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by Jean Belle Hamilton

SMART FROCK REGISTERING PARIS INFLUENCE.

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Arranged in a straight line, the railways of the world would reach to the moon and back again—477,636 miles.

There's a Treat

for you and your children in the Peppermint sugar jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside.

Utmost value in long l-a-s-t-i-n-g delight.

WRIGLEY'S aids digestion and makes the next cigar taste better. Try it. CG38

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 37—'26.

Playing the Game.

The ancient adage about honesty being the best policy was probably first uttered by some old rogue with his tongue in his cheek!

It is greatly improved in its parody form: "Honesty is the best policeman." Certainly the type of honesty which has no deeper root than the canny sense of its expediency is only a poor thing.

Many letters come to my office from young people in business houses and offices, telling me of trade tricks which give them a lurking and uncomfortable suspicion that, even if they are not positively dishonest, they are at least hardly consistent with their own ideas of "playing the game."

Personally, I do not see why anyone who has been accustomed, at home and at school, to regard anything that isn't straight as crooked, anything which is not above-board as underhand, and anything which is not quite right as quite wrong, should require to write to me on an issue so simple.

I am not concerned to inquire whether honesty is the best policy or the worst, because if it is a policy at all it is not honest, and if it is honesty it knows nothing of policy. Where decent people are concerned, honesty and policy are never associated, but only honesty and principle.

The moment I begin to wonder whether it will pay me to be an honest man or a crook, I am already a crook, even though I may never get to windward of the law.

For the truly honest man there is only one way to take, and that's the right one. He never thinks to debate with himself the pros and cons of taking the wrong one. He decides on principle and not on expediency.

Benjamin Franklin had a saying, drawn from some sad experience of his boyhood, that it was possible to "pay too much for your whistle." You want that whistle; you want it badly; you covet it with every fibre of your being—but the price! "There's the rub!"

If the price of so-called success is a scarred conscience, a hardened heart, a sullied sensibility, a cynical attitude to the things mankind has labelled "worthy," and a tolerant one to those marked "rotten," then success is dearly bought. There's nothing worth it.

The revisers of the New Testament made a notable change in a well-known passage. It now reads: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" People used to think it referred to some future state. It doesn't. It means: How much benefit does a man really get by swopping principle for cash, or anything that cash represents which to him seems "the whole world"?

Last, largest, there's one law for all the minds,
Here or above; be true at any price!

says Browning; and in another place:

"Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world good except truth.

When we come to real values who will say "No" to that:

Mountain Ash.

Scarlet berries shine upon the trees through the August haze hovering over the northwestern city which nestles amid the sturdy evergreens. They are like small red balls on a Christmas tree. The amber berries of the mountain ash have been turned by the swiftly advancing season into crimson clusters that hang over the boulevard. It was July when the berries were pale and wan, small and yellow, but the ripening August days have given the fruit the rich shades of the red apple.

A leafy filagree waves around the berries as the green robe of the tree quivers in the breeze that strays into the tranquil evening scene and touches the ruby jewels.

Houses that border along the boulevard are screened by the serried rank of the ash trees that form a lane into the city. A few of the ruby jewels of the trees have fallen from their setting upon the gray walk.

As the twilight deepens in the pervading August haze, and the boulevard darkens, the row of ash trees is faintly etched against the western sky.

Off in the deep, mauve valley the vividly red sun floats in the mist. It is a silken silhouette in crimson. It is a toy balloon strayed from the hand of a baby giant and sinking behind the tips of the purpling mountains that hover over the mountain ash. But it is also in the dusk an inflated scarlet berry tossed into the sky from the mountain ash trees.

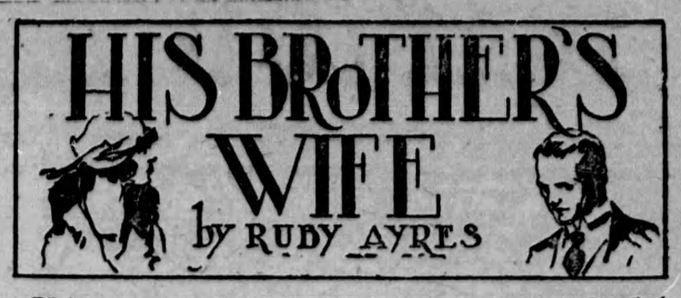
A Real Holiday.

Johnny was packing his bag to go camping when his mother came in.

"Why, Johnny," she said, "you haven't put in any soap!"

"Aw, fiddlesticks!" said the boy, "we're going for a holiday!"

