

# Sign Number Twenty-One

By DORIS ADA MATTESON

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Tom Stibbs was just setting the last of a sixteen-foot poster in place on Sign 21 of the Universal Advertiser Syndicate, when the ladder under him shook. He looked down quickly.

"Hello, there!" he shouted. "What ever are you about?"

A man had come rushing around the corner at a high rate of speed. As he turned it he glanced backward. This caused a stumble. His hat fell off. The next moment he was up the ladder. He was a nimble, quick-acting individual, for like an acrobat he pulled himself up alongside of the bill poster. Then he grabbed the top of the ladder, and gave a shove that sent the ladder flying into the air. Tom Stibbs went heading to the inside edge of the sidewalk, uttered a groan and lapsed into insensibility.

Almost immediately two police officers came dashing around the street corner. They glanced ahead, but the object of their pursuit had vanished.

"Where's he got to?" panted one of the officers.

"Blame me, if I know!" retorted the other. "Must have slipped into some doorway."

"No—aha!" ejaculated his companion and he stopped and picked up the tell-tale hat. Then he glanced up at the sign and the ladder set against it. There the bill poster substitute was industriously plastering the paste brush.

"That'll do, my hearty!" sang out the officer, drawing a weapon. "A clever trick that, but we've got you. Come down and give up your booty and arrange for a good long term, for you've grabbed something worth while this time."

But the man on the ladder had no thought of giving in so readily. He continued to manipulate the brush for a moment or two. Suddenly he whirled about. Bang!—went the brush, directly into the face of one of his captors. Splash!—the contents of the pail deluged the other. Trusting to their momentary discomfiture the thief, for such he was, sprang to



The Fleeing Man Threw Up His Arms. The ground from the ladder and started down the street.

"Halt, or I fire!" rang out from one of the officers.

The speeding fugitive disdained to reply.

The officer did fire. The fleeing man threw up his arms, whirled about and went down like a clod. The officers ran up to the spot where he lay.

"Done for," reported one of them soberly—"shot directly through the heart."

"Where's his plunder?" They searched, but in vain. Then one of them summoned a patrol wagon. A crowd gathered, but dispersed as victim and officers rode away to the station. All the general public knew of the case was the information furnished by the daily prints the next morning. This was to the effect that Barney Flynn, professional thief, had snatched a wallet containing a very valuable document from an old gentleman named Rowland Waldron, had fled with it, was pursued and shot dead, but the wallet not found.

Either Barney Flynn had passed it to some unsuspected and undiscovered accomplice, or had hung it into hiding in some obscure spot along his route.

Two days later there appeared in the newspaper an offer of \$5,000 for the recovery of a blue oblong wallet bearing the initials in gilt, "R. W.," and containing a will signed by Abner Waldron.

Just one week after the shooting of the criminal a young man passed and repassed Sign 21 of the Universal Advertiser Syndicate. Ten times, twenty times in fact all through the long afternoon this individual went over the brief route that Barney Flynn had followed. Always his eyes were on the ground.

This was Adrian Noble, and he had set himself to attempt to win the reward offered for the oblong blue wallet. Noble was not a detective, but an accidental acquaintance with one of the officers who had pursued Flynn had put him in full possession of all the circumstances of the case. So impressed was he with the conviction that in some mysterious manner the thief had secreted his booty between the point of robbery and Sign 21, that he had scoured every hole in the sidewalk, had probed under it, and had peered into areas and past drainage gratings, hoping to find a clue.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haystack!" he sighed rather dejectedly, as for the fiftieth time perhaps, he came to a halt in front of Sign 21.

It was a large framework of smooth boards covering the front of a fifty-foot lot between two brick buildings. It was about twenty feet high.

"I've got an idea!" suddenly exclaimed the young man. "Suppose the thief threw the wallet over the top of the sign into the vacant lot beyond—why not? Ah! a little door. This may be worth investigating."

Way down at one corner end of the big sign, sure enough, a narrow door showed. The poster sheets covering it had been cut so the door would swing inward. Noble pushed it open. He supposed this was a convenience for the owners of the signboard, so they could get behind the sign to repair it or strengthen its supports when necessary. What was his surprise, however, to find steps leading down into the vacant lot, about its middle a wandering tool shed, made over into a quite presentable living structure.

And what the further surprise of the young violinist struggling for a living, to observe neat attractive flower beds in front of the little house, and seated in its doorway a charming young girl, sewing. She looked startled as the young man somewhat embarrassed came towards her, his hat in his hand, an apology for intruding upon his lips.

