Wilkerson the Plotter HEN be had thoroughly lear ed his lesson Wilkerson coo ly. In spite of the letter had received from Jean Dar nell in New York telling him of he willingness to finance per scheme, termined be must be friends with Joh Dorr, at least outwardly. So smoothed out the visible wrinkles nis face, trying to vell the mailclots gleam in his eyes, and spent two days quietly trying to show his amiability not only to the miners, but to Duri

Wilkerson was absolutely certain that his old partner, Thomas Gallon had really made a rich and and that he had lost the locution and accepted "The Master Key" as a substitute in the hope that by working it thoroughly he might find the mother lode. other words, careful manipulation of



"Look here, Wilkerson, maybe both o us have made a mistake."

the present mine, painstaking toll it figuring out the trend of the various reins, would lead to that particular pot of gold which had been at the end of Gallon's youthful rainbow of hopes Wilkerson was determined to be mas ter of "The Master Key." He needed the skilled aid of John Dorr with his engineering knowledge.

John Dorr knew that there was a tremendous secret in Gallon's life rep resented by the golden key which he had torn from his neck and handed to Ruth when he was dying. That key had figures on it. He understood that those scratches on that golden surface represented something tremendously important, and that the old man bad committed Ruth to his charge and had spoken of Wilkerson as his former partner and said, "Wilkerson knows

What was it that Wilkerson knew It was better thought John to accept his amigble advances and thereby possibly gain his confidence and find out for Ruth's sake that secret which Thomas Gallon had taken to his grave. So on the second day after the resto ration of the old scale of wages and his own reappointment as engineer in charge John went down to the office and said buntly: "Look here, Wilker son, maybe both of us have made mistake. I'm sure my only aim is to belp out in the promotion of The Mas

ter Key. " Wilkerson received him amiably "I'm sure my only interest in this bust ness is to fetch into good ore. All that we are digging out now is dirt without may pay to it."

"I think I know where we can strike first class stoff," Dorr returned. "There is sure pay rock if we travel south from that main tunnel. We may have to go a couple of bundred feet." Wilkerson looked at him shrewdly

"That will cost money," he remarked "But I'll take this up with Ruth" John looked at him with a faint trace of the old enmity in his eyes. He did not like to bear the first name of the mistress of "The Master Key" on those

"If the mine is not paying it's up to as to make it pay," he remarked

When Wilkerson entered the brings low Ruth perceived a great change in his attitude. He was no longer sollen and he was evidently worried. It was a clean worry, and she smiled at him Had not her father come in with that expression on his face many times; le put her chin in the cup of her ands and asked cheerfully, "What is M. Mr. Wilkerson?"

"May I sit down?" he said awk

She memoned to a chair, and be pull ed out of his pocket a paper covered with figures

71 think you ought to know how ed out. things are going along, Miss Gallon, said, with unusual formality When your rather made me superin endent of this mine I did not realize hat the responsibility was so heavy as is We are not making any money We are losting money. You can see by you over in the motor truck or shall the reports which I have here that our | we ride to Silent Valley?" practically nothing. We must find the quential logic which maidens have she ein again. Lo do so we must have added, "Let's ride, I'll take Parsy and money. There is no money in "The you can ride Black Joe." inster Key, mine."

netimes, said thath quietry. "that strange cit; she wished her last hours ed at it ne always got IL'

doing my best. I am John Dorr and nia on half broken horsefle jutely lost the vem and that if 'The Master Key is to pay anything more we must find it again.

Ruth's expression softened at the mention of John Dorr's mime. does be think?" she demanded. "Wha is the chance of finding it again?"

"If we run west, Dorr thinks," said Wilkerson slowly, "we'll recover the vein, but that will cost money, which we haven't got. Do you realize, Miss Gallon, that the pay roll here is ove \$1,000 a day? Within a week I have to pay out over \$30,000 for the month and I tell you frankly that when have paid that there will be no more money to the account of 'The Master Key in the bank in Silent Valley

Ruth realized that he was speaking the truth, even lessening the imme diateness of the catastrophe, but distaste of the man was too great allow her to discuss the matter with him in the intimate way which she felt was necessary. She must see John

She quickly dismissed Wilkerson and then went to Dorr's office perseit, meethig nim at the doot. She bore as a gift a small basket of fruit Without preliminaries she said, "John are we broke?"

He hughed; then his face grew grave. "The mine is not paying." be said briefly

is the matter?" "Money." said John But why money?"

"It will cost \$10,000 to drive that new tunnel." John added as they en tered the office.

