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Edited by Herbert Kaufman

*January*

1921

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*Beginning in this Issue:* THE WASTED GENERATION  
*by* OWEN JOHNSON

*Author of "Stover at Yale" and "The Salamander"*

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## Nature Finds a Way of Avenging a Wrong

# The Wanderer of the Wasteland by Zane Grey

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

ADAM LAREY had chanced upon the strangest and most fatal situation in all his desert years. But was it 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.

Magdalene Virey had been brought to Death Valley by her husband; he had installed her in a hut which an avalanche must crush sooner or later. He knew it; she knew it. Adam had rescued Virey who had been overcome by the poison of the Valley and then, despite the man's resentful attitude, he had remained in the hope of being of service to the woman.

For days he tried to persuade Virey to take his wife away from Death Valley—away from certain death. Virey was unyielding and Adam had made up his mind to kill him when Magdalene interfered.

"No," she said, "if you kill him it will undo all the good you have done for me. Because it was I who ruined him." Adam promised never to kill Virey—unless Virey killed Magdalene. But one day when Virey awoke her by waving a tarantula in front of her eyes, Adam lost control of himself; he smeared the remains of the spider over Virey's face and gave him a beating.

Virey's revenge was not long delayed. Ascending the slope above the shack one morning he began rolling stones in the direction of the shack. No longer did he seek to frighten his wife; he meant to kill her.

Adam, hearing the commotion, ran from his camp toward the Virey shack. 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. He was too late! A pall of dust, a gray tumbling mass, moved down ponderously, majestically, to hide from Adam's sight the white form of Magdalene Virey.

ADAM was thrown prostrate. With all his might he clung to the boulder that rocked like a boat on choppy waves. In the thick smothering dust he all but lost his senses. Then with tremendous jolt the boulder stopped. Adam felt what seemed a stream of stones rolling over his feet.

As horror relaxed its grim clutch Adam began to realize that miraculously he had been spared. In the hot dusty pall he fought for breath like a drowning man. The heavier dust settled and the lighter drifted away.

Adam clambered to his feet. The huge boulder that had been his ship of safety appeared to be surrounded by a sea of small rocks, level with where he stood. The avalanche had spread a deep layer of rocks all over and beyond the space adjacent to the camp. Not a vestige of the shack remained. Magdalene Virey had been buried forever beneath a mass of stone. Adam's great frame shuddered with the con-

vulsions of his emotion. He bent and bowed under the inevitable. "Oh, my God! too late! too late! . . . Yet I knew all the time!" was the mournful cry he sent out into the silence. Dazed, sick, horror-stricken, he bowed there above Magdalene Virey's sepulchre and salt tears burned his eyes and splashed down upon the dusty stones.

Suddenly he remembered Virey. The thought transformed him.

"He must have slid with the avalanche," muttered Adam. "Buried under here somewhere. One sepulchre for him and wife! . . . So he wanted it—alive or dead!"

A moving white object caught Adam's roving sight. His head, like that of a striking eagle, shot forward as he peered with piercing telescopic intensity. His desert eyes magnified that white object. An upright shape! A man! He was toiling over the loose stones.

"Virey!" burst out Adam, and with the explosion of the word, its amaze, its doubt, its ferocity, all of the desert stormed in him, and his nature was no different from the cataclysm that had scarred the slope.

Like a wide-lunged primordial giant, Adam lifted his roar of rage toward the heights—a yell that clapped fierce echoes from the cliffs. Virey heard. He began to clamber faster over the rocks and sheered off toward the right, where under the beetling steep slopes every rod was more fraught with peril.

Adam bounded like a huge soft-footed cat over the hummocky spread of the avalanche, and reaching his end, he took to the long bare slope. Swiftly he ran, and then, as the ascent steepened, he slowed to rapid stride, heading to the left, soon reaching another area of broken stones. Virey's only avenue of escape lay upward and to the left. Once Adam cut him off there he was in a trap—treacherous loose slides of rock all around him, and farther on a precipice.

To the right over the ridge small stones began to show, rolling and bouncing, then shooting like bullets off the bare slant below. Virey was out of Adam's sight now, but evidently still headed in the fatal direction. Like a mountain-sheep, surest-footed of beasts,

round, sharp, flat, octagonal, every shape, but mostly round, showing how in the process of ages the rolling and grinding had worn off the edges.

At length he again espied Virey, far to the right, and half a mile farther up, climbing like a weary beast on hands and feet. By choice or by mistake he had gone upward, to the most hazardous zone of all that treacherous unstable mountainside.

Adam strode on. He made short cuts. He avoided the looser slides. He zigzagged the steeper places. He would attend to safe stepping-stones for a few rods, then halt to lift his gaze toward that white-shirted man toiling up like a crippled ape. The mountain slope, though huge and wide under the glaring sun, seemed to lose something of its openness. The red battlements and ramparts of the heights were frowning down upon it, casting a shadow of menace.

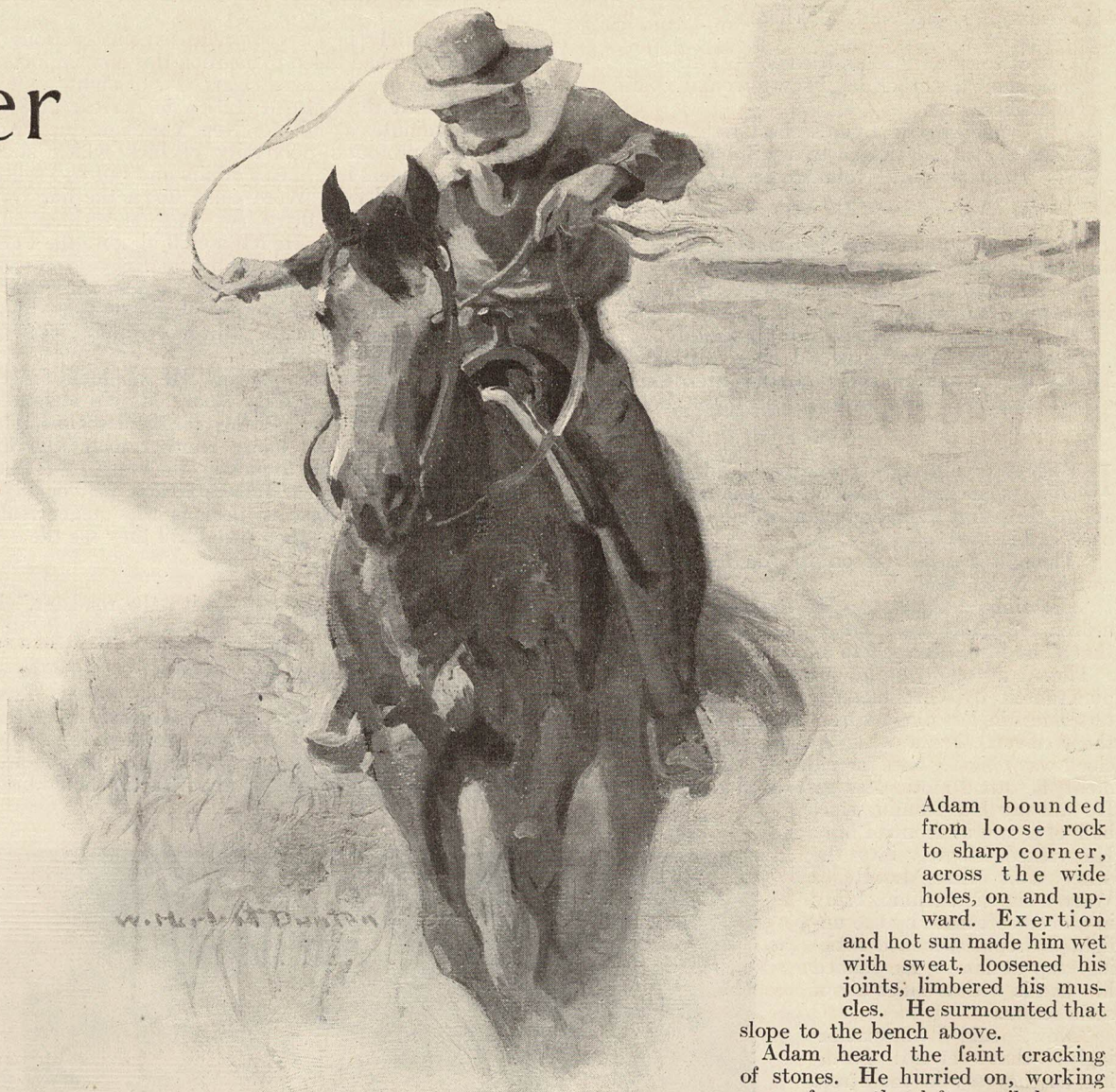
Red, sinister, bare, ghastly, this smoky slope under the pitiless sun was a fitting place for Wansfell to get his hands on Virey—murderer of a woman. Adam thought of it that way because he remembered how Virey had been fascinated by the story of Baldy McKue. But mostly Adam's mind worked by the cunning instinct of a wolf to circumvent its prey.

