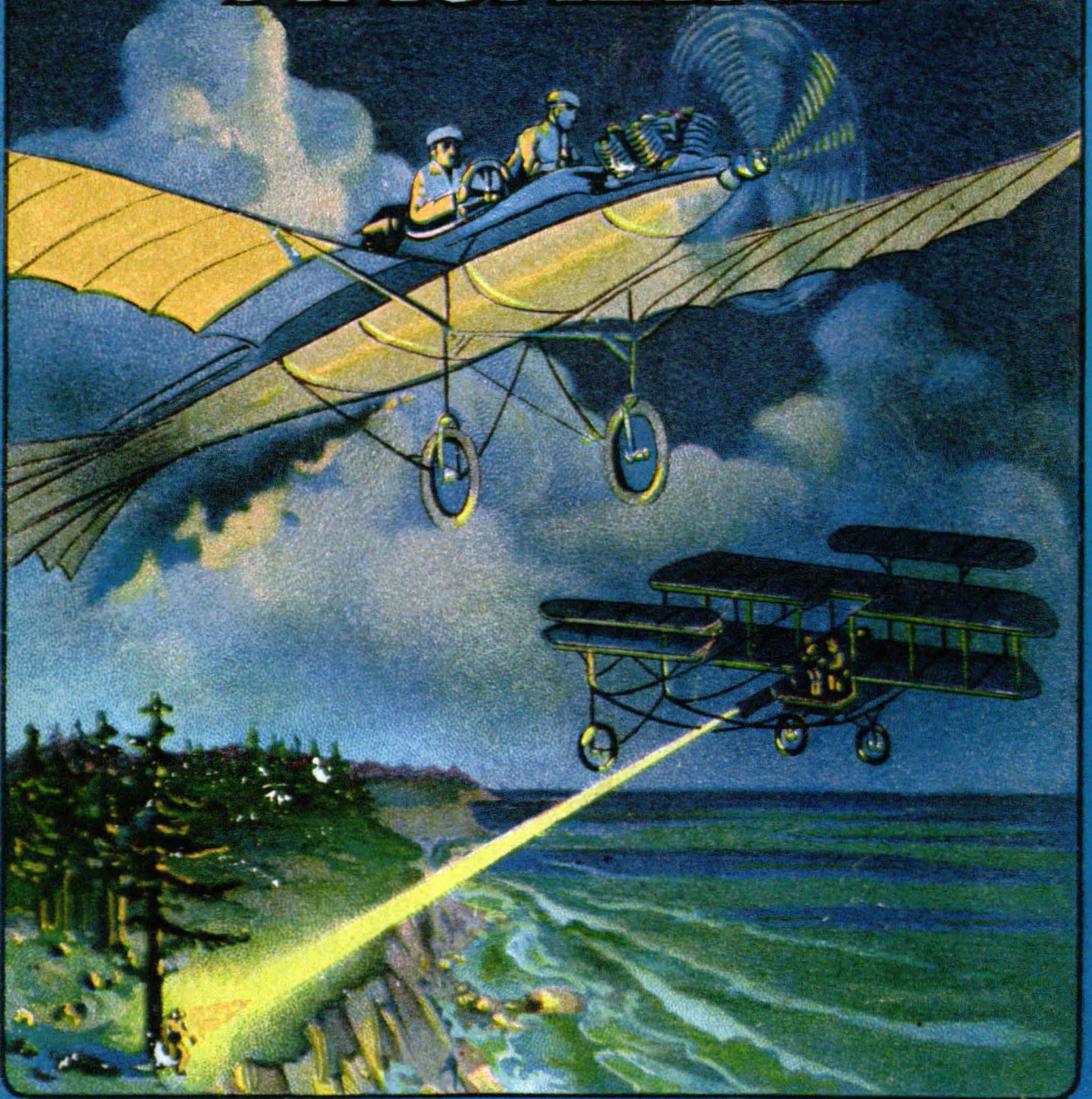


# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE



*The Island of Lost Men*  
Nº3 The International Tales of Mystery

# STYLE

is what every man who thinks anything of his appearance is anxious to secure. There is plenty of style to International Tailoring. And as for

