

"We are advertised
by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food Babies



Clifford G. Stombaugh—Avon, Ill.



Sardon W. Abrahams—Cleveland, O.

Send today for our instructive book.

"The Care and Feeding of Infants"

also a Free Trial Bottle of
Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

Play the Hawaiian Guitar Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.

An Ideal Christmas
Gift



Send Coupon NOW
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway New York
I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR.
Please send complete information, special price
offer, etc., etc.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State..... McCl.
Write your name and address clearly.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep Mothers Rest After Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples
address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

McCLURE'S

Volume 52
HERBERT KAUFMAN
President
EDGAR G. Sisson
Vice-President

Number 11
GEORGE L. STORM
Chairman of the Board
B. G. SMITH
Secretary and Treasurer

Contents for December

- The Cure for Pessimists . Herbert Kaufman 5
- Boob's Progress (Short Story) . Walter Jones 6
Illustrations by Lee Conrey
- Religion and Psychic Research . Sir Oliver Lodge 9
Illustration by Lejaren Hiller
- Sundered Hearts (Short Story)
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse 10
Illustrations by May Wilson Preston
- The Isle of Complexities . Julian Street 13
- The Love Strike (Short Story) Henry Irving Dodge 16
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg
- Clyde Fitch's Bric-à-brac Days . Montrose J. Moses 19
- The Man, the Tiger and the Snake (Serial)
Ferdinand Reyher 21
Illustrations by Pruett Carter
- McClure's 15 Cents Again—Announcement 24
- The Throw-Back (Short Story)
Robert Husted Chambers 25
Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer
- The Government's Ethical Trade School
C. L. Alsberg and Donald Wilhelm 27
- The Wanderer of the Wasteland (Serial) Zane Grey 28
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton
- Safety and Seven Per Cent . Paul Tomlinson 51

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1920, by McClure's Magazine, Incorporated, New York, 25 West 44th Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, \$3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, \$4.00 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th St., New York



NEW-SKIN

"A Drop of Prevention"

Keep a bottle of New-Skin in
the medicine chest at home,
in your desk, in your handbag.

New-Skin forms an antiseptic
protection over little skin
injuries which keeps out the
germs and assists in the
healing process.

15c. and 30c. At all Druggists.

NEWSKIN COMPANY

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Pick the Job You Want

Explain how I can qualify for positions checked:

Architect	\$5,000 to \$15,000	Lawyer	\$15,000 to \$25,000
Building Contractor	\$5,000 to \$10,000	Mechanical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000
Automobile Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	Ship Superintendent	\$2,000 to \$5,000
Automobile Repairman	\$2,500 to \$4,000	Employment Manager	\$4,000 to \$10,000
Civil Engineer	\$5,000 to \$15,000	Steam Engineer	\$2,000 to \$4,000
Structural Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	Foreman's Course	\$2,000 to \$4,000
Business Manager	\$5,000 to \$15,000	Photoplay Writer	\$2,000 to \$4,000
Cer. Pub. Accountant	\$7,000 to \$15,000	Sailor's Course	\$2,000 to \$4,000
Accountant and Auditor	\$2,500 to \$7,000	Telephone Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
Draftsman and Designer	\$2,500 to \$4,000	Telegraph Engineer	\$2,500 to \$5,000
Electrical Engineer	\$4,000 to \$10,000	High School Graduate	In Two Years
General Education	In one year	Fire Insurance Expert	\$1,000 to \$5,000

Name..... Address.....

You Want More Money

You want one of the big jobs listed above. You want promotion and constantly increasing salary. You want your position to be permanent. You say: "OK, course I do, but how?" There is no secret formula for success. You will be surprised how easy it is to get ahead, once you are shown how. Check the job you want, send us the coupon and we will explain, without obligation to you, how to get the job you want.

Dept. G-456

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO

TYPEWRITING NOW TAUGHT THE NEW WAY

Become an Expert, earn big wages—
treble your speed—a few lessons by
mail. Entire Course at a small tuition
fee—payable monthly. Complete busi-
ness training included FREE. Write
for free booklet on typewriting.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL

782 College Hill

Only
Ten
Easy
Lessons

Springfield
Ohio

Only
Ten
Easy
Lessons

*Every Instalment
A Story in Itself*

The Wanderer of the Wasteland by Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

MAGDALENE VIREY had been brought to Death Valley by her husband, and placed in a hut built on a site where sooner or later it would be crushed by rolling stone.

"Virey knows Death Valley is a hell on earth," she told Adam Larey. "That is why he brought me . . . That is why I came."

Adam had had many strange adventures since he quarreled with an unscrupulous domineering elder brother, shot him and fled to the desert, but none as strange as this.

He found Magdalene Virey alone in the hut; he found Virey miles away overcome by the poison air of Death Valley and packed him back to camp.

The husband, when he recovered, at once resented Adam's presence. The attitude of the woman was odd; she seemed to feel the need of him, yet she appeared to fear the result of his presence.

Adam did not know what he could do to aid this unfortunate woman, but he had promised Dismukes, a prospector who had saved him from starvation, that he would help if he could and he decided to stay.

"As a man who was once a gentleman, I thank you for saving my life — which is a courtesy due my past," said Virey. "But now that you have put me in debt for a service I didn't want, why do you linger here?"

"I wish to help your wife," Adam replied.

"Ah! That's frank of you. That frankness is something for which I really thank you. But you'll pardon me if I'm inclined to doubt the idealistic nature of your motive to help her."

ALL the rest of that day Adam's ears seemed full of bells.

At sunset he cooked supper for the Vireys, satisfying his own needs after they had finished. Virey talked lightly, even joked about the first good meal he had sat down to on the desert. His wife, too, talked serenely, sometimes with faintly subtle mockery, as if she had never intimated that a dividing spear threatened her heart. That was their way to hide truth and emotion when they willed. But Adam was silent.

Alone, out under the shadow of the towering gate to the valley, Adam strode to and fro, absorbed in a maze of thoughts that gradually cleared, as if by the light of the solemn stars and virtue of the speaking silence. He had chanced upon the strangest and most fatal situation in all his desert years. Yes, but was it by chance? Straight as an arrow he had come across the barrens to meet a wonderful woman who was going to love him, and a despicable man whom he was going to kill. That seemed the fatality which rang in his ears, shone in the accusing stars, hid in the heavy shadows. It was a matter of feeling — this terrible presagement.

His intelligence could not grasp it. Had he been in Death Valley four days or four months? Was he walking in his sleep, victim of a nightmare? The desert, faithful always, answered him. This was nothing but the flux and reflux of human passion, contending tides between man and woman, the littleness, the curse, the terror, and yet the joy of life. Death Valley yawned at his feet, changeless and shadowy, awful in its solemnity of solitude, its voicelessness, its desolation that had been desolation in past ages. He could doubt nothing there. His thoughts seemed almost above human error. A spirit spoke for him.

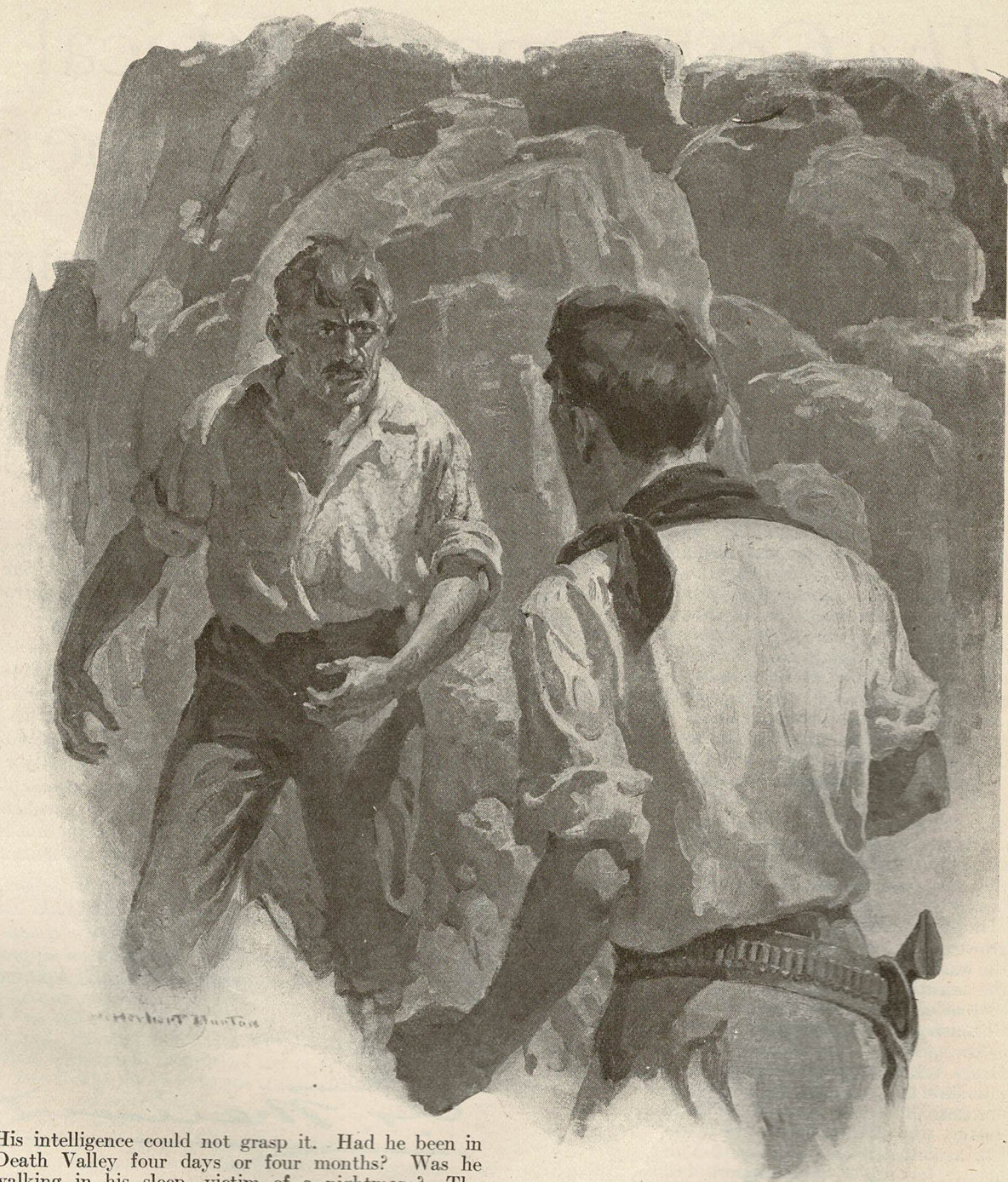
Virey had dragged his wife to this lonely and dismal hell-hole on earth to share his misery, to isolate her from men, to hide her glory of charm, to gloat over her loneliness, to revenge himself for a wrong, to feed his need of possession, his terrible love that had become hate, to watch the slow torture of her fading, wilting, drooping in this ghastly valley, to curse her living, to burn endlessly in torment because her soul would elude him forever, to drive her to death and to die with her.

