

The Straight Tip

By EVANS MACAULAY RANDALL

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"I'm through!"
Roland Dalton looked it. Young, handsome, well dressed, sober, energetic, ambitious—this had been his record "on the Board" for two years, but just now there was in his face an appalling discouragement.

"See here, Jerry," he said to his trader and manager, "there's no need to publish it, but I don't dare to go any further. If I did, it would be on baseless credit and I'll take no chance with other people's money."
"But, sir, we owe nothing, the decks are clear—"

"And I'm going to quit, while they are. You follow orders. Pay off every bill and close up the office. I'll pay you and Miss Blount a month's salary ahead. I'll leave each of you a first-class recommendation to Burtelle & Co., who will be glad of your services. I'm going up into Wisconsin and get as far away from the hubbub and worry as I can for a month. Then I think I'll strike out for the coast and begin all over again."

Loyal Jerry Watson's lips puckered. Marcia Blount, at the typewriter, was white as a sheet. Dalton stole a glance at her and he gulped down a sigh. Shattered business, a shattered, though half-fledged, romance—it was pitiful!

"Close up the office and tell any inquirer that I'm off for a rest," proceeded Dalton, "but pay everybody



"I'm Through!"

and let Dalton & Co. fade away without any sensation."

"But, sir," expostulated Jerry, "things aren't so bad as you think. We're squares. Well, then, how about the big broomcorn consignment?"

Dalton shook his head drearily. "Jerry," he said, "the market's down on that and may stay down."
"But the ten thousand dollar option, sir?"

"I'll lose it rather than take the lot and involve others in loss. No, I'm through, I tell you, for good."

Then Roland Dalton went away, reckless, desperate. Jerry stood looking about him like a lost soul. Miss Blount was crying softly.

"I never thought he'd flunk!" muttered Jerry. "Well, we're through, too. It's a new job for both of us, I'm thinking."

"I will stay and get everybody checked up," volunteered the pretty stenographer. "You're feeling blue, sir. Go home and forget it all."

Jerry was seated in the midst of his family that evening when Miss Blount unexpectedly intruded. She looked excited and exhilarated.

"Mr. Watson," she announced, "two strange things happened at the office after you left."

"Yes?" murmured Jerry, interrogatively.

"The first was a notification that our people at Aberdeen had shipped the entire broomcorn consignment."

"Why?" fairly shouted Jerry, in dire consternation, "a million dollars' worth! No market! Freight charges a small fortune in themselves! A ten-thousand dollar forfeit up!"

"Don't you see," suggested Marcia, eagerly, "they are banking on the good credit of our house. They are not afraid to trust Mr. Dalton."

"But, my dear Miss Blount," exclaimed Jerry, "there is absolutely no demand for the stuff, the quotations are disastrously below the profit point, no one can handle it on our contract price without a disastrous loss, and we simply cannot take it!"

"We must!"

Never had Jerry Watson seen so determined a look on the little lady's face. There was power unutterable in the expression.

"Mr. Watson," she said, resolutely, and there was a tremulous thrill in her voice, "I am not willing that an opportunity should be allowed to pass unregarded, after his extreme kindness to us, that may mean the rehabilitation of Mr. Dalton's business."

"But that is impossible!"

"So I thought until, just after receiving the telegram from the broomcorn people, Ned Prosser came into the office."

"That kid," ejaculated Watson, dubiously. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. You remember I got him his position with Vermilye & Co. He is a grateful little fellow. He always boasted he would do great things for some day. Well, he comes into the office this afternoon, all excitement. 'I've got the straight tip,' he declared. 'Vermilye & Co. are going to run a corner in stock feed and broomcorn. They are going to rush the market up twenty to thirty points delivery day, and hold it there. It's a sure play—any good to you?' Mr.

Watson. It is more than good to us—it is the salvation of our business!"

"Allowing we can depend upon the tip, where is the capital coming from to carry the stuff until settling day?"

"I have thought it all out," responded Marcia. "The Dalton credit is good—isn't the Dalton word a power everywhere? We will go to the bank and borrow sufficient to cover carrying charges. Then—oh! I have blocked it all out. We cannot fail. We will send confidential word to all our clients. We will give them the tip of a corner. We will guarantee ten points profit within thirty days."

"A daring scheme!" fairly gasped Jerry. "And how about the payments to the broomcorn people?"

