

darling, while we talk over old times. Boys, meet my wife! My one, true, enduring love—Mildred, my 'Spirit Bride!'"

The scent of the perfume almost overcame them. But neither of them showed the slightest bit of fear or trepidation, as they stood and bowed profoundly to empty space in acknowledgement of the introduction.

Then they sat and resumed their conversation as though nothing unusual had happened.

THE END.

## BEAUTY HINTS

If the marks are left after pimples and acne, I think it best to have a skin specialist treat the scars. In the meantime you can apply a healing lotion which your physician will be glad to recommend.

If your freckles are ugly ones, then they should be treated, but it's not quick work to rid a skin of freckles that have been present for years.



**GETS EMERSON COLLEGE DEGREE.**—Miss Geneva M. Brown, New York, who received her B.L.I. degree and the Alma Rhodes scholarship for dramatic interpretation at this famous Massachusetts seat of learning.

## Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moments to the Editor and it will be published.

### Thoroughly Courteous

I am working in the office of a store. We take inventory every three months. During the inventory the auditor is here and every one tries his best to appear efficient. During his last visit I was going from one office to the outer office carrying some papers in my hands. I bumped into what I supposed on first thought must be the auditor. I blurted out "pardon me," only to look up and see that it was the side of the door I had bumped into. There stood the auditor on the other side of the door. D. D. S.

### On Display

The washroom in A—Laundry joins the display room. One afternoon I discovered a run in my stocking and decided to sew it up. Taking needle and thread I stepped into the display room and, feeling safe as I pulled down my stocking, took off my shoe and seated myself in a position comfortable for sewing. Suddenly the door opened and I heard the boss say to a group of men who were touring the laundry, "This is where we display," and he stopped. My face felt very heated. H. J. J.

## Household Hints

The easiest and safest way to clean a clock is to place a piece of cloth which has been soaked in paraffin in the bottom and let the fumes do the work.

Use left-over fried eggs by chopping and mixing them with meat, fish or potato cakes.

One or two flowers in small, suitable vases are better than large massed bouquets all over the house.

Excellent towels for wiping dishes are the small cheap Turkish towels. They absorb moisture and leave no lint.

Reducing weight at the age of sixteen usually means giving up those extra sweets and getting a lot of outdoor exercise.

Leg stretching work is excellent for reducing and shaping the ankles. Also you might learn massage movements and work on the ankles there.

Better put the "spreading hips" to work on some good exercises. Don't rely on diet only for reducing.

# The Harlem Hurricane

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: Billy Allen signs up Marty Bell, whom we nickname the Harlem Hurricane, as an addition to his stable of boxers, and turns him over to me for training. I work with him a couple of months, and finally we get a fight for him with Wally Palmer, considered the best heavyweight in Harlem. The Hurricane vanquishes the Wildcat in six rounds, and a month later defeats Chubby Cutler, leading Kansas City contender.

His inspiration, as you might say, is a girl named Martha Taylor, a very fine young lady who is rooting for him to come through in a big way.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

### CHAPTER V

After the Hurricane's victory over Chubby Cutler, it seemed as though nothing at all could stop him. His heart was in the game and he was eager and willing to learn all Billy Allen and I had to teach him. We got along splendidly together, and although he stayed out a little too late occasionally when he went to call on Martha Taylor, I could forgive him for that because I knew that if I'd been him, I probably would have done the same thing myself.

I had no objection to letting him see Martha all he wanted; she not only kept him out of speakeasies and street brawls, but she also had a good effect upon him—she fired the spark of ambition in him and made him work all the harder.

She was a sort of guest of honor at every bout he fought in Harlem after that, and it was really surprising to notice how much her rooting for him meant. It spruced him up in the middle of many a tough battle; made him go in there and give the best that was in him every time.

Martha, indirectly, was responsible for not a small share of the Hurricane's victories. I don't mean that she climbed up in the ring and kissed him or gave him a pep-talk or anything dramatic like that, but the thought of her spurred him on many a time when things looked almost hopeless.

There was the Jackie Kid Long fight, for instance. The Kid was really good; he tied the Hurricane up in knots during the first four rounds, and then proceeded to untie him in the fifth with slashing uppercuts that started from the canvas. At the end of the sixth, my boy was almost out on his feet, and I had to almost drag him to his corner.

I drenched him thoroughly in water and gave him a smell of the salts. He woke up gradually, shaking his head.

"Buck up, Kid," I whispered to him. "You don't want to look bad before Martha, do you? Come on, here's your chance; this Kid thinks you're tired. Show him the stuff you've got in you—and show Martha."

The gong sounded for the next round. The Hurricane didn't dash out wildly, but started in cautiously, backing away when he got into danger. The Kid followed him closely, shooting his left constantly for the Hurricane's head. He seemed to get impatient as my charge kept back-pedaling and finally tore into him, slashing away with both hands. The Hurricane ducked, shook him with a hard right, then suddenly went into reverse again. He was playing a cagey game now—a waiting game.

The Kid bore down on him—and suddenly the Hurricane slipped. The ring wasn't properly resined. Instantly the Kid reached out and crashed a savage left hook to the head that tumbled the Hurricane back into his corner, on his knees. He drew himself up by the ropes but the Kid was upon him like a



"My boy blasted a left hook square to the jaw."

blood-mad tiger, shooting both hands to his bobbing head.

