

THE WEEK'S BEST OFFERING OF FICTION

CHICAGO LEDGER

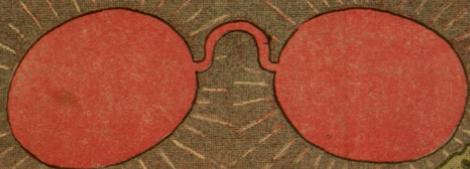
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CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29 1923

5 CENTS A COPY.

The FLAMING SPECTACLES

by FRED H. HAYN



A **Weird** AND **Thrilling**
Story Replete With
Oriental Mystery



In Next Week's Ledger Will Appear the First Installment of

His First Convert

a Story of Pioneer Days in Kansas in Which a Circuit-rider Parson and a Border Ruffian Are the Chief Characters. This Story, by H. H. and H. D. Herr, Is One of the Best Published This Year. An Unusual Selection of Interesting Short Stories Will Make Next Week's Ledger the Best Fiction Buy On the Market.





began to move in the pipe. The noise be- came louder and louder. Ponderous thumps followed by a screeching sound were now in evidence. "Don't move," cautioned the professor. "When I say the word, shoot!"

With leveled revolvers, pointed directly at the register, they waited. Two calls of fire presently appeared. Dike stamped on the floor. Instantly there came the sound of escaping steam, which had ter- rified Murray, a moment later the spec- tacles appeared. "Now!" cried the pro- fessor.

Miss Allan shrieked as three pistol shots rang out.

"We've barged him," chuckled Dike. "Now shoot the shutters, Mr. Murray." As soon as the light had flooded the room, they beheld an enormous snake, writhing in its death agony.

"A cobra," explained Dike. "It is one of the deadliest snakes in India. No wonder the bungling police could not find a cause for the demise of the un- fortunate who saw the spectacle."

"But they have disappeared now," objected Murray.

"It is because its hood has col- lapsed. When it is ready to strike it extends its body, and the markings in the form of spectacles appear. The gen- eral Mr. Allan painted the reptile with luminous paint, to frighten his victims. That made matters easy for his snake- men, who could be relied upon to com- plete the job. Now we'll proceed to the

cottage. You'll find there the other end of the pipe. I looked for the depressed portion of the wall between the two houses—and found it!"

In the basement of the cottage they found a shabbily dressed old man lying on the floor close to an opening in the wall. A cage, obviously used to house the cobra, stood open, close by.

Dike walked to the body of the pros- trate man, and with one tug removed wig and false beard, disclosing the pale face of a convict.

"When you threw the bed clothing at the cobra, you not only frightened it, but you made the man believe that he had turned to vent its spleen on its owner! The rascal must have been certain of success, he failed to get on guard as usual. Past successes made him care- less. He was reared as a snake and a

"But the men who played poker with me?" Were they in league with him, too?

"I don't know. But I doubt they had anything to do with him. They probably were as innocent as you. More than likely had you not appeared the old rprobable would have ended a game with them. Had he lost, he un- doubtedly would have bluffed the winner into playing all night in his house. As would then have introduced him to the other two. He would have had a chance. It would take a sharp-eyed officer to dis- cover this had he been aided by the fangs of the snake on its victim!"

As Seen as the Light Had Flooded the Room They Beheld an Enormous Snake, Writhing in Its Death Agony.

"Ever been in India?" "He was there last year." The professor chuckled. Then he said: "You're afraid, Miss Allan, there is a shock in my bag. You'll be hurt if you see when you learn all. I have no doubt your uncle will not annoy you further."

After breakfast the professor went out. He returned in high spirits. "It's as you say, Mr. Murray," he announced. "I may have blundered in my notions about the race tracks and on the stock ex- change. I learned also at the surro- gates that he'd be cut off with but a few dollars in case Miss Allan married you. The car is in the door, Overton? Good. Then let's be off."

"You—you mean he's dead?" cried Miss Allan. "His equations would tend to indicate that. However, I must verify them first. I may have blundered in my notions. The car is in the door, Overton? Good. Then let's be off."

III THE ride was a tedious one, over long stretches of indifferent roads, but at length the cottage was reached. The house. They left the car, and Dike ex- amined the grounds. He seemed espe- cially interested in the adjacent cottage. He went over the ground between the two houses with painstaking care. Sud- denly he stopped. There was a depression between the two, a foot wide and extended the entire distance between the houses. He gave a grunt of satisfac- tion.

"Um, yes," he muttered. "That settles that question at it." They entered the haunted house. The place was deserted, and the door of the room in which Murray had spent part of the night was still locked. After some difficulty they succeeded in forcing the door. They found the room in precisely the same condition Murray had described. The iron shutters, hanging to one side, were just as they had been. "The professor struck Dike as he looked at the door. He turned to the door. And in line with the register, Mr. Murray, is a pity you aren't interested in al- ready. It would have saved you much. However—"

Walking over to the rectangular hole in the floor, he bent down and inspected it carefully. "Um," reaching his hand into the opening. He felt about for a few moments and then withdrew his hand and looked at it. "Um! Another equation verified. Mr. Murray, close those shutters, please. I'm a darker room. Good. Shut the door, Overton."

"Then when the room was dark, he stretched out his hand. "Now what do you see?" he demanded. His hand was empty. "Phosphorescent paint," he chuckled. "A cheap trick, but an effective one with a person caught loafing in a house re- puted to be haunted!"

"But the spectacles! They were so large they they could have come thru that register!" "Oh, yes! You'll see them again pres- ently. Have your pistols ready. Better stand behind that bed, Miss Allan. There is great danger." Bending down once more, Dike in- serted his hand in the register and rat- tered the pipe. "Get ready," whispered the professor. Breathlessly they waited as something



LILLIANCE MONTGOMERY MITCHELL

"How Is the Little Cutie?" Came a Foreign Whisper at the Back of Her Neck.

any, thru the under editors. Lucille had never even met him. She wondered dully if she was to be dismissed. Hur- riedly she tried to recall some error she had recently made, something large enough to fire her. As far as she could see there was not one thing dur- ing the past two weeks, anyhow, and if it had been something that had hap- pened prior to that time surely she would have at least heard of it before. Wally would be furious if she lost her job. To be sure, it would mark any difference as far as she was concerned there was enough income for both of them to live as they saw fit. He was the medical college fees, the laboratory fees and books and trips to certain distant hospitals which required the extra money.

She passed a moment before the crinkly elfo mirror to look at herself, to wish she had worn her best hat instead of this little mad-colored thing with its band of ribbon about the crown. She wished she had worn her frilly blouse. Had she had prettier coming out of the front of her dress. She was wearing a white shirt with the silk tie was wearing, now, however, and so she hurried down to the hall to get her things. He inspected her and marked CHERIEY. She entered. "You're a bit too reined. You had better get your hair styled. You want some one—"

He was looking at her impersonally as an artist regarded the object he is about to paint. "You'll wear that hat over one eye a bit, some cheap perfume and a pair of shoes bought at a cut-rate drug store and a cheap lace front—shut front whatever it's called, coming out of your coat. Why, you ought to wear a you quite a bit. You might have your hair styled."

"But—" exclaimed the bewildered Lu- cille. "Oh," he said with a short laugh. "I didn't tell you what it was all about, but—"

"She noticed that his laugh was pleas- ant and sincere and that his teeth were remarkably white. It was quite con- trary to the general office notion of the man. Outside he was supposed to be a cigar-chewing ogre with yellow teeth and a black and red street car, not riding to lower middle class, then you're to ride to the street car. (Continued on Page 25.)

my story to Alice she informed me she had seen her uncle empty from the gasolene from the tank!" "He did—"

"I should be compelled to stop near the haunted house?" "Um!"

"Another thing, Miss Allan told me she hadn't gone out last night at all!" "All this is very interesting, I admit, but not at all conclusive. You must have some other reason for suspecting Mr. Allan."

Murray looked uneasily at his sweet- heart.

"Well Professor Dike everything," she ordered.

"Her uncle objected to my marrying her when I first broached the subject, but after she had declared her intention of marrying me, with or without his consent, he yielded."

"Even so. Why should that arouse your suspicions?"

"When she unrites he loses control of the fortune left her by her father?" "Ah! That is interesting. What is the financial standing of Mr. Allan?"

"Very good. At least so I've understood. It's possible, tho, he may have lost a great deal of his money."

"Does he gamble? Dabble in stocks?" "I'm not sure. But I know he's very fond of animals—especially horses. Perhaps—"

"Do you think he might be connected with the—er—haunted house?"

"I can't say. But it's possible. The man I played poker with were all well dressed, refined, and good losers. They had come on a lark, apparently, just as we had. At least, that's what they told me, and I believed them. But the locked door—and the spectacles."

"I have already solved the question concerning the spectacles," smiled Dike. "You mean you have solved the prob- lem?"

"Oh, no; not yet. There are still several unknown quantities. But I'll have them shortly. You say Mr. Allan is not at home?"

"I do not know what has become of him," interposed Miss Allan. "Shortly after Mr. Murray called last night he went out. He's been away all night."

"Has he ever done that before?"

"Oh, you many times."

"Um! I'm beginning to believe you are right, after all. At first—we, well, we should see."

"Then you think my uncle is a villain?" faltered Miss Allan.

"It looks very much like it."

"And he's been so nice to me! The only good word he ever spoke to me was when I told him I intended marrying him."

"There, there, Miss Allan. I may be wrong. I still have several quantities to solve, and others to verify. The mat- ter will be all cleared up when we visit the haunted house."

"You aren't going out there?" gasped Murray.

"Yes."

"But—the spectacles?"

"I'll dispose of them without trouble. There'll be danger, of course; great dan- ger. Overton, take me in front of the house in a couple of hours. And have three revolvers ready. Colt forty-five will do. We'll have breakfast first; then I shall go out for a time. By the way, Miss Allan, has your uncle ever trav- eled?"

"Indeed, yes. He went all over the world with my father."

LOREITA PARSONS

JEAN SUMMERS' father was a professor in a small college in the Middle West. Her mother had died some years before Jean reached her teens, as if the struggle were too much, she had lain down in despair.

There was no money available for education when Jean reached college years, so Jean said she would go to New York, take a business course and become a secretary. New York it must be, as every one who went forth to seek their fortunes turned their faces towards New York. It was inevitable.

