

LIMPY STRUCK OIL

By BELLE MATTISON LOWRIE.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)
"Rather gruesome work, I should fancy," observed Mr. Ronald Dare.

"I cannot see how you can ever smile or speak above a whisper with such ominous surroundings," supplemented Miss Eva Dare, sister of the first speaker, with a pretty little shiver of dread.

She drew slightly closer to Brock Wilton as she spoke, and he was pleased with this appeal to his protection—thrilled, too, at the presence of that bright young face and the tender spirit that inspired it with truthfulness and trust.

"Dynamite is harmless as flour when handled judiciously," explained Brock, and went on to tell the visitors of the plant, of its uses and power. When they had departed he cast a lingering look after the graceful young woman who seemed really concerned in his unpleasant environment. Then, sighing deeply as though over the sepulture of a faded hope, he returned to the little stone building of which he had been given charge.

The Vulcan company quarried a form of tungsten and ground it in their great mill for distribution to a large clientele. Brock had studied chemistry and had secured his present position about a year ago. His duty was to keep up the stock and hand it out for use, and to make analyses of the various mill runs.

The position did not pay a very princely salary, but Brock was glad to accept it. He had come from the city, where he was working his way through a medical school, to find his father and mother in a deplorable condition. There had been traces of oil discovered in the district, and his father had caught the speculative fever. Brock found that he had expended all his money and had run deeply in debt to have a well dug on the little barren farm tract. Half the proposed boring work done, the old man's funds had given out, oil findings prospects generally had receded, and Brock had to pitch in to save his father's credit and support the family.

Poorly paid, the plant on a treadmill system with its manager a tyro, Brock felt that it would be hopeless to continue the pleasant friendly ac-



Limp Ted Had "Struck Oil!"

quaintance of Miss Dare, the daughter of a comparatively wealthy man. He sat musing over the situation when there came a messenger from the main office of the plant.

"Mr. Boyd, the manager, wishes to see you," the newcomer informed Brock, who closed and locked the door of the powder house and was soon in the presence of his employer, whom he found pacing the floor of his luxuriously furnished office in rather a distracted way.

"Wilton," spoke the manager in his accustomed sharp and mandatory voice, "do you recall reporting a missing package of dynamite last week?"
"Perfectly," assented Brock. "Some one sneaked into the powder house while I was busy with the men, and I missed a 50-pound package of the explosive an hour later."

"No trace of the thief?"
"None. I cannot see why any one should steal dynamite, certainly none of our men, for they have all they need to use legitimately."

"Do you think this connects with the theft?" suddenly and rather anxiously inquired the manager.
As he spoke he extended a soiled, creased fragment of paper to Brock. Across its face in pencil was scrawled the words:

"I got the dynamite. Look up! I'm going to get evin."

"I found that pushed under the door of my office, first thing this morning," explained Boyd. "What do you think of it?"

"A crank or a sensation monger, I should say," replied Brock. "I would pay no attention to it."

"But I fear that the dynamite and the threat connect," said the manager. "You know some of the employees we have discharged from time to time have been surly, menacing and vicious."

"But nothing ever came of it," submitted Brock. "I will keep this in mind, though, and pursue an investigation."

That afternoon at quitting time, as

homeward-bound Brock was passing a drinking resort, hoots and the sight of a struggling figure attracted his attention.

A ragged, wretched looking man was battling off a swarm of rough tormentors. They had pinned a card to his coat with "Kick me!" scrawled upon it, had thrown the cap of the poor fellow into a watering trough, and had bundled him about until he was half frantic, tearing his thin, threadbare clothing and tripping him over into the mud of the street.

In a flash Brock recognized him as Limpy Ted, a half-witted fellow whose father had been employed at the plant, and had met with a fatal accident in its service. The company had given his widow a niggardly indemnity. When it was used up she demanded that the company give her son work. This they did, but Limpy's erratic spirit could not come under the working system and they were forced to discharge him. After that Limpy hung around the works, the butt of the workmen. Some idle loafers had been baiting him just now.

"You miserable scum!" shrieked the frenzied Limpy. "You don't know what's coming, I'll get even with you and the works, see if I don't!"

"Shame on you, men!" cried Brock, rushing forward and rescuing Limpy from his tormentors. The crowd drew back abashed, for they respected Brock, who soothingly led Limpy away from the scene and arranged his disordered attire, bought him a new cap at the nearest store, and gave him a little change.

His extreme kindness broke down all the resentment in Limpy's nature. His mood had changed and he was sobbing out his gratitude.

"You're a good friend," he said. "I won't hurt you, if I do the rest."

