

# THE HOLDUP

By HAROLD CARTER

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Budd's Crossing was growing into a sizable place. The population had increased twelve thousand, there was an apartment house, and Miller's buildings, containing the new telephone central, with the Bank of North Kansas opposite, was the picture that familiarized the outside world with Budd's Crossing when seen on post-cards.

There was a picture of Newton park, with a couple seated upon a bench, the young man's arm around the girl's waist. The young man was unmistakably Harry Fisher, for the angle of photographic impact showed his pointed, aggressive chin distinctly. The girl, whose back alone was visible, certainly looked like Netta Clare of the telephone exchange. The picture, which was snapped by flashlight, caused a good deal of scandal; and from the fact that the principal figures in it both laughed it might have been inferred that they were engaged to be married.

They were. Harry was in the bank, and he could look up and see Netta opposite the switchboard across the street. Netta never looked at him, however, being attentive to calls.

How the quarrel started nobody knew. But the first thing known was that Netta and Harry were not on speaking terms, and presently Harry was running after half the girls in town, and holding himself defiantly



Men and Women Rushed for the Hill-side.

toward the world, except when he slunk down a side street to avoid meeting Netta.

Budd's Crossing is on the main railroad line, and lies five miles beneath Lake Lomond, which irrigates the thirsty section by means of a huge dam, back in the mountains. If ever the dam burst engineers, and people with plain ordinary sense as well, declared that Budd's Crossing would just about have time to know it—no more. All agreed that only those on the outskirts would be able to make the rim of the horseshoe round the town in time.

Budd's Crossing was not worrying about the concrete dam, guaranteed to last three centuries. It was worrying about the bank robberies in neighboring towns. The Colton gang had held up the banks of Newboro and Gasthaus in broad daylight, taken out the contents of the disrupted safes, and ridden off unscathed. Budd's Crossing had prepared for them—at least, the bank had—in the shape of two armed guards who patrolled the front of the building and were prepared to shoot upon provocation. Some nervous people described bank robbers in every stranger.

Something it leaked out that the Coltons had sent a bombastic letter to the president. They promised to have the public's deposits by a certain day. As Colton aped the so-called romantic deeds of the outlaws, the bank's nerves were on the jump when that day dawned.

Nothing happened that morning. It was not till two in the afternoon that Budd's Crossing got the thrill of its career. It was Netta Clare who sent the news forth broadcast:

"The dam is breaking. Run for your lives. It will not hold out twenty minutes."

Out of the business offices, out of five hundred homes, warned by the universal panic, men and women rushed for the hillside. Some carried babies, some bundles which they discarded. There was but one thought—flight—in Budd's Crossing that afternoon. In four minutes from the moment of the first alarm the town was deserted and the hillside were black with people, trying desperately to reach an elevation safe above the menace of the flood before it swept upon them.

It would sweep Budd's Crossing away like matchwood, and rush on, a hundred feet high, a sullen, furious current, confined by the mountain

walls, to wreak havoc, upon the villages lower down.

The telephone exchange was deserted by the terrified girls. Only one remained. White-faced, but calm, Netta sat at her post, watching the menace on the hills above her. She telephoned incessantly.

"Red Mills! The dam has burst. Run for your lives. Donchester! The dam has burst. The flood will be on you in fifteen minutes. Paintsbury! Durham! Exeter! Labury! The dam has burst."

She called the last settlement in the valley, and then ran from the exchange, casting apprehensive glances upward. The dam had still held. The town was empty.

Only in front of the bank two horses tethered. As she ran past Netta cast an apprehensive glance in through the open door. What she saw nerved her to a realization of what had happened.

Through the open door, and through the plate glass of the cashier's cage, she saw Harry, bound and trussed, seated helplessly, while an armed man stood over him and another worked busily amid the debris of what had been the bank's safe. Upon the counter of the cashier's cage lay Harry's revolver, which he had drawn too late.

Immediately Netta sized up the situation. The report was a fake, launched by the robbers in the bold design of emptying the town. It had succeeded admirably, and, with nobody on hand but Harry, they were safe to work their will.

The backs of the three were toward her and they did not see Netta creep like a mouse inside the bank. Cautiously she stole onward, no sound of her footsteps echoing on the boards.

