

TWO GREAT INVENTORS.

Their Foresight Did Not Equal Their Ingenious Ability.

Not infrequently great inventors do not comprehend the significance of the thing they have produced. An interesting anecdote of two famous men of science whose foresight did not equal their inventive ability appears in Les Inventions Illustrées.

When Hertz first began to obtain satisfactory results from his now famous researches into the possibility of transmitting electric waves certain men of science suggested that some day similar vibrations might serve to transmit messages through space. Hertz laughed at the hypothesis and assured all comers that his experiments were for laboratories only. Now, after a few short years, it is hard to find a single issue of a daily paper that does not record some noteworthy example of the use of wireless telegraphy.

Levasor was the great engineer who sketched the automobile with such skill that his design has not been materially changed to this day. After Levasor accomplished his historic trip from Paris to Bordeaux and return at the dizzy speed of about fifteen miles an hour his admirers gave him a banquet. During the toast one of them, stirred by the spirit of the occasion, rose and enthusiastically called on the assembly to drink to the approaching day when carriages should travel at the speed of sixty miles an hour. Levasor turned to his nearest neighbor and asked in a quick undertone, "Why is it that after every banquet some people feel called on to make fools of themselves?"

IRON IN WATER.

It Takes Only the Least Little Bit to Make Itself Felt.

Half a part per million of iron in water is detectable by taste, and more than four or five parts make water unpalatable. In some mineral springs iron is the constituent which imparts a medicinal value to the water, but so dainty it is undesirable. More than 2.5 parts per million in water used for laundering makes a stain on the clothes. Iron must be removed from water from which ice is made or a cloudy, discolored product will result. An iron content of over two or three parts per million in water used in the manufacture of paper will stain the paper.

Iron is harmful in water used for steaming, for it is in equilibrium with acids which inside the boiler become discolored, with the result that the free acids corrode the boiler plates, but the amount of iron carried in solution by most waters is so small that the damage it does to steam boilers generally amounts to little.

Waters having a high iron content have in some places, where they have been used as city supplies, caused an immense amount of trouble and expense, for they favor the growth of crenothrix to such a degree that the water pipes become clogged with the iron sheaths of that organism. The removal of iron from water is sometimes easy and sometimes very difficult. United States Geological Survey.

Quits.

Little Maude would tell "whoppers." One day her aunt thought she ought to be cured of this habit, so she spoke seriously to the little maid, who promised to mend her ways.

To point the moral, auntie told the tale of the shepherd boy who was always calling "Wolf!" until no one could believe him. Then one day the wolf really came and ate up all the sheep.

"All the sheep?" interrupted Maude.

"Yes, every one of them," replied auntie decidedly.

"Every single one?"

Auntie nodded.

"Well," said Maude slowly, "I don't believe you, and you don't believe me. So there!"—London Answers.

Food For Punsters.

"I don't see how Fussie gets any enjoyment out of his food. He's dieting, you know."

"Yes."

"He uses this new 'mathematical masticatory' system."

"Good gracious, what's that? So many chews to the mouthful?"

"No. He eats beans by the dozen, rice by the grain, fish by the perch and spaghetti by the yard."

"Does he seem better?"

"Measurably so."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drink Plenty of Water.

A Roumanian scientist claims that any one can live to be 100 years old, barring accidents, if he drinks enough water. He declares he has discovered that old age is due to a decrease in the amount of water in the system and that Father Time may be checked by systematic water drinking during middle age.

Buying Wives.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in some parts of Russia. In the district of Kamyslin, on the Volga, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a wife to do family ranges from \$100 to \$200.

Same Way.

"How did you find dear old Broadway?"

"That way yet."

"What way?"

"Old and dear."—Cleveland Leader.

Be satisfied with success in even the smallest matter and think that even such a result is no trifle.—Marcus Antonius.

Different Circumstances.

Hampton—Last week a doctor told me to go south. Rhodes—Last week a doctor told me to go north, south, east or west—he didn't care which. I was sailing on his daughter.—New York Globe.

Range of Easter.

Easter day cannot fall on a date earlier than March 22 or later than April 24.