"But Mr. Wilkerson just said be was going to pay over \$30,000 to the men. Ruth said soberly. "If we have that much money, why can't we"-

A tenderness flooded Dorr's eyes He comprehended her helplessness under stood why old Thomas Gallon had been so insistent that he, John Dorr. should look after her. She was a mere child He tried to explain the exact situation with the result that Ruth finally push ed him off his high stoot, got up on it perself and wrote in a large, childish hand right across the face of one of his new drawings, "I must raise \$10.

She swung around to John and asked "How can I get \$10,000?"

Dorr besitated. His plan was risky in view of Wilkerson's attitude but after all the money must be raised He said quietly: "Pledge the stock you own in The Master Key. I know a man in NewsFork who will loan \$10,000 on it." He bent over ben ear nestly: "But listen, Ruth, if we spend the \$10,000 and we don't find the moth er lode, you lose the inthe it's just like a mortgage on a farm."

"But you wouldn't snggest this if weren't the only way out," she said briefly "Now, bow am I to do this?" "You must go to New York and see George Everett. I will give you a let ter to him, and he will see to it that you get the extra money we need Meanwhile I'll keep the mine going."

Ruth gave him her full eyes, "You don't like Mr Wilkerson, do you?" "I don't trust him," be replied. At this moment the superintendent entered the office and, seeing their two

heads close together over the desk he roughly "I don't like to start in any

thing I can't finish ' Ruth swung around to say quietly: am going to New York city to see | walking up the aisle of a great church | are of myself?" Mr George Everett, a friend of Dorr's, and I will come back with the

"Everett, Everett"-repeated Wilker son, "who is George Everett?" Despite John's frowns, Ruth volu hly explained. When she had finished



"Jonn, are we broke?"

Wilkerson nodded and said: "I'll the men to work tomorrow, Dorr Bell ter have your plans ready!" He stamp

"You had better go this afternoon. John told Ruth. "There is no time to

John smiled. "All right; I'll take

my, still within the precincts of The eanup stely has been far less than "I've never been to New York." she ir expenses, and our last one showed said timidly, and with that inconse

Dorr did not understand at all that She pulled the key, warm from her That's what father used to say in leaving her home for the great bosom, out of its hiding place and look

to be filled with supporting now a family hope that you don't think that I'm not lar zest of scurrying over dry Califor-

> "While you are getting ready i'll a letter to George Everett." Ruth laid one slender hand on Jo

"You're always doing things for John." she said simply do something for you." She slipped away without a backward giance Dorr watched her trip down the bill toward her own little bungalow, and if seemed to him as if he held one end of a golden thread that she was spin ning through supshine, it was an chored in his heart That thread would be 3,000 miles long before she suw good old Everett. He picked up bit pen and wrote rapidly:

"Master Key" Mine, June George Everett, Ill Broadway, New York

Dear George-When a young, slender prown eyed, golden haired girl walks into your office and says, "I'm Ruth Gallon," and hands you the papers that she will have in her little hand bag, please that she gets \$10,000 Ever yours

He would have added more oper instinct told him that Ruth should be the first to put the whole schem before the cool beaded, rather cold hearted George Everett. He addressed the envelope and sealed it. Then be went to the telephone and called up the station at Silent Valley.

"Bill," he said quietly after listenin a moment to see if any one was on the line, "I want to send a telegram Take "But can't we make it pay't What it over the wire, please. I'll be down in a little while and pay you."

"Sure," floated back a cheerful voice wish my credit was as good yours, ten miles away, but it seems if I have to be always present when ask for it. Go ahead, John!" "This is it, Bill," said John:

George Everett, Ill Broadway, New York

Miss Ruth Gallon leaves tonight to see you about "Master Key" stock. Meet her and wire me on her arrival. Take good care of her or I'll take care of you JOHN DORR

The operator repeated the message and involuntarily adopted a little of John's savage intenation on the last four words It woke him up to the fact that he was allowing his feelings to become public. He begun to see why it was that men looked at him strangely at times, when it was a ques tion of Ruth s interests. He must restrain himself.

The operator did not bang up imme diately, but said hesitatingly: "Say, John, there's a wire here; just came in from 'The Master Key' mine. It does not seem to fibe with yours. Wilkerson sent it."

"I'll play fair," said John to himself. and he called back over the wire, "Bil ly, that's yours and Wilkerson's bust ness, not mine" If he had listened to the tenor of the message directed to Jean Darnell, in New York, he would have learned what Wilkerson was plot

For years Wilkerson had built up for himself a golden image in Jean Dar nell No one realized better than him self that she was a creature of appetite, a lover of silk and velvet. A wo man whose eyes widened at sight of a Persian cat Feminine in every de gree, womanly in none. But he him self, dominated absolutely, utterly and completely by his desires, had fallen under her spell, and he was going to stie went on impulsively. "I think op win her, no matter how. If is a era must be like church one wants to strange thing that when a dishonest go all by oneseif." man finally yields to an honest passion nothing will satisfy him but the at for the first time in many years revent most observance of the ritual of socie. ty. Harry Wilkerson's vision was of mg only pleasant memories my dear to meet his bride at the altar.