"Say, Bill, we chose the day all right," said the man at the safe to his companion, without looking around. "There's tons of the stuff in here."

"Hurry up, Ned," answered the other. "We've got to get home before it gets dark."

Netta stole onward. Now, crouching under the wall of the cage, she was invisible if any of the bandits should look round. She saw Harry, bound, watching the men out of his half-closed eyes. The look in them told her that he had been surprised; there was no trace of fear there, and Netta was glad.

Softly her hand crept up and touched the revolver. Her fingers closed upon it.

"Hands up!"

With an oath the man at the safe sprang to his feet, to look into Netta's eyes and throw up his hands obediently. At the same time the man guarding Harry swung round, with his revolver raised.

"Drop it!"

He dropped it, and saved eternity by a single second.

"Unfasten him!"

"Say, now—" protested one of the men.

"I count two. One—"

Hurriedly Harry was unbound. Stooping, he seized the revolver of his former guard.

"March them to jail, Harry. I'll stay here. I think—I think—" said Netta, and fell weakly across the counter.

That is the story of the holdup of Budd's Crossing. When the townspeople crept back, by twos and threes and driplets, two hours later, they found Harry Fisher guarding two prisoners in the sergeant's office, and Netta at his side. And from the look on their faces it was clear that the old misunderstanding had been forgotten.

In witness thereof, the massive chest of silver donated by the bank, and the five hundred dollars from the telephone company.

**Between Man and Man.**

Confucianism, the prevailing doctrine of China, is neither a religion nor a system of transcendental or cosmic philosophy.

It is an agnostic system of ethics and a system of practical and purely temporal common-sense philosophy which sees no farther than this earth.

It takes practically no notice whatever of the question of an after life, of eternity, of future rewards and punishments, of God.

It teaches merely that one ought to do good because it is man's duty to do good. Confucianism is entirely concerned with the relation between man and man.

**Study of Facts.**

The study of facts is an important element in education. Not of unrelated facts, or even of related facts which make up a trivial whole.

It is essential that some serious subject of fairly wide range should be presented more or less constantly for a period of at least several years to a man's mind, so that it becomes in a sense his own, before he can rightly be said to have received an "education."

The greater and the more humane the subject pro tanto the education, but any really serious subject will serve.

## REAL LIFE ROMANCE

PRANK OF FATE THAT RESULTED IN HAPPY MARRIAGE.

She Was the "Other Girl" and He the Only "Good Looker" in the Regiment Which Was Embarking for War.

The scene of the first chapter of this romance is laid in a city on the western coast, a seaport from whose harbor there sailed during the year of the Spanish-American war many transports carrying to the Philippines troops of gay and gallant soldiers, most politely generous with their brass buttons.

On one of these occasions two young girls, thirsting for adventure, fared forth, armed with a kodak. Snapshots were taken of the soldiers marching down one of the principal streets from the train to the wharf, but a sad melancholy settled down upon the pair when they were forced to admit that these men were, Oh! so ordinary looking, not nearly so handsome as some of the regiments had been.

However, to vary the dull monotony which the whole episode was gradually assuming, they amused themselves while the men were boarding the ship in endeavoring to pick out the really good-looking one. And they did—one, and one only. But he, being by that time on the upper deck, was quite unattainable, so all the joy that could be extracted from an afternoon which had given such promise was the pleasure of waving good-by to him as the ship sailed away.

But what was their surprise when the snapshots of the marching soldiers were printed to discover that their "good-looking man" appeared in one of them. The pictures were soon pasted into a book and the incident apparently closed.

The scene of the second and closing chapter is now shifted to a town about ten years later.

One of the two girls was living in this town. She was a schoolteacher. At a social gathering she met a young man who afterward called on her.

In the course of conversation she gave the name of her former home, and the young man remarked that he had been in that city just twice, once when he embarked with his regiment bound for the Philippines and once when he was on his way back after the war.

Of course, the old book of kodak views was promptly unearthed, and the girl was not a little surprised when he greeted the picture of "the good-looking man," with the rapturous announcement that it was his old comrade, Jack —, who resided in that very town, but was at that time away on his vacation.

When he returned he would bring him around, if he might, to see the pictures, in which he was able to distinguish many of his former friends. Jack came, he saw, he conquered, with the usual happy ending. I am and was the other girl.—Chicago Tribune.