But the time came when he halted. Placing his hands around his mouth he expanded his deep lungs and burst into a trumpet-like yell:

"VIREY!" The fugitive heard, turned from his toiling, slid to a seat on the precarious slope, and waited. "I'LL BREAK YOUR BONES—I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!"

A wild and frightful cry pealed down to ring in Adam's ears. He had struck terror to the heart of the murderer. And Adam beat down his savage eagerness, as he might have beaten a foe, so as to lengthen the time till Virey's doom. Not thus did the desert in Adam speak, but what the desert had made him. Agony, blood, death! They were as old as the rocks. Other animate shapes, in another age, had met in strife there, under the silent beetling peak. Life was the only uttermost precious thing.

Virey's progress became a haunting and all-satisfying spectacle to behold, and Adam's pursuit became



Adam bounded from loose rock to sharp corner, across the wide holes, on and upward. Exertion and hot sun made him wet with sweat, loosened his joints, limbered his muscles. He surmounted that slope to the bench above.

Adam heard the faint cracking of stones. He hurried on, working away from the left, until he was climbing straight toward the splintered, toppling mass of mountain peak, a mile above him. All now, in every direction, was broken rock,



studied, calculated, retarded—a thing as cruel as the poised beak of a vulture.

Virey got half-way up a gray desolate weathered slant, immense in its spread, another fan-shaped waiting avalanche. The red ragged heights loomed above, and below a mountain-side as unstable as water hung, perhaps restrained, by a mere pebble. Here Virey halted. Farther he could not climb. Like a spent and cornered rat he meant to show fight.

Adam soon reached a point directly below Virey, some hundreds of yards—a long hard climb. He paused to catch his breath.

"Bad slope for me—if he begins to roll stones!" muttered Adam, grimly.

But neither rolling stones nor avalanches could stop Adam. The end of this tragedy was fixed. It had been set for all the years of Virey's life and back into the past. The very stones cried out.

Adam began to climb the weathered slope, taking a zigzag course. Sliding stones only slightly retarded his ascent. He stepped too quickly.

Virey set loose a boulder. It slid, rolled, leaped, fell with a crack, and then took to hurtling bounds, starting a multitude of smaller stones. Adam kept keen eye on the boulder and paid no attention to the others. Then he stepped aside out of its course. As it whizzed past Adam, Virey slid another loose upon the slope. Adam climbed even as the rock bounded down, and a few strides took him to one side. Virey ran over, directly in line with Adam, and started another huge rock. Thus by keeping on a zigzag ascent Adam kept climbing most of the time, and managed to avoid the larger missiles. The smaller ones, however, could not all be avoided. And their contact was no slight matter. Virey tugged upon a large rock, deeply imbedded, and rolled it down. Huge, bounding, crashing, it started a rattling slide that would have swept Adam to destruction had it caught him. But he leaped out of line just in the nick of time.

Suddenly above the cracks and rattling clash rose a heavy penetrating sound. Mighty rasp of a loose body against one of solidity. Startled to a halt Adam gazed down at his feet. The rocks seemed to be heaving. Then a dreadful yell broke sharply. Virey! Adam flashed his gaze upward in time to see the whole slope move. And that move was accompanied by a rattling crash, growing louder and more prolonged. Virey stood stricken by mortal terror in the midst of an avalanche.

Wheeling swiftly, Adam bounded away and down, his giant strides reaching farther and faster, his quivering body light and supple,

his eye guiding his flying feet to surfaces that were safe.

Then he halted to turn and see, irresistibly called to watch Virey go to what must soon be a just punishment. The avalanche, waving like swells of the sea, seemed slowing its motion. Thin dust clouds of powdered rock hung over it. Adam again became aware of sound—a long-drawn, rattling roar, decreasing, deadening, dying. Suddenly as the avalanche had started it halted. But it gave forth grating ominous warnings. Only an upper layer of the loose rock had slid down, and the under layer appeared precisely like what the surface had been—rocks and rocks of all sizes, just as loose, just as ready to roll.

Virey could be plainly seen, imbedded to his hips in the loose stones. Writhing, squirming, wrestling, he sought to free himself from that grip of granite. In vain! He was caught in a vise of his own making. Prisoner of the mountain-side that he had used to destroy his wife! He was turned toward Adam, face upward. There seemed a change in him, but in the racking excitement of that moment, Adam could not tell what.

Then that desert instinct, like the bursting of a flood, moved Adam to the violence of strife, the ruthlessness of nature, the blood-spilling of men. Madness of hate seized him.

"MY TURN!" he yelled, in voice of thunder, and bristling-haired, supple and long-armed, with strength and laugh and face of a savage he heaved a huge rock.

It rolled, it cracked, it banged, it hurtled high, to crash and smash, and then leaping aloft, instinct as if with mockery, it went over Virey's head to go on down over the precipice from whence it sent up a sliding roar. Adam heaved another stone and watched it. Virey grew motionless as a statue.

"AHA THERE, VIREY!" yelled Adam, waving his hands. "ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT I'LL ROLL STONES!"

