

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Huh!

The man was suffering with stomach trouble, and he sought the advice of a doctor.

"You'll have to quit drinking," announced the doctor.

"I can't do that," argued the man.

"Oh, yes you can," replied the doctor.

"Every time you feel a craving for a drink coming on just eat an apple and the craving will disappear."

"But how in Sam Hill is a man going to eat eighty or ninety apples a day?" demanded the man.

Gobs of Gloom!

Oh, pity twilight Mr. Kine!
He certainly looks pained;
He paid a whole dime for a shine,
And then it went and rained.

Here's a Real Sport.

Found.—In orchestra of the Liberty theater last week, a fourteen karat gold link cuff button, with initials E. F. O. If previous owner will communicate I will match him as to who gets both. Box 100, Bronx Home News.—Ad. in Bronx Home News.

Ouch!

This time will not offend, I trust,
For it's part of my war, war,
But when a man is blind it must
Be hard to get up stairs.

Is Joe an Isoman?

Born, to Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett of East Brooklyn, Tuesday night, a five pound boy, weighing nine pounds.—Exchange.

Do It Now!

You'll save a lot
Of time, I say,
If you will wait
That fly today.

Mean Brutal!

"It says here an archaeologist has unearthed a loaf of bread in some ruins in Egypt," said Mrs. Gabb.

"The loaf is said to be 3,000 years old, and it weighs sixty pounds."

"I'll bet some bridle baked it for her husband," growled Mr. Gabb.

Sad!

Said a worried fellow named Hyde,
"I can't dance, maxixe and frog style;
I can dance the waltz, but
The big dip and the trot,
But I can't learn the fall away style!"

Names Is Names.

R. U. Strait is county surveyor of Muskingum county, O.

So Have I, I've!

Dear Luke—Do you know that I've Thru-Lived on Harrison street, Piqua, O.—A Reader.

Firm and Subdued Is Correct.

The bride was dressed in a blue traveling gown of a firm texture, while the bridegroom was dressed in a subdued gray.—Buffalo News.

Things to Worry About.

Wireless waves travel at a speed of 186,000 miles per hour.

Our Daily Special.

Every man has a lot of close friends when he tries to make a touch.

Luke McLuke Says:

One reason why poker is the great American game is because you do not have to wait until the next day and get a newspaper to see whether you won or lost.

Women do not keep up with the news, but they do the best they can. A woman can always tell you on Thursday what was in the papers on Monday.

Some marriages result so happily that the wife judges the husband's true worth by the amount of insurance he carries.

Maybe if a woman would talk less her husband would talk more and she wouldn't have to do so much guessing. It is hard to make some people believe that a falsehood is as onerous as a plain lie.

The flame of love is a grand thing. But it takes a weekly pay envelope to keep the pot boiling after you get married.

The trouble with a lot of the suffragettes is that they carry their platform in their faces.

Why is it that when a man buys a mechanical tumblebug on wheels he thinks he has to wear a leather cap and gloves and a pair of goggles or people wouldn't think he had anything on a Vanderbilt cup winner?

Do not complain because the lad who was graduated from college had to take a \$12 a week job selling groceries. He might have developed into a genius, and then his family would have had to support him.

If the Smithsonian institute ever intends to make a collection of American stuffed idiots it had better get busy now before some of the state legislatures adjourn and the specimens scatter to their native barrens.

If a man's fingers are crooked from hard work he is ashamed of them. But if he got them crooked playing baseball he is mighty proud of them.

What has become of the oldest Odd Fellow who used to die every now and then?

Cheer up! What you consider bad luck would be regarded as good luck by some people.

Even when you find a woman buttoning her shoe with a hairpin she will deny that she ever goes from one extreme to the other.

Ptolemaic Astronomy.

According to the Ptolemaic theory, the earth was the center of the universe and was motionless. The surrounding ethereal region was composed of eleven spheres or strata, which revolved around the earth as a common center. All the celestial bodies moved around the earth. This system lasted from about 300 B. C. to the time of Copernicus.

The Ghost In a Mirror

Conspiracy to Defraud Nipped by Shrewd Lawyer.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Harley & Rogers, attorneys and counselors at law."

So read the sign on the door, but the initiated knew that, in addition to being clever young lawyers, the members of the firm were "private investigators," and to their astuteness was credited the clearing up of many mysteries too delicate for the police to handle.

One rainy April morning a woman stood at the door scanning the sign. She was richly dressed, and down below in the street a handsome limousine waited for her.

