Concerning a Battle of the Strong on a Field of Glory and Shame.

By VINGIE E. ROE. He was an odd little scrap of hu-

manity. In his hazy childhood, somewhere on a farm, he had been an enigma to

those who knew him, He was slight and small, and had a shock of soft, light hair that curled. It was that hair that gave him such an air of innocence—that and a pair of eyes whose expression was one of

wistful wonder. Then, too, he had a sensitive, whimsical mouth, and with this combination he was destined to mislead certain of those who were over-trustful. While he was a little shaver he had sloughed the environment of the farm and taken up his abode in the great city. It was born in him, and those who had raised him from the precarious start of an orphan asylum, realizing it sadly, for Billy's eyes had won their love, let

He never went back, and he never heard from the old folks, except once when he was twenty, and the papers advertised for him, with the information that the old man's will had left him \$500. Billy had read that, and his baby-soft eyes had filled with impulsive tears. He wished for a moment that he had stayed with them-they who had not forgotten him in all these

The impulse was only momentary, but somehow he had never wanted to touch that money. It was something outside of his life-clean, standing for something that he remembered, a long way off. It was placed on interest in the bank of the little village, so the papers said, awaiting the sometime coming of the owner.

So he went about his life.

He knew many tricks that were worth money to a certain type; his education had come to him through many and varied channels, and the ways of the world were good to him. He left Chicago and went West.

He had heard of the wonderful opportunities of the frontier, and he de cided that there was the place for the display of his talents, varied and select. He drifted happily into that great region of strenuous living and quick results and kept his health, for he lacked neither defensive ability nor a very quiet courage.

He had proved that before long, one night at Granger City. He was sitting at a table alone, playing solitaire in Black Pete's saloon, when a big man in a blue shirt and chaps strode in-He swung up to the bar and demanded drinks for everybody, and everybody in the house rose to him, except Billy, who always wished afterward that he. too, had risen, for out of the very fact of his sitting still came that which

But Billy, though he knew lots. didn't know the etiquette of a frontier town. So he went on with his game of solitaire—that is, until a prolonged and painful silence warned him to look up.

The bully of the three countles in vited him, as the scum of the earth, to arise and partake, or be converted into a sieve. Whereat Billy's yellowgray eyes flashed, and he made a quiet

He never knew how it happened, only after the rattle of shots he found himself with his smoking gun in his hand, and the spectators were crawling out to look at a huddled heap by

Billy calmly took out his knife and made a little notch on the gun-butt. It was good for effect, but he went out with the biggest ache in his heart that he had ever known

Then he drifted to Granite, and it was there that he conceived his scheme. It came to him suddenly. but he was on the lookout for inspira-

It had to do with the United States mail-stage which rattled into Granite every day at five, or thereabouts. from up at Eagle Pass. Billy noticed the strong box beneath the seat of the driver which was so carefully deposited in the Granite Citizens' bankthe box that came from the mining town above.

Inside of a month Billy was a fullfledged stage-driver from Guich City. up among the mountains, to Dead Horse, down the plains, duly bonded to the government, and carrying gold enough each trip to tempt a saint.

About the middle of the second month came the day when his dreams were to end-and begin-in earnest.

There was a good beginning, for in the first place there were no passengers on the down trip. Billy thanked fate for that. Then, as soon as he swung into White Cap cut out of City, he reached down and hefted the box. His yellow eyes narrowed, for it was dead heavy.

Down at a point he knew about the good horse waited, and his life in the West would soon be a thing of the past. Through the San Jacinto valley, across the border of Mexico, down through the republic to some city on the coast where one might get shipping, and then out into the mysterious chances of the world. Perhaps Spain first-he had always been thrilled with the old tales of Spain, of hot-blooded, courageous men and dark-eyed women with lips like ripe fruit. Billy was dreaming, indeed, the lines lying lax between his fingers, the four horses swinging along in regular rhythm.

It was the word spoken upon every stage line every few weeks among the mountains.

Billy jerked up his reins, and caught his rifle with the other hand.

