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SYNOPSIS

Young Bob Wilson and his two tramp companions climb up the framework of the trestle of Granite Gorge to escape a landslide. Almost immediately they are startled to hear the whistle of the approaching Limited. To prevent disaster, Bob struggles desperately to push a boulder from the track. Nelson, one of his companions, wants to let the train be wrecked—and rob it. With his steel spike he deals Bob a vicious blow and the latter falls to his knees, dazed.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Memories of gridiron battles, when the greater the knocks and the odds the fiercer and hotter ran his blood, flashed now into Bob's mind and goaded him to his feet. To his dizzy brain the track ties magically became ten yard marks, the granite sides of the railroad cut through the Gorge became a college stadium, and the wind became the roaring of forty thousand game-mad fans in mighty unison, "Hold 'em Princeton!"

Running low and calling numbers to himself as he ran Bob plunged recklessly toward the headlight which bore down upon him out of the night like a grotesque and flaming football. He fought madly to peel off the clinging folds of his wet coat, while the wind howled at him with an uncanny confusion of pleas: "Block that kick!—Stop that train!—Block that kick!—Stop that train!"

His head cleared as he ran, so that presently he knew enough to come to a pause and stand, drawn to his full height there on the gridiron of wooden ties and steel rails, wav-



Bob plunged recklessly toward the headlight which bore down upon him.

ing his coat with wide sweeps defiantly up into the burning eye of the Cyclopean locomotive. The glaring light blinded him so that his whole visual world was a waste of white-hot embers. It was as though he had opened the door of Hell and looked in. His ears, made the keener by their greater responsibility, brought to him above the storm a sound of screeching brakes that was at once a relief and a warning—he jumped, and a blistering cylinder head grazed him as the train brushed by like a hot broom.

In his next conscious moment Bob discovered that he was lying on his back by the stony trackside, his head pillowed on the ample hand of a trainman, while the rain—which had been chilling—now tapped a refreshing staccato on his face. The great sleek length of the greyhound Limited was at a standstill. Pale light filtering down from Pullman windows revealed the question in Bob's eyes.

"O. K., 'bo, but no more'n a foot to spare," said the trainman gratefully; then, with concern, "but say, you, 'bo—are you—"

Bob anticipated the question by getting quickly to his feet, aided by the strong arms of the trainman, and saying shakily:

"Oh, I'm all right. Just a little winded, and a mite bruised perhaps."

A bit unsteadily Bob walked with the engineer toward the excited group of trainmen, mail clerks and passengers who were milling warily around the boulder on the gusty, slippery trestle as they peered into the shrieking blackness of the Gorge and speculated upon the horrorfulness of the fate they had been saved.

The powerful headlight of the engine reached across the whole length of the trestle, which glistened in the rain-diffused glare like a

foiled snake. The light, draining down through the interstices of the trestle, touched with a distant and guarded radiance the soapsuds rapidly swirling through the Gorge, and gave the awed spectators on the high tracks a Dantean glimpse into an Inferno.

Bob, coming diffidently no nearer than the fringe of the crowd, saw with amused tolerance that Potts was sharing the limelight with the boulder. Leaning importantly against his brimless slouch hat up and down around and about in grandiloquent gestures as he dramatically explained to the admiring rescues how he had flagged the train. But Bob's amusement gave way to resentment as he saw Spike walk boldly into the spotlight from nowhere and divide attention with Potts, to the latter's disappointment.

Bob throbbed with indignation against this sinister bum, who could now without compunction brazenly bid for the gratitude of people whom he had planned to rob—and murder. That was it—nothing short of murder! Involuntarily, Bob took a step forward, and a hot accusation rose to his lips. An appreciation of futility checked his steps and his cry. After all, what did it matter? To implicate Spike would be an involved and complicated matter requiring the expenditure of many words. How could he prove anything against Spike? One bum's word would be as good as another's!