"Why, that is simple. As we sell to our clients, we will borrow on our bills of lading. That will make us square all the way around. We can certainly place half our consignment for cash. The amount we realize will satisfy our shippers. When the squeeze comes in this market we will release the actual stuff in warehouse to supply the shorts, get the highest price and close out at a big profit."

"It's a dream!" spoke Jerry, musingly—"but it looks tangible. I'm willing. Go ahead with the scheme."

Three weeks later Roland Dalton left his remote solitude, which no gossip or newspaper had invaded. On the train bound for the city he sat spellbound, as his eye scanned the commercial column of the first newspaper he had seen for nearly a month.

It was the graphic story of the broomcorn corner in Chicago. It told of the wonderful coup that had given Dalton & Co. practical control of the market and a profit of a quarter of a million dollars!

Dalton burst into the office two days later. It wore an air of briskness and prosperity. Jerry beamed upon him, Marcia stood fawning, eager, trembling like a child who had assumed a daring initiative and wondered if the result would be punishment or appreciation.

"What have you two been doing here?" challenged Dalton, and then Jerry told, and Dalton added, "Come into my private office until I discipline you."

Out of it Jerry came a few minutes later. His eyes were aglow. He held in his hand a little strip of paper. It was a check for more money than he had ever thought of possessing. He nodded to Marcia, who took her way to the "inquisitorial room."

Roland Dalton poured forth his surging soul to the loyal girl who had saved the house on the point of collapse.

Dalton & Co. were to take in two new partners—herself and Jerry. She was to send to her widowed mother in a distant country town sufficient to make her comfortable for life.

Further:
"I say, they're in there a long time!" murmured Jerry Watson, and then, as the door finally opened and Marcia and Dalton came forth hand in hand, the chuckling old fellow understood that love as well as success had come to the house of Dalton & Co.

Why "Pin Money."

For a long time after pins were invented in the fourteenth century they were used only by the wealthy. It cost so much to manufacture them that the poor and even the middle classes could not afford them. Each pin was made by filing one end of a wire of the proper length to a point, and then twisting a piece of finer wire about the other end. The complete process is said to have involved about thirteen different operations, requiring as many different persons. In 1797 Timothy Harris of England succeeded in making the first solid-headed pin. In 1824 an American named Wright made a great improvement over Harris' method, and in 1831 John I. Howe of New York city invented a machine for making pins as we now have them.

At one period, when pins were expensive luxuries, it was customary to give a young lady a certain amount on her marriage for "pin money." The custom disappeared long ago, but the term "pin money" remains.

Snowsheds a Necessity.

Travelers passing through the Sierra Nevada during the winter are familiar with the peculiar sights that follow a heavy snowfall not accompanied by wind, for they have seen buildings completely buried from view, the only indication of their presence being a mound of snow shaped like the roof. They have seen small buildings with snow perhaps ten feet deep on the roof, and posts with such a big white cap that they looked like giant mushrooms.

At numerous points snow twenty-five feet deep on the level is not uncommon, and a one-story building, buried to the eaves, is a frequent sight. This peculiar condition in the Sierras was the cause for building the snowsheds, which extend 32 miles along the railway tracks between Blue Canyon and the Truckee. Without these sheds the railroad could not be operated, but their cost is enormous.

Unexpected Cigar Smoker.

James Payn tells us that Harriet Martineau smoked cigars! She was told it was good for deafness and tried it. He supplied her with a mild brand, and says he smoked with her often. Yet she would be the last guess, the most unlikely puffer of the weed in the whole category of famous women! One would almost as soon think of Hannah More or Susannah Wesley having an after-dinner cigarette!

Horse Not Really Intelligent.

Horses are generally given credit for a great deal more intelligence than they actually possess. Scientific tests show that in wisdom such as human beings display, horses are hopelessly outclassed by dogs, monkeys, and even by cats. The horse can be taught to do certain things just because he is too stupid to have ideas of his own. Like many human prize pupils, he can learn but cannot think.

Screw Propeller Old Device.

That a patent for a screw-propelled steam vessel had been issued as far back as 1807 recently was discovered in the French patent office.

TWO TEUTONIC CAPITALS



THE SCHWARZENBERGPLATZ, VIENNA.

WHEN Petrograd was a swamp and Berlin was a straggling procession of huts in the midst of a hopelessly melancholy sad waste, Vienna was an age-old defensive outwork of western civilization. Vienna was a village before the Christian era, an outpost of Roman civilization, and within its walls one of the noblest of the Roman emperors died—Marcus Aurelius, in the year 180, and the password which he gave from his deathbed was "Aequanimitas." When Europe, re-adjusted to renewed efforts of civilization after an infusion of Germanic blood, started again with freshened strength upon its destiny, Vienna became the guaranty of its security toward the East, says the National Geographic Society.

