

## Fresh and Clean

A roller towel may be clean when it is first hung up, but how long does it remain so? Each user adds his little bit and very often it's a big bit. It is not always practicable to be getting out a clean towel every little while.

### Scot Tissue Towels

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offer a happy solution to the problem of keeping a clean towel for every one at each wash. In the first place they are made clean and pure as a fresh snow-fall, in a factory where everybody wears rubber gloves. Use the towel, soil it all you wish and then throw it away. Each roll is packed in a carton to keep out the germ-laden dust.

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AGENTS WANTED

acter. Simon, on the other hand, was dominating and forceful in the extreme.

"It happened one day that Noland needed the services of a lawyer in some detail of perfecting the title of property. Knowing Simon as a patron of the bank, he called upon him. Simon arranged the matter in hand, and refused any payment from the bank clerk for the small service rendered.

"Some weeks later Simon met Noland and told him that he was putting through a real estate deal in which he needed a few hundred more than he had on deposit at the bank. He said that he was giving a check for the amount, and asked Noland to protect him on the books for a few days until he made good. Noland protested; but the force of the other man and the previous favor finally persuaded him, and that night he falsified his accounts in such a way as to hide the overdraft.

"This placed him in the hands of Simon. The lawyer made the overdraft good; but he soon followed it with others which kept on increasing until the discrepancy amounted to many thousands of dollars. Noland went to him and protested, begged, wept. The lawyer told the bank clerk that there was no occasion for worry. He urged that he knew the law and was not going to lay himself liable, and that the clerk was safe as long as the lawyer had a whole skin. In the meantime he drew more heavily on the bank, and the clerk did not dare refuse to hide the facts.

"Noland and LaSalle stood side by side all this time, and nothing was ever learned to indicate that either knew aught of the illicit operations of the other. Noland in his confession maintained stanchly that there was no collusion between them. But falsifying the accounts required much extra work, and the officers of the bank observed that the two bookkeepers came early, worked late, and often curtailed their lunch hours. Finally a third bookkeeper was put on to relieve them, and to this man fell the account of Simon. His overdrafts ceased from that time. Noland had not offended for many months before an examination showed his shortage to be something near one hundred and fifty thousand dollars through this one account.

"When Noland and Simon were brought to trial, the former made a clean breast of the whole transaction. He convinced the jury, and in fact everybody connected with the case, that he was telling the whole truth. He stated that he had never received a penny for the stolen money. His only reward for the whole transaction had been the present of a business suit costing twelve dollars. He had been looking in a show window one day when Simon had come along. He had remarked upon a certain suit in the window and expressed a liking for it. Simon had taken him into the store and bought the suit for him, and he had weakly accepted.

"After hearing Noland's story the jury was for turning him loose; but under the law he was the principal in the crime, and the lawyer was the accessory. If the principal were freed, the accessory must likewise be turned loose. Indignation ran high against the lawyer, and a verdict of guilty was brought in that he might be punished, and mercy was recommended in the case of the bookkeeper. Noland got five years, and Simon six.

"These bookkeepers are unimportant men about the bank; but this case illustrates the possibility of fraud on their part when working through an accomplice on the outside. This is of course when the system of the bank is not what it ought to be and inspection of the books not sufficiently frequent and thorough. Efficiency will block all such possibilities, and the banks are moving all the time toward this sort of protection. There are, however, hundreds of banks in the country today that are open to just this sort of looting, and looting is probably going merrily on. Yet any bank that cares to take the trouble may effectually protect itself in this respect."

### A NEW LIFE SAVING DEVICE

A FRENCH inventor, Drouillard, has contrived a "drifter balloon float" for carrying a rope to a ship in distress, or from the ship to the shore. The balloon, which floats on the water, can be folded up like an accordion when not in use. It is not filled with gas. The only object of expanding it, which is done mechanically, is to make it float easily.