Death Valley seemed a harmonious setting for this tragedy and a fitting grave for its actors. The worst in nature calling to the darkest in mankind! What a pity Virey could not divine his littleness — that he had been a crawling maggot in the peopled ulcer of the world — that in the great spaces where the sun beat down was a fiery cleansing!

But Magdalene Virey was a riddle beyond solving. Nevertheless Adam pondered every thought that would stay before his consciousness. Any woman was a riddle. Did not the image of Margarita Arallanes flash up before him — that dusky-eyed, mindless, soulless little animal, victim of nature born in her? Adam's thought halted with the seeming sacrilege of associating Magdalene Virey with the memory of the Mexican girl. This Virey woman had complexity — she had mind, passion, nobility, soul. What had she done to earn her husband's hate? She had never loved him — that was as fixed in Adam's sight as the North Star. Nor had she loved another man, at least not with the passion and spirit of her wonderful womanhood. Adam divined that with the intensity of feeling

which the desert loneliness and solitude had taught him. He could have felt the current of any woman's great passion, whether it was in torrent, full-charged and devastating, or at its lowering ebb. But, as inevitable as life itself, there was the mysterious certainty that Magdalene Virey had terribly wronged her husband. How? Adam had repudiated any interest in what had driven them here; not until this moment had he permitted his doubt to insult the woman. Yet how helpless he was! His heart was full of unutterable pity. As a man, he could never have loved Magdalene Virey, but as a brother he was yearning to change her, save her. What else in life was worth living for, except only the dreams on the heights, the walks along the lonely trails? By his own agony he had a strange affinity for any one in trouble, especially a woman, and how terribly he saw the tragedy of Magdalene Virey! And it was not only her death that he saw. Death in a land where death reigned was nothing. For her he hated the certainty of physical pain, the turgid pulse, the red-hot iron band at the temples, the bearing-down of weighted air, the drying-up of flesh and blood. More than all he hated the thought of the death of her spirit while her body lived. There would be a bloodless murder long before her blood stained Virey's hands.

But this thought made Adam pause. Was he not dealing with a personality beyond his power to divine? What did he know of this strange woman? He knew naught, but felt all. She was beautiful, compelling, secretive, aloof and proud, magnificent as a living flame. She was mocking because knowledge of the world, of the frailty of women and falsity of men, had been as an open page. She had lived in sight of the crowded mart, the show-places where men and women passed, knowing no more of earth than that it was a place for graves. She was bitter because she had drunk bitterness to the dregs. But the sudden up-flashing warmth of her, forced out of her reserve, came from a heart





Virey, hissing and panting in a frenzy, scrambled to his feet. In that moment he had no fear of man or devil. The desert rage was on him

of golden fire. Adam constituted himself an omniscient judge, answerable only to his conscience. By all the gods he would be true to the truth of this woman!

Never had she been forced into this desert of desolation. That thought of Adam's seemed far back in the past. She had dared to come. Had Death Valley and the death it was famed for any terrors for her? By the side of her husband she had willingly come, unutterably despising him, infinitely brave where he was cowardly, scornfully and magnificently prepared to meet any punishment that might satisfy him. Adam saw how in this, Magdalene Virey was answering to some strange need in herself. Let the blind, weak, egoist Virey demand the tortures of the damned! She would pay. But she was paying also a debt to herself. Adam's final conception of Magdalene Virey was that she had been hideously wronged by life, by men—that in younger days of passionate revolt she had transgressed the selfish law of husbands—that in maturer years with the storm and defeat and disillusion of womanhood, she had risen to the heights, she had been true to herself, and with mockery of the man who could so underestimate her, who dared believe he could make her a craven whimpering guilty wretch, she had faced the desert with him. She had seen the great love that was not love change to terrible hate. She had divined the hidden motive. She let him revel in his hellish secret joy. She welcomed Death Valley.

Adam marveled at her unquenchable spirit, her sublime effrontery. And he hesitated to turn that spirit from its superb indifference. But this vacillation in him was weak. What a wonderful experience it would be to embody in Magdalene Virey the instinct, the strife, the nature of the desert! With her mind, if he had the power to teach, she would grasp the lesson in a single day.

And lastly, her unforgettable implication, "the crowning agony", of what he might bring upon her. There could be only one interpretation of that—love. The idea thrilled him, but only with wonder and pity. It took possession of Adam's imagination. Well, such love might come to pass! The desert storms bridged canyons with sand in one day. It was a place of violence. The elements waited not upon time or circumstance. The few women Adam had come in contact with on the desert had loved him. Even the one-eyed Mojave Jo, that hideous, unsexed, monstrous deformity of a woman, whom he had left groveling in the sand

at his feet, shamed at last before a crowd of idle gaping vile men,—even she had awakened to this strange madness of love. But Adam had not wanted that of any woman, since the poignant moment of his youth on the desert, when the dusky-eyed Margarita had murmured of love so fresh and sweet to him: "Ah, so long ago and far away!"

Least of all did Adam want the love of Magdalene Virey. "If she were young and I were young! Or if she had never . . ." Ah! even possibilities, like might-have-beens, were useless dreams. But the die was cast. Serve Magdalene Virey he would, and teach her the secret of the strength of the sand-wastes and the lonely hills, and that the victory of life was not to yield. Fight for her, too, he would. In all the multiplicity of ways he had learned, he would fight the solitude and loneliness of Death Valley, the ghastliness so inimical to the creative life of a woman, the heat, the thirst, the starvation, the poison air, the furnace wind, storm and flood and avalanche. Just as naturally, if need be, if it fatefully fell out so, he would lay his slaying hands in all their ruthless might upon the man who had made her dare her doom.

When next morning at sunrise hour Adam presented himself at the Virey camp, he was greeted by Mrs. Virey, seemingly a transformed woman. She wore a riding-suit, the worn condition of which attested to the rough ride across the mountains. What remarkable difference it made in her appearance! It detracted from her height. And the slenderness of her, revealed rather than suggested, as did her gowns, much of grace and symmetry. She had braided her hair and let it hang. When the sun had tanned her white face and hands, Magdalene Virey would really be transformed.

Adam tried not to stare, but his effort was futile.

"Good morning," she said, with a bright smile.

"Why, Mrs. Virey, I—I hardly knew you," he stammered.

"Thanks. I feel complimented. It is the first time you've looked at me. Shorn of my dignity—no, my worldliness, do I begin well, desert man? . . . No more stuffy dresses clogging my feet! No more veils to protect my face! Let the sun burn!—I want to work. I want to help. I want to learn. If madness must be mine, let it be a madness to learn what in this God-forsaken land ever made you the man you are. There, Sir Wansfell, I have flung down the gauge. . . ."

"Very well," replied Adam, soberly.

"And now," she continued, "I am eager to work. If I blunder, be patient. If I am stupid, make me see. And if I faint in the sun or fall beside the trail, remember, it is my poor body that fails, and not my will."

So, in the light of her keen interest, Adam found the humdrum mixing of dough and the baking of bread, a pleasure and a lesson to him, rather than a task.

"Ah! how important are the homely things of life!" she said. "A poet said, 'The world is too much with us', . . . I wonder did he mean just this? We grow away from or never learn the simple things. I remember my grandfather's farm—the plowed fields, the green corn, the yellow wheat, the chickens in the garden, the mice in the barn, the smell of hay, the smell of burning leaves, the smell of the rich brown earth. . . . Wansfell, not for years have I remembered them. Something about you, the way you worked over that bread, made me remember. . . . Oh, I wonder what I have missed!"

"WE all miss something. It can't be helped. But there are compensations, and it's never too late."

"You are a child, with all your bigness. You have the mind of a child."

"That's one of my few blessings. . . . Now you try your hand at mixing the second batch of dough."

She made a picture on her knees, with her sleeves rolled up, her beautiful hands white with flour, her face beginning to flush. Adam wanted to laugh at her absolute failure to mix dough, and at the same moment he had it in him to weep over the earnestness, the sadness, the pathetic meaning of her.

Eventually they prepared the meal, and she carried Virey's breakfast in to him. Then she returned to eat with Adam.

"I shall wash the dishes," she announced.

"No," he protested.

Then came a clash. It ended with a compromise. And from that clash Adam realized he might dominate her in little things, but in a great conflict of wills she would be the stronger. It was a step in his own slow education. There was a constitutional difference between men and women.

Upon Adam's resumption of the work around the shack, Mrs. Virey helped him as much as he would permit, which by mid-day was somewhat beyond her strength. Her face sunburned rosily and her hands showed the contact with dirt, and her boots were dusty.

"You mustn't overdo it," he advised. "Rest and sleep during the noon hours."

She retired within the shack and did not reappear till the middle of the afternoon. Meanwhile, Adam had worked at his tasks, trying the while to keep an eye on Virey, who wandered around aimlessly over the rock-strewn field, idling here and plodding there. Adam saw how Virey watched the shack; and when Magdalene came out again he saw her and grew as motionless as the stone where he leaned. Every thought of Virey's must have been dominated by this woman's presence, the meaning of her, the possibilities of her, the tragedy of her.

"Oh, how I slept!" she exclaimed. "Is it work that makes you sleep?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Ah! I see my noble husband standing like Mephistopheles, smiling at grief. . . . What's he doing over there?"

"I don't know, unless it's watching for you. He's been around like that for hours."

"Poor man!" she said, with both compassion and mockery. "Watching me? What loss of precious time—and so futile! It is a habit he contracted some years ago. . . . Wansfell, take me down to the opening in the mountain, so that I can look into Death Valley."

"Shall I ask Virey?" queried Adam, in slight uncertainty.

"NO. Let him watch or follow or do as he likes. I am here in Death Valley. It was his cherished plan to bury me here. I shall not leave until he takes me—which will be never. For the rest, he is nothing to me. We are as far apart as the poles."

On the way down the gentle slope Adam halted amid sun-blasted shrubs, scarcely recognizable as greasewood. Here he knelt in the gravel to pluck some flowers so tiny that only a trained eye could ever have espied them. One was a little pink flower with sage-color and sage-odor; another a white daisy, very frail, and without any visible leaves; and a third was a purple-red flower, half the size of the tiniest buttercup, and this had small dark green leaves.

"Flowers in Death Valley!" exclaimed Mrs. Virey, in utter amazement.

"Yes. Flowers of a day! They sprang up yesterday—to-day they bloom—to-morrow they die. I don't know their names. To me their blossoming is one of the wonders of the desert. I think sometimes that it is a promise. A whole year the tiny seeds lie in the hot sands. Then comes a mysterious call and the green plant shoots its inch-long stalk to the sun. Another day beauty unfolds and there is fragrance on the desert air. Another day sees them wither and die."