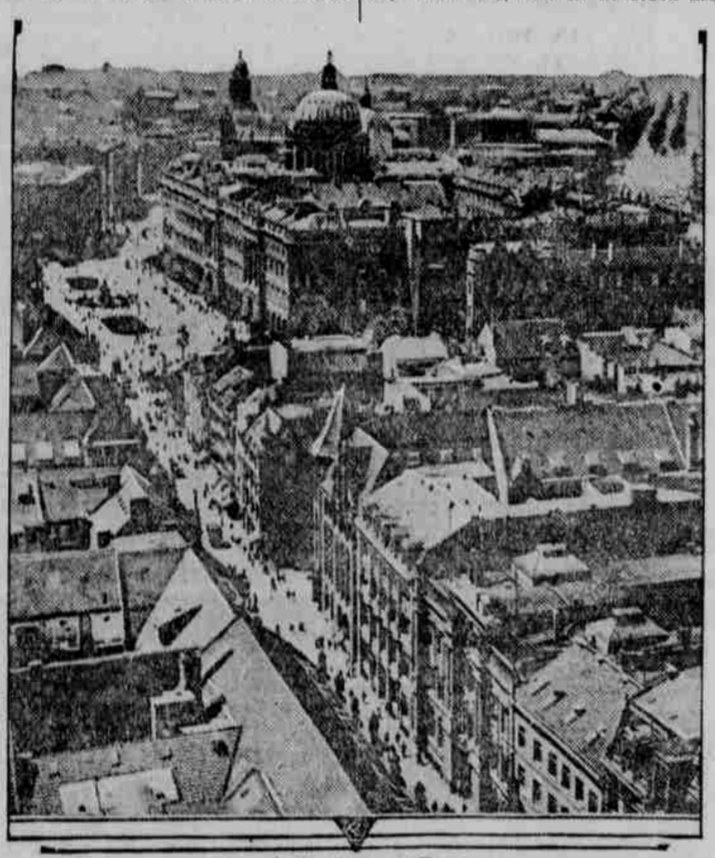
Vienna has its charms of age, of beautiful situation and of a delightful folk-character. It lies some two miles distant from the "Blue Danube," upon the river Wien, which gives the city its name. It is built in two concentric circles; within, the old town, with its public buildings and private residences, still the aristocratic heart of the empire; and without, the residential and manufacturing suburbs. Where the old fortifications once stood now runs one of the most impressive boulevards to be found the world around—the Ringstrasse.

Splendor of the Ringstrasse.

In massive lengths, there stretches around this street such an array of structures as have probably never been equaled upon a single thoroughfare before. There are vistas of unsurpassed architectural splendor along this demarcation of old and new Vienna, and the solid stone and masonry piles are brought into a friendly relief by the broad avenue, handsome

parks and large, airy squares. A city with such avenues as the Ringstrasse must perforce react upon its people, accustomed to daily associations with its chaste beauty, to inspire in them the elegance which is its own.

Among the war capitals of Europe, Vienna, Franz Joseph's Kaiserstadt, the home of pleasure and of the most sorrowful of emperors; product of the East and the West, with the one lissome and dreamy, with the other graceful and sentimental; gray-wise, graceful, light-hearted, brilliant Vienna—according to the wondering reports of the correspondents—is the least inclined to break with gaiety, to sink



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BERLIN

into the heavy lethargy and depression of the stern business of war. The Viennese have spent centuries in practicing under all conditions the arts of happiness. They have learned to mock at overearnestness, at fearfulness, at the serious courting of dreariness in the guise of duty.

Friendliness, sentiment, beauty, grace and music on every hand conspire to make Vienna the "Lotus-flower City" of the earth. "There is only one imperial city," the Viennese say, "and that city is Vienna."

Enjoyment Under Protection.
In this city there is pleasure on every hand, and all ill chance is eliminated by the government. A man may not be robbed by cab drivers, hotels, shopkeepers, or by his servants. He may not walk over railway tracks, and it is illegal for him to block the path of street traffic to his and its detriment; in other words, he is without the law when successfully exposing himself to the dangers of vehicular collision. A jealous system of laws and of police regulations are met at every turn for his protection.

