

The splendor of what he saw,

round them, full in the room.

"It's all right," said Barry, her

The alarm stayed in her eyes-not

solemn moment of it fixed there

head. She might not have heard

They stood looking at each other.

and new rounds of silence crept

close into the room. She was wait-

ing for him to go. Hal knew he

must turn and walk out at the door;

and he must do this before the

slow, strong force gathering some-

where deep in him showed itself in

his enchanted eyes, before it un-

locked his resolution, stirred at his

He made his legs move him.

And, slowly, they moved him to her,

her awed watching of his eyes un-

a small sound of weariness; her

In the pregnant hugeness that

felt an excitement of silent rushing

She looked up at once, and the

ageous eyes. Quietly and as if to

his hands dropped down to hold

low voice coming with reluctance.

SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the notification that he need not expect any immediate financial assistance, Hal Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which city he must reach, from New York, within a definite time limit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto expectant silence between them, party on a "share expense" basis. Four of his companions excite his interest: a young, attractive girl, Barry Trafford; middle-aged Giles Kerrigan; Sister Anastasia, a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack, Barry's reticence annoys him. In Kerrigan crying," he finds a fellow man-of-the-world, The a to whom he takes at once. Hal is unable to shake off a feeling of uneasiness. He distrusts Crack, but finds his intimacy with Kerrigan over the later business of her erect ripening, and he makes a little progress with Barry. Exchanging remihim, except that her voice said hurniscences, she learns Hal is the son riedly, "That's all right, too." of the wealthy Frederick Ireland.

CHAPTER IV-Continued -7-

It was near ten o'clock when they came to Huntington and they would have been ready to spend the night there even if, at the first corner, they had not seen a white sign proclaim "Tourists" on the lawn of an old house. The cheerful, untidy young woman told Kerrigan in loud surprise that she had two double rooms and three singles and failed to keep entirely calm before the coincidence that these accommodations would fit them. With the luggage down and in, Hal managed to divert her mind to thoughts of where the nearest garage wasone where he might find a mechanic and a grease gun.

"I'll be right back," Hal said to Kerrigan. "See that everybody gets settled and book an early callfive-thirty, say."

But he wasn't right back. The elderly night-man at the garage each other in the silence that had found everything pretty dry and grown enormous around them in the was delighted to have some one to room. Once Barry took her gentalk to. Hal got away in just un- erous lips slowly away and pressed der an hour. The rain had stopped; her golden head on his shoulder; the air was refreshed, good, almost but when he moved his mouth cool, and the waning moon rode si- along the faintly fragrant smoothlent over the last hurried shreds of ness of her hair, she turned her cloud. Hal found himself pos- lips up again-confident, grateful, sessed of a juvenile eagerness to credulous. Only her eyes, before get back to the house-an eager- they closed, were neither confiness out of all proportion to the dent nor credulous-still held in chances of Barry's being up, out awe, they were, still near in the of proportion to the importance of fringes of alarm. any slight scene of challenge and adroitness that might be between blotted away the four walls, Hal them if she were.

He tried the door and found it -not so much that they were being locked. A dim figure came toward flung upward alone, as that the the net-curtained window, and Hal whole silence that marooned them had to put down a quick resurgence there was being rushed on through of excitement. The door swung tim- surely gathered speeds toward some idly open and the untigy young explosive, brilliant revelation. And woman's stage whisper scraped as his will to lose himself in this round its edge: "They're in bed. I enormous and imminent beauty waited up for you. I'll just lock flooded toward whole possession of up and show you where your room his senses, one stubborn, small is. I was telling Daddy how lucky agent of reason tried more franit was you all could just fit, some tically to make him do what he had of you married and all. Daddy's a to do. Get out, get out; It great one for talking. You'll see came around across his attention him in the morning. He likes again and again, fainter and faintstrangers. Oh, no, but you're going er, until suddenly it took ridiculous so early, aren't you, you won't see command and his hands went to him." And so on halfway up the Barry's straight, firm shoulders. stairs, where she suddenly interrupted herself to hiss a harsh alarm was conquered in her cour-"Shhhhh" at Hal.

There was a low light over the herself, she said, "You're pretendlanding. Eyebrows raised, head ing. And I am. I'm not in love nodding, she stabbed her finger sev- with you. I'm not falling in love eral times at the first door. "Good with you." night," she whispered loudly, like a She took a step backward, and conspirator.

Hal wished he weren't so wide hers. awake; he'd be sorry in the morn- He knew that command of his ing. He opened the door gently, reason was for a moment only; the hoping Kerrigan was too deeply sudden calm on him now was not asleep to be disturbed. But the to be trusted, not to be found light from the street lamp, striking again if he let his tongue, his blood, vealed a broad and unoccupied importunities. double bed against the wall. Good, Their hands slipped apart. He thought Hal: I'll read. He pressed saw the reluctance of that in her the door shut with less care, shot solemn eyes, and saw that she a light switch on the wall at first of his voice was as if he hadn't me the wrong room: so I slept in hunger, they were crossing the Illi no more trips in search of treasure. stroke. The light clicked on, and used it for a long while when, with there." only then he heard a breath quickly a short, hampered turning of his caught behind him in the room. He head, he said, "Good G-d, this is turned, and Barry's blue eyes, with no place to talk about anything." a gleaming rim of wet around each He moved to the door, as if he must

Alarm-of a curiously profound bravery he could effect now with the Didn't you hear 'em?" and quiet kind-deepened the clarity bolt shot back and his hand on the of her look as she got up, turning doorknob, was to look at her again. straight shoulders.

watched him leaving her as if she stick you in?" were sending him away.