"Beauty and fragrance indeed they have," mused the woman. "Such tiny flowers to look and smell so sweet! I never saw their like—Flowers of a day! They indeed give rise to thoughts too deep for tears!"

Adam led his companion to the base of the mountain wall, and around the corner of the opening, so that they came suddenly and unexpectedly into full view of Death Valley. He did not look at her. He wanted to wait a little before doing that. The soft gasp which escaped her lips and the quick grasping of his hand were significant of the shock she sustained.

Their position faced mostly down the valley. It seemed a vast level, gently sloping up to the borders where specks of mesquites dotted the sand. Dull gray and flat, these league-wide wastes of speckled sand bordered a dazzling white sunlit belt, the winding bottom of the long bowl, the salty dead stream of Death Valley. Miles and miles below, two mountain ranges blended in a purple blaze, and endless slanting lines of slopes ran down to merge in the valley floor. The ranges sent down off-shoots of mountains that slanted and lengthened into the valley. One bright green oasis, that, lost in the vastness, was comparable to one of the tiny flowers Adam had plucked out of the sand, shone wonderfully and illusively out of the glare of gray and white. A dim mystic scene!

"Oh, God! . . . It is my grave!" cried Magdalene Virey.

"We are all destined for graves," replied Adam, solemnly. "Could any grave elsewhere be so grand—so lonely—so peaceful? . . . Now let us walk out a little way, to the edge of that ridge and sit there while the sunsets."

From this vantage point they were out, somewhat, in the valley, so that they could see even the western end of the Panamint Range, where a glaring sun had begun to change its color over the bold black peaks. A broad shadow lengthened across the valley and crept up the yellow foothills to the red Funeral Mountains. This shadow marvelously changed to purple, and as the radiance of light continued to shade, the purple deepened. Over all which, at the western end, appeared a haze, the color of which was nameless. Adam felt the lessening heat of the sinking sun. Half that blaze was gone. It had been gold and was now silver. He swept his gaze around jealously, not to miss the

transformation; and his companion silent and absorbed, instinctively turned with him. Across the valley the Funerals towered, ragged and sharp, with rosy crowns, and one, the only dome-shaped peak, showed its strata of gray and drab through the rose. Another peak, farther back, lifted a pink shaft into the blue sky. What a contrast to the lower hills and slopes, so beautifully pearl-gray in tint! And now, almost the instant Adam had marked the exquisite colors, they began to fade. On that illimitable horizon line there were soon no bright tones left. Far to the south, peaks that had been dim, now stood out clear and sharp against the sky. One, gold-capped and radiant, shadowed as if a cloud had come between it and the sun. Adam turned again to the west, in time to see the last vestige of silver fire vanish. Sunset!

ASOMBRE smoky sunset it was now, as if this Death Valley was the gateway of hell, and its sinister shades were up-flung from fire. Adam saw a vulture sail across the clear space of sky, breasting the wind. It lent life to the desolation.

The desert day was done and the desert shades began to descend. The moment was tranquil and sad. It had little to do with the destiny of man — nothing except that by some inscrutable design of God or an accident of evolution man happened to be imprisoned where nature never intended him to be. Death Valley was only a ragged rent of the old earth where men wandered wild, brooding, lost, or where others sought with folly and passion to dig forth golden treasure. The mysterious lights changed. A long pale radiance appeared over the western range and lengthened along its bold horizon. The only red color left was way to the south and that shone dim. The air held a solemn stillness.

"Magdalene Virey," said Adam, "what you see there resembles death — it may be death — but it is peace. Doesn't it rest your troubled soul? A woman must be herself here."

She, whose words could pour out in such torrent of eloquence, was silent now. Adam looked at her then, into the shadowed eyes. What he saw there awed him. The abyss seen through those beautiful unguarded windows of her soul was like the gray scored valley beneath, but lighting, quickening with thought, with hope, with life. Death Valley was a part of the earth dying, and it would become like a canyon on the burned-out moon; but this woman's spirit seemed everlasting. If her soul had been a whited sepulchre, it was in the way of transfiguration. Adam experienced a singular exaltation in the moment, a gladness beyond his comprehension, a sense that the present strange communion there between this woman's awakening and the terrible lessons of his life, was creating for him a far-distant interest, baffling, but great in its inspiration.

In the gathering twilight he led her back to camp, content that it seemed still impossible for her to speak. But the touch of her hand at parting was more eloquent than any words.

Then, alone in his blankets, with his gaze turned up to inscrutable, promising stars, Adam gave himself over to insistent and crowding thoughts, back of which throbbed a dominating, divine hope in his power to save this woman's life and soul.

Next day Adam's natural aggressiveness asserted itself, controlled now by an imperturbable spirit that nothing could daunt. Thus it had taken him long to find himself.

He approached Virey relentlessly, though with kindness, even good nature, and began to talk about Death Valley, the perilous nature of the camping-spot, the blasting heat of midsummer and the horror of the midnight furnace winds, the possibility of the water drying up. In fact, he painted Death Valley in ghastly colors. Virey was cold, then impatient, then intolerant, and finally furious. First he was deaf to Adam's persuasion, then he tried to get out of listening, then he repudiated all Adam had said, and finally he raved and cursed. Adam persisted in his arguments until Virey strode off.

Mrs. Virey heard some of this clash. Apparently Adam's idea of changing her husband amused Mrs. Virey. But when Virey returned for the supper he was glad enough to eat, and when Adam again launched his argument, it appeared that Mrs. Virey lost the last little trace of mockery. She listened intently while Adam told her husband why he would have to take his wife away from Death Valley before midsummer. Virey might as well have been stone deaf. It was not Virey, however, who interested the woman, but something about Adam that made her look and listen thoughtfully.

Thus began a singular time for Adam, unmatched in all his desert experience. He gave his whole heart to the task of teaching Magdalene Virey and to the wearing down of Virey's will. All the lighter tasks that his hands had learned he taught her. Then to climb to the heights, to pick the ledges for signs of gold or pan the sand washes, to know the rocks and the few species of vegetation, to recognize the illusion of distance and color; to watch the sunsets and the stars became daily experiences. Hard as work was for her delicate hands and muscles, he urged her to their limit. During the first days she suffered sunburn, scalds, skinned fingers, bruised knees, and extreme fatigue. When she got tanned and stronger he led her out on walks and climbs so hard that he had to help her back to camp. She learned the meaning of physical pain, and to endure it. She learned the blessing it was to eat when she was famished, to rest when she was utterly weary, to sleep when it meant peace.

Through these brief, full days Adam attacked Virey at every opportunity, which time came to be, at length, only during meals. Virey would leave camp often to go up the slope of weathered rocks, a dangerous climb that manifestly fascinated him. Reaching a large rock that got to be his favorite place, he would perch there for long hours watching, gazing down like a vulture waiting for time to strike its prey. He would walk to and fro, aimlessly, as if life had not yet an object. All about him seemed to suggest a brooding wait. He slept during the midday hours, and through the long nights. At dusk, which was usually bedtime for all, Adam often heard him talking to Mrs. Virey in a low hard passionate voice. Sometimes her melodious tones,

gaining. If it had not been for her shadowed eyes, and the permanent sadness and mockery in the beautiful lips, she would have been like a girl of eighteen. Her voice, too, with its contralto richness, its mellow depth, its subtle shades of tone, proclaimed the woman. Adam at first had imagined her to be about thirty years old, but as time passed by, and she grew younger with renewed strength, he changed his mind. Looking at her to guess her age was like looking at the desert illusions. Absolute certainty he had, however, of the reward and result of her inflexible will, of splendid spirit, of sincere gladness. She had endured physical toil and pain to the limit of her frail strength, until she was no longer frail. This spirit revived what had probably been early childish love of natural things; and action and knowledge developed it until her heart was wholly absorbed in all that it was possible to do here in this lonesome fastness. With the genius and intuition of a woman, she had grasped at the one solace left her — the possibility of learning Adam's lesson of the desert. What had taken him years to acquire she learned from him or divined in days. She had a wonderful mind.

Once, while they were resting upon a promontory that overhung the valley, Adam spoke to her. She did not hear him. Her eyes reflected the wonder and immensity of the waste beneath her. Indeed, she did not appear to be brooding or thinking. And when he spoke again, breaking in upon her abstraction, she was startled. He forgot what he had intended to say, substituting a query as to her thoughts.

"How strange!" she murmured. "I didn't have a thought. I forgot where I was. Your voice seemed to come from far off."

"I spoke to you before, but you didn't hear. You looked sort of, well — watchful, I'd call it," said Adam.

"Watchful? — Yes, I was. I feel I was, but I don't remember. That is indeed a strange state for Magdalene Virey. It behooves her to cultivate it. But what kind of a state was it? . . . Wansfell, could it have been happiness?"

She asked that in a whisper, serious, and with pathos, yet with a smile.

"It's always happiness for me to watch from the heights. Surely you are finding happy moments?"

"Yes, many, thanks to you, my friend. But they are conscious happy moments just sheer joy of movement, of sight of beauty, or a thrill of hope, or perhaps a vague dream of old far-off unhappy things. And it is happiness to remember them. . . . But this was different. It was unconscious. I did not have a thought in my mind! I saw — I watched — oh! how illusive it is!"

"Try to recall it," he suggested, much interested.

"I try — I try," she said, presently, "but the spell is broken."

"Well, then, let me put a thought into your mind," went on Adam. "Dismukes and I once had a long talk about the desert. Why does it fascinate all men? What is the secret? Dismukes didn't rate himself high as a thinker. But he is a thinker. He knows

the desert. To me he's great. And he and I agreed that the commonly accepted idea of the desert's lure is wrong. Men seek gold, solitude, forgetfulness. Some wander for the love of wandering. Others seek to hide from the world. Criminals are driven to the desert. Besides these, all travelers crossing the desert talk of its enchantments. They all have different reasons. Loneliness, peace, silence, beauty, wonder, sublimity; a thousand reasons! Indeed they are all proofs of the strange call of the desert. But these men do not go deep enough."

"HAVE you solved the secret?" she asked, wonderingly.

"No, not yet," he replied, a little sadly. "It eludes me. It's like finding the water of the mirage."

"It's like the secret of a woman's heart, Wansfell."

"Then if that is so — tell me."

"Ah! no woman ever tells that secret."

"Have you come to love the desert?"

"You ask me that often," she replied, in perplexity. "I don't know. I — I reverence — I fear — I thrill. But love — I can't say that I love the desert. Not yet. Love comes slowly and seldom to me. I loved my mother. . . . Once I loved a horse."

"Have you loved men?" he queried.

