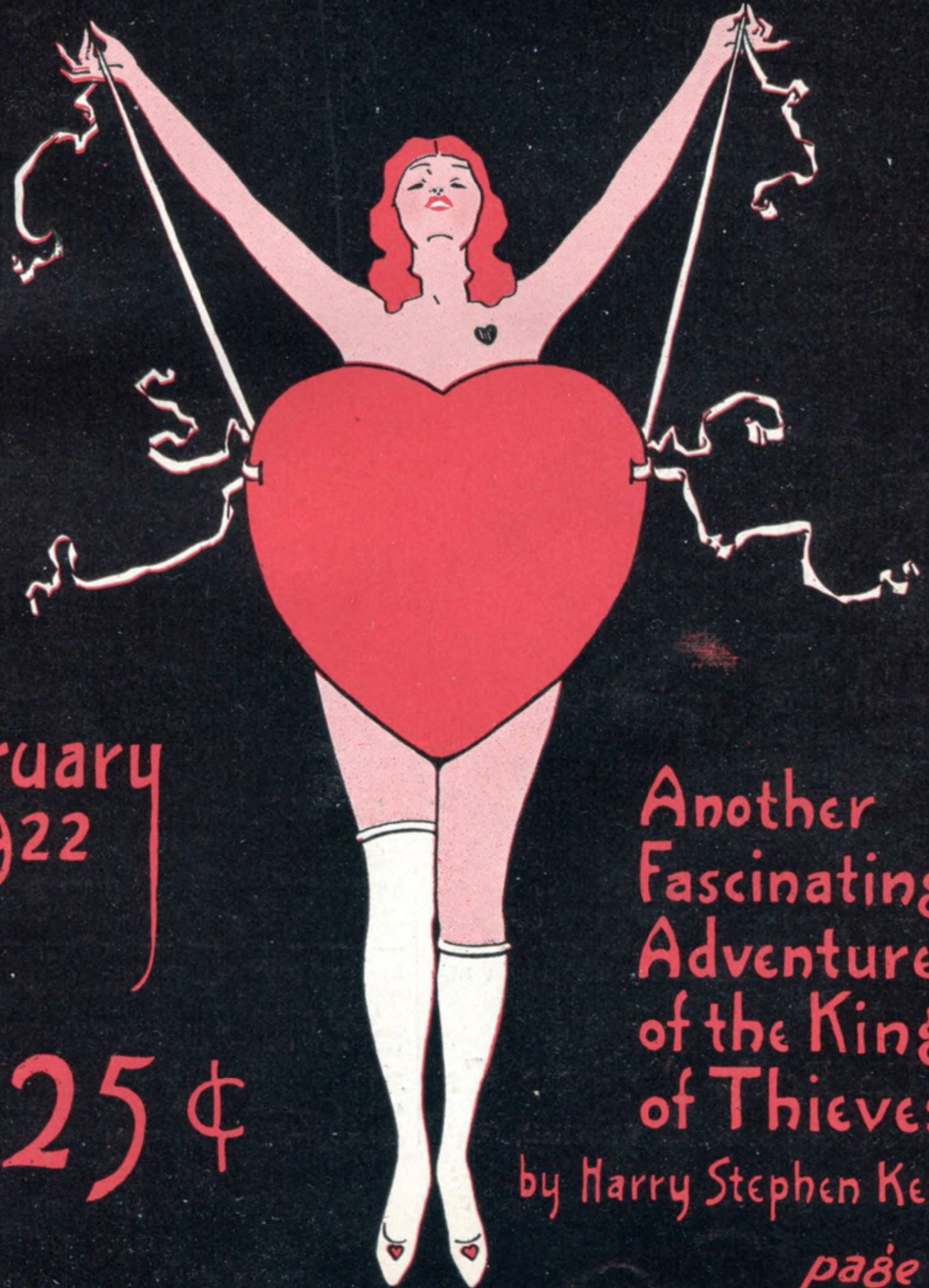
10 Story Book

~A Magazine for Iconoclasts~



February
1922

25¢

Another Fascinating Adventure of the King of Thieves

by Harry Stephen Keeler

page 32

Ruptured? This Need Not Interfere With Athletic Sports or Your Enjoyment of Life If You Wear a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE

When you wear a BROOKS APPLIANCE you are perfectly safe from mishap at all times—for no matter how much you may twist and turn—whether at work or play—the Brooks patented soft rubber cushion will always hold and never slip out of place.

You will find the BROOKS the most comfortable, safest, coolest, smallest, and altogether satisfactory appliance ever invented for the retention and treatment of rupture.

"The Athlete" —Painted by F. X. Leyendecker for the Brooks Appliance Company

Within an hour after you receive your Brooks Appliance you will wish to discard forever any other kind of a support. This we guarantee at our own risk and leave the decision entirely with you. Whether for Men, Women or Children, it is equally to be depended upon for instant comfort and relief.

Hundreds of thousands have turned to the BROOKS APPLIANCE for relief after years of truss discomfort.

Hundreds of well-known, reputable physicians recommend it.

Send your name and address on the coupon and receive full particulars of our FREE TRIAL PLAN and how we send our appliance for you to TEST and TRY FREE.

The Brooks Appliance Co.

128C State Street Marshall, Mich.

FREE Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Company,
128C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Smarter, Snappier, Breezier, Livelier, and Saucier Than All the Rest

10 Story Book

Vol. 21, No. 3 February, 1922 Twenty-First Year

CONTENTS:

THE GODS LAUGH................J. Frederick Thorne 2
HER LAST KISS..........................Ethel Green 7
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.....W. Karl Hilbrich 11
THE HANDERCHIEF FROM THE HAREM...........
........................Lillian Montgomery Mitchell 18
DAD LOGAN............................Julian Kilman 20
AT MAXINE'S.............................H. L. Hunt 25
THIRTY SECONDS OF DARKNESS....Harry S. Keeler 33
THE KID'S CLINIC....................Joan Lebaudy 44
LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER..........Meyer S. Levin 46
A SOCIAL PROMOTER..............John J. McGrenva 52
THE HANDMIRROR 56

And a few peppy little skits

Copyright, 1922, by 10 Story Book Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Authors and Literary Agents: The Publishers of 10 Story Book are at all times in the market for striking short stories of from 1,000 to 7,000 words. Material submitted should contain emphatic sex interests, realism, humor, or satire. Stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed in case of rejection.

25c Per Copy

Published Monthly by
10 STORY BOOK CORPORATION
538 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$3.00 Per Year

THE GODS LAUGH

by J. Frederic Thorne

GORGAS told Flecha that it was time to sell Volhynia. Flecha agreed, as she always did with Gorgas.

Volhynia was just old enough and just young enough and just ripe enough now to bring the highest price, just slim enough, just round enough to whet the appetites of buyers. She made the mouths and eyes of men—certain old men especially—water and run with rheumy desire. She made the arms and thighs of men—certain young men especially—ache with passion to clasp and crush.

Volhynia could dance. She could dance with such—with such—such—in such a way that she, like Circe, turned men into animals. Fully clothed, with not an inch of flesh showing except her face and the least of neck above a high collared dress and her arms below the elbows, with a skirt reaching her ankles that concealed rather than accentuated her hips and legs, she had the power to make men look at her, dancing, and see her naked, had the power and used it, as Flecha had taught her. But no man had seen the reality, no man had touched. All her dances were solos. She would allow no man to put his arm around her, to lay even a hand on hers. But when she danced it was as if she were dancing with all men. Dancing naked.

Flecha, none better, knew the lure of the unknown, of the apparent unattainable, of the suggested and not the displayed, of the to be and not the is.

Flecha was Volhynia's mother but Gorgas was no more than her latest "father." Her sire was lost, possibly forgotten or unknown, in the procession of Flecha's earlier mates and matings.

As Gorgas was the latest and might be the last, Flecha obeyed where once she commanded, begged where once she granted, desired where once she was desired. And Gorgas needed money that he complainingly found harder to be earned—by Flecha.

Volhynia knew that she was to be sold. Knew and approved. For what else had she been born a woman-child? For what else was she a girl? For what else had she been taught all she knew? And she knew a great deal of those things that go to make high the market price of

girls. For what else had she studied? For what else had Flecha taught? For what else were girls? Her beauty of face, her lure of body, her wit, her dancing—and those other arts—of what avail all her enticements unless she was to be sold? Volhynia would have thought it an utter waste of valuable merchandise not to put her on the market, if any such possibility had entered her mind, which it did not. For what else were men except to be attracted, except to buy and be sold to—and then to "sell."

So Volhynia approved. And approving was as anxious as Flecha, even as Gorgas, that she be sold quickly and for the highest possible price. There might be danger in delay. Double danger. Danger that one might take without paying. Danger that she might give without demanding. The only objection to the sale that she could imagine was that the price might not be high enough. Not that she would get a kopeck of that blood-and-flesh money or expected it. But because she knew her own value and valued that value. The man who was to bury his face in her fragrance must pay well for that drink of the senses. It would be worth it. Not only because of her body and its beauty and lure, but because of those arts that would bring out the fragrance as few girls knew how to bring it out.

So Gorgas invited bids. Not crudely crying his wares but subtly suggesting that there was a possibility they might be received, even considered. Not acting the part of a trader but—well, a man must recognize that trading is sometimes done. To a few of those he considered prospective bidders, bidders who might be hoped to bid high, he whispered hints of some of the peculiar charms that Volhynia's owner might expect to find when he undid the wrappings from his purchase. Nothing definite, no specific detail, no holding aside of the veil but only the merest stretching that allowed a guess of what might be beneath the folds. A mere touch of the whetstone to the blade of desire.

Flecha spoke to those of her sex and profession more plainly, as one broker to another of the craft, but still with the reserve of a dealer in the most precious of precious wares. Again with careful avoidance of definite detail, with more expressed by the eye than the tongue and more than either by allowing the others to thinkingly appraise for themselves. Careful to arouse the jealousies of rival dealers who also had merchantable young livestock to dispose of—that they might convey more by their crying down than she by any crying up. Accenting those arts to women who understood rather than the articles that men think of and think greater.

Volhynia did nothing, said nothing. She was.

To the disappointment of Gorgas and Volhynia the bidding started slowly, but the shrewder Flecha was pleased. She knew that the many may buy Imari ware but a few appreciate Old Canton, appreciate and are ready to pay when they find a rare bit. Rather two connoisseurs bidding against each other than a mob thrusting their thumbs in the air. Flecha knew her trade.

Two bid. Twenty bid also but only the two were considered. Both collectors of experience. Both old as experienced collectors must be. Youth sees not the fine points, cannot appreciate the fullness of art. Age, about to be cheated by the Great Cheat, sees, tastes, smells, feels, hears,—counts all, needs all. Youth is a gourmand. Age is a gourmet.

Duke Bortzia won and—. But first of the winning:

At the end the contest in the market had been lively, raising by tens, by hun-

dreds, by thousands. That had been the work of Gorgas and he was well satisfied with the work and with Gorgas. But not Flecha. She wanted, meant to have more. Not for Volhynia's sake. When she was sold she was sold whatever the price. But for professional pride.

This girl that Flecha had conceived, had borne, had reared, had groomed and taught, this flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone—but more this art of her art—this girl should bring the biggest purse ever paid in the girl market. Was worth more because of her bone and flesh, much more because of her art. The art of the Flechas. The man who got her must pay. But he would be paid. Since he was old, so much the better. He would be willing to pay more. But to Flecha the great thing was that he would be paid more and being paid would know it. He was not a youth that asks only what is on the plate but a man of years who would think more of the service than the meat. Meat was—meat, a drug on the market. Service? Service was service. The palms of his hands would be moist.

So Flecha was not satisfied and meant that Duke Boritz should pay more, should bid against himself, should outbid himself.

She set the stage. Half lights, whole shadows, colors and suggestions of color, incense, filmy fabrics, music so softly low and elusive it was felt rather than heard, mild wines, strong brandies—and Volhynia, Volhynia, Volhynia.

Boritz came into the room. Flecha received him. Volhynia was in the shadowy shadows, remained in them. Yet Boritz saw her, felt her, heard her, smelt her, tasted her. Not as he wished to but as Flecha wished him to, and no more—yet. Only in anticipation. Boritz was an old man and so did not object to the waiting. Enjoyed the denial. Knowing as only the old know the values of anticipation, anticipating as only an old man can the feast that is the last of many feasts. How he had fasted! He licked his lips. How—how he would feast! He licked his lips.

The game began. Boritz and Flecha knew that game, none better. They enjoyed it for itself. The play's the thing. The stakes were only part. The staked young, the game ages old. Flecha could not spend what she would win. Boritz could not use what he would buy. So it was a good game. Such a good game.

Volhynia enjoyed that game. No minted stake was she to lie cold in a pocket. But young flesh and blood that would lie palpitating in circling arms. Lie unquiet.

Volhynia was interested in the old man. Not as a man but as an owner. As a man she would not have looked at him twice. As an owner she looked at him all the time. If he measured, she weighed. If he sensed, she saw. If he bargained, she planned. If he anticipated, she realized. Had not Flecha taught her? Was not this just as Flecha said it would be? Was not this her graduation? Having been taught, was she not ready to practice? Unsold had she not been chained with velvet chains, but chains, to keep that which she had, that which made her for sale, salable? Sold, would she be not free?

Volhynia knew that men were young before they were old, as women were girls before they were Flechas. She had looked at young men, liked to look at them, liked to think about them, liked to imagine about them, liked to picture herself belonging to a young man. Not seriously, not with any idea of one buying her, but with the delicious tantalization of desiring the unattainable, with the luxuriousness of the sensuous that is fancy and not fact. She knew their appeal, their answer, their demands, their prodigality.

She saw, and knew, and dreamed and desired. But more clearly she saw that she could not belong to one of them, one of them could not belong to her—yet. Only the old can pay, only the old would pay the price set on her. She made no plaints, only plans.

Flecha and Boritz talked. Not of money and merchandise, not of buying and that to be bought, not of things precious like gold and girls, but in words that meant little and tones that meant much. Of the weather, of old times, of music and of men, of politics that pandered and society that scandled, of anything and everything but what they were talking about. They understood each other, these two. This was not the first girl Flecha had sold nor the first that Boritz had bought. But Volhynia was choicest morsel of fleshly art and artistic flesh that either had bought or sold. And they were loath to miss any little detail of the game. They held each card hesitatingly, laid it down slowly, reluctant to have so much of the play played and forever done with. For Flecha had no more wares for sale. And Boritz was making his last purchase. He was so old. Flecha knew. Boritz knew.

Volhynia, listening to that talk wherein her name was not mentioned, that was all about her but not of her, smiled with her brain. Watching that game in which no stakes appeared but which was all woven about the staked, that was for her but not for her, Volhynia looked for the fall of each card, noting, smiling that she was the stake. It was worth being a girl to have these two adepts playing for her. It was worth while having studied so hard to be the prize of these sharpers. It was worth while having danced now that the piper was being paid. In the shadowy shadows she sat tingling with the cold passion of the wage, marking each point won and lost, missing nothing of the play or by-play. Soon it would be her part to be both play and player, wage and wagerer, the won and the winner. But she was not impatient. Time enough when time was. This was the joy of Flecha's game.

And Flecha won as she knew she would win. As Boritz knew she would win. Both sighed. It was over, that last game. Nothing remained but the dulness of a thing past, of memory. And they had too many memories, too much of the past, too much of dulness.

They were sorry.

Boritz would have paid twice to play it over again, but that was not the way that game was played. When you won or lost you were winner or loser. It was part of the unrecallable past, of dulness, of memory. Boritz sighed.

No word was said of time of delivery, of day of payment, no word of payment or delivery at all. That was understood. It was no more than the aftermath of the game. Stupid detail for a hired croupier. Boritz, before leaving the room, merely shook hands with Flecha, touched the tips of the fingers of Volhynia, Volhynia in the shadowy shadows, and shook hands with Flecha again—shook hands with Flecha slowly. They sympathized with each other, Boritz and Flecha. Gamblers whose sentiment was gaming—both losers. The rest was understood. Boritz, Flecha—Volhynia understood. The time was past when one carries his purchase home under his arm from the girl market. It must be wrapped carefully, tied up neatly, delivery by uniformed special messenger with due ceremony.

That night Gorgas got very drunk.

Flecha cried all night because she was the seller and not the sold.

Volhynia dreamed all night because she was the winner and not the won.

Boritz? Boritz had rheumatism.

Duly wrapped, tied, delivered, Volhynia was taken to the home of the man who had bought her.

That night Boritz died.

—?—

Oh, not at all. Such things are not done, these days. It was a perfectly natural death. Very natural. Boritz was quite old. It was time he died, past time. It was a wonder that he had lived so long, living as he did. Nothing strange that he should die, dying as he did.

Gorgas got drunker, foreseeing other drunks. Flecha laughed, visualizing another game.

Volhynia cried.

* * *

What else can you expect of these foreigners, with their queer names and queerer customs and morals? Now with us——.

Just a moment!

What if, instead of "Gorgas" we read: "Mr. X——." the well-known man-about-town of our city; for "Flecha", "Mrs. X——." the leader of one of the smartest sets of our smart society; "Senator Y——." in place of "Duke Boritz"; and not "Volhynia" but—but the name of one of this season's most charming and innocent young debutantes?

Does that make any difference?

Not in the least.

And yet some people think—if you may so dignify their brain-cell process—that "there's nothing in a name."

Not in the least?

How the gods must laugh.

WHAT FATHER SAID

How was it that Mr. Shakespeare, the great German singer, put it about youth, life, love, romance, and so forth? Something about Youth not seeing the follies that it commits and then again about the ardent Young Bedwell who had all of the Shakespearian lovers backed off the map when it came to ardent and earnest swainship.

Thus when the bridal couple were upon their honeymoon and the moonlike Mr. Bedwell sprang into bed, and his wife looked at him reproachfully, he started up in dismay.

"What is it, my love?"

"Oh, Ben, you have forgotten something, haven't you?"

"What, my darling?"

"Don't you remember that you promised me you would kneel and say your prayers every night, forever, after we were married?"

"That's right, I did. Forgive my thoughtlessness dear. Here goes."

And upon their return to her parental domicile and the family sat at a bridal breakfast, the blushing and happy young creature beamed lovingly at her old father and spoke.

"And, oh father, I'm so happy. Ben did something for me upon the first night of our honeymoon, that he promised to do every night as long as we live."

The old man choked upon his coffee. As soon as he regained his breath he surveyed the happy young pair intently. Then shaking his head sadly at his daughter he said:

"Little girl, I hate to disappoint you, but it simply can't be done."

—*O. F. Jerome.*

Her Last Kiss

by Ethel Green

IT was a few minutes after eleven o'clock when Innesly left the taxi at his front door and let himself into his house.

He had left the house three hours earlier intending to take a night train to Denver on a flying business trip. A mixup with another auto in his haste to get to the station, in which the other driver was slightly hurt, had necessitated his going to the police station.

Despite his raving he had been detained until his train was gone. So he went to the club for a couple of hours before he went home.

After all, he reflected, as he entered the house, he could as well go in the morning. It would require an earlier arising than usual, so he might as well get to bed.

Upstairs he stopped at his wife's room. There was no response to his knock.

"Probably out to some dance, or jamboree," Innesly told himself, and went to his room.

Shortly, in pajamas, smoking a final cigar, he remembered his wife had said nothing about going away for the evening, altho she had not known of his intended departure until he came home from the office. A telegram had suddenly called him to some properties he was interested in near Denver.

Innesly loved his wife—or rather, he loved his wife's kisses.

He probably had loved her, or at least so he imagined, when he had married Katherine Blake, tall, blond and vivid, some years his junior, but evidently satisfied with the match.

She had everything, anything, she wanted. If her desires seemed unreasonable, a kiss solved the difficulty—for her, at least. He could not deny her kisses, nor the woman when she kissed.

For a time all had been well. Then he had caught her in a flagrant love affair with another man. Tears, contrition—nnd kisses, and he had forgiven her.

But the affairs had rankled, and in his brooding Innesly had sworn that another time would be justly punished. He was an eccentric man in his ideas of justice.

Shortly after their first marital rift they had built a new house. Unknown to her Innesley had then planned for his revenge—if that time ever came. In the spacious cellar beneath the new place he had secretly constructed a vault, some twenty feet square, solid concrete, with thick walls.

A steel door, with flanged edges, like a bank door, was set into the wall, so that it opened into the vault, and when closed had, from the cellar, the appearance of part of a solid wall. A secret spring opened it from the outside. Closed from the inside, it was as solid as the wall, and veritably a part of the wall.

The vault was bare, absolutely unfurnished. In his twisted, abnormal craving for some horrible means of revenge, he had built the vault as a sepulcher for the woman who would betray him a second time. For

her, and her lover, if again a lover came into their lives.

Innesly thought of the place tonight for the first time in years, for at the club he had heard others telling of building almost similar vaults in which to store their precious stocks of contraband liquors.

He smiled grimly to himself. He might as well fill up his secret vault with liquor—his wife evidently had learned her lesson. In recent years there had been no shadow of wrong.

Still, he countered, one never could tell, and his plan of other years was as firmly set as ever—if the time ever came.

As Innesly pulled out the light and stepped toward the bed he heard voices. His wife was home. He stepped to the door—and his hand froze on the knob.

A masculine voice—a laugh, careless and abandoned, smote his horrified ears.

What was a man—any man—doing in his house with his wife at midnight? Then the truth struck him and his brain reeled. He was supposed to be on a limited train, bound for Denver!

So that was it? His brain stopped in dizzy reeling. It grew instead, cold, deadly cold. His heart almost stopped its beating. So the time had come, after all.

In a flash Innesly rolled back the years to that first time, when cold, silent rage possessed him, implanted itself in his very being and fruited into indomitable purpose, implacable, unrelenting.

More as an automaton than a human being Innesly moved toward his desk. In the pocket of a robe which he silently slipped on he thrust a heavy automatic revolver. Then he waited.