Virey was mute. He was chained. He was helpless. He could not move, nor faint, nor die. Retribution had overtaken him. As he had chosen the most deadly and awful spot on earth to hide his wife and kill her, so the nature that he had embraced now chose to turn upon him. There was law here—law of the unknown forces in life and in the elements. At that very moment a vulture streaked down from the hazed heights and sailed, a black shadow of wide-spread wings across the slope. What had given this grisly-omened bird sight and scent illimitable?

Adam did not soon tire at his gigantic task. The rolling stones fascinated him. From dead things they leaped to life. How they hurtled through space! Some shot aloft a hundred feet. Others split, and rolled, like wheels, down and down, the halves passing on either side of the doomed Virey. But Virey bore a charmed life.

A time came when Adam rolled his last stone. Like the very first one it sped straight for Virey and just as it appeared about to crush him it veered to one side. Adam stared grim and aghast. Could he never kill Virey as Virey had murdered his wife and tried to kill him?

"She—said I'd—never kill—you!" panted Adam. Then he took a stride downward, meaning to descend and finish Virey with his hands.

As he stepped down the avalanche below grated with strange harsh sound. It seemed to warn him. Halting, he gazed with clearer eyes. What was this greater change in Virey? Adam bent and peered. The man's hair had turned snow-white!

Adam made another and a longer stride downward. And that instant the slope trembled. Virey flung up his arms as if to ward off another rolling stone. It would never stop again on that slope. A shining red-tinged dust-cloud shrouded Virey. And then the avalanche, spilling over the declivity below, shocked



Adam rose with the struggling men, an iron hand clutching each, and swinging them wide apart, by giant effort he brought them back into solid and staggering impact



the whole mountain slope. Death Valley engulfed the hollow echo and boomed thunder across to the battlements of the Funeral Mountains. And when the last rumble wore away silence and solitude reigned there, pervasive and peaceful, as they had in the ages before man, with his passions, had evolved to vex nature.

How Adam descended that treacherous and baffling slope of avalanche he never knew. The thick red heat-haze and the infernal shadow seemed to have befogged his brain. His return to camp was as vague as one of his desert nightmares.

When Adam had packed his burros, twilight in the clefts of the hills had deepened to purple. He filled his canteens, carefully screwed them tight, and then drinking deep and full from the faithful spring that he knew he would never see again, he rose ready for departure. He started the burros down toward the gateway. Breaking camp had reminded him that he had not partaken of food that day, and ever thoughtful of necessity, even though he had no hunger, he munched biscuits as he walked along. The place behind him was as silent as a grave. Adam did not look back. He felt the gray obscurity close over the scene.

Down at the gateway he saw that the Valley was still light with the afterglow of sunset. Diagonally and far across the ashen waste he described the little dark patch which he knew to be an oasis, where the waters of Furnace Creek sank into the sands. It looked twenty miles away. And he marked it in line with a notched peak of the Funerals.

So he drove the burros from under the gloomy overhanging bulk of the Panamints out upon the open floor of Death Valley.

So gradual was the change from twilight to darkness that he would scarcely have noted it but for the dimming of the notched peak. Out there in the open valley it was not dark. It was really the color of moonlight on marble.

He plodded on, driving the burros ahead of him. Jenny was contrary. Every few steps she edged off a straight line, and the angle of her ears and head showed that she was watching her master. She did not want to cross the Valley. Instinct taught her the wisdom of opposition. Many a burro had saved its master's life by stubborn refusal to travel the wrong way. Adam was patient, even kind, but he relentlessly drove her on in the direction he had chosen.

At length the ashen level plain changed its hue and its surface. The salt-crust became hummocky and a dirty gray. Hard, brittle, sharp, treacherous, it retarded travel.

Long hours and slow miles passed behind him. When the burros broke through, Adam had a task for all his strength. Once he could not pull Jenny out of a pitfall without unpacking her. And the time came when he had the added task of leading the way and dragging the burros with ropes. Burros did not lead well on good ground, let alone over this scored and burst salt-crust.

The heat and oppressiveness and dense silence increased toward midnight; and then began a soft and steady movement of air down the valley. Adam felt a prickling of his skin and a drying of the sweat upon him. An immense and mournful soul breathed over the wasteland, like that of a mighty man in travail.

Out here in the open, the hollow roar that had swelled and lulled through the canyons was absent. An incessant moaning, now rising, now falling, attended the winds on their march down the Valley. The gales accelerated Adam's progress, so that sometimes he was almost running. Often he was thrown to his knees. And when the midnight storm reached its height the light of the stars failed, the outline of mountains faded in a white whirling chaos, dim and moaning and terrible. He lost his direction, and clung to the burros, knowing their instinct to be surer guide than his. The burros dragged him on, and lower he swayed, oftener he plunged to his knees, ploughing his big hands in the salt and lowering his face into the flying sheets of powder. He gasped and coughed and choked, and fought to breathe through his smothering scarf. And at last, as he fell exhausted, blind and almost asphyxiated, the hot gales died away. The change of air saved Adam from unconsciousness.

Then followed a black and horrible interval in which he seemed hauled across a pale shingle of naked earth, peopled with spectres, a wandering lost man, still alive but half dead, leashed to the spirits of burros he had driven to their death. Up hill, always up hill they pulled him, with his feet clogged by the clutching

sands. A gray dawn broke, and his entrance into the light resembled climbing out of somber depths to the open world. The valley of the white shadows of death had been crossed. A green patch of mesquites and cottonwoods gleamed cool and dark out of the gray sands. The burros ran with bobbing packs, straight to the water they had scented. Staggering on after them, Adam managed to remove their burdens; and that took the remnant of his strength. Yielding to a dead darkness of sense he fell under the trees.

When he came to the day had far advanced and the sun, sloping to the west, was sinking behind the Panamints. Adam stumbled up. His thirst told the story of that day's heat, which had parched him, even while he lay asleep in the shade. Hunger did not trouble him. Either he was weak from exertion or had suffered from breathing poisoned air or had lost something of his equilibrium. Whatever was wrong, it surely behooved him to get out of the lower part of the Valley, up above sea level to a place where he could regain his strength. To that end he hunted for his burros. They were close by, and he soon packed them, though with much less than his usual dexterity. Then he started, following the course of the running water.

Who Pays for Our National Waste and Rarely, if Ever, Murmurs?

## "The Tolerant Tax Payer"

By Garet Garrett

The author, a recognized financial authority, gives many startling reasons why the tax payer should make a noise and a loud noise

February McClure's 15 cents

This Furnace Creek ran down out of a deep-mouthed canyon, with yellow walls of gravel. The water looked like vinegar, and it was hot and had a bad taste. Yet it would sustain life of man and beast. Adam followed the line of mesquites that marked its course up the gradually ascending floor of the canyon. Twilight caught him a couple of miles up the canyon where a long wide thicket of weeds and grass and mesquites marked the turning of Furnace Creek into the drab hills, and where springs and little streams trickled down from the arroyos.

Up one of these arroyos, in the midst of some gnarled mesquites, Adam made camp. Darkness soon set in, and he ate by the light of a camp-fire. After he had partaken of food he discovered that he was hungry. Also, his eyelids drooped heavily. Despite these healthy reactions and a deeper interest in his surroundings, Adam knew he was not entirely well. He endeavored to sit up a while, and tried to think.