Ahead in the road stood a man, cov ering him with a gun. He had not ever taken the trouble to mask his face At the right, a little higher up, another man waited, and on ahead in the road a third sat on horseback. It was s formidable layout. Billy saw that in stantly. If one didn't get him the others would.

For a breathless second his quick brain turned the situation on every side. His dreams scattered like wind blown snow. There was not a ghost of a chance. He was as good as gone if he resisted. He started to lay down the ribbons and lift his hands. And just then a very strange thing hap

Across his mind came the terms of his pledge to the government.

According to the lines of his mouth Billy was a creature of whim. Now, he hesitated, and a flood of unaccustomed sensations passed over him. He was responsible for that box. He suddenly remembered what had not big leather chair in front of the fire bothered him before, that he was in and she had her prettiest white dress vested with the majesty of the law. on. The twins climbed up in her A feeling of responsibility fell upon chair, one on each side, and snuggled him, novel in its strangeness, and quick as a thought he had taken his rocked them and sang a sweet, low course. Dropping forward on the box, he caught the lines between his knees, yelled to the horses, and jerked his rifle to his shoulder. The leaders sprang forward.

At the second jump the off leader went down. With the lurch of the bright lines, when suddenly they saw sudden stop, Billy landed in a heap the ashes under the blazing logs bebetween the wheelers. He was on his gin to move about, and out of them knees instantly and firing under Black jumped the funniest, tiniest little man Tom's quivering flank.

The man in the road located him in a second, and dropping to one knee, began searching for him with hot lead. The two others withheld their firelight. fire. They had plenty of time, and evidently expected the leader to do for Billy easily.

But a ramping devil danced in the yellow-gray eyes, and all the blood in the slight body was up. Billy leaned a little lower, bringing his face full in view of the man in the road, aimed coolly among the dancing horses and got his man. The fellow shot to his feet, fired a wild ball, and dropped like

The near wheeler was down, bleed ing from a dozen holes and crying piteously. That sound rent Billy's soul, for he loved a horse. He sprang to his feet as the two other desperadoes closed in.

"Come on, you dirty devils!" he cried, standing in the open between the horses.

As he spoke, a thrill of fire ran up his arm and a red ribbon waved suddenly down his shoulder. But nothing short of death itself could have stopped him now. Give and take, give and take, it was an uneven game of two to one. The man on the horse dismounted and used the horse as a shield, working closer, firing around

Billy threw down his repeating-rifle and fell back on the two guns at his hips. The range was grimly near. He felt no fear, neither pity for the

heap in the road ahead, only a fury that steadled his hand. This was a fine ending to his dreams, but somehow he would not have it otherwise. He was conscious of a weird, fierce joy, as of something he had read about, the joy of men on fields of honor, of heroes dying for

their country. The whimsical mouth quivered even as he fired. But the Fates stood near, as they always do when a strange issue is at The fellow on the hillside, reaching for a revolver in his belt never drew it. Instead, he threw up his empty hand, and whirled rolling

down the rocks. Billy whooped and turned full toward the last.

"Now!" he cried, "now! An even ----

With one hand he loosened the traces of Black Tom, shooting with the other. It was a feat to get the horse unbooked in front, but a very spirit of daring seemed to dominate him. He was hit again in the process but managed to mount. The big wheeler, thoroughly terrified, leaped

ahead. Billy guided him straight at the horse in the road and they cannoned into it with mighty force. It stumbled aside, broke away, and left its rider under Black Tom's feet. The latter threw his empty gun at Billy's head.

The fight was over. There was sudden silence, and no movement. Then Billy turned to the last of the stage robbers, who stood defiantly.

"Get out," he said abruptly, "two's enough. Catch your horse and go."

At half past five that day, the driver of the Dead Horse stage rode into town with the box of gold from the Couger mine across Black Tom's withers, and with blood on his shirt. A hurried party went out to the ledge of the mountain road where it happened, and when they came back there were some strong, quiet words that uplifted Billy's soul.

It was dusk before he wended hi way to the shack he called home, and he was stiff with Doc Morgan's bandages, but the western twilight seemed to cover the world with peace.

