The Red Albert-Circle O Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER." "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ALBERT PAYSON TERNUNEJ

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jrz" Borden, who derives his quoted name from an angry red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of history that one member of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son, Ted Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, members of the wealthy set who are interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim." catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens and the end of the Red Circle." says Lamar. But the next day he is astounded by the sight of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile, showing the Red Circle on the white firsh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate.

SECOND INSTALLMENT "PITY THE POOR!"

A fex, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwelt in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs. But his bank account did.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless loan shark. His offices were forever crowded with needy clients. His big desk was full of tabulated pigeonholes. And every pigeonhole was stacked with a piteous array of promissory notes, of mortgages, of sight drafts. and similar sorry documents.

One day-it was the same that Max Lamar caught his fleeting glance of the Red Circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed past him-George Grant got up from this famous desk in his private office. stretched his lean arms lazily, and went into the adjoining room where stood his capacious steel vault.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the tiers of compartments along the rear wall. The paper he wanted was not easy to find, and his search continued for several minutes.

At last, he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope; then switched off the light and turned to leave the

But, instead of the sunshine from the office beyond, he faced black darkness. The vault door had been shut. ently had it closed that, engrossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It had been shut tight

Grant drew in a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. The vault resounded deafeningly to his bellow. But the thick walls absorbed the sound.

Turning back into the vault and switching on the light once more, he pulled out a steel cashbox from its compartment and, using it as a bludgeon, began to hammer with desperate force on the unyielding door, punctu-

ating his blows with shouts for help. After an interminable time, a clerk -John Saals by name-who chanced to pass through the adjoining room.



close to the vault, heard a muffled tapioor. Out reeled Grant.

"Who did that?" he sputtered. Let me look over your state autome? Speak up, or I'll fire the whole

worthless bunch. Who did it?" There was a confused mumbling from the scared employees. Grant's

scare, he slumped into his desk chair. But, suddenly, as if the chair were up-"Circle Jra" Borden, who derives his holstered with hornet-stings, he leaped to his feet again, with a yell that brought his employees in the outer offices crowding wonderingly to the door.

Papers were scattered in every direction; and drawers and pigeonholes were open-and empty! Feverishly, Grant looked from pigeonhole to pig-

Every last one of them had been ransacked; and every document had been stolen from them!

edly, "Robbed! I've-I've been robbed!"

"Which of you has been in this room in the last half hour?" he asked, as credulous look, then bawled; unconcernedly as he could force his dry throat to voice the query.

For a moment no one answered. Then Saals timidly volunteered: "I was in here, sir, about twenty

minutes ago. Maybe twenty-five minutes or-

"What in blazes were you doing in dismounting.

"I just stepped inside the door, sir," quavered Saals, "to show in the lady." "The lady?" snapped Grant, "What lady?"

"Why, why, the lady who had the she'd met you in the hall and you'd the tonneau, Lamar and Grant piling he made answer. "And-may I call to Grant, his tanned face one broad told her to wait in your own office. in after him, She-

anyone to wait here for me. What was her name?" "She-she didn't say, sir. I sup-

posed-" "Young or old?" demanded Grant.

"I-I don't know, sir. She-"

"You wall-eyed idiot!" roared Grant, "d' ye mean to tell me you haven't sense enough to know whether a woman is young or old?" "Not when she's all swathed up in

a heavy black veil, like that lady, sir," answered Saals, "and with a big, loose, black coat that hides her figure." "I seen her, Mr. Grant," shrilled the

office boy. "I didn't see her come in. But I seen her go out. 'Bout five minutes ago, it was. She had a bunch of papers she was carryin'." Grant waited to hear no more.

Snatching his hat, he sprinted for the

He had left his automobile at the curb in front of his office.

Half way across the pavement Grant halted, mouth ajar. The car was not there. Neither was the chauffeur.

George Grant turned in rage upon the building's special policeman who was standing in front of the entrance. "Blake!" he demanded, "where in blazes is my car? I told Garvice to stay here till I came out. Did you

"Me?" said the policeman. "No. indeed. Someone else did, though. Bout five minutes back. A woman-"

move him on?"

"A woman?" "In a long black coat and a black

He summoned a passing taxi and tumbled aboard.

"Police headquarters!" he manded.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So it was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max. as the latter came excitedly into his office at about the time George Grant

was boarding the taxicab. "What's up, Max?" asked the chief. noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation.