GLOOMY and depressed, he rolled in his blankets. And he slept twelve hours. Next day he felt better in body, but no different in mind. He set to work making a comfortable camp in spite of the fact that he did not seem to want to stay there. Hard work and plenty of food improved his condition. His strength of limb soon rallied to rest and nourishment. But the strange state of mind persisted. It took effort of will to attend to any action. Dismukes must be in this locality somewhere, according to the little map, but though Adam remembered this, and reflected how it accounted for his own presence there, he could not dwell seriously upon the fact. Dismukes seemed relegated to the vague future. At night Adam walked under the stars and could not shake off the spell; and next day when in an idle hour he found himself walking again and again down the gravel-bedded canyon toward Death Valley, then he divined that what he had attributed to absent-mindedness was a far more serious aberration.

The discovery brought about a shock that quickened his mental process. What ailed him? He was well and strong again. What was wrong with his mind? Why did he face the west, at dawn, in the solemn white-hot noon, at the red sunset hour, and in the silent lonely watches of the night? Why did not the stars of the east lure his dreamy gaze as those in the west? He made the astounding discovery that there were moments, and moments increasing in number, when he did not feel alone. Some one walked in his shadow at noon-tide. He found himself whispering vagrant fancies, the substance of which, once realized,

was baffling and disheartening. And at last he divined that a longing to return to Death Valley consumed him. "Ah! so that's it!" he muttered, in consternation.

"But why?"

It came to Adam then—the secret of the mystery. Death Valley called him!

"Death Valley again—for me—I shall go mad," soliloquized Adam.

At last his mind was slowly being unhinged by the forces of the desert. Some places of the earth were too strong, too inhuman, too old and too wasted for any man.

Suddenly, a cry pierced his dull ear. Sharply he sat up. The hour was near the middle of the forenoon. The day was hot and still. Adam's pulses slowly quieted down. He had been mistaken. The water babbled by his camp, bees flew over with droning hum. Then as he relaxed he was again startled by a cry, faint and far-off. It appeared to come from up the canyon, round the low yellow corner of wall. He listened intently, but the sound was not repeated. The insulating silence once more argued in favor of an imagined cry. Was not the desert full of silent voices? He set his grim face toward the east.

Around that yellow bend the canyon opened out wide, a gravel bed of stream in flood time, with a few gray sages and a few green greasewoods growing scantily. Adam went on, and climbed up the gravel bank on the left side to a bare slope and from that to the top of a ridge. It was hard, packed ground covered by many pebbles of uniform size and different color, all level and imbedded as if a heavy roller had passed over them. Almost before Adam could look up to see around and afar he espied at his feet two rude wooden crosses. He was astonished. Then he saw faint outlines of two graves. Men had been buried on this bleak ridge. One grave had a footstone, the other only a weather-beaten cross. What a lonely place for graves! They had been prospectors, probably, who had perished there, and had been buried by others of the party or by some one passing along. No other sign of the presence of men showed anywhere on the ridge. But sight of these wooden crosses bridged some gulf between Adam's mind and the past. His sluggish blood quickened. The old exploring instinct awoke. He had heard a distant cry—he had found lonely graves. What next?

Then Adam gazed around him to a distance. Down toward the Valley he saw dust devils racing along the bare flats. Away to the west gleamed a valley-wide mirage, clear as a mirror.

Adam descended to a level, and strode on, looking everywhere, halting now and then to listen, every moment gaining some hold on his old self. Once when he stopped, he espied a wan little flower, smiling wonderfully out of the sand. It had low leaves, sage-gray in color with the fragrance of sage, and a tiny golden blossom. In the sunlight the leaves were very soft, veined and scalloped, with a fine fuzz and a glistening sparkle like that of a mullein.

Adam arose from the scrutiny of it and the fragrance of it with a strongly beating heart. Only a tiny nameless flower that few men would ever have seen! He went on and on, slow and sure, missing not a rod of ground, as if the very stones might speak to him.

Adam plodded along this wide gravel wash, with the high bronze saw-tooth peaks of the Funerals on the left, and some yellow clay dunes showing their tips over the bank on the right. At length he came to a place that suggested a possible sloping of these colored clay dunes down into a basin or canyon. Climbing up the bank he took a few steps across the narrow top, there to be halted as if he had been struck.

He had been confronted by a tremendous amphitheatre, a yellow gulf, a labyrinthine maze so astounding that he discredited his sight.

And then Adam, with breast oppressed by feelings too deep for utterance, retracted his far-seeing gaze, once more to look over the whole amazing spectacle, from the crinkly buff clay under his feet to the dim white bottom of the valley. And at this keen instant he again heard a cry. Human it was, or else he had lost his mind, and all which he saw here was disordered imagination.

Turning back he ran in the direction whence he believed the sound had come, passing by some rods the point where he had climbed out of the wash. And at the apex of the great curve, toward which tended all the multitude of wrinkles of the denuded slopes, he found a trail, coming up out of the amphitheatre and leading down into the wash. The dust bore unmistakable signs of fresh moccasin [Continued on page 46]



# Being Rich

by

Fred C. Kelly

NOT long ago I chanced to get into conversation with a man who had been sleeping on a park bench in New York — because he had no other place to sleep. The next evening, as it happened, I was at the Long Island home of a multi-millionaire who also keeps a town house on Fifth Avenue, a yacht, a shooting lodge in North Carolina, a winter house in Florida and a rather elaborate bungalow in the Adirondacks. At his Long Island place, he has a \$40,000 garage and a high-art greenhouse in charge of a horticultural expert who gets a salary of several thousand dollars a year.

On my way back to town I thought about the man on the park bench and about the man with the estate on Long Island. Neither one of these gentlemen, I reflected, has entirely solved the problem of a sensible way of living. One has a scheme that is a bit too simplified; the other's plan is much too complicated.

If the man on the bench had one nice little room that he could call home, he probably would be happy. And if my Long Island acquaintance had one comfortable little home, just large enough to fill the actual living requirements of his family, he would be perhaps not happy but at any rate much nearer happiness than he is now. At the present time, his various dwelling places actually require more of his thought than his business. He has so many servants, and such an elaborate landscape layout, that it takes a real executive head to keep everything running smoothly. His house is so large and so isolated — in order to give it the proper air of luxurious privacy — that it is lonely for his wife. The remedy, therefore, is to have an almost continuous house-party. So, most of the time they are worried over the big task of looking after the comfort of a crowd of guests, and they lead much the same life as the manager of a resort hotel — only that the regular hotel manager has a little more leisure, because he doesn't have to be in such personal contact with his guests.