He gave them half an hour. An hour. He could afford to wait. Time meant nothing to him now. Tomorrow it would mean less—to them.

Finally he slipped through the door. The hum of voices came to him from his wife's bedroom. He listened at the door and, had he not already been determined upon his course, what he heard would have swept him into it furiously.

"No, George, dear," he heard in the dulcet, sensuous tones of the woman, "there's nothing, absolutely nothing to fear.

"You see," she continued, with a happy laugh, "I've had things fixed for a long time. Whenever I want to have a little time by myself he is 'suddenly called west.'

"I've a friend at the mine. All I have to do is to let him know, and a telegram calls my husband there, at once, on 'important business.' "

Innesly could hear the man chuckle.

"Clever scheme," the man's voice said.

"Yes," Innesly's wife went on, "and when he gets on the train to come home I get a telegram, or a long distance phone, so I always have plenty of time to get in the clear."

As Innesly listened he visualized the "sudden calls" he had received. And there were not a few. He smiled evilly. That scheme, he thought, would never be worked again.

A scream and an oath greeted him as he burst in the door. But the revolver kept the man at bay, and the woman was too startled to do anything but stand and stare, not half believing her eyes.

Mrs. Innesly, tawny hair about her shoulders, was in a filmy, lacy gown, her bare feet gleaming white beneath its pink hem. The man was in one of Innesly's own suits of pajamas.

Evidently she had planned quickly. Everything was well arranged, so no time would be lost when they came home.

But Innesly wasted no time in views or speculation.

"Don't move," he commanded, in a deadly voice. "You're caught, caught with the goods," he said grimly, "and excuses, pleading or lies won't help you any." He addressed his words impersonally—to them both.

"I'm going to give you one chance," he said. He lied when he said it, but Innesly wanted this thing to go through smoothly, without fuss, or any struggle.

The woman started to speak.

"Shut up!" Innesly gritted, through clenched teeth. "One word and I'll beat you to death. Keep still and do as I say."

Menaced by the revolver Innesley drove the two down, down into the cellar. Stunned, and unable to think coherently the pair went on, ahead of that horrible gun and the horrible man who held it.

At the far side of the cellar he halted them.

"This, now, is your chance," he said, as he pressed upon the secret spring and a part of the wall seemed to turn from them, disclosing a dark void beyond.

He snapped on additional lights and the glow shone into the vault, partially lighting it.

"Get on in there, and I will explain," he added. They obeyed, helplessly, wonderingly, appalled.

Once inside, Innesly followed and closed the door to within a foot of the wall with its impregnable locks.

"This is the chance I will give you two," he said again.

"In that corner is a two-inch pipe, running up alongside the chimney above to the top of the house. It lets in air.

"Now, if you can crawl out by way of that pipe, you are free to go and do what you please," Innesly said, slowly. "That's as much chance as you gave me," he said, turning to the woman, who was cowering, wide-eyed with fear. "You didn't—"

"My God!" the woman cried, "you can't mean you will shut us in this terrible vault —that you will bury us alive?

"Why, that's murder—it's unthinkable. You can't mean it?" She leaned toward him, hands outstretched, eyes burning with disbelief.

She searched Innesly's face for a trace of relenting—of some trace that it was all a joke—a horrible joke. But what she saw there killed her last hope.

She screamed, a horrible scream, and lunged toward him. Innesly, still holding the gun ready for use, grasped her by the shoulder as she came within reach, and violently threw her back toward her paramour, his fingers retaining a grasp upon her flimsy gown and ripping it like tissue from her body. The stricken woman stumbled, fell to the floor.

Her white body shone grotesquely in the dim light. To the man who had judged her, she reached out imploring hands.

"Yes," she cried, brokenly, "you do intend to do it. I can see it in your eyes." She choked back her sobs and drew a deep breath.

The man, apparently vanquished in heart and soul, said nothing. He simply stood silent, an unwilling witness, a tool, a pawn, in this awful game.

Then the woman struggled to her feet.

"Edward," she breathed, slowly, "it's your way—it's your right. We've sinned and we must pay. Never mind him"—she indicated the man by the intonation, only, of her voice—"he's nothing to me now.

"But you—you, you've been, at least my husband. You're going to do it, going on with it, I know it, know it," she repeated wildly, "and I've only one little thing to ask of you—and it is a little thing.

"I want,"—she almost broke down, it seemed,—"I want if I must die, to die with your kiss upon my lips.

"Just one kiss," she pleaded, and her eyes sought his soul's depths.

Innesly smiled to himself, grimly. Her kisses, they had been his ruination. They had swindled him all through their lives together. It pleased him to think that this kiss—if he gave it to her—would have—could have, no influence upon his future life. It was one that would not have to be paid for, in money, or in honor.

Yes, he thought to himself, she shall have one kiss, one last kiss, her last kiss.

"Stand up," he commanded. "Hold your hands out behind you. I'll shoot the instant you make a false move. You shall have your kiss, your last kiss, but it shall get you nothing."

He strode forward to where she stood, several feet within the vault. It was a curious, yet withal a ghastly scene.

Slowly the woman did as she was bid. Holding her hands flung out behind, leaning forward, her face deadly pale, but still beautiful in the dim light, resembling something not human.

A foot from her Innesly himself stopped. Slowly she lifted her lips. Holding the revolver pressed against her nude body Innesly bent his head a trifle. Their lips met in a clinging, a passionate, yet futile kiss.

Innesly pressed her to him with his free hand and his lips clung, as they had clung so many times before, in abject surrender.

Yet she knew that this time he was not giving up to her. There was no intimation of surrender in his rigid form. Slowly, as he kissed her, she lifted her right leg; slowly she drew up her knee against her body, and then—as Innesly's lips began to leave hers, she straightened out her foot forward swiftly and kicked the great, solid, deadly door, tightly shut.

A PROFESSIONAL ACQUAINTANCE

Doctor Deacon led what we choose to call a narrow life; his creed, though elaborate, was cosmopolitan. In short, he was the incarnation of piety.

And it was well for his relations with Mrs. Deacon that this was so. She was as tender hearted as he, as devoted, as faithful, as pious. Like him, she abhorred the idea of a separate standard of morals for the judgment of men and women. She knew that the doctor smoked, that he drank very sparingly, and she was satisfied that he should. The only thing she feared as a rival in his affections was—another woman!

But the good doctor, like all other men, began to see things. Immediately he did not want the things he saw; but after a time the thought kept recurring that a good man must perforce forgo lots of good things.

He recalled having read or heard somewhere that virtue that was never under fire was a good deal of a counterfeit. He determined to grasp the first opportunity that afforded itself to test the genuineness of his particular brand of holiness.

The only nights Doctor Deacon spent away from his hearth and carpet-slippers were those he spent in office or study. His good wife always had him at her beck and call.

On a certain night that was none of these usual nights he did not come home. His wife's psychological itinerary went from surprise to wonder, thence to amazement, for he did not telephone that he was detained on a case. Suspicion that he might be kept away by any other than professional business never entered her mind, but she grew too restless to remain within doors.

When she could no longer endure the tormenting pictures of danger and distress drawn by her imagination, she rang for a messenger boy and had this Lilliputian escort her along midnight Broadway. Almost the first person she saw was Doctor Deacon, and he was accompanied by a large woman with peroxide tresses. She confronted the couple with virtuous indignation.

"Do you know this creature, Doctor Deaecon?" she demanded, in a grating voice.

"Yes, dear; of course. Professionally, you know."

"Whose profession; yours or hers?" —Will H. Greenfield.

As It Was in the Beginning

by W. Karl Hilbrich

IT is just a week ago that they brought me here. They say I am hopelessly insane, suffering from hallucinations, from a complete breakdown of the mind, brought about by a sudden shock to my nervous system. This shock, they gravely assert, is my suddenly stumbling over a skeleton in a deserted portion of Glenwood Park and the mysterious disappearance of my husband. They will not believe me, my story is received with pitying stares and hypocritical belief. I know that my stay on earth is rapidly drawing to a close and before I join Leander on that further shore, the existence of which we so often discussed, I shall set down the events leading to my present unhappiness.

The daughter of wealthy parents, nothing that money could buy or love desire had been omitted in my upbringing. I went to the best and most exclusive schools and, somewhat to the secret dismay of my parents and the open amusement of my friends, I specialized in metaphysics, acquiring, by the time I was 20, a fund of knowledge that would have put to blush many an ancient alchemist or necromancer. And yet, I cannot say that these studies in any way detracted from my interest or joy in life. I loved outdoor sports, dancing, music and had all the manifold interests of a healthy, normal girl.

Then came my 21st birthday. I was having a party and Jack Denton asked permission to bring a friend, a Mr. Leander Strong, whom, he assured me, I would like immensely. Of course, I urged Jack to bring his friend and his prognostication was abundantly verified. As soon as Mr. Strong was presented to me, the first time his clear, blue eyes looked into mine with the kindly polite gaze of a stranger, I had a presentiment that my destiny depended somehow on him. He was a most handsome man, his classic features and black curly hair suggesting a Greek god, his six feet of robust manhood, a Viking warrior.

The party lasted until early morning and Mr. Strong had danced every dance. The other boys were absolutely fagged, but as I swung over the floor on his arm in the last dance, his fresh buoyancy amazed me. It was as if he were just beginning an evening. I said something of the sort and, with a smile, he retorted:

"I've danced a good many thousand years and I'm not tired yet."

I answered this jocularity in kind and soon the music stopped. He and Jack were almost the last to leave. As Toki helped Mr. Strong into his coat, the latter

spoke to him. I was too far away to catch what he said but Toki's impassive mask of a face cracked into an amazed grin and his black eyes followed Mr. Strong with respectful awe. A few moments later, the last guest having departed, he approached me and in a voice trembling with suppressed excitement, he said:

"That gentleman he speak Japanese, shenno, high noble," and went to his quarters as one in a trance.

I had a great deal of opportunity to meet Mr. Strong in the ensuing weeks as Jack introduced him to our set and his engaging manners made him a universal favorite. He had a most tantalizing way with the girls, an entirely unconscious manner (which made it all the more exasperating) of treating them as if he had known millions on millions of girls and knew every word they would say or could anticipate their every action. Really, it was uncanny at times, his quiet, slightly amused, slightly bored attention, so reminiscent of a teacher who knows the lesson in and out, listening to the stumbling efforts of a backward pupil. With some amazement, therefore, and a deal of secret delight I found him turning to me more and more. We were soon discussing my favorite hobby and I was humbled to the dust by his immense, his absolute knowledge of the subject.

It was not only the extent of his knowledge but the quality of it. I, as well as all the professors and learned men I had ever met, knew these abstruse reasonings of the ancient philosophers as, let us say, a middle-aged Englishman learns and knows the French language. But Mr. Strong's comprehension was inherent, intuitive, absolute, as if his knowledge was possessed by a highly trained French litterateur born of a long line of educated people. I have seen him confound more than one college professor by his perfect command of ancient Greek and Latin and the familiar manner with which he referred to the thinkers of bygone centuries. He spoke as if he had known them and argued over the interpretation of their works in terms of personal knowledge.

As I grew to know him better, I was astounded at the colossal versatility of the man, his reticence, his gentleness and also was somewhat worried by his strange remarks. I remember one time when father, who is a billiard enthusiast, had a world-famous, many-times-champion for dinner. The party went to the billiard room after dining and the champion easily beat four of the best players combined against him. In some way, Mr. Strong was enticed into a game and vanquished our distinguished guest by an unprecedented score. When I complimented him on it afterwards, he smiled in a deprecating way and said:

"I ought to beat him. I've practiced some of those shots for several hundred years."

He was so droll. I laughed and asked, mockingly:

"Oh, my! And how old may your highness be?"

The expression which came to his face almost sobered me. He still smiled, with his lips, but his eyes were those of one about to tell the truth knowing he will not be believed.

"Oh, about 5,719 years. I was born in Babylonia during the reign of Naram-Sin."

I looked startled, he smiled, I laughed and thus the incident passed as a joke.

It was impossible not to love so profound and yet so modest a nature and I shall never forget my one Great Hour. It was a gorgeous purple and gold July evening at our summer camp on Lake Erie. A crowd of us had been bathing. Mr. Strong and I became separated from

the rest. Under the spell of his rollicking mood I had ventured out into the lake for nearly two miles, far beyond my limit. As the dull gold disc of the sun touched the western waters I turned to swim back to shore and immediately panic overcame me. At an illimitable distance away, a dark gray shadow thru the evening haze, lay the shore and our camp. At my cry of dismay he came to me as smoothly and powerfully as a creature of the sea. I caught his reassuring smile and the calm strength of his deep blue eyes.

"Put your hand on my shoulder, dear. There is nothing to worry about. Why, there is scarcely enough to this swim to start a circulation."

His voice thrilled me with its utter confidence and an unusual note of tenderness. I had heard tenderness before, but this was different. Irrelevantly I thought of the scent of one single violet and then of a drop of pure concentrated perfume holding captive the heart and soul of a million violets.

He swam superbly, with powerful, tireless strokes, towing me as easily as a liner would pull a tiny rowboat.

"How marvelously you swim," I could not help murmuring.

"Not at all, when you consider that many centuries have contributed to my training," he replied, easily.

"Centuries?"

"Yes, indeed! I was an accomplished swimmer when my namesake swam the Hellespont. My father taught me in the Euphrates, milleniums before the Christian era."

I laughed at his apparently droll exaggeration. As I did, I felt a slight quivver of his shoulder while his steady tireless stroke slowed just a trifle.

"You witch!" he whispered with almost a groan. "Stop that laughing!"

"Why?" I retorted, simulating a pout.

"Because I believe you to be my Nemesis. My dear father prophesied shortly before his death that as long as I refrained from taking a wife, I could defy the grave, but that a woman would finally be my undoing. For century upon century have I resisted the untold fascinations of beautiful women. I had steeled my heart—I thought it dead."

His voice trailed off in an almost resentful murmur, while I was thrilled in speechless wonder.

"Then you came," he resumed in a tense, vibrant tone. "You, with all the charms of all that have gone before you and more, that indefinable something that exists in every woman for just one man. I surrender. I love you, I adore you, and Oh! how I want you. I defy my venerable ancestor! Will you be my wife, sweetheart of all these lonely centuries?"

As his rich clear voice swept along and the meaning of his words penetrated my amazement, a veritable wave of rapturous joy swept over me. I was numb with happiness and my hand slipped from his shoulder. Quicker than the swoop of an eagle, he had his left arm about my waist, irresistibly he drew me to him—and kissed me. Ah! That kiss. It rests in the Holy of Holies of my soul. And all the while, with his marvelous strength, he kept us afloat and moving with his right arm.

And so, at last, we were married. Leander had abundant means and we decided to go to the East for our honeymoon. There had always been something subtly alluring, fascinating, ineffable about the countries where the human race passed its infancy. It was here, too, that I learned the true history of my husband. In the close intimacy which our new relation afforded, I became more and more impressed with the fact that he was not an ordinary man. And this conviction was a thing entirely

apart from the deep and lasting love I felt for him and which it is my eternal happiness to know he reciprocated in full. In his everyday life, in his dealings with his fellow-men, there was displayed a sureness of action, a poise, an authority that was overwhelming in one so young. He never made a statement that did not prove correct no matter what the subject might be and there was nothing that man can do at which he was not an expert. Baseball, tennis, rowing, sailing, acrobatics, motoring—in whatever he undertook he excelled the champions. Whenever I expressed astonishment or pleasure at his prowess, he would smilingly tell me it took centuries or thousands of years for him to learn.

On a wonderful silver night, way up in the bow of the steamer carrying us to Cairo, I chided him for his extravagant language in claiming these centuries of time for his development.

He drew me close and kissed me. Apparently oblivious to my scolding, he whispered:

"Sweetheart of all time! Do you love me?"

I must have assured him satisfactorily, for presently he continued.

"Do you think that I would willingly or knowingly lie to you?"

"Of course not, Mr. Oh-so-serious," I answered lightly, as a protest at his earnest tone.

"Then listen! As I told you once before, I was born in Babylonia in 5719 B. C., in the reign of Naram-Sin."

"But Leander——" I began.

"Please let me tell you the whole story," he interrupted. "And remember, it is the truth. My father was Binganisar-ali, my mother Lipus-Eaum, a priestess of Sin. As physician to the king, father had every opportunity of delving into the mysteries of nature and he became a wonderful chemist. Among other things he was always searching for that miraculous potion, that iridescent dream which has haunted the minds of thinkers since time began and which even in this day is not entirely deadThe Elixir of Life. Never will I forget the day he told my mother he had found it. She doubted him and I listened, spell-bound, as he recounted his experiments on an old slave, one Ma-Mu. I knew the fellow, a bent and gnarled wreck of humanity, over a hundred years old. Father called him. He came to us, fawning and cringing, a slave, but changed to a young man impressive, somehow, by an air of undying youth that surrounded him like an invisible aura. My mother was dumfounded.

"'Can you make this potion at will?" she asked in hushed tones.

"'No. There is a certain ingredient that I may not again obtain while I live. But there is enough left for one potion and I shall present it to Aram-Sin, the king, at the festival of Ea, two moons hence.'

"About ten days later I was in my mother's apartments when father entered.

"'Sun of my life!' he addressed her: 'I want you to witness an experiment. I have been trying to find an antidote for the Elixir of Life and I think I have found it. It occurred to me that it was wrong to confer the gift of eternal youth on a slave. Call Ma-Mu.'

"My mother sent for Ma-Mu. He entered and I could see that some of his humbleness had left him as he had become aware of his changed estate. Nevertheless, he took with a show of great humility the cup which father handed him. It contained wine in which I had seen him put a pinch of white powder. Ma-Mu raised it to his lips, a graceful figure of robust youth. I noticed my parents' strained, expectant attitude

while I myself vibrated with nervous tension like the word of a drawn bow. The slave drank. The next few moments are seared into my memory for all time. Mother clapped both hands over her face, stifling a scream and fell back in her chair, fainting. Father suddenly slumped into the settee before which he stood, his expression a curious mixture of triumph and terror. As for me, it seemed that my blood turned to boiling water, sending waves of prickly heat to my head, hands and feet, then froze in a painful lump of ice in my bosom, leaving my extremities cold and clammy. My soul was filled with an awful fear, for there, in place of the youthful slave, tottered Ma-Mu the aged, the wreck of a century of life, as he was ten days before. Father's antidote was decidedly successful.

"Before the Festival of Ea was celebrated, my mother, in her excess of love for me, gave me the Elixir in a cup of wine without my knowledge. The shock of the discovery of this so worked upon my father that he died soon thereafter. Among his effects I found the antidote and I have it always with me in this ring."

And he showed me again a peculiar, old-fashioned ring he always wore. It portrayed a large sacred beetle. He manipulated some secret spring and the beetle spread its wings, disclosing a tiny capsule filled with a whitish dust, not unlike powdered sugar.

I confess that I was startled at this wild, inconceivable story, told with such evident sincerity and with the surprising accessory evidence of the ring. It must be true, of course, and yet——

He finally convinced me absolutely. We visited the Great Pyramid. A guide had taken us, together with a party of tourists, to the burial chamber in the center of this stupendous pile of ancient masonry. Leander had contrived to get me into a dark corner away from the rest of the sight-seers.

"Would you like to go back another way, alone?" he whispered.

"Stupid!" I chided him. "The guide knows all the ways there are and we'll be lost alone."

Leander's teeth shone in the gloom. "So?" he chuckled. "Watch that stone!"

He pointed to one of the large rocks forming the side of the chamber. We were in almost total darkness as the guide with his crude light was at the entrance explaining something to the rest of the party. Imagine my unbounded amazement when the stone to which Leander had called my attention began to turn, as upon a pivot. Almost in less time than it takes to tell it, he had pulled me thru the opening and the stone was in place behind us. His electric flashlight illumined a very narrow but high passageway, built of huge slabs of some perfectly fitted, the one serving as a door being indistinguishable from the rest.

"It is wonderful, the work those old fellows did," murmured Leander. "Just think! This pyramid was built some ten or twelve centuries before I was born. I served here as a priest of Isis and I know every crack and cranny of these passages. The last time I used this particular one was about 500 years ago when the Sultan Hajji put a price on my head."

I followed him, awed and thrilled by the thought of the centuries upon centuries of time which had saturated the very atmosphere with the essence of antiquity, of an age so extended, so remote, so profound, that it rested on my shoulders as some tangible weight. Presently we came to the end of the passage. Leander found and manipulated some secret mechanism, a huge stone turned aside and we entered a small niche opening into the main passage way. We

came out ahead of the rest of the party and their amazement and mystification were almost ludicrous when they emerged with lamentations over our loss, only to find us in safety. We did not tell them how we got out before they did.

It was then that I began to believe in the truth of my husband's story and several other events on our honeymoon absolutely confirmed my faith. From that time on and up to ten days ago I was the happiest and proudest woman on earth. To think that a man such as Leander, after thousands of years experience should, of all women, love me, was so incredible, so terrifying sweet, that I was in a constant heaven of happiness, an earthly paradise.

And then the serpent entered in the guise of a gray hair. I was brushing my abundant and thick hair preparatory to retiring, when I noticed among the glossy black a shining silver line—a white hair. I pulled it out, smiling the while and the idle thought passed thru my mind:

"You're growing old, young lady!"

The thought, as I said, was a purely idle one, and yet, I sat frozen with horror and despair. Literally frozen, for like a flood of icy water, the chilling, numbling knowledge poured thru my being that he, Leander, would never grow old, while I. his wife, would wither and die and leave him, my all, my world, my heaven, for some other woman, perhaps as yet unborn.

Dry-eyed, the battlefield of love, jealousy, tenderness, hate, sad resignation and fierce rebellion, I sat before my dresser I know not how long. So absorbed was I in my bitter thoughts that my husband's entrance passed unnoticed. As in a dream, I saw him in the mirror approach the back of my chair and pass his right hand on my bosom, that shapely aristocratic hand with its odd scarab ring.