SATAN PETERBY

How a Soap Salesman Played a Joke on the Boys

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The four riders from the Twin Star ranch rode away from Red Spider postoffice and turned into the homeward trail.

"Jink," said Tony Goff, with a critical sniff of the surrounding atmosphere, "where in thunder did you get that there cheroot of yours?"

Jink Prole flashed a forbidding eye on his jocular companion. "That there cheroot was given me by a perfect gentleman," he explained mildly.

"Meaning the pie faced stranger we saw in the postoffice?" put in Jim Raymond inquisitively.

"Not noticing that he was pie faced more than usual, I was referring to that gentleman," said Mr. Prole, blowing a cloud of blue smoke into the desert air.

"Not meaning to be inquisitive, I merely remark that he couldn't be no friend of yours to give you that smoke," complained Tony Goff.

"He meant well," soothed Jink, exhaling another odorous cloud of smoke. "He's coming over to the Twin Star this evening to sell us fellows some toilet articles."

"I thought so. Whenever I meet up with a pink and white pie faced dude with a sample case I sure know that he's selling toothbrushes or curling irons or eyelash restorer. I've got a good mind to give him a rattling order tonight, and then the next time one of them pests come along I can tell him I'm stocked a-plenty with face powder and hair dye and tell him to vapourise!" Tony sighed wearily and slapped the reins on the sleek neck of his horse.

The horse sprang forward, and in a second Tony and his three comrades were flying toward the ranch in a mad race to see which one would be the first to reach the corral.

After supper that evening the cowboys were gathered about the doorway of the ranch house when there ambled into view a gentle white horse carrying a small, stout man, who was immaculately attired in pale gray clothes, with a broad brimmed felt hat of the same delicate hue. His shirt was of lavender silk and his necktie of a darker shade. From beneath his well pressed trousers there appeared lavender silk socks and tan colored, low cut shoes. On one white finger there burned a large diamond.

"Great cats!" whispered Mason Pepper in an awed tone, "if that there apparition is the result of selling sweet soap I'll shake off the dust of these diggings right quick and buy a sample case."

"It's only Jink's pie faced stranger," assured Tony Goff pleasantly. "I'm terrible glad to see you, stranger," he said, rising and going to meet the drummer with exaggerated politeness. "Some of us chaps are just aching to buy up a lot of toilet stuff."

"That so?" inquired the drummer, with a pleased smile widening his generous lips. "I'm sure it will be a pleasure to take your orders."

"Oh, mush!" groaned Mason Pepper. The drummer dismounted in rather a painful manner and with entirely unjustified respect for the old white horse which the Twin Star outfit recognised as the most ancient relic in the Red Spider livery stable.

Tony Goff fetched a pillow from the bunkhouse and set it on the ground for the saddle weary stranger, who sank upon it with a grateful roll of his light eyes.

"You are kind indeed," he murmured rather meekly as he set his sample case before him.

"Smoke!" asked Jink Prole, passing out a handful of black cigars. The stranger eyed the deadly looking objects and shook his head. "Thank you, not this evening, gentlemen," he said, with a sickly grin. "I'm troubled with indigestion."

With that remark he opened his sample case and exhibited, cleverly confused by straps and bands in the various compartments, an array of toilet articles such as the riders of the Twin Star outfit had never gazed upon, such as they did not dream existed.

The refinement of perfect cleanliness can be attained by purchasing one of our combination boxes," began the stranger in a silky, purring voice that he seemed to put on with the opening of the case. "This box contains toilet requisites for a year—shaving sticks,

shaving cream, powder, hair restorer (any color you might wish), freckle lotion, tooth powder, toothbrush, nail files, nail polish and corn plasters, bay rum, cologne water and any perfume you wish—a six ounce bottle in every combination box. There are also toilet soap, bath soap and bath powder and—"

"Stop!" moaned Mason Pepper faintly. "If I should put on all that there scented stuff I'd be shot out of Red Spider. I like a good, clean, healthy smell—no tobacco."

"And I," murmured Mr. Goff reluctantly, "I like to wash myself with soap and be clean, but I sure dislike to advertise to my loving friends every time I perform my ablutions, which means just plain washing up," he added.