Jean was thoughtful of looking out for herself. A girl with clear brown eyes, reddish-brown hair and a good figure, always quiet and correctly dressed, and with an air of common sense and energy about her that was very fitting for a business girl. She was reserved without being unfriendly, impersonal without losing her charm. Just the kind of a girl to get along in the world, her friends said.

As a matter of fact Jean was not half so fit. She was stout and much too capable as she looked or thought her reasonable; she was a natural student, very clever if you let her alone, but when she came to an emergency she got so nervous she could not think.

When she had finished her business course she set out to find a job. She got one without any difficulty on account of her serious appearance and her charming smile. But there she stuck all the years she had been there. She had never gotten a raise.

She felt no resentment toward Life. She thought if the other girls she knew could support themselves on their wages then why shouldn't she? She admitted to herself that she was not doing so well a better teacher than stenographer, for she was very fond of children. But as it was Jean would not go on. Her father did not look very promising.

If she had had a background, clothes, dances, music, etc., she would have been very charming, but at her desk, she was out of it all.

She really had only one girl friend, no one more than interested in her as a woman of some thirty years, with a sour face and a very dignified air, one who could never attract men. Jean's father and very rarely one day Miss Matthews said:

"Miss Summers, I'm to be married next week as secretary to Mr. Ames."

"Oh! That's lovely!" said Jean, hardly believing her ears.

"Yes, it is lovely to recommend me to Mr. Ames for your place."

Jean knew that Mr. Ames had a reputation of being hard to get along with, and on the first morning after Miss Matthews' departure she went into her new office with her heart fluttering.

"Have a seat," he said. "Mr. C. A. Smith, Dear Sir," and Jean began to think that he had not noticed that she was not Miss Matthews.

She didn't do any too well the first week she knew this, as she was afraid to use her own judgment without his approval. But she managed to get along.

SHE was opening his mail one morning when she came across a strange letter.

"Dear Father: I bet you wouldn't know if you came out here now. I'm worth as much as a big boy now. My teachers are doing great. I wish you would send me a dollar so I could join the basketball team. I am well and hope you well. Your loving son, BOB."

She could picture a lonely little fellow out at school somewhere; wanting to see his father, yet half afraid to say so. She put on top of the mountain and said: "What do you think?"

"That is it," he repeated, "What did you think?"

"Why, I am, I am answering it. Oh! he said, and swung around to his desk.

"Take this please. My Dear Son: I received yours of the tenth—"

Jean gave a gasp and he looked up again.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought—"

"What do you think?"

"That's it," he repeated, "What did you think?"

"Why, I am, I am answering it. Oh! he said, and swung around to his desk.

"Here'll let me go now, sure, sure," he said. "Oh! why did I say that?"

He turned around quickly to her and held out a picture. It was a photograph of a boy, with a erect, serious face, and she smiled as she looked at it.

"That's my son," he said. "My wife has been dead seven years and he is away at school."

She looked at him quietly and was astonished to find instead of the gruff-

looking middle-aged man that she had always been rather in awe of, a fine-looking, alert, smart man of no more than 40, rather human-looking, too, entirely different from her first conception of him.

And he in turn was looking at her for the first time to really see what she was. A nice, pretty girl with serious brown eyes—and as she smiled—

"A charming smile," he said to himself.

"I'll get you to answer it," he said. "You will know what to say to him. Stop him the money, of course."

From then on Jean wrote to the little fellow regularly, and on a holiday when Bob came to the city, she took him to a matinee. She came to love him, he was such a dear little fellow.

On his next Christmas holiday Jean was to meet him at the station, take him to lunch, to a matinee and deliver him at the office to go home with his father that evening.

She was standing talking to Mr. Ames when a fat, jovial little man rushed into the office, a particular friend of Mr. Ames's.

"Hello! Busy?" he said. "I want to take you to lunch with me."

"I'm not particularly busy; go with you in a few minutes," Mr. Ames replied.

"Give the little fellow anything he wants for lunch, buy him toys, keep him busy," he said, "and I'll stand by a roll of bills."

"You know, maybe some shoes, a pair or two. Get anything you think he needs," Mr. Ames said.

"All right," she replied. "I have a list of what he needs and I'll take out two books to take back would be nice."

And Jean started out with a smile and a glad heart.

"All right," she replied. "I have a list of what he needs and I'll take out two books to take back would be nice."

Jean never waited for the sentence to be said. She stepped down from the door and into the street. She never knew how she got thru the afternoon with Bob, but when it was all over she went to her boarding-house and there she sold across the bed and was glad she had not done since her last doll was broken years and years ago. Her whole world seemed tumbling about her.

"She could've done it," she thought. "She would've, of course, she couldn't stop on knowing that she wasn't filling his shoes. She couldn't be so conscientious. Why did other girls leave?" she wondered. "What other girls give?" She couldn't tell Mr. Ames that she didn't want to stay on as a secretary, no, she couldn't tell him.

"Miss Matthews left to be married, but she couldn't be married if she wasn't even engaged. That was it, she could say she was coming and get her job somewhere else."

THE next morning Mr. Ames met her with his usual jovial greeting, saying: "Hello, Bob, how are you? You had some nice time with you yesterday and is planning for you to take him to another matinee on his next holiday in town."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ames, but I am leaving here," she said.

"You can get some one to take my place."

It was a tone he had never heard from her and he looked at her in amazement.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Summers? You look very satisfactory. I thought you liked the place."

"I'm going to be married," she said.

"Oh! Well, congratulations," he replied. "I'm sure I hope you will be happy." And he began to doze.

He was very disagreeable all day, not in words especially, but his tone and looks were so bad that she had to fight back the tears all day.

"What is wrong with me?" she thought. "I have had a very nice holiday. I spent a most sleepless night and went to work the next morning so listless and was looking that Mr. Ames was dis-

appointed to find instead of the gruff-

looking middle-aged man that she had always been rather in awe of, a fine-looking, alert, smart man of no more than 40, rather human-looking, too, entirely different from her first conception of him.

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"I'm sorry, he isn't in the city," said Jean, becoming confused.

"You—you look worried, Jean—Miss Summers. Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

"Why? Mr. Ames?" she said coldly.

"Fardon me, but—"

"He must now get some one to fill her place. But could any one ever fill her place with him? He had no denial of the fact to himself. He was indignant at the thought of any one but Miss Summers doing the things he wanted done for him and his boy. He decided.

He looked over all the girls in the office who did not, one, he decided, would suit him. He had advertisements inserted in different papers, but to no avail.

Then he began to think about Jean's private life. He had never heard her mention a friend. When had she met him and where? Was he young, good-looking? What had she been doing after office hours—where had she been going? To think that he could have been having the pleasure of her wonderful companionship. Why had he never thought of it before? Suddenly the thought of being without Jean forever became unbearable.

Maybe she was marrying some one because she was tired of being alone. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Was too late. He decided he would speak to her again.

"Miss Summers," he said. "tell me something about the man you are to marry. You know I am interested in your welfare."

"There is nothing to tell," she said. "Anyway my mind is made up. I am leaving here."

"Very well," he replied. "I will not leave here, either."

"And Mr. Ames, can I help you get a secretary? I would like very much to leave at once."

"Why, certainly, you can come when

you care to; by all means suit yourself. I can find a secretary without your help, thank you, Miss Summers."

"He would show her that he could get a secretary and had not bother her," he told himself. And he started to answering some advertisements in "Situations Wanted."

The next morning she came hurrying into the office late. She had never been late before and was just apologizing when he said:

"Take some letters"—so short and cross that she jumped and dropped a package on the floor. The rubber which was holding the package of letters together broke as it fell and the letters scattered over the rug. Half grudgingly he stooped to pick them up, while she had gotten quickly to her knees and was gathering them hastily together, when he stopped, looking at one that had fallen face up.

"This is my letter: I wrote it yesterday," he said as he recognized his handwriting. "Why the devil am you advertising for a position for? I wrote that letter in answer to a Want Ad in yesterday's paper."

"Well—" she stopped, blushing.

"Oh, you just wanted to get away from here? You are you are going to continue working after you are married and didn't want me to know it. Why, I'll let you keep the place. You must keep it if you have to work."

"No, Mr. Ames, I am not going to be married. I had to get away, and your other secretary left to be married and I thought that would be a good excuse."

"But why, why in the world do you want to get away? Aren't you satisfied?"

"Well, the other day I couldn't help hearing you when your friend asked if I was a nurse-maid; you said I wasn't a good secretary."

"Yes, and if you had just waited to hear the rest"—and Mr. Ames gathered her in his arms—"you would have heard me say 'but she's certainly made a wonderful wife!'"

THE END.

RALPH CUMMINS

FEVER horse had all the earmarks of an outlaw killer it was the hideous nightmare that some joking wag had named Angel Face. There was something about the rakish set of his little ears, and the diagonal placing of his red-rimmed eyes, and the sinister threat of his tossing head that always made me want to climb a tree. Besides, I knew a little of his history. Tex Gibson, foreman of the M A Ranch, had been told me about horses. But according to Tex the black and rearing wilder broken bones and hospital bills all attempts to make him into a respectable saddle animal had failed. He was reluctant about discussing the outlaw, but I could understand that; it was plain to me that Gibson had only himself fought a few disastrous rounds with Angel Face. But I didn't need to have anybody tell me about that horse. One



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taken with him upon our last location trip to the ranch, that he had tried to buy Angel Face. Trust the heart of the horse-lover is a mysterious thing.

And now, in behind the stables, this black-haired, spunked-up slip of a girl, whose purple rador had just followed our studio cars into the paradisaical valley of the M. A. Ranch, and who had gained the invitation to watch our picture making by asking Kerly to change a tire from which I knew she had purposely removed the air—she had just been gazing at me, and with a quivering nostril of Angel Face, I snarled and I think my heart lost several beats.

As I hesitated, fearful that my answering to the girl would be the signal for those grim jaws to clamp upon her hand, the young woman climbed upon the very top of the fence, fumbled within her tiny vandy case, and, with crooning invitation, presented a piece of candy to the eager horse. And while I stared and playfully rapped his little ears, when Angel Face tossed his head and thrust his nose against the girl's cheek I actually snickered.

"Then, I saw on the ground a piece of paper that had dropped from the vandy case. I picked it up, noted that it was a telegram, and even as I started to slip it in to her Kerly had been observing. It was dated two days before from Santa Barbara, and was addressed to Marianne."