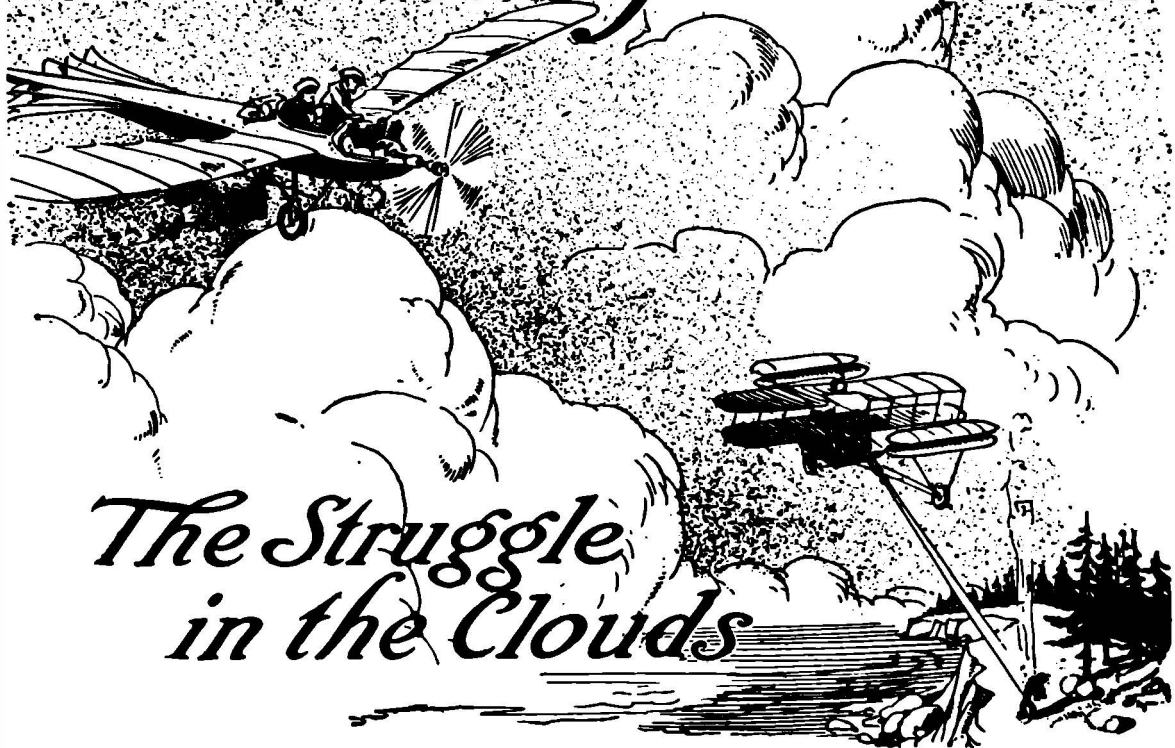
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# The Island of Lost Men



## *The Struggle in the Clouds*

### CHAPTER III

**A**T the first peep of dawn I was awake and ready to cope with the strangest case in my career. I was confident that I was at last to discover the cause of the mysterious deaths of the five men on Beaver Island, and incidentally to save the rest of us from the same fate. I proposed to catch the criminal, or criminals, red-handed, and I intended to use John Richards himself as the decoy.

By ten in the morning I reached Richmond, and explained to the Chief of Police of that city exactly what it was I wanted. He looked aghast at my proposition, but he knew that when the Secret Service men make requests they must be complied

with. "Do you know how to handle an airship, a monoplane, Mr. Merrill?" he asked. "I certainly do," I answered confidently. "I took lessons outside Washington all last summer."

"Very good." He wrote a few lines on a card and gave it to me. "Take that to the address written there, and they'll give you what you want."

So it was that I took my seat in the thoroughly-tested monoplane a half hour later, and, hand on lever, rose into the air. I flew southward and eastward toward the coast, and early in the afternoon crossed the narrow strip of water that separated Beaver Island from the mainland. I lighted in a field, far from any houses, and managed to screen my airship fairly well in the bushes and pines. Then I headed across to Professor Bracken's.

Miss Lyle was at the door, apparently waiting for me: "Herr Bey has gone out with a fisherman," she said. "He said he was sorry to hear you had given up the case."

"And where is the Professor?" I asked.

"Working at his quarry. I put the letter back in the tree on the cliff, and went to see Mr. Richards, and told him to get the letter and leave an answer in its place. But surely you don't mean that he is actually to go to the cliff at ten o'clock tonight? That would be dreadfully dangerous."

"John Richards will not be there," I reassured her, "but something else will be to take his place. We have the run of the house now. You must help me make a dummy that will look like a man by starlight."

I had not yet fully realized what a very clever girl Anne Lyle was. She asked no questions, but did exactly as I requested her.