Berlin has a Luna park, brought to the capital on the Spree by an American. The same lavish use of bright paints and brighter lights are found in it that characterize our original Luna parks, but the shoot-the-chutes, the scenic railways and so on have been modified by the police until not even a thrill remains, much less an element of danger.

Under the Linden (Under the Lindens) is the heart of Berlin. It is one of the most impressive avenues in the world; and, only about five-eighths of a mile in length, it is one of the very widest streets to be found in any city (198 feet), and on its sides are

massed two double lines of massive architecture. It is a thoroughly cosmopolitan street, upon which every tongue is spoken and where each human variation may be seen.

Berlin lies upon the languid little Spree, a dull stream in the midst of a flat, melancholy sand waste. Though very new in both its imperial and metropolitan dignities, the city is yet a place of wonderful libraries, museums, art collections and statuary. Its streets, squares, granite buildings and parks are filled with some of the sculptor's and modeler's noblest work. For the most part, these plastic works breathe martial spirit.

What Scandal is.
Of scandal, the New Republic writes: "There are few of us who do not enjoy this sense of really knowing what's what. It extends our experience, and gives us a vicarious importance. If we cannot live great passions, we can at least read about Mme Du Barry's bonjour; if we cannot be smart, we can at least feel that we have an insider's knowledge of the smart set."

New Glass Cutter.
To facilitate the cutting of glass in any desired shape a device has been patented which consists of a base on one side of which is a metal groove that holds a sliding portion to which is attached a straightedge. The straightedge can be adjusted to any angle by loosening the set screw.

The sliding member is made in the shape of a protractor and graduated accordingly. On the straightedge slides a member holding a piece of marking chalk. In use, the straightedge is set at right angles and its sliding member is moved to the desired width. By sliding the straightedge at right angles a chalkline is drawn on the glass.

Kindly Suggestion.
The agricultural department issues a bulletin to the effect that "cucumbers require attention." They sure do. Has the department tried Jamaica ginger?

Disfigurement Explained.
One day an Eldorado man met up with a citizen who evidently had had trouble. His lip was split open and two of his front teeth were missing. His left eye was entirely closed and his right orb of vision was surrounded by a deep border of blue-black color.

"Been fooling around a mule?" cheerfully asked the Eldorado man.

"Nope," gloomily replied the man with the split lip. "I saw a man yesterday and we got to talking about Kansas and other states. He said to me that Kansas is no good; that any man is a fool who will live in this state."

The Eldorado man flared up at once. "The man is a liar."

"Yes," said the disfigured man sadly, "that's what I told him."—Kansas City Star.

Superfluous Advice.
"Perhaps you drink too much coffee?" suggested the doctor. "I should advise you to try a substitute."

"Sir, your advice is superfluous," replied the patient. "I have lived in boarding-houses for twenty-five years."

MOST SILENT CLUB IN WORLD

It is located in London, England, and Called the National Deaf Club.

London boasts possession of the most silent club in the world. It is called the National Deaf Club, and the moving spirit and president is A. J. Wilson, who, despite the handicap of being deaf and dumb, conducts a most successful business in the city. Of course, the National Deaf club is a unique institution. There are no talkative waiters, no electric bells, no large print notices calling upon members to be silent in this or that room.

Nearly two hundred members use the premises, in which they can dine and wine or play cards and billiards whenever they like. Women are admitted and at present form about a third of the roll. Bells being unnecessary, signs are resorted to. Thus when one presses the bell of the hall door a red light appears over the doorway and brings the attendant at once. A similar arrangement notifies the waiter when his services are required.

Those fortunate persons who can speak and hear and who have been privileged to watch a game of billiards declare it is more than a relief to see a contest where neither party voices his grievances as he goes along. There are no criticisms of the table, the balls or the cue. Everything is peaceful and quiet. There are some remarkable men belonging to the National Deaf Club. One, for example, is head of an important railway firm in Syria and has under his control hundreds of men of all nationalities.

Another member has traveled over the world a record number of times, always unaccompanied, and though he has been in many uncivilized lands has always been able to look after himself. Then there are members who earn their own living in various professions. One actually teaches music; another is a nurse. There is an annual banquet for deaf and dumb persons, which is usually presided over by some eminent mute.—Chicago Tribune.

Fun in a Museum.

The idea of a pink rosette being tied on the 50-foot tail of the diplodocus, a giant creature that roamed the western plains a million years ago, is shocking in the extreme to bespectacled men of fathomless minds, although others treat the matter as a huge joke.