At that, something seemed to burst in my brain, in a flash I saw it, I knew I would hold Leander, not only against the eternity of the future, but against the awful, overpowering antiquity of the past. I twisted in his grasp and wept out my relief against his breast.

I confessed my fears and also told him how we could grow old together. He was evidently startled.

"What! Take the antidote? My dear girl, don't you remember what it did to old Ma-Mu?" he objected.

"Yes, I remember, but Ma-Mu was an old man when he took the Elixir whereas you were a young man and will merely resume the suspended course of nature."

"This is a serious proposition, sweetheart," he said, gravely. "I must think it over."

He did think it over, the next day and the next, with the result that he would not consent to take the powder in his ring. He was certain it would bring no good to either of us. But the idea had become an obsession with me. We were walking in Glenwood Park early in the morning, just a week ago and I was urging him again.

"You do not love me or you would not refuse," I stormed. "What am I to you but the plaything of a few years. Oh, yes—you are constant and will be during my lifetime, but what is that to you. Merely a few moments out of an endless day. No—no! If I were really the one woman of all time for you, you would gladly doff your mantle of immortality and grow old and die with me."

He listened earnestly and as I concluded a smile brightened his face. It haunts me now. I do not mean to be irreverent, but it must be a smile like that which God smiles in tender sympathy for his erring children.

"So it is to be a test of my love," he murmured. "Why, my only and eternal

sweetheart, did you think for a moment that a thought of myself ever influenced my decision. It was always your happiness, for I know that you love me, deeply and truly, and should anything happen to me your life would be blasted."

He was so absolutely wonderful that I had to throw myself in his arms and we acted as foolishly and extravagantly as a couple of new-found lovers, but I would not be denied. So at last, at the spring in the old portion of the park, he decided to make the sacrifice of his immortality.

He filed the old rusty tin cup with sparkling water and dissolved the contents of his ring in it. In a splash of morning sun he stood, upright and handsome as a god and toasted me, a foolish, loving mortal.

"To the one incomparable woman and sweetheart of all time, past, present and future."

His clear voice rang out, matching the proud poise of his head and his glad, youthful smile. He drank. Even as he raised the cup I had a wild sudden desire to dash it from his lips. Ah! Heart of mine! Would that I had.

A celestial youth had raised an old tin cup to his lips, it fell from the hands of a horrible human wreck and scarce had it clattered on the ground when beside it dropped a bleached rattling skeleton. Outraged Nature, held at bay for thousands of years, had taken a lightning and monstrous revenge. Leander, my Leander, was dead and gone and I was his murderer, out of my love had I destroyed him.

But he spoke truly, my life is blasted. Yet I am not sad, for tomorrow my spirit will be with his, traveling in those other worlds which, no matter what they be or where they be, will be Paradise as long as he is with me.

MRS. JEFFERSON JEFFERSON'S PLAN

The "Swift Club" consisted of eight young married women, who were not particular about either their truthfulness, morals or reputations.

The President of the Club, Mrs. Jefferson Jefferson, suggested that they set afloat some extraordinary tale of each other. By the time one story had reached the ears of their husbands, another was afloat, and so on, with a fourth, fifth, etc.

At length the husbands finding that none of the stories had any foundation, grew so incredulous, that no matter how real the faux pas was, they would not believe it.

D. C. R.

The Handkerchief from the Harem

by Lilliace Montgomery Mitchell

WITH the many eyes of the harem upon him Oghuz, the black servant of the haremlik, hurried down the path to the gardens.

"Hush," commanded the lily of the Nile raising her slender forefinger, "and I shall be able to hear what is said."

"They have all embroidered it for you, oh Wise One," said the servant as he handed the large silken handkerchief to Abd-ul-Hamid, young master of the harem which had been but recently gathered together for him by his mother. "Each one has given herself a flower name and each one has embroidered the flower of her choice in one part of the handkerchief." He coughed, glanced back at the lattices through the round holes of which he felt sure that the many eyes regarded him. "They have noticed that you love the gardens, the flowers, and it is their hope, oh Master of Great Wisdom, that you—that—"

Abd-ul-Hamid took the handkerchief: "A pretty idea," he said carelessly, "a very pretty idea." As carelessly as he had spoken he glanced at the silken square with its embroidered flowers. Then his glance became fixed and he counted the flowers meticulously, his slender, strong finger marking them out one by one. "How happens it," he said evenly, "that there are but thirteen flowers represented in my garden when there should be fourteen there?"

Oghuz bowed with his forehead touching the ground before he replied: "Ah, Most Wonderful One, even poor Oghuz said it would be thus. The truth is that one of thy maidens refused to embroider her flower on the handkerchief."

"What one?" demanded Abd-ul-Hamid.

"She who calls herself Lotus, Master. I—I—" he coughed and at a sign from his master continued, "I overheard her say that were a zoological garden represented upon the handkerchief rather than a flower garden that she would be the tigress but—"

Abd-ul-Hamid with flashing eyes strode away towards the haremlik: "You are Lotus?" he said roughly as he entered the smaller of the apartments.

The sole occupant of the room had risen hastily to her feet at his entrance; her eyes flashed even more than his own. "It might be expected that even the master would give notice of his coming," she said sullenly, thrusting her hands behind her.

"And it was left for the Lotus to refuse to amuse the master?" said Abd-ul-

Hamid sarcastically, "the others might embroider and work—all save the fair Lotus?"

"But—" she entreated.

"All of the others showed their willingness to bow to his will—all save Lotus?" he continued roughly.

"But—" she interrupted.

"All others agree to be his garden—all save Lotus—ah, I never hoped to find such an one. Thou and thou alone shalt be the fevoured one of my harem. Thou and thou alone shall I love for thou alone art the untamable, the ferocious, the one who dares to do her own will."

Wearied to death of the docile beauties in the next apartment who existed solely to please him he moved majestically towards the lattice. He stared at the handkerchief in his hand which the docile ones had embroidered to please him, not knowing that his one hope in life was to find a tigress. His eyes rested upon the gardens beneath.

Noting the spark of interest which had entered even though but tentatively into the expression of the master a sudden guile entered the heart of the love-tormented girl who had hitherto awakened no slight ripple in the man. Her eyes followed his every movement. Suddenly assured that his glance would rest away from her for another moment she glided towards the little brass tray on which burned the tiny charcoal fire. Dropping a small silken ball into the blaze she approached langorously Abd-ul-Hamid.

In the next apartment came the rise and fall of feminine voices: "I knew trouble would come of it," was saying the lily of the Nile, "when Lotus insisted upon embroidering for him a whole handkerchief by herself—all of lotus flowers—why should she try to gain his favour thus?"

But the voices did not penetrate the mind of Abd-ul-Hamid for he was speaking: "Never did I think to find one who would dare displease me—and thou, my little lotus blossom, thou whom I fancied to be even more tractable than the rest—" he sighed. "I smell something burning," he said suddenly.

"It is but the little fire," soothed Lotus, "Let us put on top of it that silly handkerchief in thy hand. What care we for that?" And with an imperious gesture which was at variance with her youth she took it from him gentle, placed it on the fire and watched it burn. And only her eyes smiled.

"Why do you never play 'The Naughty Waltz' any more?"

"Because I played it one evening while the girl in the flat below was entertaining and the next day they arrested me for contributing to her delinquency." —*P. D. Jennings.*

Dad Logan

by Julian Kilman

WHERE the long corridor of cells came to an end and one descended the main stairway of the silent city, Dad Logan paused to look back. For twenty years he had lived on that "street," the last seven of them in number 399, which was a corner cell with two windows that afforded a cross current of fresh air in the warm seasons. He waved a wordless goodbye to the several faces peering after him.

In the office Warden Hardy greeted the convict.

"Well, Dad. It's been a long stretch."

Dad Logan took the hand extended. The two men regarded each other in a friendly manner.

"Yeh," said Logan. "Twenty years for another fellow's job is—"

"Tut, tut!" broke in the Warden. "You aren't going to pull that, too!"

A grin illuminated the face of the ex-convict.

"Good-bye, Warden," he said, starting away.

"Coming back?" called that official.

Logan turned solemnly.

"Not on your tintype!" he snapped.

"They aren't taking tintypes any more, Dad," laughed the Warden.

It was morning of a fine June day, and Dad Logan blinked his way down the long stone steps leading from the gray stone-walled state's prison where he had spent so many years of his life.

He was free!

Ahead stretched the dusty road, for the penal institution stood at some considerable distance from the nearest community. When the ex-convict had covered a quarter of a mile an auto-bus came along.

"Hop in," shouted a voice.

They sped by pretty fields and presently drew near the city. When well along toward the down town section Dad signalled to the chauffeur to let him out. He descended and moved off, not quite sure of his senses after his first automobile ride.

In time he located what in the year 1900 had been Barney O'Keefe's hang-out. The externals were the same, but what a change within: a bakery! Up the well-known stair at one side of the corner building he proceeded. He knocked at the door and it was opened by an old woman. She stared at the ex-convict.

"Ye'll not be Dannie Logan?" she queried.

Dan Logan nodded.

"Is Mike livin' yet?" he asked.

"If thot's Dannie Logan," shouted a voice, "Let him in."

The ex-convict followed to a bedroom. Propped up with pillows lay O'Keefe.

"Is Mike livin' yet!" he imitated. "The doc says I'm sick. Hah! I'll live to dance on that spalpeen's grave."

That night the ex-convict jogged on east a bit. Talk with O'Keefe had depressed him. They were a couple of has-beens.

Dad Logan had $100. He loafed until this was about gone. Then he sought employment. But he was old and was constantly reminded of it by those to whom he applied. He got work finally on a night-shift in a shot factory, his experience in leather in the jail helping him. Nearly all the other operatives were Italians and he took a room with one of these. At noon each day the Italian, who was young and good-looking, would get up, light a cigarette and dress. His favorite habit consisted of white flannel trousers, a blue coat and a thick black silk string tie.

"Tony," said Logan, one day. "I think I'll go along an' see you kill 'em off."

The two went up town—an oddly assorted pair. In front of the favorite movie palace the Italian stopped. For some ten minutes they viewed the afternoon spectacle. Logan began to weary.

"Don't you go inside for the pictures?" he demanded.

"Mebbe. Once-a da while. *Non sovente.*"

Logan thought this over on the job that night. So he, the best "soup" man of his time, had come to this: hanging out with a dago who wore a blue coat, white pants and a black string tie, his idea of being "an Amer-i-can." His decision was accelerated by an unexpected strike at the factory.

Two days later he was in the country hoofing it along twin streaks of rust. Just outside a small village his attention was attracted by a thin line of smoke ascending skyward. He went over the fence and found the bunch, three travelers like himself. They were working over a small fire in the gravel pit.

"Hello, old-timer," called one.

"Hello," said Dad.

He seated himself and producing two pieces of bread, an onion and two potatoes from his pockets tossed the vegetables into the can of mulligan stewing over the fire. No one talked; they were sizing up the newcomer pretty cautiously. After a time conversation was resumed. A bit of blue blotting paper lay on the ground. Logan picked it up and examined it closely. Again conversation ceased. The ex-convict looked up.

"How's it goin'?" he asked.

"How's what going?" demanded the first speaker, whom the others called "Harvard."

"With the soup?"

"All right! See for yourself."

He indicated the pot of mulligan, now giving off fragrant odors.

"You know what I mean," snapped Logan. "You've been boilin' for nitro."

There were two dark spots on the blotter each about the size of a dime. Logan laid the blotter over a boulder, and with a smaller stone struck one of the spots a sharp blow. Nothing resulted.

"You got it too thin," he announced.

A general laugh followed this experimentation. The tension let down and from behind him one of the men produced a small pot. It was still simmering, having been removed from the fire on the approach of the ex-convict.

Logan peered into it for a moment. The sticks of dynamite were not yet entirely dissolved; an oily substance covered the surface.

"It'll take another hour," he said. "Where's the skimmer?"

They ate the mulligan. Logan took charge of the second pot.

"I've never made it," explained "Harvard." "But I had lots of chemistry in college and I'm not afraid of it."

Dad Logan turned to stare at the young man. The world seemed full of surprises.

"An' you been to collidge?" he said.

"Yep. I took four years and followed it with a post-graduate course on safe blowing. Only we don't call it that now —I'm speaking in your terms, you see."

"What *do* you call it?"

"Opening melons."

Logan snorted.

"What you open 'em with?"

"The burner."

"I never saw one."

The young man studied Logan a bit.

Reaching back into his coat which lay in a roll on the ground "Harvard" fumbled a moment.

"Here's what we use now," he explained, laying a highly polished intricate contrivance in Logan's hands. "It's an acetylin burner or torch. It will go through anything. They are all numbered and hence are traceable. I paid $500 for this one. It isn't worth that, but you got to pay the price to get free of the 'pedigree.' "

Logan curiously regarded the affair.

"It's out of order now, and I'm not sure I can fix it up very soon," added the owner. "That's why we want some 'soup.' We've got a whole of a prospect and can't wait. Got to tackle it tonight."

"Where is it?"

"A bank in Livonia."

The ex-convict puttered over the fire.

"Livonia is a hundred miles from here," he said. "How you goin' to get there tonight?"

"Easy," returned "Harvard." "We have an automobile parked in the woods."

A half hour later Logan made the blotter test with his nitro-glycerine. The thing banged off so hard that his hand was hurt by the stone. He took a liberal portion of the nitro and some of the familiar yellow soap. But he would not join up with the other. They made fun of the old methods, shoe-string and court-plaster advance men laying out the work—these bright boys were doing the thing with card indexes and reports with carbon copies. They'd be using airplanes next! Logan frankly did not feel at home with them.

Alone once more, he caught a freight. At daybreak he made for cover and spent the day in the woods. He was familiar with the country. That night late he started for the nearby village. He figured it a good place to try out a one-man job with the old technique. Without trouble he located the postoffice. Preliminary visits to a couple of barns equipped him with the necessary blankets for muffling purposes.

The safe proved to be small and Logan began his work, feeling all the old-time skill in his fingers. His drill bit the steel. He completed the hole. His soap he had worked to the consistency of putty so that it could be stuck to the safe door immediately below the fresh-cut hole in a half circle. This receptacle was like an open lip. "It held the "soup" and enabled the yeggman to mould the dangerous stuff so that it would seep down into the mechanism of the door without the jar that would explode it prematurely.

But tonight Logan suddenly began to experience trouble with his soap. His fingers were trembling from the unaccustomed work of the drill; they seemed unable to manipulate the soft stuff satisfactorily in the dark. Again and yet again he tried it. Once he started to tip in the nitro and lost his nerve. More time followed with the soap. He swore

softly and began to hurry as he had been in the place an hour and a half. In the old days thirty minutes had sufficed.

At the moment something rattled in the road outside—might be someone passing. It was the last straw for Logan. He made for the rear window where he had gained entrance, scrambled through and ran.

At four a. m. a heavy rain set in. This caught the ex-convict half way to the next town which was a county seat. It was autumn and he was wet and chilled to the bone by the time he plodded into the main thoroughfare. With the few pennies remaining in his possession he bought coffee and rolls. That day Logan lurked about the town and fought things out with himself. Over and over his mind worked: he had lost his nerve.

He tackled two or three houses that evening for a hand-out. He was repulsed. The rain continued. He grew savage. Under a giant spreading elm he paused for protection from the pelting rain. The adjacent house was lighted and through the big window Logan observed a distinguished-looking man. A pedestrian approached. The ex-convict stepped out.

"Who lives in there?" he asked, gruffly.

"Judge Baxter," was the answer.

The passerby turned in to the next dwelling. He was evidently startled at Logan's appearance for he looked back.

After midnight Logan skirted the Baxter residence and crawled in the cellar window. Making as little noise as he decently could in the role of an earnest burglar who meant business, he proceeded to the floor above. No doors seemed to be locked. He listened for fifteen minutes. Presently he was rewarded by the sound of a slight cough in the dark. He smiled to himself as he entered the library.

But a voice arrested him.

"Up with your hands!"

Logan obeyed the order with alacrity. The lights were snapped on and two men with revolvers confronted him.

"Father and son," thought the ex-convict. "Both lawyers. Dad, you've done a good job."

Dad got quick and certain action on his burglarious entry of His Honor's premises. There happened to have been a series of recent burglaries in the community, and the populace was in arms. From every source there descended upon the gray head of Dad Logan, whose criminal record was obtained, a perfect stream of condemnation. His immediate punishment was demanded. From a neighboring judicial district a judge was imported because Judge Baxter was disqualified to sit. The visiting justice was an orator. For half an hour, in imposing sense after Dad Logan had pleaded guilty, his tongue-lashed the defendant, and finished it off by denominating twenty years in the state's prison as the term which the defendant should be confined.

The local paper hurrahed. They referred to it as an example of the finest judicial castigation ever heard in a court room.

A week later a sheriff's deputy took Dad Logan in handcuffs up the long stone steps of the state penitentiary. Warden Hardy stood in the doorway. It was exactly four months to the day since he had bade goodbye to Dad Logan.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "So your'e back."

Logan followed on into the office. He was weary and he sat down unbidden.

"Tell him to take these off," he said, unsmiling.

He held up his shackled hands.

"Sure enough!" said the Warden.

"Take them off, Mr. Deputy. Your work is done."

The customary papers were signed. The deputy departed. Warden Hardy confronted his old prisoner.

"Didn't think you'd play a return engagement, Dad," he said, soberly.

But Logan was fussing with his feet. They were swollen and hurt him. He looked up.

"Say!" he began. "Is 399 empty?"

The Warden called to a clerk to look it up.

"No," he replied in a minute. "There's a San Francisco pick-pocket in that cell."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Dad. "Say! Put that bird out, Warden. That cell belongs to me."

The Warden figured a bit. He talked in a whisper with the clerk. The latter went out.

"All right," said the Warden, presently. "Get your outfit and go on up."

Dad Logan picked up his few odds-and-ends of personal belongings, and followed the uniformed attendant. Up, up, up they went. They reached the old familiar "street." Dad went down it, throwing a glance or two at the faces peering out eagerly.

He entered No. 399. The door clicked behind him. He made a few quick passes at his bed—didn't think much of San Francisco housekeeping. He straightened out his meager belongings and sat down. Presently a huge sigh escaped him. He mumbled:

"Home again, thank God!"

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC

Five gentle sighs plus one beautiful maiden make one tender, loving glance.

Five tender glances minus one father makes one kiss.

Five kisses plus one full, intoxicating moon makes one love affair.

Five love affairs plus good management on the girl's part result in one engagement.

Ten engagements make one marriage.

One marriage makes one divorce.

One divorce makes five loving glances at another.

Five loving glances (repeat ad infinitum).

—*H. Allen Perrill.*

IT WAS some years ago that Maxine Le Neir stood just behind me at the receiving teller's window in a Chicago bank. The draft for fifty thousand dollars that I held between my fingers so that the least observant person could see the figures, represented about one-half of the wealth that my majority had just placed in my hands.

"Are you Mr. Rollo Zoller, of Swayzee, Indiana?" queried the teller, as he examined the paper.

I showed him a letter from my home town banker, as I told him that I was

As I waited for my bank book I twisted around to get a peek at Maxine. In her eye there was beguilement. I felt that it would be all right to speak. "Too bad to make you wait," I said.

"O, don't mention it, I'm in no hurry," she replied with a smile. A smile? No! It seemed to me then like a shaft of sunshine, a flood of fragrant spring air, and a sort of mild soothing shock from a battery, all in one.

With one hand on my right breast so as to feel the comforting outlines of my new pass book I started to leave. Just before reaching the door I glanced round to see if—yes, there she was, coming right toward the same exit that I was about to use in leaving.

I thought that there was a smile—a kind of encouraging smile—on her face as she approached me. I was right, for when I said, "I kept you waiting quite a while," she showed me two rows of astonishingly white even teeth, as she said, "I don't mind waiting, sometimes; it all depends—" She stopped speaking abruptly, and looked up at me as I pushed the revolving door to let her out.

We walked almost to Michigan Avenue without speaking. With the growing apprehension of a possible mistake I glanced covertly at her. Her eyes grasped mine. Quizzical at first, the little lines at the corners of her mouth gradually blossomed into a smile of radiant reassurance. Say! I can see that babe now, just as she was then. Dressed in black, from shoes to hat. Black eyes and hair, too. She was a knock-out. Best of all, she was enamored of me. Well, why not? I felt that I was no longer a bush leaguer. I hadn't lived on the farm for two years. For me the small town stuff was forever taboo.

Her little gloved hand just touched my arm as we reached the corner. "I'm go-

ing to get a bite to eat, and a cup of tea," she said.

"I'm hungry, too," I said, "let me go along?"

After walking several blocks we arrived at what appeared to me the most pretentious hostelry in the city. The gorgeous doorman made us welcome with ample gesture. Once in the magnificent dining-room my companion was right at home. I was not so well pleased; everything was so quiet; the French waiters moved about so noiselessly; the upholstered chairs, the thick rugs, and the subdued air of elegance were not just exactly the things to which I was accustomed. There was no music. No jazz band. From the ornate menu Maxine ordered a spread with the easy insouciance of a seasoned meal-hound. She spoke of a "bite." I understood it when I paid the bill. I ordered ham and eggs over, and a cup of coffee.

I had some cards with my name written on them by the best penman in Swayzee. When the waiter left us I gave Maxine one of them.

"I shall have to give you one of my business cards. I have no others with me," she said, as she put my card in her purse. The card that she handed me was paneled, and on it was engraved:

THE LE NEIR SCHOOL OF DEPORTMENT, ETIQUETTE, AND COURTSHIP

MAXINE LE NEIR

200 N .Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

I have never heard of an institution such as Maxine's card described, but I didn't want to show my ignorance, so I put the card in my pocket without comment. When we finished eating, the waiter placed the bill at my left hand. He seemed to relent somewhat from his king-like attitude as I waved him away with the change from my five-dollar note.