He stopped at the door. In his eyes was the smart of suc den tears.

"I'll send for the old man's money, he said softly to himself in the dusk, "and start anew.

"Anew and clean. "By jingo! I'm an honest man." (Copyright.)

# Fire Place Fairy Tales By J. WILLARD BOLTE

THE ANT VILLAGE.

Johnnie and Jessie had just finished their supper and they felt all nice and comfy and just a little teenle bit sleepy. Johnnie and Jessie were twins, almost five years old, and they loved each other very much.

They got down from their chairs at the little white dining-room table that was all their very own, and went into the big living room. Daddy had just built a wood fire in the big fire-place, and the pretty yellow and red and blue flames were leaping and jumping as if they meant to jump

right up the chimney.

Mother Dearest was sitting in the up as close as could be, while she song about the Sandman who coming soon.

A spark caught upon the black bricks at the back of the fireplace and the twins watched the fire wol diers spread out and march in long, in all the world.

The little man jumped clear out of the ashes onto the bricks and began to dance and snap his fingers in the

"I'm the Sandman," he said, "and

and Johnnie said that it looked just like the cow path in the pasture. They were very tired and hot so they sat down to rest in the shade of a large clover leaf. Soon they heard a funny noise and around the corner of the path there came two big black Ants, walking backward and pulling after them a dead caterpillar. The Ants looked as big as horses and the Twins were very much frightened but the Sandman followed them until they came to a large bare hill with lots of

other Ants running about on top of it. The Sandman ran up the hill and popped down a black hole, and the Twins ran right after him as fast as they could. It was nice and cool in there and the hole was a regular tunnel, running deep into the ground. After a while they came to a big round room with white eggs all over the floor, and in one corner of this room they saw the largest Ant they had ever seen in their lives. She had beautiful wings like a bee, and there were several other Ants gathered about her, feeding her with choice foods and stroking her with their long teelers.

"That's the Queen Ant," whispered the Sandman. "She lays all the eggs for the whole tribe and it keeps her so very busy that she hardly ever leaves the house. She is the mother of all these other Ants and they love her very much."

Just then a little Ant began to poke its head out of the end of one of the white eggs nearest to where they



They Saw Two Big Black Ants Walking Backward and Pulling a Dead Cater pillar After Them for Their Winter Storehouse

Mother Dearest says that you can go | stood, and the Twins were much infor a little journey with me tonight, terested in seeing it hatch out, when Do you want to?"

"Of course we do," said the twins. Where are we going?

"I guess I will take you over to see the Ant Village," said the Sandman. "Just put these two caps on your heads and then we will be all ready.

The children put the caps on and suddenly they were no bigger than the Sandman. The fireplaces looked as large as a church door and the Twins were a little bit frightened, but the Sandman looked so nice and friendly that they felt safe. Turning toward the fireplace the Sandman grasped their hands tightly and said, "Now jump high.

They all gave a great jump right up into the smoke of the fire, and it could not burn them at all because of those wonderful caps that they were wearing. The smoke lifted them like feathers in the wind and it whisked them clear up the chimney quick as a When they came to the top wink. they flew down to the ground just like birds and they lighted in a patch of

grass. "My goodness," said Jessie. "This is the biggest grass I ever saw. It is taller than trees."

"That's because you are so little now," said the Sandman. "The grass looks as big to you as it does to the Ants and all the other little bugs. But now we must hurry along to the Ant Village if we are to get back in time

So they started along through the grass and pretty hard walking they found it because the little grains of earth seemed as large as barrels and they had to climb over or around them and go very slowly. After a while they came to a sort of foot path

suddenly there was a terrible crash and the ceiling fell in on top of them. "Some careless man must have stepped on top of the house," said the

Sandman, as soon as they had pushed the fallen earth off from their heads. The Ants came running from all directions and some of them began digging a new tunnel to the surface of the ground, because all of the old ones had caved in and they could not get out. As soon as it was finished every Ant picked up an egg or a young Ant in her mouth and climbed up the tunnel and rushed away through the grass to a safer place. The Twins and the Sandman hurried out after them and watched them marching away like a column of black soldiers.

