

The VANISHING MEN

By Richard Washburn Child

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Brena Selous and Peter DeWolfe meet in London and fall in love. Peter has been warned to stay away from Brena or he will disappear like the others. Brena tells him her story: When but very young her father died and left her an orphan in Dallas, Texas. She journeyed to St. Louis to marry Jim Hennepin, but Jim does not show up. Complicated business man then marries her, but he is haunted by a fear of something and finally disappears and has not been heard from for a number of years.

DeWolfe determines to get at the bottom of the mystery and comes to America and searches the Parmalee house on the Hudson. He finds two books dealing with a rather curious colored town of an Aztec city, but the same pages are missing in both. He spends a large amount for a complete book. He takes Parmalee's personal books to an accountant who is a specialist. Brena returns and is glad to learn that Peter has disappeared.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

From Colby Pennington Brena learned that Peter had gone to Texas, and that on the twenty-fourth of the month he expected to be in the town of Krenlin Wells. This was a small town in the desert, on the border between Texas and New Mexico.

Within an hour Brena, without even hand baggage, was in the train bearing her on the first stage of her journey to Krenlin Wells. She must be there by the twenty-fourth. She had a sense of racing with death.

And she won. At three o'clock in the morning of that day she alighted from the train in Krenlin Wells to peer into the face of a dark-eyed Mexican. She was frightened for a moment but at the mention of Peter's name the Mexican said: "Come," and led the way to a ramshackle hotel. Up the stairs she followed him and watched while he opened the door of a room.

His lantern's circle of light widened as he held it higher until it covered a cot on which a waking sleeper was pushing himself up on one arm and reaching under a pillow with the other hand.

"A lady," the Mexican said, setting down the lantern and departing. The man on the cot sprang up, raised the lantern, and gasped.

"Brena!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Peter. Thank God, Peter I came in time."

"Time—time for what? I'm all right, dear."

"Yes, Peter, they said you'd had a message—a call. You are the third—I couldn't stand it. It was you—that's different."

"You're tired out."

"No, I'm not, Peter," she said. "I want you to be glad I came."

He dropped the lantern; it went out. He put his arms around her and bent her head close to his shoulder as he patted her hair with the open palm of his hand.

"Glad? Me? Glad? Brena! I can't say it, dear. The cup runs over at the brim!"

"I've been in mortal fear, Peter," she whispered and shivered in his arms. "I thought I had sent you away to your end—the thing that took the others."

"No," said he.

"Can you tell, Peter?"

"I can't tell—sure. I can guess. I guess I'm going to fix everything. If not, there's something too big—too ghastly—"

"But I—you never came back to me—if anything—" She stopped. "Why, Peter, I prayed for relief from the hideous idea that I had let you start at all."

"Look here," he said severely. "Did you send me that warning—to the steamer?"

She was silent.

"Answer."

"Yes, I thought I must stop you, dear."

For a long time they sat on the edge of his cot without a word. At last, "Peter,"

"I'm almost at the point where I score, Brena," said Peter after a time. "I've bought a high-powered car here. Two hundred odd miles into this hell

Peter allowed the car to come to a stop and shut off the engine.

"Both of us need a rest and water," he said to Brena. "And you need breakfast."

She did not talk to him as he looked over the car, nor when, having looked back along the slight crest of a prehistoric torrent bed, now filled almost to its old banks with drifting sand, he squatted over a map, measuring and consulting a pocket compass. His anxiety was evident.

They went forward again, however, under the full light of day into a trackless waste where there was not even a depression to guide them and where Brena, holding the compass in her hands, gave directions to him as he moved the wheel. At the end of twenty miles more Brena uttered an exclamation.

"What is that on the desert?" she asked. "Peter, look! There! To the left!"

A little point of light shone on the sand as if a diamond had caught the sunlight. Peter stopped the car again to pick it up, showed it to Brena; it was an empty vial of white glass.

Peter sprang out of the car, and, walking about in widening circles, searched the ground. He appeared excited.

Time and time again he looked at the little glass vial.

"Some one has been here," said Brena. "I'm just Irish enough to say that, Peter!"

"Hush," he said. "I've seen more than you have seen. It means everything to us!"

At nine o'clock they came within sight of a great mound on the desert.

"There it is!" exclaimed DeWolfe.

"Look, Brena. And there's the haze on the horizon—the haze that the Jesuit missionaries told about. It comes from the colder air of the Mes-calero Ridge!"

"And it means that we have found our way?"

"Yes, found our way! There's ninety miles more."

"Where are we going?"

"To the oldest city, Brena, in America. To a city at the base of a high cliff, built of clay which crumbled centuries ago into dust. The wall is left perhaps as it was two centuries ago. A dry well. A windless place occupied only by horned toads and perhaps one other misshapen thing."

At three o'clock they came within sight of the tableland upon which mountains were set like piles of food upon a giant's doorstep.

And this step up—this mesa—with its precipitous edge, marked the end of the desert.

"The cliffs that rise to that table land are impassable," said Peter, with his eyes alight and his voice filled with excitement. "The city was built below their protection around a great well and walled in front with thick fortifications. We shall see them, Brena!"

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

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3387

A capelet frock that is sleeveless too, that two moderns are choosing for play and "dress-up" occasions.

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Style No. 3387 comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

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"And how much would you say this coat was worth?" asked the railroad claim agent of the farmer. "Not a cent less than \$500!" emphatically declared that sturdy son of the soil. "Pedigreed stock, I suppose?" "Well, no," the bereaved admitted reluctantly. "But you could never judge a colt like that by its parents." "No," the attorney agreed dryly. "I've often noticed how crossing it with a locomotive will improve a breed!"