"Hurt nobody, Limpy," advised Brock. "In a day or two I'll try to get you some work. Stay away from the mill and forget all about your wrongs."

"You're a true friend, and I'll try," pledged Limpy brokenly and wandered away.

It was two hours later when Brock and his parents were startled by a vast rumbling of the earth and a frightfully detonating explosion.

"What was that?" gasped Mrs. Wilton in terror.

"Over in the direction of the old oil well—" began her husband, but Brock was out of the house and rushing excitedly in the direction indicated before he could complete the sentence.

Less than three hundred yards of progress accomplished, Brock came across a forlorn, staggering figure. It was Limpy Ted. His face was grimed and one side of it was bleeding.

"Why, Limpy!" exclaimed Brock. "I did it!" croaked Limpy. "You were good to me, so I got rid of the dynamite."

"What dynamite?" questioned the puzzled Brock.

"That I stole from the powder house. I was going to blow up the whole plant with it. But after your kindness to me I was afraid I might hurt you. So I put temptation out of the way by dropping the stuff down that old well. It went off and nearly caught me—"

"Hark!" cried Brock.

A swishing, surging unfamiliar sound struck his hearing. He ran forward to come in sight of the old well. Straight up in the air fully eighty feet a great spreading spray was shooting—Limpy Ted had "struck oil!" The dynamite had completed the work of the drill, and the Wiltons were rich.

So rich that they provided for Limpy Ted comfortably for the rest of his life. Richer than the Dares even, and on a social basis now equal to that of the woman he loved, Brock Wilton did not hesitate to ask Eva to become his wife.

The Crop Situation.

Now that the hints on the husbanding of food have been scattered broadcast, one is reminded of those old days when watchful care was necessary to be exercised to make it go the round of the harvests. In the sixteenth century, for instance, a lean year meant sacrifices for all. A great scarcity of victuals in the seasons of 1562 and 1563 prompted a typical move of the authorities of England. Parliament then stepped in and ordered all persons of whatever degree to thresh their corn and dispose of it at once. Disobedience meant confiscation. Any stack found standing in the middle of July became the property of the government. An act thus put in force held good until succeeding harvests had balanced stocks. In addition, the authorities looked to the welfare of the coming crop. A miscreant who maimed a beast, broke a plow or destroyed growing corn was liable to a death punishment.

His Stock in Trade.

The nervous little man next to the car window sized up the fat man who shared the seat with him and ventured the inquiry:

"How's business?"

"Can't complain," said the other laconically.

"What do you deal in?"

"Mother-in-laws, billy goats, the weather, slit skirts, tramps, stranded actors, candidates, politics and the like."

"Whattyye tryin' to do?" snarled the nervous little man. "Tryin' to kid me?"

"Nope," the fat man grinned. "The things I have named in a large measure comprise my stock in trade. You see, my dear sir, I am a professional writer of jokes and anecdotes."

Youngstown Telegram.

GOING TO MARKET

Automobile Smashes Wagon But the Amateur Driver Comes Out Winner.

By DONALD ALLEN.

There was a whooping and shouting.

"Good lands, but what is that!" exclaimed Aunt Minerva Johnson, as she stood at the kitchen sink washing the breakfast dishes.

"It must be Uncle Joe," replied her niece, Miss Jennie Waldron, as she stood wiping the said dishes.

"Run to the door and see if the barn has fallen on him."

"He's a-fighting wasps," replied the girl as she looked out.

"I told him yesterday not to meddle with their nests, but he's gone and done it. What's he doin' now?"

"Running through the currant bushes."

"And now?"

"He's licked them off with a hat, but he's been stung."

"Serves him right," and she went to the door. "Joseph Johnson, have you been foolin' with them wasps?"

"They pitched into me as I was goin' to harness the hoes," was the reply.

"And have you been stung?"

He came to the steps and showed three great lumps on his face.

"Well, that settles it," wailed the wife, as she turned about and dropped into a chair.

Miss Jennie got some vinegar for Uncle Joe to apply to his stings, and then returned to the aunt.

"I wouldn't feel so bad about it."

"But he was going to drive into the village, and now he can't."

"He can tomorrow."

"But he was goin' to take butter and eggs and taters, and bring back tea, sugar and coffee. We are out of all of 'em."

"But we can get along."

"Drat the pesky luck!" exclaimed the aunt as she flourished the dishcloth. "Me'n you was to go, but I run a tack into my foot and am hobbling around like an old lame hen. Now Joseph has got stung, and can't go, and it seems as if I never wanted a cup of tea so bad in my life. He ought to have his old ears boxed."

"If I could drive a horse—" began Miss Jennie doubtfully.