"Too bad," said the Sandman, "Now they will have to dig a new house and it is so nearly winter that I am afraid they will not have time to get the house finished and bring in enough food to last. They may all starve to death before spring comes again."

"I'm never, never going to step on another Ant hill as long as I live," said Jessie with tears in her eyes.

The Sandman pulled a funny little watch from his pocket and shook it. Then he held it to his ear and finally

"I cannot tell much about the time with this old thing but I guess it is time to go back anyway. So he took them each by the hand and in a jiffy they were back in the

his leather chair with Mother Dearthank the Sandman for the lovely time, he was nowhere to be seen, and they could not find the magic caps anywhere. The fire was nearly out

(Copyright, 1913, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

so they skipped up stairs to bed.

Written and Produced by Tom Mix Popular Actor, Has Part Which Just Suits Him.

Tom Mix has fairly outdone himself "The Way of the in the picture. Red Man," which was written and pro-duced by him. It is full of life and action such as only Tom Mix can introduce. There is wrestling, shoot ing, riding, canoeing, etc., in Tom Mix's own best style. The story is of a red man, a civilized Indian, who takes into his home a wounded gambler, shot while escaping the sheriff. The gambler has no honor and wins



Tom Mix.

the affections of Bounding Fawn, the ed man's pretty squaw. The Indian discovers the gambler's treachery, and throws him, together with Bounding Fawn, out of the cabin.

The years pass. Bounding Fawn is cruelly slain by her drunken lover. The red man goes to the rescue, but arrives too late. He makes a prisoner of the drunken gambler, and ties him to a stake for torture. The closing scene shows vividly the typical Indian revenge, which the red man exacted, the forfeit being the life of the treacherous gambler.

#### Likes Railroad Atmosphere.

While it is the dream of thousands of girls to appear in motion-picture isamas, wear gorgeous gowns and play society dames in general, there s one photoplay star who would rather jump into a pair of tattered overalls and climb into the oily cab of a ocomotive than take part in the most intense society drama ever written. This unusual person is Helen Holmes, the actress whom the railroad men out West have dubbed "The Daughter of the Railroad." Miss Holmes doesn't care what role she portrays-telegraph operator, fireman (or should it be firegirl?), or substitute engineer, so long as it enables her to live in the atmosphere of the railroad. The most revidow. A railroad serial story is being written around Miss Holmes, which will be called "The Hazards of Helen." and will consist of episodes, each complete in itself, showing the hazards encountered by Helen, who is a railroad telegrapher.

## Has Played Many Parts.

In Lee Willard, a handsome chap of ine physique, G. M. Anderson has a valuable and versatile assistant for the western productions. Willard has been cast at different times as a halfbreed and has played "heavy" and character parts in drama and comedies. He is a lover of animals and putdoor sports and seldom misses , day in taking a long horseback ride on his favorite bay mare, always accompanied by a pet collie. Willard enjoys his evenings and Sundays with pretty wife and baby, surrounded by olumes of good books in one of the ungalows at Niles.

## Actress a Glutton for Work

Cleo Madison has recovered from er tired spell and never looked better, which is a wonder when one considers that she has been rescued from fire and water, been swung from a big erane, and, goodness knows what else. The amount of work this energetic lady gets into 12 hours is quite remarkable, but she still refuses to shirk either the labor or any of the rinks.

Carlyle Blackwell Well Supported. Carlyle Blackwell has turned out a good picture in "The Key to Yesterday," and his acting throughout is splendid. He has been well served by his support, too, and Edna Mayo Ollie Kirby, Gypsy Abbott, J. Franris Dillon, William Brunton, and Wildam Sheehan have all done, excellent

## Gives Actress Rare Chance.

Miss Stella Razeto, leading lady of Director E. J. LeSaint's dramatic company, studio, is at work in a special production called "Reparation." tole demands much artistic work of exacting character from Miss Razeto. whose successes in such cases are too well-known to dwell upon.