"Good night," he said, and it sounded utterly casual,

Her frank lips, which already he couldn't believe had been under his, moved over a "Good night" which he didn't hear. He swung the door open and went out, down into the dark house, past hope of sleep for the confusion into which his thoughts and feelings and desires had been so abruptly tumbled.

CHAPTER V

Friday. CLEEP trapped him as that con-S fusion had-without warning. late, fully awake. She didn't look And he woke with a start that nearly slid him off the horsehair sofa. Fresh sunlight blazed into his face without moving his look from the through the fern-hung bow-window, deep alarm of her eyes, seemed to and he wasn't sure where he was check the running of his blood in at all, only that he was wide awake that silent moment-like the shadow and filled with a fine, sourceless joy of shock. And he heard himself for the day and for something that say, very gravely: "I-I'm sorry, had happened. He lay happily for She told me this was my room. She a moment while the circumstances must have thought . . ." It wasn't of his being here found themselves important enough to finish in the in his head,

First remembering the transport of Barry's sheer loveliness in his arms, he stretched himself luxuriously, a bath of rich content tin-Something made him say, quietly, gling through his body. He snapped respectfully, "I'm sorry you've been off his stretching suddenly to look at his watch, but his wide smile remained. Think of feeling so well a replenished thing, more like a at quarter past five.

But what the dickens had been all the trouble last night? All that momentous entanglement with chivalry and speechlessness, just because the break had come before he had expected it? He had done a very sound thing; he had saved asm that would have mixed up the rest of the trip a good deal; but there was nothing so very momentous about it. It was enough for one evening to see her defenses go down; her trust of him, taken



Kerrigan's Look Was Amused and Curious. "Like the Bottom of a Stove."

to forget the job of chastisement he tor Caligari, held in the crook of had to do-go off the deep end at her arm, was brought closer to the first drop of the hat that way. Crack for a moment than he seemed Yet there he'd been so off his guard to like; he bared his teeth over an about leaving her room, as barely in quick censure. Hal took the dog to hold himself from charging in from her. And when he met her against that remark of hers about eyes, they had in them the hurried not loving him. And outside her end of last night's solemn alarm. room, even, the sudden, restive creaking of an old house in the dark had. . .

He got to his feet and breathed deeply, as if the contained, dusty I want is . . . air of the room were that of a mountain pasture in spring. Someclock went off into its persistent rattle, and there was distant, occasional bumping to stir the slumber of the house. When he came back to the hall he found Kerrigan fumbling at the chains and bolts of the great front door.

"Well, sir-of all people," said Kerrigan, his ruddy, well-scrubbed face held by quiet concern. "A upward on the white ceiling, re- his whole spirit run out in their hot good morning to you. Thought you were lost-probably been locked

out." "I got in late," said Hal, feeling his blandness penetrated by that Mrs. Pulsipher could come to the himself and get the old fellow back the bolt under his hand, and found watched it in his, too. The sound brown, scholarly look. "She showed fidgeting preliminaries of lunch to camp. After that Melins made

> "You slept in there?" Kerrigan said curiously.

"Yes," said Hal quickly, "Why?" "Then that can't be the room the lower lid, were wide and anxious on leave the best part of himself be- trains run through," said Kerrigan, hind, with her. The only conscious gratified. "Must be the kitchen,

"No," said Hal, laughing, "Let me tell you if every train't one hand against her breast to She stood there with her chin charged through here was hauling hide her crumpled handkerchief, raised a little, as if she had just pay loads, stocks are a buy at any Her golden hair was as Hal had shaken back the full, glinting rich price. Gad, sir, they were on five hoped: the burnished vigor of it ness of her hair-her hands behind minute headway all night and on flowed through full, deliberate her back-one knee bent so that their way somewhere. Only trouble, waves to end in a rich thicket of there was a suggestion of her they wasted a lot of steam whishalf-curls, their rioting simply dis- straight leg in the sheen of the tling for the pantry door. If I slept pathy. Kerrigan took the dead cigaciplined at the edges of her smooth- satin. The courage of her eyes, here once more I could get a disly modeled cheeks. There was new, watching him, was solemn, deep, patcher's job on the division. I mature loveliness in her straight and darkly clear; but that very only missed the number on one body-under deep-green satin, fitted courage added to her air of loneli- train; that was because I was to her firm waist, spreading to a ness. The unshielded light was scared his backwash was going to allow me to take you somewhere Dutch-Irish gold was in no Colorafull skirt, and tapering above to her merciless upon the ill-chosen, worn suck the bedclothes off me. And else." furnishings around her in the room. you slept." A twinkle grew behind

And she stood there-straight, be- the false moroseness of the brown yond common loveliness - and eyes. "Whose room did she try to

> "I don't know," said Hal, "Didn't wait to find out."