Harrison, St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.
Kerly Carrigan Company will be up the tenth.
All at once I was so hot with resentment against this clever young woman that I forgot that I was a danger from Angel Face. She had deliberately planned to meet Kerly Carrigan. She had been notified by wire that we were coming up to the ranch on location, and she had awaited us with that low-down glare. Oh, I had seen things while we were changing the tire that she had turned out of the road was the track of an infatuated man. And while Kerly had been lighting under the bags, I had picked up a twisted hairpin from beside a woman's footprint in the sand, Marianne. A fine name! Suddenly my love for Kerly Carrigan, my square-shooting star, overcame my reluctance to discussing this girl's infatuation.

"Miss Harrison," I said sharply, and when she turned, startled—"you dropped something."

Her eyes took in the telegram and the twisted hairpin that I had taken from my pocket. "I blurted out sarcastically, 'Romantic!' in childish, letting the air out of a tire in order to meet your horse." "You—"

I broke off uncertainly for the red dust had flooded her face and neck. While I blinked at her embarrassed features, she climbed off the fence, looking angry, struggling for composure. At once I had only pity for her.

"I am sorry, Miss Harrison," I said impulsively. "But you—you're all wrong. If you could know of the endless line of girls who have tried much the same—tricks that you use, why, you would understand how hopeless it is. Frankly, a society butterfly like you has about as much chance of interesting Kerly Carrigan as you—"

As she was about to utter a word of stinging Angel Face, I then said she was her cool, self-possessed self again.

"I thank you for your—ah—advice. But I have gone too far to back now, no admit everything," she had followed Mr.

Carrigan's career in pictures—and just recently I heard something about him that made me want to see—to find out for myself—if. So I—I beaked my—my eye to let me know when you were coming to make pictures at the ranch. And I did something I was never guilty of doing before—I asked a man to change my tire." She gave a little laugh; then she sobered and her eyes searched my face with a grave questioning. "If you are sure of Mr. Carrigan—then you will not need to warn him."

I laughed at that. "Oh, don't let that trouble you. I wouldn't think of worrying him with such things. No, I'm just trying to ease you down to the fall you have coming."

"Strange!" I said. "She drew, as we walked toward the ranch-house and came to a halt, she turned, and she looked at his white dannels. 'One wouldn't think to look at Mr. Carrigan, now, or to see him in a present real-drama picture, that he ever rode outlaw horse, and slept in sweaty saddle blankets. One can't go so awfully much on the side that shows, can one?'"

She finished with a little shrug, and a sideways laughing glance at me. Now, what did she mean by that? It was as if she had seen by her remark when we reached the cottonwood grove in front of the ranch-house where the members of my company were powdering their noses.

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A Newspaper Reporter Solves a Strange Crime.

Shumway Stalks a Monster

By Edwin Baird

THORNTON PIERCE, city editor of The Evening Herald, opened the envelope of "dope," which a copy boy had brought from the "morning" and glanced through the contents, then directed his gaze to the members of his staff, seated at their desks in the local room. His spectacles eyes finally rested on Waldron Shumway, generally recognized as The Herald's star reporter.

"Shumway!" he called.

Shumway rose from his typewriter and walked briskly to the city desk.

"What you writing, Shumway?"

"Cheap little story of a west side stink-up. Worth eighty words."

"Turn it over to Kennedy. I've an assignment for you." Pierce picked up the newspaper clippings which he had removed from the manila envelope.

"Been reading the Springdale stories about the sheep-killing duck?"

"I've read them all," said Shumway.

"Great stuff!"

"I want you to take the next train for Springdale. There's one leaving in thirty minutes on the C. & I. That'll land you there before 5 o'clock; and you can file a postscript story on our early run tomorrow. Here's all the dope."

Shumway pocketed the envelope of clippings and looked at his watch.

"Any farther orders, Pierce?"

"No. The story may be a blomer—it reads like a hang-over from the silly season—but at least it will give you an agreeable outing."

Shumway, starting forth to cover the assignment, was persuaded he was entering upon a lark. He couldn't take the Springdale story seriously. It seemed a stupendous joke.

As his train moved from Chicago, he refreshed his memory with the newspaper clippings, beginning with the first one, published six days ago in a morning paper:

SPRINGDALE, Sept. 8.—Judson Ranney, a farmer living two miles west of here, reported today that one of his sheep was killed last night by a strange animal with webbed feet.

Ranney says he found the sheep dead, with its throat slashed open,

and webbed footprints leading thru the pasture to Duck Lake. The footprints, according to Ranney, measure thirty-five inches in diameter, indicating that the animal or bird, or whatever it is, must be of tremendous size.

Ranney declares he will watch for the unknown creature tonight with a loaded shotgun.

Shumway, smiling indulgently, returned the clippings to the envelope and read the next, which had been published two days afterward in the Evening Herald:

SPRINGDALE, Sept. 10 (Special).—Farmers of Duck County are alarmed by the depredations of an unknown monster with feet webbed like a duck's, which has killed two sheep owned by Judson Ranney, a farmer near Duck Lake.

Ranney, who has been watching for the thing with a shotgun, asserts he saw it last night skulking thru the trees at the edge of the lake, and emptied both barrels of his gun at it, but missed. He describes the monster as being fully ten feet tall, with an enormous beak, hooked like an eagle's, huge wings and possessing frightful talons capable of killing a man.

Ranney believes the monster is part fox and part animal, walking spright on its webbed feet, with its talons extended for prey. He says that when he fired at it the monster plunged into the lake and disappeared.

A number of Springdale people visited Ranney's farm today and saw the monster's footprints. These seem

to substantiate Ranney's assertion that the thing is of mammoth proportions.

Everybody is mystified, and nobody can give a satisfactory explanation of what the hideous thing is, or where it came from.

The farmers living near Duck Lake are organizing a hunting party, and intend searching the lake region for the monster's hiding-place. They believe it hides in or near the lake during the day, emerging from its concealment only under cover of darkness.

It first made its appearance several nights ago, when it killed one of Ranney's sheep by slitting its throat.

On the following night, despite Ran-

ney's vigilance, another sheep was slain in the same manner. In neither case did the thing attempt to devour the sheep, but apparently took content to suck the animal's blood.

Examination of the dead bodies re-

vealed that their throats were ripped apart in a jagged fashion, as if by huge claws.

The next three clippings, stamped "Sept. 16," were from the other evening papers of that date, and were substantially the same as the Herald story. He found six more stories, clipped from the morning and evening papers of Sept. 15, stating that the Duck County farmers had been unsuccess in their hunt for the "web-footed monster," but were pursuing the search with unabated zeal.

A dozen or so clippings of subsequent dates conveyed nothing further of importance—merely the information that the farmers were still seeking the "monster," which hadn't been seen since the night of September 9. Shumway, turning now to the latest tidings from Duck County, carefully read the following story in today's Herald:

SPRINGDALE, Sept. 15.—(Special).—The mysterious web-toed monster which has terrorized the farmers of this district has again appeared, after lurking in its lair for five nights, and today the country around Springdale is buzzing with terrific excitement.

Last night the unknown creature made a raid on the farm of Augustus



J. Klappenbach, slashed the throat of one of his prize cows, drained her blood, and escaped.

Mr. Klappenbach found the body of his cow in the pasture this morning, and nearby were the webbed footprints leading to and from Duck Lake. Evidently the gigantic thing had come from the lake, killed the cow with a ripping slash of its mighty talons, and then, after gorging itself with her blood, waddled back to the water.

All trace of it was lost at the water's edge, and the location of its hiding-place remains as obscure as ever.

The Duck County farmers had relaxed their watchfulness, believing the monster had left this region, and last night it caught them napping. With nobody on guard, it roamed at will, seeking its prey.

Mr. Klappenbach was one of the more zealous members of the searching party, recently organized, and has been hunting for the monster every day and watching for it each night; but last night, for the first time, he decided to relax and catch up on his sleep.

He slept soundly, he says, and knew nothing of the monster's visit until this morning, when, going to his cow pasture, he found the dead cow and the webbed footprints of the thing that had killed her.

The happening has revived the farmers' vigilance, and today they are seeking Ranney in this district, with redoubled determination to trap it. Their hunting party, reorganized, has been augmented by a number of townspeople, armed with shotguns, revolvers, and it seems reasonably certain that before the week ends the monster will be caught.

Mr. Klappenbach is one of the wealthiest farmers in this district, and specializes in blooded stock. The cow killed last night was a blue-ribbon Jersey, and had won prizes at the Chicago stock show. It was valued at more than \$1,500.

Newspaper experience had taught Shumway the folly of preconceiving an assignment, but in this instance he could not resist the lure of a wild goose chase. All this mystery about a "web-footed monster" was, he believed, largely the invention of the Springdale corre-



"I Cooked Both Barrels of My Gun and Aired the Monster in the Center, and Waited for It to Get Within Range."

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was killed last night. I wonder if I could see it tomorrow?"

Again the displeased expression flitted across Klappenbach's face, but his voice seemed amicable enough when he answered:

"I'm afraid that's impossible. You see, I sent her body to the tanner's. It's the best way to get rid of it. I'm afraid you'll have to see your lawyer."

"I understand you prized her highly?"

"Was one of my best breeders. All I ask now," said Klappenbach grimly, "is that if he pulled the weapon, I'll have a chance at the thing that killed her. If you understand I understand you, I'll go along with you."

"Sure! Mightily glad to have you. But you ain't got no gun."

"Oh, yes. I have. Shumway uncovered his hip pocket and displayed the butt end of a .45-caliber army revolver, which he had just bought in Springdale. "This will take care of me, I think."

Klappenbach, chatting pleasantly, accompanied them as far as the sea pasture, and there left them, with a cordial "good night," to cut across fields to his farm.

The two men walked on in silence, each deeply engaged by his thoughts. The sound of footsteps, padding softly behind them in the darkness, caused Rannee to halt and wheel sharply around.

"Oosh darn that dog!" he exclaimed, as a great furred animal snarled and crouched at his feet. "I told 'im to stay home and watch the house. Wait here until Mr. Shumway gets to lake."

"Backing the dog by the collar, he dragged him back up the hill and sternly ordered him to return to the house and stay there. The animal obeyed withal reluctantly.