By means of the action of the wind on its surfaces, which can be set at particular angles like sails, it may be caused to travel in the desired direction. It drags along a timber float, carrying the rope, and is provided with loops to which drowning persons may cling in an emergency. Trials on the French coast have shown the practicability of the invention.

## THE LOST WORLD

Continued from page 5

up there with her face convulsed with anger, her feet dangling, and her body rigid for fear of an upset, I could not imagine.

"Let me down!" she wailed.

"Say please."

"You brute, George! Let me down this instant!"

"Come into the study, Mr. Malone."

"Really, Sir—" said I, looking at the lady.

"Here's Mr. Malone pleading for you, Jessie. Say please, and down you come."

"Oh, you brute! Please—please!"

He took her down as if she had been a canary. "You must behave yourself, Dear. Mr. Malone is a press man. He will have it all in his rag tomorrow. 'Strange Story of High Life'—you felt fairly high on that pedestal, did you not? Then a subtitle, 'Glimpse of a Singular Menage.' He's a foul feeder, is Mr. Malone, a carrion eater, like all of his kind,—*porcus ex grege diaboli* (a swine from the devil's herd). That's it, Malone—what?"

"You really are intolerable!" said I hotly.

He bellowed with laughter. "We shall have a coalition presently," he boomed, looking from his wife to me and puffing out his enormous chest; then, suddenly altering his tone, "Excuse this frivolous family badinage, Mr. Malone. I called you in for some more serious purpose than to mix you up with our little domestic pleasantries. Run away, little woman, and don't fret." He placed a huge hand upon each of her shoulders. "All that you say is perfectly true. I should be a better man if I did what you advise; but I shouldn't be quite George Edward Challenger. There are plenty of better men, my dear; but only one G. E. C. So make the best of him." He suddenly gave her a resounding kiss, which embarrassed me even more than his violence had done. "Now, Mr. Malone," he continued, with a great accession of dignity, "this way, if you please."

WE reentered the room we had left so tumultuously ten minutes before. The professor closed the door carefully behind us, motioned me into an armchair, and pushed a cigar box under my nose.

"Real San Juan Colorado," he said. "Excitable people like you are the better for narcotics. Heavens! don't bite it! Cut—and cut with reverence! Now lean back, and listen attentively to whatever I may care to say to you. If any remark should occur to you, you can reserve it for some more opportune time.

"First of all, as to your return to my house after your most justifiable expulsion," he protruded his beard, and stared at me as one who challenges and invites contradiction, "after, as I say, your well merited expulsion. The reason lay in your answer to that most officious policeman, in which I seemed to discern some glimmering of good feeling upon your part—more, at any rate, than I am accustomed to associate with your profession. In admitting that the fault of the incident lay with you, you gave some evidence of a certain mental detachment and breadth of view, which attracted my favorable notice. The subspecies of the human race to which you unfortunately belong has always been below my mental horizon. Your words brought you suddenly above it. You swam up into my serious notice. For this reason, I asked you to return with me, as I was minded to make your further acquaintance. You will kindly deposit your ash in the small Japanese tray on the bamboo table which stands at your left elbow."

All this he boomed forth like a professor addressing his class. He had swung round his revolving chair so as to face me, and he sat all puffed out like an enormous bullfrog, his head laid back, and his eyes half covered by supercilious lids. Now he suddenly turned himself sidewise, and all I could see of him was tangled hair, with a red, protruding ear. He was scratching about among the litter of papers on his desk. He faced me presently with what looked like a very tattered sketchbook in his hand.

"I am going to talk to you about South America," said he. "No comments, if you please! First of all, I wish you to understand that nothing I tell you now is to be repeated in any public way unless you have my express permission. That permission will, in all human probability, never be given. Is that clear?"

"It is very hard," said I. "Surely a judicious account."

He replaced the notebook upon the table. "That ends it," said he. "I wish you a very good morning."

"No, no!" I cried. "I submit to any conditions! So far as I can see, I have no choice."

"None in the world," said he.

"Well, then, I promise."