"Everything's up," put in Lamar. "The Red Circle, among other things." "The Red Circle?" echoed Allen Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped off the books, for keeps."

"Not 'is.' It 'was.' It's back again." "What are you talking about? 'Circle' Jim Borden's dead. So is his son Who else is left?"

"A woman." "A woman? What woman?"

"I don't know."

"Jim left no daughter. His wife died, years ago. You're dreaming. You've worked on this 'Red Circle' game so long, you're daffy over it."

"Am I?" retorted Lamar. Ten minutes ago I saw the Red Circle. Saw it as plain as I see you. A woman was sitting in a limousine. Her right hand was resting on the window ledge. And ping and paused to investigate. He she'd taken off her glove. There, on park for her. She may have left the ablaze; and tossed them into the firecalled the cashier, who alone of the the back of her hand was the Red employees, knew the vauit's combi- Circle. Before I could look any closer nation. The whole office force gath- the car had speeded up and chugged out of sight. I took its number, just as it disappeared in a little hurricane of gasoline smoke and yellow dust.

"Here you are," said Allen, produc-

ing the book. Unceremoniously a man pushed his way past the doorkeeper and into the hallowed room of the chief of police.

"Chief!" burst out Grant, without so much as returning the other's saluthe knees from his tation. "I've been robbed! While I shrubbery. There she halted. Deftly Mary chanced to see half a charred

was in my vault just now, the door out of my desk.

"My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a handful of documents bound up in a rubber band. And when I went down to my car," he continued in mounting excitement. 'she'd stolen that, too. And my chauffeur."

"What was the number?" asked the the bushes. chief, taking out a pencil and drawng a scratch-pad toward him. "The number of my car? It was

"The deuce it was!" cried Lamar.

dropping the license book and striding forward. Lamar produced a card and handed it to Chief Allen. "That's the number I jotted down,"

he said. "The number of the car with the Red Circle woman in it." "126,694!" read the chief. "What's that? What's that?" de-

manded Grant eagerly. Brusquely he snatched the card from the chief. It slipped from his awkward fingers as he grasped it, and fell

to the floor beneath the window sill. Grant stooped to pick it up. As he rose, his gaze fell on the busy street just outside, with its hurrying traf-"Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, daz- fic on sidewalk and asphalt. At the know this park was a favorite walk ing. And that was his belief that the same moment a big automobile wrig- of yours." gled out of a vehicle-jam and flashed past the window. Grant gave one in-

"There's my car! There it is, now!

"Come on!" exclaimed the chief as he bolted from the room with Lamar

and Grant at his heels. At the outer entrance of police headquarters a motor-cycle policeman was

"Follow that car'" ordered the chief. fuming at the delay. That limousine there. The number's 126,694. Get id!" In the alley at the cialist," she said, gayly; adding, as in his working clothes. Generally on side of police Leadquarters a depart- she moved away: "But, don't forget, such visits, he paused at the threshold mental automobile was awaiting. The you promised to call and tell me about and meekly waited his master's leave chief gave a swift command to its your work." appointment with you, sir. She said drowsing chauffeur, then jumped into

tomorrow afternoon? Are you going grin. Without troubling to say "Good Some time later, they had come to to be at home?" "I haven't met any woman in the a jarring standstill alongside the auhall," denied Grant, "and I didn't tell tomobile they sought. It was stand- Good-by."

employer's door.

captured limousine.

empty!

er.

growled.

wishes.

Lamar.

chauffeur.

by it. Garvice?"

Lamar and the chief tumbled out of

Grant was dancing in fury and shak-

ing his fist at his mildly surprised

"What d've mean by it?" he

shrieked. "What'n blazes d'ye mean

his pocket. Now he produced a card,

and sullenly handed it to his employ-

own; and that on it, above the name,

O. K. Take bearer where she

"Where is she? What became of

"Down that path to the left. Funny

and the chief and Grant ranged along-

"We'll look down this path to the

But the yeiled woman in black had

not left the park. She had merely

left the park path and had crept into

She sped along like a black wraith;

noiseless, furtive, uncanny. Once she

raised her right hand to part some

hand was small, white, infinitely grace-

Through the high bushes she crept;

ful in contour. But on its back

lined like an irregular ring.

side of him as he strode along.

"Which way did she go?" persisted for each.

was scrawled in pencil:

the bewildered Grant.

her?" demanded Lamar.

business, I call it, to-"

park at the far side."

the shrubbery.