"Tain't safe," he said, rejoining Shumway to leave the wife and kid alone in the house, without a protection. "Too many tremors about. That's the best watchdog you ever see, when he 'tends to business—and I guess he will now."

They went on the job, but Rannee, harn the wife and kid 'cept over his head back. And he went on to describe, with relish, an episode of last winter in which two bankhandlers, waiting offshore, and Mrs. Rannee, were attacked by the faithful dog, and considerably incensed.

Of this narrative, however, Shumway heard little, if anything. He thought of Mrs. Rannee. Suddenly he broke in on Rannee's easy-going talk with a to-the-point question:

"Do you happen to be acquainted with the sheriff of this county?"

Rannee, somewhat disconcerted by this singular interruption, gazed in blank surprise before slowly answering:

"Why, sure—why, Quince, live on Elm street in Springdale. Sure, I know 'im."

"Mighty likely feller."

"Muscular."

"In Mr. Quinn a strong man?"

"Rannee's unaccustomed brevity denoted he was preparing to ask the reason for the interruption, but he was vouchsafed no such opportunity. His eyes were staring, stimulated when reaching the edge of the lake, Shumway abruptly asked:

"What 'tude care of that?" Shumway placed his hands beside his mouth, and, pumping Klappenbach's name, moved briskly along the sandy beach toward the adjoining farm.

Klappenbach, uttering an answering shout and met him half way, and when Shumway explained he was desirous of visiting the clump of alders, pronounced the "monsters" lair, the broad-shouldered "gentleman farmer" readily agreed to patrol both beaches in their absence.

With palpable misgiving, Rannee sat in the prow of the canoe, while Shumway, with the paddle, laid out the craft in the direction indicated. "This is your own fault," muttered Rannee. "Can't see no sense in it—'all."

"But this and other like comments Shumway was serenely oblivious, but when he reached the alders, he laid the paddle across his knees and exclaimed:

"That's hot work. I think I'll give it up."

"O'ho! You want me to row? I asked Rannee, a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"No, I'm going to turn round and go back." With a quick twist of the paddle, Shumway swung the boat toward the nearest bank and propelled it rapidly in that direction.

As he neared the alders at the far side of the lake, he saw the moon had risen above the horizon, and a silvery light would be on the water.

"Hey! You ain't got the right way?" warned Rannee.

"Hey!" Shumway, paddling vigorously, kept straight ahead in his course, apprehensively eyeing the moon over his shoulder. "No, at all costs, avoid the moonpath, which soon would be a dead-end."

"It is conceivable that Rannee was beginning to lose his mind, but Shumway's mind, at the present moment, was never more alert than when he inhaled the excitement. He once had experienced a similar episode, following a mountain base, but now he was seeking bigger game, with infinitely more at stake.

Flushing the shore, paddling with noiseless energy, he guided the light canoe toward the bank, where, where they had come. Rannee, attempting to speak, was perceptibly hushed and ordered to remain silent.

Within fifty feet of the small quay, Shumway ran the canoe ashore, and, quivering with suppressed excitement, sprang out and handed along the sandy bank a number of dollars, stretching it eagerly. And then, quite suddenly, he sprang up and, looking to Rannee, who, utterly bewildered, was following at a moment's notice.

"My Gavey!" Shumway, in the pointed to the dead, glancing in the moonlight.

Extending diagonally across the wet bank, which an hour ago had been untouched, were a dozen of the mammoth wet-footed footprints.

"My Gavey!" urged Rannee. "It's been here again! I told you we hadn't oughta go away."

"Follow me!" Shumway cut in, and, drawing his revolver, hurried along beside the lake toward the hill.

As he followed the webbed trail into the thicket of trees, he heard the Scotch collie barking hoarsely near the farm-house on the hill—and then, abruptly, the barking ceased.

HIS revolver in readiness, he charged up the hill toward the house, with Rannee panting close behind.

The stoging fields were palely illumined by the moon, and Shumway, as he ran, swept his gaze in all directions. And then he saw a shadow on the ground, and the revolver to tighten. Almost at the same instant he heard the distant wailing of a woman, and he turned and saw Mrs. Rannee fly screaming from the house.

But he accorded her no notice. His attention was devoted exclusively to the tracks, which he was hurrying from the barnyard toward the woodlot beyond.

Of tremendous size, and hairy from head to foot, it was covered with what appeared in the dim light to be feathers, and, with its great curved beak, it re-

sembled nothing so much as a frightful bird of prey, exaggerated beyond belief. Altho he moved in an awkward fashion, somewhat like the waddle of a duck, Shumway saw it probably would out of the woodlot before he could get a good shot at it, and, mulling over his chance of hitting it, even at this distance, he said, in a hoarse, excited tone:

"There goes the varmint!" and blazed away at it with both barrels of his shotgun.

Taking aim as best he could, Shumway emptied the revolver as the monstrous thing as it fed in its ungainly manner and vanished among the trees. The first shot, following the weapon, he plunger after it up the hill.

He heard Rannee lurching hard behind him, swearing and muttering to himself, but he heard Mrs. Rannee, running toward them, scream something of which he caught only the word "Lilith." When she looked back over her shoulder, he saw both of them hastening toward the house.

Entering the woodlot, he was forced to proceed cautiously, groping his way, because, except for a stray patch of moonlight filtering thru the treetops, the darkness here was impenetrable. He stumbled on thru the underbrush, the revolver at his side, and, after a few steps, pausing every few feet to listen intently.

But he heard no sound, saw no living thing, and presently he emerged from the thicket into a sandy, treeless meadow, bright with moonlight. He swiftly swept his gaze across the meadow, and saw nothing save the clear moving in a gentle breeze, and looked back at a two-story clip. I fired twice. A flock of perplexity crossed his brow.

"What do I mind this matter," debating with himself whether to search the clover field or return to the wood, the stillness of the night was harshly broken by two thunderous reports in the direction of Klappenbach's acre; and in another moment he was running that way."

Skirting the woodlot, he cut across a cornfield back of the barn and thus came to an elevation that commanded a broad view of Klappenbach's acres; and he now held, hurrying toward him along a crevice, the broad-shouldered figure of Klappenbach himself.

KLAPPENBACH, breathing hard, was evidently much perturbed. "Did you see 'it?" he panted, as he came face to face with Shumway. "Horrible-looking thing! Big! Going at a two-story clip. I fired twice."

"Which way was it going?" Shumway interrupted.

"Right past here. Seemed to be coming from Jud's woodlot. Heading for the lake when I shot at it."

"I shot at it, too," said Shumway, again looking at Klappenbach, who, he missed, apparently.

"Yes, I heard you two firing. I was at the far end of my beach, and my man, Yonder, had gone to the stables for a look at the horse you heard your shot. I came running this way. But we're wasting time, standing here. Let's hustle back to the lake. We may get the thing yet." Excitedly reloading his gun, Klappenbach started briskly off. "Coming," he called.

"Coming," he called, and, swinging on his heel toward the house, "I'm afraid something has happened to Rannee's daughter. He may need me."

Quickening his steps to a run, he was rushing thru the small apple orchard at the rear of the house when his foot struck a heavy object, unseen in the darkness, and he tripped and fell headlong. Picking himself up, he struck a number of times, and the object was Rannee's dog, lying dead in a pool of blood.

Another lighted match disclosed that the animal had bled to death from a wound in the neck.

(Continued on Page 26.)

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Once, the Conjure Woman

By Peggy Poe

JOHN BENNETT was likable if he hadn't been for the mantle of doom that enshrouded him as death gripped him clinging to a corpse. His eyes were kind and his brown hair hung back from a good face; had the face not been creased and lined. He was tall, but ghostly thin, with long fingers that were nothing but claws. He was just in the beginning of his high noon, but his sun was setting and he knew it.

He entered the house he had bought and faced his wife. There was no use postponing the telling. She would be glad. It would not be the beating of hearts but of mere man-made ties. She did not raise her eyes when he came in—she was busy with her fat face and roux-pot. Lida was acting in a local stock company.

"Lida, I am going—there is no use trying to fight this out any longer. I am going to leave you." John dropped into a chair by the table. He had not moved his overcoat.

"I will get a divorce and maintenance." She laughed a little as she looked at the sick man. "That is, if there is any." She went on with the crimson stuff.

"It won't be needful, Lida; I saw the lung specialist today. There is no hope, save months at the longest, and I can't work much more. I received notice today that I am a menace to the crew at the ship. You are as free as the air you breathe. I give you the house—it signifies all that I have after fifteen years of struggle. You have your art. I wish I had more to give you." His white hands tightened over the cloth of the table.

"It's a Godsend that I have my art. Fifteen years ago when I married you after that mad night of the parade, I had all the shillor from Spain bringing me castles, and now look at you—well, at least I won't be bothered with you any more, you may get well." She deepened the color on her lips now and it seemed to John that it was blood she had there. "Well, if that is all good-by. I must have to hurry." She pushed her bedroom to finish her make-up, humming as she worked, with visions of the city and her absolute freedom. Her hands were a nuisance even if one was unafraid to them, and she knew that Lida had had three—she was sick of them.

John listened to the humming a minute and called her, "Just for old times sake, Lida, don't you want me to bid you good-by?" Certainly beneath her plea of form there was a tiny spark of consideration.

"You are too thin, you make me green and sick. I must not be molested with you. You play a very important part—I do not like to molest you. Just for old times sake, if you get well I'll get the divorce; if you die—well, bon voyage."

Five minutes later John was sitting on a bench in the little park which lay like a snapper with a fanciful rim among the residences. So this was the end. The bitter February wind lashed John more mercifully than his thoughts. Like an echo came the thoughts of his youth, not so many years past, but like a goosey. John sat in silence a few minutes. Oh, for a sip of the honey, a look into that paradise, then the rest would be easier. Like a wounded animal seeking his lair, John Bennett went to the train back to the place where security and love had been his thought. There to rest for a minute and then home. He had had nothing to lose.

IT TOOK practically his last cent to buy the ticket, but never had the heart of John Bennett been as high as it did as he swung from the snow-slush of Kansas City streets and found a seat on the train south bound. Weak as he was the plash stiffness of the cushions was a career. He went only to awaken his wandering eye at the passing stations. South, ever south, the train bore him on. There would be there, after those sixteen years? Would she even be living? Her red lips and gray eyes, a bit of color bled about the pallor of John's face as he remembered those lips and the way of their first kiss as she stood framed in a mass of snowy dogwood bushes.