"No!" she flashed, in sudden passion, and her eyes burned dark on his. "Do you imagine that of me? . . . I was eighteen when I — when they married me to Virey. I despised him. I learned to loathe him. . . . Wansfell, I never really loved any man. Once I was mad — driven!"

[Continued on page 51]

"The Long, Long Shot"

a short story

by Royal Brown

In which the author provides a wonderful fountain of youth from which all of us may drink

"Stronger Than Death"

a short story

by Stephen French Whitman

A study in romance — that something within our souls — which survives everything

In the January McClure's

with the mockery always present when she spoke to her husband, thrilled Adam, while at the same moment it filled him with despair.

Adam never despaired of driving Virey from the valley. The man was weak in all ways except in his desire for revenge. Notwithstanding the real and growing obstacle of this passion, Adam clung to his conviction that in the end, Virey would collapse. When, however, one day the Indians came, and Virey sent them away with a large order for supplies Adam gave vent to a grim thought: "Well, I can always kill him."

All the disgust and loathing Adam felt for this waster of life vanished in the presence of Magdalene Virey. If that long-passed sunset hour over Death Valley had awakened the woman, what had been the transformation of the weeks? Adam had no thoughts that adequately expressed his feelings for the change in her. It gave him further reverence for desert sun and heat and thirst and violence and solitude. It gave him strange new insight into the mystery of life. Was any healing of disease or agony impossible — any change of spirit — any renewal of life? Nothing in relation to human life was impossible. Magnificently the desert magnified and multiplied time, thought effort, pain, health, hope, — all that could be felt.

It seemed to Adam that through the physical relation to the desert he was changing Magdalene Virey's body and heart and soul. Brown her face and hands had grown; and slowly the graceful thin lines of her slender body had begun to round out. She was

chuckled. "Don't thank me. If you want to thank anybody, thank Joe O'Brien for the kind things he's been saying about you."

Minnie gasped and O'Neill hung up. "That'll be a couple of hot coals for her head. But it's a fact. Joe has been saying nice things about her." O'Neill turned to Minnie with an indulgent smile. "You're a young woman, Miss Squires, and I'm going to give you a bit of business philosophy that'll open your eyes. I believe what you said about Kimball, that's why I'm takin' her away from Millbrook. And, believin' what you say about her, you'll wonder why I don't sack her right off the bat. Wait a bit and you'll know why. Kimball's all right. Some old wise one once said: 'Dirt is only matter in the wrong place.' We won't call Kimball dirt, we'll call her matter in the wrong place."

Minnie's eyes sparkled appreciatively. "Kimball is very valuable to us," O'Neill went on. "We've made her so. Naturally, she's ambitious, which is a darned good thing,

and being an ambitious woman, naturally she's a schemin' woman, which is also a good thing 'cause it shows she has brains. She's in the wrong environment, that's all. She's got to the top of her usefulness down there. Up here, under proper guidance and restraint, she'll be still more valuable. Now you see how foolish I'd be to dismiss her. Do you get me?"

"Mr. O'Neill, I get you and I think you're the smartest man I ever met."

"And now to prove that I'm smart, Miss Squires, I'm offerin' you the place that Miss Kimball has just been promoted out of. Will you take it?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. O'Neill. I'm going back to New York."

"No?" said O'Neill, surprised. "Think of how you could help Joe down there."

Minnie clapped her hands. "I'm going to do better, Mr. O'Neill. I'm going to New York and make arrangements with Pop for a long vacation and then I'm coming back here and send Joe O'Brien to Congress!"

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[Continued from page 30]

How easily could Adam strike the chords of her emotion and rouse her to impassioned speech! His power to do this haunted him, and sometimes he could not resist it until wistfulness or trouble in her eyes made him ashamed.

"Some day I'll tell you how I was driven once — ruined —" he said.

"Ruined! You? Why, Wansfell, you are a man! Sometimes I think you're a god of the desert. . . . But tell me — what ruined you, as you mean it?"

"No, not now. I'm interested in your — what is it? — your lack of power to love?"

"Lack! How little you know me! I am all power to love — I am a quivering mass of exquisitely delicate sensitive nerves — I am a seething torrent of hot blood — I am an empty heart, deep and terrible as this valley, hungry for love as it is hungry for precious rain or dew — I am an illimitable emotion, heaving like the tides of the sea — I am all love."

"And I — only a stupid blunderer," said Adam.

"You use a knife relentlessly, sometimes . . . Wansfell, listen . . . I have a child — a lovely girl. She is fourteen years old — the sweetest. . . . Ah! — Before she was born I did not love her — I did not want her. But afterward! . . . Wansfell, a mother's love is divine. But I had more than that. All — all my heart went out to Ruth. . . . Love! — Oh, my God, does any man know the torture of love? . . . Oh, I know. I had to leave her — I had to give her up. . . . and I'll never — never see — her — again!"

The woman bowed with hands to her face, and her body shook.

"Forgive me!" whispered Adam, huskily, in distress. It was all he could say for a moment. She had stunned him. Never had he imagined her as a mother. "Yet — yet I'm glad I know now. You should have told me. I am your friend. I've tried to be a — a brother. Tell me, Magdalene. You'll be the — the less troubled. I will help you. I think I understand — just a little. You seemed to me only a very young woman — and you're a mother! — Always I say I'll never be surprised again. Why, the future is all surprise. . . . And your little girl's name is Ruth? Ruth Virey. What a pretty name!"

Adam had rambled on; full of contrition, trying somehow to convey sympathy. Slowly her eyes were veiling an emotion, a glimpse of which uplifted him.

"Wansfell, I'm thirty-eight years old," she said.

"No! I can't believe that," he ejaculated. "It's true."

"Well, well, I guess I'll go back to figuring the desert — But speaking of age — guess mine. I'll bet you can't come any nearer to mine."

Gravely she studied him, and in the look and action once more grew composed.

"You're a masculine Sphinx. Those terrible lines from cheek to jaw — they speak of agony, but not of age. But you're gray at the temples. Wansfell, you are thirty-seven — perhaps forty."

"Magdalene Virey!" cried Adam, aghast. "Do I look so old? Alas, for vanished youth! . . . I am only twenty-six."

It was her turn to be amazed.

"We had better confine ourselves to other riddles than love and age. They are treacherous. . . . Come, let us be going."

The hour came when Magdalene Virey stirred Adam to his depths.

"Wansfell," she said, with a rare and wonderful tremor in her voice, "I love the silence, the loneliness, the serenity — even the tragedy of this valley of shadows. Ah! It is one place that will never be popular with men — where few women will ever come. Nature has set it apart for wanderers of the wastelands, men like you, unquenchable souls who endure, as you said, to fight, to strive, to seek, to find. . . . And surely for lost souls like me! Most men and all women must find death here, if they stay. But there is death in life. I've faced my soul here, in the black lonely watches of the desert nights. And I would endure any agony to change that soul, to make it as high and clear and noble as the white cone on the mountain yonder."

Mysterious and inscrutable, the desert influence had worked upon Magdalene Virey. On the other hand forces destructive to her physical being had attacked her. It was as if an invisible withering wind had blown upon a flower in the night. Adam saw this with distress. But she laughed at the truth of it — laughed without mockery. Something triumphant rang in her laugh.

"Suppose I pack the burros, and tuck you under my arm — and take you anyway?" he queried, stubbornly.

"I fancy I'd like you to tuck me under your arm," she replied, with the low laugh that came readily now, "but if you did — it would be as far as you'd get."

"How so?" he demanded, curiously.

"Why, I'd exercise the prerogative of the eternal feminine and command that time should stand still right there."

"Time — stand still?" echoed Adam.

"Magdalene, you are beyond me."

"So it seems. I'm a little beyond myself sometimes. You will never see in me the woman who has been courted, loved, spoiled by men."

"Well, I grasp that, I guess. But I don't care to see you as such a woman. I might not —"

"Ah! you might not respect me," she interrupted. "But, Wansfell, if I had met you when I was eighteen I would never have been courted and loved and ruined by men. . . . You don't grasp that either."

Adam had long ceased to curse his density. The simplicity of him antagonized her complexity. His had been the gladness of seeing her grow brown and strong and well, until these early June days had begun to weaken her. That fact had augmented his earnestness to get her to leave the Valley. But she was adamant.

The time came when only early in the mornings or late in the afternoons could they walk to their accustomed seat near the gateway of the valley.

One morning before sunrise they climbed, much against Adam's advice, to a high point where Mrs. Virey loved to face the east at that hour. It was a hard climb, too hard



GOOD taste in dress implies a well-clad ankle. True pride demands it. Let your hosiery be Holeproof and you'll never fear the verdict of the critical glance. Holeproof is the hose of exquisite texture, beautiful lustre and phenomenal wear. Look for the trade-mark when buying.

For Men, Women and Children in Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

Holeproof Hosiery

© H. H. Co.

GIFTS THAT LAST

THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

LIKE Love's benediction comes the Spirit of Christmas-time, the greatest gift of all — the Gift of Giving. Throughout the ages it has lasted, deep in the hearts of men, bringing forever its joy and happiness.

It is best expressed by the most enduring of man-made gifts — those of the Jeweler's Handicraft, beautiful Gifts that Last.

Authorized by
National Jewellers Publicity Association

**DIAMONDS · PEARLS · GEMS · JEWELRY
WATCHES · CLOCKS · SILVERWARE**

A Delightful Christmas Gift
Distinctive Unique Pleasing



THREE PENCILS, your name engraved in Gold, 50 cts. Holly or Floral Box. Reindeer boxes please the kiddies. The Imprint Pencil Co., 530 Broadway, New York City.

NO MONEY DOWN

2 CREDIT \$2 A MONTH

Genuine 15-17-19-21
Jewel Elgin, Waltham, Howard, or any watch you want, send for

FREE CATALOG

112 Pages Wonderful Values
Diamonds, watches, rings, jewelry, up-to-date designs. Buy the Waro Way, you will never miss the money. Liberty Bonds accepted.

ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 255
Let us prove it. St. Louis, Mo.

PANDICULATE FOR HEALTH

BE WELL YOUNG STRONG

Booklet Free

Fifteen glorious minutes on Pandiculator better than two hours in gymnasium. Refreshes, rejuvenates. Helps retain youth, energy, vigor, vim. Wonderful results. Doctors recommend it. No electricity, no discomfort; delightfully restful. Write today.

PANDICULATOR CO., 1550 Advance Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SMITH BROTHERS' S. B. COUGH DROPS.



Put one in your mouth at bed-time



Infection

would have been prevented if

Absorbine Jr. had been applied when this "little accident" happened and the wound would have healed promptly.

Absorbine Jr.

It cools and soothes, takes out the pain and soreness and helps the injured tissues to heal. And being a positive germicide it makes any infection quite impossible.