How much longer could the Hurricane last? I wondered. He was trapped in his own corner now, swaying on the ropes, head down and arms bent around his jaw, blocking and riding his opponent's punches. Then the Kid must have decided to finish my boy off. He cracked a straight right to the jaw, the Hurricane's head flew back, blood spattered, and right then something happened to the Hurricane.

Almost wild with fury, he forced his way from the corner with a savage left hook that bent into the ribs of the Kid, and then continued to batter him around the ring, putting every bit of his strength behind his blows. He ripped out a desperate right and crossed with a hard left to the face. Why the Kid didn't go down then was more than I could see.

But it wasn't long before he did do down. He gasped and swayed now, and my boy blasted a left hook to his jaw, sending blood spraying to the canvas. When the Kid looked up again, all sanity was gone from his glassy eyes. He tore in, blood rushing now from his mouth, but the Hurricane simply laughed at him and went in to meet him, smashing a terrific left hook square to his jaw.

The Kid hit the canvas and never twitched until, after the referee had tolled off the count, somebody poured a bucket of water over him.

That wasn't the only battle in which the thought of Martha played an important part in squeezing out a victory for the Hurricane. During the first six months he fought in Harlem, he defeated six opponents, all good men, and defeated them by decisive margins. It looked as though he was cutting a straight swath for himself through the heavyweight division.

The seventh fight was a tough one for the Hurricane. He had wiped up most of the Harlem op-

position, but with the exception of Chubby Cutler, the Kansas City champ, he hadn't tackled any of the outside material. Billy was getting anxious to see how he would stand the test against heavies who were really in the running, so he finally managed to arrange a ten-round affair with Chuck Holt, a husky young white boy who, after coming out on top in the heavyweight division of the Golden Gloves amateur tournament, had turned professional.

Holt was considered by most of the New York sports scribes as one of the foremost contenders for the heavyweight crown of the world. He had come out first in the lengthy eliminations of the Golden Gloves tournament had shown excellent form in reaching the semi-finals of the Olympic tryouts, and seemed to be headed straight for the heights.

The Hurricane was a little worried about the forthcoming battle with Chuck, and he had every reason to be. The white boy was tall and rangy and heavy; he knew the fight game from the bottom up, and his square, heavy-set jaw showed great ruggedness and determination. He was practically undefeated, having gone through the tournament and the Olympic trials without a single setback until a huge and pugnacious Westerner had eliminated him in the semi-finals.

"Don't get worried about Chuck," I told my boy. "He's just an ordinary human being like yourself; if you train and go in there determined to give everything you've got, you've got him licked almost before you start."

He thought about what I had

Continues on Page Four

TRY THIS  
NEW, MODERN  
WAY OF  
RAZORLESS  
SHAVING



Magic Shaving Powder simply mixed with water—spread on the face—and washed off. Your beard is off quicker and closer than you can shave with a razor. Magic Shaving Powder retards growth of hair; it is antiseptic; clears skin of bumps and pimples; prevents ingrowing hair. Used by women for removing superfluous hair. 35c at drug stores. Or, send 35c in stamps TODAY for big, full-size can. Write Magic Shaving Powder Co., Dept. E, Savannah, Ga.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

reduced with simple home treatment. Write Alertox Med. Co., Dept. 100, Atlanta, Ga., for free leaflet telling how thousands have relieved themselves of this dangerous, insidious condition.

LEARN THE SECRET OF HOW TO  
**Keep Young**  
TO BE YOUNG YOU HAVE TO FEEL YOUNG

A woman doesn't feel youthful when she lacks pep and energy! She doesn't feel young when she is tired and listless all the time and wants to always flop down into the nearest chair.

**Keep Young by Keeping Strong—Active—Robust**

Women who keep young are women who FEEL young—women who have abundant strength and energy to do the things they want to do and enjoy them! If you are not this kind of woman, you soon can be! You can take a new lease on life because you'll immediately feel like a new woman!

St. Joseph's G.F.P. has been bringing strength, energy and happiness to women for more than half a century. Containing roots and herbs of known medicinal merit, this fine tonic is regarded as "the old reliable" by women everywhere. Don't delay—start feeling young by taking this wonderful St. Joseph's G.F.P. Your druggist sells the big dollar bottle on an absolute money-back guarantee. Try it today.

**St. Joseph's G.F.P.**  
The Woman's Tonic

## A Smooth Light Skin For You

A delicately soft smooth light skin is the secret of charming beauty... and it may be yours, quickly, surely and easily. Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener Ointment softens and lightens the darkest skin, clears up pimples, blotches and tan marks, and does away with that "oily, shiny" look. Use this preparation regularly to make your skin soft, delicate and charming. This amazing Ointment is made in the famous Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories where are also made those other beauty aids you know so well: Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener Soap, Skin Whitener Face Powder, Hair Dresser and Hid Deodorant, which may be had at all drug stores for 25 cents each or will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories, Dept. B, Atlanta, Ga.

Send 4c in stamps for trial sample of Skin Whitener, Soap and Face Powder.

**DR. FRED PALMER'S Skin Whitener**  
KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION YOUTHFUL

**CHICHESTERS PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichesters Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Day of your Druggist. Ask for ONE, ORS. TESS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 40 years known as Best, Safest, Reliable. Buy Now!  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

**FREE SAMPLE**  
Lucky Mo-Jo Incense  
Send name and address for your FREE sample of Lucky Mo-Jo Incense and valuable free curio catalogue. Write today. Large box, 50c.  
MO-JO CO., DEPT. 115, 5251, COTTAGE GROVE AVE., CHICAGO.