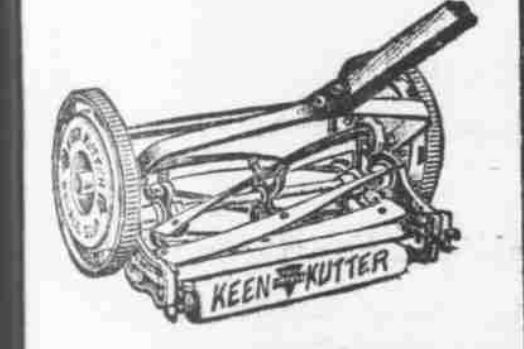


Humor - Police - Romance
An O. HENRY Story a Day
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THE FIFTH WHEEL.

The ranks of the Bed Line moved together; for it was cold, cold, cold. They were alluvial deposits of life lodged in the delta of the Avenue and Broadway. The Bed Liners stamped their freezing feet on the empty benches in Madison Square whence Jack Frost had evicted them, and muttered to another in a confusion of tongues from the Platoon Building, with its imposing, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily above them on the opposite delta, might well have been for the tower of Babel, whence the polyglot wingers had been called to the indigent walking delegate of the Lord.

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THEY WERE CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO



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OUR TRUCKS CERTAINLY "DO MOVE"
Some speed! We can empty a whole three-story house, move the contents miles away in a few hours, and the same day have every article in its proper room in the new location or in storage. Some care, too! And some moderate rate, considering our complete service.
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come to be at this beg bargain-counter rummage sale?"
The other young man seemed to welcome the advance of the airy ex-coachman.
"No," said he, "mine isn't exactly a case of drink. Unless we allow that Cupid is a bartender. I married unwisely, according to the opinion of my unforgetting relatives. I've been out of work for a year because I don't know how to work; and I've been sick in Bellevue and other hospitals four months. My wife and kid had to go back to her mother. I was turned out of the hospital yesterday. And haven't a cent. That's my tale of woe."

"Tough luck," said Thomas. "A man alone can pull through all right. But I hate to see the women and kids get the worst of it."
Just then there hummed up Fifth Avenue a motor car so splendid, so regal, so smoothly running, so gracefully demolishing the speed limit, that it drew the attention even of the listless Bed Liners. Suspended and pinioned on its left side was an extra tire.

When opposite the unfortunate company the fastenings of this tire became loosed. It fell to the asphalt, bounded and rolled rapidly in the wake of the flying car.
Thomas McQuade, scenting an opportunity, darted from his place among the Preacher's goats. In thirty seconds he had caught the rolling tire, swung it over his shoulder, and was trotting smartly after the car. On both sides of the avenue people were shouting, whistling, and waving canes at the red car, pointing to the enterprising Thomas coming up with the lost tire.

One dollar, Thomas had estimated, was the smallest guerdon that so grand an automobilist could offer for the service he had rendered, and save his pride.
Two blocks away the car had stopped. There was a little, brown, muffled chauffeur driving, and an imposing gentleman wearing a magnificent seal-skin coat and a silk hat on a rear seat.

Thomas proffered the captured tire with his best ex-coachman manner and a look in the brighter of his reddened eyes that was suggestive to the extent of a silver coin or two and exceptive up to higher demonstrations.
But the look was not so construed. The seal skinned gentleman received the tire, placed it inside the car, gazed intently at the ex-coachman, and muttered to himself inscrutable words.
"Strange—strange!" said he. "Once or twice even I have fancied that the Chaldean Chiroscope has availed. Could it be possible?"

Then he addressed less mysterious words to the waiting and hopeful Thomas.
"Sir, I thank you for your kind rescue of my tire. And I would ask you, if I may, a question. Do you know if a family of Van Smythes living in Washington Square, North?"
"Oughtn't I to?" replied Thomas. "I lived there. Wish I did yet."

The seal skinned gentleman opened a door of the car.
"Step in, please," he said. "You have been expected."
Thomas McQuade obeyed with surprise but without hesitation. A seat standing room in the Bed Line. But after the lap-robe had been tucked about him and the auto had sped on its course, the peculiarity of the invitation lingered in his mind.

"Maybe the guy hasn't got any change," was his diagnosis. Lots of these swell rounders don't lug about any ready money. Guess he'll dump me out when he gets to some joint where he can get cash on his mug. Anyhow, it's a cinch that I've got that open-air bed convention beat to a finish."
Submerged in his great coat, the mysterious automobilist seemed, however, to marvel at the surprises of life.

"Wonderful amazing! strange!" he repeated to himself constantly.
When the car had well entered the cross-town Seventies it swung eastward on a half block and stopped before a row of high-steepled, brownstone-front houses.