Now, the surprising thing is that neither this Long Island man, nor his wife, cares much about entertaining, or pheasant culture, or any of the things that go with a big estate. They lean by natural instincts toward the simpler things of life. Why, then, do they lead the life they do, and take on so many needless cares and responsibilities? Just because it is customary for people of great wealth to do so. If they lived quietly, somebody might talk about them and wonder why they didn't put on any more "dog." People might even begin to doubt if they had enough money to live sumptuously. So they are obliged to do a lot of unnecessary things because rich folk are expected to do such things. Most rich people seemingly haven't the moral courage to buck against custom, and therefore, when they acquire a fortune, they feel almost a sacred duty to put up a big dwelling house about the size of Machinery Hall, at the Chicago World's Fair. The fact that the children are all married and gone from the parental home, so that a five-room bungalow would represent the acme of housekeeping comfort, makes no difference. They must have a big house as a sort of monument to their ability to have such a house. And having acquired the house, they must adopt a mode of life in keeping with it.

The man earning, say, \$4,000 a year, can have just as good food, just as comfortable a bed, and just as much fun as the man with a million dollar income — and he enjoys the wonderful advantage of not having to con-

form to any particular scale or standard of living. He can do as he pleases. But when he gets to earning \$10,000 a year, he is likely to be thrown with people who are earning twice that much, and he may feel that he ought to do the same things that his higher-salaried friends do. For some reason, the more money a man has, the more obsessed does he become with the notion that he must do whatever is done by other men of corresponding wealth. People often depart from natural desires and take up this Proper-Thing-To-Do cult before they realize it.

The truth is that the rich are not kidded enough. It is really too bad that the masses of the people do not get more good laughs at the expense of the rich. Every time I see a man riding by in an automobile with two men on the driver's seat — the extra man alongside of the chauffeur being of not the slightest use — I feel as if it would be a great joke to have a gang of amateur comedians with me, and point our fingers of ridicule at the man, and laugh at him so uproariously that he would feel somewhat silly. To have a liveried man on one's payroll to open a door for us and perform similarly useless chores as if we were a race of cripples, is not much more absurd than it would be to have an eight-hour shift of men with us wherever we go in case we required somebody to fasten our shoes or offer us a match. One of the great ends of all achievement is public approval, anyhow, and when public opinion frowns on too much magnificence instead of applauding it, a lot of nonsense will be

stopped. So that it comes down to this: Whenever even the humblest person slaps his thigh and laughs in genuine amusement at a millionaire spending his money in a selfish and wasteful manner, that person is performing a genuine public service.

Some fine day, perhaps, a big fortune will be a symbol of disrepute unless the possessor can show that his money has, on the whole, been for genuine good. Once a man finds himself laughed at when he has two men in livery on the box, or a larger house than he needs, he may seek other outlets for his money. We should have a public opinion which would make every multi-millionaire rack his brain for some great good that he could point to with pride as a kind of alibi for his riches.

In the long run, you can tax a man out of more money than he can kid himself. Tax it away from him and he becomes soured and disgruntled — almost a foe to his government; but keep teasing him what a great philanthropist he is, thus getting him to loosen up, and he is not only pleased with himself, but with nearly everybody else.

On the other hand, because rich people often lose their perspectives and make asses of themselves, there has been a tendency to regard poverty almost as a badge of honor. We often hear the old saying that poverty is no disgrace. Now, the truth is that poverty is a disgrace, and the sooner we get away from a lot of maudlin sentimentality about it, the less poverty there will be. Poverty is a disgrace not only to the individual, but to the whole community. Many cases of poverty are traceable to causes a generation or two back. But in a surprisingly large number of instances, the cause — whether laziness, shiftlessness, drunkenness, immorality, or what not — is to be found right in the individual who is suffering the poverty. Whenever we pat poverty on the back and glorify it, saying it represents exceptional honesty or morality, we help to postpone the end of it.

## The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[Continued from page 34]

tracks, of hobnail boots, and of traces where water had been spilled. The boot impressions led down and the moccasin tracks up, and, as these latter were the fresher, Adam began to follow them.

The trail led across the wash and turned west toward where the walls commenced to take on the dignity of a canyon. Bunches of sage and greasewood began to dot the sand, and beyond showed the thickets of mesquite.

He came upon a spot where the man he was trailing — surely an Indian — had fallen in the sand. A dark splotch, sticky and wet, had never been made by spilled water. Adam recognized blood when he touched it, but if he had not known it by the feel he surely would have by the smell. Probably at that instant Adam became fully himself again. He was on the track of events, he sensed some human being in trouble; and the encroaching spell of Death Valley lost its power.

The trail led into the mesquites, to a wet glade, rank with sedge and dank with the damp odor of soapy water.

A few more hurried strides brought Adam upon the body of an Indian, lying face down at the edge of the trickling little stream. His black matted hair was bloody. A ragged, torn and stained shirt bore further evidence of violence. Adam turned him over, seeing at a glance that he had been terribly beaten about the head with a blunt instrument. He was gasping. Swiftly Adam scooped up water in his hat. He had heard that kind of gasp before. Lifting the Indian's head Adam poured water in the open mouth. Then he bathed the blood-stained face.

The Indian was of the tribe that had packed supplies for the Vireys. He was apparently fatally hurt. It was evident that he wanted to speak. And from the incoherent mixture of language which these Indians

used in conversation with white men Adam gathered significant details of gold — of robbers — of something being driven round and round, grinding stone like maize.

"Arrastra?" queried Adam.

The Indian nodded, and made a weak motion of his hand toward the trail that led to the yellow wilderness of clay, and then further gestures which, with a few more gutturally whispered words, gave Adam the impression that a man of huge bulk, wide of shoulder, was working the old Spanish tread-mill — *arrastra* — grinding for gold. Then the Indian uttered, with a last flash of spirit, the warning he could not speak, and falling back, he gasped and faded into the unconsciousness that meant death.

Adam stood up, thinking hard, muttering aloud some of his thoughts.

"Arrastra! . . . That was the way of Dismukes — to grind for gold. . . . He's here — somewhere — down in that yellow hole. . . . Robbers have jumped his claim — probably are holding him — torturing him to tell of hidden gold. . . . and they beat this poor Indian to death."

There was necessity for quick thought and quick action. The Indian was not dead, but he soon would be. Adam could do nothing for him. It was imperative to decide whether to wait here for the return of the water-carrier or at once follow the trail to the yellow clay slopes. Adam wore a gun, but it held only two unused shells, and there was no more ammunition in his pack. The Indian had no weapon. Perhaps the water-carrier would be armed. If Dismukes were dead, there need be no rash hurry to avenge him; if he lived as prisoner a little time more or less would not greatly matter. Adam speedily decided to wait a reasonable time for the man who packed water, and if he came, kill him, and then hurry up the trail. There

was, in this way, less danger of being discovered, and besides one of the robbers dispatched would render the band just so much weaker. Adam favored this course because of the possibility of getting a weapon.

"And more," muttered Adam, "if he happens to be a tall man I can pretend to be him — packing water back."

Therefore Adam screened himself behind a thick clump of mesquite near the trail and waited like a panther ready to spring.

As he crouched there, keen eyes up the canyon, ears like those of a listening deer, there flashed into Adam's mind one of Magdalene Virey's unforgettable remarks. "The power of the desert over me lies somewhere in my strange faculty of forgetting self. I watch, I hear, I feel, I smell, but I don't think. Just a gleam — a fleeting moment — then the state of consciousness or lack of consciousness is gone! But in that moment lies the secret lure of the desert. Its power over men!"