Minard's Liniment for bruises.



BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. A letter comes to Mary from Dolly saying that she and her husband are safe. Monty Fisher tells David that Mary is not Nigel's widow. David says he had already found that out.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You don't despise me, then? I—I thought—"

She covered her face with her hands.

Monty looked away from her bowed head. He would have given a great deal in that moment to have been able to recall those impulsively spoken words to David Bretherton. He was slowly beginning to realize what it was in this woman, who was not really beautiful, and not in the least smart, that had so endeared her to this quiet household.

There was something so womanly about her, something— He could not define his feelings. Impulsively he held out his hand.

"If ever I can be of use to you I hope you will ask me."

Mary laid her trembling fingers in his.

"You are very kind," she said, then turned precipitately and ran from the room.

This was her last night at the Red Grange. Already she had put together the few things she had brought with her, and packed them in a bag that bore Nigel Bretherton's initials.

It was one of his many possessions which Dolly had left behind her. She had cared nothing for the man; now he was gone she cared nothing for anything that had been his.

Mary sat down at the little writing table which Miss Varney had had placed in the room for her. She took Dolly's letter from a locked drawer and spread it out before her.

It was strange, she thought, that Dolly's letter and Monty Fisher should have come so near together. It had been wonderful that she had been left so long undiscovered.

And any day now David might hear from Dolly. Mary knew Nigel's widow very well, knew that money was everything in the world to her, that she would leave no stone unturned to get anything she could from David.

Her only hope lay now in flight, to get away and leave no trace behind her.

She had meant to write to Dolly, but the dinner gong rang before she had written more than a couple of lines, and she thrust the letter hastily away.

Every detail of that last dinner was stamped indelibly on her brain—the long, beautiful room, the shining silver and wonderful glass, the paneled walls and gleaming armor, and David, the last of all the Brethertons, sitting silent and abstracted at the head of the table.

The desultory conversation was carried on by Miss Varney and Fisher. Mary hardly spoke, and scarcely touched the tempting dishes set before her; she felt as if every mouthful would choke her. She wondered that the emotion of her aching heart was not clearly stamped in her face.

She was beginning to understand now as never before why Nigel had so hated the ordinary suburban life he had been forced to lead since his marriage. She could sympathize now with the way his face had always lit up at mention of the Red Grange. She, who had been there but a few weeks, loved it already. How much more, then, must he have cared who had lived there all his life?

CHAPTER XLIII.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

Instead of following Miss Varney to the drawing-room she slipped away upstairs. Tears blinded her eyes as she went. This was the last evening she would ever spend in the old house. This was the shutting of the door upon her brief glimpse of Paradise.

It was only just after eight. She knew that it would be useless to attempt to leave the house for another two hours, but she finished her small preparations, bathed the tears from her eyes, and went downstairs again.

David met her at the foot of the stairs.

"I am going to drive Fisher to the station. Will you come with me "

She flushed up to her eyes. She knew that it would be wiser to refuse, that David's absence would give her the opportunity she wanted to leave the house unnoticed. But the temptation to go with him was great.

It was a lovely night. She could picture the long drive to the station through the silent country lanes, the drive back, when she would be with him alone.

"Why do you hesitate?" he asked.

There was a sharp inquiry in his voice. His eyes sought here insistently.

She roused herself with an effort; she was afraid that he might suspect something from her manner. She answered quickly:

"I will come; yes, of course I will come. I should like to."

She ran back for her hat and coat. When she came again down the stairs David was still standing where she had left him. There was something in his manner that gave her a little qualm of fear.

When the car came to the door he turned to Fisher.

"You won't mind the back seat, Monty? It's rather cold for a lady."

Mary protested she preferred the back seat; she did not mind the night air in the least.

"You don't know how to take care of yourself," David said, smiling.

He wrapped the rug carefully round her knees. Even after they had started he put out his hand once through the darkness to see if she was well covered.

"It is not summer yet, you know," he told her when she declared that she was quite warm.

There was a crescent moon in the sky. It peeped down at them shyly through the dark branches of the tall trees; it shed a faintly silvered light over the freshly plowed fields and white country roads.

David hardly spoke. Once or twice he half turned to address a remark to Fisher, but for the most part they were all silent.

When the station was reached the two men got out.

David looked at Mary.

"Won't you come and see the last of him?" he asked lightly. "It will do you good to have a little stretch."