Absorbine Jr. is especially good for all the little hurts the children are constantly getting, being made from herbs and essential oils and therefore perfectly safe.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
489 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.

His Christmas Gift to Her
A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING
Selected from the Loftis Catalog. Cases in handsome ring box, ready for presentation. It is easier to make handsome worth-while presents by opening a charge account with us, than to pay cash for trifles. Send for Catalog.

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

We offer exceptional values in Diamond Rings, Solitaires and Clusters, latest popular plain and fancy engraved mountings. The Diamonds are magnificent gems, set in White, Green or Yellow Solid Gold. Some special bargains at \$85, \$125, \$200, \$250 and up. Easy Credit Terms. For descriptions see Catalog.

Liberty Bonds Accepted

down, balance in eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. G852 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Try This Gas Saving Test

As your old gas mantles break, put on indestructible Usalys or Lotolyt Mantles and watch your gas bills go down. They are unbreakable and save one-third the gas besides.

USALYT
Mantles
Box with 100
In the Distinctive Triangular Box—20¢
Names That Live
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

LOTOLYT
Gas Mantles
In the Distinctive Triangular Box—20¢
Names That Live
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

ROBIN & SONS Inc.
10th St. and Park Ave
NEW YORK
Manufacturers of the Wonderful Usalys Gas Mantles.

for her to attempt in the heat and oppression that had come of late.

They saw the east luminous and rosy, momentarily brightening with a rayed effulgence that spread from a golden center behind the dark bold domes of the Funeral Mountains. One moment—and the beauty, the glory, the promise were as it they had never been. The light over Death Valley was too fierce for the gaze of man.

On the way down, at a narrow ledge, where loose stones made precarious footing, she slipped off the more solid trail to a little declivity of loose rocks that began to slide with her toward a slope, where, if she went over it, she must meet serious injury. She did not scream. Adam plunged after her, and reaching her with a long arm, just as she was about to fall, he swung her up as if she had only the weight of a child. Then, holding her in his arms, he essayed to wade out of the little stream of sliding rocks. Presently he reached the solid ledge and was about to set her upon her feet.

"Time—stand still here!" she exclaimed, her voice full of the old mockery, with an added regret for what might have been.

Adam halted his action as if suddenly chained, and he gazed down upon her, where she rested with her head on the bend of his left elbow. There was a smile on the brown face that had once been so pale.

"Put me down," she said.

"Why did you say, 'time—stand still here'?" he asked, as he placed her upon her feet.

"Do you remember the time when I told you how words and lines and verses of the poets I used to love came to mind so vividly out here? Sometimes I speak them—that is all."

"I understand."

"Wansfell, you are the only man I've ever known who could have held me in his arms and have been blind and dead to the nature of a woman. . . . Listen. You've done me the honor to say I have splendid thoughts and noble emotions. I hope I have. I know you have inspired many. I know this Valley of Death has changed my soul. . . . But, Wansfell, I am a woman, and a woman is more than her high and lofty thoughts—her wandering inspirations. A woman is a creature of feeling, somehow doomed. . . . When I said, 'time—stand still here!'—I was false to the woman in me that you idealize. A thousand thoughts, emotions, memories, desires, sorrows, vanities, prompted the words of which you have made me ashamed. But to spare myself a little, let me say that it would indeed be beautiful for you to take me up into your arms—and then for time to stand still forever."

"Do you mean that—so—you'd feel safe, protected, at rest?" he asked.

"Yes, and infinitely more. Wansfell, it is a woman's fate that the only safe and happy and desired place for her this side of the grave is in the arms of the man she loves. A real man—with strength and gentleness—for her and her alone! . . . It is a terrible thing in woman, the need to be loved. It is an instinct. She can no more change it than she can change the shape of her hand. Poor fated woman! It is a man, the right man, that means life to a woman. That instinct in me—for which I confess shame—has been unsatisfied despite all the men who have loved me. When you saved me—perhaps from injury—and took me into your arms, the instinct over which I have no control flashed up. While it lasted, until you looked at me, I wanted that moment to last forever. I wanted to be held that way—until the last trumpet sounded."

AS she paused, her slender brown hands at her heaving breast, her eyes strained as if peering through obscurity at a distant light, Adam could only stare at her in helpless fascination.

"Now, the instinct is gone," she continued. "Chilled by your aloofness! I am looking at it with intelligence. And Wansfell, I'm filled with pity for women. I pity myself, despite the fact that my mind is free. I can control my acts, if not my instincts and emotions. I am bound. I am a woman. I am a she-creature. I am little different from the fierce she-cats, the she-lions—any of the she-animals that you've told me fight to survive down on your wild Colorado Desert. . . . That seems to me the sex, the fate, the doom of women. Too much knowledge is bad for my sex. But I am the happier for what you have taught me. I can see myself now with pity instead of loathing. I am not to blame for what life has made me. We must be loved or we are lost. . . . My friend, the divinity in human life is seen

best in some lost woman like me, or like Mojave Jo."

"Magdalene Virey," protested Adam, "I can't follow you. . . . But to say you are a lost woman—or there was divinity in the one-eyed hag, Mojave Jo—that I won't listen to. Don't speak of yourself in that—that—"

"We are both women," interrupted Mrs. Virey, her voice rising out of the strong sweet melody. "I was a lost woman. I had my pride, and I defied the husband whose heart I broke and whose life I ruined. I scorned the punishment, the exile he meted out to me. That was because I was thoroughbred. But all the same I was lost—lost to happiness, to hope, to effort, to repentance, to spiritual uplift. Death Valley will be my tomb, but there will be resurrection for me. . . . It is you, Wansfell, who have been my salvation. You have the power. It has come from your strife and agony on the desert. It is the divine in you that seeks and finds the divine in unfortunates who cross your wandering trail."

Adam, rendered mute, could only offer his hand; and in silence he led her down the slope.

THAT afternoon, near the close of the hot hours, Adam lay in the shade of the brush shelter he had erected near the Virey shack. He was absorbed in watching a tribe of red ants, and his posture was so unusual that it gave pause to Virey, who had come down from the slope. The man approached and gazed curiously at Adam.

"Looking for grains of gold?" inquired Virey, with sarcasm.

"I'm watching these red ants," replied Adam, without looking up.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" he ejaculated, and this time without sarcasm.

"Virey, I'm no sluggard," returned Adam. "It's you who are that. I'm a worker."

"I was not meaning you," said Virey. "There are things I hate you for, but laziness is certainly not included in them. . . . I never worked in my life. I had money left me. It was a curse. I thought I could buy everything. I bought a wife—the big-eyed woman to whom you devote your services—and your attentions. . . . And I bought myself the sweetness of the deadly nightshade flower—a statue of marble, chiseled in the beautiful curves of mocking love—a woman of chain-lightning and hate. . . . If I had lived by industry, as live those red ants you're watching, I might not now have one foot in my grave in Death Valley."

Thus there were rare instances when Virey appeared a man with the human virtues of regret, of comprehension, of tolerance, but never a word issued from his lips that was not tinged with bitterness.

Late that night, Adam was awakened by a gale that swooped up through the gateway from the valley. It blew away the cool mountain air which had settled down from the heights. It was a warmer wind than any Adam had ever before experienced at night. It worried him. Forerunner, it must be, of the midnight furnace winds that had added to the fame of Death Valley!

Adam lay sleepless, listening to the lonely fall of sliding rocks, the rattle and clash, and then the hollow settling. Then he listened to the silence.

It was broken by a different note, louder, harsher the rattle and bang of a stone displaced and falling from a momentum other than its own. It did not settle. Heavy and large, it cracked down to thud into the sand and bump out through the brush. Scarcely had it quieted when another was set in motion, and it brought a low sliding crash of many small rocks. Adam sat up, turning his ear toward the slope. Another large stone banged down to the sands. Adam heard the whiz of it, evidently hurtling through the air between his camp and the Virey's. If it had struck their shack!

Adam got up, and pulling on his boots, walked out a little way from his camp. More cracking and rolling of little rocks, and then the dislodgement of a heavy one, convinced Adam that a burro was climbing the slope, or a panther.

Hurrying across to the Virey shack he approached the side farther from the slope, and called: "Mrs. Virey."

"Yes. What do you want, Wansfell?" she replied, instantly.

"Have you heard the sliding rocks?"

"Indeed I have. All through that strange roar of wind—and later."

"You and Virey better get up, and take your blankets out a ways, where you will not be in danger. I think there's a burro or a



Laxative for Children

Mother! You can always depend upon genuine "California Syrup of Figs", but you must always say California or you may get an imitation. Be careful!

All children love the fruity taste of this harmless laxative. Directions for babies and children of all ages are on bottle.

California Syrup of Figs

DEANS
MENTHOLATED
COUGH DROPS

Get the Drop on that Cough

Deans have just the necessary menthol to make breathing easy—relieve irritation. Nose and throat specialists use menthol as a healing agent. Deans are as carefully compounded as a prescription. Instant relief. Pleasant, safe, sure. At your nearest dealer.

DEANS MENTHOLATED COUGH DROPS

I Can Build You Up

Whether you are simply wrongly-nourished, or over-worked, or suffering from indigestion or constipation; or one of the many feeling they are condemned to a life of misery, or just an over-worked, brain-fagged business man—I come to you with hope and assurance confident that I can build you up into a human being that will have the right to feel he is "in the image of his Maker."

The Strongfort System accomplishes its marvelous transformations in men without the use of drugs or medicines and without interfering with your every day mode of living. Send for My FREE Book. I want to give you an insight into my wonderful method by sending you my highly interesting and valuable booklet "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."

Strongfort the Perfect Man. Enclose a 10c. piece for postage, etc.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dept. 102 Physical and Health Specialist Newark, N. J.

panther up on the slope. You know how loose the stones are—how at the slightest touch they come sliding and rolling. I'll go up and scare the beast away."

"Wansfell, you're wrong," came the reply, with that old mockery which always hurt Adam. "You should not insult a burro—not to speak of a panther. It is another kind of animal. Wansfell, it's a sneaking coyote," she called, piercingly.

Adam was absolutely dumfounded.

"Coyote!" he ejaculated.

"Yes. It's my husband. It's Virey. He found out the rolling rocks frightened me at night. So he climbs up there and rolls them. . . . Sees how close he can come to hitting the shack!"

An instant Adam leaned there with his head bent to the brush wall, as if turned to stone. Then, like a man stung, he leaped up and bounded toward the slope.

In the orange radiance on that strange moon-blanché slope he dimly saw a moving object. It stood upright. Indeed—a no burro—or panther! Adam drew a deep and mighty breath for the yell that must jar the very stones from their sockets.

"HYAR!" he yelled in stentorian roar. Like thunder the great sound pealed up the slope. "Come down or I'll wring your neck!"