"I must go home," said Maxine. "If you care to, you may ride out with me." That suited me fine. When we reached the street she nodded for a taxi, and we were soon on our way south. We had ridden a block, perhaps, when Maxine turned those iridescent eyes of hers on me as her hand lingered caressingly on my arm.

"Our meeting was not according to the usage of polite society," she said, "but I feel that I should like to know you—there seemed no other way."

I must have grinned for answer, for she continued.

"Although I teach conventional things, I sometimes think that a grain of originality is worth a whole world of convention. It would be unconventional for me to call you Rollo, but I want to. May I?"

"Sure!" I cried. "Glad to have you."

"Tell me something about yourself," she ran on. "Your experience at the bank tells me that you don't live in Chicago."

"No," I replied. "My home is in Indiana—Swayzee."

"You come to Chicago frequently?"

"No, not often; once in a while on business."

"You going to be here some little time?" I thought I noticed a note of eagnerness in her voice as she asked me that.

"Maybe a week or so," I replied.

"I'm a Hoosier!" she declared with a smile. "I was born on a farm near Muncie. Some time I hope to live on a farm again, where I can smell the new mown hay, eat eggs less than a year old, and breathe air, instead of smoke and odors."

As I looked at her white round neck, and the generous expanse of chest that her low cut dress revealed, I thought that she didn't look like a farmer's daughter.

"You don't look like a woman who would care for the farm," I ventured.

"I love the country!" she vowed. "The sunshine, the wild flowers, the fruits and vegetables, the horses, cows, and chickens. I love them all! And the healthy women, and the manly men. The men above all! The men who live out of doors are so different from the hothouse men of the city."

When she stopped speaking her face assumed a serious expression, as she gazed straight ahead of her at the automobiles that looked so much like two streams of great black bugs forever running in opposite directions.

As I couldn't think of anything better to say, I asked her if she taught dancing.

"Yes," she replied. "I teach dancing. Do you dance?"

"No, but I'd like to learn, with you for a teacher," I declared.

"You shall be one of my preferred pupils," she averred.

I ventured another query. "Tell me about your school. What's it like?"

"My pupils are all grown men and women. Many men and women had no chance to learn correct deportment when young; others neglected their chances. Through my school they are given an opportunity to learn the usages and ceremonials of polite society privately. Many men who became rich over night don't know how to handle a fork. I can put a polish on almost any kind of a diamond in the rough." She ended with a little laugh.

"What about courtship?" I asked.

"Oho! So you confess it!" she cried. "Yes, I teach courtship; and successfully, too. On no one thing does happiness depend so much as on marriage," she declared seriously. "And with what miserable equipment do most men start out to win their happiness. Fools rush in. Wise men take a course in courtship."

As I hadn't anything to say, she turned to me with the words:

"Come now, Rollo, tell me about yourself, your mission in Chicago, your sweetheart, your home folks and everything."

"There's not much to tell," I replied. I'm going to look round a bit, buy some clothes and things, and perhaps an auto."

"Wedding clothes?" she queried with a smile.

"No," I said. "It hasn't got to that, yet."

"Is she nice looking?" she quizzed.

I admitted that she was.

"Look out," she bantered, "some one of these young fellows down in Swayzee may outdo you."

That was just it. All the young fellows in Swayzee were after her.

"They'll have to go some to beat me," I vowed. "I'll have the clothes, and the jewelry that'll make 'em all take notice when I get back."

Just then the taxi stopped in front of a three-story house that stood in the center of a large lawn. The door was opened by a colored boy dressed in the uniform of a page. After going through a room decorated in white and gold, we entered a room of red. Hangings, furniture, rugs, decorations, all red. That room of red brought out Maxine's dark beauty to perfection. We chatted, and drank iced creme de menthe, served by the page, for nearly an hour. When I left, Maxine invited me to call again the following evening.

On my arrival the next night the boy in uniform conducted me at once to the red room. Maxine came a few minutes later. Her evening gown—worn below the belt—dark eyes and hair, and skin of china whiteness, against the background of red—say! She was a fulmi-

nator! She set up explosions in my heart like an auto engine going a million miles a minute.

"How are you, Rollo? I'm so glad to see you." With that she put a slim cool little hand in mine, and allowed it to linger there while we sat on a couch so small that there was hardly room for two. The pressure of her bare arm against my body, and the odor of some strange perfume held the lever of my heart action in high for a long, long time. She chatted about music and the theatre until I asked her about her business.

"Mine is an exclusive school," she said, "Many of those who apply are rejected. All must be congenial, as I give balls, dinners, and musical recitals just as though my pupils were my invited guests. That makes it a pleasure to all, instead of a task."

I asked her when she was going to teach me to dance.

"You shall have a lesson tonight," she replied, as she arose and pressed a button. To the page who answered, she said, "Tell Mother to come, please."

Mrs. Le Neir was grey, and sharp-eyed. "You'll enjoy it here, Mr. Zoller," she declared. "You can begin lessons now, and stop any time. Maxine'll put you through the ropes. She'll have you in full dress at night, or at least a dinner suit, and look out for your English, she's a stickler for correct speech."

"Don't let Mother frighten you," said Maxine, with a laugh.

"Sign your name here," said Mrs. Le Neir, as she opened a loose leaf arrangement that she carried.

I balked a little about signing my name before I knew something more about it; the cost, time required, and other conditions. After Mrs. Le Neir explained more fully about it, I signed on the line that she indicated.

"Only a few weeks are required," she said. "If after a few lessons you conclude that you don't care for the instructions, you are at liberty to stop, and no payment will be asked. In the event that you continue the lessons, the fee will be no more than the results justify. It depends on the time, and the extras."

I am ready to admit that my vision was directed toward the main opportunity most of the time. I had plenty of dough, and I was willing to spend some of it on Maxine, and take a chance. Part of my business in Chicago was to spend money in sharpening myself up a bit; clothes, jewelry, and other things. My Swayzee girl was worth a hundred thousand dollars in land and cash. Every young unmarried man in the county was anxious to marry her. I figured that Maxine's institution was just the very thing to put on the polish. I wanted to outshine those Swayzee guys like the sun outshines a lightning bug. Maxine was the girl to do it. And then she was infatuated with me. There was nothing to it, it did look mighty good to me.

When Mrs. LeNeir had gone, Maxine put her hand on my knee and said, "I'm so glad you're going to be with me. Some day when you're back home in Swayzee I'm going to pay you a visit."

Maxine and I riding down Swayzee's main street in a red racer was to me a pleasing vision.

"Come now, let me see how much you know about dancing," she said. "You shall have private lessons until you gain some proficiency, then you must dance with the others in the ball-room."

After the rug was turned back in the white and gold room, she started a waltz on the phonograph. I knew a little about dancing, but during that hour with Maxine I learned more than in all the years before. There was magic about

that girl. Strange to say, she was both an excitant and sedative. She was gentle, caressing, loving, yet guiding and compelling as she whirled me around in time with the music.

When the dance was over we sat for a while on the little couch in the red room. Time slipped by so rapidly when I was with Maxine that I have no idea how long our tete-a-tete lasted. As I was about to go, she said with a smile, "We are teacher and pupil now, but we must also be pals." I don't know for sure how it happened, but just then our lips met. There is the enchantment of beauty—there is wizardry, sorcery, and witchery—there are the charms, spells, incantations of vampires, Lorelei, and the sirens that dwelt between the isle of Circe and Scylla—and there is magic in a kiss. I want to say to all the world that Maxine was the Grand Past Master of the Kiss!

"Come tomorrow at two," she said, as I left.

It was three miles to my hotel. I decided to walk a few blocks, and then take a car. Such a wonderful buoyancy of spirits possessed me—such a feeling of elation—such a sense of exaltation came over me, that I went the entire distance to the hotel on foot, without fatigue.

The next forenoon I ordered an outfit of clothes from a tailor. His charges were outrageous, but I didn't care. The spell was still on me.

A few weeks at Maxine's wrought many changes in me. I could wear my evening clothes without too much discomfort; I could waltz fairly well; I had learned to sound my g's and I used my fork at the table. Almost every day I was invited to luncheon or dinner.

There was brightness, sheen, and glamour in everything and everybody. There were doctors, colonels, judges, senators, aldermen, and their wives. Never in my life had I met so many distinguished persons. And such good fellowship, such comradery. Not a dull moment. Music, cards, dancing, billiards, lunching and drinking. Jokes, persiflage and repartee. Joy always and ever unconfined. They certainly had me off my feet. And then Maxine! In her hands I was like putty. When not with her I would be taken in hand and entertained with converse, billiards, or cards by one or two of the doctors, colonels, judges, or kings. (Perhaps there were no kings in the pack; I'm not sure.)

Many times the thought came to me that these folks needed no teaching; even then, as lush as I was, they impressed me as being smart, sophisticated men and women. Each one of them had that air of ease and assurance that comes from travel, and worldly knowledge. While there I met perhaps a dozen different persons, and some of them I saw but once. When I mentioned my thoughts to Maxine, she waved her hand airily, as she laughingly replied, "You're the only under-graduate here now, and you'll soon be like the others. Many of my graduates travel extensively; they always call when in the city."

In the little room of red I spent many delightful hours with Maxine. There was a subtle magnetic influence in that room that super-induced toward love making. It was there that I took my lessons in courtship. A part of my course consisted in writing ardent—yes, sizzling—letters to my Swayzee sweetheart. Maxine dictated; I wrote. There was one thing about that hundred thousand dollar girl that caused me no little uneasiness. She belonged to the church, and her stand against any light conduct was like adamant. Maxine composed letters to please that type of woman. I wrote, and for-

warded them, one each day. They bore fruit, too. She answered "yes" to my request for her hand in marriage.

One evening in the little red room, Maxine was more entrancing than usual —at least so she seemed to me—the wonderful symmetry of her form was revealed in all its loveliness by her close-clinging evening gown. We were alone. Constant association with her had worn away much of the feeling of constraint that had possessed me at first. As my eyes rested on her, the spell of her beauty flooded my senses like some strange and potent drug. She came from the piano and stood beside me. As her hand caressed my shoulder the most intense thrill that my life had ever known swept through my being like a tempest of fire. The most powerful of all emotions spurred my muscles into action. My arms encircled her waist, and as I crushed her to me, our lips seemed almost to melt from the fervor of the kiss.

"You're a naughty boy! You learn some things without a teacher," cried Maxine. "You are about ready for graduation in courtship."

She laughed a few minutes later, as she said good night. I wasn't sure whether she was laughing with me, or laughing at me.

At times, when not with Maxine, I had misgivings. I had a feeling of uneasiness about the amount that I would be asked to pay. I knew that the elaborate luncheons, and sumptuous dinners which I had learned to enjoy, cost money. They undoubtedly came under the head of "extras," about which Mrs. Le Neir had spoken so airily. Several times I determined to have a reckoning, only to postpone it. When with Maxine her witchery and allurement made me forget all other things.

Mrs. Le Neir attended to all business connected with the institution. It was on a Saturday evening that I met her in the hall.

"I would like to know about my bill," I said.

"Come to my office," she replied.

A dark muscular looking man was seated near her desk.

"I want to congratulate you on the progress you have made," said Mrs. Le Neir. "In one particular at least, you have overstepped the curriculum." As she spoke she took an unmounted photograph from her desk, and handed it to me without looking at it. The picture gave a front view of my face, and a view of Maxine's back bare to the waist, as she sat on my lap.

"Some members of the class in photography took this picture at an opportune moment. You know," continued Mrs. Le Neir impressively, "all the world doesn't love a lover. Each man thinks that every other lover is a silly ass, and he laughs when the other fellow loses. If one of your friends in Swayzee had one of these pictures to whom do you think that he'd give it?"

I thought of the woman with the hundred thousand dollars.

"Here are the letters which Maxine wrote, and which you copied and mailed to your sweetheart. Here is the film from which the photo was printed, and here is your bill!" She spoke slowly and distinctly.

The bill was for fifty-one hundred dollars.

"Five thousand one hundred dollars!" I cried excitedly. "I won't pay it! Not on your life! You must thin—"

"Just a moment," the old girl interrupted calmly. "I have your name signed to a contract." She showed me a contract, wherein, for value received, I agree to pay a sum not in excess of six

thousand dollars. My signature appeared at the bottom.

"The•fee is no more than the results justify, I'm sure," said that old demon. "We have produced considerable polish on a rather rough piece of material, and through the training in courtship you are about to marry a woman worth a hundred thousand dollars. You certainty don't want to do anything that will jeopardize your matrimonial prospects. Be wise, Mr. Zoller. Give your check, and save annoyance, together with extra expense."

That old jade was as tough and grim as pig iron. Hard boiled wasn't in it. She was adamant! A twenty-two carat hussy. The man looked ominous. I had been hoodwinked by a band of men and women who lived by their wits. I thought that rather than be exposed to the ridicule of my home town folks I would give the amount, but as I heard a clock strike seven, I saw an opportunity to outmaneuver them. I gave my check and got a receipt, together with the pictures and letters.

At eight-thirty Monday morning I was at the bank. A new sign on the door caught my eye as I waited for nine o'clock to come. "For the accommodation of patrons this bank will be open Saturday evenings from six until eight." A feeling of nausea came over me as I read that sign.

"Yes," said the teller, "your check for five thousand one hundred dollars was cashed Saturday evening."

WORKED TOO WELL

Hubby—I wish grandpa would keep out of the garage. He's monkeying with the flivver again; he has had it all apart three times for no reason at all.

Wife—Well, I told you not to let him have those monkey glands installed.

—*Charles H. Fitch.*

"There's been crooked work pulled off here."

THIRTY SECONDS OF DARKNESS

By Harry Stephen Keeler

An Adventure of DeLancey—Master Crook

"TOMORROW evening, my dear T. B.," DeLancey suddenly remarked, "I intend to be the cause of a little excitement at old Garrard Bascom's dinner party. In simpler language, my dear fellow, I propose to steal the Countess of Cordova's $100,000 diamond necklace. What do you think of the project?"

With surprise I stiffened up suddenly in my chair. My newspaper dropped from my fingers and I stared unbelievingly at the immaculately clad figure that was seated across from me. But his pair of brown eyes returned my gaze unflinchingly.

"Do you mean to assert, DeLancey," I managed finally to ask, "that you intend to try such a feat as that at a dinner table surrounded by thirty or more people—and the usual two or three Pinkerton detectives present?"

"Precisely," he smiled, blowing a few smoke rings ceilingward. "I've had the thing in mind ever since our invitations arrived. But, my dear fellow, you haven't yet given me your opinion."

"I think you are bereft of your senses. The chances that you take will land us both in a state penitentiary one of these days, if not in some European rat-infested dungeon."

But DeLancey only smiled more enigmatically, and commenced smoothing back the black hair that was turning slightly grey at his temples.

I confess that I invariably slumped into a feeling of profound dismay whenever DeLancey proposed to perform one of his apparently impossible exploits. Yet, time and again, he had achieved the seemingly unachievable—and I had been able to go my way rejoicing, knowing that liberty was to be ours for a while longer. But always, down in my heart, the dread feeling existed that sooner or later was to come the one mistake, the one misstep in DeLancey's almost perfect plans, that would carry us both inside the dull grey walls for many years.

Across Europe we had gone, DeLancey leaving in his wake a series of mystifying thefts,—thefts that to this day are riddles to the Continental police. Petrograd, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Paris, London, even New York, had contributed their toll to the man's super-cunning brain and his magnetic personality. So far the last few months, while we were living in our Chicago bachelor apartment, I felt that we were assuredly to refrain from any more of these feats—at least for an appreciable time to come. It seemed to me that in justice to ourselves, to the pleasure that we took in each other's company, to the joy of existence itself, we should continue to live quietly on the proceeds of DeLancey's last feat—the theft of

Castor and Pollux, the famous red and green twin diamonds, from the vault of Simon et Cie in the Rue Royale, Paris. Success had crowned that performance, I had good reason to know, for it was into my hands that DeLancey had sent the stones in the custody of Von Berghem. And Von Berghem, traveling as an invalid in company with his small son from Paris to Calais, from Dover to Liverpool, from Liverpool to New York, suspected finally of having had something to do with that inexplicable crime, arrested at the docks in New York and searched for three long hours, had come through unscathed, not an inspector nor a police officer discovering that he was blind and that the diamonds were concealed behind his spectacles—concealed back of his hollow glass eyes themselves.

True, that particular success had been due in a great measure to the skill and cunning of Von Berghem himself, yet it was DeLancey's genius that had first seen the possibilities that lay in the blind beggar whom he had found wandering in the Montmarte cemetery.

I pulled myself together with a start and turned to DeLancey, watching the inscrutable smile that still lingered on his face.

"Are you able to tell me, DeLancey, just how you expect to remove a $100,000 necklace at old Bascom's dinner table under the glare of that big electric chandelier? What do you intend to do if he orders a search? Who the Countess of Cordova is, and how you know she's going to be there? How you know this necklace is to be around her neck? What part I am to play in the affair? How—"

"Enough, T. B.," he chuckled. "Stop your restless pacing back and forth. If you'll sit down I'll answer your questions one at a time."

I dropped back on the edge of my chair and waited to hear what he had to say.

"Now," he began slowly, "it is only fair to tell you, my dear fellow, that our exchequer is low—extremely so. The amount paid over to us by old Moses Stein for Castor and Pollux a year and a half ago—was hopelessly out of proportion to the value of those two stones." He shrugged his shoulders and frowned for the first time. "But that, T. B., is the unfortunate part of this exciting game of ours. The legitimate profits are cut to a half—to a third—even to a fourth.

"And so," he went on, "the time has come for one last coup—one big coup; and then, lad, South Australia for you and me. What do you say?"

"Anything," I replied fervently, "is preferable to this continual living in fear of a slip-up of your plans. I like you, DeLancey, and I can't endure the thought of—" I stopped, for a picture of DeLancey being dragged away to suffer the ignoble fate of a prison sentence began to swim before my eyes.

"No doubt you do," he returned, after a pause. "But, nevertheless, the fact remains that our scale of living, the exorbitant rent of this apartment, our club dues, theatres, bachelor dinners, taxicabs, the gifts to that little dark-eyed love of yours, have all helped to consume our capital far too swiftly. But I don't regret it, T. B., for it has been capital well invested, since it has secured us two invitations already to Garrard Bascom's home in Rogers Park."

"I'm inclined to credit that to your strange, winning personality," I returned.

"Personality, bah!" he snorted. "We've put up a bluff—we've jingled the money—we've belonged to the best clubs in the city; and those are the stunts that have made us welcome in such circles. But tomorrow night," he added savagely, "we'll try to reap the profits."

He paused a moment, and the smile that had so suddenly left his face slowly

reappeared. For DeLancey was always genial, always in good humor, seldom ruffled.

"So as I said before," he went on, "it is up to us to make what you native born Americans—you real Yankees—call a killing. But it must be a decent killing, lad, such as the Cordova necklace, for after that episode the name of DeLancey will always be looked upon with a very slight—perhaps an appreciable—degree of suspicion and distrust. But I'll explain.

"Among several questions you asked me how I know that this Countess of Cordova is to be present at old Bascom's dinner tomorrow evening. That, T. B., is simplicity tself. The countess, before she married old Count Cordova of Madrid, was Amelie Bascom of Chicago. And her arrival in this city was chronicled in the Tribune four days ago. Quite elemental reasoning, is it not?

"Have I never told you, my dear fellow, that I met the countess when you and I were in Madrid a year and a half ago? That the good lady, married to that old crustacean, was not at all averse to a violent flirtation? That—if I may be pardoned for my seeming egotism in the statement—I made quite an impression on her?"

I nodded, for now I dimly remembered having heard him mention something about the matter at some obscure time in the past.

"Now," he continued, "when she glances over her estimable papa's list of guests invited to that dinner party, you may rest assured that she is going to arrange to have—er—DeLancey for a partner. Have I made this quite plain?"

"You have. You seem to have a genius for paving your way—months and years ahead."

"Specialization in crime, T. B., merely specialization such as characterizes success in any line of endeavor. But enough of that. I'll now step to another one of your questions: How do I expect to remove a $100,000 necklace at a dinner table under the glare of a huge electric chandelier?"

"Yes. How—"

"By the use of a tiny pair of well sharpened manicure scissors, which, replaced in their black leather case, will be tossed clear across the room and remain unnoticed till the servants are cleaning up the dining room several hours afterward."

"But you haven't answer—"

He raised his hand. "Of course I haven't answered your question. It happens that I'm not going to perform that simple operation in the glare of any hanging electric lights. I have sent in an order for thirty seconds of darkness."

"Thirty seconds of darkness!"

"Exactly. You remember Tzhorka?"

I surely did. Tzhorka was the little dwarfed Russian electrician whom DeLancey had met in the great world of crookdom. On more than one occasion the latter had vaguely hinted to me that Tzhorka had worked with him once before. And this instance, I felt certain, was the night, back in pre-Bolshevik days, that old Count Ivan Yarosloff's safe in his palace on the Nevski-Prospect at St. Petersburg, was burned open by a pair of carbon electrodes and several thousand amperes of current stolen from the lighting feeders that led to the Russian Admiralty Building at the farther end of the Nevski-Prospect. So since I, no doubt, had helped to spend part of old Yarosloff's 83,000 missing rubles, I became interested at once.

"Yes," he said, "Tzhorka has been in Chicago for some time on plans of his own. And he has agreed to supply me with thirty seconds of darkness at any time I shall indicate."

My face must have shown my bewilderment, for DeLancey hastened to explain his statement.

"Did you notice, the last time we were at the Bascom mansion, how the house was lighted?"

I shook my head.

"Which goes to show, T. B., that your faculties need considerable sharpening before you can stand alone on your legs in this game. If you had taken cognizance of this fact, however, you would have discovered that the current which lights up the mansion and outlying buildings at the center of that great estate is brought over the ground from the Commonwealth Edison Company's feeders which skirt the eastern edge of the property. And in saying that it is brought over the ground, I am referring, of course, to the line of poles which carry two thick cables tapped on the Commonwealth Edison's feeders."