In order to make assurance doubly sure, we went outside the house to see that no one was within spying distance, and when we were sure no one was there, we went through the different rooms of the house. In the storeroom we found a box of carpenter's tools and several chests of old clothes. I procured some sticks from the woodshed, and set to work to construct a scarecrow. Meantime Miss Lyle was rummaging about. She discovered several rolls of cotton, and with needle and thread contrived to fashion a number of bags of this. One was to do service as the dummy's body, another as his head, and others as his arms and legs. As soon as they were finished I wired the bags to the scarecrow figure of sticks, and shortly we had a very passable imitation of the figure of a man.

"Now for his clothing," said I. "I don't imagine that anyone will look very closely at him, so any kind of a suit will do, but he ought to have some kind of a hat that will resemble Mr. Richards'."

"He often wears a cap," said Miss Lyle. "I think there's an old one here that will do very well."

She found the cap, and I fastened it on the dummy's head. We put on a coat and trousers, and then I stood the figure up against the wall. "Capital," I declared. "That ought to do the trick as well as our young friend himself."

Miss Lyle looked at me questioningly. "Surely you don't think that anyone would take that figure for Mr. Richards?" said she.

I could not help smiling at the unconscious note of indignation that was in her voice. "Not if they were close at hand," I answered, "but this Mr. Richards is intended to be seen from a distance."



**"I WIRED THE BAGS TO THE SCARECROW FIGURE OF STICKS."** (Page 3)

When we were quite satisfied with our handiwork I went downstairs and out of the house. I made a little tour of the neighborhood, and satisfied myself that no one was about. After that I returned, and, with Miss Lyle's help, carried the dummy figure across the fields to the cliff. I chose a pine that stood out from the other trees and placed the figure against it. The tree was almost bare, so that the dummy stood out boldly. Then Miss Lyle and I walked off to the other end of the open space, and from there looked at the figure. "That's all right. He'll do," I declared. We took the figure and hid it carefully in the bushes, in a place where I was sure no inquisitive person would run across it.

As we went back we passed near the deserted farmhouse and barn. I pointed to them. "What do you know about those places?" I asked.

"Oh, no one has lived there for some time," Miss Lyle answered. "The man who used to live there took his family away over a year ago, and no one's been there since."

"Have you ever seen anyone prowling about the barn?" I asked, looking at her closely.

She thought a moment. "I don't remember seeing anyone except you. You remember I met you about here yesterday."

"Yes, I took a look at them," I admitted.

"Would you like to go over there now?" she asked.

"Oh, no. I'm not going to run any risk of being seen at present. That's why I'm going to leave you here. Now, Miss Lyle, I want you to go back to the house, and stay there. Don't mention my having come back. I want everyone to think I'm still away. This evening about nine o'clock you must go out, just as if you were going to keep that appointment on the cliff,

but whatever you do don't go near that place. Don't go farther away than the barn, but keep out of sight of anyone coming from the Professor's."

"I understand." She hesitated a moment. "And what about Mr. Richards?" she asked, appeal in her eyes.

"I am going to him now, and I shall stay by his side until this affair is ended, one way or the other."

"Heaven bring you both through safely," she murmured, and left me.

I went by the beach to Richards' cottage. He was there. I took him indoors, and told him my theory of the mystery and my plans for the night. He looked incredulous. "It's impossible," he exclaimed. "It's the wildest scheme I ever heard of!"

"You'll find it's true, however," I answered. "Will you see it through with me?"

"It seems to me I've got to. Unless I go with you I'm sure to lose, whether your clue is right or wrong. I'm ready, Merrill; you can count on me."

"You must go well armed," I cautioned.

He patted his hip pocket. "I am. I've been so ever since I first laid eyes on your friend from Berlin, with the name of Bey."

After Richards thoroughly understood my plans, we had to wait as patiently as we could until nine o'clock. We had supper, and then he and I went over the whole ground again, to make sure that there were no flaws in our arrangements. At nine we stole forth, both well armed. I led the way up the beach to the cliff. There I looked for the dummy figure, and found it where I had hidden it. I carried it to the lone pine that stood near the edge of the cliff and placed it against the trunk. "There," said I, "that's you, looking out to sea and waiting for a lady."



Richards laughed. "I'm a fine looking fellow," said he. "But, all fooling aside, that figure would fool anyone at twenty yards."

I worked over the placing of that dummy until I was completely satisfied. Then we turned into the highroad, careful to keep as well hidden as we could.