Only the clapping, rolling, immeasurable echoes answered him.

ADAM spent the remainder of that night pacing to and fro in the orange-hued shadows, fighting the fierce grim violence that at last had burst its barrier.

This passion had taken possession of him before. Adam could have wrung the life out of this Virey with less compunction than he would have in stamping on the head of a venomous reptile.

Adam went down to the gateway between the huge walls. A light was kindling over the far-away Funeral Range and soon a glorious star swept up, as if by magic, above the dark rim of the world. No dream—no illusion—no desert mirage! What could be the meaning of such a wonderful light? Magdalene Virey kept vigil with him on that lonely beat. It was her agony which swayed and wore down his elemental passion. Would not he fail her if he killed this man? Virey's brutality seemed not the great question at issue for him.

"I'll not kill him—yet!"

When he returned to camp the sun had risen red and hot with a thin leaden haze dulling its brightness. Magdalene Virey sat on the stone bench under the brush shelter waiting for him.

"Is Virey back yet?" he asked.

"Yes. He's inside—going to sleep."

"I want to see him—to get something off my mind," said Adam.

"Wait—Adam!" she cried.

One glance at her brought Adam to a standstill, and then to a slow settling down upon the stone seat, where he bowed his head. Life had held few more poignant moments than this, in his pity for others. Yet he thrilled with admiration for this woman. She came close to him.

"My friend—brother," she whispered, "if you kill him—it will undo—all the good you've done—for me."

"You told me once that the grandest act of a man was to fight for the happiness—the life of a woman," he replied.

"True! And haven't you fought for my happiness and my life, too? I would have died long ago. As for happiness—it has come out of my fight, my work, my effort to meet you on your heights—more happiness than I deserve—than I ever hoped to attain. . . . But if you kill Virey—all will have been in vain."

"Why?" he asked, huskily.

"Because it is I who ruined him," she replied, in a low deep voice, significant of the force behind it. "As men go in the world he was a gentleman, a man of affairs, happy and carefree. When he met me his life changed. He worshiped me. It was not his fault that I could not love him. I hated him because they forced me to marry him. For years he idolized me. . . . Then—then came the shock—his despair, his agony. It made him mad. There is a very thin line between great love and great hate."

"What—ruined him?" demanded Adam.

"Adam, it will be harder to confess than any other ordeal of my whole life. Because—because you are the one man I should have met years ago. . . . Do you understand? And I—who yearn for your respect—for your—Oh! spare me! . . . I who need your faith—I must confess my shame to save my husband's worthless life."

"No. I'll not have you humiliating your-

self to save him anything. I give my word. I'll never kill Virey unless he harms you."

"Ah! But he has harmed me. He has struck me. . . . Wansfell! don't leap like that. Listen. Virey will harm me, sooner or later. He is obsessed with his one idea—to see me suffer. That is why he has let you and me wander around together so much. He hoped in his narrow soul to see you come to love me, and me to love you—so through that I should fall again—to suffer more anguish. . . . But lo! I am uplifted—forever beyond his reach. . . . Unless you kill him—which would stain my hands with his blood—bring back the doom of soul from which you rescued me!"

"Magdalene, I swear I'll never kill Virey unless he kills you," declared Adam, as if forced beyond endurance.

"Ah, I ask no more!" she whispered, in passionate gratitude. "My God, how I feared you—yet somehow gloried in your look. . . . And now listen, friend, brother—man who should have been my lover—I sacrifice a possible paradise, for I am still young, and life is sweet."

She circled his head with her arm and drew it against the heaving breast.

"My daughter Ruth was not Virey's child," she went on, her voice low, yet clear as a bell. "I was only nineteen—a fool—mad—driven. I thought I was in love, but it was only one of those insane spells that so often ruin women. . . . For years I kept the secret. Then I could not keep it any longer. At the height of Virey's goodness to me and his adoration, and his wonderful love for Ruth, I told him the truth. I had to tell it. . . . That killed his soul. He lived only to make me suffer. The sword he held over my head was the threat to tell my secret to Ruth. I could not bear that. A thousand deaths would have been preferable to that. . . . So, in the frenzy of our trouble, we started west for the desert. I sent Ruth away with my father, somewhere to southern California. She did not know it was parting forever. But oh, God in heaven—how I knew it! . . . Then, in my desperation, I dared Virey to his worst. I had ruined him and I would pay to the last drop of blood in my bitter heart. We came to Death Valley, as I told you, because the terror and desolation seemed to Virey to be as close to a hell on earth as he could find to hide me. Here he began indeed to make me suffer—dirt and vermin and thirst and hunger and pain. . . . But even Death Valley cheated him. You came, Wansfell, and now—at last—I believe in God!"

Adam wrapped a long arm around her trembling body and held her close. At last she had confessed her secret. It called to the unplumbed depths of him. And the cry in his heart was for the endless agony of woman. A fierce and terrible rage flamed in him for the ruin of her. Yet through his helpless fury whispered a still voice into his consciousness—she had been miserable and now she was at peace—she had been lost and now she was saved.

MEMORY surged up in Adam, moving him to speak aloud his own hidden secret.

"I will tell you my story," he said, and the words were as cruel blades at the closed portals of his heart. Huskily he began, halting often, breathing hard, while the clammy sweat beaded his brow.

"And Adam—she, this Margarita was the only woman you ever loved—ever knew that way?" asked Magdalene, when he had finished.

"Yes."

"And she was the cause of your ruin?"

"Indeed she was, poor child!"

"The hussy!" cried Magdalene, passionately. "And you—only eighteen years old? How I hate her! . . . And what of the man who won her fickle heart?"

"He—he was my brother Guerd."

"Oh, no!" she burst out. "The boy you loved—the brother—Oh, it can't be true!"

"It was true. . . . And, Magdalene—I killed him."

Then with a gasp she enveloped him in a fierce protective frenzy of tenderness.

"Oh, my God!—Oh, my God!—how horrible! . . . Your brother! . . . And I thought my secret, my sin, my burden so terrible!—Oh, my heart bleeds for you. . . . Wansfell, poor unhappy wanderer!"

At last the endlessly-long, increasingly-hot June days brought the leaden-hazed month of July, when no sane man ever attempted to cross Death Valley while the sun was high.

In all hours, even in the darkness, the bold rugged slopes of (Continued on page 57)



ECONOMY

"We've got to cut down our coal bill this winter!"

You've said it often, but how to do it is a problem. Yet coal can be saved, and without sacrificing comfort either.

Get the most out of your heating plant. Make every pound of coal deliver its full measure of heat at the time when heat is needed and with this saving have real comfort with

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

This little device does a big work. It maintains an even temperature in the house by controlling the drafts of the furnace. It works automatically, operated by a thermostat placed on the wall of your living room.

There's no chance for the furnace to go on a "rampage". No heat is wasted. No more coal is burned than is necessary for comfort. This means a positive saving in your fuel bill.

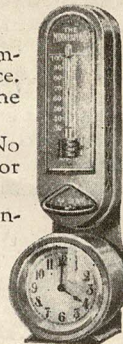
Used with any heating plant burning coal, gas or oil—easily installed and lasts a lifetime.

Write for detailed information and name of nearest dealer.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR COMPANY

Main Office: 2723 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis

SERVICE BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.



Schools and Colleges



Learn Photography

Good-paying positions in the best studios in the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 25 years we have successfully taught.

Photography, Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn \$35 to \$100 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Now is the time to fit yourself for an advanced position at better pay. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Largest and best school of its kind. Write for catalog today.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Box M, 945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded in 1884

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT,
President

The leading institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies. For information apply to

THE SECRETARY

146 Carnegie Hall, New York, N. Y.

STAMMERING

Benjamin Nathaniel Bogue, who stammered himself for twenty years so badly he could hardly talk, originator of The Bogue Unit Method for Restoring Perfect Speech and Founder of the Bogue Institute for Stammerers and Stutterers (Founded 1901), an institution with national patronage strongly endorsed by the medical profession, has written a 288-page book, telling how he cured himself. Contains definite and authoritative information. Sent anywhere to readers of McClure's Magazine for 25 cents coin or stamps to cover postage and mailing. Address

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, President
2406 Bogue Building, Indianapolis, Indiana

GEORGIA, Gainesville
Brenau College Conservatory Noted for: Select patronage 30 states; pleasant social life; location foothills Blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta. Standard A. B. course; special advantages in music, oratory, art, domestic science; physical culture. Catalog and illustrated book. Address BRENAU, Box "S."

Earn \$35 to \$100 a Week

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Big opportunities NOW! Qualify for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches:

Motion Picture—Commercial—Portraiture

Cameras and Materials furnished free. Practical instruction; modern equipment. Day or evening classes; easy terms. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for complete catalog No. 30.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., N. Y. 505 State St., B'klyn

MISSOURI, Mexico.
Missouri Military Academy Develops red-blooded American manhood, through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional. For catalogue address PRESIDENT.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

INFANTRY
CAVALRY

CADET BAND
(Special Rates to good Musicians)

MODERATE EXPENSES
FIREPROOF BUILDINGS

For catalogue write to the Assistant Commandant

The Largest Military Preparatory School in the East

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[Continued from page 53]

the mountains reflected sinister shades of red. And the valley was one of gray swirling shadows and waving veils of heat like transparent smoke.

Adam was compelled to curtail his activities. He did not suffer greatly from the heat, but he felt its weakening power. Ever his blood seemed at fever heat.

When the full blast of this summer heat came, Virey changed physically and mentally. He grew thin. He walked with bowed shoulders. His tongue protruded slightly and he always panted.

Often when Adam absented himself from camp Virey had a trick of climbing the weathered slope to roll down rocks. He seemed mad to do this. Yet when Adam returned he would come clambering down, wet and spent, a haggard sweating wretch not yet quite beyond fear. In vain had Adam argued, pleaded, talked with him; in vain had been the strident scorn of a man and the curses of rage. Virey, however, had a dread of Adam's huge hands. Something about them fascinated him. When one of these, clenched in an enormous fist, was shoved under his nose with a last threat, then Virey would retire sullenly to the shack.

But through Virey's thick and heat-hazed brain there must have pierced some divination of his failing powers to torture his wife. The time came when he ceased to confront her like a scarecrow, he ceased accusing her, he ceased to hold before her the past and its contrast to the present, he gave up his refinement of cruelty. This marked in Virey a further change, a greater abasement. He reverted to instinct. He retrograded to a savage in his hate, and that hate found its outlet altogether in primitive ways.

Adam's keen eyes saw all this, and the slow boil in his blood was not all owing to the torrid heat of Death Valley. His great hands, so efficient and ruthless, seemed fettered. A thousand times he had muttered to the silence of the night. "How long must I stand this — how long — how long!"