This time I nodded, for I was dimly beginning to comprehend that DeLancey, through the help of Tzhorka, contemplated tampering with this pair of suspended cables, thus interfering with the light supply of the Bascom residence.

"Late last night," DeLancey went on, "Tzhorka, dressed in a complete lineman's outfit, went up the pole that stands on the outer edge of the Bascom estate and spliced on to one of these cables a so-called single pole, single throw switch with carbon contacts. Then, after lashing the inner span to the crossarm by means of a small block-and-tackle and what he terms a come-along, Tzhorka cut the cable completely through with a hack-saw. The whole arrangement, quite inconspicuous in itself, is in addition hidden by the foliage of a nearby tree."

"Then the current that feeds the Bascom estate," I exclaimed triumphantly, "is now passing through this switch. But how—"

"Yes. And if you had used those latent—nay, dormant—faculties of observation that are in you, you would have noticed also that the great French latticed windows of the Bascom dining room are in direct line with that outermost pole. In other words, my dear fellow, if Tzhorka should be astride that cross-arm in the darkness tomorrow night, watching our dinner table intently through a pair of high-power field glasses, and he should see—er—a certain individual, myself for instance, raise his hand to his head and pat down his hair—say—twice in succession, he might easily slip on a pair of blue goggles and pull the handle of that switch. The house, stables, garage, kitchens, and everything, would be without electric light instantly, until such time that—"

"For thirty seconds—"

"After which," DeLancey concluded cooly, "Tzhorka, consulting the second hand of his watch, would throw back the switch. Then lights would go on and—"

"You idiot, you rash, foolhardy numbskull," I raged, rising up from my chair in my agitation, " a search would be immediately ordered by Bascom when anywhere from one to twenty-nine of those guests, not counting the countess herself, discovers that this necklace that adorns her neck is missing. You can't—"

"Which brings us face to face with another one of your questions, T. B. What can I do if one or two of those guests prove to be the usual Pinkertons and lock the doors in order to make a thorough search? A neat problem, isn't it?"

"Far, far too neat," I replied bitterly. "DeLancey, get this project out of your mind. You can't do it, I tell you. If you kept the necklace on your person—they would get it sure. And even if you were able to hide it some place during the thirty seconds that Tzhorka, five

hundred yards away, holds open the switch, everyone would be watched so closely that you could not dare to regain it," I stopped, disheartened. "And what part am I to play in this affair, as I asked you once?"

"Nothing, this time, lad. All that you need do in the darkness is to draw back your chair and rise, as no doubt some of the men and most of the ladies will. You might rattle a dish or two, if one is handy. Just add to the general confusion, for beyond that I have no definite part for you to play."

I leaned forward and placed my hand on DeLancey's shoulder. "DeLancey, give up this idea. I tell you the thing is impossible. Your arrangements are characteristic of the thoroughness that always surrounds your work, and to a certain degree admirable. But I tell you frankly this particular feat cannot be accomplished. It cannot." I leaned forward still farther. "Listen to me, old man. Give it up. Why must you take these chances? Why—"

"Enough, T. B.," he calmly interrupted me. "I've been planning this thing for several days. When I first studied that Cordova necklace in Madrid, just after the old count parted with it for a wedding gift, I felt a strange desire—almost a hope—that I might place my fingers on it within another ten years. I tell you I counted every stone; I feasted my eyes on their pureness, their scintillations, their unusual brilliancy. I studied even the clasp, so obessed did I become with the thing and the different possibilities for removing it. Not content with that I looked up the records and valuation of the necklace in the Spanish Royal Archives of the Library Madrid. And then and there I determined that the Cordova line—money lenders, interest sharks, blood suckers as they had been for the past five generations—should pay toll at least to the thousandth part of what they themselves have stolen."

I know that DeLancey's decision was final, for there, in his last statement, was his whole philosophy of theft summed up. Never yet had I known him to lay a finger on the property of anyone except those scattered individuals who had amassed their wealth by extortion and trickery. So I saw full well that all the argument in the world would prove to be useless now.

I made no more attempts at dissuading him from his purpose. Instead, I tried with all my ability to induce him to tell me just what method he expected to follow in order to leave Bascom's house with this $100,000 necklace in his possession. Did he intend, perhaps, to toss it from the French window? No, he claimed, for the coolness of the late fall weather was too great to count on the possibility of those windows being open. More than that he refused to say. And yet it seemed that some scheme, some rational, logical procedure, was mapped out in his brain, if he had gone to the touble of securing Tzhorkt's services in tampering with the electric cables that fed the Bascom estate.

After a quarter of an hour of vain questioning, I gave it up, for he proved adamantine this time in his resolve not to allow me to enter his plans. He persisted in arguing that, since I could be of no assistance whatever in this instance, it was best that I remain in total ignorance of what was to take place. And finally he seized his silk hat and ordered me to drop the whole subject and come for a stroll along Michigan Boulevard.

I confess that I did not sleep very well that night, for something seemed to tell me that tomorrow was the last day that we should be together; that the following evening was to end disasterously for DeLancey. But as I slipped into a bath-

roble in the morning, I met DeLancey himself, emerging from his cold plunge, pink cheeked, smiling, totally lacking the slightest shadow under his eyes. Truly, it seemed as though there was nothing in the world that could disturb the man's equanimity.

After finishing the breakfast that was brought up to our suite, DeLancey donned his cape, took up his hat and walking stick, and pressed the button that summoned a taxicab.

"Now, my dear fellow," he said, "I may be away all day today as I have been during the past two days. Can you exist without me?"

"I thought that perhaps we should have this last day together—a trip to the country, for instance. But here you go off again—on that mysterious business that's been keeping you for two days now. If something unusual should develop, where could I find you?"

He wrinkled up his brows. "Well—I may as well tell you that my whereabouts are uncertain. But for the present I'm off to old Moses Stein's shop on Halsted Street, ostensibly to make a purchase, but in reality to conclude the details for disposing of this necklace before we leave for Australia. I may be gone for—"

"Old Stein, the jewel shark? The fence?"

"Yes."

"Then you're still quite confident that you are to have everything your own way in stealing that necklace? That you can deliberately walk out of the house with it? That you will not make a single mistake?"

"Not absolutely confident," he said simply. "But old Stein knows that necklace as he knows pretty nearly everything of value in the world of jewels, and he has agreed to pay over sixty per cent of the intrinsic value of those stones. And I, in turn, have agreed to place it in his hands by midnight tonight. So you see, T. B., there is no re-crossing of the Rubicon." He paused a moment. "I may be gone a greater part of the day. Since we dare not employ a valet, you might, if you will, lay out my evening clothes, studs, and gloves at six o'clock tonight--and order the taxicab for seven-thirty. The dinner is scheduled for nine, and we must allow at least an hour and a half to reach Rogers Park."

And without even allowing me to put forth one last argument, he slipped from our apartment. A second later I heard the clang of the descending elevator in the outer hallway.

That day was surely an unpleasant one for me. It seemed as though the fear of a slip-up haunted me this time far more than it had in all DeLancey's previous affairs. I tried to read, but my attention failed utterly to stay with the printed page. I tried to smoke, but invariably my cigar grew cold in my fingers while I became lost in my own abstractions.

What plans DeLancey had contrived I could not imagine. Why had he been so rash as to take the old jewel fence, Moses Stein, into his confidence on the subject of the Cordova necklace? Yet I knew, too, that on more than one occassion, DeLancey had consulted with the old man on various jobs. One thing, at least, was certain. In dealing with old Stein he was dealing with an individual who knew the exact value and description of every piece of jewerly in the world of any historical value. In fact, it was Stein who had outbid Ranseer, the mad gem collector, for possession of Castor and Pollux, a year or more before, and that without ever having seen the stones, so well did he know their size, color, shape, cutting, and purity. So no doubt he knew the Cordova necklace as

well, if he had agreed on a finite sum to be paid over for it.

The day dragged by interminably.

I spent the afternoon walking along Michigan Boulevard and returning to the apartment at intervals of an hour, feverishly looking for DeLancey to put in an appearance. Came two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock. At five o'clock the afternoon light faded. As darkness came on, I laid out his evening clothes and his studs. Then I ordered the taxicab for seven-thirty. And when this was done, I heard six o'clock tinkle from the tiny onyx clock on our mantel.

What in heaven's name, I wondered vaguely, could be keeping him? Mysterious as his movements had been in the last two days, he had not yet remained away so late. Where had he gone after leaving Moses Stein's? Or was he still lolling in the old man's Halsted Street shop?

Came six-thirty o'clock—and, DeLancey!

He bustled into the apartment and quickly locked the door behind him. I was making a poor attempt at dressing for the Bascom dinner. He glanced hurriedly at his watch and slipped into his own bedroom without a word, where I heard him splashing about in his tub a few moments later.

But just as I looked down the boulevard at seven-thirty and saw the lights of our taxicab as it drew up to the curbing far down in the darkness below, he emerged from his room, dressed in his immaculate evening clothes, debonair as ever, smiling as though the fortunes of the night meant nothing to him, one way or the other.

We descended to the taxicab and started out on the long journey to Rogers Park. DeLancey persisted, however, in chatting about a host of trivial subjects, the very discussion of which required all my self-restraint and composure. But when I touched ever so lightly on the subject of the Cordova necklace, he frowned and quickly changed the subject.

It was a quarter to nine when we rolled up Sheridan Road and turned in between the two great ornamental iron fence posts that marked the entrance to the Bascom grounds. A short drive farther over a gravel road between two tall blackthorn hedges brought us to a grating stop at the steps of the mansion itself. A second later an obsequious footman was opening the door of the cab.

So now the die was cast, for no more that evening—perhaps forever—could I have even a single secret word with DeLancey.

As I mingled with the guests in the drawing room, I tried my best to appear composed and completely at ease. Old Garrard Bascom passed from group to group, and shortly catching sight of me, standing alone and forlorn, introduced me to a pretty debutante who was to be my partner at the table. And I confess that my conversation held forth little promise of an entertaining evening for her, for my attention persisted in straying around the great room, from one individual to another.

Jewels there were a-plenty. They flashed from the ear lobes of most of the women, and from the shirt bosoms of some of the men. Here and there a pearl necklace could be seen, and once I caught sight of a flashing diamond stomacher adorning the person of a huge, powdered, beruffled dowager. The Cordova necklace, however, was the one object which I seemed unable to locate.

But suddenly I caught sight of both it and its owner—and DeLancey as well, seated on a divan which was almost concealed from my view by a huge fern. Truly, there could be no doubt that the rather faded woman who sat looking up

at DeLancey was the Countess of Cordova, for when she tossed her head coquettishly at his no doubt complimentary sallies, the sinuous coil around her white throat seemed to emit a veritable stream of colored fire. As for him, however, he seemed quite oblivious to it. All preliminaries, though, must come to an end. Yet, when the butler appeared in the wide doorway and announced dinner, my heart persisted in giving a strange leap. But I gave my arm to my partner and followed the guests to the dining room.

Matters there were just as DeLancey had stated they would be. The French latticed windows were tightly shut. Plainly, then, he must carry the Cordova necklace out of the house himself if it were to be carried away at all. As I dropped into my chair I could see far, far off through the window, the twinkling lights of a passing automobile on Sheridan road, and I found myself wondering what thoughts were running through Tzhorka's head as he crouched on the wooden cross-arm at the outermost edge of the estate and surveyed this laughing, chatting assemblage through the field glasses that DeLancey had mentioned.

As chance would have it, I found myself seated directly across from DeLancey and the countess. Several times during the first few moments I tried to catch his eye, but his whole attention seemed to be concentrated on arousing the inherent vanity of the woman who sat at his side. And since I could not hear a word of what he was saying, so great was the babble of conversation and the chink of glasses, I determined to conceal my nervousness to the best of my ability and to pay more attention to my partner.

Course after course proceeded with clockwork regularity. That the preliminary cocktails—cocktails that took one back to days before Prohibition—had mounted to the heads of the younger members was plain, for their laughter grew stronger and more strident. Old Bascom, from his position at the head of the table, beamed in turn on everyone, and the servants passed mechanically and noiselessly from chair to chair. And as nothing happened, I commenced wondering whether DeLancey had changed his plans at the last moment.

My gaze kept up a rather rapid circuit from the chattering young woman at my side, to the top of DeLanceyy's smoothly brushed black hair, to the string of sparkling brilliants around the countess's neck, to two of the guests who sat at the very end of the long table. Somehow, I felt instinctively that they were not of the same world as the rest of those people, for the man's jaws were too strong, and his close-cropped mustache seemed to proclaim the plain-clothes man to such an extent that his perfect evening dress was considerably out of keeping with the rest of him. As for the young woman at his side, she had too much of an alert, business-like air about her, and a complexion that showed too well the absence of the trained masseuse—and the French maid.

Yet nothing happened.

The last course was brought to the table, and a few moments later its empty dishes were removed. Then the tinkling glasses of iced creme de menthe from the notoriously well-stocked Bascom cellars were carried in and distributed. And just as I had concluded with a sigh of relief that DeLancey had given up his scheme, he performed precisely the gesture that I had been seeing in my mind's eye for the past twenty-four hours.

He raised his right hand carelessly to the top of his head and patted his hair twice.

Almost automatically I turned my own

head and gazed in the direction of the latticed window—only far out and beyond, into the darkness. It seemed that several long seconds elapsed. But when I detected a bright point of light breaking into being a quarter mile distant, I knew that Tzhorka was playing his part. Almost on the heels of this momentary flash, the lights on the great chandelier above the table, as well as the tiny frosted bulbs along the fresco work on the walls, dimmed—and went completely dark.

In the profound blackness that ensued, only an intense stillness, the stillness of utter surprise, followed. Then came a chorus of exclamations, which, with a ripple or two of laughter, served to break the silence. On top of this, a number of chairs were drawn hastily back from the table, and I heard a rumble of anger coming from the direction of old Bascom's place.

At this juncture, a succession of peculiar, almost indistinguishable, sounds struck my ear, for I, of all that assemblage, was expecting them. I heard a slight snip, then a sharp sound as though some light object had struck the opposite wall of the room. Following this came the faintest suggestion of a metallic tinkle. But on top of that a woman's alarming scream sounded forth: "My necklace—"

Almost instantly, it seemed, a match was struck on the under side of a chair, and as it flared up I saw with surprise that it was in DeLancey's hand, and that he was standing erect looking dumfoundedly down at the countess.

"Get matches—or lights—or something, some of you men," he commanded sharply. "The countess has fainted—and her necklace is gone from her throat. Bascom, lock the doors. Don't let a man—"

But his words were interrupted by the instantaneous bursting into radiance of the great chandelier above the table.

The thirty seconds were over.

And it was just as DeLancey had cleverly announced, for, as far as I could see, he had deliberately drawn suspicion to himself in order to bolster up his own unpleasant position. The countess sat slumped up in her chair, in a dead faint. DeLancey stood above her, still holding the blackened match stub. And every guest, without exception, was staring open-mouthed at her white throat, now utterly devoid of a single diamond.

This last tabelau lasted for only an instant. Then the man with the close-cropped mustache, whom I had suspected all along of being an employe of the Pinkerton system, crossed the floor rapidly and planted his back to the door, at the same time throwing back his coat and displaying a shining steel badge. Almost as quickly, a young society man next to him crossed to the French latticed window and took up a position there.

Now we were in for it. Fool, fool, fool of a DeLancey, I reflected bitterly

Old Bascom, who had been standing bewildered at the head of the table, looking stupidly from his daughter's crumpled-up form to the man posted at the door ejucalated:

"God bless my soul, O'Rouke, what's the matter? What--"

"There's been crooked work pulled off here, Mr. Bascom," retorted that individual quickly. "Can't you see that your daughter's necklace is gone?" He turned to the group around the table. "Two of you ladies help to bring the countess out of her faint. Some of you men look under her chair. If that necklace isn't found, you'll have to step in the next room one by one and be searched." He looked down the table to the young woman who had been his partner. "Miss Kelly, I'll detail you to search the ladies. The men

gasped and looked from one to the other with manifest suspicion written on their faces. A number of the guests stared at DeLancey, who still stood where he was, passing his hand over his brow.

"I feel," he stammered feebly, "that this puts me in a rather peculiar light. If—if there's to be any search made, I suggest that it be made on me first. I—"

But he was interrupted by one of the male guests who pointed down the table and exclaimed: "The countess' glass of cr—"

That gentleman, however, had no opportunity to finish his statement, for the female detective suddenly broke in:

"Look, ladies and gentlemen." She, too, pointed at the countess's untouched glass of creme de menthe. "The lady's glass of cordial is the only one on the table that's been spilled all over the cloth. It might be that—"

"God bless my soul," said old Bascom again, still trying to collect his wits. "what are you all driving at?"

I lost no time in staring at the point which Miss Kelly was indicating, and I saw what she was trying to call everyone's attention to. Just as she had announced, the green cordial in the countess' glass had slopped down the sides of the fragile vessel and had made a great sticky stain around the base. And I daresay that everyone else saw it at the same time. Miss Kelly, however, hurriedly crossed around the end of the long table and hooked a business-like finger to the bottom of the glass. A fraction of a second later I found myself picturing DeLancey's inward rage when he saw that he had been outwitted by a woman.

For as she raised her hand, something was hanging from the crook of her finger; something that might once have held all the colors of the rainbow, but which now, covered as it was with sticky green syrup, hanging pendent with the clasp open, covered from one end to the other with creme de menthe, dripping green drops that seemed like emeralds being born from more emeralds, showed plainly where the Cordova necklace had gone. With no regard for the white table cloth, she held it up so that everyone could see.

"The necklace," she stated slowly and triumphantly, "has not been stolen." She looked toward Bascom. "An apology is due your guests, Mr. Bascom."

"God bless my—" he started to say faintly for the third time. But suddenly he seemed to collect his senses. He snatched up a napkin and, unfolding it, leaned over and held it under Miss Kelly's outstretched hand. Without a word she dropped the necklace into it, and he hurriedly folded it up and placed it safely in his breast pocket. Then he turned to the stupified butler.

"Harkins, get the countess' maid and help her to her room." He then glanced angrily at O'Rouke. "O'Rouke, you've made a mistake." He looked at the rest of the assemblage. "I trust, ladies and gentlemen, that you will pardon this affront to your honesty here tonight. This is surely a deplorable happening. Something seemed to have interrupted the city current supply, and in the excitement my daughter must have leaned over, with the result that the clasp of her necklace loosened and it dropped into her glass of cordial. I humbly ask the pardon of one and all of you for the whole occurrence."

With the sudden entrance of the countess' maid, the guests quickly adjourned to the drawing room, the gentlemen, apparently by mutual understanding, giving up the usual coffee and cigars. On the way out of the dining room I caught sight of DeLancey and his face appeared as black as a thundercloud. Perhaps the abrupt disclosure that Pinkerton em-

ployes were at the table, or else their crude methods in handling the situation aroused some ire among the ladies, for cabs were called for shortly after and one by one the guests melted away.

With DeLancey I climbed into our vehicle, but nothing was said by either of us until we were rolling out of the Bascom grounds and down Sheridan Road. Then he remarked glumly:

"Well?"

"Well, I consider that you were mighty lucky to escape with your liberty. Your deal proved a fiasco—just as I felt it would all the time. In fact, you might just as well have taken a megaphone and called the attention of the whole company to the countess's creme de menthe glass, for the stuff was slopped all over the cloth. But one thing I'd like to ask, DeLancey. Did you honestly intend to drop the necklace into the cordial glass—or was that an accident?"

He spoke fully for the first time since leaving the Bascom estate.

"My dear T. B.," he said slowly, "how very, very obtuse you are. Is it possible that you don't know that the necklace which was fished from the countess's creme de menthe glass, and held up dripping and covered with the green syrup for everyone to see, was a paste duplicate that was put together by old Stein and myself in the last three days? Is it—"

But there was no need of his explaining further, for as we passed an arc-lamp and its rays flashed into the carriage, I saw something gleaming and sparkling in the palm of his hand—something that seemed to hold in leash the colors of a thousand rainbows.

The Kid's Chink

by Joan LeBaudy

NINE-SIXTY'S too much for a Chink brat, even if she is a looker," Kid Lusk concluded sharply, "What'll you take for cash?"

Yee Kai had been raised amidst grotesque gods; but the thick features of the ex-pugilist shamed the ugliness done in wood and plaster. This was realism groping into the infinite, it was too frightful for the Chinaman's eyes, that narrowed to thin slits.

"Seven-fifty!" the Kid flung at the hesitant Oriental.

"I take eight hundred," Yee Kai decided, after a slow process of mental calculation.

"You'll take seven-fifty or nothing, you Asiatic Jew."

"But she half Amelican," whined the persistent yellow slaver.

"Shut your dirty trap!" commanded the master of gloves, "I'm buyin' a woman, not a nationality.

"Here's my price," the Kid snapped, rolling off a number of bills. "Are you going to call her out, or will I have to go in after the—."

Yee Kai reached for the money with his long curling fingers; but Kid Lusk doubled his fist over it with a sneer. The yellow man drooped his shoulders and slunk beyond the Demon embroidered draperies.

When the "pug" first met Sela he was aware of a distinctive difference between her and others of the profession. She awakened within him the memory of a hazy dream. Her piquant remarks assured him that it was beneath his dignity of caste to visit a common house; he was worthy of his own woman like the wealthy Orphian. Sela had suggested herself, and being a fresh maid, her argument carried weight.

Kid Lusk's reflections were indefinitely defered by the entrance of Sela, garbed in a flaming jacket and lotus colored pants. He noticed her glittering black hair drawn back and folded over in wax-like rolls. It shone and held his attention like a crown of blue steel.

She pattered to his side and drew her delicate hands over his shoulders. The Kid was momentarily embarrassed, then he cooly blew a ring of smoke directly into the wistful, Oriental features.

"You're a swell little chicken, I'll say," was the flippant gretting offered through his sensuous lips," and you're comin' with me. Well s'long, you yellow Jew. Here's the mon."

"No go with the clothes," bawled the Chinaman, excitedly, "You have pay only for girl."