And, dulled by a backlash of all his indifference, he asked himself "What's the use?" He shrank even farther back into the shadows now, wishing that the train would proceed and leave him alone with his hobo pals—wishing, even, that Potts and Spike would ride away on the Limited and leave him entirely alone. His head ached from his falls. He was worn out and cold. He wanted now only to seek out a sheltered hole in the lee of some big rock and huddle and burrow down, like a homeless dog, for a sheep. He turned, and started to shamble away, forlorn and friendless, into the darkness.

To the center of the crowd around Potts and Spike the stalwart engineer of the Limited had pushed meanwhile. He listened for a moment to their claims, while anger and disgust overspread his greasy face. Then he interrupted scorchingly:

"Say, where the hell do you two guys get this stuff? I saw who saved us. It was the young bum!"

Potts coughed and slunk back a little while the engineer elaborated to the white faces encircling him:

"For me it was like having a front seat at the movies. The Old Girl's eye lit up the whole thing like a show. Just as I came around the curve I seen the young bum running toward us like a madman, waving his coat. If he hadn't come as far as he did, nothing could have saved us from going over. He stood there in the middle of the tracks as confident as a traffic cop. You know, a driver's instinct gets used to seeing everything at once. Away back of him I spotted the boulder on the trestle and knew why the young fellow was flagging me. I set the brakes and closed my eyes 'cause I didn't want to see him chewed down, for he made no move to get out of the way, but just stood there hunched over a little like I seen kids from State College gettin' ready to tackle the guy with the ball. For a minute I got a wild notion he was going to try and tackle the Limited. Funny how many queer notions cat steam through your head when you brain is runnin' off the track!"

"My young colleagues performed a heroic service," interrupted Potts "but I—I, sir, endeavored with might and main to bob ran to flag you. Recollect, sir, was I not within your mental picture of the climactic moment of this perilous event?"

"The engineer appraised Potts good-naturedly, then admitted "Yes, Fatty, I remember that I couldn't decide which would be the most dangerous to hit—the boulder or you!"

The engineer's glance fell sternly on Spike. "But this bum was nowhere in sight!" Spike returned the engineer's look, eye for eye, unabashed and insolent. However, an interruption came when a tall, slim young mail clerk who, disheveled and breathless, had elbowed his way into the forefront of the dripping crowd in time to hear the engineer's description of the flagging, asked:

for Fahmi of the Egyptian police at Cairo. "The Champagne Mystery" is the secret held within a pocket note-book.

Only 22 years old, Whitney Mann, the new pilot of the Burlington clug in the Mississippi Valley league, is believed to be the youngest manager in organized baseball.

Chantal Mortgages Blanca, 2 for 5 cents at Times-Tribune office.

SYNOPSIS

These tramps have scrambled up the framework of a railroad trestle in Granite Gorge to escape a landslide, when the Limited approaches. Train start to descend, but the third, a young man, stands in the center of the track and, using his coat as a flag, signals frantically in the glare of the lightning flashes and the locomotive headlight. The train stops within a few feet of a boulder which has fallen on the track. The engine granted the tramp as it drew in, leaving him dazed and bruised.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Morse, where's the fellow who saved us? I want to thank him!"

The engineer, with the indulgence of grey and grizzled hair and thirty years of fatherhood, smiled in kindly understanding upon the speaker.

"Oh, hullo, Fowler—say, for what's waitin' you in Crater City I guess you would want to thank him! Reckon you've got more reason than any of us for wanting to get to Crater City alive to-night."

Then, in disappointment, after a swift look around.

"Hell, he's lit out. Gee, I thought he didn't look like no ordinary bum, and this proves it, or he'd be hangin' around for a handout. Look! There he goes now—past the sleepers. Hey!"

Whether or not the storm prevented Bob from hearing, at any rate he gave no sign that he had heard, but with his hands in pockets and shoulders hunched continued indifferently on his way. Jim Fowler, the young mail clerk who, more than any other, had reasons for



Bob halted and stared inquisitively at Fowler.

wanting to reach Crater City soon and in safety, darted after Bob, determined that he should not run away from the gratitude of at least one of those whom he had benefited.

