent:

"The h. c. l. is responsible for many vagaries and queer complications.

"A young chap who had got engaged to a girl was talking over the future with her.

"'With prices what they are,' said the girl, 'we must be content, George, dear, with a small flat and one or, at the most, two servants.'

"George coughed.

"'It's my idea,' he said, 'to live with your old man the first couple of years.'

"'But, George—'

"'That's my idea,' he interrupted. 'Think of the money we can save. No rent, no light, no grub bills, no coal.'

"'But—'

"'I insist on this thing,' George interrupted again. 'I tell you, I—'

"Then the door opened softly and the girl's father entered the room.

"'Children,' he said tenderly, 'I have decided that when you get married I'll come and live with you for the rest of my life.'"

Salmon Saved Queen.

The salmon with a ring in its mouth, that figures in the arms of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, which are also those of the ancient see, is said to record a miracle of St. Kentigern, the founder of the see, and the fourth bishop of Glasgow. A certain queen gave a soldier, with whom she had fallen in love, a ring that had been presented to her by her consort; but the king discovered the intrigue, and, having obtained the ring, threw it into the Clyde, and then demanded it of his disloyal lady.

In her alarm she sought help from St. Kentigern, and he, proceeding to the river, forthwith caught a salmon, which, on being opened, was found to have swallowed the all-important jewel. The queen regained the good graces of the king, and lived a better life afterward.

Believed Victims of Indians.

Three skeletons, believed to be those of early American settlers were unearthed at Kennebunkport, Me., by workmen leveling some land near an old fort erected during the war of 1812. Two apparently were victims of Indian massacres or wars. Embedded in the skull of one of the skeletons was an Indian arrow. The tip of the skull of the second was chipped off cleanly, as if done by a tomahawk held in a well-trained hand. The third skeleton was that of a man seven feet tall. It is believed that the bodies were buried in an old cemetery on this spot, and that the graves were covered over by earth thrown up when the fort excavations were being made.

About the Dead Sea.

Swimming in the Dead sea is refreshing sport, but swimmers have to be careful not to get water into their eyes. In a ton of water from the Caspian sea there are 11 pounds of salt, in a ton from the Atlantic ocean there are 31 pounds, from the Mediterranean, 85 pounds; but in a ton of the Dead sea there are 187 pounds. Contrary to a prevailing belief, there are plains on the shores of the Dead sea that are so fertile and well watered that as soon as one crop is harvested another can be planted; but as a whole, the basin is a dreary region.—Youth's Companion.

Girl Studies to Be Blacksmith.

A girl junior at the University of Washington is learning the blacksmith's trade. Jazz is no lure to her, for the anvil chorus fills her ear and she looks forward to owning and operating a forge and a farm of her own. The desire to master blacksmithing arose from her resolve to be a farmer, and as such to know something of machinery. So she studies the fashioning of bolts and bars and the pointing of plowshares.

Happiness in Serenity.

The thing for us all to do is to be serene and happy, no matter whether we are four and twenty or three score and ten. To take disappointment philosophically, as something that can't be cured and therefore to be endured. To be kind and gentle and generous and forgiving—if we shall resolve upon all that, something better than youth will be ours.—Exchange.

MUCH LIKE WESTERN CITY

Tiflis, Capital of New Georgian Republic, by No Means Typical of the East.

Mr. Melville Chater, recording impressions in the National Geographic Magazine, admits that he was surprised when he arrived in Tiflis, capital of the new Georgian republic. He had expected a city more suggestive of the East, as the Western mind pictures it; but the Golovinsky prospekt, the main thoroughfare through the heart of the city, stretched before him, "as handsome a bit of modern metropolitanism as can be found anywhere," and its restaurants, shops, opera, and what used to be the viceregal palace but which now flies the standard of the new nation, suggested at once the French adjective "chic." More than that, this new capital was brilliant with uniforms, Russian, Georgian, Armenian, British, and most picturesque of all, the Caucasian costume, with its broad-shouldered, wash-waisted coat, high, heelless boots, and astrakhan cap. One marveled at the load of weapons that completed it; a sword rattling and clanking with the wearer's martial stride, a brace of pistols, a pair of daggers, and a collection of what looked like enormous fountain pens hung across the Caucasian bosom, but which turned out to be hollow tubes intended to be loaded with powder and shot. One must add stiff mustaches and a close-shaven skull to picture this Georgian in all his glory on the Golovinsky prospekt of his national capital. Clothing for civilians is scarce and expensive in Tiflis, but the cast-off uniforms of military officers are for sale, and many a citizen in need of a new suit had bought himself an old uniform.

ARE RETURNING TO FARMS

Not Many of Uncle Sam's Fighters Have Succumbed to the Lure of the City.

Of America's mighty war forces of more than 4,500,000 men, 1,200,000, it is estimated, came from farms. Records in the bureau of war-risk insurance in Washington indicate that these farm-bred or farm-raised boys carried government life insurance amounting to over $10,000,000,000.

During the earlier demobilization it was so difficult to keep track of the discharged service men that it seemed as though a very large proportion of them did not return to their former addresses or homes. So many of the service men who had come from the farms seemed to be listening to the call of the city that it was feared more than one-half of them were not going back to the farms. Later the tide of migration set in toward the country, and now it is believed that the loss in man power to the farms, as the result of former service men settling elsewhere, may not be more than 500,000.

Dead Towns Awaken.

Dead towns of the West are coming to life as a result of the silver boom. There were towns in Colorado and Nevada and Arizona, which, under the influence of silver in those days after the Civil war, burst into wild, rich life that has no parallel in history.

Clouds of dust are rising along the trails that lead across sagebrush plains. The mining engineer, present-day successor of the prospector and his burro, is astir in the silver country.

They are going back to the old shafts that yielded wealth when silver was above a dollar. With the advance in mining processes in the last four decades the chances of profits are many times multiplied.

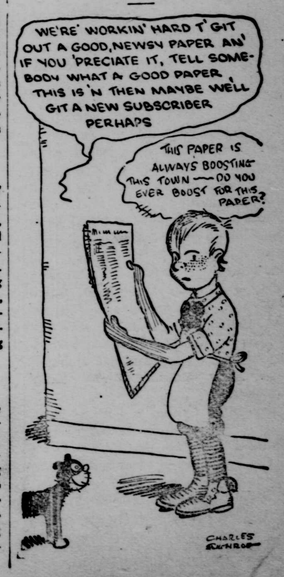
Keeps Windows Free From Frost.

In these days, when Jack Frost is busy drawing pictures on the windows many beautiful works appear over night, but when he completely covers the glass, he is not so welcome. The Russians have a very effective way of preventing the obscuring of the windows by frost. In Russia the walls of the buildings are very thick, and double windows are fitted to the houses, set about 13 inches apart. The window sill between the outer and inner windows is decorated with bright green moss, and hidden there is a dish filled with calcium chloride, which absorbs all the moisture and thus effectually prevents the formation of ice during the long, cold winter.

And Save Shoe Leather.

"Walk a mile before breakfast to get up an appetite," says a doctor. Thanks! Now we know how to keep down an appetite.—Boston Transcript.

MICKIE SAYS



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