When the porter with his wide mouth, bellowed the station, John Bennett was surprised for a moment. He had come for her, the faxen haired girl. He saw nothing but the little station at Montgomery, La., and a few loaves about the home port. With three months to go and nothing to do but wait for the seeking a vision, a vision of sixteen years past. A vision which must have been with the passing of the years and all loveless fates.

John turned about to face the situation. He found none. The merchant had secured the mail bag and gone back to his bacon and gristle. The depot agent

had locked the door and returned to his garden. Beyond the little northern village gleamed the mighty body of Caddo Lake. Entered with its border of cypress and studded with willow wet islands. There came but one thought to John now. The lake would make a quiet resting place. As he came to the end of the station platform, his thoughts were diverted by the moving of a huge dusty white car. Its wearer had been doing beneath the kindly canopy of the South-ern sun. He looked up and saw John. He stretched his arms, yawned and moved over.

"Howdy, stranger? Looking for some one?"

"No, not in particular. Wasn't feeling very well as I came down to the station. John sat down beside the white hat and the man. It was time to talk when one's limbs found it a task to carry a useless body to its rest.

"Reckon I must be coming down with the ague, been chillin' all day. Sun feels mighty good. Know any one about here?"

"No, I don't believe I do. Have you lived here long?"

"All my life, which is nigh to forty

part of her. She can make spells, Sh'. The native was pointing out nothing in particular on the lake.

The woman was coming past again. She wore a keg of hair on her back and a bale of fishing line under her arm. Even with the weight of the keg she walked straight and hard. Again her eyes sought John Bennett and turned away with a twitching of the mouth. Lida memories that come when a vault is suddenly opened. John looked at her. Her eyes were green, her face like yellow marble. Her hair, huge mass of it, was like grass that has long lain in the winter's wind. Her garments, faded and ill-fitting, were strained to hold their shape against the fullness of her body. The skirt trailed in a waddle behind her. Her feet were bare. A more unlovely creature had never passed John Bennett's path. Yet he felt as if the woman walked behind a mask. A million masks, choking back the beauty of a wonderful soul.

She was out of hearing now. Bennett saw her going down to the lake where a skiff was dragged high upon the sand.

"What makes you think she is a Conjure Woman?"

"It's a long story, she ain't always that way. Once she was the prettiest woman in this neck of the woods. Hair like ripe wheat, eyes kind o' like

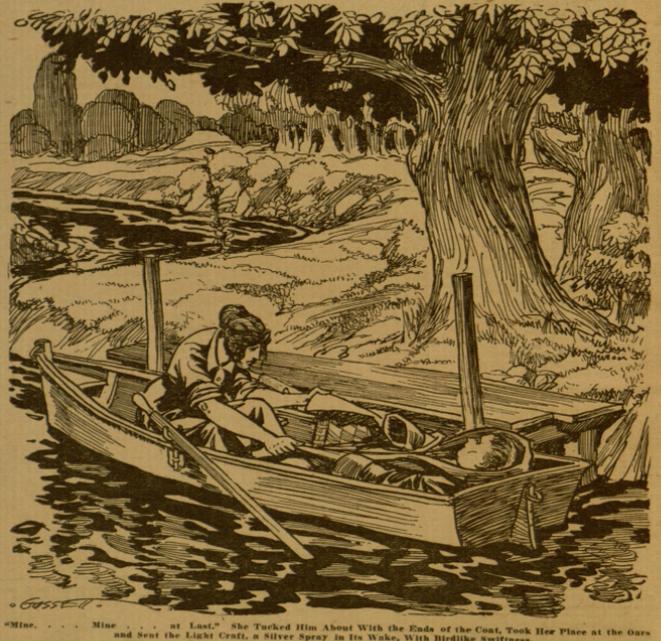
Bennet was watching the woman with the boat, and he sighed an answer.

"Strange, how men never know what they want."

"Well, he didn't come back no more. Guess he felt like I did the time I got sick on honey. Folks couldn't keep me off it, till I got enough, then I sure didn't want to hear even a bee hum. This woman wants and wants. Babby comes, pretty little thing, looks like him, black eyes and hair. Tood what's what her pa called her, the Victoria, was her name. Gets kind of better. But she tells my girl which I was victor, that he would come back to her, said 'chickens always come home to roost.'"

"That's natural, men are little wiser than birds or beasts."

"Well, that one didn't come home to roost; spect he fell into some one's dinner pot long before this. When he don't show up, Tood grows hard; she won't be friendly, the fellows about here were willing to forgive the part and take her. Let me show you love ain't bound by laws. Then the baby dies. I found her cutting a board into a nice white grave marker, and she says at how she is saving part of it for her own grave. The baby was buried on the island where she lives. Then her folks go, leaving her alone. She got harder to look at, snapping and snuffing to gether with. Then folks found out she could conjure them. Pap flicker was laughing at her one day. She cursed him and his boat sprung a leak. Pap comes mighty near to hanging. That's the only time she conjured folks. Lawdy, man, if she passes your fishing lines, and they want."



"Mine . . . Mine . . . at Last!" She Tucked Him About With the Ends of the Coat, Took Her Place at the Gurney and Sent the Laid-Up Craft, a Silver Speck in Its Wake, With Birdlike Swiftness.

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"The man slouched again beneath the sun. He saw safety in getting the other to talk. He did not want to be questioned, which was possible when the native got his mind again. He saw her, and she saw him. You know what that means, fire meeting powder. He felt like to save her for his family. Her'n tried to save her for her own happiness. But it wasn't no use. She said she'd blame the man so much, nor her either. He stayed about here till he began to get a daylight, then he took her with outdoor life. She was scared of so many buildings, and the cross streets of a town. She ran off and come home. He came after her twice, but she wouldn't go back with him. She told him that he found her here and here, but she wouldn't live. You can guess, that a man who has lived in these high-fluting places is going to get tired of water and willow scenery, even with the woman he loves." The native paused to bite a bite from the cigar. John

the sunshine in town. Guess I ought to have known, I was courting her night and day and prying between times. He saw her, and she saw him. You know what that means, fire meeting powder. He felt like to save her for his family. Her'n tried to save her for her own happiness. But it wasn't no use. She said she'd blame the man so much, nor her either. He stayed about here till he began to get a daylight, then he took her with outdoor life. She was scared of so many buildings, and the cross streets of a town. She ran off and come home. He came after her twice, but she wouldn't go back with him. She told him that he found her here and here, but she wouldn't live. You can guess, that a man who has lived in these high-fluting places is going to get tired of water and willow scenery, even with the woman he loves." The native paused to bite a bite from the cigar. John

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takes a notion, you ain't going to catch a fish that day. She's had meefing, man. She had her get hold of me for money. She's waiting to revenge herself on that man; it wouldn't be no use to dump her hate on me. Say! She can shoot the eyebrows off a flea, and twist her neck to look at. Well, Guess I'll be going. About five my old woman had bacon and cornbread ready. Better come along and have something to eat. Well, guess I'll be going. The man spat and got up. John Bennett declined the invitation given with true Southern hospitality. The Conjure Woman was busy with the fish lines, as one fascinated by a horrible picture, John Bennett watched her. He did not even note the direction the native had taken.

SO HEH had come all this way to see this old woman. He had turned back the post and found concealed a skeleton under drapery. There hid a bone, and had it. He rose to his feet. The woman he had left and the woman he had gained in marriage; they were both victims; one had sat at his feast and picked him of

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piercing scream of a horse came from the burning barn.

"I felt the big roadster strike the bridge, tore away a corner of the rustic railing, and slid into the road below. I went back to the barn. I heard again that terrific scream. I saw the smoke billowing with fright, come tearing out of the smoke and dash away. Kerby and the girl had been in the barn.

"Tex jammed the brakes hard down and was relieved to find that drove motionless long over the door of the car. Then I realized that the whole back of the roadster was alive with white-faced folk, who scrambled to the ground and ran for their smoke.

"Through a hole in the smoke clouds I saw the barn—a solid sheet of flame. Stumbling ran forward, my heart throbbing with despair. The fire-maddened animals would trample me to bed or kill me, and the girl would surely be caught!

"Then there came from out the smoke in front of me a strange party. In the lead was a boyish figure with arms around the neck of the frightened one. Just behind, the caricature of a human form, led the mare, whose head was muffled in the remains of a silk shirt. Yes, it was Kerby and Miss Harrison. In my mind I could only see the girl, who they burned the rescued animals over to the eager cupholders.

"They were a terrifying figure! Their white clothes and their faces were plastered with mud. They were smoking and burning upon Kerby's back, and Miss Harrison's black hair was curled from the searing heat. Kerby's flannel trousers were straining rage; the girl had lost her shoes and her bodice and skirt clung tightly to what had been white silk stockings. I looked to see them stop fainting from the reaction. But they were laughing into each other's faces with a childish unadvisedness.

"I knew I'd seen you before," mumbled Kerby. "Where was it—Cheyenne?"

"Friedrich!" laughed the girl, her grimy fingers pawing the hair out of her eyes. "I got you for candy."

"Yes." Full recognition came to him. "You're the Texas kid that won the trick thing of course—but what—"

"He puzzled gaze swung to the purple roadster.

"Oh—I woke up one day with too much money—and the panic fear that I'd been wasting my life. I'd been in for society, but—but I must 'a' been innocent, never did take right."

"You're done!" Her eyes fell upon Tex Gibson, standing upon the car calmly digesting the news that was working to save the bay sheeds. She giggled.

"Didn't think the old girl had it in her, did you, Tex?"

But Tex only chuckled down at her and shifted his attention back to the roadster.

Then Sam Tucker strolled up from a studio car that had just come down. He lifted and limped to meet Gibson.

"Say," snapped Kerby, and at the tense flash of his tongue, I hurried forward.

"We'll settle now which one of us pays for that barn!"

But I understood and stepped quickly in between them.

"Never mind, Kerby," I said. "It's my affair. Then I faced Sam Tucker. "So you threw a cigarette butt into that pile back of the barn? Well, I guess there isn't any question about who pays for that barn—me!"

Tucker tried to say something, but while he spluttered Miss Harrison came up beside me. I felt her firm fingers press my arm.

"There was no horse lost," she said, and I was sure she winked at me. "Let's forget it."