The affair occurred recently in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. At the time there were few people in the museum of the institute, and the guard had strolled aside. A party of young women went through. They whispered and giggled and wagers. They looked down and looked back, and no one was in sight. Then one young creature slid a large pink rosette from beneath her motor coat. In a jiffy she tied it on the tail of the big diplodocus. Then they all slipped away, their hearts beating fast.

Discovery shocked the attendants and now every moment some guard in the museum twists his head around suddenly and looks suspiciously at the tail of the diplodocus. In his fancy he sees the same pink rosette that caused all the trouble.

Triumph of a "Masher."

A young man played a mean trick on four modest young women in the theater of a small town in York state recently, records Hide Dudley in the Morning Telegraph. The girls knew the youth, but had snubbed him at the door of the playhouse by refusing to speak to him. He decided to "get even."

The girls occupied the first four seats in the sixth row and the young man had the fifth seat. They paid no attention to him whatever. During the early part of the program a monologist came out on the stage and began to talk about love. It was then that the snubbed young man got his chance to square accounts with the girls. Suddenly the monologist asked, "Will all the girls who are in love please stand up?"

Turning to the girl next to him the young man said: "Please let me out."

Naturally, the whole four had to rise to let him go by. When they were once on their feet the young man settled back in his seat and grinned. The rest of the audience roared in glee.

1,250-Foot Ships in 1930.

At the first international congress of maritime navigation in Philadelphia it was predicted that in 1950 the twenty largest boats on the Atlantic will have an average length of 1,100 feet, with a beam of more than 100 feet, and a draught of nearly forty feet.

A forecast, however, made several years ago for 1923 materialized last year, and it may well be that this forecast for 1950 will find itself an actuality fifteen or twenty years sooner than the time prophesied.

Work being done to better docking facilities all over the world gives a slight indication of what may be expected. The plans for the new locks of Tilbury dock provide for ships of a length of 1,250 feet, a width of 130 feet and a draught of 39 feet. The Suez canal is to be deepened to 39 feet by 1915.

GREATEST CAVERN IN THE WORLD

MAMMOTH CAVE, the largest of all known caverns of the world, is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, about eighty-five miles by railway southwest of Louisville and not far from Green river, into which the cave's subterranean waters empty. This section of Kentucky, where may be found limestone beds frequently reaching a thickness of 500 feet, is noted for its rocky grottoes, sink holes and caverns. The rocks in the vicinity of Mammoth cave give evidence of but little disturbance by the dynamic forces of past ages. It is such areas of limestone deposits, showing comparatively level strata and located somewhat above a drainage level, with small crevices or joints, that furnish the conditions for the formation of underground passageways and enlarged chambers by the chemical agency of underground waters, says the Spanish edition of the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

From a geological viewpoint the Mammoth cave is of comparatively recent origin, its formation having begun something less than 1,000,000 years ago, in the Pliocene age. The cave action began after Green river had cut its channel down into the limestone stratum which underlies this section. The rain water, with its carbonic acid content, seeped through the overlying earth and passing into and through the crevices and joints of the stone, at that time above the level of the river, began the work of solution and erosion. These underground waters naturally gathered along the planes of least resistance, and by the process of solution and subsequent erosion gradually formed what are now the passageways and chambers of the upper levels of the cave. As the crevices grew in size more and

came into what may be termed the antechamber of the cave. At the end of this is a grated iron doorway which can be opened only by the key of the guide.

Wonders of the Cavern.

Passing through the iron doorway, the visitor finds himself in the Rotunda, the first great vaulted room of the cave. The diameter of the entire cavern area is about ten miles, while its known and numbered avenues are in excess of 225, and their added length is estimated at over 130 miles. The various ramifications of the cave are so extensive that the entire area has been divided into four different routes for the benefit of visitors, through which they are taken by the official guides provided by the management of the hotel and cave, each route having its own attractive features. From the Rotunda the Main Cave, or Grand Gallery, is entered. This splendid gallery, whose arched ceiling is 80 feet high, must be traversed to reach any other part of the cavern. In it are found many of the remarkable features. Among them may be mentioned the Giant's Coffin, a rock shaped like an enormous sarcophagus, 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and about 8 feet deep, which has become detached from the wall and ceiling and rests on what appear to be its stone treads. Its weight is estimated at 2,000 tons, and it rivals in size the celebrated blocks of Baalbec in Syria.