"What the hell do you want? Why don't you let me alone?" Bob asked sullenly when overtaken.

Unrebuffed, Jim Fowler extended a friendly hand. "I want to thank you, Mister, for saving my life upon the night of all nights in my life when I am most needed at home."

Bob shrugged and did not even extend his hand. Curiosity as to why he had played so important a part in this young mail clerk's life did not rouse a spark of interest in him, for to this tramp the little everyday affairs of the world seemed unrealistically far away, remote and long ago. For him, now, the only starkly real things were the rain, the depressing chill, his aching head, and his desire to be alone. He felt sheepish rather than pleased because he had saved members of this human society which he hated as a whole. He turned abruptly and started away again, without a word.

Regret and bafflement shadowed Jim's eyes at the attitude of this man who had saved his life—and others—yet seemed to regret having done so. But Jim's own happiness had the illimitable elasticity of completeness; so, he tried again.

"Why are you headin' west, 'bo—there's nothing but barren mountain passes and a couple of empty section shacks for more miles than you can tramp in this storm. Better ride in to Crater City in my mail car!"

Bob halted and stared inquisitively at Fowler. This was a practical suggestion and did not savor of charitable sympathy; but he waited ironically for the mail clerk to add an obvious offer of a meal upon arrival in Crater City, knowing full

well that the still living shreds of his pride would turn him irrevocably away into the night if such an offer came. He was not a handout bum yet, though this state was perhaps not far distant, since every other quality of his old status seemed to have gone.

But Jim did not do the expected; perhaps because his eyes, breaking lances with Bob's on a physical level in a jost of essentially sound and honest and manly young personalities, read the alert defensiveness in them. He did not extend his hand again, nor was there any trace of coaxing in his voice as he said:

"Morse brought the Limited up so smartly when he saw you that mail bags flew around like bricks at an Irish brakemen's picnic. It took me five minutes to dig out. It's a hell of a mess that I have to straighten out before we get to Crater City, and I'm all alone except for the marine guard, and he's a useless dumb-bell. Say, I'd appreciate it if you'd come along and give me a hand!"

"I don't mind," said Bob. "My name's Fowler—Jim Fowler," the clerk informed him, "and this is my car," pointing to the first of three mail coaches. A stocky marine with an alert rifle was silhouetted in the half-open door—a reluctant bodily martyr to regulations while curiosity towed his spirit to the engine's nose.

"My name's Bob—Bob—Wilson," replied the young tramp, meeting for the first time the need of inventing a surname.

The two picked their way silently along the trackside toward the trestle to ascertain how long the delay would last. Male passengers returning, with an important sense of being adventurous souls, to bear first hand tidings to their affrighted females as to what had happened—and how long 'ell be—and where are we—and was anybody hurt—looked upon Bob as he passed with the supercilious gratitude of the well-fed. Some patronized him with a shoulder pat; others called out words of approbation. Bob shrank from the slaps, and with moody tolerance ignored the praise.

The train crew had crowsbarred the boulder off the trestle to eternal oblivion on the bed of the torrent below, and were now engaged in inspecting the tracks. The big stone seemed to have struck the trestle squarely in the center, between the rails, which were undamaged except for minor dents; one tie was squashed into wood pulp, and several others were immoderately splintered. Still, it was safe to proceed cautiously, the conductor and the engineer decided.

Spike and Potts had drawn discreetly into the background, out of the circle of action where they might have been invited to help remove the boulder; but, catching sight of Bob simultaneously with observing that the bulk of work was now over, they came close again.

The conductor cocked an expertly calculating eye at his watch, ordered the trainmen back to their posts, and with Morse, the engineer, then approached Jim and the tramps.