"Y-es. Say, I believe you could. Old Peter is as gentle as a lamb, and he knows the way to town and back as well as I do. You simply hold the lines and he will go right along. A baby could drive him."

"But if I meet a team on the way?"

"You pull on the right hand line and give half the road."

"And when we get there?"

"Oh, Somers, the storekeeper, will come out and hitch Peter for you and carry in the things. He will also see you started for home all right."

"It looks easy," said Miss Jennie.

"It's easier than making a pie-crust. You've been comin' down here three or four times a year for the last five years, and it's cur's that we never taught you to drive."

"Well, I'll learn now."

"And you'll do fine. I believe this foot will be well by the time I drink two cups of tea."

Uncle Joe harnessed old Peter to the one-horse wagon. What he thought of the venture he didn't say. He knew he should hear more from his wife about those wasps. When things were ready the horse started off at a jog, and after the first mile Miss Jennie had full confidence in herself. In going a mile and a half she met two teams. She was somewhat doubtful whether she should pull on the right or the left line, and so she pulled neither, but let Peter jog along in the middle of the road. The other two travelers hauled out into the ditch and didn't say a word.

Then the amateur driver heard an auto coming up behind. She looked back and saw that it was a young man driving it.

Was it the right line she was to pull in this case?

Or the left?

Or was she to increase Peter's speed, or to stop him dead still?

She didn't remember whether her aunt had told her that an auto was entitled to only half the road or all outdoors and her confusion was heightened by the honking of the horn.

Nothing at all was done on her part, but the autoist thought there was room to pass, and he tried it on. Rip! Smash! Crash!

A hind wheel of the wagon was torn off, and the girl and butter and eggs and potatoes were rolled in the dust. Peter was turned around to face the other way, but at his steady old age he wasn't going to make matters worse.

The autoist stopped his machine within a few feet, and came running back. "It was all my fault, and I'm awfully sorry! Are you at all hurt?"

"Aren't you a very careless young man?" asked Miss Jennie.

"I may be, but I guess I thought you would give me a little more of the road."

"Here is everything spoiled, and I was going to market!"

"But don't say a word. I'll fix it all right."

And the young man took Peter from the shafts and headed him down the road, knowing that he would turn at the right farm. Then he drew the wreck into the ditch, saying: "I'll have the wagon maker come out and get it and make it better than new."

"But I was going to market," persisted the girl.

"You were going to trade those things at the store, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, you get right in the auto. I am going to the village. It's for me to pay cash for what I've destroyed. I am rejoiced that you were not hurt, but I'm willing to pay for the nervous shock I gave you. That is, your father won't have to sue me for damages."

Miss Jennie made no reply. The suddenness of the thing had stunned her, and the young man had a very taking way with him. He was handling the incidents as if the like had occurred twice a day the week through. Should she let him buy the things on the list aunty had made out? No? Then she must return home without the tea, and that was being especially waited for. Yes? He had been very careless.

"She's no country maiden," mused Egbert Chester, as the machine clipped along.

"He's from the city, sure," mused Miss Jennie.

When the village was reached he said: "You can remain here in the auto, because I'm going to take you back where you are stopping. Please give me that list and I'll have Mr. Somers hustle."

"Two pounds of shugar," Mrs. Johnson had started the list with. The young man ordered ten pounds without any "h" in it.

"One-quar' pound of tea" became one pound.

"One pound of Rio coffee" became four pounds of Mocha and Java.

There were other things on the list and they were multiplied by three. When the girl saw the heaping basket she called out in alarm: "Why, Uncle Joe never runs in debt a penny's worth!"

"Oh, they are paid for," laughed the buyer.

"But there's so much."

"I must get even for the nervous shock, you know."

The old horse Peter had jogged his way home as sedately as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Johnson was the first to catch sight of him as he turned into the lane, and she ran to the door and screamed at Uncle Joe, who was digging potatoes:

"Come here! Come on the run!"

"What is it?" he asked as he arrived.

"There is old Peter, but where is Jennie!"

"Why—why, she must have jumped out!" he stammered.

"She's killed stone dead, I tell you, and you are to blame for it. I told you to let them wasps alone. Yes, the dear girl is dead, and we haven't a grain of tea in the house."

They had put Peter in his stall and walked down the highway a quarter of a mile to look for the wreck of the wagon when they espied an auto coming.

"Gosh all fishhooks!" gasped Uncle Joe.

"Do you see her dead body?" was asked by the weeping wife.

"No, but I see her live one."