We should have to go near the deserted farmhouse and barn, but a rail fence would serve to hide us if we saw anyone there. I did not expect to find anyone, unless perhaps Miss Lyle. I had told her to leave the house about this time, but to stay in the neighborhood. Presently I did see something moving on the porch of the farmhouse. The moon had risen by now, and looking closely, I decided that the figure was probably Anne. I pointed her out to Richards, and he looked, and after a moment nodded his head. "Keep close down to the fence," I commanded. "I don't want to take any chances of our being seen."

But as we stole along we saw something else. We saw two other figures slip along the opposite side of the field. I caught Richards by the sleeve, and pulled him down beside me in the shelter of the fence. Watching, we saw the two figures steal about the farther side of the barn, dart across the open space between it and the house, and disappear. "What can they be doing?" my companion murmured. I shook my head. "Wait. And whatever happens don't show yourself."

Suddenly we saw the figures of the two men again. They slipped on to the porch, now they were almost directly back of the woman, who seemed entirely unconscious of their presence. Then we heard a scream, the voice of Miss Lyle, and we saw the two men seize her and hold her in spite of her struggles.

I had to clutch Richards' arm to keep him hidden. "Wait, man," I muttered. "If they see you, you'll spoil it all."

"But—" he expostulated.

"Never mind. Leave this matter to me."

The girl was fighting. She called again and again, and she struck out bravely at the two. But they were too strong for her. We saw one of them pinion her arms, while the other ran a rope about them. That fastened, they seemed to be binding her again about the knees. Then one produced what looked like a bag, and thrust it over her head.

"They're kidnapping her," muttered Richards. "I can't stand this. You don't know where they'll take her."

It did look as if they meant to kidnap her. One of the men was picking her up in his arms.

We each had our revolvers drawn. "Now," said I, "I'm going to fire to the right. You fire after me, to the left. It won't do to risk hitting her."

I fired, and my bullet struck the wall of the house. Richards fired, and his shot found the roof. I fired again, a little nearer this time; Richards fired, and struck a post of the porch. The men dropped their burden, looked about, evidently did not see their hidden enemy. I fired again, as close to them as I dared. That did the business, for instantly they took to their heels, and made off in the direction of the woods as fast as they could go.

We waited five minutes, and then we stole forward very cautiously. We found that we could keep in the shadow of the fence until we reached the barn, and cross from there to the house with very little risk of being seen. We stole around the porch. Miss Lyle lay there, bound hand and foot. In a minute we had her free. She clung to Richards as if she would never let go.

“Who were they?” he asked.

She shook her head. “I don’t know. They wore masks. Oh, how frightened I was. It was terrible.”

“You must be brave a little longer,” I said, “for we’ve got to leave you now. If my suspicions are right, we haven’t much time to lose. You must go straight back to the house, and stay there until we come. And Richards and I must make for my monoplane.”

With a little sigh she let Richards go. We saw her start back toward Professor Bracken’s, and then we crept away in the direction of the deserted meadow, where I had hidden my airship earlier in the day.

My companion had never been up in an airship, so I gave him directions as to what he should do in case of need. Then we carefully drew the great machine, built like a giant dragon-fly, from the protecting bushes, and made ready to soar. In a few minutes we were rising, heading toward the mainland. I let the airship fly straight and easily until Richards had become somewhat accustomed to the strange sensation; then I made the arc of a circle, and came back over Beaver Island.

The night was fairly clear, and I was careful to keep at a safe distance from the cliff. We soared about, making great circles, until my watch told me it was ten o’clock. “Now,” I murmured, “look sharp!” Sure enough, almost immediately we saw another airship, a biplane, rise from a point which I figured must be near the deserted farmhouse and barn. It rose slowly, circled once or twice, and then headed for the cliff.

“Have your revolver ready,” I bade Richards. “When it comes to close quarters, we won’t have a second to waste!”

With that I sent my airship higher in the air, so that we might have a commanding position, and while we kept out of sight of the other aeroplane, be able to look down upon it and what its occupants might be doing.

We rose above the other, until we were both balancing well over the cliff. There was light enough for us to see the dummy figure standing on the shore. We waited a breathless minute. "Now!" I murmured. Something was happening in the other airship. The figures seated there were moving slightly. Then all of a sudden we both shut our eyes, just as I had done on the beach the night before

"Quick!" I whispered. "Look down!" By great force of will I opened my eyes. A light, so brilliant, so powerful that it fairly seemed to burn the air, was pouring down on the stuffed man on the cliff. The figure crumpled before it. Even at this distance it seemed to sear our eyes, and sent sharp, shooting pains jarring through our heads.

"Radium!" I muttered. "He has it fastened somehow in a tube of lead! That protects him, and sends all its power down through the tube. Nothing can stand against it! That's what shot those men and left no marks!"

