

**Dealing with Elementals**

By G. W. MASTERS

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"Business is mighty slow, Professor Nahum," said Madame Ida, the medium, to the latest satellite whom she had picked up in the course of her journeys up and down the length and breadth of the land.

"It might be better," admitted the professor, gloomily.

Madame Ida, driven out of Iowa, and at her wits' end, had considered herself fortunate in securing the services of the starving young man who had agreed to work for her on the basis of a division of the receipts instead of on salary. They had had quite a successful tour in Ohio, stopping for a day and a night at the little country villages, where the gullible are just as numerous as they ever were in spite of education.

"Queer business, ain't it, professor?" soliloquized Madame Ida. "But Lord, all business is a graft. It's respectable, and it don't do no harm and does do a lot of good, that's what I say. At least, it makes some folks think they're seeing the spirits of their beloved dead, and even if they ain't sure that it's true it helps. That's what I say—it helps. Never had no folks of your own, did you, professor?"

"Not since I was a boy," answered the professor gloomily.

"Well, listen now," said Madame Ida. "There's a rich old guy in this place that's crazy on spirits. I got a line on him and I've sent him an advertisement of tonight's meeting. He



"It's Faith That Counts, You Know."

ought to be good for fifty if we can work him right. Had a son who run away and was wild, or something of the sort, and he's got the idea that he's in the summerland and thinks he didn't treat him square. Work the game for all it's worth tonight, professor."

"Sure," answered the professor.

"Karpen is his name—Henry Karpen, and he's got a mint of money. We might manage to stay over a few days, and perhaps give him private sittings. Shrewd old fellow he is, too, they say. In the law. But Lord, that's the kind that we catch the easiest. So work him, professor."

"I will," muttered the professor, rising and going into the cabinet, which was set with the accessories for the seance.

Madame Ida had advertised extensively, not through the newspapers, which was apt to bring down the attentions of the police, but by means of handbills, and by letters addressed to persons whom she had learned, through underground channels, to be spiritually inclined. As a result there was a fairly full house at a dollar apiece, among the audience being old Mr. Karpen. Watching him narrowly out of the corner of her eye, Madame Ida decided that the old lawyer could be "worked" as easily as the rest.

She had instructed the professor not to permit the spirits to approach the old man that night, this being the method adopted to pique and stimulate the curiosity. So while the professor, attired in flowing robes, capered about the assemblage in the dim light for the benefit of most of the audience, eliciting exclamations of awe by his shrewd "fishing" processes, Mr. Karpen saw no spirit of his son.

At last the spectators filed away, but the old man lingered. Presently he was alone with the woman, the medium being presumably entranced within the cabinet.

"Now, Madame Ida," he said, "I came here to see the spirit of my son, and I generally get what I want in this world."

"Ah, Mr. Sharpen—no, the spirit tells me your name is Carp?—thank you, Karpen—you see, it is difficult to get the spirits invariably at the first attempt. Spirits are like human be-

ings. They are just as suspicious as we folks are. They, too, want to be sure that the parties who call on them are the real parties. The astral influence—"

"Would fifty dollars bring up my son's spirit for me?" asked the old man eagerly.

Madame Ida's mouth watered. Fifty dollars! That was just the sum she had longed for. Even a medium is human, and she had seen a spring suit—but why prolong the story? Madame Ida thought that the spirits might be induced to bring up his son—not, of course, for the money, but because of his faith.

"It's faith that counts, you know," she said. "Do you want the sitting at once, Mr. Karpen?"

She pouched the fifty dollars and went into the cabinet.

"Professor, the old fool's stayed to see his son," she said. "Don't be scared to go out to him. I've got the fifty, and he won't try any rough-house business, I guess."

Old Mr. Karpen, seated alone in front of the cabinet, saw a luminous cloud upon the floor, which slowly changed into the form of a spirit. It was a tremulous spirit, for the professor was more ill at ease than he had been in many a day.

"Here is your son, Mr. Karpen," said the medium softly. "Don't touch him. He isn't fully materialized yet, and if you were to lay hands on him the astral influence might project an elemental in his place and snatch him away."

"Father!" whispered the tremulous wraith. "You wanted to see me, father. O how glad I am! You didn't treat me very well when I was in the world of fleshly phenomena—"

"I know I didn't, Percy," answered old Mr. Karpen.

