# Whalen's Ethics.

By DONALD H. HAINES.

into giving out a story."

Drummond grinned his appreciation.

"And then," continued Braggs, "he failed utterly to get hold of a divorce story that lay wide open in the circuit

"Do you mean to tell me," he jerked out, "that you've been a month on this paper and don't know who Duncan is?" "Well," Whalen admitted, smiling, "I trict he had built up the political machine what the name has a political chine which the "Lantern" so bitterly attacked, and which was so glowingly treated by the other paper. Whalen laid aside the papers in distance of the papers of the papers

Den:Angle

UNDERWEAR HAS THE strength are so firmly proper twist to secured that withstand Pen-Angle wear is given and the state of the wire to the yarn,

Pen Angle

time can I have?"

From the other end of the wire Braggs told him to repeat his statement. Whalen complied.

"Well, well," commented Braggs, "bigger than we thought, eh. How much is it worth?" CUNSHRINKABLEY

Drummond, managing editor of the "Gantesh" threw down his shears with a clatter, and pushed the mass of work out of his way, as Braggs, his only editor, came into the office. Speags, who enjoyed privileges from long association, threw open the window to let out the clouds of rank amounts which filled the room, glanding as he did so at the blackeshed cornable in Drummond's teeth. He reached over and drew a new mearshaum pipe from a pigeon-hole in his chief's desk.

"Thimmanty added to ingratitude," the complained smilingly, extending the new pipe toward Drummond. "I buy you a new pipe for the sake of the office, and you stick to that old villain. Would you shoot if I destroyed that ancient smoulderer?"

"Trobable," said Drummond, laughing. "I'm positively afraid to smoke that costly thing."

Braggs whited his keys idly for a moment, waiting for Drummond to speak. The latter, however, pulled his work back in front of him, and opened the paste-pot. Braggs waited patiently until the older man whirled about in his sevivel-chair.

"You probably think I don't know what you're in here for," he boomed out in his deep voice.

"O'h, no, I don't," retorted Braggs quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I would be a clatter, and pushed the mass of work hack in front of him, and opened the paste-pot. Braggs waited patiently until the older man whirled about in his sevivel-chair.

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"O'h, no, I don't," retorted Braggs quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I would be a cladicate for Mayor—and a poor lot. Started as a ward politician, and built up a mackine strong enough to politician, and built up a mackine strong enough to pull into office. Social ambition, I suppose of the place doesn't get him anything: but he'll be a bad-looking as though every fine the streath. He reached as a ward politician, and built up a mackine strong enough to pull min into office. Social ambition, I suppose of rank anything: but he'll be a bad-looking as th

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Braggs quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I suppose?" Drummond inquired gruffly.

Braggs settled himself for argument. During the five years of his work on the "Lantern," he had been forced to contend with Drummond's one weakness; a tendency to give every applicant for work a trial—and a long one.

that woman will tell me every applicant for work a trial—and a long one. Braggs had to admit that Drummond usually judged his men aright, but there were times when the journalistic possibilities that found their way into the office wore upon him sorely, and the walked on rapidly and in silence for several blocks, turning instinctively at the right corners. When he glanced up he found himself directly, in front of the house he had been searching for all the queer ones you've sent me, he is the worst."

"What's the trouble?" Drummond demanded.

Braggs shrugged his shoulders help-leady "I wish I knew" he said. "If this where Mrs. Stein lives?"

manded.

Braggs shrugged his shoulders help-lessly. "I wish I knew," he said. "If I did, I'd have it out of him, or you would, but it's elusive.

"Lack nerve?" suggested Drummond.

Braggs smiled. "Hardly," he replied.
"Bearded the chief of police in his den the other day, and fairly buildozed him into giving out a story."

by more precede.

"Is this where Mrs. Stein lives?"
Whalen called across the fence, and the three children assented in chorus.
Whalen opened the gafte, and as he did so a handsome woman of forty opened, the door of the house and called to the children. Whalen 'paused and removed his hat.