Suddenly the light was shut off. "Now!" I cried, and sent my plane downward and after the other. We came near them. "Fire!" I cried, "and make every shot tell!"

Richards fired, once, twice, again and again. There was a cry from the other airship, oaths, a second of confusion, and then it shot away over the sea.

I headed after them. Richards was firing carefully, riddling their machine. "Do you give up?" I cried. There was no answer. We gained on them, and in a moment more I made

sure there were two in the biplane. Another minute, and I recognized them as Professor Bracken and Herr Bey.

“Look!” exclaimed Richards sharply. “What are they trying to do?”

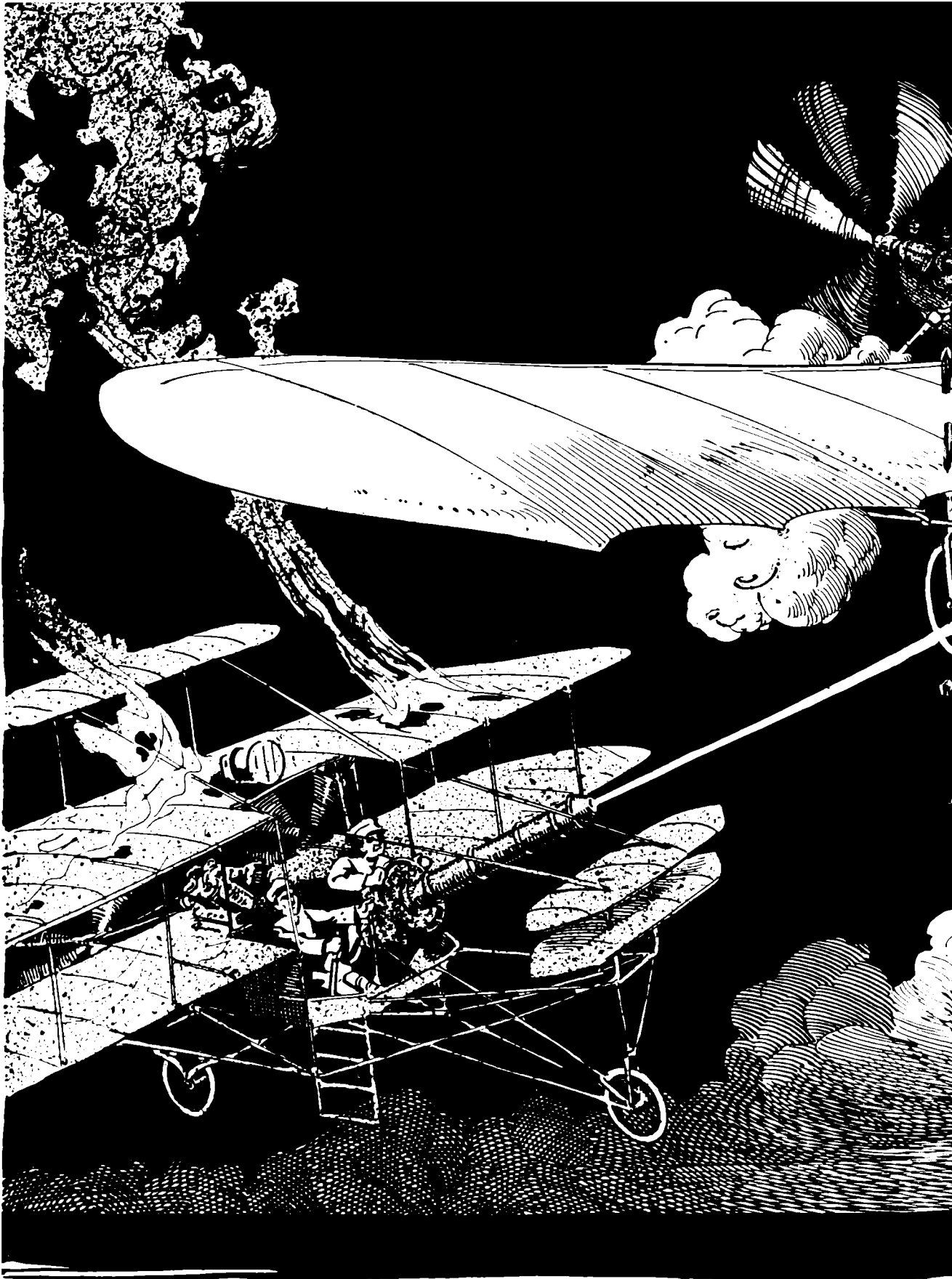
I did look. While Bracken steered the airship, the other man was attempting to turn something around, something of great bulk and evidently very heavy. “It’s the radium tube!” I cried. “Heaven help us if they get that pointed on us!”