"How is Edith?" inquired the ghost.

"Oh, tolerable," answered the old man. "At least, she was the last time I heard of her. How did you die, Percy?"

"I am not dead," said Percy with a sob. "I have passed over into the summerland, as the result of a blow on the head, delivered—"

"In a saloon, Percy? How often have I warned you—"

"No, father. It was a quarrel in a freight car. I was working my way home to you, to implore your forgiveness, when the brakeman found me and struck me on the forehead. I was stunned by the blow and pitched forward over a bridge on to a jagged rock in the river bed a thousand feet below. When I recovered consciousness I was in summerland. Father, have you cared for Edith?"

"Why, no, Percy," answered the old man. "I told you not to get married until you found a job. I didn't feel called upon to support Edith. But I understand she has a steady job at a dollar a day as a seamstress—"

"Then, listen, father!" cried the ghost passionately. "I swear to you that unless you take Edith into your home and cherish her I will haunt you for the remainder of your days. I will never give you peace. If you love me, cherish my poor wife—"

"I don't know about that, Percy," answered the old man thoughtfully. "I understand that she can take pretty good care of the child—"

"What!" shouted Percy, and for the first time a dreadful suspicion began to show itself in Madame Ida's manner. "Have I a child?"

"A pretty little two-year-old, Percy," said the old man wistfully. "As sweet a little toddler as ever I saw."

"And you have let my wife and child starve on a dollar a day, you infernal scoundrel!" shouted the ghost, throwing off its trappings and striding up to the father. "Father, it is I, Percy, in flesh and blood. I am not a ghost."

The old man rose stiffly out of his chair.

"That's just like you, Percy," he said reproachfully. "You never were strong for veracity. First you tell me you are a spirit and then you say you aren't. Which am I to believe?"

"He is a spirit," cried Madame Ida. "The elementals have got him and built up a framework of flesh and blood about him. I warned you, Mr. Karpen. Your son is in summerland—"

"I tell you I am a human being, you old impostor," shouted Percy, clutching his father by the arm. "Father, surely you know me: Look at me!"

"It does look like you, Percy," admitted his father. "But you know the elementals are clever fellows. How do I know you aren't in summerland and that the elementals are just fooling me?"

"Of course they're fooling you," shouted Madame Ida angrily. "You aren't the first man that has been fooled by an elemental. Why, Queen Victoria once said to me—"

"I'm afraid you are an elemental, Percy," said his father, shaking his head. "And I'm sorry, because if it was really you I'd ask you to forget the past and come home with me, where your wife and baby have been living two years past, and—say, Percy, you infernal chump, if you're ready to quit this foolishness and come home there's a job waiting for you and the calf ready for the butcher."

"You bet your life!" yelled Percy, flinging his arms about his father.

And Madame Ida, looking alternately at the door and at her fifty dollars, realized that she would have to find a new professor before the next seance.

**NOVEL "MOVIE" USES**

Films to Be Employed in Educational Work.

Great Railroad Will Use Them to Show Result of Workman's Carelessness—Hope to Get Scenes Showing War's Horrors.

The New York Central railroad has had a moving picture "play" constructed around the story of a trainman's carelessness which resulted in an accident in which he was injured, and his family left needy. It has been carted around the great system and shown to employees, on whom it made a great impression. Other roads are going to borrow the films and carry the show over their lines, as a means of inculcating the solid principles and lessons of the "safety first" campaign.

It is announced that a series of moving picture shows will be provided at the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco, to illustrate work of the government departments. The department of agriculture has for some time been doing experimental work, looking to the extensive use of moving pictures to educate farmers, chicken raisers, dairymen, and others, in proper methods. The public health service work is especially susceptible to this kind of presentation in the effort to educate the public.

Commercial concerns have been studying the publicity possibilities of the films for a long time, and they are using them in some ways; but their use for pure commercial advertising has not thus far been made very effective. It is in the realm of educational effort that they carry their lesson most effectively.

If somebody has been able, or shall have been able before the war ends, to get some properly impressive films of war scenes, the "movies" will give the world its most striking demonstrations of the desirability of peace and the horrors of war.

**FOUND CHAMPION MEAN MAN**

Walter Long, One of the Best-Known Leading "Heavies," Administrators Rebuke That Must Have Stung.