Naturally Adrian Noble explained to the young lady his mission. She was immediately interested and heard of the case for the first time. She was drawn irresistibly towards her handsome, bright-faced visitor. She even joined him in the search for the blue wallet, but the quest was fruitless.

Gradually Noble learned her strange history. Her father owned the lot. It was valuable, but he had spent all he had in litigating with a claimant. All the time in their humble abode, however, he had kept in possession. Mr. Warren worked in a factory near by. Zella helped by keeping house and sewing for a department store. They had managed to clear the lot between them, but the taxes were behind. Another thousand dollars saved and they could borrow enough to build a store structure and receive a good income from the investment.

After that Adrian Noble forgot all about the blue wallet in becoming a regular visitor to the place. Those two innocent spirits seemed made one for the other and John Warren did not object to their new friend.

One evening Noble arrived at the lot to find the sign in ruins, a severe windstorm had blown it down. The sign owners had given it to Warren for kindling wood and were going to build an entirely new one. Noble assisted in pulling the mass apart and piling up the loose board. Suddenly he uttered a wild cry.

"The blue wallet!" he shouted.

Yes, there it was—pasted under the poster sheet as a hiding place by the dead thief and come to light at last.

And so the reward was raised, giving to John Warren the means of retrieving his adverse fortune, to Adrian Noble enough to marry on and be happy.

## AGES OF VARIOUS LANDS

Many European Countries That Can by No Means Be Considered as Old.

Compared with France and Germany, Switzerland is old. Under Napoleon's patronage the sturdy little Alpine states were united into an independent, but rather loose, federation in 1803. In 1848 a new confederation was formed, modeled on that of the United States, and holding the cantons together in a more strongly centralized federal power. In 1874 a revision of the constitution gave still greater power to the central government. It is interesting to note that at the congress of Vienna the powers of Europe agreed never to violate the neutrality of Switzerland, or to attempt to move troops through the passes of the Swiss alps.

Greece has been an independent kingdom since 1832. Rumania since 1852. Bulgaria since 1885. Montenegro became independent in 1878 and was made a constitutional monarchy in 1905. The Portuguese republic was established in 1910. Turkey's new regime is five years old.

Russia stands, alongside of England, as our rival in point of age. The empire of the Romanoffs has changed but little since the time when Ivan the Terrible, in 1554, threw off the Tartar yoke.

## Whale Frees Companion.

The rescue of a harpooned whale by another is the story brought to Boston by Capt. Louis Lopes of the whaling schooner Whyland. The Whyland was off Cape Hatteras six weeks ago, and a big whale was harpooned by one of her crew.

The men were pulling in the line when another whale came into view, and maneuvered for a position between the harpooned whale and the whaling boat. The second whale bit the connecting rope, Captain Lopes declares, and in a short time had set its companion free.

The harpooned whale went off with the iron sticking in its body and 20 feet of rope trailing and the men were unable to get another shot at either.

## Possible Explanation.

"What do you suppose Shakespeare meant by Cleopatra's 'infinite variety'?" queried the literary boarder.

"The infinite variety of the ancients," replied the bachelor with the absent air, "is believed to have been synonymous with the continuous vaudeville of today."

