



### A Study in Faces

ONE need not be an over-discerning student of facial expression to be impressed with the joy that has come to the young lad of our picture as he listens to the music from a

## Heintzman & Co. Art Piano

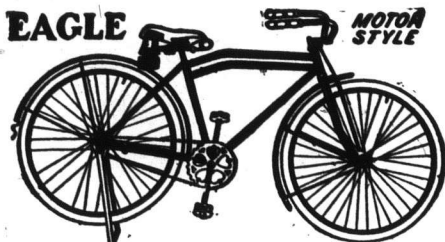
played by "Big sister," whilst the other children show their pleasure down to their toes.

It's a pretty home scene—but more. One can hardly fully estimate the education, culture and refinement that comes to anyone who possesses one of these instruments—not a mere medley of noises—for the piano that an artist like Tetrassini and many others insist on using, necessarily and obviously is a different and superior instrument—and it is.

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### The Midnight Ride of Ebenezer Frear

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"Hi!" howled Ebenezer, clutching frantically at his companion. "Yew headin' for the moon, stranger?"

But the young man merely smiled gaily and pressed the speed-lever.

"How fast does this bird go?" yelled Ebenezer.

"Four hundred miles per is our present rate, but she makes eight when pushed," shouted the aviator. "We're just sauntering along."

"Gosh-all-hemlock!"

"Like me to give her more juice?"

"Go as fur as yew like! Might's well die fast as slow." Ebenezer peered earthward. "What's that long silver cord down thar?"

"River."

"Gwan! Think you can fool me, eh? What's them bright spots, then, like pearl buttons?"

"Lakes."

"Do tell! An' I s'pose yew think I believe that! Yew quit handin' me the hokum, young man! Great guns! What's all this white stuff we're sailin' over?"

"Clouds."

"Let's git out an' walk a spell. Would they hold us up?"

"Maybe—if we'd only brought snow-shoes along!"

"I'm a-gittin' real chilly, mister. I ain't got but a shirt an' a pair o' pants on an' if yew aim to go fur why I'll just natchally freeze. Yew turn round an' take me back hum now, an' I'm much obleeged. I'll give yew a bid to our barn-raisin'."

But the aviator stubbornly shook his head. The 'plane scudded swiftly through miles and miles of vapor, in which the moon's light was lost. Ebenezer's ears were filled with a whistling sound, and his long whiskers flew backward. Damp covered him, and the air was so rarefied he could breathe only in choking gasps. The stars seemed to have gone out.

"Where in tarnation are we?" he shouted.

"Over a great lake in a fog-bank" was the reply.

"I thought 'twas a Turkish bath. I'm soppin wet," and Ebenezer shivered.

From right and left big bright stars now began to twinkle down at them, flashing by as though it were they who moved and the 'plane stood still. At last a big soft glow appeared far below and ahead.

"Coming to a big city," explained the aviator, pointing over the starboard side.

"Stranger, I ain't rigged fer callin'. I want yew should put me off," cried Ebenezer in a flurry. "Sot me down in somebody's field an' I'll hoof it hum."

"You poor simp, you're a thousand miles from home! Sit tight, I tell you, and I'll show you some real speed."

"Put me off! I ain't goin' another step!"

The aviator only laughed and stepped on the accelerator. Ebenezer got real heat up. Even as the other laughed exultingly, derisively, he rose and tried to seize the steering-wheel from him. The aviator refused to surrender it.

"I've run every traction injine in my district. I guess I can handle this here sewin' machine," Ebenezer declared. "Yew move over and watch your uncle now!"

But the young man was disinclined to obey. So Ebenezer began to pummell him, handing him a good hefty right swing and then a left upper cut. The 'plane wobbled and swung dizzily from side to side as the pair came to grips. It rocked like a ship in a storm, and the aviator yelled maledictions as he tried to fend off Ebenezer's wallops. Ebenezer was real mad. He'd show him! There was ginger in the old boy yet, by gum! Nice way for his initial fight, his big joy-ride to end up! Lines had been ringing in his mind and he had visioned little folks clustered round a mother's knee while she recited:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Ebenezer Frear."

His title to fame all gone to smash, by heck! No chance to go sailing triumphantly home to the old cow-pasture with all the neighbors gaping up at them in awed surprise and envy! Suddenly the 'plane began to do the fatal tail-spin. It was all over now but the bump! The aviator yelled and reached over to a lever and righted the craft just in the nick of time. Ebenezer, not to be outdone, pressed a button and the 'plane began to circle around so fast he saw seventeen moons. Madly he tugged at brakes and handles. The 'plane turned a somersault. He hung on desperately like a hen upside down on a roost, till she righted herself. But when that occurred he saw that he was alone. The aviator had been spilled out into space! Ebenezer now became panicky. He experimented madly with every device within sight, tried out all the stops, brakes, buttons, levers, controlling rods and wheels, and to cap the climax of the disaster the incandescent bulbs suddenly decided to knock off and call it a day. Ebenezer was in darkness up there at heaven's gate! He clutched his hair and tore it out in chunks. He prayed and cursed alternately, and in his mind his whole life flashed by with unerring distinctness in every detail just as in the case of a drowning man. He saw crooked horse deals, robber egg prices, baskets of fruit with false bottoms, watered milk, and that there booze cache up in the barn loft, saw buttons on the church plate, "spring" chickens five years old dressed for market, that line-fence encroaching two feet on Sam Twilliger's land, and—showing how modest Ebenezer really was

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