Walter Long, one of the leading "heavies" with the Rolland and Majestic Mutual organizations, believes that he is the discoverer of the stingiest man in the world.

Long is a powerful swimmer. At the beginning of the summer season he was named as one of the municipal life guards at Ocean park, working on Sundays and holidays when the crowds at the beach were the largest.

A swimmer who went out beyond the breaker line became caught in a rip tide and shouted for help. Long went to his assistance, and, after a hard struggle with the big breakers, succeeded in bringing the near drowning man ashore, where he was revived.

A short time later the rescued man, nattily dressed in his street clothes and wearing a big diamond, appeared and thanked Long for saving his life.

"Here, have a good cigar on me," said the rescued individual as he proffered Long a dime. Long was on his way to purchase a sandwich and had a five-cent piece in his hand.

He accepted the proffered ten cents and returned the nickel with the statement, "Here is your change."

The man whom Long rescued accepted the five cents and then beat a hasty retreat. Long has named the dime to the wall of his dressing room as a memento of the occasion.

**Joke on Comedian.**

"Who ever told you that you could swim?" calmly inquired Manager Thomas Persons of the Selig Jungle-Zoo, picking up a remark dropped by Comedian Sid Smith.

"Well, I may not be so much, but I am open to a proposition," said Smith, who can fall off the breaker-water in his winter clothes and swim to shore in an ocean storm.

These proved fighting words, and the wager was arranged on the spot to the effect that Sid could not swim the Los Angeles river. This is a very ancient joke with natives, but many newcomers "bite." After the money was up the crowd adjourned to the Los Angeles "river," which was just ankle deep at the time. Smith raged up and down the bottoms endeavoring to find a pool sufficiently large to take a few strokes, but failed. His money vanished before the crowd concluded its laughter.

**Too Slow With Lawn Mower.**

Stella Razeto, leading woman of Director E. J. Le Saint's company, is the champion lawn moweress of the Pacific film colony. At least the Selig star claims the title. She managed to do her own extensive lawn in less than a week, but hubby found her in tears at the close of the last day. She found the grass, where she began, had all grown up again.

**Military Scenes Popular.**

George Kleine's six-part subject, "For Napoleon and France," was recently produced at the Boston opera house. The military aspects of the picture are heavy drawing cards.

**Decidedly Pretty Photo-Play.**

"Daylight," "Flying A" release, is a pretty and well acted photo-play, the third of the series following "In the Moonlight" and "In the Firelight."

**WOULD SERVE AS SOLDIERS**

French Women Anxious to Make Every Sacrifice for the Sake of Their Loved Country.

The women of France are not content with merely serving as nurses on the field of battle and attendants on the wounded or dying. They have in their minds the example of Joan of Arc and other heroines of France, and they are confirmed in their aspirations after military service, according to the Journal des Debats (Paris), by the example of the ancient Amazons of Greek mythology. They affirm that the law of three years in France will not produce forces of reserve sufficient to defend the frontier of their well loved country. They have accordingly urged the hands of Colonel Driant, commanding the troops in Paris, send a petition, carrying about a thousand signatures, to President Poincare in which they say:

"The French women who have illuminated our history with so many beautiful examples of self-denial and self-sacrifice do not wish in the present generation to be surpassed by the women of other countries in which the question of female rights is being so earnestly agitated.

"The members of the Red Cross company have already obtained leave to serve in the ambulance corps. But a great number of us, not having the leisure to pass the infirmity examinations, would like to make ourselves useful to their country, and would desire that a law should be passed in parliament giving them this privilege.

"Our dearest hope is to obtain an opportunity of offering to France some part of our youth, and so to co-operate with our brothers in the national defense."—Literary Digest.

**CURIOUS JAPANESE FOWLS**

Among the most wonderful of rare fowls are the Phoenix, the males among which have tails five feet long. It is the custom to keep the birds in houses, the only windows in which are near the roof, and with perches in front of the windows so high that the tail feathers will not drag on the ground. Each day the birds are taken for a walk, while an attendant carefully holds up the tail so that the feathers will not become broken or soiled.

Mounted specimens of the cock and hen of this breed were obtained in Tokio by H. D. Baker, vice consul General to Australia. The tail of the rooster is 11 feet long. The hen is very plain. These cocks are very vain of their beauty.