"There's your own orders," he

The Office Force Crowded Around While the Cashier Unlocked the Vault.

ing near the entrance of a small park. When June reached her own home

The chauffeur was in his seat, uncon- her mother and Mary (her old nurse)

their car before it had fairly stopped; from the front of her dress, she drew

and they ran at top speed toward the out a sheaf of papers fastened with

The tonneau of the limousine was of the package was an official form,

The chauffeur had been fumbling in a week. Total payment due, \$20.

Lamar, glancing over Grant's shoul- Each document was mute witness to

"Well I'll be-I'll be-" sputtered in front of a typewriter and began to

Lamar had already started in the In this she posted her stack of letters,

direction the chauffeur pointed out; and made her way back to her sitting

end." suggested the chief, "And then crumpled them into a ball; set a match

we'll separate and quarter the whole to them; held them until they were

bushes that barred her way. The Travis since long before June was

throbbed an angry crimson scar; out- loved June from the day of the win-

and into a tiny glade hemmed in by was putting the sitting room to rights. to him?"

place.

poverty.

der, saw the card was George Grant's a tale of poverty and of the greedy

cerned, as though in front of his own were on the veranda. She hurried

past them with scarce a word and

a rubber band. The uppermost paper

dollars (\$10), as first installment on

my loan of one hundred dollars (\$100).

plus interest at the rate of 10 per cent

June Travis' fingers rifled the sheaf.

Most of the papers were of much the

same nature as was the first, and for

varying sums at exorbitant interest

advantage Grant had taken of such

Gathering up the papers. June went

into her sitting room, placed a chair

tap away at the keys. For a full hour

each sheet-addressing an envelope

Without waiting to put on her hat she

ran downstairs and out of the house

by a rear door, to a nearby mail-box

room, unnoticed. After which, she

once more picked up the documents

stolen from George Grant's desk;

"There goes a sheaf of heartaches!"

she sighed. "Oh, if only all poverty

.

Mary, June's nurse, was more a

born; she had comforted the stricken

wife when her husband died; she had

servant. She had lived with Mrs. day or two.

could be destroyed as easily!"

some girl's birth.

(Signed) John L. Peterson.

June 12, 1915.

filled in with ink. It read:

went straight to her own room. There

she slipped out of the shapelessly en- piece of paper lying on the hearth. lined face paling and an unaccountwas shut on me and a lot of notes of veloping black coat. The coat was She picked it up. On the unburned people who owe me money were stolen lined with white satin. The woman's half of the paper, she read: dress also was snow white. With quick skill, she proceeded to fold the George Grant ten-third installment on hours after I left the prison, all at coat inside out, in such way that no my loan of fifty-plus interest at the once I had the strangest sensation. It portion of the black was visible. Then rate-per week. Total payment due

sauntered in leisurely fashion toward

Once, she glanced nervously at the

back of her right hand. But at once

her frown of apprehension cleared

away. The Red Circle had again be-

with Grant and the chief, saw a beau

tiful girl, all in white, coming toward

Lamar, hastening along the path,

"Miss Travis!" he exclaimed; clasp-

love it. It's so quiet and pretty. But the theft.

ing the white hand she held out to

I didn't expect to find a busy detective

wandering dreamily about in it. I

"Crime specialist, please, Miss Tra-

vis," interrupted Lamar. "That is, if

She become aware of his compan-

ions, who stood a pace or two distant.

"I won't detain you, Mr. Crime Spe-

"Did you suppose I could forget it?"

"Why, yes. Please come then. letter. Then:

thought detectives were always-"

hate that word, 'detective-!'"

the park's opposite entrance.

a glance he recognized her.

come invisible.

white-sleeved arm.

she draped it carelessly over her \$15-Signed Jos. Bro-

and carrying on her arm a white wrap, these staring headlines:

emerged upon the farther path, and VEILED WOMAN IN BLACK

chemical combination of hydrogen and music, literature, science and religion phere of mystery and unreality that great men.

Really Little Known of Poland. Poland's history, with its fights for freedom, justice and equality, its struggles in defense of Christianity and European civilization and its unseitishness in aiding the weak, made it fa- of people from the outside to break

few words. It is a cliff-walled body of why they did so. It takes more than a ments of the Polish nation in art are known, as are the lifedeeds of its

enmeshed.