## PICTURE SURE TO MAKE HIT PEROUISITES OF KINGS

BUSINESS NOT ALLURING TO THE ORDINARY MORTAL.

Being Shot At, and Occasionally Killed is One of the Prices of High Position-Some Others Worth Mentioning.

The heir apparent to the Austrian throne and his wife were shot dead in the street recently. Being shot at and occasionally killed seem to be a perquisite of the king business. The price of place is enormous. The king place being one of the choicest plums. its price is very high. These are some of the items:

To have no wholesome, natural boyhood; always to be watched by lackeys and nurses, and never to be able to go out and play pirate with Huck Finn, to splash in the old swimmin' hole, nor steal strawberries from Jones' patch at midnight.

To grow up in an atmosphere suffocated with convention, to have hundreds of things you don't want, and to be rapped over the knuckles whenever you reach for a thing you do

To be surrounded with alleged friends who you know do not care a hang for you, and who would push you off the roof in a minute if it was not for your father.

Not to have one friend who will slap your face and tell you the truth, but to be surrounded by enemies who smile upon you and are only waiting for an opportunity to slip a knife under your fifth rib.

To have your wife picked out for you by a lot of wizened old diplomats. To be allowed as many light-o'-loves as you please, to be as drunken, cruel. selfish, violent and mean as you will. but to have every honest and generous human feeling vetoed by court and

To have your pride constantly fed,

which renders any man unhappy, To miss all of life's true values, and to become a past master in all that makes life sordid and cheap.

To cease to be a normal, cheerful human being and to become a wooden ladder for men's ambitions.

To have people blame you for their own mistakes, to be the political and economic scapegoat of the nation, and to be cursed and hated by a large section of the population, no matter

To have every man in the machinery of government, every place holder and privilege inheritor, turn against you when you try really to help the people.

To know that every hour of the day and night the poisoner, the bomb thrower, and the plotter are seeking your life.

And in return for this all you get is money, fine clothes, food and drink. and incense burned before your wretched vanity.

Few families in the world have had nore imperial places than the Hapsburgs, and few families have had a more tragic history.—Chicago News.

What Causes Grub Worms. Entomologists or bug hunters of northern Ohio and Indiana have warned farmers against grub worms, saying that a certain species of a bug cent drama in which she appears is that files in the air is distributing its "Grouch, the Engineer," in which she eggs on the ground that are transd into t back to its original form and during that period as a grub worm is when its ravages are the greatest on growing crops, more especially growing corn, which the worm eats when it first starts growing. It is suggested that fall plowing for corn is best and if grubs are noticeable in wheat ground that a greater amount of seed should be sown so that the worms can have a wider range and not destroy the whole crop. It is a fixed fact, as every farmer knows by experience, that during certain years there is an excessive number of this species of grub

> Returns "The Girl in the Case." Illustrating the fact that there is not only honor in a thief but also sympathy for the despairing suitor, "woman in the case" has come back.

and if there is any rule laid down to

avoid their ravages on crops it will be

a great advantage to the farming com-

munity.-Goshen News-Times.

It was the photograph of Ann Lieberman, of New York, girlish sweetheart of S. S. Hahn, of Los Angeles, in the back of the gold watch stolen from him.

Hahn advertised that if the thief returned the picture he could keep the watch. Four hours later, according to the postmark on the letter, the thief mailed the picture with the clip-

ping to Hahn. "I am satisfied," asserted Hahn. "The thief can keep the watch. I've got the picture back. It was the only one I possessed, and I wouldn't lose it for more than the value of the watch. We're going to be married in

January." The Correct Time.

room?" inquired Mrs. Lexington. "No," replied Mrs. Amsterdam, do not need one. I always know how late it is. If my husband comes in noisily from his club I know it is nearly half-past 10 or 11. If he is very amiable and says 'Good night, darling,' it is between 12 and 1. If he takes off his shoes downstairs and creeps into bed without turning on the light it is at least three o'clock."

"Have you no clock in your bed-