"Mrs. Stein?" he saked.

"Transport of the control of the con

"I don't wonder Braggs wants in-formation," he commented, laying aside the three copies of the "Lant-

"Mercury." Duncan was a contractor, and had built and still owned a large number of flats and tenements in one quarter of the city. In this same district he had built up the political machine which the "Lantern" so bitterly

ou're quite beyond me," Braggs frankly, and then went on to expense is the opposition's in bia chair thoughtfully.

Whalen laid aside the papers in disappointment. "Commonplace enough," he muttered. "He's not a desirable type for mayor, sure enough but there are no grounds to fight him on if he has the backing to pull him through."

He finished his beer and leaned back in his chair thoughtfully

in his chair thoughtfully.

"Such things don't lie on the surface," he mused. "I'll sift the thinz. I'll need to propitiate Briggs some

"bigger than we thought, en. How much is it worth?"

"Four days," said Whalen, pursing his lips and closing his eyes.

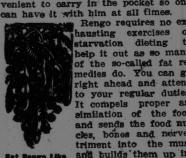
"Take 'em," snapped Braggs. "Jackson can help out on your beat. This is Tuesday; I'll expect you in Saturday morning. Can you get it in shape for Saturday's issue?"

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wered.
From the saloon Whalen walked to a second-hand store, where he bought a suit of rough clothes and a pair of large-rimmed glasses. These he left in a room which he engaged, in a cheap hotel. He then walked rapidly toward the city hall hotel. He then walked rapidly toward the city hall.

"The Lord knows how big a fool I'm making of myself," he ejaculated.

"This is a good deal of a wild-goose chase, and when I report this failure, coupled with the Stein flasco, there's likely to be a change in the Tantern'

(To be continued.)

Here is a stylish collar RIALTO



# FOR TWELVE HOURS

Extraordinary Feat That Marks New World Record

Hammer Must Have Traveled

Lancaster was to have competed in a test of endurance against a Frenchman, but the latter did not keep his engagement, so the Englishman began his task alone.

Never, surely, has a feat of endurance been carried out under such depressing conditions. On a small stage in a darkened room, lighted only by footlights, a pale-faced man of 25, stripped to the waist and wearing flannel trousers and white boots, stood resting easily on the handle of a sledge-hammer.

Two other men were present as witnesses, and when at 9 a. m. prechely the word to state was given Lancaster swung his hammer round his head, and for twelve hours that eight pounds of metal continuously cleaved the air. Round and round, backward and forward, one—two—three!

THE Pleas all Hight Will LUT!

Press the Saide.

In content of a coverage women have undergrous an ordered for a loyer's mixed and are recognited as will all a forces of any the content of the chance of the chance of collected and deverged and of any the content of the chance of th

The moods changed quickly. The thing was maddening. One closed one's hands spasmodically. It was then time to leave the darkened room to seek distraction. The Nonconformist Choral Union was singing in another part of the building, but white listening to them one's thoughts were inevitably drawn to the Man with the Iron Hand. Round and round, backward and for-

drawn to the Man with the Iron Haid.
Round and round, backward and forward, one-two-three!
At half-past 8 a terrific thunderstorm broke over the Crystal Palace. Vivid flashes of fire illuminated the faces of the 300 people who had come to see the finish. Terrible peals of thunder shook the building. But Lancaster gave no sign that he saw or heard anything.

At five minutes to 9, when the hammer had traveled nearly 150 miles and Lancaster calculated he had lifted more than 150 tons, his manager stepped from the wings and counted off the minutes.

"One—two—three—four—five!"
"Crash!" The hammer was flung on
the boards and Lancaster, making a
quick bow, disappeared amid cheers,
while the spectators stormed the platform to test the genuineness of the
hammer. Satisfied, they clamored for
another look at the world's champion

hammer swinger.