The Kid released her and pushed her toward Yee Kai.

"All right, take your crazy clothes, I'll get her some real duds. All I want's the maid, any how."

Promptly and informally the female commodity was stripped to the skin. The Kid substituted his scant overcoat, and took her in a taxi to his apartments, where moral laws are a matter of private opinion.

Though it was past all men's supper time, the Kid didn't hunger for food supplied from the restaurant menu. Together, they sat before a blazing fireplace, the repugnant prize fighter and the orange skinned lass, with only a short coat to hide her nakedness, and he was pleased. Her frank ardor, without the usual touch of Occidental vulgarity, appealed to the Kid's perverted emotions, as something thrillingly different. He almost had a desire to treat her on the square; but she was only a half-breed Chink, after all.

"Y-ou're the goods, Squint-Eyes," he asserted emphatically and squeezed her closer, "Didn't ever believe a Chink could be such a ripping little sport."

"But I love you, my big strong man," she warbled coyly.

"I'll just let you prove that, after a bit," he replied heartlessly, "I don't love in terms of words.

"And don't hand me any guff about my strength. I can still whip a whole tong of Chinks; though I'm not the guy I was eighteen years ago, when I knocked out Sailor Pell in Melbourne. By the way, I had a wad, comin' back, and I stopped over in your little old Pekin."

"Yes?" Sela breathed softly.

"Say, stand out there, where I can see you," the Kid ordered impetuously.

Sela obediently stood before him, with the short coat flapping incongruously about her knees outlined against the leaping hearth fire.

"Oh, take that thing off. Throw it away!" he said impatiently.

Sela slipped it from her nude form, of her sweet lipped breasts and the intended, in all her rhythmic beauty. Slowly she turned, revealing the profile of her sweet liped breasts and the inimitable contour of back and legs.

The Kid's heart and body sprang into surging life. Something, born in every man, cried out in response to her seductive radiance.

"I thought I saw a resemblance," muttered Kid Lusk, to himself, "Hell, all Chinks look alike.

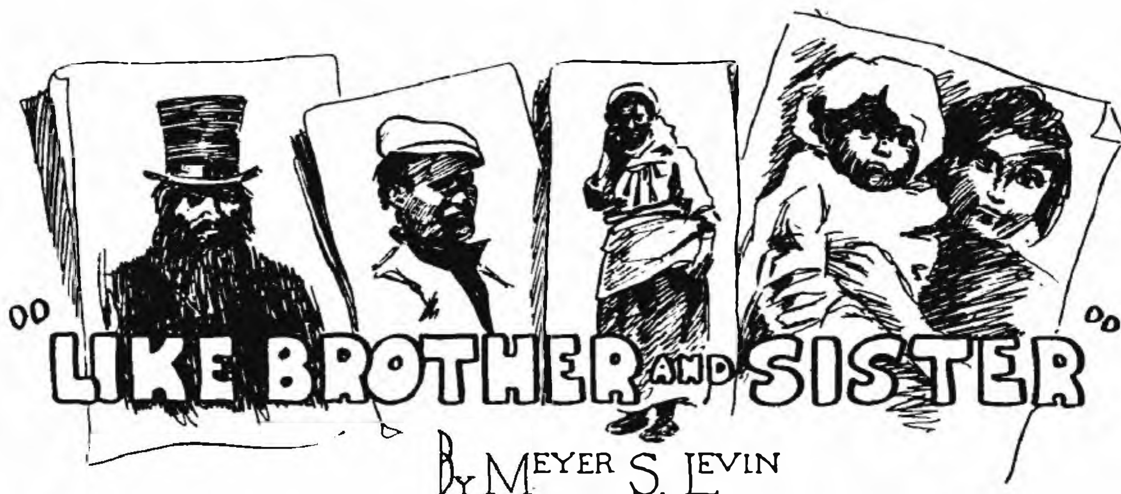
"But you'll do for me. God! You're a ripe little peach. I've waited for you, too long. I can't stand it any longer. I must and I will have you now!"

To an eye less inflamed, the girl was obviously doing her voluptuous dance, in answer to a hidden Destiny. Her licentious movements, were apparently the disguises of cool plans. Back of her almond eyes, there was a glitter not akin to sentiment.

Blinded by the unleashed beast, he staggered toward the slim, whirling girl. His grasping arms gathered her in to his palpitating bosom. He sought wildly to cover her with loathsome kisses. She broke away from his embrance. Her sensitive finger deftly touched her coif of black hair, and swept down, with a sickle of cold steel, that warmed in the Kid's dark blood.

He died almost instantly; but he heard her shriek:

"I'm your daughter—my mother is avenged!"



Like Brother and Sister

By Meyer S. Levin

"YOUR special theme for—uh—next week," announced Professor Hardy in his halting manner, "is—uh—due Wednesday. It's to be on—atmosphere. City atmosphere. Describe some—uh—characteristic section of the city—as an instance—uh—the peaceful residential district at night, or—uh—the busy loop—but wait, I think we'd better all take the same assignment,—and then see who does it best. I—uh—want all of you, then, to go to—uh—this famous Maxwell and Halsted street corner—. There's a place that's reeking with the cheapness of the city at its worst—and—uh—you'll find plenty of atmosphere there, though I dare say a good deal of it will be—uh—foul. That's all."

While Professor Hardy spoke there had been fastened on him the eyes of one of his pupils, a gawky youth, clad in a lifeless-colored suit behind which glared conspicuously a wrinked necktie. As the professor announced the assignment the color rushed suddenly to the boy's face, and his expression hardened with something very like pain. "The city at its worst." The boy seemed to shrink within himself as he admitted the irrefutable truth of these words. Too well did he know the spot that the professor had mentioned. He did not know Maxwell street as a wealthy lady whose hobby is philanthropy might know it: by a hasty tour through the area in a closed limousine while she indulges in expressions of horror and unfelt pity as she compares it to her home. His hate for it was greater than any such hate could be. He lived there.

Sammy Leiberman saw the whole abhorent panorama as the professor mentioned the place. The mass of fat, malodorous human beings seething in an endless, aimless hubbub about the street, came before him. He saw the jumbled pushcarts with their rotten fruits, their unsorted wares—fingered, strewn about, filthy. The street littered with papers, and crates, and battered cans—this, too, he saw. The shouting of the bearded venders behind their carts, the sound of their petty cheating, their haggling, their squabbling, and—rising above the clatter and din of the market—the squall of children lost in the press of the multitude—this he heard.

And at night the corner was deserted and black, and only the littered pavement, the piles of wares on the walk, and the heavy, settling stench remained to remind one poignantly of the dreadful activity of the day.

As he sat in the classroom listening to Professor Hardy, Sammy saw all this as he had seen it ever since he had been a child—the rotting open market. There, behind a cart heavily laden with a stray

lot of dirty collars, offered at a nickel each, was stationed the most strident toned haggler on the street. He was overflowingly fat, his voice was guttural. He stood calm and unmoved in the midst of a mob of fighting women that reached for his wares, raising his voice in a steady scream, "The greatest bargain what ever was seen. Here, this way. No swindling. The greatest bargain—here, *yachnch*, your money—what ever was seen," and on and on, interspersing here and there a few salesmen's epithets such as "May my insides be dragged in the street on the tail of a horse if it aint good. Yeh. Five cents. The greatest—." Sammy knew that haggler too well. It was his father.

Well, what of it? What if his father did have a pushcart on Maxwell street, and knew nothing of the cultured side of life, but lived solely as a gormand, with the physical instincts of eating, sleeping, and keeping warm? What if he did eat fat, greasy foods with his fingers and swear with the loathsome epithets of his father country? He could know no better. He had never had a chance. And he was a good father, as good a father as the president of a bank, who could afford to appreciate good music, might be. He had the same paternal instincts as the president of a bank might have. He had the same motives in his work—to give his son the best of opportunities. Wasn't his father sending him to school and teaching him to be honest? Sammy decided that he need not be ashamed.

But his decision could not rule his thoughts. Sammy was peculiarly sensitive, with artistic, aestheic tastes—and this was very strange. He had been brought up in the ghetto on black curses, black coffee, and fierce, animal mother love. No side but his bodily side had been developed. Always it had been, and it still was, "Sammy, you want some coffee? No? What is it can be the matter? Since breakfast he has not eaten yet, and it is already ten by the clock/" Samm had grown to hate to eat, to hate the sight of food, because it reminded him so much of his home, where everybody was always eating, and where the house was eternally hot, as if the inhabitants were afraid that food and warmth might at any instant be taken from them, and were endeavoring while they had these commodities, to take in enough to last for the rest of their lives. Want had done it. Sammy's parents had known starvation and cold, and now that they had comparative prosperity they knew not the limits of physical indulgence.

Yet somehow, through his associations in school, or through the books that he could read and his people could not, there had come to Sammy a craving for the aesthetic and almost an abhorence for the material side of life. He grew to loathe the steaming, overabundant foods and the infernal heat of the house. His parents saw that he was different from them, but could do nothing but supply him with the means to make the difference greater. And in this they were doing a thing more heroic than the president of a bank does in training his children to be aristocratic, like himself. The more Sammy learned, the greater would be his shame of the vulgarity of his people, and yet, knowing all this, they supplied him with the means to learn.

Sammy, as he thought these thoughts, had been subconsciously going through his customary class motions. The bell had rung, he had walked out of the room, and it wasn't until he bumped into some one in the corridor that he dismissed these depressing thoughts, only to have them rudely brought to him again.

Sammy had bumped into a knot of his classmates. They were discussing Professor Hardy's assignment.

"Dandy, isn't it?" said one of the boys enthusiastically.

"I think it's horrid," commented a girl.

"Then you aren't going?"

"Of course I am! Why, I wouldn't miss it for worlds!" was the contradictory reply.

"I say, let's all go together, as a sort of slumming party!"

"I'll go."

"Sure."

"How about you, Sally?"

"Why, I don't think you'll be able to protect all of us, from what I hear of this place."

"Is it that bad? Really! Well, any fellow'd be tickled to take you, Sally! Risk his life 'n honor!"

"And it's going to be per-fect-ly gra-and to see all those queer, poor people. Just scrumptiously shocking and vulgar. I just know it will!"

"Sure you'll come with us, Sally. Three o'clock tomorrow."

"Oh—I—I can't go tomorrow. Not tomorrow."

"Well, I can't go Wednesday, and Jean here can't go Thursday. Besides, we're just aching to see what it's like."

"Oh, I'll get there some way."

"But really, Sally, almost everyone is going tomorrow. Who'll take you any other day?"

The girl called Sally was strangely excited. For a moment she stood there, fidgeting. Then she started to go away, but almost collided with Sammy, who was still hovering about the group. The boy, too, noticed Sammy.

"I say," he called, with a sudden inspiration and the insistence of one who likes to arrange things for other people, "when're you going, Sammy?"

Sammy turned red. When was *he* going! The irony of it! Every day.

"I—I don't know. Not tomorrow. No, not tomorrow."

"Then you can go with Sally," broke in the other youth. "Go tonight."

"Yes," persuaded Jean, drawn into the game of making arrangements for others, "go tonight. You can, can't you, Sally? Of course. Why, you just told me you had nothing on for tonight."

"Uh—uh—no. Tonight—I—I didn't think. The math club—"

"Oh, silly, now! The math club! When d' *you* ever go to the math club! Besides, it doesn't meet tonight, anyway. It's been postponed." Jean added in an undertone, "Don't be afraid of him, Sally. Just because he's so quiet—. You can tell us about him tomorrow. I've always wondered what kind of a kid he was. Wish I had the chance. It'll be fun!"

With a noticeable effort, Sally brightened. "Uh—uh—yes. Tonight. Will you take me, Sammy?" she pleaded half-heartedly. "I—I'm so afraid of going, you know. I hear it's so *awful!*"

Once more the fire sprang to Sammy's cheek. None of his schoolmates knew of his father's occupation—not that he was ashamed of it—but—but—well, people have that pitying, patronizing way of treating their social inferiors . . . Sally, he thought, was a snob. She was always seizing upon some opportunity to display her "high class." But why was she asking *him* to take her? And these meddlers, they were all insisting! They must have heard of his father's trade, and they were going to have her humiliate him before the crowd. She was just that kind of a girl!

"Will you go?" they repeated.

"Of course he will," answered the other youth for him. "Be tickled t' death."

"Ye-es," stammered Sammy, willing to do anything in order to get away and think. Both he and Sally were strangely excited.

"Is it far from her," she thrilled, eager to display her ignorance of the notoriously vulgar place. "Have you ever been

there? I'll meet you at three, then. Can we walk from here?"

"Yes," said Sammy dumbly. He stood for a moment, bewildered. The bell rang, he did not hear it. The group scattered, he did not notice her. Then, suddenly, he regained his presence of mind.

"No, no!" he cried. "I can't. I can't go." But the hall was empty. He went to his next class, late.

He wondered why Sally insisted on going on another day from any of the others. And they had forced him into the appointment to go with her. She had seemed so anxious! Ugh! He didn't like the superficial manner of this girl, and her exaggerated daintiness, which she displayed so eagerly, as if in fear that people might think she did not have it. How she snatched at every opportunity to show her ignorance of the lower class! And she was so small, so mean! Sammy felt sure that she knew about his father, and was going to humiliate him. But why should he be afraid of that? Why be ashamed of his father's manner of earning a living? It was honest, as honest as her father's, even if he was one of those fashionable brokers, as she had frequently hinted.

But Sammy was sensitive. All day he burned with the consciousness of his low caste, and with rage at this girl for what he felt sure she was going to do. This girl, who thought she was above him! And this was America, where all people were equal, as brothers and sisters!

Sammy thought of the squallor of his home, with the forever complaining mother, and the sickly, draggly baby, who was fat. Everyone was disgustingly fat. Overfed. Even the cat. Sammy revolted. Then he imagined a large, colonial mansion. Cool—patrician. People with smooth, refined manners. Cultured life—beauty. This might be the home of that girl, Sally. And the idealists of the world dared call them brothers and sisters!

And this girl was going to poke pity at him, so that after tonight everyone would treat him in that of-course-I-am-democratic-and-don't-think-his-father's-occupation-matters-a-whoop-with-my-opinion-of-him,-but-you-can't-expect, etc. manner. But why need he go? How simple! He could escape it all. Tomorrow he would give an excuse—meanwhile he would slip away after school. He was no coward. But he would not let anyone make fun of him. Or his father. He wouldn't go.

With this in his mind, he managed to exist through the rest of the day. At last his classes were over. He would slip out of the building, in a hurry, and go somewhere—to some park, at the other end of the city—where he would stand no chance of meeting her. Yes. He would do that. Feverishly, he got his coat. He went quickly down the hall—through the door—down the stone front steps—

"Hi, there, Sammy," called the cheery voice of the youth who, in the morning, had dragged Sammy into it all. "Looking for Sally, eh? I just saw her. She's at the other entrance. Come along, 'Ill show you." He grabbed Sammy's arm and led him through the building.

Sammy's heart pounded in revolt against fate. But what was the use? It had been fixed. He had to go.

Jean was at the other entrance, with Sally. The latter seemed very uneasy.

"Oh, oh," she kept saying in that artificial manner of hers. "I feel so excited. The people are so rude, I hear. And it's filthy. And they shriek and scream! Isn't this adventurous!"

"Yes," said Sammy dully, suppressing a hundred hates.

"Did you say you were there once? What was it like?" Sammy felt the sear of this, which he thought was her sar-

casm. Was he there once? Once? He did not answer.

They had started. They walked swiftly, in an awkward silence.

As they neared the neighborhood, Sally, looking about her, shrank with proper and conspicuous abhorence to his side. "And some people live here! My! How tumble-down! How poor! And I hear that they live about a hundred in a house!"

Hot words rose to Sammy's lips. After all, this was his caste. His people were just as good as hers. What if they didn't live as grandly? They were as honest, as pure. They had the same master emotions of sex, love, and hatred. But he could not deny himself. Even he hated his surroundings, and hated his people because they were comfortable in this squallor.

"How nasty!" the girl cried.

Just as she said this Sammy caught a glimpse through a muddy alley of his home. Ugh! Its ugliness weighed on his breast. He was ashamed of it, and could not help himself.

His color heightened. Somehow everything that the girl said struck home at him, as if fashioned intentionally with a double meaning.

"The people who live here—how vulgar they must be! Look at that child, rolling in the mud. And laughing! Ugh!"

For a moment Sammy's pulse quickened to an even more pounding rate than that which it already held to. The child had started up and had come running toward them. It looked startlingly like one of his numerous little brothers.

"Gimme penny, mister," wailed the urchin as Sally drew back from contact with its filth.

With nervous hand, Sammy drew out a nickel and gave it to the child. He still was thinking of what a disagreeable scene it would have been had the boy really been his little brother, and come running toward them calling his name! But why should he be ashamed of his own little brother?

Already the shrieks of the venders and hagglers could be heard, and the stale and rotten odor that was characteristic of the place permeated the air. Sammy walked with gingery, nervous step. Above the din, as they neared, he could hear the voice of his father, swearing away his soul for a nickel, so that his son might get an education and be different from himself. This thought crossed Sammy's mind, but he was too overwrought to think any more. He was conscious of a million trivial things. For instance, he noticed the squeaky voice of his father's rival at the next pushcart, a Mr. Newman, and he noticed that once it cracked. He saw the one-legged beggar, "The Old One," creeping his way through the crowds. He noticed that someone in the crowd was wearing shoes that were not of a pair. But dominant through all of this was the intense fear of his being brought to shame by his parentage. He didn't know what he was doing.

"Oh, how strange! Ugh! Look at that woman carrying a fish in her hands! How sloppy! How revolting!" Sally clung to him. They were drawn into the swarming mob of marketeers. Sammy hated the very skill with which he knew how to guide himself in it.

"Oh, look at those men! How they shriek! Ugh! Think, they must have children, too. To be the child of such a person! Ugh!" Sammy burned. When would she end this torture!

"And that fat one there, Sammy—let's see what he's got!"

So. It was coming. In a moment she would have her fun. Well, he wasn't ashamed. He had nothing to be ashamed

of. But still—. He was dazed. The girl drew him towards his father's push-cart.

"Buy something from him, Sammy," she whispered, keeping well in the crowd.

"There's—there's nothing interesting there—come—here's a better one—" he stammered in a vain attempt to draw her away.

"No, no!" she cried with strange fright as he tried to draw her towards the cart of his father's rival.

"She has planned this, then," he thought, finally.

A twist of the crowd sucked them in, and before the dazed Sammy could re-gain his composure he found himself di-rectly beside his father. A nudge of the girl brought them face to face.

The peddler paused for a moment in his business, and turned his glance on his son. "Noo—Sammy—vot iss it?"

Sammy Leiberman felt the startled and questioning look of his companion. For a moment his mind was a blank. It was all over. At school he would be treated with pity—well, he didn't care. He was as good as any of them, as good as this girl. He looked up.

Beside his father stood Mr. Newman, of the next pushcart. They were talking excitedly together. Suddenly the lean, shrivelled rival of Mr. Lieberman turned and beheld Sally.

"Vy, mine daughter," he cried, "vot do you doing here?"

Sammy felt the girl draw together furiously.

"Look, they go to the same school to-gether. And maybe never before they knew their fathers was in business by one another. They should be now like brother and sister!"

Sammy looked at his companion, who was very red. Suddenly the reason for her exaggerated pains to make plain that she knew nothing of Maxwell Street flashed before him. His immense hatred for her changed to a feeling of pity. Poor girl! She had not had the strength to say nothing, but, too conscious of her position, had gone to the extreme oppo-site of what she was, as if to convince people before they could doubt. Poor girl!

He forced their way through the crowds, walking with her quickly, in tacit silence.

As they went further, the din of Max-well Street lessened. Soon it was a mere monotonous grumble, over which rose, fat and gurgly, the cry of Mr. Leiberman, and, sharply against it, the shrill haggling note of his rival at the next pushcart. Slowly, as he walked, the two voices seemed, to Sammy, to blend. And the undercurrent of the throngs seemed to swell the sound into a big monotone, to which he kept time with his stride: "Like brother and sister!"

A Social Promoter

by John J. McGrenra

COLONEL ABEL GINN mopped his brow and glared at nobody in particular and went on:

"Here I am—a self-made man; self-made and remodeled as rapidly as was necessary to keep up with the times. I invent a ginger snap that never loses its freshness; I'm just as much a benefactor to humanity as if I wrote poetry or painted pictures or carved statues. I'm not an artist, but have just as much right to be called one as anybody else. I didn't corner anything but my own common sense. I worked as hard as anybody ever did; hard enough to make up for the fact that I haven't time to waste looking up a string of ancestors. I make my pile. I come here and buy a half block right in the middle of the best district. I rip out the old buildings in that half block and put up a marble palace that would have made Julius Caesar howl with joy. And then my wife can't understand why we aren't taken into society. I can't, either."

Leyburn smiled pleasantly. He had a way of always smiling at the right time. He always smiled with Ginn, never at him.

"Now," said the Colonel, "what's the best way to go about it?"

"I believe the custom is to get some letters of introduction and become acquainted gradually," Leyburn replied.

"Tried all that," Colonel Ginn said. "Had plenty of letters. Presented them. Not much force. Leyburn, you've been in society—hang it! You're in it yet, if you want to be. There ought to be a short cut."

"Some folks have broken in through eccentricities—but you are not eccentric. And, really, Colonel, the game isn't worth the candle."

"I've got plenty of candles. Say!" He leaned across the table and smiled. "I've got it. I'll advertise!"

"Advertise?"

"Sure. How did I make a success of Ginn's ginger snaps? Advertising. You remember that long before you were on my payroll there was something doing that made people realize they couldn't keep house without my ginger snaps?"

"I remember. That was great advertising. But ginger snaps and getting into society are two different propositions, Colonel.

"Advertising is the same thing, no matter what you advertise. I'll show them a few kinks they never dreamed of."