"You are not obliged to buy scented soap," urged the stranger patiently. "I've got a plain, unscented soap that you might like."

"I'm particularly looking for eyelash restorer," explained Tony earnestly. "I've had trouble with falling eyelashes ever since I had that terrible scare in Wildcat canyon."

The stranger advanced a little and glanced over his plump shoulder at the darkness behind.

"Wildcat canyon—that sounds rather dubious," he said, with a sickly smile. "I hope it doesn't lie along the road back to town."

"It's still there, right alongside the trail to Red Spider," said Tony heartily, "but it ain't to be feared now the way it used to be when Satan Peterby lived hereabouts."

The salesman started at the name. "Satan Peterby?" he questioned.

"Who is he?"

Tony settled back to enjoy himself. Before he made reply he rolled another cigarette and lit it leisurely. When his sardonic smile was wreathed in smoke he proceeded to enlighten the nervous stranger.

"Satan Peterby was a daredevil cowboy who used to be the terror of Red Spider. When he was good he was terribly mild and good and just like the little girl in the rhyme—he wouldn't play poker then times of drink any thing except plain soda water, which he wouldn't shoot up the town, as it is his custom now and then, and nowadays there ain't so many Red Spiderites going around with clipped ears and holes in their hat crowns as there used to be in the days of Satan Peterby."

"When Satan was good he was most uncommon dull, but his companions didn't mind him. He was their idol; idle and lazy, too. If you don't mind a pun, stranger—"

"But when Satan Peterby was on the warpath—whoopee! Look out, there was something doing all the time, and you Satan didn't know what he'd done till the day after it was all over. Sometimes he'd be up before a coroner's jury trying to explain about several corpses that was ornamenting the streets of Red Spider, and once he was assisting at a lynching bee—chief performer, so to speak—but he got away somehow."

"Oh, yes, he's seen around these parts now and then, else it's his spook. That's how I lost my eyelashes. I was riding along the edge of Wildcat canyon one night—just about such a night as this, only an hour later, it was—when, pop, out of the thicket there, comes a wild eyed little man—that was Satan Peterby, thank you!"

The stranger uttered a startled blast and closed his sample case.

"Was that long ago?" he asked fearfully.

Mr. Goff surveyed his comrades with inquiry in his dancing eyes.

"Seems like it was most two weeks ago," he said reluctantly. "Boys, wasn't it two weeks ago that we saw the last of Satan Peterby?"

"I'm sure," agreed Mason Pepper, rolling over and propping his chin in his cupped palms. "I'll never forget the sight of you standing against that cottonwood tree, Tony, and Satan using you for a target."

"A target?" repeated the stranger weakly.

Tony Goff nodded and took up the story.

"You see, I know Satan Peterby well. He used to borrow money off of me every pay day till I got so I found out he'd be day to pay it back. So when I stopped lending it to him he'd hold me up now and then for half a month's pay—and, by jinks, he'd get it too."

"Why?" asked the stranger, choking a little.

"Because he'd think nothing of shooting to kill if I refused. Once I offered to give him my note for thirty days in place of cash, and he ridged my new hat so full of bullet holes that it looked more like a fly trap than it did like a respectable eight dollar hat."

"This particular time I speak about I was riding home with just about \$10 in my clothes when, as I say, our pops Satan Peterby, 'Hande up, Tony,' says he in that cold and deadly tone of his. You can guess how it sounded. Tony nodded at the salesman.

"Yes, I've read considerable western stories," murmured the other.

"Is that all?" he asked when I handed over the \$10, and I shook in my boots when I says 'Yes,' you can bet."

"Well," said Satan Peterby, "for that bit of carelessness, Tony, I'll shoot your eyelashes off one at a time, so say your prayers."

"Of course praying didn't do any good then, with him already popping away at me. What saved my life, I wasn't one of them bullets hit me, only they came so close they just fanned the eye wingers off me, one at a time. Then, with a horrid laugh, Satan rode away. That's two weeks ago tonight, and he's due to ride again this evening."