One afternoon as he awoke late from the sweltering *siesta* he heard Mrs. Virey scream.

Adam found her lying at the foot of the stone bench in a dead faint. The brown had left her skin. How white the wasted face! What dark shadows under the hollow eyes!

As he knelt and was about to lift her head, he espied a huge black hairy spider crawling out of the folds of her gray gown. It was a tarantula, one of the ugliest of the species. Adam flipped it off with his hand and killed it under his boot.

Then with basin of water and wetted scarf he essayed to bring Mrs. Virey back to consciousness. She did not come so quickly, but at last she stirred, and opened her eyes with a flutter. She seemed to be awakening from a nightmare of fear, loathing and horror.

"Magdalene, I killed the tarantula," said he. "It can't harm you now. . . . Wake up. Why, you're stiff and you look like — like I don't know what. You fainted and I've had a time bringing you to."

"Oh!" she cried. "It's you." And then she clung to him while he lifted her, steadying her upon her feet, and placed her on the stone bench. "So I fainted? . . . Ugh! That loathsome spider! — Where is it?"

"I covered it with sand," he replied.

SLOWLY she recovered, and letting go of him, leaned back in the seat. Crystal beads of sweat stood out upon her white brow. Her hair was wet. Her sensitive lips quivered.

"I've a perfect horror of mice, bugs, snakes, spiders — anything that crawls," she said. "I can't restrain it — Virey has finally found that out."

"Virey! . . . What do you mean?" rejoined Adam.

"I was leaning back here on the bench when suddenly I heard Virey slipping up behind me. I knew he was up to something. But I wouldn't turn to see what. Then with two sticks he held the tarantula out over me — almost in my face. I screamed. I seemed to freeze inside. He dropped the tarantula in my lap. . . . Then all went black."

"Where — is he now?" asked Adam, finding it difficult to speak.

"He's in the shack."

Adam strode toward the shack.

"Virey, come out!" he called loudly. There

was no reply. Waiting a moment longer Adam finally spoke again, with deliberate cold voice. "Virey, I don't want to mess up that room with all your wife's belongings in there. So come outside."

At that Adam heard a quick panting breath. Then Virey appeared. Adam could not have told what the man's distorted face resembled. He carried a gun and his heart was ferocious if his will was weak.

"Don't you — lay one of your — bloody hands on me!" he panted.

Adam took two long strides and halted before Virey, not six feet distant.

"So you've got your little gun, eh?" he queried, without any particular force. Adam had been compelled to smother all that mighty passion within him, or he could not have answered for his actions. "What are you going to do with it?"

"If you make a — move at me — I'll kill you," came the husky panting response.

"Virey, are you crazy?" queried Adam. The use of his voice had changed that deadlock of his feelings. He must not trust himself to bandy speech with Virey. The beating must be administered quickly or there would be something worse.

"No, I'm not crazy," yelled Virey.

"If you're not crazy, then that trick of throwing a tarantula on your wife was damnable — mean — hellish — monstrous. . . . My God — man! — Can't you see what a coward you are? To torture her — as if you were a heathen! That delicate woman — all quivering nerves! Virey, if you're not crazy you're the worst brute I've ever met. You've sunk lower than men whom the desert has made beasts. You —"

"Beast I am — thanks to my delicate wife," cried Virey, with exceedingly bitter passion. "Delicate? Ha! ha! . . . the last lover of Magdalene Virey can't see she's strong as steel — alive as red fire! How she clings to memory! How she has nine lives of a cat — and hangs on to them! . . . And you — meddler! You desert rat of a preacher! Get out — or I'll kill you!"

"Shoot, and be damned!" flashed Adam.

Virey's face turned ashen. He raised the gun. Adam knocked it up just as it exploded. The powder burned his forehead, but the bullet sped high. Another blow sent the gun flying to the sand. Then Adam, fastening a powerful grip on Virey, clutching shirt and collar and throat at once, dragged him before the stone bench where Mrs. Virey sat, wide-eyed and pale. Here Adam stripped the man then threw him heavily upon the sand. Before he could rise Adam straddled him, bearing him down. Then Adam's big right hand swept and dug in the sand to uncover the dead tarantula.

"Ah! here's your spider," he shouted. And he rubbed the hairy half-crushed tarantula in Virey's face. The man screamed and wrestled. "Good, you open your mouth. Now we'll see! . . . Eat it — eat it, damn your cowardly soul!" Then Adam essayed to thrust the spider between Virey's open lips. He succeeded only partly. Virey let out a strangling spitting yell, then closed his teeth as a vise. Adam smeared what was left of the crushed tarantula all over Virey's face.

"Now get up," he ordered, and rising himself, he kicked Virey. Adam, in the liberation of his emotions by action, was now safe from himself. He would not kill Virey. He could even hold in his enormous strength.

Virey, hissing and panting in a frenzy, scrambled to his feet. Fight was in him now. He leaped at Adam only to meet a blow that laid him on the sand. Up he sprang, bloody, livid, and was at Adam again. His frenzy lent him strength and in that moment he had no fear of man or devil. The desert rage was on him. He swung his fists, beat wildly at Adam. Adam slapped him with great broad hands that clapped like boards, and then, when Virey lunged close, he closed his fist and smashed it in Virey's face. The man of the cities went plowing in the sand. Then on his hands and knees he crawled like a dog, and finding a stone he jumped up to fling it. Adam dodged the missile. Grasping a large rock he held it as a mace and rushed upon Adam to brain him. He had no fear. But he was mad. No dawning came to him that he was being toyed with. Then

the time came when Adam knocked the rock out of his hand and began to beat him, blow after blow on face and body, with violence, but with checked strength, so that Virey staggered here and there, upheld by fists. At last whipped out of rage and power to retaliate, Virey fell to the sands. Adam dragged him into the shack and left him prostrate and moaning, an abject beaten wretch.

Most difficult of all for Adam then was to face Mrs. Virey. Yet the instant he did, he realized that his ignorance of women was infinite.

"Did the bullet — when he fired — did it hit you?" she queried, her large eyes, intense and glowing.

"No — it missed — me," panted Adam. "I picked up the gun. I was afraid he'd find it. You'd better keep it now," she said.

"What a — dis — gusting — sight for you — to have — to watch!" exclaimed Adam, trying to speak and breathe at once.

"It was frightful — terrible at first," she returned. "But after the gun went flying — and you had stopped trying to make him eat the — the spider — Ugh! how sickening! . . . After that it got to be — Wansfell, it was the first time in the years I've known my husband that I respected him. He meant to kill you. It amazed me. I admired him. . . . And as for you — to see you tower over him — and parry his blows — and hit him when you liked — Oh! that roused a terrible something in me."

"If only it's a lesson to him!" sighed Adam.

"Then it were well done," she replied, "but I doubt — I doubt. Virey is hopeless. Let us forget. . . . And now will you please help me search in the sand here for something I dropped. It fell from my lap when I fainted, I suppose. It's a small case with a miniature. Last and best of my treasures!"

Adam raked in the sand along the base of the bench, and presently found the lost treasure. How passionately, with what eloquent cry of rapture, did she clutch it!

"Look!" she exclaimed with a wonderful thrill in her voice, and held the little case open before Adam's eyes.

He saw a miniature painting of a girl's face, oval, pure as a flower, with beautiful curls of dark bronze, and magnificent eyes. In these last Adam recognized the mother of this girl.

"A sweet and lovely face," said Adam.

"Ruth!" she whispered. "My daughter! — My only child — my baby that I abandoned to save her happiness! . . ."

THE first of August was a hazy blistering day in which the valley smoked. Veils of transparent black heat — shrouds of moving white transparent heat! Nothing moved except the strange veils and the terrible heaven-wide sun that seemed to have burst. It was a day when if a man touched unshaded stone with his naked hand he would be burned as by a hot iron.

As the hours wore away the air grew hotter, denser. Like a blanket it seemed to lie heavily on Adam. Sleep was impossible. Inaction was impossible. Every breath seemed impossible of fulfillment. A pressure constricted Adam's lungs.

"If the winds blow to-night!" Adam muttered, in irresistible dread.

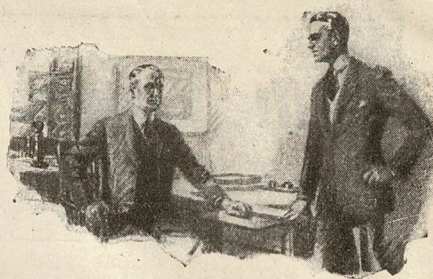
There came a movement of air fanning his cheek, emphasizing the warmth. The hour was near midnight and the death-like silence brooded no more. A low moan, as of a lost soul, moved somewhere on the still air.

Adam listened. How strange, low, sad the moan! Like no sound he had ever heard before, it had strange affinity with the abyss of shadows. Suddenly the air around Adam began a steady movement northward. Down in the valley the roar swelled like the movement of a mighty storm through a forest.

The last of the warm still air was pressed beyond Adam, apparently leaving a vacuum, for there did not appear to be air enough to breathe. Then the hot blast struck Adam — a burning withering wind. It was as if he had suddenly faced an open furnace from which flames and sparks leaped out upon him.

"She will not live through the night," muttered Adam. "But if she does — I think I'll take her away."

While in the unearthly starlit gloom, so



"Find the Man!"

"We'll pay him \$5,000 a year. Go over our list of employees—pick out those who not only have been doing their work well, but have been studying in spare time getting ready for advancement. That's the kind of man we want for this job and for all of this firm's responsible positions."

Employers everywhere are combing their ranks for men with ambition, for men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 29 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 130,000 others are getting ready right now. Hundreds are starting every month. Isn't it about time for you to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 2962-B, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | ☐ SALESMANSHIP |
| ☐ Electric Lighting and Hys. | ☐ ADVERTISING |
| ☐ Electric Wiring | ☐ Window Trimmer |
| ☐ Telegraph Engineer | ☐ Show Card Writer |
| ☐ Telephone Work | ☐ Sign Painter |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER | ☐ Railroad Trainman |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ ILLUSTRATING |
| ☐ Machine Shop Practices | ☐ Cartooning |
| ☐ Toolmaker | ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ Private Secretary |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
| ☐ WINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER | ☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER | ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| ☐ Marine Engineer | ☐ Railway Accountant |
| ☐ Ship Draftsman | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ ARCHITECT | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Teacher |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ Common School Subjects |
| ☐ Concrete Builder | ☐ Mathematics |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt. | ☐ Auto Repairing |
| ☐ CHEMIST | ☐ AGRICULTURE |
| ☐ Navigation | ☐ Poultry Raising |
| | ☐ Italian |

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street _____
and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. And women no longer hesitate. For simply by combining this clear, pure, colorless liquid through your hair, in from 4 to 8 days every gray hair is gone.



Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Make This Test
Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. It will bring you a free trial bottle of this remarkable hair color restorer and our special comb.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1853 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1853 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black _____ jet black _____ dark brown _____
medium brown _____ light brown _____
Name _____
Street _____ Town _____
Co. _____ State _____

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why shouldn't grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

35c and 65c jars—\$3.00 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



LABLACHE FACE POWDER

Lablache pays homage to the complexions of millions of fair women, who in appreciation say "We use Lablache and always will until something better is found."

Lablache has been the standard for nearly fifty years.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of drugstore or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 118
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.

All in one volume. Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
\$2.25 postpaid. Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 156, Central, Philadelphia, Pa.

Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.

New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

Write for Special Terms. Send today for FREE information and surprisingly low offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
403 821 Crescent Place, Chicago, Ill.

dimly red, Adam slowly plodded across to the Virey camp, that idea grew in his mind.

Adam's keen eyes, peering through the red-tinged obscurity, made out the dark shape of Virey staggering along back and forth like an old man driven and bewildered, hounded by the death he feared. The sight gave Adam a moment of fierce satisfaction.

HE found the woman on the bench, lying prone, a white limp fragile shape, motionless as stone. Sitting down he bent over to look into her face. Her unfathomable eyes, wide and dark and strained, stirred his heart as never before.

Adam took her wasted hand and held it while waiting for the wind to lull so that she could hear him speak. At length the hot blast moved on, like the receding of a fire.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "You mean—these winds—of hell?" she panted, in a whisper.

"No. I mean your suffering. I might have stood your spiritual ordeal. But I can't stand your physical torment. You're wasting away. This hand is hot as fire—and dry as a leaf. You must drink more water. . . . Magdalene, lift your head."

"I—cannot," she whispered, with a wan smile. "No—strength left."

Adam lifted her head and gave her water to drink. Then as he laid her back another blast of wind came roaring through the strange opaque night.

"Wansfell—listen," whispered the woman; "do you hear—it passing on?"

"Yes," replied Adam, bending lower.

"The stormy blast of hell—with restless fury—drives the spirits onward!" she said, her voice rising.

"I know—I understand. But you mustn't speak such thoughts. You must fight," implored Adam.

"My friend—the fight is over—the victory is mine. . . . I shall escape Virey. He possessed my body—poor weak thing of flesh! . . . but he wanted my love—my soul. . . . My soul to kill!—He'll never have either. . . . Wansfell, I'll not live—through the night. . . . I am dying now."

"No—no!" cried Adam, huskily. "You only imagine that. If only you fight you'll live. . . . And to-morrow—Magdalene, so help me God—I'll take you away!"

"But—if I should die—I want you to have this picture of Ruth," she said. "I've had to hide it from Virey. Take it, my friend, and keep it, and look at it until it draws you to her. . . . Wansfell, I'll not bewilder you by mystic prophecies. But I tell you solemnly—with the clairvoyant truth given to a woman who feels the presence of death—that my daughter Ruth will cross your wanderer's trail—come into your life—and love you. . . . Remember what I tell

you. I see! . . . You are a young man still. She is a budding girl. You two will meet, perhaps in your own wastelands. Ruth is all of me—magnified a thousand times. She is as lovely as an unfolding rose at dawn. She will be a white living flame. . . . It will be as if I had met you long ago—when I was a girl—and gave you what by the nature of life was yours. . . . Ah! hear the roar! Another wind of death! . . . But I've said all. . . . Wansfell, go find Ruth—find me in her—and—remember!"

Adam looked from her to the ivory case in his hand.

"Her daughter Ruth—for me!" he said to himself, wonderingly. "How strange if we met! If—if—but that's impossible. She was wandering in mine."

He carried the little case to his camp, searched in his pack for an old silk scarf, and tearing this, he carefully wrapped the gift and deposited it inside the money-belt he wore hidden round his waist.

"Now to get ready to leave Death Valley!" he exclaimed, in grim exultation.

Adam's burros seldom strayed far from camp. This morning, however, he did not find them near the spring nor down in the notches of the mountain wall. So he bent his steps in the other direction. The morning had broken without the leaden haze which often obscured the peaks, presaging one of the extremely torrid days. Adam saw this with something of hope. So he strode on, looking everywhere for his burros. The burden of his mind seemed strangely lightened since this decision to go, yet his consciousness had received a vague shock. Adam continually drove away this somber omen and it continually returned. At last, round a corner of slope, out of sight of camp, he espied the burros, and soon had them trotting ahead of him.

He had traversed probably half the distance he had come, when the burro Jennie halted to shoot up her long ears. Adam could now see the shack, and as he peered sharply, there seemed to cross his vision a bounding gray object. Then between him and the shack flashed a rough object, gray-white in color, and it had the bounding motion of a jack-rabbit. But it could not have been a rabbit, because it was too large, and besides there were none in the valley. A wild-cat, perhaps? Adam urged Jennie on, and it struck him that she was acting queerly. When she squealed and sheered off to one side Adam knew something was amiss. That vague shock returned to his consciousness. Halting so as to hear better, he listened. Crack and roll of rock—slow sliding rattle—crack! The mystery of the bounding gray objects was solved. Virey was rolling rocks down the slope.

Adam broke into a run. He was quite a distance from the shack, though he could see it plainly. No person was in sight. More

than once, as he looked, he saw rocks bound high above the brush, and fall to puff up dust. The wind, created by his run, filled his ears. And his sight, too, seemed not to be trusted. Did it not magnify a bounding rock and puff of dust into many rocks and puffs? Streaks were running low down in the brush, raising little dusty streams. He saw clumps of brush shake and bend.

Suddenly Adam's ears were deafened by a splitting shock. He plunged in his giant stride, slowed and halted. He heard the last of a sliding roar. The avalanche had slipped. But it had stopped. Bounding rocks hurtled in front of Adam, behind him, and puffs and streaks of dust were everywhere. He heard the whiz and thud of a rolling rock passing close behind him. As he gazed a large stone bounded from the ground and seemed to pass right through the shack. The shack collapsed. Adam's heart leaped to his throat. Then a white form glided out from the sun shelter. It was the woman, still unharmed. The sight unclamped Adam's voice and muscle.

"Magdalene—go across—hurry!" yelled Adam, with all the power of his lungs. He measured the distance between him and her. Two hundred yards! Rocks were hurtling and pounding across that space.

The woman heard him. She waved her white hand and it seemed she was waving him back out of peril. Then she pointed up the slope. Adam wheeled. Rocks were streaking down, hurtling into the air. Far up the long gray slope, with its million facets of stones shining in the sunlight, appeared Virey working frantically. No longer did he seek to frighten his wife. He meant to kill her.

THEN a piercing split, as of rocks rent asunder, a rattling crash—and the lower half of the great gray slope was in motion. The avalanche!—Adam leaped at the startling sound, and bounding a few yards to a huge boulder, high as his head and higher, he mounted it. There unmindful of himself he wheeled to look for Magdalene Virey. Too late to reach her! She faced that avalanche, arms spread aloft, every line of her body instinct with the magnificent spirit which had been her doom.

"Run! Run! Run!" shrieked Adam, wildly.

Lost was his piercing shriek in the swallowing, gathering might of the crashing roar of the avalanche. A pall of dust, a gray tumbling mass, moved down ponderously, majestically, to hide from Adam's sight the white form of Magdalene Virey. It spread to where Adam stood, enveloped him, and then in boom and thunder and crash as of falling worlds the boulder was lifted and carried along with the avalanche.

[To be continued]

Sundered Hearts — Continued from page 12

you recoiling from me. Oh, I was mad. . . . mad! I knew that I could not keep up the deception forever, that you must find me out in time. But I had a wild hope that by then we should be so close to one another that you might find it in your heart to forgive. But there are some things that no man can forgive."

She turned away. Mortimer awoke from his trance.

"Stop!" he cried. "Don't go!"

"I must go."

"I want to talk this over. . . ."

She shook her head sadly and started to walk slowly away. Mortimer watched her, his brain in a whirl of chaotic thoughts. She disappeared through the trees.

Mortimer sat down on the tee-box, and buried his face in his hands. For a time he could think of nothing but the cruel blow he had received. A croquet-player! He was married to a woman who hit colored balls through hoops. Mortimer Sturgis writhed in torment. A strong man's agony.

The mood passed. How long it had lasted, he did not know. But suddenly, as he sat there, he became once more aware of the glow of the sunshine and the singing of the birds. It was as if a shadow had lifted.

He loved her. He loved her still. She had deceived him, yes. But why had she deceived him? Because she loved him so much that she could not bear to lose him. Dash it all it was a bit of a compliment.

And, after all, poor girl, was it her fault? Was it not rather the fault of her upbringing? Probably she had been taught to play croquet when a mere child, hardly able to distinguish right from wrong. Could she be blamed? Was she not more to be pitied than censured?

Mortimer rose to his feet, his heart swelling with generous forgiveness. The future seemed once more bright. It was not too late. She was still young, and surely, if she put herself into the hands of a good specialist and practised every day, she might still hope to become a fair player. He reached the house, and ran in, calling her name.

No answer came. He sped from room to room, but all were empty.

She had gone. The house was there. The furniture was there. The canary sang in its cage, the cook in the kitchen. The pictures still hung on the walls. But she had gone. Everything was at home except his wife.

Finally, propped up against the cup he had once won in a handicap competition, he saw a letter. With a sinking heart he tore open the envelope.

It was a pathetic, a tragic letter, the letter of a woman endeavoring to express all the anguish of a torn heart with one of those fountain-pens which suspend the flow of ink about twice in every three words. The gist of it was that she felt she had wronged him; that, though he might forgive, he could never forget; and that she was going away, away out into the world, alone.

Mortimer stared blankly before him. She had scratched the match.

I am not a married man myself, so have had no experience of how it feels to have one's wife whiz off silently into the unknown: but I should imagine that it must be something like taking a full swing with a brassy and missing the globe. And one can readily understand how terribly the incident must have shaken Mortimer Sturgis. I was away at the time, but I am told by those who saw him that his game went all to pieces.

He had never shown much indication of becoming anything in the nature of a first-class golfer, but he had managed to acquire one or two decent shots. But now, under the shadow of this tragedy, he dropped right back to the form of his earliest period. It was a pitiful sight to see this gaunt, haggard man with the look of dumb anguish behind his spectacles taking as many as three shots sometimes to get past the ladies' tee. His slice, of which he had almost cured himself, returned with such virulence that in the list of ordinary hazards he had now to include the tee-box. And, when he was not slicing, he was pulling. I have heard that he was known to get bunkered in his own caddy, who had taken up his position directly behind him.

A man of comfortable independent means, he lived during these days on next to nothing. Golf-balls cost him a certain amount, but the bulk of his income he spent in efforts to dis-