"It seems so foolish, yet I must know," she murmured as she turned the knob and entered.

A clerk ushered her into Mr. Harley's private office, where her card had preceded her.

Harley, a bright, clean-cut young man, placed a chair for her.

"You wished to see me, Mrs. Blight?" he asked.

She threw back her veil and revealed a pale, handsome countenance lighted by large gray eyes.

"It is so absurd I hardly know where to begin. Mr. Harley, do you believe in ghosts?"

Harley laughed.

"Before we became amateur detectives Rogers and I didn't believe in the supernatural. Now we do to a certain degree. In our business we have to take everything into consideration, real and unreal."

"I see," she nodded. "Then you won't laugh if I tell you that I have come to ask you to lay a ghost for me?"

"I shall be highly interested. Please tell me about it."

Mrs. Blight began to speak slowly, but as she went on a certain nervousness dominated her utterance, and when she concluded the words fairly tumbled from her lips.

"I am the owner of a house in the West Eighties," she said. "It formerly belonged to my great-aunt, Miss Emily Winn, who died at an advanced age ten years ago."

"By my aunt's will I was left her sole heir, and so I continued to occupy the house until three years ago, when it became unbearable. Since that time I have occasionally leased it, furnished, but invariably it is soon vacated, as no tenant will remain."

"Mr. Harley, the house is haunted!"

"In what way?"

"The mystery all surrounds a certain mirror which used to hang in my aunt's bedroom. It is a beautiful thing of Heppelwhite design and is, of course, very valuable. The glass is

broken and dim with age, but I have not had it replaced. It seemed to be especially associated with Aunt Emily."

"Some tenant removed the mirror from Aunt Emily's room, and now it hangs in the library beside the mantelpiece. Under the mirror is an old gate-legged table on which is a reading lamp, and it has been a favorite spot of mine until I saw it."

"When was that?" asked the attorney.

"Three years ago. It usually appeared in the evening. I would see it as I approached the gate-legged table to read awhile."

"Involuntarily my eyes would seek the mirror, and I shall never forget the first time I saw it. I was ill for days afterward."

"There in the dim mirror was the faded reflection of Aunt Emily's tiny figure in her black gown, white lace fichu and lace cap with lavender ribbons."

"She was leaning on the gold beaded ebony cane she always affected."

"And what happened then?"

"She would slowly shake her head from side to side disapprovingly, and gradually the image would fade away. I stood it as long as I could. I couldn't keep my servants, and finally I couldn't remain myself. So I tried to rent it, with deplorable results. What shall I do, Mr. Harley?"

"Have you ever changed the mirror to another location?"

"Several times, and somehow or other it finds its way back to the library in its accustomed place."

"Did your aunt have any cause to be displeased with you, Mrs. Blight?"

"No, indeed. We were devotedly

fond of each other. She left her property unreservedly to me, recommending me to pension her housekeeper, Jane Pray, and several other faithful servants. This I did generously."

"And were the beneficiaries satisfied with what you gave them?"

"Absolutely so, with the exception of Jane Pray. She declared that my aunt had promised to will the house to her, but I am sure she is wrong, for Aunt Emily paid her well and made many handsome presents to Jane, so that the woman had no right to expect such a valuable legacy as the house itself."

"Hardly," mused the lawyer. "What became of Jane Pray?"

"I do not know. She took the \$2,000



MRS. BLIGHT CAST A SURPRISED LOOK AT THE TALL, ANGULAR WOMAN IN THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE.

I gave her and muttered something about taking boarders."

"Did she make any threats?"

Mrs. Blight flushed.

"Merely that if my poor aunt knew the facts she would turn in her grave."

"H'm!" ejaculated Harley thoughtfully. "Are you staying there now, Mrs. Blight?"

"Yes, but I shall leave tomorrow. I cannot stand it any longer."

"If it is quite convenient to you Mr. Rogers and I will call this evening after dinner."

"Oh, I shall be so glad if you can do something to help me!" she cried impulsively.

"At 7 o'clock, then," smiled Harley as he bowed her out.

When Rogers came in the two men held an animated discussion of the matter and all the rest of the day they dashed in and out with boyish enthusiasm in this most attractive branch of their business.

Promptly at 7 o'clock Harley rang Mrs. Blight's doorbell. To his surprise, she answered it in person.

"I have sent all the servants away for the evening," she explained as she ushered him into the library.

"Good!"