## Trinity Church on Valuable Ground.

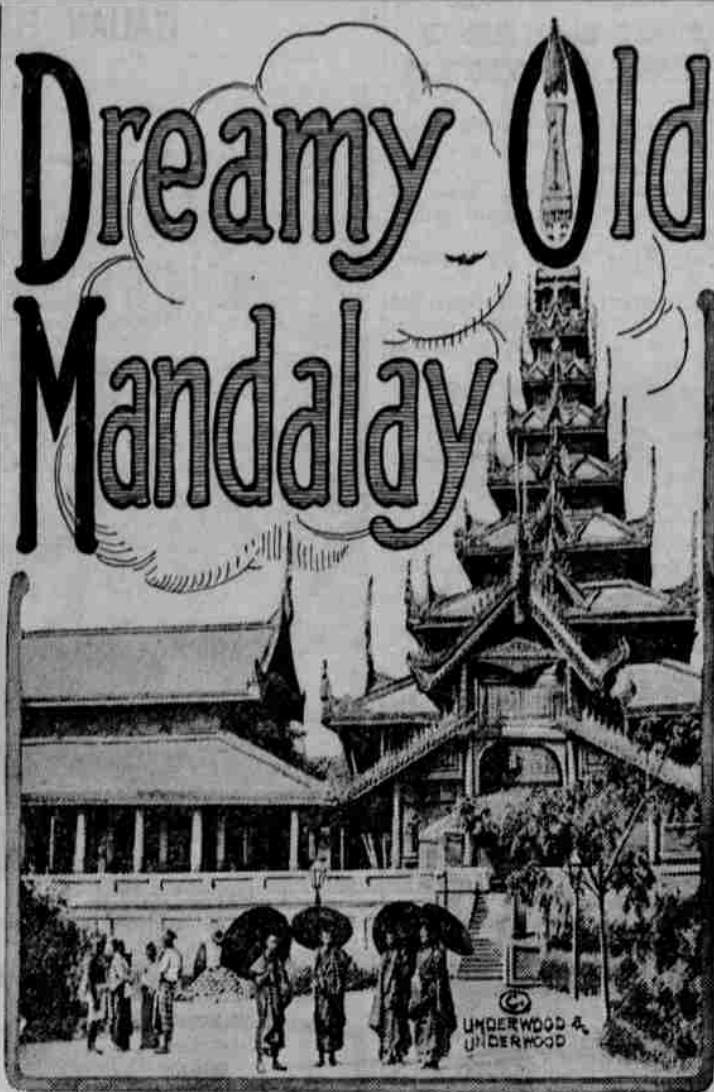
The land at the head of Wall street, New York, on which Trinity church and cemetery stand, comprises a plot 331 feet long by 227 feet broad, valued at 17 million dollars.

## His Favorite Route.

"The doctor told Tomkins he must walk three miles every day."

"Where does he take it?"

"Around a pool table, generally."—Boston Transcript.



AUDIENCE HALL OF ROYAL PALACE

A CERTAIN lady in a big American city was once heard to remark that she had lived for three years in Mandalay. Another in the same room said, with evident surprise:

"Is Mandalay really a place? I thought it was just in a song!"

Mandalay is not only a real city but an extremely interesting one, which no tourist to Oriental lands can afford to miss. It is the bulwark of Buddhism in Burma, and the most truly Burman city that can be found.

A lively American sight-seer can "do" Mandalay in two or three days, but more time could well be employed.

A pleasant trip for the first afternoon is one to the Arakan Pagoda, in a suburb called Shanar. Mandalay deals in superlatives, and in this pagoda is a figure said to be the largest brass image in the world. Except for the gold, it is completely covered with face leaf. Among other curios are queer armed figures and three-headed elephants in steel. These were brought from Arakan at the time of the British occupation, and after a rather varied history finally found a resting place here. In recent years this pagoda has acquired much fame as the temporary repository of the reputed remains of Buddha.

"Mandalay hill" is a morning's excursion and requires an early start. This ascent of over 500 feet is made up of a series of steps flanked with shrines. At the top lives an especially "holy" monk, who supervised the construction of the huge building recently erected to afford a permanent mausoleum for the remains of Buddha. Naturally this spot is held in high reverence by the Buddhist community. The temple which crowns the hill contains a big gold-leaf-covered wooden image, standing with outstretched hand, forefinger pointing towards the door. It has been facetiously suggested that the gesture means, "You go," for while this image was in process of construction there was a current prophecy to the effect that once its completion the British would leave Mandalay and the old line of Burman kings would be restored.

View From Mandalay Hill.

The view from the hill is magnificent. Spread out in panorama lies the whole of Mandalay, with its still-raised houses and spreading trees. Its few church spires and its hundreds of white and gold pagodas, with a background, rise the hills, green, black or purple in the changing light. On the opposite bank of the Irrawaddy river, one can discern on a clear day the Meingoon pagoda, a huge stone structure, reputed to be the largest piece of solid masonry in the world. Near it, but invisible at that distance, is the second largest bell in existence. At certain seasons of the year these places may be visited in a government launch, but at other times, when native sampans are the only means of transit, the trip is not often attempted.

At the foot of the hill is the place where the Buddhist scriptures are enshrined in 450 tiny pagodas, with a table of the law to each one. There is a legend that these sacred books were, in former times, written on palm leaf and carried about in three baskets, one above another, on a man's head. Hence, they were referred to as "The Three Baskets of the Law." Finally, one king realized that some

## MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Little Woman Must Have Been Embarrassed by Error Which Involved Stranger.