Fear of that blasting light drove me to send our light ship forward at top speed. Herr Bey was getting the long tube turned higher and higher. It almost bore on us now, and when it did I knew our flight would be over. “Take the lever!” I muttered to Richards. “Hold her as she is!” Then I drew my own revolver, and leaned as far over the side of the airship as I dared. As I did this a blinding light flashed from the tube, but Richards swung the wheel, and the ray flashed past us.

I took careful aim, and shot, again, again, and again. One shot whizzed by Bracken’s head, the second hit Herr Bey’s right arm, the third tore through the rudder, and the fourth cut the steering gear. There was a cry from the biplane, and it seemed to double up. Then, a mass of wreckage, it fell, the great tube shooting out straight down to the sea.

Spellbound, we watched it fall. Down, down it went, until it struck the waters, and sent a great fountain of spray leaping high. We could see the men pitch out; we could see the tube vanish beneath the surface, and then there was nothing left but a wreckage of cloth and wood scattered across the waves.

We dropped down over the water, but there was no sign of the men. They had vanished. “Lost!” I murmured. “And with them probably the greatest amount of radium in the world.



"A BLINDING LIGHT FLASHED FROM THE TUBE. \* \* \* I TO



That's just as well. There's no telling how much harm it might have done to men."

After waiting some time we headed toward the shore. I brought the airship back over the cliff, and finally alighted in the field by the deserted farmhouse. Cramped and exhausted by our flight and struggles, we got out of the biplane. "Now," said I, "we must let Anne know you're safe."

Miss Lyle was at the door. As she saw us she ran forward. "Oh, John," she cried, and regardless of me, threw herself into his outstretched arms. Then she turned to me. "You were right?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," I answered. "Come indoors. I think we're both shivering still."

Miss Lyle had a pot of hot coffee waiting for us. Richards and I drank every drop of it. Then, less numb, I told her what had happened. With frequent interruptions from the two of them, I made the story plain.

Professor Bracken had discovered a great store of radium, discovered it on this little island while he was studying other things. His books told him its power, and he had pondered over this until his mind must have become unbalanced by his knowledge of the gigantic power he held in his hands. He decided to try that power, and so, with no real cause for murder, he became the greatest menace to everyone on the island. He made a tube of lead, with a leaden cap, since that would serve to protect him, and he stored the radium in one end of it. Then, secretly, he brought an airship to the island, and hid it in the barn that adjoined the deserted farm. After that, when he was supposed to be working in his laboratory, he was in reality flying through the night, turning his radium gun on such men as he found



out-of-doors, and killing them as they stood. It was the distant noise of his airship's wings and motor I had heard on two occasions.

Herr Bey had come to the island in pursuit of Richards. He had been sent to destroy him. He knew nothing of the radium tube when he arrived, but he had learned of it, and had contrived to persuade Bracken to use it against Richards. To make sure of him, they had arranged that he should find the note from Anne Lyle, fastened in their special place for concealing such messages, asking the young man to meet her on the cliff at night. Herr Bey had actually believed that I had given up the investigation of the mystery for the time, and had thought that they would only have to deal with Richards and Miss Lyle. At the last moment, some compunction had seized upon Professor Bracken. He was afraid that if Miss Lyle went to the cliff to meet her lover, she might in all probability share the same fate with him. Perverted as were his ideas of right and wrong, he was still very fond of his young secretary, and was unwilling to have her sacrificed in such a ruthless manner. He had said as much to Herr Bey, and they had decided to kidnap her and carry her to some place on the island where she would be safe. They had therefore watched her leave the house, and had stolen after her, masked. They had followed her to the porch of the deserted farmhouse, and had almost carried their plan into operation when our shots had frightened them away. Fearful of losing Richards if they waited any longer, they had taken to their airship and flown to the cliff.

Herr Bey had been the man I had fought with on the night of my arrival at Beaver Island, and also the man I had found eavesdropping on the cliff the next morning. In each case he

had disguised himself with a wig of heavy black hair, in order to spy upon the young man. He had attacked me because he thought I had seen him and was about to arrest him. When I went back to Richards' house for the lantern, he had contrived to signal the Professor, who was flying in the air near the place where Tom Lee lay. The Professor had descended and untied his bonds. Herr Bey had then strolled casually up to Tom Lee's house in his own person, hoping to disarm me in that manner of any suspicions I might have concerning him.