The hour was approaching midday, and the wind began to rustle the mesquites and seep the sand. Adam smelled a dry dust somewhat tangy, and tasted the bitterness of it as he licked his lips. Flies had begun to buzz around the dead Indian.

Adam waited. The west wind began to blow hard. Its moan deadened the sound of running water and the buzz of the flies.

All at once Adam's whole body vibrated with the leap of his heart. A tall hulking man hove in sight, balancing a bar across his shoulder from each end of which hung a large bucket. These buckets swung to and fro with the fellow's steps. Like a lazy man, he advanced leisurely. Adam saw a little puff of smoke lift from the red indistinct patch that was this water-carrier's face. He had a cigarette or pipe. He bent over occasionally as if studying tracks in the trail, but

he showed no uneasiness or caution. Adam had been careful to walk to one side of that trail. Manifestly the robber was interested in the moccasin tracks left by the Indian. As he approached nearer and nearer, Adam received steadily growing and changing impressions of the man he was about to kill, until they fixed in the image of a long, loosely-jointed body, a soiled shirt open at the neck, bare brown arms, and cruel red face. Just outside the mesquites, the robber halted to peer at the spot where the Indian had fallen, and then ahead as if he expected to see a body lying in the trail.

"Ho! Ho! if that durned Injin I beat didn't crawl way down hyar! — An' his brains oozin' out!" he ejaculated, hoarsely, as he strode between the scratching mesquites, swinging the cross-bar and buckets sidewise. "Takes a hell of a lot to kill some critters!"

Like a released spring Adam shot up. His big hands flashed to cut off a startled yell.

"Not so much!" he called, grimly, and next instant his giant frame was strung to the expenditure of mighty effort.

At noon the wind was blowing a gusty gale, and the sun shone a deep weird magenta color through the pall of yellow dust. The sky was not visible. Down on the ridges and in the washes dust sheets were whipped up at intervals. Clouds of flying sand rustled through the air, and sometimes the wind had force enough to carry grains of gravel. These intermittent blasts resembled the midnight furnace winds except for the strange fact that they were not so hot, so withering. Every few minutes the canyon would be obscured in sweeping, curling streaks and sheets of dust. Then as the gale roared away, the dust settled and the air again cleared.



The fury of the elements seemed to favor Adam. Heat and gale and obscurity could tend only to relax the vigilance of men. Adam counted upon surprising the gang. To his regret, he had found no weapon on the robber he had overcome. Wearing the man's slouch sombrero pulled down, and carrying the water-buckets suspended from the bar across his shoulders, Adam believed that in the thick of the dust-storm he might approach near the gang, perhaps get right among them.

When he got to the top of the amphitheatre, and found it a weird and terrible abyss of flying yellow shadows and shrieks of wind and moan and roar, he decided he would go down as far as might seem advisable, then try to slip up on the robbers and get a look at them and their surroundings before rushing to the attack.

The trail led down over hard-packed clay, at first descending a slope, then keeping to the center of a long winding narrow ridge. Below, the slopes and dunes were lost in opaque gloom. Adam descended from that ridge into a wash between two slopes, narrow and close, choked with dust and hot as an oven. It wound to right and left, a dry stream-bed that gradually worked down toward a lower level.

Down, and yet farther, Adam plodded, amazed at the depth of the pit, the bottom of which he had not seen. The plainly defined trail led him on, and in one place, huge boot-tracks, familiar to him, acted as a spur. The tracks were not many days old and had been made by Dismukes. Adam now expected to find his old friend dead or in some terrible situation. The place, the day, the heat, the wind — all presaged terror, violence, gold and blood.

At last Adam got so far down, so deep into the yellow depths, that pall and roar of dust-storm appeared above him. He walked in a strange yellow twilight. And here the sun showed a darker magenta.

Interminably the yellow-walled wash wound this way and that, widening out to the dimensions of a canyon. Here intersecting washes began to appear, and the descent grew less evident.

When out of sight of the trail, he climbed up a soft clay slope, and lying flat at the top he peeped over. More yellow ridges like the ribs of a wash-board! They seemed to run out on all sides, in a circling maze. But they were almost level. Here indeed was the pit of the amphitheatre. With slow desert-trained gaze Adam swept the graceful dunes! All bare! Not a stone or a shrub!

The ridges about him began to show streaks of brown earth and ledges of rock. As he looked about he was startled by a rumbling, grating sound. It was continuous but it had louder rumbles, almost bumps. The sound was rock grating on rock. Adam thought he knew what made it. With all his might he listened, pressing his ear down on the clay. The rumble kept on, but Adam could not hear any other sound until there came a lull in the wind above. Then he heard a squeaking creak — a sound of wood moved tight against wood — sharp cracks, but of soft substances, then the ring of a shovel on stone and at last harsh voices.

SO FAR, so good, thought Adam. Only a few yards of clay separated him from mining operations, and he must see how many men were there and what was the lay of the land, and how best he could proceed. The old animal instinct to rush animated him, requiring severe control. While waiting for the wind to begin again, Adam wondered if he was to see Dismukes. He did not expect to.

The elements seemed to await Adam's wishes. At that very moment the yellow light shaded a little dimmer and the sinister-hued sun cloaked its ruddy face. The gale above howled, and the circling winds, lower down, gathered up sheets of dust and swept them across the shrouded amphitheatre.

Adam sunk his fingers into the soft clay and crawled up this last slope. Reaching the last foot of ascent Adam cautiously peeped over. He saw a wider space, a sort of round pocket between two yellow ridges, that ran out and widened from a ledge of crumbling rock. He crawled a few inches farther, raised himself a little higher. Then he saw brush roofs of structures, evidently erected for shade. The rumble began again. Higher Adam raised himself. Then he espied a coat hanging on a corner post of one of the structures. Dismukes' coat! Excitement now began to encroach upon his cool patience and determination. Higher he raised himself.

The brush-covered structure farther from him was a sun-shelter, and under it lay piles

of camp duffel. A camp-fire smoked. Adam's swift eyes caught the gleam of guns. The day was too torrid for these campers to pack guns. The nearer structure was large, octagonal in shape, built of mesquite posts and brush. From under it came the rumble of rocks and the metallic clink of shovels and then heavy voices.

Still higher Adam pulled himself so that he might see under the brush shelter. A wide rent in the roof — a huge brown flash across this space — then lower down a movement of men to and fro — rumble of rocks, clink of shovel, thud of earth, creak and crack — a red undershirt — blue jeans — boots, and then passing, bending men nude to the waist — circle and sweep of long dark streak — then again the huge brown flash — it all bewildered Adam, so that one of his usually distinguishing glances failed to convey clear meaning of this scene. Then he looked and looked, and when he had looked a long breathless moment he fell flat on the soft clay, digging his big hands deep, trembling and straining with the might of his passion to rush like a mad bull down upon the ruffians.