But the industries, mines, trade and natural wealth of that unhappy coungreat extent a sealed book to most of the people outside of the nations attempting to assimilate the Poles. This was principally due to the inability

One Trial Enough In a vaudeville boarding house the breakfast table gossip was buzzing. One drug store blonde was bemoaning

juggler, "was to marry and become interested in a domestic existence." "Rats," she replied. "I did get married one Sunday and it spoiled my MORE WHEAT, MORE CATTLE,

able shudder convulsing her slender

"Well," resumed June, "just a few

seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had

"I did. I felt as a criminal must

old body.

"Dearie!"

Mary puzzled over the fragment in snapped, in my soul. I can't explain

Seven days from date, or-to pay

Raising both hands to her head, she stark perplexity. To her, it meant it. And the strangest impulses came

undid the thick black veil, took it off, nothing. And she could not under- surging through my mind. I—I felt

happened to possess such a thing or

an impenetrable veil, had entered the she placed the morning newspaper on feel. I felt a craving to commit

thicket. Less than a minute later, a the table, for June, a few minutes crime; a love for its perils, a hideous

Notes of Clients, Owing Money, Are

Missing-Thief "Borrows" Vic-

tim's Auto and Escapes.

Mary let the newspaper fall to the

Mr. George Grant had come late to

sort of humor that makes a poisonous

There was but one gleam of comfort

men whose names were signed to the

The task of bluffing these poor delin-

quents promised to be absurdly easy.

And presently, as he sat morbidly

gloating over such scenes, Grant's first

begging for a word alone with him.

"Tell him to come in." said Grant.

gleefully, as the caller was announced.

Brown came into the inner office, clad

But today he walked confidently up

morning," he handed Grant a folded

"That's all," he remarked, "Bye-bye,

He turned and swaggered out of the

room before the astounded Grant could

so much as swear at him. The letter

was typewritten and very brief. It

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes

which you gave George Grant for a

loan at outrageous interest rates have

been destroyed. Therefore, your debt

Grant was still raging, wordlessly,

When Saals came in to announce one

John Peterson; an elderly, stoop shoul-

dered man, who entered on the heels

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offer-

ing the loan broker a letter, "This

came by the morning mail. I thought

Grant, his eyes blurred with fury,

was barely able to note that this let-

ter was a typewriter duplicate of

"It's-it's a lie!" he stormed. "A

"I will take that chance, Mr. Grant,"

The loan broker lurched dizzily to

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's

seven or eight more people in the out-

"Kick them out!" howled Grant.

In five minutes, he was bustling into

a downtown office whose outer door-

"Max Lamar, crime specialist."

as he could get his breath. "That

veiled woman has cinched her theft

by this-and this-" slamming the

more of the same kind. Get her for

me. Get her. To blazes with the ex-

June Travis emerged from her bed-

room, heavy-eyed from sleeplessness.

and, in pretty negligee, entered her

sitting room. Mary was standing

there, awaiting her. June, as she had

done since babyhood, went over to

kiss the old woman good morning.

Then, and only then, did she notice

that Mary made no move to meet her

as she came forward: that she did not

speak, and that her face was blank

"Why, Mary!" cried the girl, "what

Mary cut short the queries by

This is the matter," she said grim-

thrusting forward the charred promis-

ly, "Dearie, you must tell me what it

June stifled a little cry of fear: then

impulsively snatched the burnt paper

from the nurse's hand and made as

"Tell me, dearie," murmured the old

woman. "Tell me all about it. You

are unhappy and you've gotten into

"I think I've gone mad," said June.

"I can't understand it any other way.

I can't account, any other way, for

the fearful power that has taken hold

"It began just the other day," she

whispered. "All in a flash. You re-

member. I told you about my going to

the prison with mother, the day 'Cir-

cle' Jim Borden was released-and

"Yes! Yes!" assented Mary, her

mischief. Tell Mary, little girl.'

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon

er office; all of them with type-

written letters from-"

glass bore the legend:

pense! Get her!"

with grief.

sory note.

though to hide it.

means."

er-?"

she wrote—a bare half-dozen lines on is it? What's the matter? Is moth-

member of the Travis family than a of me, from time to time, this past

Early next morning, while she the way he repulsed me when I spoke

. . . .

his feet. Just then Saals intruded

trick! I have your notes safe in my

it was only fair to show it to you,"

One Who Pities the Poor.

you slimy old money-spider. I'm out of Mary Was Standing There, Awaiting

voice.

er to do it.