I saw understanding wipe the frown from Kerby's features. But my eyes were drawn to the great, black head of Angel Face, coming up slowly behind Miss Harrison. In his hesitating adoration, I thought I read his twisted shame for that panicky desertion, and as I sat his nose up and snarled at the girl's neck, I was sure to understand the secret of horse-love.

Miss Harrison gave a little murmuring cry, and threw her arms round the horse's neck. Then a frame of black metal, I saw her laughing, mud-splattered face peering out at us.

"No coming clean," she said to Kerby, but her eyes, full of earnest pleading, were searching my face. "My carriage, I would like you to picture in the old days when you were a real rider. I've got to say since then I haven't had a thought that success had ruined you—until I heard that you wanted to buy Angel Face. I had to find out—"

It was mischief now in the laughing glance that I saw at me. "I had to make sure that you were worthy—to own Angel Face."

Kerby nodded slowly. "Of course you have ridden Angel Face before—many times. You are the mysterious owner of the M. Ranch."

"Yes." Then she drew herself up very straight with the manner of one determined to confound the last bidder. "Mysterious because I was ashamed of what I thought was a weak horse. My homesick longing for this little reminder of the old days on the Texas ranch. Tex thinks I'm crazy, but actually I was a fool—I'm cured. Watch me jump into a suit overalls and make this old ranch pay its way. M-A—that's my ranch; and Mary Ann—that's my name—and I've

I get ashamed of either again I hope somebody'll take me out back of the barn and shoot me."

I wanted to laugh, but somehow my throat was dry and I coughed instead. As my gaze drew away to where the men were guarding the bay sheed, I heard Miss Harrison speaking softly to Kerby.

"You said that you—that you'd rather have Angel Face than anything else in the world. Well, I—her voice broke in its great earnestness—"I have found you worthy. You may have him—I give him to you."

I looked then at Kerby. His face was flushed and he moved uneasily. He had wanted to touch the doubtful Angel Face. Then he found close over the girl and said something so low that I could not hear. But I knew what he was saying in his characteristic straightforward frankness.

Kerby carried had found something that he wanted more than he did Angel Face.

A Breezy Tale.

An old sea captain was reproving his daughter for being out late in an automobile with that "lubber," as he called her beau. "But, father, we were in," she exclaimed. "You see, the wind didn't turn in one of the first gusts we had to wait until it sprang again."

The Girl He Should Have Married

By G. F. Overgaard

MRS. SPRAGUE sat on the wide porch turning the leaves of the family album for her niece, Lulu Beel, who was there on a visit. The album had pictures of Grandmother and Grandfather Sprague and Mr. Sprague when he wore side-burns and a side hair-part, and of Mrs. Sprague, herself, in a blouse and a lace bertha.

"And there's Wallie when he was a baby," said Lulu. "Wasn't he funny?"

On a few pages, she found Wallie's latest picture.

"They wanted one to put in the paper when he went into this insurance business," explained Mrs. Sprague, "and he ordered a few extras. Looks like him, doesn't it?"

"Sure does," said Lulu, admiringly. "With that head of hair, I guess he doesn't have to get it waved at the hair-dresser's."

"But he don't like it," said his mother. "He wets it to try to get the curl out."

She turned to the next page. The face of a young girl smiled out at them. Her

eyebrows were arched according to the mode of the moment, and her hair, too, was marcelled, but her eyes were straight-forward and good-natured. It was a face to be fond of.

"What a girl!" announced Mrs. Sprague. "She's the girl Wallie should have married!"

"Is it too late?" asked Lulu. "Is he in love with some one else?"

"No, and ain't likely to be," Mrs. Sprague turned the page with a sigh. "There won't ever be anybody else for Wallie like Nina. I'm sure of it."

"Is she married already?" Lulu turned back a page to look again at the girl of Wallie like Nina.

"No. But she's going with the Payne boy. He's home from Boston, where he goes to school. They say she'll marry him."

"What happened to her and Wallie?" Lulu closed the album.

Old pictures were not as interesting as a real romance.

"Everything seemed to be going all

(Continued on Page 24.)



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Three Free Rugs! For heavy wear spots bluish. At \$3.00 in, in full of range, sold for \$4.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$5.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$6.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$7.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$8.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$9.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$10.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$11.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$12.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$13.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$14.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$15.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$16.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$17.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$18.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$19.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$20.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$21.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$22.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$23.00. In the best of the range, sold for \$24.00. 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to be hidden, of course," babbled Happy. "Ahem," of course," grinned Dan, twirling a caulked finger in front of his unkempt face in a foolish, nervous, whirling waltz. Then he turned away to get on his hands and knees in the water. The Glad Hand carefully felt her way toward the mouth of the inlet. But the captain looked over his shoulder and shadowed for strangers, and he took the boat out to the anchor at the south and anchored for the night.

To the voyagers the island appeared empty, void of human life. The captain red-faced, watchful person, with but a few ineffective and resentful glances, marked the ship's coming while it was yet miles away. At his command, such assistants as he had, were sent out. They had quickly become one with the unsmiling shades of the forest. For several days, however, they were pretty neither in color nor contour had peered at the water. The ship, with the anchor in a canoe, in the dark hour preceding dawn, and very stealthily gone entirely across the boat, disappearing up the coast.

ABOUT 9 o'clock of the morning that followed, Dan Rodney and the Indians, with the crew save Frenchified, Lon Carter, second mate, and Jack Anon, went ashore to search for the other boats. Striking a trail that led northward across the mission buildings, they were in second night. The natives and Jude began singing black, but at the end of a half hour the people were suddenly spotted black, brown and olive men from every direction, and the people unlovely merrily were spilling still more unlovely zells.

Confederation and dismay fell upon the rocking adventurers. They, too, screamed and fled out, and the boat, composed of a few moments some very hot and grizzly things were done to the attackers. But the whiter were literally inundated by the numbers of the black and olive men, and the natives, some of whom are probably proselytes will be the final luck of all white men, if they do not cease murdering each other in war.

A very deprived, frightened and enervated group of people it was who were armed and with tied hands, was finally herded, in front of menacing guns, up the trail to the Mission—an old, dilapidated, minor parish school. But the women were unharmed, save that their vocal cords were frayed from screaming at the sight of the rifles, their muscles strained from resisting, and their fingernails sore from the friction of the black, brown and olive faces.

But, tragically enough, they were sold into captivity, and their male protectors equally helpless. There seemed at least a hundred black men and brown boys, then, simple, shallow, animal fellows, who had previously been good, kind, helpful and unselfish by the good padres, but now were swayed to bestiality by greed for money, and the common, stronger, viler men.

Leading the blacks and breeds were men of lighter cast, olive, russet, nondescript, an evil mixture from many quarters of the hot lands. One of them was one white man among them, white congenitally, the he was as earnestly a knotted lobster. Clearly he was first in command, a short but scorchingly broad-shouldered, heavy, hairy-fated Texan, a renegade from Brazil, with one blazing blue eye and a terrible knife-brand where the other eye should have been. He had been incarnate brutality during the middle part of his life, but broken English, who the day I told you, took me alive, the way I told you, took me myself. We are in dot business for money, for money, for money.

But there were several of the russet-bladed gentlemen, and three or four huge men who obeyed the orders in a mutual agreement with the bullet-headed Texan, called the "big boys," and when they contemplated Jim, Happy and Aunt Gail. The scarlet-skinned one seemed proceeding toward definite incense strike.

MEANTIME, down on the Glad Hand there was sudden activity. To the ears of Lon Carter, Jack Anon and Frenchified had come, rather faintly yet clearly to the wide island, the sharp crack of rifles and the heart-splitting noise of murderous yells and frightened screams. Horrified, the three men crept a yard and made for the shore-landing, they found the trail and followed it northward, hardly a step from the recklessly anxious.

Five hundred feet from the shore they were ambushed. The one-eyed Brazilian had seen to that. Lon Carter, who was in the boat, was the first to be overpowered by a strong vine strung across the path, and the next moment the yells of blacks and olives leaped upon them from the tropic jungle.

They followed a couple of very feverous and bloody minutes, then Carter and Frenchified were down and tied, but Jack Anon, with the rope in his hands, sprang over his position, tore himself out of the coils, and sprang into the brush. The growth, escaped. An hour later he found safety from the flowery thickets at a point nearly a mile westward from the

anchored ship. Following the shore westward he came to the little bay. There he very earnestly took stock of things.

He could see no one on or about the Glad Hand, but fancied that members of the crew of this astonishing island must be inside the vessel, or at least watching it from the shore. Beyond the power of words to express he yearned to get his hands on the key of the wireless. Where were Captain Wayne, Tom Kyle and Wayne Hanford? Somewhere beyond the fast-moving current, that shut down upon the ocean! But within the Glad Hand lay things of magic, things with which he could converse of speech. He must somehow come to these things.

Casting his eye over the riot of plant growth he found a vine with blossoms nearly as blue as the sea. Several yards of this vine he wound about his head, back and chest, and fastened the ends slipped into the water. He swam quickly and low in the azure brine, the visible part of him bleeding with the blue of the food. He went straight out from the east arm of the bay, then turned to the west and finally came in on the slow swells to the stern of the ship and shipped the end of the line.

As he pantingly climbed upward he felt the water of the sea, and the boat shooting outward, two blacks at the oars and an olive-jawed outlaw in the stern.

A few minutes later he was hustled himself and left with two-eyed blacks at the door. The boat vaulted them no more information than to say, loudly, that he would "quick come back."

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stern. A gun cracked and a bullet thudded against the ship below him, but the shot was long and wild, and he stumbled on deck without looking back and ran for the wireless-room.

He came gasping to the instruments and threw in the switches and began to adjust and call. How slowly all things moved, how miserably long it took to do anything in this world! Then he was hurriedly telling Tom Kyle on the Silver Gull, their capture, while everything about him seemed to swim in air.

Then a little quivering whip of fire lapped inward thro the open door and stung him on the shoulder, and he swung forward into velvety darkness.

At about the moment when Carter, Frenchified and Anon had fallen into Scarlett's well-trapped trap, Aunt Gail, Mappy and June were being savagely hustled into a room of the stone house near the church. Clearly it had been a private room, but now was Scarlett's apartment. The horrified ladies were quickly locked in by the one-eyed black at the door. The least vaulted them no more information than to say, loudly, that he would "quick come back."