He had managed to escape me the next morning on the cliff owing to my foot having caught and thrown me. He had again been spying upon Richards the night when Samuel was killed, and that time he had escaped me by his plausible argument. I considered him one of the most astute criminals it had ever been my lot to meet.

As for Professor Bracken, it was he who had tried to drive me out of the barn where his airship was concealed. Well hidden, he had fired at me, fearful lest I might do some damage to his precious biplane, and so wreck his plans. He had watched me leave the barn, and probably seen me stop to talk with Miss Lyle in the field. That had given him time to slip out and steal back to his house, so that I might find him at the dinner table when I returned. In much the same way Herr Bay had stolen back and been waiting for me.

My listeners wanted to know how I had come upon the track of the crimes. I told them that after I had examined the situation carefully, I became convinced that the attacks were made from the air. I also suspected the Professor from the moment when I found him so busily engaged in his laboratory. I decided

that someone must have discovered a new explosive power that could be operated from a plane.

Who could that be? I could think of no possible person but Bracken himself. I followed up that suggestion. In his laboratory I examined his bookshelves, and took down a volume that had evidently been much used. It opened at a page dealing with radium. I read that page. Then the solution burst upon me. The forged note made me believe that Herr Bey was now in partnership with Bracken, inasmuch as I knew he had designs upon John Richards. As I finished I laughed at the amazement in the faces of my audience of two. "And I wrote the word 'Radium' on a slip of paper, and showed it to her last night, and still she did not understand," said I.

"No wonder," answered Richards; "and I'm glad she didn't, for if she had she might never have let me go, and I'm sure you couldn't have overcome those two men by yourself."

"Not two men armed with radium!" I exclaimed. "I'd rather face the cannon of an army!"

So the mystery of the Island of Lost Men was finally solved. I made my report to the Chief of the Secret Service in Washington, and it was given out that the well-known Professor Bracken had been lost at sea as he was experimenting with a new design of airship. I could not help but feel sorry for him, for he had been a fine man until he had accidentally come upon a power that was too great for his sense of right and wrong. I had no such feeling for Herr Bey, or whatever his right name was. He would have killed Richards without scruple had we not been too quick for him. Nothing was said of his ending; men who are sent out on such errands have a trick of disappearing, and when they do, the



"THEY DECIDED TO KIDNAP HER AND CARRY HER TO SOME PLACE ON THE ISLAND WHERE SHE WOULD BE SAFE." (Page 15)

powers that sent them out know better than to inquire too diligently as to what became of them.

Who was John Richards? That was the secret for a long time. When the "Young Turks" became even more barbarous and autocratic than the Sultan they had deposed, a young man suddenly appeared, and putting himself at the head of his people, fought his way to the throne. It was said he was the son of the former Sultan, who had mysteriously disappeared, and who had managed to escape all the secret spies that the "Young Turk" party had set upon his trail. He ruled with humanity and wisdom, and many ascribed this to the influence of the young woman he had married in his hiding-place, and whom he brought back with him to share his throne. I have seen portraits of these two, and they are not unlike the John Richards and the Anne Lyle I knew on Beaver Island. In such matters a tip should be enough. You may believe it or not. The Secret Service does not furnish proofs.

( THE END )

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

**J. B. J., Des Moines, Iowa, writes:** What is the proper dress for an informal evening party at which men only are present?

*Answer.* The correct costume for the occasion you mention is a dinner coat or tuxedo. Trousers to match coat, unbraided. Black or black and white or gray waistcoat. White pleated shirt, fold or wing collar; tie to match waistcoat. Gold studs and links. Dull calf or patent leather oxfords or pumps, black socks or to match waistcoat. Black derby or straw, or alpine hat, according to season. Any top coat or Chesterfield.

**N. W., South Bend, Ind., writes:** What will be the prevailing styles and colors of woollens this spring?

*Answer.* Woollens this spring are to be Red Mixtures, Purple Mixtures, Blues, Grays, Browns, Tans. Neat pencil stripe effects are very popular.

**M. Smithfield, New York, N. Y., writes:** Is the frock coat still in good style?

*Answer.* The frock coat has long been, and probably will long continue to be, with the great majority, the favorite coat for day functions. The newest and smartest coat, however, is the morning coat or cutaway. This may be obtained in many models. From the conservative two and three-button styles with a long sweeping "cutaway," to those with only one button, cut sharply away. The waistcoat is generally fashioned of the same material as the coat, but in the latter style mentioned, a very light gray is sometimes worn.