"Is kind enough to enter my house with me," said the seal skinned gentleman when they had alighted. "He's going to dig up, sure," reflected Thomas, following him inside.
There was a dim light in the hall. His host conducted him through a door door to the left, closing it after him and leaving them in absolute darkness. Suddenly a luminous globe, strangely decorated, shone faintly in the center of an immense room that seemed to Thomas more splendidly appointed than any he had ever seen on the stage or read in fairy stories.

The walls were hidden by gorgeous red hangings embroidered with fantastic gold figures. At the rear end of the room were draped portieres of dull gold spangled with silver crescents and stars. The furniture was of the costliest and rarest styles. The ex-coachman's feet sank into rugs as fleecy and deep as snowdrifts. There were three or four oddly shaped stands or stables covered with black velvet drapery.

Thomas McQuade took in the splendors of this palatial apartment with one eye. With the other he looked for his imposing conductor—to find that he had disappeared.
"Eggee!" muttered Thomas. "This listens like speed trap. Shouldn't wonder if it ain't one of these Moravian Nights' adventures that you read about. Wonder what become of the furry guy?"
Suddenly a stuffed owl that stood in an ebony perch near the illuminated globe slowly raised his wings and emitted from his eyes a brilliant electric glow.

With a fright-borne impatience, Thomas seized a bronze statuette of Hebe from a cabinet near by and hurried it with all his might at the terrifying and impossible fowl. The owl and his perch went over with a crash. With the sound there was a click and the room was flooded with light from a dozen frosted globes along the walls and ceiling. The gold portieres parted and closed, and the mysterious automobilist entered the room. He was tall and wore evening dress of perfect cut and accurate taste. A Vandyke beard of glossy, golden brown, rather long and wavy hair, smoothly parted and large, intelligent, orientally occult eyes gave him a most impressive and striking appearance. If you can conceive a Russian Grand Duke in a Regatta's throng, advancing to greet a visiting emperor, you will gather something of the majesty of his manner. But Thomas McQuade was too plucky to be mindful of his nearness to the fowl. When he viewed this sleek, polished, and somewhat terrifying host he thought vaguely of dentists.

"Say, doc," said he resentfully, "that's a hot bird you keep on tap. I hope it didn't break anything. But I've nearly got the williwallows, and when he threw them 22-candle-joweb lamps of his on me, I took a snap-shot at him with that little brass. Platoon Girl that stood on the sidewalk."
"That is merely a mechanical toy," said the gentleman with a wave of his hand. "May I ask you to be seated while I explain why I brought you to my house. Perhaps you would not understand nor be in sympathy with the psychological prompting that caused me to do so. So I will come to the point at once by venturing to refer to your admission that you know the Van Smythe family, of Washington Square North."

Progressive Realty Co.,
Dilworth Developers

**PERFUMED MALES
CUSSED HUSBAND**

"Pretty Boys" Should Be Beaten With Broom Says Voliva.

Chicago, Ill., April 8. — Comes again before us Mr. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion City, and informs the homish-heres on "The Cussedness of Modern Husbands to Their Wives," to wit:
"A man goes into a home and courts a beautiful girl. She has a lovely father and mother, and the most charming surroundings.
"He sits there with oil in his hair, a perfumed handkerchief in his pocket, and buckwheat batter on his head."
"He says:
"Now, darling humpty-dumpty, if you only will promise to be mine you will never have to put your hands in dishwater and I will dress you in silks and satin."
"The infernal lar!
"She has her hands in dishwater two-thirds of the time after she marries him. They have four sweet little children. He is an Odd Fellow on Monday night, playing the dunces; an Elk on Tuesday night, a Buffalo on Wednesday night, a Macabee on Thursday night and a Bumblebee on Friday night.
"He leaves his wife at home with the children while he is out fooling around, wearing a little apron in a secret lodge room.
"If I were in her place I would see him up in a bed-quilt, beat him with a broom and put a kitchen apron on him and make him wash the dishes."
Further than this, deponent saith not.

OPPOSED TO 44-HOUR WEEK.

Chicago, April 8.—The executive council of the Typothetae of America in a statement Thursday night denied that it had ever agreed to introduction of the 44-hour week. The statement was issued to correct what were termed erroneous reports that the organization had approved the 44-hour week.

BAYER Aspirin
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Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. All druggists sell Bayer Tablets as Aspirin in handy tin boxes of 12, and in bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic acid ester of Salicylic acid.

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**How About Your
Danger Zone?**

You've got it—every human being is born with it—your large intestine, or colon. It is a long, muscular tube—intended to collect food waste and remove it from the body.
Plug it up with waste, neglect it, and you're sick on your feet. The food waste stagnates, undergoes decay, fermentation and germ action.
Allow constipation to become established, and you are liable to become definitely and miserably sick—and not on your feet either.
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