Officer O'Connor's attention was first attracted to a trim little woman near his corner a day or two ago, when she ran boldly across the safety zone markers and ducked in front of an approaching street car. O'Connor, who is a traffic policeman, makes it a point to see that the safety zone markers are dead lines, and he started toward the woman. It was his conclusion she needed special instruction in safety zone.

He reached her in time to see her take a firm hold on the coat-tails of a figure turned away from her.

"What's the matter, lady?" the policeman inquired, when he noted the coastal death grip.

"He's my husband, Mr. Policeman, and he won't come home," the woman wailed, facing the policeman, but never releasing his grip.

The man looked around in a surprised manner and in a flustered way denied the accusation of the woman. When she heard the voice she slowly released his coat-tails. A dismal look came into her eyes. "I beg your pardon," she said to the accused man, but her face was turned to the policeman.

The man gathered his coat-tails to himself and walked hurriedly away. O'Connor just grinned to himself.—Indianapolis News.

## Mercury Aids Plants.

A scientific investigator of Europe has discovered a new method of destroying fungus disease and household pests by the use of mercury. In enclosed spaces the mercury is employed in the form of vapor. In other cases it is injected in metallic form directly into the circulating fluids of the plant. The growth of the plant is not only not disturbed, but in most cases actually assisted.

## Happiness in Moderation.

"Look about you for the man who is happiest in his success. You will find him of moderate habit."

# NO PLACE LIKE IT

By CATHARINE GRANMER.

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On a pay day the president of the firm sent for Alfred Reed and informed him that he had been promoted to the position of assistant sales manager at a substantial increase in salary.

It was the day that Alfred long had sought, and worked all the harder because it came not. He felt a deep satisfaction not only because it was the reward of his labors, but because it would enable him to ask Mabel Elliott to marry him. Mabel was a pretty little Auburn-haired stenographer in another department of the office, and although Alfred had paid her much attention and given her good evidence that he cared for her he had felt that he must wait until he had a substantial salary before he asked her to marry him.

At the first opportunity after being told of his promotion, he went over to her desk to ask her to go to dinner and the theater with him the next evening. As he approached, a blase salesman of perhaps forty was just leaving and was saying something quite confidentially in an undertone. Alfred frowned unconsciously, for he knew the man was unfit company for any girl, and to see him talking familiarly to Mabel made Alfred want to take her away where she would be safe from such profligates, as he inwardly termed the man.

"Has that old bloater been ogling you again?" he asked. But as soon as he spoke he realized that he had let a proprietary note get into his voice. Mabel, being young and pretty and Auburn-haired, didn't like the idea of being approached without due procedure according to the usual rules of the game.

"If you're speaking of Mr. Acton, I think you're putting it rather strong, for he certainly knows how to be nice to a girl. And just because I wrote two or three letters for him he wants to take me to dinner at the best hotel in the city." Mabel was childishly frank and only slightly resentful of Alfred's remark. "And maybe I don't like to call into a big dining room with a man who knows just how to do things. It's a real adventure, Alfred, and adventures don't come along every day to red-headed stenographers."

"Mabel, I came here purposely to ask you to go out with me tomorrow evening," said Alfred. "If you'll go, we'll make it as much of an adventure as I know how." And he added a more explicit invitation, which Mabel accepted with only moderate enthusiasm, for there was in her the spirit of daring that made her want to throw off conventions and accept Acton's invitation in spite of its being a sort of unwritten law about the office that stenographers who went out with that type of salesman were running a risk of being unduly classified.

The next evening, when they entered the big hotel dining room, Mabel was a lovely picture in a soft white gown, a black velvet hat set at the correct angle on her gleaming Auburn hair and her eyes almost a match in color for the violets she wore. Alfred tried to make the grand entry as though accustomed to it, but the very effort made success impossible, and he was painfully conscious that Mabel would realize that he was not a man who knew "just how to do things."

In some way, though, they managed to get seated, and while looking over the menu Alfred regained outward composure, though he was unpleasantly conscious of the proximity and veiled scrutiny of the waiter. Conversation lagged somewhat and Mabel cast many an admiring glance at the bare-shouldered, soft-gowned and sleek-coiffured ladies who languidly passed accompanied by men in evening dress. Conversation seemed to lag with many of the couples, too, but the orchestra played loudly from popular light operas and occasionally a high soprano contributed an aria.

"Isn't it lovely?" asked Mabel.