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raging, but with arms tied behind them, presently were brought in. Dan nodded toward the altar at the other end of the big room, and muttered in his pain:

"Hold it back, lad! I'm no churchman, but that sort of talk don't sound right in here!"

"You've see 'out vat ve do?" glowered Scarlett. His one ferocious eye upon them. "Vat you come here for, anyhow? You think you catch us, eh?" Evidently he was going to finish with an oath, but glanced toward the altar and checked his mood.

"We came here to find hidden treasure," said Dan.

The best turned his bloodshot eye quizzically to the piratical-looking brown man and back to Dan. "Well, ve got it," he grinned. "But I think you not find it. You want more money and Jew money—old pirate treasure," said Dan.

"An' I speak of treasure vot ve want most as much," he said, as he fastidiously—"I don't care what you have or what you do with it," grated Dan. "I want to know why you have attacked us, and how long this outrage is to last?"

"Sofermind, ve see vot ve do. Maybe you stay mit us a year or two, until you get 'rough mit dis business; maybe not," made vague reply. "You got to be patient and draw his thick finger across his red throat and laughed. "You got tum nire boat, maybe ve palst her ashore. Use her. Maybe ve burn her and so on."

Foot Tortures

because of the new

Wagon

Foot specialists have just perfected a marvelous new invention—an invention—and that gives you the glorious feeling that he is actually walking on layers of air!

No longer need you suffer those terrible foot pains that leave you exhausted! No longer need you tolerate the aches and burning that make life miserable! No need you suffer those agonizing twinges in the arches and heels of your feet, nor those aches you have so often found in the real cause of most troubles—a tiny misplaced bone in the foot. Even the slightest displacement of this bone means terrible pain. But with this new invention you can gently work this bone back into place, with the result that every pain disappears—instantly—as if by a touch of a magic wand!

How startling New Discovery Corrects the Trouble—and Relieves Foot Pains Instantly!

MILLIONS of people have the mistaken idea that their severe burning, aching feet are due along with the burning of the arches. Other pains in the legs and thighs are also wrongly attributed to rheumatism.

But Science now proves that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by a displacement of the astragalus bone—a small bone at the top of the foot arches. This bone supports your weight, and when it is displaced, it causes a series of tensions and ligaments to pull your body back and forth, weakening. This may, under the most favorable conditions, be corrected at once. The result is taken arches.

The arches are really the "wagon springs" of your feet. When your weight falls on the foot, it falls on the arches. But when the astragalus bone gets displaced, the wagon springs get displaced, the arches are weakened, and the result is taken arches. As a result, when you walk, the whole body is pulled back and forth, weakening the delicate bones and muscles of your feet, causing all sorts of foot misery. Just as an automobile without springs would be a terrible nuisance to its user with your feet. The muscles of your feet are stretched, and the bones are placed under terribly unequal strains and conditions, and are tortured.

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches made no attempt to bring permanent cure. The new method is to bring permanent cure by using hand-operated braces or pads. These are placed on the foot when removed, the arch flattened again, and the foot is pulled back into its normal position. It was just as if you placed a very heavy weight on the spring wagon. Their worse fault, however, was that they made no attempt to correct the conditions that support the arches, these rigid pads actually pulled the arches down, because they did not correct the muscles.

How different is this marvelous new invention! It is made of a soft, yielding material in the form of a wonderfully light and springy pad, scientifically designed to support the arches, and slipped into any stylish shoe, yet were it a sandal, it would support the arches and give that it brings, you would never be aware of its presence.

Note the Instantaneous Results!

The marvelous new Alfath Arch Supports, which slip into your shoes, are entirely different from any other known or used before. There is no rigid support, no hard padding, no heavy straps, no laces; in powder, no trouble or inconvenience of any kind. The Alfath Arch Support is lifted gently back into place, and instantly restores the arches, and the bones and muscles are instantly relaxed, and all aches and pains disappear immediately, and the feet are made stronger and builds up the torn and weakened tissue, until the foot becomes normal once more! (Whether you have the condition or not, unnecessary, the supports to them)



Brings Permanent Relief

At the same time that the light springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the natural spring of your arch, the constant compression and expansion with every step makes the arch and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus doing away with the need of any artificial support back their old-time vigor and strength.

The beauty of it all is that results are evident in the natural arch, and these wonderful supports all pain vanishes and walking is a pleasure.

Even if you are not troubled with your feet, you will find the Alfath Arch Supports of tremendous value. Thousands of housewives,

clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand and walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue.

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Many people have paid specimens as high as \$100 for the benefits that you can now secure from the Alfath Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount. Furthermore, you do not risk one penny in trying them, for if after five days you are not more completely satisfied with the improvement in your feet, you may return them for a full, unqualified refund.

Send one cent. Simply fill in the coupon, bring sure to give the exact name of your shoe as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we fill hundreds in this way. When the postman brings you your order, it will be accompanied by a very low price of \$1.95 plus five cents postage. In full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. This special low price is being made for our introductory purposes only, and may never be offered again. Do not miss the opportunity day—now—and say Good-bye to foot pain forever!

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watch out for another sun or two." "You boys are Anglo-Saxon, that's plain. We won't wait for Ranford. Come on," urged the Captain restlessly, and they began skirting the inlet southward. Steeping as they went forward, for some distance, they hugged the rank undergrowth that fringed the inlet. Skunks that were strange to them in marking and color slid out of their way, and waterfowl such as they had never before took noisy flight. The warm air hummed drowsily with the wings of insects. Silently they crossed a bend of the lagoon, they stopped literally in their tracks. Not three hundred feet away lay two blue-gray motorboats, one at a crude little platform that extended out from the shore, the other beyond at a much larger platform, where boats of greater size might dock. Upon this dock were several cases of liquor, apparently

but recently unloaded, and back of it stood a red warehouse. "As the Captain and his two young aids started to doubt as to what course to pursue, there came from the south, in the direction of the Mission, sounds of gun-fire, interspersed with saucous yells and shrill screaming. For a few moments they listened and stood listening. Then with one accord they started forward at double-quick. They had not gone twenty feet when they perceived the doorway of the little storeroom three men, two olive and one black, who without having seen them, appeared in the doorway as if on a wild run along a road that led toward the Mission. Clearly they were spurred by anxiety to be in the fight, or whatever was occurring, at the central point.

With wild haste the Americans ran forward. Their purpose was not to pass at the submarine dock, but as they crossed the little landing platform, at one outer edge of the first submerged lay, a black-haired man in solid black, and with the same burnt leather, stepped up out of the open hatch around the moment his eyes fell upon the Americans he whipped a heavy revolver into his hand. David Whitpenn was nearest him, and a small instant later both opened their shirts under his arms. The big youth swung around as if struck a blow, but he caught himself and stood there as long as the other.

The man swung the revolver up again and covered David as he came. Another instant and the Whitpenn end of the fight would have been over, but a gun was concerned, but a bullet from the rifle of Adam struck the man as he directly thru the neck. The man's olive-brown face flashed a dirty gray as he ran around the impact of the lead, then the pistol clattered to the iron deck and he plunged into the sea. David's face, too, was grayish as he picked up the gun and looked at Adam. A strange light was in his eye. He hung the mace into the water and stopped to examine the revolver in his hand. "Looks like we might trust such other, don't it?" he said. "Come on, let's find the rest."

The Captain was racing along the road in the direction of the Mission, feet-footily the young mountaineers took after him. Ranford followed. In the direction of the Mission a wild hour was in the making. The one-eyed leader, with his four olive-brown and one black partners in crime, were mixing things very redly. Possession of Happy, June and Aunt Gall was the passionately disputed question. The outlaws had gone overboard, but they were debating whether or not to make an end of the men imprisoned in the church and of Jack Jago, lying bound in the hold of the Glad Hand, or to banish them to South Island.

They had not been able to agree on that question. Scarlet Brazil was for it, but so large a crime shook the courage of the others; it might involve them disastrously. At the moment the State Government, ending their operations beyond each had acquired the nice bunch of money they had visioned. These dockers held for the imprisonment of the men, for the time being. These were the evidences, the burning of the Glad Hand, after the removal of its supplies and valuables. Scarlet denounced these moderates as equivalent to load-porred snakes and other inactive creatures, but this was discussion of the disposal of the ladies that really started the fight.

The one-eyed leader, in a decision very tersely stated his personal control of the destiny of the American women. He was to have them all, and upon the porch of the old parish house, where the council was held. Immediately there was high-keed howling. Very direct and cruel blows were struck, breaking the bones in their force impacts. Crimson drops quickly spattered the floor and honest grunting interspersed the noise of porch breaking and the scuffle of heavy feet. Scarlet Brazil, being hard pressed, yelled to two of the giant blacks to aid him, and they should have done so, but they were with him.

Then the fight went thru the open door from a porch to a room, and from a room entered from the larger one, in a room where the fight was raging. Happy and June and Aunt Gall were locked. Here they had supplemented the blows by pinning the furniture against the door. They had made no special outcry until the carrying men came into the room, and heavy bodies began to thud against the partition and doors. Then the two colored women began to shriek. Aunt Gall, with a leg wrenchen from a wooden chair in her hands, stood next, quivering, very, very, intense, yet speaking quieting things.

It was at this stage of the conflict that Gideon Clay and Adam and David, followed by Ranford and his men, came fighting their way across the mission grounds thru a crowd of blacks, breads and outries. Also, it was close upon this vital moment when the bill of negro prayer furnished his way into the church, whispering and mumbling a prayerful thing as he came. In his

shaking hand was a knife. "Help him come," as he Lord late said. "The fight in angels does arrive ar an buzz" he said, "Year so the cords on Dan Hild's wrists and ankles. He put the knife in Dan's cramping hands. "Yo' ken loosen de bonds ob yo' brethren, while I pray," he added solemnly, and tottered toward the altar, prostrating himself upon its steps.

Very determining things happened directly, for it was Lord late that with those moments that Gideon Clay set heavy foot upon the unimagined steps of the parish house. Within the house were sounds that set his black wildly aflame, the brutal noise of brutal men in combat, and the wild screaming of his imperiled daughter. Adam Backwood and David Whitpenn were following closely. The three were marked with hurt and splashed with red. They went directly into the living-room of the house. It was a wrecked and crimsoned place. All of the leather-skinned brutes were down, save one, and the two giant blacks were laboriously putting this last one to sleep near the south end of the room. Scarlet Brazil was breaking down the door leading into the room where the white women were.