**"Interested," St. Paul, Minn., writes:** What do you mean by your "London Process of Shrinking?"

*Answer.* An exclusive process by which all our woollens are fully shrunk in cold distilled water before being made up, absolutely preventing all further shrinkage after the garment is tailored.

**M. C. V., Philadelphia, writes:** Is the cutaway correct for business wear?

*Answer.* The cutaway is absolutely correct for business. It is, however, rather confined, in this country, to the professional man, as it is not as comfortable as the sack coat for office wear. The English walking coat, cut in somewhat the same style, has found great favor during the last few years with men who have wished for something a little more distinctive than the sack but not quite as formal as the cutaway.

**H. S., Utica, N. Y., writes:** Is the black vest correct for evening dress?

*Answer.* A black waistcoat is entirely correct, but is more generally confined to elderly men. The white single-breasted silk waistcoat, in addition to being in better style, is much handsomer and is more becoming to most men.

*Where* that new suit of yours is to be made is fully as interesting as *how* it is to be made

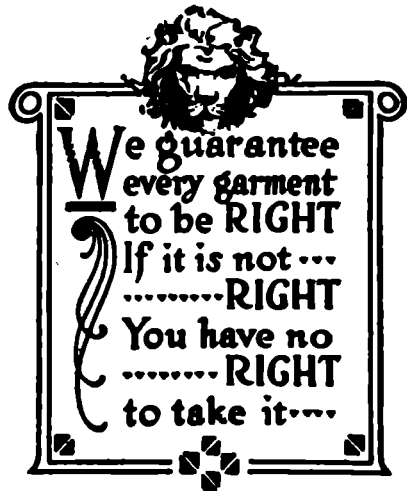
**I**T is important to know that the garments to be worn by you will be made under absolutely sanitary and hygienic conditions.

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### As He Understood It

A young Canadian came to Washington last winter and was making a Christmas call upon a very pretty young woman whom he met for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered: "at this season it always snows."—*Pelican.*

### The Proper Indorsement

"I want to get this check cashed," said the young wife to the paying teller at the bank.

"Yes, madam; you must indorse it, though."

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business."

"Yes, madam. But just indorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk and in a couple of minutes came back with the check indorsed:

"Your loving wife, Edith."

### One View of It

*Chinaman*—"You telle me where railroad depot?"

*White*—"What's the matter, John; are you lost?"

*Chinaman*—"No, me here; depot lost."

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling."

"Reckless driving."

"Horse?"

"No, nail."

### Willing to Risk Some

The Christmas church services were proceeding very successfully when a woman in the gallery got so interested that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in a chandelier and she was suspended in midair. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered at the congregation,

"Any person in this congregation who turns around will be struck stone-blind!"

A man whose curiosity was getting the better of him, but who dreaded the clergyman's warning, finally turned to his companion and said,

"I'm going to risk one eye."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

### Lonely Dignity



Uncle Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working today, Uncle?" asked somebody.

"No, suh. I'se celebratin' mah golden weddin', suh."

"You were married fifty years ago today, then!"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate?"

"Mah present wife, suh," replied Uncle Ephraim with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it."

## The Worm Turned



He was quite evidently from the country, and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little Hebrew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The Hebrew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began, politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman," handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"That's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.—*Everybody's*.

## Plain Scotch

Two Scotsmen staying at a third-rate hotel discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After ringing the bell, an attendant appeared and asked their wishes.

"Sen' up sape, lad—a wee bit sape, quick!" exclaimed one of the Caledonians.

The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two men, muttering:

"They ain't French, nor German, nor yet Spanish. What can they want?"

The Scot became angry.

"Man," he thundered, "can ye no' understand plain Scotch?"

The attendant promptly withdrew, and returned with a bottle and two glasses.

## Where She Spanked

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his Christmas supper and was soon roaring lustily.

His mother's visitor was much disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted; "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor. "I'd turn him over."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

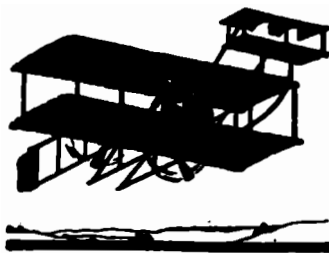
## A Devout Young Man

When on his way to evening service, the new minister of the village met a rising young man of the place, whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good-evening, my young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; every Sunday night," replied the young fellow, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."—*Four-Leaf Clover*.

## A Bird-Woman's-Eye View



The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship.

"Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator, "that's Lake Eric."—*Youngstown Telegram*.



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