Mary obeyed at once; it never occurred to her that David had no intention of leaving her alone for a moment. She never doubted that Fisher had spoken truthfully when he

"Won't you come and see the last of him?" he asked.

said that he had told David nothing. She stood beside him while Fisher bade him good-bye.

Fisher held her hand a little longer than was strictly necessary, she thought. There was a hidden meaning in his voice for her when he said:

"I shall hope to see you in town before long."

David was frowning when they returned to the car. She saw his face for an instant in the glare of the headlights.

"Do you know Fisher very well?" he asked abruptly, as he took his seat beside her.

She shook her head.

"No. I—" She broke off; she had been going to say that she had only seen him once before in all her life, but stopped; she knew that Dolly had seen him many times.

"No, not very well," she added, in a low voice.

David was driving the car very slowly; he looked down at her, turning his whole body a little towards her.

"What is the matter with you today?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that you seem changed, somehow. Don't you like Fisher any better than you liked his sister?"

She protested indignantly.

"I suppose you will never forget that. And I do like Mr. Fisher; I think he is very nice."

"I am glad." There was something dry in David's voice; he did not speak again for some minutes, then: "So you are going to stay with them in London after all?"

CHAPTER XLIV.

MARY IS AFRAID.

"I never thought of such a thing," said Mary. "I told you before that I cannot bear staying with strange people."

"Did you feel like that when you came here?"

"No, of course not! At least—" She tried to take back the eager, emphatic denial, but realized that it was too late. "You were different," she added helplessly, "you and Miss Varney."

"Thank you," said David softly.

Mary bit her lip. She had tried so hard not to remember that this was the last time she would ever drive like this with David; she had tried to forget that this was the last chapter of her stolen happiness, but something in his voice, in his manner, brought it home to her with suffocating force.

She loved him. She loved his voice, his laugh, his grave eyes; she loved everything about him; and yet—yet she had wilfully deceived him, wilfully lied to him.

If she only dared to tell him! In aching imagination she could see herself turning to him, hear herself speaking the sobbing confession; but in reality she sat there, her hands clasped convulsively together beneath the warm rug, grudging each flying moment, each last word.

When they neared the Red Grange she spoke:

"Need we go home just yet? It is such a lovely night, I don't want to go home just yet."

"It is quite early. We will go round the other way."

His voice was quite even; she did not see the sharp look he cast at her as he bent towards the wheel.

She leaned back beside him with a little sigh of happiness.

David spoke suddenly.

"What are you thinking about?"

She started.

"Nothing. At least, I don't know."

He turned the car round into a narrow side road.

(To be continued.)

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Just Rinse with Rinso

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Rinso

Made by the makers of Lux

R-457

Dusk in the Redwoods.

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose;
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows;
The winds would be still;
The dove is calling,
The dusk is falling,
On the yellow hill.
Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail;
Faster and faster the colors fail;
The winds grow still.
The dove, is he calling?
'Tis the soft dusk falling
On the purple hill.
Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The dove is dreaming,
The love-star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.

—John Vance Cheney, in "At the Silver Gate."

For Hawks to See.

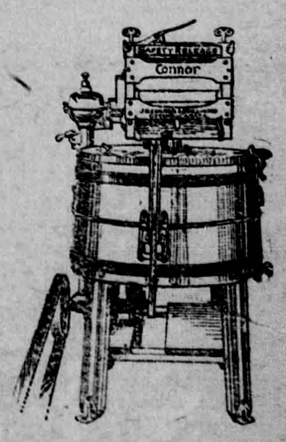
John put a scarecrow in the yard
And used my clothes—
He found some old, worn, shabby shoes
That pinched my toes—
He took the hat so broad of brim
From off my head—
And put it on that scarecrow thing,
Then shot it dead!
Now, every time I glance outside
I seem to be
A shabby, old fat farmer's wife
For hawks to see!

—Dorothy Moore.

Lubrication is Essential.

Never neglect oiling and greasing certain parts of the engine because of their inaccessible location.

CONNOR POWER WASHER MODEL 26



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2. IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the dirtiest clothes absolutely clean.
3. IT MUST SATISFY you on its improved aluminum agitator that forces the soapy water through the clothes.
4. IT MUST SATISFY you on its elimination of hand rubbing.
5. IT MUST SATISFY you on its large four position wringer that will wring from the rinsing or blueing tub while the machine is doing the washing.
6. IT MUST SATISFY you on its quiet, smooth running.
7. IT MUST SATISFY you in everything you expect in a Power Washer.

If it does not, return it to us at our expense and we will refund you the purchase price, $70.00.

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