"I'm glad you are enjoying it; but it looks to me like a lot of these regulars are not enjoying it at all. See how bored this couple over here is?" And he indicated with a glance a handsome woman and broad-looking man near by.

"They must live here for that table was held for them, and I saw them in the parlor without hats or wraps when we first came in." Mabel's observation of all these details brought a slight smile from Alfred.

"Well, married people with no home but a hotel are likely to be bored with each other and with everything else, I should think."

"Mercy! I don't see why, I think it's lovely to eat in a hotel where there's music and flowers and no housework to manage and lots of pretty things all about." Mabel's eyes swept the room as she spoke.

"Maybe you don't see why people get bored with it because you don't see the main part of their lives, but only a little of the glitter on the outside."

"They were destined to have a glimpse underneath the glittering surface, though, for the voices of the bored-looking couple near by grew audible. There was a tenseness in the manner of this couple that seemed to extend from them to those near them, and although Alfred and Mabel tried to keep up their little conversation, it in no way interfered with their hearing every word said by their neighbors at that other table.

"Harry Lyons, I'll collapse if this goes on an hour longer." The handsome woman had her hands clenched in her lap.

"You mean you'll have this whole room full of people see you make a dance of yourself, if you're not careful," said the man, with quiet sarcasm.

"What do I care for this room full of people? I'm sick of them and of everything. We've made a complete mess of our lives."

"And who made the mess, I wonder? How many women know they're well off? I dare say most

people who would see you living in this big hotel with nothing to do but dress up and come and go as you please would think you were having things pretty easy, and yet you talk of collapsing. You have had homes, but none of them suited, and now with the finest suite in the best hotel in town you are less contented than ever."

"Well, you have thought of nothing but making money and have left me nothing to do but spend it."

"When we had our first home out in Woodlawn I had to hustle to meet the payments, but it was too quiet and the days were too long for you; then moving from one apartment to another and taking up with a swifter set of people at each move, we're finally landed where we are, with not a single real friend about us just because we haven't been real ourselves. I'd have been glad enough to be at home many a night that we have been gallivanting around."

"Oh, of course, a woman always expects to be blamed when things go wrong; since Adam's time men have been entirely consistent in that one way."

Just at this point an elderly gentleman diner called the head waiter and sent him to the orchestra leader with a message written on a visiting card. A moment later, the singer, responding to an encore, smiled in the direction of the elderly gentleman and in her clear voice began to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

Mabel was fascinated with the fate of the handsome woman who had been quarreling with her husband. At the first few words of the song her eyes had a scared expression, then a faraway, infinitely sad one, and gradually her head sank lower until her chin rested on the roses at her corsage. The man lighted three cigarettes and threw them aside in an incredibly short time. When the singer reached that line about "An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain," the woman's head came up quickly and she looked appealingly at her husband.

Then she attempted to rise, but grew white and swayed, the man just barely managing to catch her as she fell. Many diners rose, but the husband held his wife with one arm and held out the other hand warningly to those about him. Again the senseless extension to all the people near him. Just as the singer concluded the song, the woman raised her head and under seeming to know that anyone but her husband was near, said in a pitifully tired voice, "Our exile is over, Harry; let's go home."

Mabel and Alfred were perhaps the only ones who knew all that she meant. When they were putting on their wraps afterward Alfred saw tears in Mabel's eyes, but neither of them spoke until they reached the sidewalk.

"I've seen enough of glitter tonight; let's not go to the theater," said Mabel. And when they reached her little home in an old-fashioned flat Alfred told of his promotion and secured her promise to help him build a home like which no place would ever be found.

## STUDENTS LAZY, SAYS HIBBEN

Princeton Head Blames Colleges for Making Work Agreeable to Those Who Attend.

The intellectual pampering of college students, according to a theory that the road to knowledge should be smooth and pleasant, was condemned by John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton, at the eighth conference of masters of church schools, at St. Luke's school, Wayne.

"If I were asked to name the greatest defect of the present undergraduate," said President Hibben, "I would say it was his tendency to postpone until tomorrow the task of today. Colleges connive in this by making his work agreeable; the teacher at once helps him over any difficulty. Men in the world must earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, but the student can acquire knowledge quite vicariously, without having to exert himself for it. He should be made to think his way out of difficulties for himself."