"That so?" asked the stranger rising stiffly and sending a wide smile around the circle. "Then I better be getting along."

"But you haven't took our orders," protested Tony Goff, who was willing to pay for his evening's amusement. Whereupon the salesman, though apparently scared at the lonely ride before him, thrifflily took seven orders for combination boxes of toilet requisites and cheerfully received the cash in advance for same.

Then, Mason Pepper having brought around the ancient nag, the pie faced stranger turned his spectacled eyes once more around the company, smiled

a pleasant good evening and disappeared in the darkness.

When they had ceased from their ecstasy of mirth over this adventure Tony Goff sat up and wiped his eyes.

"Speaking of Satan Peterby," he said, "I'd sure like to see that boy again. He was the finest puncher and the best man that ever threw a leg over a horse on this outfit!"

Out of the darkness behind them came a coldly sarcastic voice.

"Thank you, Tony. That remark just saved your worthless, no 'count' life!"

"Satan Peterby himself!" called Tony, jumping up. "Come into the merry circle!"

Ward stood at the window of his office, looking down at the crowds that passed on the street below, but seeing only the one man of the thousands, the big boned, toll worn man who stood in the shadow of the county building.

Early in the afternoon Ward had seen him there and had laughed when he glimpsed the menacing set that he had shaken in rage toward him. Two hours later he had laughed again to see that the man held his watch station.

Now, as the electric lights threw into relief the watching face Ward tried to laugh and could not. There was something so ominous in the pitiful, silent face that he bit his lips in nervous annoyance before he turned to his stenographer.

"That old fellow takes it pretty hard, doesn't he?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir." The girl did not look up from her machine.

She knew the man on the opposite side of the street from his frequent visits to Ward's office, and she had known that he watched Ward with the open defiance of an enemy since that day when Ward had told him that his patent was worthless.

That had been the day he had told Ward that he had no more money, would secure no more money. Accustomed as she was to playing the buffer between the attorney and the world he successfully defrauded, cautioned in spite of her youth to the game of devil take the hindmost, the thought of Ivan Sederstrom disturbed her.

"Where does Sederstrom live?" Ward asked her.

"Someplace on the northwest side," she replied. "I have his address if you want it."

"It doesn't matter," Ward declared. "Does he live alone?"

"No. He has his wife and four children. One of them is a cashier in a restaurant somewhere downtown. May be he's waiting for her now."

"Perhaps," said Ward.

He took up the evening newspaper on the stenographer's desk, scanning carefully his own advertisement.

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"Any one waiting?" he asked the girl.

"Yes, sir."

"Worth while?" She shrugged her shoulders, then went to the door at Ward's nod and summoned the waiting man in the anteroom.

He came in nervously, giving her a glance that would have been shrewd if he had been shrewd.

The Ear's Delicate Organism. Comparatively few persons thoroughly realize what a delicate and sensitive structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate as the ear is really the outer porch of a series of winding passages which, like the lobes of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages contain liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places and can be thrown into vibrations or made to tremble like the head of a drum or as the surface of a tambourine when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two or three parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost places of all a row of white threads, called nerves, stretches like the strings of a piano from the last joint to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

High Finance. "Henry, dear," announced Mrs. Updodate, "I guess you will have to admit that after all, I took Willie with me to the movies this afternoon, and as it was raining when we came out of the theater I gave Willie 10 cents car fare and had him hurry home and get an umbrella for me. In that way I saved my new hat from being ruined."

"Uh-huh!" replied Mr. Updodate. "Yes, I see, my dear. But why the Sam Hill didn't you both ride home for your 10 cents in the first place?"

"Henry! Yes—buboo—you never give me credit for anything I do."—Judge.

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"Really?"

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WITHIN THE LAW

Tragedy That Came Into a Young Girl's Life

By HAROLD N. BRUNN

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

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"No, but some protective association telephoned about his case. They said they'd send their lawyer to you tomorrow."

Ward frowned; then he looked at his watch.

"Please call the railroad office," he said as he reached for his hat, "and tell them to reserve me a berth tonight for St. Louis. Say you don't know where I'm gone. I'll be back in two weeks. Pay the running expenses from the bank account." And he slammed out of the office.