Yet he had always thought of her in terms of gold, that was a contrastthe pallid, suring, blue eyed woman. voluptuous, soft-and his image of her built of yellow gold, dragged out of the bowels of "The Master Key" mine

This image was now before his eyes: instead of the warm, sun blessed Callformia hills, with their faint scent of sage and cactus, he saw a richly furnished room and breathed the odor of attar of roses. Let us not follow him in his dreams. But looking over his shoulder an hour later we read:

"Master Key" Mine, June -Jean Darnell, Astor House, New York Find George Everett at III Broadway and meet Ruth Gallon in Chicago of Sante Fe express leaving here this even-

ing. Introduce Drake as Everett after you have seen Everett and keep the girl to yourself until I can arrange matters near here." he thought, "so I guess I'll You must know what sort of a fellow

Los Angeles"

through the streets roaring with traf be George Everett. The girl is as ig fic she had beard sounds that had nev er met her ears before the sounds of the world's business which oddly enough, seemed to be mostly hanied over comblestones. The faint echo of palled her to think that she must dwell with men who fived in such an atmos the door of his cook shanty, of the great ore bucket swinging across the guich toward the mill, of John, bend

Master Key". " set va. 12 It had been so impressed upon ber that her mission was of vital impor tance to the mine, that these tender emotions flowed into the same channel with her really keen business instinct.

CHAPTER VIII

Jean Darnell's Ruse. HIS must be Miss Gallon sold a pleasant voice. Ruth tooked: up to

or velvet eyes Western bred Rutt responded amiably to this saturation though she had not the fahriest idea who the woman was "Yes, I am Miss Gaffon."

"I am Mrs Durnell," said friend of your friend, John Dorr's, He wired me that I would find you on this train." The He was so plausible that Ruth merely blushed, thinking that if was one more token of John Dorr's carefulness of her comfort and safety. To her inexperienced eyes this woman represented the tremendous city of which she was going. Her dress, ber manner, ber jewels, the evasive per fume that she affected were all strange and impressive to her. She moved over a little to allow Mrs. Darnell is sit down.

"John never spoke of you," said Huth simply. "I did not have the familiest notion that I was to meet any of his friends. Do you live in New York? "Yes, I five in New York, I happen ed to be in Chicago, and through Mr

Everett I heard from John." "Oh, you know Mr. Everett!" eried Ruth. "He is the man I am going to see in New York," and she went on to tell, as best she could, the gist of ber

It was typical of the woman to who she was talking that she did not interrupt this naive narrative. She sat in silken silence, occasionally allowing her great eyes to rest on Ruth's fair face with an assumption of affection. As a matter of fact, she was protoundly to terested Life had taught Jean Dar uell a great many things, and among them had been the great lesson of self preservation the saving for herself of money, of comfort, of health and of good looks Now it was a question of money, prime among them alt, and her rather keen wits saw previsely the chances which Wilkerson was taking She recalled his oft repeated statements that there was money to "The Master Key" and his latest letters imploring

her to help him get control of the stock When Ruth ended up with a gentle 'And so I told John I'd come and see what I could do the elder woman smiled gently. Times were not so gond with her as they had been and if that Wilkerson could put this deathrough and make money for them all would simplify many a problem which she dully pondered at night.

"Mr Everett will meet us at the train," she said briefly, "and then you can tell him all this Meanwhile, suppose we talk about something else "But I can't think of anything else" inid Ruth

"Oh, you will," said Mrs. Unrpell You can combine the pleasure of see ing New York with your little bust dess. Mr. Everett will quickly settle that part of it, and I shall take great pleasure to showing you about Manhat tan, i presume you are fond of op

"I have never been to the opera." Ruth responded. "I should love to go but when I do go I must go all alone."

Mrs Darnell turned very slowly and a secret thought: "Do you know that

The bitterness of that confession with all its implication, wholly escuped Ruth's I sensitive but inexperienced mind. Net there was something in the tone that warmed her heart to this ef fulgent creature. At least, she was not going into the great city all alone nor confront Mr Everett by herself. Mrs Imrnett made her feel that she was competently protected.