Then they moved out into the night, still partly dazed with the dreadful hammering in their brains. Round and round, backward and forward, one—two—three! Valuation is all

### A BOY WITH A FUTUREL

Farmer Jeames was a skinflint. He had already put by sixty-five dollars in thirteen years, and confidently exin thirteen years, and confidently expected to die a millionaire.

One day he hired a country youth to help him with his work, and as the boy turned up at six o'clock, he was at once sat down to breakfast.

After the boy had esten his fill, the farmer suggested that while they were at it they should eat dinner. The lad agreed, and managed to get down a little more. Seeing that his new helper was by this time quite replete, the foxy Jeames suggested eating supper, and thus get the meals through and dene

"let's get to work."

"Oh, no," answered the boy slowly;

## MAN SWINGS HAMMER PIRATES ARE THE SCOURGE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

It is a popular belief that the bold bad pirate belongs to the dear, bad past, and that the only part he plays in modernity is on the sea of literature. That is not so. There are pirates now actively plying their trade with all the enthusiasm of their forbears and their adventures would delight the heart of the romantic schoolboy.

If is a popular belief that the bold those of the barbarian.

A BRITISH THREAT.

Men feared her and obeyed, even the most uncontrolloble and blood-thirsty. Rigid, discipline and exact submission were demanded by her and readily given. She paid for what sup-

boy.

History and fiction have found rich material in the outrages of Chinese pirates. Of recent years French British and native gunboats have cruised the Chinese coast and explored the rivers and harbors in seach of the murderous marauders. But their depredations continue. Only a few weeks ago a series of piratical outrages on the Grand Canal was reported.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

Men feared her and obeyed, even the most uncontrolloble and blood-thirsty. Rigid, discipline and exact submission were demanded by her and readily given. She paid for what supplies she demanded ashore, but was merciless in her exactions from prizes affoat.

#### TURKISH WOMEN DISCARD VEILS

Ancient Custom of Hiding Faces Abandoned.

Rejoicing Thousands Parade the Streets4 of Constantinople Enjoying Their New Liberty.

plies she demanded ashore, but was merciless in her exactions from prizes afloat.

Although such outrages on the high seas have not been so common within recent years the old pirate system is still working at full blast in scores of secluded harbors in China, and on the rivers and canals of the interior. They are modern buccaneers, organizing raids, planning piracies, and engaging in any desperate enterprise that promises large returns.

British authorities are now arousing Chinese ire by threatening to patrol their waters in order, if possible, to wipe out these freebooters of the sea.

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Rengo will positively reduce surplus far tapidly and do so without harm to the subject. It is very palatable and pleasant to eat. It is prepared in a highly concentrated form and is convenient to carry in the pocket so one can have it with him at all times.

Rengo requires no extended for many is continuously cleaved the air medical do. You can go right shead and attend to word to state was given liancaster swamp his hammer round his head, and to the so-called fat remedies do. You can go right shead and attend to word to state was given liancaster swamp his hammer round his head, and so word to state was given liancaster to make the continuously cleaved the air medical do. You can go right shead and attend to your regular duties. It compels proper assimilation of the food and sends the most of the sunder both of the most of the sunder both of the

"We will help to make the world autiful by this act," the priest de-Many remarkable scenes greeted the radical change, but without exception he innovation is approved.

PRANK OF TROPICAL STORM

wisted all Four Masts of the Schooner

James B. Drake. ISCOVERED WHAT THE NOISE

WAS.

(From the Philadelphia Record).

While returning from his work at Blairs Mills, Franklin County, Barney, Wise, hearing a noise in the creek below Harris's tannery, paid no attention thinking it was a cow.

The noise turned out to be a large bear and it came out of the bushes into the road about ten feet in front of Mr. Wise. Barney is a noted pedestrian, but that evening he broke his. trian, but that evening he broke his record and was home before his wife had supper ready. The bear continuous journey up Horse Valley.

they took passes on. They overcome and drove the passengers into their state-rooms, where they were speedily robbed of all valuables. While this act of robbery was going on-the vessel was then on the high seas-another as tages and faster steamer, the Charlost and the respective of the control of the contr

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

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