Ward had not chosen his way of journeying when he left Chicago. When he saw the City of Savannah tied to the St. Louis docks—a huge, flat bottomed sternwheeler looking for all the world like a pouter-pigeon floating on the muddy waters of the Mississippi, he decided his course.

An hour later he was standing at the rail, watching the negroes shambling back and forth at their stevedore tasks and watching, too, the dozen haired girl whose eager interest in every incident of the scene emphasized its charm for the man near her.

She was vivid for her type of blondness, and as the boat swung out in response to the clanging bells of the engine room, Ward hastily calculated that her eyes were the source of her compelling power. They were eager, luminous blue eyes that demanded vital excitement from life.

He did not see her again until the next morning. Life on a Mississippi river boat demands no less a sacrifice of the shore, for he found her alone, looking down to where the stevedores kept at their harnessed tasks and their liquid speech of protest against hurry.

"Fine lot of coon!" he observed with a laugh.

The girl turned to him without self-consciousness.

"They have to work so hard, poor fellows," she said as if in apology for the negroes' shambling way of toil.

"Poor fellows!" Ward chuckled.

"Why, they're the laziest loafers ever allowed to breathe. Not one of them would work if he could get along without eating. If the progress of the world depended on them the world would stop. Now, a white man works for power, for wealth, for women."

The girl smiled a little bitterly. Ward thought.

"You can put your whole idea in one word," she said. "Just my money."

Ward shrugged his shoulders while the laughter came to his eyes.

"And if you're right?" he asked.

"Oh, I am," she declared. "And the rest of the creed is that the wisest man is the one who does least and who gets most."

"Right again," said Ward.

When the supper bell summoned them Ward stopped the girl as she rose to go.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he asked her. "Here I've told you nearly all I know about myself, and I've not told you who you are."

The girl hesitated.

"I came away from Chicago to forget all about you and what I am," she said. "I've been trying to make this a fairly wandering. Won't you let it go at that? I shall not know who you are, and you're not to know me as anything but Helen."

"Be it agreed," he laughed.

Mrs. Wilson, a woman whose apparent weariness of mind and of body seemed to detach her from everything but her deck chair, made a background for their deepening comradeship as the boat plowed down the river.

Perhaps it was because Ward found the blue eyed girl of mystery an exhilarating game of chance that he made his plans of travel conform with Mrs. Wilson's, so that the three of them saw New Orleans together.

They came to the point of goodby with such apparent lack of deeper interest on her part that Ward was nettled into returning to Chicago days earlier than he had intended.

"I don't believe you wanted me to come back with you," he said on the night before the train was due to bring them to the city of their homes.

"I'm not sure that I did," the girl said. "You know, the river was a sort of fairly journey for me, and I was willing to end the fairly tale with the end of the journey."

"But that's not fair," said Ward. "The more I see of you the more I want to see of you. Can't we meet often when we're back in Chicago?"

"You may not care for me when you know me then," the girl said. "I've fit in with your ideas of life just now," she went on, "because I've just seemed of your class. But my folks are poor. We live in four rooms, and I can't imagine you in any of them."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," Ward said. "If you won't see me after we say goodby in Chicago, let's pretend that it's not Chicago we are coming to in the morning, but some strange city you've never seen. Let me take you around as I did in New Orleans."

The girl said nothing, but Ward saw the flame of desire rising in her blue eyes. "But Mrs. Wilson has an important business appointment," she objected. "That's why we came right back."

With her as a companion. "Is it downtown?" Ward asked with that practical ability that made his success.

"Yes, at 10 o'clock."

"Take her to whatever place she has to go," Ward advised. "Then meet me ten minutes later at the corner of Michigan and Jackson. I'll be waiting for you with my racer. We'll take a spin out in the country, come back to town and have supper. We'll make it a red letter day before we say goodby. Won't you?"

The lines around the girl's mouth hardened.

"I've had so little fun in my life," she said bitterly, "that I'll take the chance for once. I'll meet you."

It was an enchanted day that Ward