"I've invited this man to ride to Crater City in my car, Smogs," said Jim to the conductor; then, with hesitation, "and the other bum—his friends, I mean—can come too, I guess."

The beery conductor stared at Bob importantly. "It was a courageous thing for a fellow like you to do, and of course we're all grateful. It was my intention to suggest that you could ride in with us. The passengers have signified their purpose of taking up a purse, which will be presented to you when we arrive in Crater City. We hope you will put the money to some useful purpose," he concluded virtuously, "that might redeem you from your err—present mode of life!"

Some repressed emotion agitated the corners of Bob's mouth, as he heroically overcame an impulse to punch the conductor's nose. He turned his back abruptly upon the conductor, who, much put out, rolled his eyes expressively at Morse to bear witness to such ingratitude. But the engineer merely grinned and hopped nimbly up to his cab, where he confided to his fireman a profane opinion that Smogs, the conductor, was undoubtedly a fat-head.

A minute later the Limited was sliding prudently across the bruised trestle.

(To be continued)

NOBODY LOVES YOU

It is impossible to get anywhere if you are a crab. Nobody loves you. To be successful you must have a kindly, lovable disposition. You can not have this with an unhealthy liver and stomach. They don't go together. Mayer's Wonderful Remedy has given complete and permanent results in thousands of such cases. Our advice to everyone troubled in this way, especially when accompanied with bloating in the stomach, is to try this remedy. It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the material mucus from the intestinal tract and aligns all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. At the Gibson Drug Store and druggists everywhere.

Persistently reckless drivers don't care much, probably. If they get deprived of their driving licenses. There are always row boats to rock and canoes to change seats in.

Inspired by American successes, the French people have founded silver fox farms of their own in the Dauphine and in Savoy, on the slopes of the Alps.

The man who has his faults isn't half so bad if he keeps them to himself.

Advertisement for BELLANS Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION. Includes text: 'Inspired by American successes, the French people have founded silver fox farms of their own in the Dauphine and in Savoy, on the slopes of the Alps.' and 'The man who has his faults isn't half so bad if he keeps them to himself.'

What the World Is Doing

(As Seen by Popular Mechanics Magazine)

Stencil Guide for Neck Shave Saves Using Mirror

Self-administered neck shaves are simplified with the help of a celluloid stencil that fastens to the back of the



head with strings and a clasp and has slits in the edge to guide the razor. The accessory makes a mirror unnecessary and can be used both for the side and rounded styles.

Solve Mystery in Language of the Honey Bees

That bees have a language by means of which they can communicate with one another about new-found feeding grounds, the kind of flowers to visit and their general direction from the hive, appears to have been proved through experiments made by German scientist. He found a swarm of bees would visit the place where sugar was exposed immediately after one of them had fed and returned to the hive to spread the news. This the bees do by a peculiar dance. By marking bees with colors and feeding some while leaving others unfed, the experimenter proved that only those which had been fed would start the dance that brought swarms to new feeding grounds.

Movies for Ship Passengers to Cure Seasickness

Seasickness is believed to be due partly to strain on the eyes caused by the constantly shifting planes of the ship. To counteract the effects of this movement and thus possibly

spare passengers unpleasant illness, experiments are under way in filming special motion pictures for exhibition on liners. They are expected to have a soothing effect on the eyes and enable persons to regain a complete sense of balance. As many ships are already provided with equipment for displaying the reels, no additional expense will be involved, and the pictures themselves will afford another source of entertainment on long voyages.

Removing Grass along Fence

Grass along fence posts can be burned away with a common gasoline blowtorch without injury to the posts, if a wet gunny sack is taken along. The grass will burn quickly and the gunny sack is then used to quench the embers. This is an easy and simple method and eliminates the danger of burning the posts close to the ground.

Kennel on Running Board Has Glass Windshield

For the convenience of dog owners wishing to take their pets with them on automobile journeys, a compartment has been designed by an English motorist to carry his bulldog,



which acts as guardian while the car stands unattended. The upper part of the enclosure is of glass, and it can be placed on either end of the running board.