"Oh!" gasped Mary.

little girl I-"

Her.

crafty wit at escaping the law's pun-

"Little girl! Little girl!" soothed

"It's true," persisted June, miser-

about George Grant and the way he

bled them, that I had always hated

the man. I had longed to rescue some

of his miserable victims-the people

he kept poor by wringing outrageous

interest money from them. But I nev-

er had thought it would be in my pow-

"Then, in a moment, when this

"Then," pursued June, "the same

strange impulse made me scribble on

to his chauffeur. I made him take me

away in Mr. Grant's car. I knew if I

"Oh, my dear!" My dear!" moaned

the horrified old woman. "And you

did all this? You, the sweet, honest

"Yes," sobbed June, "Isn't it hor-

rible? I can't understand it any more

than you can, now that the mania has

left me. It is as though some stranger

had done it. I can't realize it was I.

Why, I stole-I lied-I forged-I, June

Travis who have always been so in-

tolerant when I heard of other people

being tempted to do such things.

Her voice broke in a wail. She

sobbed uncontrollably on her nurse's

breast. The old woman, dumfounded.

grief-stricken, sought nevertheless to

"We must never tell anyone." de-

creed Mary at last. "Not a soul on

earth. We must keep it a secret, just

between us two. I'd give my life,

dearie, sooner than let any harm come

to you. And it shan't. Mary'll pro-

tect her little girl. But if other folks

"And," broke in June, "I haven't told

"Is-is there more?" quivered Mary.

"There is," June returned. "That

day-that day when I felt something

snap in my soul, I felt a burning sen-

sation on the back of my right hand.

I looked and-oh, it has come and

gone, there, off and on, ever since! It

is like some hideous birthmark. It

She looked at the back of her hand.

s she spoke; and cried aloud in sud-

"It's there again!" she wept. "See?

She held up her right hand. On its

And I had hoped it had gone away for-

snowy surface glowed a crimson ring,

like an evil star. At sight of it, Mary

"The Red Circle!" babbled the old

woman, her voice hoarse and indis-

tinct with horror. "The Red Circle!

After all these years! The Red Cir-

cle! Oh, God, help us! God, help us

(END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT.)

The curse! The Red Circle!"

sprang to her feet in mortal fright.

isn't there this morning, but-"

"Oh, don't say there's worse yet!"

calm her as best she could.

you the worst part of it, yet."

should suspect-"

den despair.

ever."

E.II!

Mary! Tell me; what am I to do?"

went on foot I might be traced."

the notes I could lay my hands on and Those who are competent to just

Mary, as a sob choked June's hushed

ishment. It was-it was-"

opportunity came. A name was brought

floor from her inert hand. Again she

examined the charred note. And now

she knew what it was.

snake bite itself and die.

Grant smiled happily.

to advance toward the desk.

your dirty net-for keeps."

is cancelled.

of his announcer.

Brown's.

again.

Seven days, from date, or June 19, Brown and Peterson letters on the

promise to pay George Grant ten desk in front of Max, "and by a lot

desk here."

ROBS LOAN BROKER GRANT

rolled it into a ball and tossed it into stand how her darling should have like a criminal!"

A black-clad woman, shrouded in why she had tried to burn it. But as

girl in white dress and white toque later, the old woman's gaze fell on

him around a bend in the walk. At his office that morning. He was in the

him. "This is good luck! I didn't in Grant's sour heart this bright morn-

"Oh, but it is!" laughed June, "I missing documents would not know of

you don't mind. If you knew how I in to him. Joseph Brown had called,

Land Values Sure to Advance Because of Increasing Demand for Farm Products.

The cry from countries abroad for more of the necessaries of life is acute today: tomorrow it will be still more insistent, and there will be no letup after the war. This is the day for the farmer, the day that he is coming into his own. He is gradually becoming the dictator as it becomes more apparent that upon his industry depends the great problem of feeding a great world. The farmer of Canada and the United States has it within himself to hold the position that stress of circumstances has lifted him into today. The conditions abroad are such that the utmost dependence will rest upon the farmers of this continent for some time after the war, and for this reason there is no hesitation in making the statement that war's demands are, and for a long time will be, inexhaustible, and the claims that will be made upon the soil will with difficulty be met. There are today 25,000,-000 men in the fighting ranks in the old world. The best of authority gives 75 per cent and over as having been drawn from the farms. There is therefore nearly 75 per cent of the land formerly tilled now being unworked. Much of this land is today in a devastated condition and if the war should end tomorrow it will take years to bring it back to its former producing capacity.