"Cast your bread upon the waters and you will realize how many people are after it."—Lord Dewar.

"Prosperity is a state of mind."—Henry Ford.

There is a delicate mellow flavour to Salada Japan Tea



An Unusually Intelligent Dog

Wm. W. Batholt

I was driving a truck. My road led right by a goat herder's house. Angling across the road was a bunch of perhaps three hundred goats. I slowed down and stopped, for the road was completely blocked. The goats were not frightened by the roar of the engine, and they were in no hurry to get out of the way.

I was about to jump out of the car in an attempt to move the blockade, when a large dog, apparently a cross between a shepherd and a collie, came bounding toward me. I supposed his intention was to bark at the car. From his looks and actions I decided to take time by the forelock and sit tight.

He paid no attention to the car or myself. He worked his way between the front wheels of the car and the herd and by the weight of his body and the use of his teeth pushed a wedge of goats off to the south of the road. As the animals were drifting from northeast to southwest this made a very difficult undertaking for as fast as the dog forced an opening ahead, others would drift in and close up the gap. Four times he sprang to the assault before the goats were crowded and scattered and a lane opened so that I could drive through.

I reasoned that the animal had been trained to do stunts of this kind. Out of curiosity I stopped on my way back and interviewed the owner. I asked him if he had trained the dog to do that work.

He answered, "No no train that dog to do that. He smart dog. He tends the goats and learns to do those things better than me."

I take off my hat to that dog as being a good thinker and a good manager of goats. I own that I could not have done as well.—Our Dumb Animals.

Minard's Will Kill Goats.

Several Cars To Family Has Become Habit

All Adult Members of Household Find Personal Use of Auto is a Necessity

Call for Vehicles Gains

It used to be, not so long ago, quite an event if the family owned a car. One automobile seemed sufficient to take care of its needs, and usually only one member of the family could drive; that member being the father of the household. Those were the days when women were accepted with humor and patience if they expressed a desire to drive, and with exaggerated annoyance should there be any trouble or delay in progress through traffic when women were driving.

Car Needs Increase

Gradually a change came. Four or five years ago the idea evolved that the average family could use two cars to good advantage—a town car and a country car; or a closed body model and the open touring; or a big family car and a smaller runabout. Two cars to a family began to be considered the thing.

Today, with lower prices and more exacting demands on life, a one-family car won't do. The modern American family is arriving at a point where every member needs a car to fit in with his or her own particular purpose. In cases where only one member makes exclusive use of the car, when he is away on business or otherwise, the rest of the folks find themselves at a loss. When one has enjoyed the advantages and pleasures of an automobile it is as hard to live without one as to forego warm and running water in the modern home.

So then we find the family arriving at a stage—in city life, but particularly in rural communities—where it is essential that mother as well as well as father own a car, and the children and the grown-up sons and daughters have theirs.

Women Drivers Lauded

It was an easy matter for women to learn to manipulate a car. They are known to be as careful in driving and as quick-thinking in an emergency as most men; perhaps they are more so, for they have had to overcome the prejudice against their automotive activity. Women, as well as men, have come to appreciate the many advantages in owning an automobile to use at will, and in having a car for children to use without interference with the parents' own particular purposes.

The duties and obligations of modern women in which they can make excellent use of a car are countless. To enumerate a few, we find her using the car in fulfilling social engagements; in visiting friends and relatives; in driving to town during the day. She finds distance no barrier in the matter of looking for better prices or better material when shopping. She entertains guests with it, she tours the countryside and enjoys the out-of-doors; she can also relieve friend husband of matters that he might be too busy to attend to, or feel indisposed to bother with. The automobile has become so much a part of the everyday life of women that they are finding it impossible to dispense with this vehicle.

In the case of children, it might be a question of taking them to school; in many cases enabling them to attend better institutions, which they otherwise would not be able to do; such schools being too far from home or too hard to get to with other transportation facilities.

The young adult daughter in city or country finds manifold uses for the automobile, as does her grown brother, in keeping engagements, in driving to town or to school, to the shops, to the theatre, in getting to week-end parties, in entertaining guests, in performing errands and enjoying themselves in general. Not having to bother with train schedules or the crowded subways is a cause for elation that well warrants an automobile.

Of course, it is not advocated that children operate automobiles. But boys and girls sixteen years of age and over in most states can secure a junior operator's license and in the main drive carefully. Those eighteen years of age and over are really adults and are usually perfectly competent as operators of an automobile. They have needs for using cars which, as long as they are legitimate, should be recognized and some provision should be made for meeting such needs.

Auto is Part of Life

To sell a car to every member or to several members of a family would have been quite a preposterous idea a few years ago. It is not so strange a matter today. When the family visits the automobile show or views the cars displayed in automobiles showrooms or the windows of such concerns, the salesmen well know that mother is considering a car that will be of most use to her, and son and daughter are making their pick, even though father might decide (to himself only) that one family car will do.

Pignos placed on the shoulders of giants see more than the giants themselves.—Robert Burton

"Some people confuse reputation with character."—John D. Rockefeller.

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Keep awake with Wrigley's

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Minard's Kills Dandruff

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The Try-Out

Visitor—"I suppose you are very careful what you feed your lovely Porslan cat?"

Mrs. — "Oh, yes, indeed! I always have my husband taste everything before I offer it to her!"

Don't Humor Him

"Dear Miss Blako: The boy I like is angry at me because I did not tell him about a dance I was going to. Sorry. I shouldn't do anything about it. He's intruding on your personal liberties when he offers objections."

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