Quietly, Mrs. Blight explained more definitely about the apparition she had seen so many times.

"It may not appear tonight," she said nervously.

"It appeared to your tenants?" he asked quickly.

"Always—until they left."

Harley bustled himself with his thoughts while Mrs. Blight nervously paced the room, occasionally casting a dreaded glance in the dim glass of the ancient Heppelwhite mirror.

Suddenly, she paused and turned a stricken face to him.

"It is here!" she gasped, and before Harley could reach her side she added, "Oh, it has vanished again!"

"It will come back," Harley reassured her as he resumed his seat.

An hour ticked away and then another. It was close on 10 o'clock when Mrs. Blight, who had resumed her pacing to and fro, suddenly put her hand to her heart, and without turning her head away from the mirror, spoke between her motionless lips:

"She is here. Look behind me! Some one must be there, or there would be no reflection."

"Courage!" whispered Harley. "Watch her carefully and tell me what you see in the mirror."

For several moments the woman held her position, staring, fascinated. Into the dimness of the Heppelwhite mirror, "Ah!" she breathed suddenly. "Is there no one behind me, Mr. Harley? Hasn't the door opened and admitted a man?"

"No! But I can see him behind her now. He is tall and thin, and his sharp, black eyes look at me over her head."

"She does not see him. But he means harm to her. His hands have gone out and grasped her arms. She is frightened. Ah! They have vanished! What does it mean?"

Harley smiled and pushed an unlaid cribbage board across the table.

"If you will play a game of cribbage with me, Mrs. Blight, I am sure that within a half hour my partner, Rogers, will be here with a full explanation of your ghost."

While Mrs. Blight smiled and did her best to act the part of a perfect hostess, he could see that her mind was not on the game they were playing. But time must be killed somehow until Rogers arrived.

At last came the expected ring of the doorbell.

"Permit me," said Harley as he left the room.

In a moment he returned, ushering in two men and two women.

"The man I saw in the mirror," exclaimed Mrs. Blight, and then as she saw the woman whose arm one of the men held tightly she screamed:

Miss Blanche Poyson, Largest Policewoman, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition



The Fair "Copette" and the Midgets.

TO Miss Blanche Poyson belongs the honor of being the only real special policewoman in the United States. Her star, bearing the inscription "Special Police, Toyland G. U.," is registered at the city hall in San Francisco. Miss Poyson, who stands six feet four inches without her boots, maintains law and order at "Toyland Grown Up," on the Zone, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Miss Poyson weighs 235 pounds. She is but twenty-four years of age and, despite her official position, is as delightful a young woman as one will meet in a long day of sightseeing on the Zone. She is enthusiastic over her work and keeps watch on the great throngs which visit Toyland day and night. Miss Poyson has presided with wonderful success over crowds of many thousands of persons. The two midgets beside Miss Poyson have taken great fancy to the "copette," and the three have become fast friends during their four hours at Toyland.

Toyland Grown Up, where Miss Poyson reigns, is one of the largest and most costly concessions on the great amusement thoroughfare. It was built at a cost of \$385,000 and covers fourteen acres. All the toys of the story books read by youngsters and grownups are to be seen there in monster proportions, and in this land of romance and enchantment, with its giant toys, the giant policewoman presides with dignity and efficiency.

four anti's former housekeeper."

Mrs. Blight cast a surprised look at the tall, angular, grim looking woman in the detective's grasp.

"But Jane Pray had snow white hair, and this woman's hair is black," she protested.

"Hair dye," tersely explained Rogers.

"When Jane Pray left your employ she disappeared, but she went no farther than the house next door. There, under an assumed name, she has kept a fashionable boarding house."

"Perhaps you did not know that Mrs. Pray had a daughter who is an actress. She is such a charming young woman that I am ashamed to say that she has turned her cleverness to a most trouble use."

Jane Pray's deep voice cut in: "It was my fault. She did it for me."

Harley waved his hand toward the diminutive replica of Miss Emily Winn. In the glare of the electric lights the resemblance was startling, but the makeup was plainly visible. "Miss Amy Pray, character actress," he announced.

"It doesn't seem possible," murmured Mrs. Blight, looking from the two conspirators to the Heppelwhite mirror and back again.

Rogers took up the story.

"It was easy to trace Mrs. Pray, and her motive was plain enough—to scare you into giving her more money or the house."

"This afternoon I was fortunate enough to engage a room at Mrs. Pray's, next door. I found time to nose around a bit and discovered that in the room adjoining this one in her house there was a similar wall of paneled oak."