By the burning of chemical fires many singular and beautiful effects are produced by the guides in the various rooms and galleries of the cave. One of the beautiful sights is to be found in the Star Chamber, a hall 70 feet wide, 60 high and 500 long. The lofty ceiling is coated with black gypsum, studded with thousands of white



"VIOLET CITY," MAMMOTH CAVE

more of the surface water drained into them through the sink holes, and as Green river cut its bed deeper into the limestone underlay the cave waters kept pace with the process until what has once been mere subterranean rills grew into that remarkable underground stream which is responsible for the immensity of the cave's development, Echo river. This stream now flows through the lowest levels of the cave, no less than 195 feet below the highest level, and empties into Green river.

Entrance Is Picturesque.

The cave is reached by means of a branch railway from a small station on the Louisville & Nashville railroad called Glasgow Junction, about ninety miles south of Louisville. This spur of the railroad was built to accommodate the thousands of tourists who visit this natural wonder during all seasons of the year. Eight and a half miles from the junction the railway stops close to a picturesque old hotel, portions of which were built early in the nineteenth century.

The hotel is located on a bluff directly over the main portion of the cave, the entrance to which is reached by means of a pathway leading down into a wild and rocky ravine in a primeval forest. At the foot of the bluff, in the midst of a picturesque tangle of tulip, maple and butternut trees, in a diamond recess, camellias, chrysantheums and all the delicate floral beauties of a botanist's paradise. One of the great chambers is known as the Temple, having an area of about five acres covered by a single dome of solid rock 120 feet high; another, known as Lucy's dome, is over 300 feet high and 60 feet in diameter.

spots caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia.

Among the many deep abysses perhaps the most interesting is what is called the Bottomless Pit. For many years no one dared to venture to cross this dangerous chasm, but in 1840 a guide threw a long, slender cedar tree across its black depths and discovered a new portion of the cave. Since then a bridge has been constructed over it, and it has been found that the abyss is really only 105 feet deep. One enlargement of the cave is known as Revelers' Hall, and here tables and benches are provided and visitors may enjoy a banquet down in the dark depths in a magnificent banquet hall large enough to seat a thousand people.

Among the many marvels of the cave perhaps none is more beautiful than the magnificent passageway known as Cleveland's avenue, extending a distance of nearly two miles, spanned by an arch of 50 feet and having an average central height of about ten feet. From end to end this avenue is encrusted with the most beautiful formations of a thousand varied shapes. The base of the whole is sulphate lime, some parts of dazzling whiteness and perfectly smooth and in other places crystallized into forms of beautiful flowers, leaves and wreaths. In the flickering light of the torches the walls and ceiling seem to be covered with diamonds, roses, camellias, chrysantheums and all the delicate floral beauties of a botanist's paradise. One of the great chambers is known as the Temple, having an area of about five acres covered by a single dome of solid rock 120 feet high; another, known as Lucy's dome, is over 300 feet high and 60 feet in diameter.

sign of inflammation appeared, and 48 hours later it had healed, there being only a small, healthy scab to mark the place of entrance of the knife.—Cleveland Leader.

Spareribs.
In the domestic department of a newspaper we find a recipe for stuffed spareribs. We didn't read it. Anybody who thinks he can improve spareribs by stuffing them is mentally deranged. Spareribs are perfect in their own right. The idea of putting anything in them to improve their taste is on a level with painting the lily. In every really great food there is a far-away, indefinite taste, as dreamful and divine as the nectar of heaven that the soul sips at. The sparerib has it, and the man or woman who monkeys with that ineffable savor should be sentenced to a diet of hash. A sparerib is in a class by itself, and is endowed by nature with a delight of its own. It cannot be improved. It was created perfect. It is sacrilege to doubt its excellence or to question its pre-eminence.—Ohio State Journal.

IODINE A FINE ANTISEPTIC
Cleveland Writer Tells of Excellent Results Which Followed Its Application in His Case.
A striking illustration of the efficacy of iodine as an antiseptic was had by the editor of this page the other day. A pointed knife which he had used for all sorts of dirty work, such as cleaning out pipes and scraping blots off paper, ran into the fleshy part of the palm of his hand at the base of the thumb. Its point went in almost half an inch. A deep, punctured wound made by a dirty knife is about as dangerous a lesion as it is possible to have.

Sucking the wound, he went to the drugist and asked him to touch it with some iodine. Holding the puncture open, the drugist let a drop of tincture of iodine fall from a cork into the wound. It dried in a minute and he paid no further attention to it, putting no bandage or adhesive plaster over it, and continued using his hand as usual.

The wound gave him no pain; no