**London Had Cabs in 1822.**

Carbriolets, one-horse vehicles, from which we get the name cabs, were first introduced into the streets of London in 1822, when twelve were placed in service. In 1831 they had increased to 165, and then the licenses were thrown open. The number in 1862 running in the English metropolis exceeded six thousand. Previous to throwing open the trade, the number of hackney carriages was limited to twelve hundred, when there were few omnibuses. The horse carriages are rapidly being supplanted by taxicabs in the streets of London.

**Device Figures the Interest.**

A Hungarian citizen has invented an instrument which shows instantly the amount of interest due on any given sum for any period at any given rate of interest.

The instrument, which is made in the size and shape of a watch, has a very simple construction, and all that is necessary to operate it is to place the hands in the proper position on the dial and the exact amount of interest in each case is indicated on the face. The instrument is inexpensive and its usefulness is apparent. The inventor has applied for an American patent.

**Somewhat Hard to Do.**

Patsy and Tom were working near where there was a beehive and a bed of onions, when a bee stung Tom on the wrist. Patsy exclaimed: "I always told you when you'd get a sting from a bee to suck it and thin rub in onion juice." After a short time he was lodged on Patsy's neck when he shouted: "Oh, Tom, there's was on me neck. Oh, it's gone down between me shoulders. Begorra, I'm stung!"

"Suck it, Patsy," ordered Tom; "suck, and I'll rub in the onion juice."

**SOME ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH**

Difficult Task Confronts Parent in Unfolding World to Child—Matter for Meditation.

The illusions which youth entertains about the things of the world are at once the most appalling and the most delicate things with which older persons have to do. There is no dodging the fact that the illusions must go. The conscientious mother who has taught her son that to lie is to sin knows quite well that when he grows older he will learn that lies are of two kinds, white and black, and that the time will come when he will have to tell white lies, and, because they are so like the black lies against which his mother admonished, he will find it hard.

And the father who looks upon his daughter's innocence with pride will shudder a little at the thought that time will bring to her some cold examples of the duplicity of mankind. If he is fearful, it is not without reason; for on the parent devolves the duty of guiding the disillusioning process. As this is done well or ill, so will the child's view of life be influenced, a writer in the Indianapolis News remarks. If, for instance, a child reared in a home where kindness is master is suddenly confronted with the spectacle of two drunken men brawling in the street, the child's illusions are treated to an assault altogether beyond its power to combat.

In the course of events, it would naturally learn that men get drunk and fight, but that is a revelation which should come to a mind whose rules of conduct are pretty well established. In this case the parent may well be moved to anguish.

To unfold the world to a child is a matter for meditation and ingenuity, and the parent who leaves it to chance is no less guilty of maltreatment than the parent who wantonly exposes a child to a contagious disease, for the mind of a child is a delicate instrument of surpassing sensitiveness.

**TO ASSIST ROLLER SKATERS**

Steel Attachment With Rubber Tip Secured to Back of Skate Prevents Serious Accidents.

A simple device intended as a boon to roller skaters consists of a steel attachment with a rubber tip secured to the back of the skate and projecting downward to within one-eighth inch of the floor or ground, says Popular Mechanics. This does not interfere in any way with the skating so long as the skate is flat on the surface.

When the Roller Skate Tips Backward the Rubber Tip Comes in Contact With the Floor and Acts as Brake.

face, but the instant the skate tips backward the rubber tip comes in contact with the surface and acts as a brake. It is designed principally to prevent the skate from flying out forward and throwing the skater, but is also useful in preventing the floor from being damaged by the back part of the frame.

**FAULTS OF MANY SWIMMERS**

Most of Energy Which Would Carry Them Along Smoothly, if Applied Rightly, is Wasted.

The trouble with a good many swimmers is that they do not know how to swim. Most of the energy which would carry them along smoothly and rapidly, if properly applied, is wasted in faulty movements.

Time and again I have seen men thrash away madly for a short space, misusing arms and legs, then stop suddenly puffing hard and in distress. To such tyros swimming means a stubborn fight to keep going, and there is no doubt that if they tried to swim for exercise, frequently serious harm might come from it. But can this parody of watermanship be considered swimming? Hardly, according to the present-day standards.