Colonel Ginn took a sheet of paper, gnawed his cigar, and presently handed Leyburn, the following, scrawled in the vigorous chirography of the man who made ginger snaps for the wide world:

> Colonel Abel Ginn, president of Ginn's Ginger Snap Company, has built the finest, most beautiful residence in the city. It occupies the sites of four famous old colonial mansions on Brent street. It cost him four millions to put up and an-

other million to decorate. The paintings and furniture can't be duplicated, or even imitated. Colonel Ginn is going to have a housewarming in the form of a dinner dance next Wednesday night. The Biltneys, the Cross-Fillinghams, the Schoolers, and all the leaders of society will be invited. Colonel Ginn will welcome them with open arms.

Leyburn looked it over twice, then looked up.

"Get that in every paper tomorrow," said the Colonel.

"But the society columns will not print——"

"Who's talking about society columns? I want that set in thirty-two point type across three columns and a half page deep. Same space we use for the ginger snaps."

"Hadn't you better give this a little more thought, Colonel?"

"If I think it over again I'll do something worse."

The advertisement created excitement. Some of the papers got out extras, and put the advertisement on the first page in spite of their rules. Reporters came to interview the Colonel, but Leyburn warded them off. This was easy, because the Colonel did not come to his office until late in the day.

"Say, Leyburn," he began as soon as he came in, "you should have been at my house this morning. I got more criticism than the author of a play. Mrs. Ginn said I was making a laughing stock of us. I told her we were almost that normally, and it was up to us to choose what sort of laughing stock we would be."

"Just so."

"But the funniest part is Laura. Instead of being angry over it, she is half way between hurt and tickled. Takes after me. Don't care a rap for the society game, either, but I believe that she agrees with me now I'm in for it I'd best play the game out."

"Another advertisement?" asked Leyburn.

"Not today. Never overplay advertising after you've made your impression. Wait for results."

Colonel Ginn stopped at the door of his office and called back:

"Get your invitation? I told Laura to send you one. Hope you can come. I've got cigars and things in my room for you and me, if we want to get off by ourselves."

It is well to pass lightly over that housewarming. Colonel Ginn said grimly, late in the evening, that this was the first time in his life advertising had not paid. He was about to say more to himself when Leyburn was announced.

"Hello, Leyburn! Make yourself at home. You've practically got the whole house to yourself, if you don't count the servants and the gang of Hungarians sawing fiddles behind the palms. What do you think of this?"

"Beautiful. It's the first time I've seen it, you know."

"I don't mean the house. I mean the party."

"Well, you know, just now every one in society is terribly busy, and——"

"And I'm getting the busy signal."

Colonel Ginn led the way to his wife and daughter. Instead of the fat and florid dame and gawky girl Leyburn had feared to meet, he saw a tall, slender woman, with motherly blue eyes, and beside her a stately young woman of grace and self-possession, perfectly gowned, and winsomely good looking. He found it easy to talk with Laura. A few guests came, and their chat was interrupted, but one bantering speech of Laura's lingered in Leyburn's memory next day. It was:

"You will enjoy the dinner tonight: we won't serve ginger snaps."

And next morning he gasped when he saw this spread across three and a half columns of the paper he bought on the way downtown:

> Colonel Abel Ginn entertained an exclusive number of guests at his palatial marble residence on Bent street last night. The Schoolers, the Cross-Fillinghams, the Milvanes, and others of the leaders of society were absent. They missed it. Colonel Ginn, who is president of the Ginn Ginger Snap Company, is planning a few more fetes and functions that are calculated to rattle the dry bones of arbitrary restrictions. It may be well at watch his next announcement.

"I sent that copy to the papers late last night," the Colonel explained to Leyburn. "Only two of them printed it. The others said it was too late to receive advertisements.

Leyburn breathed more freely after a week had passed with no further advertisements published by the Colonel. Once during that time he had called at the Ginn palace and had spent an hour with Laura. He carefully avoided mention of the advertising, as there were other subjects to discuss. When he rose to go she laughed.

"When are you and papa going to print another invitation in the papers?"

"I—really don't know."

"Mr. Leyburn, if papa wants to go in for that sort of thing, I wish——"

"I would discourage him? Certainly. I——"

"No, indeed. Help him all you can. I've known him longer than you have, and I know that when he sets his head or heart on anything he'll get it if he must fight day and night. Papa is all right. I've always believed in him—and I'm going to keep right on."

Naturally, Leyburn vowed unfailing allegiance to the Colonel.

That is why he expressed approval of the next advertisement, which read:

> Colonel Abel Ginn, inventor and purveyor of Ginn's ginger snaps, who owns what is conceded to be the handsomest home in the city, will once more throw open that paatial place to society. Next Wednesday night he will give a musicale. Nobbelik will play, and Nelbica and the three De Ruspkes will sing. In addition to these, Dumrich's entire orchestra will render a classic and popular program. There will be a little supper. The menu comprises every meat, bird, fruit, fish and vegetable that is out of season here. If anything has been overlooked that will gladden the eye, please the ear, or tempt the palate, Colonel Ginn would like to know of it.
>
> Invitations have been sent to the Cross-Fillinghams, the Schoolers, the Biltneys, and all of the other three hundred and ninety-seven. Colonel Ginn doesn't care a rap about getting into society. He is doing this because a principle is involved. He does his part; the question is, will society do its part? The affair will be going along about 10 o'clock and will last until the guests are satisfied.

"By ginger!" the Colonel declared, "if I can make the Eskimo and the Hottentot believe he cannot live without ginger snaps, then I can make society believe life is a hollow mockery if it doesn't know my house."

This advertisement started the tidal wave of editorial and other comment. Colonel Ginn's picture was in demand in the newspaper offices. The text of the advertisement was cabled to Europe and it was alleged that it was commented

upon by royalty and nobility. Nay, more. It was stated that kings and queens instructed their purveyors to send Ginn's ginger snaps to their palaces. When all the world shakes, society feels the quiver.

Mrs. Cross-Fillingham had been bored with life. There seemed a bit of snap to a ginger snap party. She fancied vaguely that this "novelty" affair would resemble a farm dance! At least it would be different! And there could be no doubt that the Ginns belong to the four hundred or else they would never dare jest about that august body. People about whom kings and queens gossiped were good enough for Mrs. Cross-Fillingham.

At any rate she canceled her engagements for that evening and went in state to Ginn's, and the elite filed in her wake. It was a living society column that marched through the doors and clasped the hand of Colonel Abel Ginn.

"We fetched 'em," Ginn whispered to Leyburn, in a corner not far from the glittering throng. "Mrs. Cross-Fillingham is here, hyphen and all, large as life and twice as natural. The Biltneys, the Perronys—all of 'em are here."

Leyburn looked dumbly over the crowd. Ginn was right. There was Mrs. Cross-Fillingham flicking a jeweled fan at him! Here and there others of his acquaintance nodded, or called jovially to him. He edged through.

"Well, Laurence Leyburn!" chirped Mrs. Cross-Fillingham. "Wherever have you been hiding? And isn't this the most delicious little affair you ever knew? Fancy finding you on earth again! And, oh, Miss Ginn, I am so happy your dear, deliciously absurd papa has given us all this chance to know you."

So it was chirp and chatter and chirp for the next hour, one after the other praising everything and everybody, and Colonel Ginn tossing back repartee as though, to quote, Pudgy Futter, the wit of society, "he were full of his own ginger snaps."

After that night Leyburn was discontented and preoccupied. The Ginns had been caught in the whirl and he found Laura not at home an astonishingly high percentage of the times he called. In the end he tore a leaf from her father's book.

"I am going to advertise for something," he told her.

"I wish you success," she smiled.

"I'm going to advertise for a wife!"

"How silly! But then, you have been a successful advertiser, haven't you?"

"I don't know."

"Just what do you mean?"

"It begins to look as though, if I want to see you long enough to propose to you, I'll have to announce it through the papers, because I never find you——"

"How absurd! I'm right here now. So propose, Laurence."

At the end of that year Colonel Abel Ginn said to his new son-in-law:

"Laurence, the sales of Ginn's Ginger Snaps have about doubled this past year. Advertising, done right, pays."

"It does," quickly agreed Leyburn.

If any bibulous autoist remains in the land he will soon trade his auto for an Ike Partington horse. Mrs. Partington said: "Ike purchased a horse so spiritous that he went right into a decanter."—*Geo. W. Tuttle.*

THE ART OF REMEMBERING

By H. Allan Perrill

My wife's interest having been ensnared by a cunningly worded, alluring advertisement, she gave me no rest until I had parted with the necessary sum to allow her to become a correspondence student of an institute giving courses in memory training.

However, I was not overly reluctant about parting with the money for I thought that perhaps the course would enable her to remember to sew deserting buttons back on my shirts, to cook my steak until it was well done instead of leaving it rare (her preference) and should the course be as meritorious as the advertisement claimed, she might even be able to account for money I had previously given her, when asking for more.

But alas, how vain were my hopes! Her training jogged her memory along these lines, not a bit.

Instead, this is what it accomplished:

The first lesson brought back to her mind and revived a quarrel that had occurred ten years before and which, until her training resurrected, had been long buried and forgotten.

The second lesson caused her brain to dig up from the oblivion of long forgotten things, an old time nickname which I despised and which she started calling me.

The third lesson unearthed a damphool thing I had done on my honeymoon. Frightfully embarrassing to me, it sent my friends into perfect gales of laughter, when told to them by my wife and made me the butt of their joshing.

Lesson four caused her to think of a party twelve years before, at which I had lost a considerable sum in poker and resulted in her burning my prized poker set and giving me a long lecture on the sins of gambling, lest I repeat the offense.

Lesson number five cleared away the haze of forgetfulness, surrounding an incident, five years before, when, in a moment of folly, I had promised her a player-piano if a certain financial deal came through successfully during that year. With the first lesson in memory training had come a free set of rules on "How to Obtain What You Want by Will Power," so I bought her the player-piano.

After studying the sixth lesson, my wife was able to remember a time, when years before, I had squandered some of our joint savings in a fake oil scheme. Her will power lessons soon overcame my reluc-

tance to hand over my income to her and let her manage affairs. I am now allowed fifty cents weekly for spending money.

The seventh, eighth and ninth lessons reanimated buried follies even worse.

I shudder when I contemplate what tortures the remaining eleven may cause.

My only hope is in amnesia's being contagious. I have just hired for my wife's personal maid a girl secretly afflicted with the disease.

—*H. Allan Perrill.*

THE ALIENIST TESTS THE BLUE LAW REFORMER

Having been commissioned by this publication to test a subject known as a Blue Law Reformer for insanity, I append the following report:

First Symptom—When the subject was brought before me and I asked him to account for his actions against the liberties of the common people, he repeated such gibberish as "restraining the public from its immoral tendencies" . . . "prevent the people from becoming the victims of their own follies" . . . "divorce them from their vices"—and the like.

Second Symptom—The subject's appearance was that of a person below normal in intelligence. The severity and morbidness of his facial expression suggested the last stages of chronic melancholia.

When a joke from this magazine was read to him in an effort to make him smile, he grimaced and threw up his hands in horror.

Third Symptom—Upon being asked if he was familiar with the Volstead Act and the eighteenth amendment, he beamed happily instead of frothing at the mouth, raving, tearing his hair as any sane man should.

Fourth Symptom—When a jazz record was placed upon the phonograph, the subject showed not the slightest responsiveness to the melody. Instead of swaying, snapping his fingers or patting his feet in time to the music, he sat through the piece, stolid and expressionless.

When asked his opinion of it, his only comment was, "immoral."

Fifth Symptom—Asked to define the words, "laughter" and "humor," his reply was, "instruments of the devil."

Sixth Symptom—He insisted that the world's best work of light fiction was "Pilgrim's Progress."

Seventh Symptom—When the subject's wearing apparel was examined, it was found that he had no hip pocket.

Eighth Symptom—When requested to give his opinion of movie censorship, he replied, "Too limited."

Ninth Symptom—It was discovered that "merciful heavens" was this man's most lurid oath.

Tenth Symptom—In reply to our request that he give synonyms for the following words, "Tobacco—dance—cards—powder—rouge—short skirts—low necks," he gave the collective answer, "the devil's wiles."

Diagnosis—Insanity.

Prognosis—Absolutely no chance for recovery.

Remarks—The subject is a menace to the liberties of the public and should be confined.

Are YOU Old at 40?

**What You Should Know About
the Glands of Your Body**

Some men of seventy are younger in vitality than other men of forty. A common cause, perhaps the most common cause, of loss of strength and vitality in men past forty (and some of younger years) is PROSTATE GLAND DISORDER. Men whose lives have been the heartiest and most vigorous are not exempt from the attacks of this disorder. We have published a little book called

Prostatology

which will tell you much you wish to know about the prostate gland and its functions—and how a disorder here may cause sciatica, backache, painful and tender feet, disturbed slumber and other painful disturbances. It will tell you of a Thermalaid, a simple means by which the essential of a new hygienic principle, done into convenient form, corrects this prostate gland condition and its attendant health faults,—a method that is being endorsed by prominent Physicians, Physical Culturists, Chiropractors, Osteopaths and other leading health authorities.

Thermaloids

are sold to the laity because, unlike many other agencies of the healing art, they cannot harm the patient. They are so simple to use, so understandable, that the use of tens of thousands of them has proved safe in the hands of the public — and their success has been such as to gain the heartiest commendation from men of highest prominence in health circles.

Thermaloids

Here Is the Proof

The Electro Thermal Co.,
Steubenville, Ohio

Lawrence, Kansas

The Electro Thermal appliance is an EXCELLENT INSTRUMENT FOR THE TREATMENT OF RECTAL AND PROSTATIC CONDITIONS, and the most satisfactory rectal appliance I have ever used. The instrument itself is HIGH GRADE and simple to operate. I am very well pleased with the results produced through its use.

Yours truly, Dr. R. C. Albright.

Canton, Illinois, July 27, 1921.

The appliance I bought from you some time ago for enlarged prostate saved me from an operation. It also helped my digestion and the rheumatism. It is a god-send to suffering humanity, a trial will convince the most skeptical. You may use this as you see fit with my signature.

Yours truly, R. F. Cox.

The book will be sent free without obligation
upon receipt of your simple request. Address

The Electro Thermal Company

5501 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio

COUPON

THE ELECTRO THERMAL CO.
5501 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your free book—PROSTATOLOGY.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

ART AND BOOK LOVERS, just and mail your name address NOW! SEND NO MONEY. No obligation. O. W. MILLER, E27 WARREN ST., NEW YORK

MAN! Is your NERVE FORCE, VIM and VIGOR lacking? HEALTH and STRENGTH FAILING? IF SO—send for KIDNOL. USE A 10 DAY TRIAL TREATMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE. KIDNOL aids Nature in repairing weak and broken down parts, STRENGTHENING the Nervous Structure—TONING up the various functions. READ the valuable book "SEX FORCE"—202 pages of SEX TRUTHS that you WANT to know. This book offered FREE. Write for particulars. Send me your name and address. ACT NOW.
M. G. Smith, Dept. 10 Kidnol Bldg., Toledo, O.

"ZEE BEAUTIFUL GIRL PICTURES"
10 wonderful poses $1.00; 18 specials, $2.00. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Relrart Co., 565 St. Louis, Mo.

"Temptations in Flesh"

That Face Young Girls" Surpasses Any Sex, Nature or White Slavery Book Printed. Shocking Sex Immoralities Exposed.

Different from other books. Illustrated. Enough said! Order today. Sent in plain package, sealed, for $1.00, money order, check, cash, or stamps.

PARIS PUBLISHING CO., Box 131-I, Utica, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff – Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c, and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

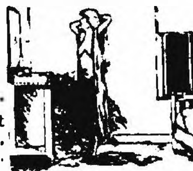
Genuine Photographs

Bathing Girls in snappy poses taken from real life with forms divine, all satisfactory, postcard size. Four samples for 25c—16 Assorted, $1.00. Order today. Money order or currency. No stamps.

CUSTER DEVELOPING & PRINTING COMPANY
2146 Larrabee St. CHICAGO, ILL.

"Sex Intrigue" Stories

Very "SPICY." Illustrated. Sent in plain cover, sealed, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.



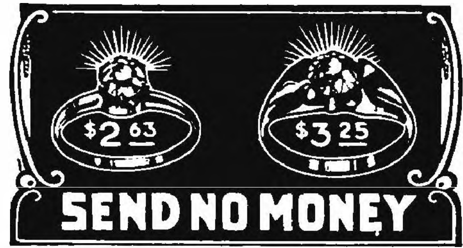
PARIS PUBLISHING CO., Box 131-T, Utica, N. Y.

J. p.
COUPON 430

Those suffering from weaknesses that sap the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. They have more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of $1 and above coupon by C. I Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell Mass.

TOBACCO
Habit Cured or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff. Guaranteed. Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs $1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails.
SUPERBA CO. E1 BALTIMORE, MD.



If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $5.26) for Half Price to introduce, $2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. SB Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

20 SMILES $1.00

BABE OSTROW

Age. 30; weight. 150; height. 5 ft. 6 in.

A smile in every pose and 20 assorted 3½x5 photos, $1.00.

5 Asst. Samples (Babe and others), 25c

Halsey Photo Productions, Dept. T
1804 Nason St., Alameda, Calif.

SEX THE DOMINANT FACTOR IN LIFE

Here is the greatest collection of Sex books ever written. False modesty is forgotten and the most important facts of life made plain. Learn the laws of sex and life by reading these books, which are written for young men and women, fathers and mothers—not for children.

De Maupassant's 12 Stories of the Mysteries of Sex.
Carmen, the greatest story of passion ever written.
An essay on Sex Secrets by the great French Philosopher, Montaigne.
Ibsen's Epigrams of Sex and Marriage.
Oscar Wilde's Sex Parodies.
Sex Life in Ancient Greece and Rome.
History and Evolution of Love, Ellen Key.
Four sex Essays by Havelock Ellis, noted authority.
Subjection of Women, by John Stuart Mill.
One of Cleopatra's Nights, translated from the French. The strangest story ever written.
Eugenics Made Plain, by Havelock Ellis.
Psychoanalysis, the Key to Understanding Humans. Explains the significance of Sex.
Thoughts and Aphorisms on Sex. By George Sand. Only a French writer could be so daring.
Facts of Life Presented to Men. A Scientific work in the plainest language.
Marriage, Its Past, Present and Future, by Mrs. Annie Besant.
Emerson's Essay on Love.
Bocaccio's Snappiest Stories.
Balzac's most daring stories of French Life.

Eighteen interesting books in all. Never before offered to the readers of The 10 Story Book, 64 to 128 pages. Convenient pocket size. Regular price 25c each or $4.50, now offered to readers of The 10 Story Book for a limited time for $2.48, prepaid. Satisfaction or money back. Send check or money order before this special offer is withdrawn.

APPEAL PUB. CO.,
1732 Appeal Bldg., Girard, Kans.

Classified Advertisements

AGENTS AND HELP WANTED

AGENTS. Make big money selling our household necessities. Everybody needs and buys our goods. Particulars free. Write today. Webster & Co., 2546 N. Clark St., Chicago.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED SOON (MEN-women) $1400-$2300. Vacancies constantly. Experience unnecessary. Write quickly. Mr. Ozment, former U. S. Government Examiner, 338 St. Louis.

HOPS MALT EXTRACT—For home beverages, 2½-lb. can with hops $1.00. Oliver Barkley, Suite 213 Blairsville, Pa.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. GREAT demand. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write. American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS TAKE ORDERS PRIVATE FAMILIES. $40 weekly guaranteed, commission, spare time. We deliver and collect. CONSUMERS HOSIERY CO., 724-A City Hall Station, New York, N. Y.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVESTIGAtions and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Government Detective, 146. St. Louis.

EARN $25.00 DAILY TAKING ORDERS FOR All weather Raincoats. Permanent proposition, repeat orders. Experience unnecessary. No capital required. Write quickly for folder 2. Field Manufacturing Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 175 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL

GET ACQUAINTED AND MARRY WELL, send stamped envelope, CHICAGO FRIENDSHIP CLUB, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

IF LONELY, write Betty Lee, 19 Bassnett Building, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send Stamp.

JOIN A HIGH CLASS MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE

Highly recommended and successful. The President is a college man and K. of C. Send 10 cents for circular and blank to The Catholic Letter Club, 3219 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash.

MARRY—PAY WHEN MARRIED. EITHER SEX. IF you mean business, get my plan. You'll be glad you did. (Stamps appreciated). Address 172 Uhland, NE-E, Washington, D. C.

MARRY—Thousands congenial people, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage: descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor Club, Grayslake, Ill.

PRETTY girlie just 19, worth $8,000, wants husband. Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

MARRY RICH—BEST PAPER PUBLISHED, WITH Pictures, Descriptions, etc. Both Sex. Free for four 1c stamps. Box 1511-T, Memphis, Tenn.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE published. Mailed FREE. Address American Distributor, Suite 219, Blairsville, Pa.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? Best Matrimonial paper published. FREE for stamp. CORRESPONDENT, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY FOR WEALTH, HAPPINESS. HUNDREDS rich, attractive, congenial, willing to wed. Photos free. 25 years' experience. Mrs. Warn, 507 Lankershim Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORRESPONDence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B550, Valley, Neb.

MARRY IF LONESOME. Ladies' Membership Until Married $1.00. Gentlemen's Membership 2 Months $1.00; One Year $5.00. Copy Members Names and Addresses 35c. Sweetheart's Corresponding Club, Barnes City Iowa.

MATRIMONIAL

CANADIAN MATRIMONIAL PAPER 25c. NO other fee. A. McCreery, Chatham, Ont.

LONESOME? Hundreds seeking Matrimony. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today for free information enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

NOTICE—SEND $2.00 FOR OUR LATEST MATRImonial catalogue, just printed, bigger and better than ever, containing names, addresses, descriptions, photos ladies wishing early marriage (members in United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe). International Club, Dept. 5, Box 563, Los Angeles, California.