"In the wall is a sliding panel, and by reaching through a panel behind the mirror can be noiselessly pushed aside. Part of the quicksilver has been removed from the back of the mirror, and any one standing in Mrs. Pray's room may be seen through the glass dimly. The sliding panels were quickly operated. Miss Amy here enacted the part of disappearing Aunt Emily—and there you are, Mrs. Blight."

"And it was you I saw come in and grasp her arm?"

"Yes. Come here and I will show you."

Of course, the "ghost" was laid forever, and Harley & Rogers added another leaf to their laurels.

Mrs. Blight would not prosecute Jane Pray and her clever daughter. She permitted them to go, and they soon vanished from the neighborhood.

But Harley & Rogers were to meet beautiful Amy again in the course of their investigations.

The Heppelwhite mirror, restored to its original beauty, hangs in its office, a true testimonial to the gratitude of Mrs. Blight, who had already expressed herself generously in a check.

Unprincipled Vretch.

"You simply cannot trust anybody!" declared the lady. "My maid, whom I had the utmost confidence in, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last year."—Life.

WHITHER THOU GOEST

By E. HOWELL NEUMANN

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"And thou wilt return to me, my husband?"

"Soul of mine, why dost thou doubt? Lorinka, I go. There remains but the night between me and Sakhalin, the grave of my country. And we be starving, little Madonna, and a man's work is a man's work."

"Why do you tremble so? It is but a little mouse gnawing my boot, a bold little starveling. I will return quickly from America and wait for you in Italy, where the Russian police may not seek me out and the sun always shines."

"And if thou die, my life?"

"I cannot die, beautiful child, without thee."

"And—and some one else—Olga, who goes with thee?"

"Ah, soul of mine, I am thine! My body goes unwillingly, and my soul stays with thee. A body without a soul, I wonder—a body torn by the separation."

"Ah, Lorinka, there is but one thing left to me—the mercy of thy letters—but thou must guard well the contents, for they will watch thee."

"I cannot let thee go."

He wrapped his great shouba with its warmth of sheepskin about her, but the girl still trembled, yet not with the deadly cold.

She was a beautiful girl and nearly as tall as he. Her blue-black hair was in great plaits around her head.

Her wide black eyes, lidded with long lashes and the eyebrows arching delicately above them, were now wild with terror.

She was the bride of a year, and her husband was feeling in the night from the Russian police.

There was a noise outside, the wheels of a cart dragging in the mud, and above it rang clearly the silver tones of the bells of the drosky, which arches from the shaft about the horse's neck.

Lorinka straightened her body till it was rigid in suspense.

Before the narrow door of the little hut drew up a Siberian horse, white and beautiful as the snow it stepped on, with long, flowing tail and mane and the peculiar grace of its species.

A girl stepped down from the loose bay she sat on.

She stood half embarrassed, half smiling, her glance lingering over every feature of Michael's—the straight even brows that were drawn, the shadows beneath the high maxillary bones, glancing down to his neck and shoulders, which were strong like a bull's; seeing even on the floor at his feet the old cap, that he had worn six years when a Cossack, fast freezing to the ground, and a tiny silver cross on his chain on his breast.

Then her lashes dropped as her eyes turned to Lorinka, whose dark head, with its plaits, rested close to where the cross lay.

Lorinka raised her head and nodded to the little woman in the door, who seemed to her as the embodied instrument of fate.

Olga and she had been rivals.

Olga had loved Michael long and would now drive the tarantulas, the rough cart—perhaps walk beside it part of the way, as driving was freeing work, and Michael, living, would pass as the corpse of her brother, which she, poor peasant, was driving to the "hurch"—and perhaps he would be a real corpse when the long, weary ride in the cold should be ended.

Who else but some one who loved him would venture it, risk liberty and help him escape?

Olga would go to America with him, for she dared not return, while Lorinka, his wife, must stay and bide her time.

Under the urge of Lorinka's hands, like a man in some evil dream, he went out to the tarantula and laid himself flat on its boards, while she pulled a black cover over his prostrate figure, placed a bundle of hay beneath his head and two heavy tonnes of ten pounds each of black bread, one up in the corner beside him, with teakettle and glasses and an old worn Bible.

The white horse and the tarantula drew out into the white still night and the vast steppes.

Michael made a little hole in the cover, and his eyes watched the slowly receding hut in the snow field.