THE brush roof was a shelter for an *arrastre*. In the center of the octagon a round pit had been dug into the ground, and lined and floored with flat stones. An upright beam was set in the middle of this, and was fastened above to the roof. Cross-beams were attached to the upright, and from these cross-beams dragged huge rocks held by chains. A long pole, like the tongue of a wagon, extended from the upright and reached far out, at a height of about four feet from the ground. The principle of operation was to revolve the cross-beams and upright post, dragging the rocks around and around the pit, thus crushing the ore.

The motive power sometimes was a horse, but usually it was a mule. But in this instance the motive power was furnished by a man. A huge, broad, squat man naked to the waist! He was bound to the end of the long bar or tongue, and as he pushed it round and round his body was bent almost double. What wonderful brawny arms on which the muscles rippled and strung like ropes! The breast of this giant was covered with grizzled hair. Like a tired ox he bowed his huge head, wagging it from side to side. As he heaved around he exposed his broad back — the huge brown flash that had mystified Adam — and this mighty muscled back showed streaks and spots of blood.

A gaunt man, raw-boned and dark, with a face like a ghoul, stood just outside the circle described by the long bar. He held a mesquite branch, with forked and thorny end, which he used as a goad. Whenever the hairy half-naked giant passed around, this gaunt man would swing the whip. It cracked on the brown back — splattered the drops of blood.

There were three other men shoveling, carrying, and dumping ore into the pit. One was slight of build and hard of face. A red-undershirted fellow looked tough and wiry, of middle age, a seasoned desert-rat, villainous as a reptile. The third man had a small closely-cropped head like a bullet, and a jaw that stood out beyond his brow, a hard visage smeared with sweat and dust. His big naked shoulders proclaimed him young.

And the grizzled giant, whom the others were goading and working to death there in the terrible heat, was Adam's old savior and friend, Dismukes!

Cautiously Adam backed and slid down the clay slope, and hurried up and down another. When he had crossed several he turned to the left, and ran down to the trail, and followed along that until he reached the spot where he had left the buckets of water.

There he drank deeply, and tried to restrain his hurry. But he was not tired or out of breath. And his mind seemed at a deadlock. A weapon, a shovel, a sledge to crush their skulls! To keep between them and their guns! Thus Adam's thoughts had riveted themselves on a few actions.

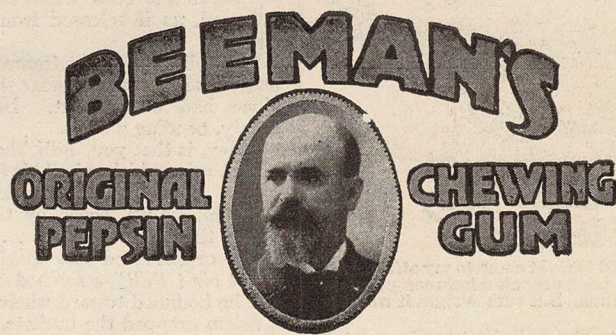
Swinging the cross-bar over his shoulders and lifting the buckets, he took the trail down toward the camp. He bowed his head and his shoulders more than the weight of the buckets made necessary.

He rounded the last corner. There was the camp, fifty yards away. He now could almost straddle the only avenue of escape.

"That's Bill with the water!" yelled the red-shirted man.

Work and action ceased. The giant Dismukes looked — then heaved erect with head poised like that of a hawk.

"Aw, Bill, you son-of-a-gun!" called another robber, in welcome. "We damn near died — waitin' fer that water!"

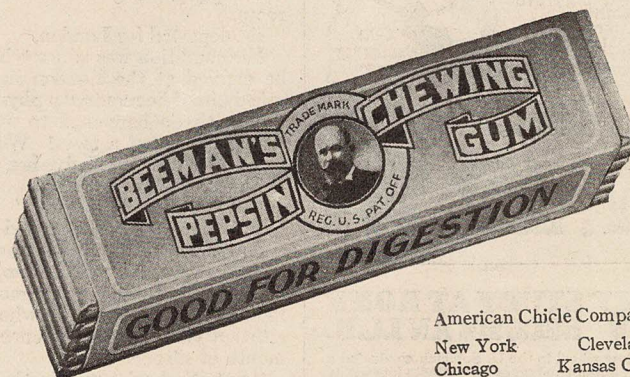


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When answering advertisements mention McClure's

"Ho! Ho! . . . Bill, ye musta run agin another Injin."

Adam walked on, shortening himself a little more, quickening his stride. When he reached and passed the shelter under which lay packs and coats and guns he suddenly quivered, as if released from dragging restraint.

The robber of slight frame and hard face had walked out from under the shelter. He alone had been silent. He had peered keenly, bending a little.

"Hey, is thet you, Bill?" he queried, with a hard voice which suited his face.

The gaunt robber cracked his whip. "Fellars, air we locoed by this hyar dust? Damn the deceivin' light! . . . Too big fer Bill—er I'm blind with heat!"

"It ain't Bill!" screeched the little man, and he bounded toward where the guns lay.

Adam dropped the buckets. Down they thudded with a splash. Two of his great leaps intercepted the little man, who veered aside, dodged and then tried to run by Adam, with a lunge and a swing, hit him squarely on the side of the head. The blow rang suddenly. Its tremendous power propelled the man off his feet, turning him side-wise as he went through the air, and carried him with terrific force against one of the shelter-posts, round which his limp body seemed to wrap itself. Crash! the post gave way, letting the roof sag. Then the smitten man rolled to lodge against a pack, and lay inert.

Whirling swiftly Adam drew his gun, and paused a second, ready to rush.

The robbers stood stock-still.

"My Gawd!" hoarsely yelled the red-shirted one. "Who's thet? . . . Did you see him soak Robbins?"

Dismukes let out a stentorian roar of joy, of hate, of triumph. Like a chained elephant he plunged to escape. Failing that, he surged down to yell: "Aha, you bloody claim-jumpers! Now you're done! It's Wansfell!"

"Wansfell!" flashed the gaunt-faced villain, and that gaunt face turned ashen. "Grab a shovel! Run fer a gun!"

Then the red-shirted robber swung aloft his shovel and rushed at Adam, bawling fierce curses. Adam shot him through. The man seemed blocked, as if by a heavy impact, then, more fiercely, he rushed again. Adam's second and last shot staggered him. But the shovel descended on Adam's head, a hard blow, fortunately from the flat side. Clubbing his gun Adam beat down the man, who

went falling with his shovel under the shelter. Both the other men charged Adam and the three met at the opening. They leaped so swiftly upon him and were so heavy-bodied, that they bore him to the ground. Adam's grim intention was to hang on to both of them, so neither could run to get a weapon. To that end he locked a hold on each. Then began a whirling, wrestling, thudding battle. To make sure of them Adam had handicapped himself. He could not swing his mallet-like fists and he had not been fortunate enough to grip their throats. So, rolling over and over with them, he took the rain of blows, swinging them back, heaving his weight upon them. Foot by foot he won his way farther and farther from where the guns lay. If one yelling robber surged half-erect Adam swung the other to trip him. And once inside the wide doorway of that octagon structure Adam rose with the struggling men, an iron hand clutching each, and swinging them wide apart, by giant effort he brought them back into solid and staggering impact. He had hoped to bring their heads together. But only their bodies collided and the force of the collision broke Adam's hold on one. The young man of hulking frame went down, right on the shovel, and quick to grasp it, he bounded up, fierce and strong. But as he swung aloft the weapon, Adam let go of the gaunt-faced man and hit him, knocking him against the other. They staggered back, almost falling.