It was a joyous reunion and what helped to make it so was the part Mr. Chester took. He "took" to the old folks at once—to Peter, to the farm and to the dinner he was invited to, and did stay, too. When he had departed, after boldly saying that he should call again to learn if that "shock" had serious consequences, Aunt Minerva said to her niece:

"Just think of it, Jennie. We run out of tea, sugar and coffee. I step on a tack and can't drive to town. Joseph fools with a lot of wasps and gets all bunged up. You start out to go, and one of your hind wheels is taken off and you meet a feller who buys me a whole pound of tea to once! Don't tell me that Providence don't watch over folks that are good and heap up the measure when sellin' taters!"

And after a minute Uncle Joe added:

"And if I was Jennie, I'd say 'yes' quicker'n scat when he comes to pop the question."

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Real "Davy Sweeting."

"Davy Sweeting," whose real name was James Chesterfield Bradley, one of the famous trio of curates who figure in "Shirley," died recently in Richmond, England, in his ninety-fifth year, according to the London Morning Post. Charlotte Bronte denied that the characters in "Shirley" were literal portraits; but that they were based on existing persons has been proved beyond doubt. The three curates were painted with a vigorous brush, and "Davy Sweeting" alone passed unscathed through the ordeal.

Although not averse to talking about the Brontes, Mr. Bradley never contributed much to the general stock of knowledge about them. He spoke freely, however, of the high esteem in which the much maligned curates were held, and of the conscientious manner in which they discharged their duties.

He passed a long and happy time among his people at Sutton-under-Brailles, and passed the years of his retirement in serene contentment at Richmond, in Surrey.

Impressionable.

First Yegg—Handsome Hal has broken away from many a copper, but they've landed him at last.

Second Yegg—Overpowered him, eh?

First Yegg—Not exactly. The department sent a handsome policewoman after him and he couldn't resist her.—Judge.

Trim Visiting Dress of Panne Velvet



NOT startlingly new in style, but delightfully effective, this trim adaptation of panne velvet shows an adaptation of modes to material that commends it to the woman of taste. The use of the new fur-cloths, lightweight plushes and long-napped panne velvets in entire dresses is an innovation which furnishes novelty enough for those who value it above all else.

The bodice and sleeves of the model appear to be cut in one, although the sleeves are long and close fitting about the forearm. They taper to the wrist and extend in a rounded point over the hands. A ruffle of the material, doubled, finishes the edges of the bodice at the front and across the back. In many dresses of napped or pile fabrics narrow borders of fur are used for finishing edges.

The upper part of the skirt is set on to the bodice, overlapping the front and extending up in a square tab at

the left side. At the bottom this upper part of the skirt is hemmed in a wide hem. The lower part is cut separately and set on under the hem. This makes a one-piece garment with the effect of a short tunic, and shapes the skirt prettily to the figure.

The very wide, crushed girdle is made of the same material as the dress and tacked about it below the waist line. It fastens in with the bodice at the left side.

A double ruffle of platted lace fills in the neck, and frills of the same finish the sleeves.

The gown is in taupe color, worn with patent leather shoes having tan cloth tops, and a black velvet turban. A long ornamental bar pin is fastened below the bosom.

For materials, the body of plush and velvet, simple and trim lines, should be exacted of the modiste.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

For Motoring in Crisp Weather



STIMULATED by that special inspiration which seems to come to the help of the designer of trousseaus, the maker of the motor bonnet and coat pictured here has distinguished himself. All brides, and other fair ladies, who elect to go a-motoring in crisp weather, will only need to copy this cold-weather outfit to assure themselves of comfort. One need not look twice to see how very attractive it is.

The heavy, enveloping coat of sibiline is cut on rather straight lines, flaring enough to be roomy and ample. The straight sleeves are large enough to be easily slipped on, and finished with turnback cuffs and a huge oblong bone button. The wide, square collar is arranged to button up about the neck and roll over, or to lie flat over the shoulders, according to the desire of the wearer. The coat fastens a little to one side of the front with large bone buttons.

There is a good range of heavy cloths to choose from for coats of this character. It includes boucle cloth,

Ural lamb, chinchilla and fancy mixtures. The ready-made garments embody more style and are cut on simpler lines than has been the rule for several seasons. One cannot expect to get better results in a made-to-order coat than those to be found in the displays of reliable houses showing motor and sports coats.

Heavy cloths, plushes, satin and novelty weaves are used for motor bonnets. Practically all of them have soft puffed crowns. That in the picture is of satin, with warm interlining and thin silk lining. At the front a lined band of uncut velvet is trimmed in points. A frill of platted satin falls like a cap about the face.

The very long chiffon veil is shirred into a cap that veils the satin crown. But there is ample length to bring the ends over the face, around the neck, and to tie them in front, so affording ample protection.

Braid and button ornaments make just the right finish for this exceptionally fine motor bonnet.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.