MARRIAGE PAPERS FREE—BEST AND MOST reliable published. Eastern Agency, 17 Bridgeport, Conn.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH PHOTOS and descriptions Free. Pay when married. THE EXCHANGE, Dept. 48, Kansas City, Missouri.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, LOVING wife, write Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DESIRING AN EARLY marriage please write. S. Chambers, Beulah, Manitoba, Canada.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPtions, many rich, want to marry. FREE. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

DON'T WAIT. There are many very wealthy ladies and gentlemen in Florida and other States seeking friends with matrimony in view. This is your chance to marry happy and wealthy. Address P. O. Box 383, South Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY! FREE, DIRECTORY, WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 35, Kansas City, Mo.

WOULD you marry a pretty batchelor girl with $25,000? Write Mrs. A. L. Hill, South Jacksonville, Florida.

LITERARY, PHOTOPLAYS, ETC.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$300 PAID ANY ONE for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers League, 418, St. Louis.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit manuscripts or write Literary Bureau, 523, Hannibal, Mo.

MEDICAL

WHY MEN ARE OLD AT FORTY—OUR ILLUStrated free booklet holds much of interest to men troubled with headache, sciatica, painful and tender feet, disturbed slumber, prostoate gland disorder and other painful conditions peculiar to men of middle age and past. Write today for your copy. It will be sent free without obligation. Address Electro Thermal Co., 5528 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio.

FREE—FORMULA CATALOG LABORATORIES, Boylston Building, Chicago.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR NO PAY; $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TS, Baltimore, Md.

PERSONAL

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE NEVER FOUND their right vocation; their true mate in life! Have YOU? Let us help you with an astrological reading. INFORMATION INVALUABLE! Send complete name, date of birth with one dollar to THE SHALEY CO., Drawer No. 2191, Birmingham, Ala.

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD—SEND DIME, AGE, birth date, for truthful, reliable, convincing trial reading. Hazel Hause, P. O. Box 215, Los Angeles, Cal.

Latest Up-To-Date Novelties Beautiful Engraved Sample—25c. Circular sent Free.
W. A. Hayes, Box 210, Sausalito, California.

Classified Advertisements

Continued

PERSONAL

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, Westport St., 33-62, Kansas City, Missouri.

MEN; Use the Magic Vacuum Massage for strength health and stamina. Fine nickel-plated instrument sent prepaid in plain wrapper for only $3.50. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 232 St. Louis, Mo

PHOTOS AND PICTURES

REAL PHOTOS. Pretty girls in one piece bathing suits; the kind you like. Nuf-sed. 12 for $1. James King, 32 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR. 12 PHOTOS FROM life $1.00. Hamilton's Co., Barnes City, Iowa.

ART PICTURES — BEAUTIFUL GIRLS — DARING poses. Samples two dimes. Everything in art goods. WALTON CO., 207 15th St., Altoona, Pa.

BOOKS, ETC.

SEX Books for adults—illustrated catalogue 4c. Smetana & Co., Dept. 3, Owosso, Mich.

TEMPERAMENT AND SEX—THE ONE BOOK treating of the proper development of the Sexual feeling in each individual. One of the leading works in the famous Rational Sex series. Price $2.00, from your book seller or Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston, Mass.

THIRTEEN SNAPPY LOVE LETTERS THAT CAN be read two ways and three good cards, 10c. Harper 8441 Michigan Blvd. Chicago

10 Story Book Back Numbers

We have 7 Issues of 1918 in A-1 condition which will be sent prepaid on receipt of $1.00

10 STORY BOOK
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Exclusive Art Pictures from Life

Imported. Handsome models. Snappy poses; 3 samples in colors for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Adults only. Lamm, Box 104, Stephentown, N. Y.

Sexual Philosophy clearest, best, most instructive sex manual published, actually teaches, doesn't merely argue. **12c**
SMETANA & CO., DEPT. 8 OWOSSO, MICH.

NEW BARK EXTRACT GIVES GREAT VIGOR

Vitalizer Found in Africa Produces Results in a Few Days—Better Than Gland Treatments

The most amazing vitalizer known today has been discovered in the bark of an African tree. An extract made from this bark, and compounded in tablet form with other invigorators of proved merit, is declared to be far superior to even the famous "goat gland" and "monkey gland" treatments. In most cases, it produces gratifying results in just a few days, and as the treatment is continued the vitality increases rapidly, the circulation improves and the glow of health is felt in every part.

If you have lost your youth, vigor and "pep" you need not worry. No matter what else you have tried without benefit, science declares flatly that you will get from this new extract the results you desire. In fact, the laboratories making the tablets for the American trade guarantee to refund the purchase price to anybody who reports "no benefit" after only one week's treatment.

On this basis, any reader of this paper may test the new discovery without risk. Send no money, but just your name and address to the Re-Bild Laboratories, Dept. 210 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and you will receive by mail a full treatment of Re-Bild Tabs, as the new vitalizer is called. On delivery, pay the postman $2 and postage. Try the vitalizer a week and then if disappointed notify the laboratories and get your money back in full. You need not hesitate about accepting this test offer as it is fully guaranteed.

BRIDES ATTENTION! Marriage brings with it new responsibilities. It opens up to the expectant bride a great new world which sometimes she cannot understand or comprehend. Girls contemplating marriage should read our wonderful book which tells "What Every Girl Should Know Before Marriage." This book contains a wealth of information and will prove the most wonderful book you ever owned. Think of it—over 200 pages of facts, secrets, formulas which every girl, every wife, every mother and in fact every woman should know! Expectant brides will save themselves much worry and embarrassment by possessing this book. Happiness in the home depends upon the woman possessing the proper knowledge. If you are about to be married, you need not worry about your future with your husband; read and study our great book and your Happiness and his Happiness will be assured. Special introductory price, postpaid anywhere in America, $1.00. Pin a dollar bill to this adv. and send us your name and address. Your money back if not as represented. Sent C. O. D. if you prefer. Mailed under a plain wrapper.

Standard Pub. Co., 67 W. 44th St., Box 116c, N. Y. C

Women, Why Worry?

Ergoil monthly regulator relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid, $1.25. DERMITONE REMEDY CO., 127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. M 33, Chicago, Ill.

SPORT'S OWN BOOK

Contains Jazzy Reading, Daring Girl Pictures, 25c; **SPORT'S HOTSTUFF** Book for Men, 25c; **FALL OF WOMAN**, Sensational Book, 25c; **BLACK TRAFFIC IN WHITE GIRLS**. This Book Tells It All, 50c; **HAND BOOK FOR MARRIED OR SINGLE**, 10c; **ART BOOK**, Female Models, Best Published, 30c; **PHOTOS FRENCH BATHING GIRLS**, Sure to Please, Samples 25c, dozen $1.00; **PHOTOS FRENCH GIRL MODELS**, Daring Poses, Samples 25c, dozen $1.00; Miniatures, 75 Girl Models, 10c; Illustrated Sporting Goods Catalog, 10c.

R. H. HAMILTON, BARNES CITY, IOWA

"HER BETRAYAL"?

If you haven't you should at once.
A GRIPPING story of a young GIRL'S misused Confidence and ruined Virtue.
This book was not written to inflame your passions, but will make you THINK.
One of the best SEX stories ever printed in the English language, and will surpass many of the best French Masters.
Bound nicely in Imitation Leather Covers, green or red.

Price reduced for a limited time only from $2.00 to $1.00.

Paris Publishing Company, Box 131 T, Utica, N. Y.

Birth Control

or The Limitation of Offspring

By Dr. Wm. J. Robinson

with an introduction by **Dr. A. Jacobi**, Ex-President American Medical Association

Cloth-bound, 254 pages.

Price $2.00 check, money order, cash or stamps. Sent in plain cover, marked "Personal," prepaid.

Big Premium Budget

12 Popular Songs with Music, **14** Complete Stories, **37** Magic Tricks, **39** Amusing Experiments, **15** Puzzles, **26** Parlor Games, **150** Jokes, Riddles and Conundrums, **56** Money Making Secrets, **83** Album Verses, Dictionary of Dreams, **10c, 3 for 25c, p.p.**

Evans Syn. Ltd. Chihuahua, Mexico.

LONELY HEARTS WRITE! Betty Lee, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send Stamp.

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED

Prices Greatly Reduced

CASH OR CREDIT

Send for Catalog

Write for Free wonderful BARGAIN Catalog today. Credit terms fully explained. Amazing money-saving prices on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. $75 Diamonds reduced to **$50.** $100 values now **$66.75.** Proportionate reductions on all Diamonds—you save ⅓. **LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED**

Special Bargain

WRIST WATCH. **$35** Cash or Credit. Solid 18-k White Gold, engraved; looks like genuine Platinum. Full Jeweled Imported movement, guaranteed. Silk Ribbon Bracelet. Special at $35. Other Solid Gold Wrist Watches, $26 up. Gold filled, $15 up. Men's Watches, $17.50 up.

USE YOUR CREDIT

PRINCESS DIAMOND RING Solid 18-k White Gold, pierced; octagon top. Fine Diamond, $150 value reduced to . . **$100**

Cash or Credit

Proportionate reductions on all other Rings at $75 $125, $150, $200 up.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST. 1858

THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS

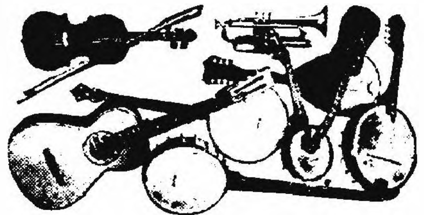
Dept. H 895

108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Stores in Leading Cities

FREE PROFESSIONAL TONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukelele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukelele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this free trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.



SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 115 Chicago, Illinois

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success in your life.

Before

After

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 25) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night.

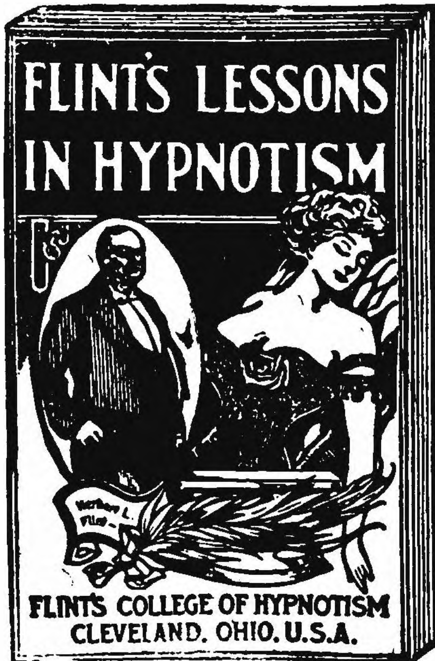
M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1591 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

This Book Is Free

The Mysteries of Hypnotism and Personal Magnetism Revealed

Herbert L. Flint, one of the best known hypnotists in the world, published a remarkable book on Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing. It is considered by many the most wonderful and comprehensive treatise of the kind ever printed. We have decided to give, for a limited time, a free copy to every person sincerely interested in these wonderful sciences. This book is based upon years of practical experience by a man who has hypnotized more people than any other one person.

You can now learn about the secrets of hypnotism and personal magnetism at your own home free.



Hypnotism strengthens memory and develops will. It overcomes bashfulness, revives hope, stimulates ambition and determination to succeed. It gives you the key to the inner secrets of mind control. It enables you to contor oluyS,i
you to control yourself and the thoughts and actions of others. When you understand this wonderful science, you can plant suggestions in human minds which will be carried out a day or even a year hence, in some cases. You can cure bad habits and diseases in yourself and others. You can cure yourself of insomnia, nervousness and business or domestic worry. You can instantaneously hypnotize sensitive subjects with a mere glance of the eye and powerfully influence them to do your bidding. You can develop to a marvelous degree any musical or dramatic talen you may have. You can cultivate your telepathic or clairvoyant powers. You can give thrilling and funny hypnotic entertainments. You can win the esteem and ever-lasting friendship of those you desire. You can protect yourself against the influence of others. You can become a financial success and be a power in your community.

This book of Flint's will tell you how to earn the secret of attaining these things. Flint, the most successful and best-known hypnotist in the world, appeared before thousands of audiences and gives you the result of his vast experience. If you want a copy of this book free, send your name and address on a postal card—no money—to THE FLINT COLLEGE CO., 506W, Cleveland, Ohio, and you will receive the book by return mail, postpaid.

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European chemist has given the world a rare discovery that soothes and allays inflammation and Weakness sosf Bladder, and the

PROSTRATE GLAND

It is embodied in our treatment, PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands are using it. Simple and safe for all who need relief from suffering.

If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PRO-GLANDIN on Free Trial.

50c Pkg'e FREE

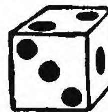
ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET

To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and "Self Care" Leaflet telling how to treat yourself. Every Bladder or Prostrate sufferer should read it. Send no money. Just your address, and get all by return mail. Free.

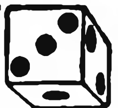
T. B. Worth, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

MEN ANY AGE MADE STRONG AND VIGOROUS—

Get Turko Giant Ointment; applied direct strengthens, develops, invigorates. Recommended for lost vitality, impotency, atrophy, wasting and varicocele; perfectly harmless. We guarantee satisfaction or money back; small box and literature sealed in plain wrapper 20c; large box, $1.00; 3 boxes, $2.50. Sent anywhere. BUTTERLY DEAN & CO., Dept. B. 157 E. 47th St., New York City.



DICE, $5.00 PER SET
CARDS, $1.00 PER DECK
High Class Work Only
For Magical Use.
Latest Catalog Free.



HUNT & CO. Dept. R. 160 North Wells St. CHICAGO

SEMI-NUDE PHOTOS from the Movie Camps
—of—
CALIFORNIA'S FILMLAND; RICH, RARE AND RACY
$1.00 a Doz. Assorted, No Samples or Literature and for
"MEN ONLY"
GARDNER, MOVIE CAMERAMAN
312 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Write the Words for a Song

WE revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. BROADWAY STUDIOS, 226 Fitzgerald Building, Broadway at 43d Street, New York City.

Costs You Nothing to Try It

The NATURAL BODY BRACE

Cures Female Weakness—Makes Walking and Work Easy

Endorsed by Every Physician Who Has Used It. Adjustable to Fit All Figures. Simple in Construction. Comfortable.

Ninety-eight per cent of its wearers pleased. Thousands of them write like this:

"720 Ward St., Jacksonville, Fla.

I have found your Body Brace to be all that you say for it. I feel like a new woman, after complaining for about 8 years with womb troubles, whites, cramps at menstruation, constipation, kidney trouble, palpitation of heart, backache, headache, pains in abdomen, etc. I have not had a pain since wearing the Brace. I feel like a girl of sixteen.

Mrs. Edward H. Carr."

Money Refunded if Brace is Not Satisfactory. Send for Full Information with Illustrated Book, free. Address

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres.,

The Natural Body Brace Co.

Box 215 , Salina, Kansas

Every Pregnant Woman Should Have This Brace

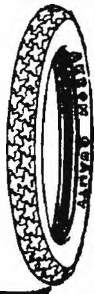
Akron Quality Tires
REDUCE TIRE COST 65%

5000 Mile Guarantee

Akron Quality Tires are made to meet the increasing demand for reconstructed tires which are indispensable to the maintenance of the auto industry. Their great economy is your personal advantage. To insure properly built and carefully selected goods always order Akron Quality Tires. Shipped direct from factory to you.

One tube given with each tire

Size	Price	Size	Price
30x3	$ 7.50	34x4	$11.85
30x3½	8.60	34x4½	13.55
32x3½ S.S. only	9.70	35x4½	13.90
31x4	10.90	36x4½	14.50
32x4	11.20	35x5	15.45
33x4	11.50	37x5	16.50



Reliner Free With Every Tire

State whether straight side or clincher desired. Send $2 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. subject to examination. If you send full amount with order, deduct 5 per cent discount.

AKRON RUBBER CO.
Robey and Roosevelt
Dept. 23 CHICAGO, ILL.

Free THIS NOVA-TONE TALKING MACHINE

Case Mahogany finish, enameled parts, no motor to get out of order, excellent reproducer, enjoyment for all. Sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve great for cuts, burns, influenza, etc., Return $3 and the machine is yours. Guaranteed. Records free. Order today. Address.

U. S. Co., Box 45—Greenville, Pa.

RICH BLOOD, HARD MUSCLES, YOUTHFUL SPIRIT

GLANDATED IRON WILL DO IT!

Latest Double Strength

GLAND DISCOVERY

Gives You Real Pep

Combines powerful gland substances with nux and highest quality organic iron. These ingredients are positively recommended by medical profession to bring back vigor, spirit and build rich red blood for men and women. If you have taken other gland tablets and were not fully satisfied, send for these new double strength tablets, which contain an average double dose.

Double Strength Means Double Benefit

because of our great manufacturing ability we can send you a full ten-day course valued at $2.75 for only $1.50. We will mail you a full 20-day course (2 bottles) valued at $5.50 for $2.75. Guaranteed under the pure food and drug laws.

Men and Women Rebuilt

by this remarkable new tonic. Pleasant to take. Two small tablets after meals say good-by to poor blood, pale complexion, nerve weakness, and sex neurasthenia. Write for the only double strength gland tonic in America.

DOUBLE STRENGTH LABORATORIES
1008 Morton Bldg., Chicago, Desk 110

SEND NO MONEY

Simply send your name and address and we will send this remarkable youth-giving gland tonic. When your own postmaster delivers it pay him. Mailed in plain wrapper.

End Gray Hair
Let Science Show You How

Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

Mary T. Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

A Free Test

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1903 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1903 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black.... jet black.... dark brown....
medium brown.... light brown....

Name ....
Street .... Town ....
Co ....State......................

Vigor and Virility of Youth

In a New Scientific Discovery

A VITALIZER SUPERIOR TO EVEN THE FAMOUS GLAND TREATMENTS IS FOUND IN THE BARK OF AN AFRICAN TREE

Have you lost your youth, vigor and "pep?" Are you "run down" and discouraged? Do you tire easily—physically or mentally? Does life seem dull and work a dreary grind?

If so, don't worry. Science has discovered a vitalizer that works wonders in just such cases as yours—a vitalizer superior even to the much discussed "goat gland" and "monkey gland" treatments.

Its principal ingredient is an extract made from the bark of an African tree. Physicians who use this extract in their practice, and thousands of men and women who have tried it, pronounce it the most amazing invigorator ever discovered.

Results Are Quick

In most cases, the remedy produces marked improvement in a day or two, and in a short time the vitality is raised, the circulation is improved and the thrill and glow of health are felt in every part.

This marvelous vitalizer, combined with other tonic and energizing elements of proved value, is now available in convenient tablet form, known as Re-Bild-Tabs. Read what the Rev. Dr. McLendon says about the surprising power of Re-Bild-Tabs. Similar letters are pouring in from every part of the country. Re-Build-Tabs will do for you what they have done for Mr. McLendon and thousands of others who had lost hope of ever finding **a real invigorator.**

But don't take anybody's word for it. Prove the case for yourself. Re-Bild-Tabs **will be placed in your hands** with the distinct understanding that, if they do not produce the promised improvement, they cost you nothing.

Finds New Life Returning

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27, 1921.

Kind Sir:

I received your tablets and find them all O.K.—much more than you claim for them. I find new life returning.

This is a blessing from the hand of God to every man in this life if he only knew where to go after the goods. I will make every man that comes into my place know about the tablets. In a week or two I will send you a large cash order.

Yours truly,
Rev. Dr. McLendon.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and address if you need Re-Bild-Tabs. A postal card will do, as you need not send any money. I will mail to you immediately a full treatment of Re-Bild-Tabs. On delivery, deposit only $2 and postage with the postman. Try Re-Bild-Tabs one week. If not absolutely delighted with the results at the end of that time, notify me and your deposit will be refunded in full.

You need not hesitate about accepting this offer. I mean exactly what I say—if **Re-Bild-Tabs fail you, they shall not cost you a penny.** Don't drag along "half-Alive!" Send for your test supply of Re-Bild-Tabs **right** now! Address:

H. M. STUNZ

210 Coca-Cola Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.

BEFORE

What Mdme. Du Barrie's Will Do For You

AFTER

Any Woman May Now Develop Her Bust

I will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to bust development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The **Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method** is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady—young, middle aged or elderly—may develop her bust.

This method has been used in Europe with astounding success, and has been accepted as the most positive method known. To any woman who will send two 2c stamps to pay postage, I will send complete illustrated booklet of information, sealed in plain envelope. Address
Mdme. Du Barrie, Suite 1011 Morton Bldg., Chicago

What other women have experienced in joy and beauty by its use, is shown by a few letters shown below. No names are printed where request has been made not to do so, and no letters are printed without written permission.

"Saw Results In Six Days"

Eau Claire,

MDME. DU BARRIE,

My Dear Madame:—I cannot find words to express to you the gratitude I feel for what your famous Du Barrie Method has done for me. In spite of all the doubts I had, and all the failures I experienced before, I must give you a world of credit. There was nothing in this country that I could find that could produce the least result. Your method caused a visible result inside of 6 days, and I have now developed about seven inches and I have not yet completed the treatment.

Yours very sincerely,

MISS C. H. T.

"You Have The Secret"

Shreveport,

My Dear Madame:—You have the secret, there is no doubt about it. For 15 years I have tried to find something that would develop my bust.

Your treatment is a wonder of wonders. You can print this if you like, but please do not use my full name.

I remain always, yours,

MRS. SOPHIA M——.

"Your Method Is Truly Wonderful"

Guerneville,

MDME. DU BARRIE,

Dear Madame:—Just received your welcome letter and was glad to hear from you. Permit me, my dear Madame, to say your treatment for developing the bust is truly wonderful.

It developed my bust *four inches*, and have not used up the full treatment yet.

Without exaggerating, it has made me happier than anything else in the world has. Within *five* days from beginning of the treatment, I could detect a decided improvement. Hoping for you much success.

I am, respectfully,

MISS R—— H——.

Sonoma County.