## Pictures of War Scenes.

Kinematograph pictures are to be taken at the British front. The war office has, says a London newspaper, decided to follow the example of the French in this respect. It has not yet been decided whether the pictures will be taken by a big private firm or whether the war office will employ its own operators. In the meantime all the recognized film producers have offered their services, and leading managers are being consulted by the authorities. It will be recalled that the war office banned cameras on the British front quite early in the war, notwithstanding that the French officials gave facilities for photographic records of the fighting on their side to be taken. "No camera, if you please," is Sir John French's formula to those seeking permits to visit the lines.

## Some Recompense.

"You've had plenty of rain in your section."

"Yep. Hurt my crops, too."

"Will you lose much money?"

"No; I'll break about even by hauling autos out of mud holes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Ought to Sell.

"At last I have perfected it."

"What is the invention?"

"In case your auto hits anything, this device makes a cloud of smoke for you to get away in. No chance of identification."

## Usual Use.

"Senator Wombat got an appropriation to do some public building."

"And what is he going to do with it?"

"I hear he is using it to repair his fences."

## His Observation.

Bleeker—I see by the papers that an Ohio man has got into a lot of trouble through marrying two women.

Meeker—Huh! Most men get into a lot of trouble by marrying one woman.

# CAP and BELLS



## SUCCESSFUL RUSE OF WOMAN

Mrs. Gadspar Got Benefit of War News by Telling Husband of Love Letters on Back Page.

"Any war news in the paper today?" asked Mrs. Gadspar of Mr. Gadspar, who was deeply absorbed in the morning "Banner."

"Um," was Mr. Gadspar's only reply.

"I saw yesterday where the Turks had lost a large number of men in the bombardment of the Dardanelles."

No response.

"And the allies won a victory over the Germans."

Mr. Gadspar took a swallow of coffee and again disappeared behind the paper.

"I see on the back page," continued Mrs. Gadspar, leaning over the table as if to scan the headlines better, "that the love letters of a beautiful divorcee were read in court."

"Umph! There's nothing new about the war," said Mr. Gadspar, quickly reversing the paper. While he was searching for the love letters of a mythical divorcee Mrs. Gadspar glanced at the front page, which was now turned toward her, and learned from letters a foot high that one of the greatest battles of the war had just been fought.

"Mamma," said small Edgar after glancing over his Sunday school lesson, "I don't believe Solomon was half as rich as they say he was."

"Why not, dear?" queried his mother.

"Cause," replied the youthful student, "it says here, 'And he slept with his fathers.' If he had been so very rich I guess he would have had a bed of his own."

## Juvenile Logic.

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## How It Ended.

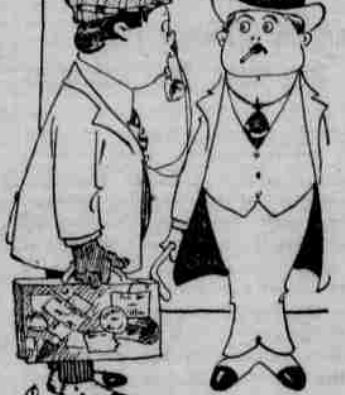
Uncle John—Are you still quarreling with your neighbor because his cat dined on your canary?

His Niece—No, indeed; that's all over long ago.

Uncle John—Well, I'm glad to hear you have buried the hatchet.

His Niece—But I didn't bury the hatchet, Uncle John; I buried his cat.

## A SAD BLOW.



"Yess, my trip to Europe was completely spoiled at the very last, don't you know?"

"How was that?"

"One of the labels came off my suit case and got lost."

## Proof Positive.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"I do," replied the other.

"Don't you know," continued the wise M. D., "that coffee is a slow poison?"

"Yes, very slow," answered the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly eighty-seven years."

## Approached the Wrong Man.

"Sir," said the mendicant, "I have been without work for 18 months."

"You lucky devil!" exclaimed Mr. Flodsworth, who has recently been putting in 15 hours a day on reduced salary. "Allow me to congratulate you."

Then he hastened on.

## One Can Sometimes Tell.

Fond Mother—My dear, I don't believe that young man who called on you last evening is much of a society man.

Pretty Daughter—But he seems to be very intelligent.

Fond Mother—Yes; that's the trouble.

## Literally So.

She—Are the Howlers very high toned people?

He—High toned? I should say they are. When they quarrel you can hear them two blocks away.

## Aids to Oratory.

"Demosthenes put pebbles in his mouth to improve his oratory."

"Well, he had to use the facilities that were available. Cough lozenges hadn't been invented then."

## Locating the Trouble.

"Jobbins is always imagining that there is something wrong with him."

"What do you think it is?"

"His imagination."