**Eye Protection at Movies.**

Physicians are constantly advising patrons of the movies to protect their eyes. A writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association tells how it may be done.

"The progress made in the character of subjects presented in the movies today makes it desirable for all inquiring people to at least attend occasionally," he says. "Annoying after-effects on the eyes of many prevent them from enjoying the social diversion, and often the educational advantages, thus derived. The great majority of those who suffer from eye strain after watching moving pictures can find much, if not complete, relief in perfectly fitted glasses. The picture may not be quite so sharp, but this is more than compensated for by the increased comfort."

"For those with very sensitive eyes a colored glass, either amber, yellowish green or amethyst, may be necessary to give complete relief. There have been put on the market recently several varieties of colored glass, each of which has some advantages, so that some suitable color can usually be secured. A subdued light in the theater is much less irritating than when the only light visible comes from the screen. It is also advisable to avoid sitting in a place where it is necessary to look upward, as the additional strain becomes very tiresome, and frequently leaves a headache."

**Freeze Feet in Midsummer.**

How 150 Italian infantrymen were inviolated by freezing their feet in midsummer was told by a passenger arriving at New York on the French liner La Touraine.

The men were members of a battalion of Alpine infantry, and had gone to a point far above the snow line in an attempt to surprise an Austrian force that in no other manner could be ousted from its position. They had been carefully drilled in walking on all fours and acting the parts of goats and sheep.

Two days after leaving camp remnants of the command began to return. They failed in their undertaking because of a terrific storm and because sharp pieces of ice tore their flannel leggings and exposed their feet.

**The Reason.**

"Odd, isn't it, that age is a recommendation in wine and a drawback in women?"

"Not at all. You can put it down in the one, but you have to put up with it in the other."

## Modesty in Woman Is Golden Key That Opens Door of Man's Heart

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Treasure love though ready Still to live without. In your fondest trust keep Just one thread of doubt.

It is a sweet trait of feminine modesty for a woman to strive to keep from a man the knowledge that he has awakened interest in her heart if he has not invited it. Let a man once become aware that a particular woman's eyes brighten at his approach or that she is speaking enthusiastically of him to their mutual friends and she will never have the pleasure of a bow or chat with him on the street if he catches sight of her first.



He would dodge around the first corner, walk a dozen blocks out of his way to escape meeting her. No drag-net could be secured to draw him to the home of an acquaintance for dinner if the casual word was dropped that she had also been invited.

He cannot help it. It is the perverseness of man's nature to make a wry face at the peach ready to fall into his mouth, and long for the one indisputably beyond his reach. Unconsciously, the woman who shows openly her admiration for him awakens his antagonism. He is bound to fight shy of her on general principles, unless she be a widow, very young and very pretty. In that case, her careless admiration is incense to him, for he feels very confident that she would not remain a widow long if some score or more admirers could have their

way about it. But, then, attractive widows are in a class by themselves and in the main are beyond the pale of this little talk, the clever ones being too canny to let a man know he is admired or that his society is unduly appreciated. If they set their cap for a second heart mate, he, above all others, never discovers that fact.

Many women have the mistaken notion that they might with propriety give a bashful man a little encouragement to assure him that his calls were not unwelcome. It is not pleasant to shatter such a beautiful thought by jostling it with a hard fact. The truth is that no man living is too bashful to woo, and right earnestly and eagerly at that when he meets the woman who appeals to him.

It is somewhat of a surprise to a man who thinks he is wanted by a host of women to find one who is apparently indifferent to him. He pursues her as a stimulus to his self-powder to attract. Despite all the new-fangled notions about women meeting men half way on their own ground, modest young women will never usurp the man's prerogative to go forth and find a mate, woo and win.

If a man shows that he is interested by desiring to be where she is, sending her a flower, a book or some trifle to let her know she has been constantly in his thoughts, her pleasant greeting when they meet, the language of the eyes, so subtle, so sweet, which never passes the lips, can inform him past all doubting that, being a woman, she is therefore to be loved and therefore to be won.

Modesty in a woman is the golden key which opens the door of a man's heart. Boldness pushes it to with a bang, locking it securely. There is a happy medium in expressing admiration. It requires tact.