This was the scene that met the eyes of the Americans when they burst into the place. As the last leather-skin fell, the two blacks turned lustfully to aid Scarlet in forcing the barricaded door to the room of the women.

What they saw stopped them. There were white men's faces, and these faces that held eyes whose angry light stabbed thru them. They recoiled with the shock, but at once realizing the peril to their design, threw themselves forward, a knife in the clutch of one, a chair swung high in the hands of the other.

David and Adam met them squarely. The black with the macelets went down, the black with the clubbed macelets, which Adam was clurring, braced, which Adam was clurring, David, who had nothing in his hands, plunged headlong against the feet of the oncoming black, who went over him, sprawling half-way across the room. The nimble mountaineer—was up first, and as the black man started to get to his feet the youth carried him into unconsciousness with the chair that had been intended for himself.

The two panting feudists turned toward Captain Clay and Scarlet. To their last hour of life they will remember what they saw. Captain Clay was standing



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AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Fine Mattie Herbs, manufactured and digested, thousands of agents make \$100 per week. Write today. We tell you how. Dept. C. & A. 1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW in whirlwind letters. "Repeat" Washing Pow- der, Warranted clothes, 100% pure. Write for three away workbooks. Big profits. Exclusive territories. Write to: J. M. Kinnear, 211 Putnam St., St. Paul, Minn.

LARGE CORPORATION WANTS A SERV- iceable, reliable man to act as a store-keeper's warehouse. Excellent opportunity for steady work. No experience necessary. We also have attractive offers for agents. Write for particulars. For Sign Service, 147 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

PAIN IN 10 TO 30 DAYS. SELL BEAUTI- fully "Removable" Hair Remover. Write for full-out offer. Direct mail to wear- ers. Complete factory, 100% pure. Write for more time. Investigate. Nova Mills, Dept. C, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—NEW LEMONOUS GLASSWARE in plain, home numbers, glass signs, etc. Write for complete information. Write for prices. Your pay in advance; we deliver and we guarantee returns. Write for terms. Products Company, 72 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ill.

WE'VE STRENGTHY INCOME NO INVESTMENT. Profit territory, write! High Harper's brand, top. Free trial. Washes windows, brass, etc. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS MAKE \$10 DAILY—BIG LINE of guaranteed quality food products, pa- stasas, toilet goods, household necessities, etc. Complete factory. Free samples. Com- plete and instructions. Write for amazing big. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MARK \$500 DAILY TAKING ORDERS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

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AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS SELL SHOES DIRECT TO LADIES at home or at work. Paid selling line. Lib- rary—Special opportunity. Write for terms. Write-A-Rite Shoe Company, 549 Butler Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—LADIES GUARANTEED SILK suits, \$15 per pair; silk & wool, leather shoes, children's shoes, etc. Write for terms. Write-A-Rite Shoe Company, 549 Butler Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN PENCE for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LADIES GUARANTEED SILK suits, \$15 per pair; silk & wool, leather shoes, children's shoes, etc. Write for terms. Write-A-Rite Shoe Company, 549 Butler Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GIRLS. I & 2 B N dressmaking, 125 week, Sewing expert, 100% pure. Write for terms. Write-A-Rite Shoe Company, 549 Butler Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CARE MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time. Sewing machine, 100% pure. Write for terms. Write-A-Rite Shoe Company, 549 Butler Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

LADIES WANTED ANYWHERE CROCHET- ing, 100% pure. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

\$5000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS of dollars. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

1000 PRINTED CARDS AND CASE \$2.00 per 1000. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

FOR SALE—10,000 WRITE ANGORA RAB- bits from a prize winning stock. Must be sold. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS—FOR SALE for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

PRINTING for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

LAND FOR SALE for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

TEXAS LANDS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

FLORIDA for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

TRICKS—GAMES for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

STORIES WANTED for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—NOW AND where to find them. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

DOGS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

HUNDRED HUNTING HOOKS CHIEF for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

RAZORS AND BLADES for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

PERSONAL for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

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PERSONAL—(Continued)

THE RATE FOR ONE INSERTION IN THE SATURDAY Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 14 cents a word, including 14 cents for initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and location of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PRO- ceedings. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LAR- ge. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

1000 AUSTRIAN KRONEN OR POLISH for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

WOMEN LEAVING MATRIMONIAL CLUB for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN CORRESPOND- ing. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when you receive sample. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECT- ing. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MARRY. BUSINESS GIRL, ST. WORTH \$75 per week. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES, for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PHO- tos and descriptions of beautiful ladies. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

FOR HOBOHOPE WITH HIGHER for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MARRY. MANY RICH. PARTICULARS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

DICTIONARY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

CHANDLER'S MAGAZINE—LEADING MAT- rimonial and correspondence publication. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

DESIRED GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN COE- for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

WEDNESDAY, WEDNESDAY \$100.00 WANTS for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY WIDOWER, for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY, WOULD RE- spond, write. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

BUSINESS MAN, \$6,000.00. CONFIDENTIAL for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

FREE MARRIAGE—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- for 1000 packages of soap. Write for terms. Complete factory. Write for terms. Making up to \$25 daily. Investigate this week. Write: Newark News, 125 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

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MISSING PERSONS

A Department devoted to aiding readers of the Chicago Ledger in finding lost persons.

Rupture?— Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You
—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told
—You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding
Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success.

Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. There is no better guide in life than the experience of others.

Below are a few letters picked, all from our 1921 files, and coming from all sections of the country. They cover the experience of men, women and children.

Some of them may prove of interest to you. We have thousands of similar letters, all of them telling the gratitude and joy felt by the writers over the relief and cures brought by the Brooks Appliance.

Read them and try to imagine your own joy if you, too, had found all your rupture troubles over.

Does Heavy

Construction Work

Haverhill, Mass., 89 Water St.,
July 29, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—It has been nearly a year and a half since I wore any Appliance and I feel I am completely cured. As a carpenter on heavy mill construction and I have never felt any effects from the rupture since. The work alone is enough to give it a thorough test. Whenever I can say a word in praise for your Appliance I will very readily do so, and if you should ever have an opportunity to use this letter for reference I would be pleased to have you.

Eugene L. Hefson.

So Reasonable in Price

Oswego, Ill., Box 53, Van Buren St.,
July 7, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—I am pleased to inform you that your Appliance absolutely cured me and I truthfully recommend it to anyone that is ruptured. Thank you for the wonderful cure that your Appliance gave me and as it will be of reach of everybody, I should surely think they would get one. If this will help you along you can use it as you wish.

With Best Wishes,
David T. Matthews.

"I Believe Your Appliance Will Cure Any Rupture"

Lansing, Mich., 911 Princeton Ave.,
August 19, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—I bought an Appliance of you about a year ago and as I haven't worn it for the past three months, I consider myself cured. I was so excited to write until I could test it longer and I am so thankful I can ever believe that your Appliance will cure any rupture if they will put it on and wear it. I wish that everyone suffering from rupture could know of this cure.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Carrie B. Morgan.

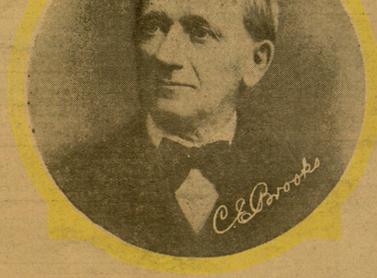
"Cured in 10 Months"

Toston, Mont., Box 81,
March 3, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—The Appliance which I purchased from you last spring entirely cured me of my rupture after wearing it for 10 months. I can do work now and not be troubled in any way. You may use this letter as reference if it will be of any good to you.

Yours truly,
Elmer E. Ross.



The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 20 Years Ago, and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today for the Brooks Appliance. Marshall, Mich.

"Thought We Would Try Your Appliance First"

Princeton, Minn., R. No. 5,
April 24, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—Our little girl became ruptured about three years ago. The Doctor said an operation would be about the only cure for her, but we thought we'd try your Appliance first. After wearing it about one year she was cured. She isn't worn it now for over a year and hasn't perfectly cured. Use my name in any manner for the benefit of those who are suffering. With best wishes,
Wm. Veddars.

Experience of a Molder

Dayton, Ohio, 323 1/2 E. 2nd St.,
February 14, 1921.

Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Gentlemen—About a year and a half ago I bought an Appliance of you and it has cured me of my rupture. Haven't worn it since October 22nd and feel as if I am entirely cured. I am a molder and did heavy work during that time. I am recommending your Appliance to all I know. Yours truly,
C. J. Robison.

Cannot Express Gratitude Felt

Mattoon, Wis., Box 605,
April 16, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—I cannot find words to express my gratitude—all I can say is "Thanks to your Appliance." It has done wonders for me. It is a year and four months since he was ruptured and after wearing your Appliance four months it disappeared. You can use this in your testimonials. Truly yours, Frank Beck.

"Two Physicians Pronounced Him Cured"

Baraboo, Wis., 522 Elizabeth St.,
June 29, 1921.

Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.

Dear Sirs—Over a year ago I purchased a Double Appliance for my infant son. He then had a bad rupture, weighed 9 lbs. and was 1 month old. I never saw the rupture after putting your Appliance on him and two physicians pronounce him cured. For a month he has not had the Appliance on and I now feel he is absolutely cured. I am writing this in case you might wish to refer someone to me who also has a ruptured baby.
Mrs. J. W. Troy.

Remember

Never on sale in stores, as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark, bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or unsightly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture you by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliance are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. We guarantee your comfort at all times and in all positions and sell every Appliance with this positive understanding.

"Tried All Kinds of Trusses"

Gordon, Neb., R. No. 1,
January 8, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—I tried all kinds of trusses without any relief until I bought your Appliance. When I sent for the Appliance I thought it was like all other trusses, but soon it relieved me. I wore your Appliance a long time, being afraid to go without it, but am completely cured. I will be glad to answer any inquiry that is made and words toll how thankful I am.

Sincerely yours,
Gust Nordwall.

"Have Done All Kinds of Work"

Monson, Maine, Box 22,
March 15, 1921.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir—I have been two years and over since I wore my Appliance and have done all kinds of work—and have felt none ever since. It's the best Appliance I ever had and will encourage everyone I see that has a rupture to get on of your Appliance. Yours,
J. W. Russell.

FREE Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Co.,
260 N. 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.....
R. P. D. City..... State.....