Radio Test Light Saves Tubes

A useful radio test light can be made from the base of a burned-out tube and a double-contact auto-lamp socket. Remove all glass and internal wiring from the base, leaving the metal shell and the four prongs intact. Connect the two terminals on the auto-lamp socket to the filament prongs on the tube base by means of lengths of small flexible wire, soldered in place. Place the socket in the position shown, and run melted sealing wax around it, holding it firmly until the wax has set; place a 6-volt, 2-sp. auto lamp in the socket and the test lamp is complete. To test the circuit, place the lamp in the tube sockets in the regular manner and note the result. If the circuit is correct, the lamp will light.

Cleaning Spark Plugs

Few car owners "enjoy" disassembling spark plugs and laboriously removing carbon particles with a knife and scraper. A good method of doing this is as follows: Immerse the plug in a fruit jar, partly filled with muriatic acid; the length of the bath may be from 10 minutes to an hour, depending on the strength of the acid and the condition of the plugs. Afterward, wash the plugs in water. Heat treatment is another good method of cleaning spark plugs. The plug is taken apart and the porcelain are placed in a fire, heated almost red and are then plunged in cold water.

Avoid Striking one Milling Cutter against another, or any other hard substance that would cause nicks in the blades requiring considerable re-grinding.

The Great Commoner



The Last Straw

Hickory Record. It was to be hoped that John Thomas Scopes would not attempt to commercialize his notoriety gained by virtue of the evolution trial, but announcement came yesterday that he is making plans to start on a lecture tour at once. Those of us who may have endured some patience with the defense must surely be robbed of all faith in the sincerity of the test now. It is the last straw to a pathetically ridiculous scene.

The idea of a 24-year-old man going over the county lecturing on the question of evolution is to absurd for consideration. What he may say will amount to nothing but he will draw a crowd everywhere because of the publicity he has been given. John Thomas Scopes, personally, was about the most insignificant exhibit connected with the trial. But some name had to be used and some person had to represent that name. It so happened that the limelight fell on Scopes. Any one of a thousand teachers in Tennessee would have filled the bill equally as well, and none would have been any less able to lecture on the theory of evolution than he.

No Boll Weevil Scars

Gastonia Gazette. York county farmers are apparently not much concerned about the depredations of the boll weevil. They are us-

Get Rid of Disease Breeding Pests

New York Mirror. English cattle attacked by the foot and mouth disease were killed off at a cost of millions to prevent the spread of the disease. The government forbade fox-hunting in thirty-six counties where the disease existed. The hounds undoubtedly carried the disease on their feet from one pasture to another. The red-coated fox-hunters were heartbroken, but the "No Hunting" order stood.

The first step in ridding the earth of disease would be to get rid of unnecessary animals.

Wild beasts in Africa and elsewhere carry the sleeping sickness.

Cats and dogs, so-called "pets," but often pests, bring diseases to children after their wanderings, which cannot be prevented. "The cat will mew and the dog will have his day."

Flies carry germs from the stable and the pig pen to the food on the table. Mosquitoes actually plant the germs of malaria and yellow fever in your blood. Man will be free from disease when he finds himself the only living creature on this planet. That will come in a million years or so, undoubtedly. Meanwhile, get rid, mercifully, of all contagious animal life, wild and tame.

To be eligible for membership in the International Association of Woman Explorers, a woman must have travelled "on her own hook" in little known by-ways of the world and have made a publishable record of the journey.

True Detective Mysteries, a Macfadden publication, in its August issue contains the "Revelations of a Bootlegger" or what happened to the man who wanted to make a million overnight. "The Original Nick Carter" is the true life story of the man who created the celebrated detective of fiction and is told by his son, Hubert V. Corvelli, in "The Unknown Murder Woman," two people are found murdered within a week of each other but both bodies bear similar stab wounds, this case was handled by Inspec-