He wanted to impress her image in his soul for dark nights in alien lands, and he strained his eyes till his white face and arms, luminous in the door, seemed frozen there and he felt that he, too, was frozen in the watching.

Olga drove into the slumbering village of Alexandrovka with the reins in one hand and crossing herself plausibly with the other.

The police watched her go past, and her eyes were ever on the gold cross of the domed church at the far end of the village.

A day brought them into the city of Haborovka, where the nearly frozen Michael revived, and they took the slow train of the fourth class of the Ussuriski railway, stopping at every little station for hot water for tea, and in seventeen days they reached Odessa and took ship for America.

Always Olga stayed close to Michael with her native little smile, bidding him and waiting with the infinite patience of woman.

And ever Michael turned on her dull eyes, his tall figure never relaxing into ease, his black eyes hollow, as if his soul had indeed stayed back there in the snow and whiteness, close to the soul of Lorinka.

Once he was gay—as the ship sailed into the harbor of New York and the sun flashed its welcome from the towering skyscrapers.

His slow, plodding soul had the new land fixed as refuge, freedom, liberty—the peasant's dream.

Thereafter and for many days he abode as an exile, working on contract down in Mulberry street, making Russian cigarettes for a Greek firm.

He did well and gave a bit of his

earnings to Olga.

He bore himself toward her with a gentle good will, guarding her from any chance of harm, and the blue-eyed Olga, in her Russian blouse and with a yellow kerchief outlining the oval of her face, sold the red and blue plaid embroidery that her busy fingers made.

Slowly, as all things came to him, entered the spirit of the new land, most marvelous as it opened great sweeping spaces of life and laughter and freedom of men, newspapers without the columns blotted out by the ink roller of a Russian censor, gatherings at night with old acquaintances.

Gradually he learned English, bending over his books late into the night.

He saved carefully, sending money back to Lorinka.

Days went by without the mercy of her letters, and Olga became a song bird for joy, but he seemed, as he had said that night on the steppes, a body without a soul.

Then word came that Lorinka had been sent to prison in Siberia for the vague reason of aiding her husband to escape, and during the ensuing fever Olga tended him when his hot, parched lips called forth in delirium: "Lorinka! Lorinka! Luboff moi!"

That was the only happiness that Olga snatched for her breast—the delirium of a sick man who saw her as the form of his beloved—and she waited and watched ever after with the memory of those hours.

She knew Michael Michaelovitch would be hers in the end.

A new gentleness awakened in Michael toward her, and Olga's eyes grew soft.

But he brought his friend Alexander Alexandrovitch to her, and Olga fled with her heart in her mouth.

The next day Michael greeted her with a rare smile, and her heart trembled within her.

"Olga! Olga, dorogaya!" he called her. Lorinka has escaped! She comes by the next steamer!"

Wild with delight that Thursday, Michael waited down in the big government building at Ellis Island in the room that has been called the "kissing post," where bare walls and supporting columns have been known to glimmer and sparkle.

The minutes dragged, and Lorinka did not come.

Michael went from one official to another. He saw Miksha, from his old village. She had been on the boat with him. She must be detained in the building somewhere.

He found her seated on a bench in a small room.

Her eyes stared before her, but she looked up at the sound of footfalls.

Swiftly the soul swept passionately into them and she lay in his arms, knowing no world beyond their shelter, her heart aching.

The doctor, a young man with white hair and a sympathetic voice, put his hand on Michael's shoulder.

"Her eyes—trachoma," he said softly. "She must go back. Perhaps—who can tell?—she may soon be cured and then come again."

Slowly the words sank into the deep waters of Michael's soul.

His face was heavy, his straight brows were drawn.

"She is my wife," he spoke brusquely, his deep voice filled with still passion. "I am a citizen, an American citizen."

"Perhaps—in a year or six months?" The doctor's words trickled into silence.

Michael put his hand to his head and glanced round the room with the same full glance with which he had gazed at the bare hut that night on the steppes, and his thoughts were there, in the bitter cold.

"My very soul! Go back!"

He looked at her and laughed. It was a hard, strident sound.

He leaned down and drew her mouth to his.

And gray skies, the expanse of eternal snows, whistling blizzards, the steppes everlastingly the same, with their vastness and loneliness, their undulating waves of lush grass, the purple voloski with its pall of color, the white kasanka with its mushroom heads drooping, the shallow dross and the silver, fluid, moon—Siberia, the dungeon—and she!