## Verdun Watchman Would Have Busy Time at His Post Today

Before the present great war the city of Verdun was an old-fashioned place with some well-preserved ancient customs among which was the official night watchman. Red Cross nurse has recounted, in Le Cri de Paris, her impressions of the first bombardment of Verdun a year ago. She arrived at night; and was very tired after a fatiguing journey. Some time later she was awakened by the bursting of a shell and the ringing of a big bell in a clock tower. This was followed by a lugubrious silence which was broken by the slow and monotonous voice of the night watchman, who called out from the high tower:

"The fire is in the faubourg Pave. Inhabitants of Verdun, get up!"

Then came another shell explosion and the clang of the bell.

The voice of the guardian of the night was again heard: "The fire is at the station. Inhabitants of Verdun, get up!"

Then came more bombs, more bell-clanging and in the intervals of silence came the voice of the bell ringer in the same drawing, impassive voice: "The fire is at the square of Armes—the fire is at the faubourg—get up!"

The watchman of today would have a busy time notifying the Verdunites—if any remain—of the thousands of shells showered upon that city devoted to destruction.

## Things That Are New.

So that a horseman's feet can be warmed in cold weather there has been invented a stirrup with a receptacle for charcoal or other heat producing substance.

Since the founding of the Pasteur Institute in Paris there has been a steady decline in the number of cases of hydrophobia, none at all occurring some years.

An English scientist who has raised wheat in record breaking time explains that he so treats the seed with electricity that he trebles the life force within it.

A Salt Lake City man is the inventor of an undershot water wheel that will run when wholly submerged in a stream, the blades folding on the upward stroke.

A Detroit woman has invented a syringe for applying scalp lotions that is so shaped as to fit closely to the head and deliver its contents in a narrow stream.

The vacuum principle has been applied to an ice cream freezer that freezes its contents automatically in half an hour and keeps it frozen eight hours.

As a life-saving precaution a French inventor would have all seagoing vessels furnished with beds equipped with a nonsinkable mattress he has patented.

**Turns Auto into Dressing Room.**

A movie actress has turned her auto into a complete dressing room. Every corner is utilized, and a large wardrobe of clothing is properly accommodated while full length mirrors and a thoroughly equipped dressing table are all at hand when desired. Even a bath can be taken with hot or cold water as preferred. A pipe connected with the exhaust pipe of the engine runs through the car. When mildness desires hot water she has only to turn a valve.

## POULTRY POINTERS

When hens are allowed free range they are apt to feed too heavily on grass, especially if not fed any grain, and the eggs become watery and weak, with impaired keeping qualities. Such eggs are known on the market as "grass eggs."

In wet weather when the hens' feet are muddy, collect the eggs twice a day. This will insure cleaner eggs.

Clean fresh water lessens disease. Filthy drinking water is the source of much trouble. Clean the drinking pans frequently.

Add to the grain feeds with a mixture such as bran, shorts and corn meal.

Cut the spurs off your roosters. There's enough war in Europe you can do without fighting in your chicken yard.

Do not keep unnecessary male birds. An extra hen eats no more and may lay eggs.

Soft fresh dirt is an insurance against leg weakness in chicks. Summer shade insures thrifty chicks.

Never wash eggs, it destroys their keeping qualities.

## A Hand on the Shoulder.

When a man ain't got a cent, And he's feeling kind of blue, And the clouds hang dark and heavy, And won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, O my brethren, For a feller just to lay His hand upon your shoulder In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious; It makes the tear drops start, And you sort o' feel a flutter In the region of your heart; You can look up and meet his eyes; You don't know what to say When his hand is on your shoulder In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, With its honey and its gall; With its cares and bitter crosses— But a good world, after all. And a good God must have made it— Leastways, that is what I say When a hand is on my shoulder In a friendly sort o' way. —Author Unknown.

## How to Keep Young.

The best way to keep young is to associate, as far as possible, with everything and everybody that is new and young. Both men and women get old by sticking to old ways, thinking old thoughts and always looking back on the past.

Look ahead if you want to keep young. Youth always thinks of what it is going to do in the future, and forgets the failures of the past. It is not the go-ahead men who age rapidly; it is the men who stick in old ruts and follow-out long-established rules and methods. Constant change and variety may be said to form one of the great secrets of youthfulness.—Pearson's.