Watch a skilled trudgeon or crawl exponent and note the difference. He will take a graceful dive, strike out unhurried, move along without fuss or flurry, rolling gently from side to side and emerge from the water fresh and invigorated, barely breathing hard.

Rest assured it is not he that will suffer even from daily practice.—Outing.

**For Permanent Peace.**

"I have told you over and over, Tommy, not to fight with that little Jimson boy."

"If you'd let me finish the job just one time, ma, I wouldn't have to fight with him any more."

**THE SANDMAN'S STORY**

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER

**JACK RABBIT HELPS MISTER FOX**

Jack Rabbit was rather worried about Mister Fox with the bone in his throat, although never himself having had such an accident he scarcely appreciated the pain that Mister Fox was suffering. He went to Farmer Wilson's house and tried to get the tongs, but the family were all about, and he saw no way to do it.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, and then he thought, "If I was suffering I really think that Mister Fox would be willing to run considerable risk to help me, and I ought to be willing to do as much for him. If I can only get the people out of the house I could go in and get the tongs."

But how to get the people out of the house he did not know. All at once he said to himself: "I suppose that if they thought they could catch me they would come out, because they would think what a nice stew I would make." And, thinking this, he said to himself: "I will go out where they can see me, make believe I am lame, and then they will try to catch me."

So Jack Rabbit, dragging one leg behind him, as if it had been injured, stepped boldly out into the yard. He had been there only a minute before Mrs. Wilson, looking out of the window, saw him. "Come, children," she called, "and see the rabbit out in the yard. I wish your father was here, for he could shoot it and then we would have a rabbit stew."

"And, look, he is lame," said one of the children. "Perhaps we could catch him. I do not believe he could run very fast." And with that Mrs. Wilson and all the children came running out into the yard. Jack Rabbit, when he saw them coming, started to move away, but, dragging his leg after him, he ran only as fast as needed to keep out of their way, and make them think that in a minute or two they would be able to catch him. But all the time he was running away from the house and Mrs. Wilson and the children were getting farther and farther away from the open door into the kitchen. For ten minutes or so he let them chase him down the dusty road.

"Now," said Jack Rabbit to himself, "it is about time for me to get over being lame," and, with a long jump, he leaped over the ditch at the side of the road, went under the fence, and turning, ran, as fast as a rabbit can run, back toward the house.

"That rabbit got over the lameness mighty quick," said Mrs. Wilson, as she saw Jack taking long jumps back over the field. "I wonder if he was playing a joke on us?" But both she and the children were too tired to hurry on the way back, and when Jack Rabbit got to the house he found he had plenty of time to go in and get the tongs without any danger of getting caught.

And when he got back to Mr. Fox's house, Mr. Fox was, indeed, very glad to see him. The next question was how was Jack Rabbit, who was much smaller than Mr. Fox, going to reach down his throat and get the bone. But Jack Rabbit suggested that if Mr. Fox would lie down on the ground and open his mouth he would be able to see where the bone was and get at it. So Mister Fox went up to the top of the hill and lay down so that when he opened his mouth the sun would shine down his throat, and Jack Rabbit, tongs in hand, got where he could look straight down Mister Fox's throat.

"It certainly looks very sore," said Jack Rabbit, "but I can see the end of the bone, and if you'll only keep still I am sure I can get it." Mister Fox kept as still as he could and Jack Rabbit got hold of the end of the bone in a minute, and with a quick pull it came.

"You are certainly a fine surgeon," said Mister Fox, holding on to his throat. "I think you can hurt your patients just as much as any of them. But I thank you very much, even if you did hurt me, because I know you did it for my good. And that leads me to say that there are very many animals and very many boys and girls who cry about things which are done for their good and which if they were not done would result in much more suffering. There is one little girl that I know that cries every time her hair is combed, but just think what her head would look like when she grew up if her mother never combed it."

"And I know a boy who whines and complains because his mother makes him brush his teeth, but if he didn't do it by and by they would ache all the time and he would really have something to cry about. I will tell you some time about a young fox I knew who got burns on his tail and because it hurt to have them pulled off he let them accumulate until his tail was so heavy that he could not move it and they had to cut his tail off."

"I shall be very glad to hear the story," said Jack Rabbit, "but what are we going to do with these tongs?"

"We will stand them up here on the top of the hill," said Mister Fox, "and perhaps the shovel will get lonesome and come after them."