When they arrived the next morning at the Grand Central station in New York city Mrs Durnell quietly intro duced her to a silm, rather handsome young man, who seemed ill at ouse un til he had drawn Ruth's companion aside for a moment for a chat while the porter collected their lugginge

"I don't just like this game." be said "In the first place. Everett is a man in the city, and this Miss Garlon doesn't mok to me like a girl you could Anyway, I can't quier "I can't send this through any office stand what you are trying to do. Jean ride down to Valle Vista and hand it Harry Wilkerson is by this time Why to the conductor. He can send it from | play his hand for him?"

don't notice you nowing any Three days later Ruth Gallon settled trumps in your band, she teturned nerself in the sent of a Pullman that gently but with a faint gleam in her was soon to leave Chicago for New eyes which made him draw buck York. She was excited in crossing This is my game, and I expect you to town from one depot to another play your part. You come on now and porant as a pigeon Remember what

"About that stock?" be said subjently "Yes, the stock, ton understand that noise still room in her ears it ap ruise money for this mine. You are supposed to handle the business for her If you don't learn all that is to phere; also she felt very lonely She be learned about The Master Key thought of the mine, of Tom Kane in mine to the next two days you are more than the thot I take you for She drew him back to where Ruth stood amid the suft cases and hand ing over his blue prints and papers; or bugs and said. "Miss tintion Mt Ex the grave on the bill where her father erett has been telling me that he. has beard from John Dort about your

Ruth seanned nim politely. But the interest died in her eyes when she saw what sort of a man he was He might he # friend of John s; he might he the map to rescue "The Master Ker" from bankruptey but he did no

Druke, grying to play the part of the Continued on Page 7

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## MILITARY ARCHERS.

Bows and Arrows Were Used in Battle Up to a Century Ago.

We think of the bow and arrow as medieval weapons of war abandoned by the nations of Europe four or five Tel. 422-J centuries ago. The bowmen of Crecy are the last of any prominence in English history. Yet it is only about 100 years since soldiers fought with bows and arrows in European wars, and that, too, on the fields of southern Bel-

It was in 1813, when all Europe was armed against Napoleon. Every one of the allied nations brought every possible resource of men and means to further this end. Among them was Russia. To the war she sent soldiers from the newly conquered tribes that dwelt upon the steppes of Asia-Bokharans and Turkomans and Tartars and other half savage peoples. Many of these regiments were armed with bows and

arrows. Jomini, the military historian, speaks of a great number of these that fought side by side with the Prussians in eastern Germany and in Belgium, and he says that these bowmen held their own against the French infantry. Their aim, he says, was surprisingly good, and they could shoot an arrow with effect almost as far as a musket ball was effective, but in those days that was not much more than 100 yards.-Exchange.

## THE ART OF MUSIC.

One Must Thoroughly Understand It to

Berlioz says; "Music is the art of moving, by a systematic combination of sounds, the affections of intelligent, receptive and cultivated beings."

Weber states: "Music is to the arts what love is to man. In truth, it is love itself; the purest, loftiest language of passion, portraying it in a thousand shades of color and feeling."

Ruskin declares: "Music is the first the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction."

Have you ever thought what a desolate place the world would be without music? Have you ever realized that the entire civilized world now looks upon music as one of the great essentials in the education of the cultured man and woman?

Few persons know that the greatest delight of music comes through the understanding of it. The highest in music is not revealed to the student until the student has earned the right to enjoy it. With the right once earned the student has a wonderful power at his command, a power with which be can carry his listeners to the height of joy or to the depth of sadness. With music it is possible to exercise control over all the emotions of man.-Alfred Edward Freckelton, Jr., in New York

How He Looked. One summer when William M. Evarts was at his country home in Windsor, V.t., a farmer who had followed his political career in the newspapers for many years was extremely anxious to see him in the flesh and drove eighteen miles into town in order to catch

Senator Evarts at that time was be ing entertained constantly, dining out almost every night, and as he drove out of his grounds to an appointment one evening the farmer was lying in wait for him in the road. The latter. seeing the pale, ascetic face and meager form of the famous statesman. "Well, I declare," he exclaimed, Hours 9 to 12

a glimpse of his idol.

ried you."

"looks as if he'd always boarded!" A Family Jar. "I suppose you know I came near marrying Jim Wombat before I mar-

"Yes, I know it," said the goaded husband. "He rubs it into me every time he gets a chance."-Kansas City JourEdna Stuart, R. N. Massage and Nursing by the Hour Lake Forest, IIL

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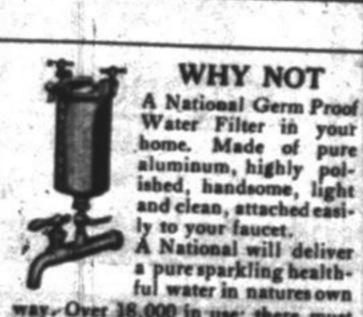
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