Instead of the farmer producer producing, he has become a consumer, making the strain upon those who have been left to do the farming a very difficult one. There may be agitation as to the high cost of living, and doubtless there is reason for it in many cases. The middleman may boost the prices, combines may organize to elevate the cost, but one cannot get away from the fact that the demand regulates the supply, and the supply regulates the price. The price of wheat-in fact, all grains-as well as cattle, will remain high for some time, and the low prices ably. "I am a criminal. Listen: I that have prevailed will not come had heard from so many poor people again for some time.

After the war the demand for cattle. not alone for beef, but for stock purposes, to replenish the exhausted herds of Europe, will be keen. Farm educators and advisers are telling you to prepare for this emergency. How much better it can be done on the low-priced lands of today, on lands that cost from ten to twenty dollars per acre, than it queer criminal impulse attacked me, can on two and three hundred-dollar-I saw how I could punish George an-acre land. The lands of Western Grant and free some of his slaves. Canada meet all the requirements. It came to me as an inspiration. I They are productive in every sense of put on my black motor coat-the the word. The best of grasses can be white-lined one there in the closet- grown with abundant yields and the and a black veil. I went to his office grain can be produced from these soils and managed to get in. He was in that beats the world, and the same may the vault. I shut the vault door. Then I be said of cattle and horses. The clirummaged through his desk; got all mate is all that is required.

claim that lard prices will rise in value from twenty to fifty per cent. This is looked for in Western Canada, where lands are decidedly cheap today, and one of his cards on the desk an order | those who are fortunate enough to secure now will realize wonderfully by means of such an investment. The land that the Dominion Government is giving away as free homesteads in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are of a high class; they are abundant in every constituent that goes to make the most productive soils. The yields of wheat, oats and barley that have been grown on these lands gives the best evidence of their productiveness, and when backed up by the experience of the thousands of settlers from the United States who have worked them and become wealthy upon them, little more should be required to convince those who are seeking a home, even with limited means, that nowhere can they secure anything that will better equip them to become one of the army of industry to assist in taking care of the problem of feeding the world. These lands are free; but to those who desire larger holdings than 160 acres there are the railroad companies and land corporations from whom purchase can be made at reasonable prices, and information can be

> The Psychology of It. "I would rather have a sensitive

> secured from the Canadian government

agent, whose advertisement appears

elsewhere in this paper.-Advertise-

ment.

horse for hunting than any other kind." "Why a sensitive horse?"

"Because he would be quicker to take offence."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. Laxative Bromo Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." H. W. GROVES signature is on each box. 26c.

Fortune's Knocks. "Birthstones are supposed to control our destiny. What is yours?"

"Judging from my experience in life, it must be a brickbat."

Gen. W. A. Hardy of Oklahoma City is one hundred and two years old.



Green's

August Flower has been successfully used for the relie of stomach and liver troubles all over the civilized world. All druggists of dealers everywhere have it in 25c. and 75c. sizes. Try it and see for yourself



The Veiled Woman.

ered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the

boarsely, "What fool shut that door on license numbers."

ratlike eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilder-

Marvelous Sheet of Water Inspires All by Its Charm-Attraction nest a Fascination.

Crater lake has been known to in-Grand canyon. It is difficult to imagine anybody who would remain untouched by the canyon, which is probably the and insignificance. There is something world; but if such a person exists, beauty of Crater lake.

FEEL AWE AT CRATER LAKE, he might still feel the spell of Crater

st magnificent natural spectacle in very different in the placid brooding

For Crater lake has the charm of sparkling water, held high in the air in simplicity, of a direct beauty that grows the cup of a volcano that has retired after the shock of the first view. The from active business for lo these many canyon, if anything, is too grand; it years. Also, it is blue-exceedingly seems to have been built and colored blue, blue beyond the habit of earthly re reverence in visitors who claimed for the amusement of the gods and is water. At times it looks like a patch feel little or none at sight of the likely to oppress too impressionable hu- of tropic sky seen in the early mornmans after a time with an uncomfort- ing. The only item in the characterable sense of their own unimportance | istics of Crater lake a bare inventory fails to include is its peculiar attraction that is almost a fascination. The

oxygen to give out the peculiar atmoshangs over the sunlit turquoise waters.

Indians peopled it with all manner of mous among the world's nations, both through the network of foreign govern- pleasure for the day.—New York Sun.

Crater lake can be described in a [gods and spirits, and it is easy to see | in success and adversity. The achieve- | mental systems in which Poland is

try have since its partition been to a the stern realities of this life. "What you should have done," said