## New York Now Luxury Market.

London, the world's central market for the sale of luxuries of every description, has been practically closed and New York has taken its place. Custom house records show that the imports of the "luxury class" have increased enormously, particularly in the items of precious stones and works of art. As a single example, the American automobile industry's imports of crude rubber in the last year amounted to more than \$111,000,000.

## APART FROM WORLD

DWELLERS IN ARCTIC CIRCLE LEAD SECLUDED LIVES.

Know Nothing of What Transpires Beyond the Narrow Limits of Their Own Territory—Warfare a Thing Undreamed Of.

Battle history halts at the arctic circle. Beyond that human life is so difficult to sustain that its willful waste is unthinkable. The Lapps and Samoyeds of arctic Russia, like the Eskimos of North America and Greenland, are so often compelled in times of dearth and famine to sacrifice their aged weaklings that this form of death has become a vague religion and social principle with them.

The armies of the great white czar, like those of the king-emperor, are not recruited in such distant places; indeed, the men are of such meager stature and intellect that a military training is next to impossible—certainly not a thing to be thought of in the days of a great campaign, Pearson's Weekly observes.

The population of arctic Russia, both in Asia and in Europe, outside the official and mercantile classes, contains few elements which are truly Slavonic, but in the minds of insular Britons the reputation of arctic dwellers pertains to all the people living in Siberia, which is always portrayed as a land of ice and snow and unhealthy marsh.

The Siberian battalions, which have won so great a fame in the Russian campaigns, are drawn mainly from territory as near the equator as Great Britain. It is undeniable that their winters are terribly severe, but in the hot summer crops of the utmost value can be sown, ripened and harvested. It is not impossible to lead a robust life in the Siberia of military Russia.

The real natives of the Arctic can endure hunger and fatigue—can march in their own fashion through hurricane and blizzard—but their value is rather to the explorer of the inhospitable North than to the soldier. As hunters they are wonderfully clever, yet they are curiously formal in administering the coup de grace.

They will apologize to the fierce white bear which they have cornered before advancing to a close attack with bone-tipped arrows and spears, a fuel in which the odds seem decisively on the bear's destroying the man. They are therefore not cowards in any sense, and few British sportsmen would risk their lives against bear and wolf and walrus protected only by futile weapons and their own personal dexterity.

How goes the news of war to these arctic dwellers?

Most casually and slowly, without a doubt. There are colonies in the frozen North which have not yet heard of the Russo-Japanese war, and certainly have no knowledge of the present war.

They are free from national duties and taxation, and their intercourse, even with fur traders of blood alien to their own, is meager indeed. There are dialects spoken by these tribes which have never been interpreted and never reduced to writing, and their ideas of the great world outside the tundras and steppes are very crude.

A generation may pass before the story of the grand duke's great campaign filters north, and even then it will be incomprehensible to persons to whom a crowd of even a hundred human beings would be a marvel. Now and again a stray whaler or exploring ship comes within sight of the shore camps, and a little barter by means of signs is carried on, but the inland dwellers have not even this communication with the outside world.

## Make Hand Grenades Now.

The number of accidents in British factories during the year 1915 was 206 above the average for the last ten years, according to the annual report of the inspectors of explosives.

The number of deaths in manufacture was 21 and the number of persons injured in factories during the year was 170, 88 of these cases being of a trifling nature. In view of the vast increase in the number of persons employed in the manufacture of explosives, this result may be regarded as fairly satisfactory.

Very little work has been done in ordinary fireworks, nearly all the factories having been engaged in filling hand grenades or in making signals for war purposes. This work they were specially fitted to carry out, and they have thus been enabled to keep going at a time when the public prohibition of firework displays would have compelled them to close down.

## For Pleasure and War.

As an indirect result of the valuable service rendered by power boats during the conflict abroad, some little attention has been aroused in this country to the advisability of organizing a "mosquito fleet" for mine patrol and scouting duties. A plan contemplating the registration of all pleasure craft of this kind, so that they might be available for service in an event of war, has even been proposed. Of late, however, another step has been taken in this direction which is particularly significant and interesting. According to Popular Mechanics Magazine, several Easterners are having "scout boats" built for their private use. These have been designed by naval architects, and are not merely suitable, but in part equipped, for naval purposes, and would be practically ready for immediate use if necessity should ever require that they be turned over to the navy department.