Swift on that advantage, Adam swung a fist to the bulging jaw of the man with the shovel. As if struck by a catapult he went down over the wooden beam and the shovel flew far. Then Adam blocked the doorway. The other fellow charged him only to be knocked back. As he reeled, his comrade, panting loud, straddled the long beam. Just then Dismukes with quick wits heaved forward on the beam, to which he was bound, and the claim-jumper went sprawling in the dirt. Dismukes celebrated his entrance into the fray with another stentorian yell.

Adam awoke now to a different and more intense sense of the fight. He had his antagonists cornered. They could never get by him to secure a gun. And the fierce zest of violent strife, the ruthless law of the desert, the survival of the strongest, the blood lust would have made him refuse any weapon save his hands. He stood on his feet and his hands were enough. Like a wolf he snapped his teeth, then locked his jaw. As he swung and battled and threw

these foes backward a strange wild joy accelerated his actions. The smell of sweat and blood, the heat of panting breaths in his face, the feel of hot rippling muscle all tended to make him the fiercer. His sight stayed keen, though tinged with red. He saw the beady evil eyes of the big robber, like hot green fire, and the bruised and bleeding face with its snarling mouth, and as he saw, he struck out hard with savage thrill. He saw the gaunt and sallow visage of the other, bloody-mouthed, with malignant gaze of frenzied hate, of glinting intent to kill, and as he saw he beat him down.

Then into his pulsing senses burst a terrible yell from Dismukes. The gaunt-faced man had fallen into the pit of the arrastra, and Dismukes had suddenly started ahead, shoving the beam before him. The big rocks dragging by chains from the cross-beam began to pound around on the ore. Jar and rumble! Then a piercing scream issued from the man who had been caught under the rocks, who was being dragged around the arrastra.

Adam saw, even as he knocked back another rush of the other man.

"Grindin' gold, Wansfell!" roared Dismukes. "More ore, pard! . . . We're grindin' gold!"

The huge prospector bent to his task. Supreme was his tremendous effort. Strength of ten men! Blood gushed from the cuts on his brawny back. Faster he shoved until he was running. And as he came around, the ferocity of his bristling face, and the swelling of the great chest with its mats of hair, seemed to prove him half man, half beast, a gorilla in a death-grapple.

Again the big robber lunged up, to lower his head and charge at Adam. He was past yelling. He did not seek to escape. He would have given his life to kill.

"More ore, pard Wansfell!" yelled Dismukes, as with whistling breath he shoved round the terrible mill of rumbling rocks. A horrible long-drawn cry issued from under them.

Then the sweep of the long beam caught the charging man. Down to his knees it forced him, and catching under his chin, was dragging him when the upright post gave way with a crash. The released beam, under the tremendous momentum of Dismukes' massive weight and strength, seemed to flash across the half-circle, lifting and carrying the man. A low wall of rock caught his body, and the beam, swinging free from its fastening, cracked his head as if it had been a ripe melon.

(To be continued)

# Stronger Than Death

[Continued from page 24]

two. You'll miss me. You'll be punished. Perhaps when you return you'll be sensible."

"Good-bye, then," he said.

She hesitated, then came to him for the parting kiss. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't you think I love you, Allan?" His devil prompted him to reply:

"As much as you can."

Sharply pushing him from her, she left the room.

He departed for London.

His condition was so wretched that, when he arrived at the London hotel, the clerk asked him if he required a physician. "What is this that's happened to me?" he asked himself. "What a mess! What a future it would be! But can I give her up?"

Later he reflected:

"At any rate, she'll write."

This thought nearly calmed him.

Days, weeks, a month passed. Such a month as a man would spend sitting in a prison-cell, waiting, every moment, for the footfall of a messenger who might bring either a pardon or a sentence of death. A month of silence.

"But it's I who was in the wrong; it's I who should have written! What have I done to her? She may be ill!"

He rushed back to Paris, prepared to find her pining away from grief.

She was not at her hotel. She had gone to dine at a restaurant. As he approached the restaurant, he saw her, about to enter a motor-car, with Wirsdml and the tenor Calincourt, *en toilette*, a necklace of diamonds revealed between the folds of her cloak. In that costume she had never dined in one of the public rooms. It had evidently

been a private dinner-party. She was radiant. Her smile was as dazzling as if produced before a drop-curtain, above a sudden clustering of bouquets.

She did not see him standing there on the pavement.

He returned to London. That voyage he took ship for the Orient. On the voyage he was supposed by everybody to be convalescent from an illness.

In moments of relapse, he wondered, "How did it all come about? Why wasn't I content to take the best she could offer?" And after reflection, "I was mad! Surely such things don't happen to other men. No, this is the penalty for being a romantic."

So it was that he developed a hatred of romance.

He engulfed himself in his work. He gained a reputation for freedom from sentimentality, except where social conditions were concerned.

He had transmuted romanticism into humanitarianism. In the words of his dinner-companion at Mme. de Lammennais-Rypperda's he had "sublimated his intolerable yearning."

Still, now and then dizziness stole over him when he chanced on her name in a newspaper. His eyes, before he could avert them, embraced the article from beginning to end, drank in its whole import. So he learned that she had married Wirsdml, and, after Wirsdml's death, the tenor Calincourt. Then he read that she had retired from opera.

If only that might have happened in his time!

But this very evening, while passing the Opéra on his way to the house of Mme. de

Lammennais-Rypperda, he had said to himself, with a pleasant sensation of calmness and fortitude, "Not a twinge! Nothing but incredulity at that old-time madness. How long has it been since I made myself over, became another man?"

The saturnine maid, softly approaching the alcove, peered into the gloom.

"Madame still sleeps."

Sitting down on the edge of a shadowy chair, she folded her hands discreetly in her lap. They listened to the ticking of an invisible clock.

"You and madame have been here long?"

"A month. With our present means, monsieur, there was nowhere else to go."

"And this state of affairs?"

"Since the divorce from Monsieur Calincourt. But for a long while it has all been bad. Monsieur knows nothing about it?"

The maid, her face covered with a shadow that resembled the mask of an attendant in a torture-chamber, began in a calm, dry voice to reveal the secrets of these years.

"When I came to madame, in the second year of her marriage to Monsieur Wirsdml, they were already unhappy together. If, indeed, they had ever been otherwise! Yet madame was then at the height of her career. Signor Sassotti had just written for her his opera 'Scheherezade'."

"The old perfume!" Allan uttered aloud.

"Madame's perfume? Pardon, I think not. To my knowledge she has used only two perfumes. In the days of Monsieur Wirsdml it was *M'Aimez-Vous*. In Monsieur Calincourt's period it was *Crepuscula*. But *Scheherezade*? If that was a perfume of