Kerrigan watched him an extra instant, then dismissed the last of his concern. "How's your body?" "Fine," said Hal, "Gosh-well,

Kerrigan's look was amused and curious. "Like the bottom of a stove."

fine, as I said. How's yours?"

"And how's that?" "Grate," said Kerrigan, "Come

on, let's go out and have a snort of the ay em."

Hal was up on the widow's walk stowing luggage when Barry came out the door-refreshed, immacufor him nor show any trace of consciousness that he might be there,

until she should get in. She came toward the car without looking up; pair on their next trip out. and when she was close under him at the door, he said, "Hello there," in low pleasure. She glanced at Then she got In.

memory hurried back to last night he'd overlooked. It was she who'd made it so serious, her eyes held in alarm, her head carried as if there were something to be brave ting out all signs of the two miners. about. Well, said Hal to himself. ignoring a certain inconclusion about it: I can pretend nothing's happened, too; but you can't make it a fact by pretending, my beauty.

He was about to vault down from the roof when something drew his eyes to the high stoop. Crack stood there, drowsing in his amiable halfdream of something satisfactory and private as he hoped for Hal's

"Morning," said Hal, and swung himself to the ground.

"Mornin'," said Crack quietly 'Sleep good?"

"Fine, thanks," said Hal. "You?"

"Fine, thanks," said Crack. Listen, d-n it, Hal charged himelf: there's no special meaning in that tone of his; it's just his way of saying things, "Good," he said aloud, without looking at Crack. If the man did know already by his own devices that Hal hadn't slept in a bed, what was there in it to

amuse him so shyly?

They had run along some twenty smooth miles when Barry's voice came low, slow, sure, and Hal lisespecially heeding the words. She said, "That sign said ten miles to Logansport; that might be the very place for breakfast."

Hal thought of her as he had left her last night, head up, hands behind her back, one satin leg a little bent; and he remembered suddenly that she had been crying when he -like the quick recollection of a late to perform.

They drew up before the shining white-tile lunchroom toward which Mrs. Pulsipher had thrown a yelp slowly, would be more certain. Five of hungry approval, and Hal slid more days coming, at least; it out to stand by the door. Barry would have been very disappointing leaned forward to get up, and Docas to make emotional difficulties ugly, rising growl. "Doc!' she said

D-n it. I don't want her to take back what she said, Hal told himself inside his closed mouth; I don't want her to be in love with me. All

Crack gave an uncomfortable where in the upper regions an alarm blush deepened his old-fashioned and the two set out to find the youthfulness. "I guess that pup cabin, guided by the boy's story. don't like me so very well," he said. He smiled shyly at Hal, as if halfhoping for some other explanation from him; but then his eyes drifted lazily away again, undisappointed.

and Illinois. Rasputin ran like an dash into a tunnel and almost imthe privilege of metallic song in the by a bear! The crazy prospector change of traffic light. And before younger man could do to protect nois river into Peoria.

Barry saw the sign on a cafeteria in a side street, "Air Cooled been a large number of murders on and Conditioned." And there was a the old Overland trail. Men returnchorus of grateful exclamation and ing from California, bringing sacks a struggling into jackets as the al- of gold "to show the folks back most-chilled draft swept up the East," had been waylaid and killed, bustle of the cafeteria itself, Sister | criminals had never been caught. Anastasia suddenly sneezed, then looked at Barry with a pretty expression halfway between amuse ceased. Some one who had a mind ment and apology. Barry's hand for adding two and two, began to went to her arm, her clear face investigate, and this is what he lighted with quick, humorous symrette from his lips and, with an air boy and his pony, and Billy Melins of awkward courtliness upon his and his crazy prospector, either told bulk, said to her, "We'll all catch fables or were part of the legend the Russian grippe in here. Sister, themselves. For the source of the

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GOLDEN **PHANTOMS**

Fascinating Tales of **Lost Mines** @W.N.U.

DUTCH-IRISH MYSTERY

FORT COLLINS, COLO., was really a fort in early days, and the soldiers of that era were much like those of today-intensely interested in the curious happenings that came to their attention.

So when an Irishman and Dutchman came to Fort Collins with a load of gold and proceeded to go on a lively spree, the soldiers noand Hal smiled to himself as he ticed it, and when this was repeatdrew an end of the lashing round ed several times they began to wish that they knew the source of all He stayed on the roof purposely this wealth. They even went so far as to hire an Indian to follow the

the Cache-la-Poudre, and their red shadow lurked behind just out of him then, as if she had to see him sight. The Indian had made one before she knew who had spoken. mistake-he had not figured on a "Hello," she said pleasantly, echoed long journey, hence had not taken nothing but the same pleasant hello. much in the way of provisions with him. After three days, the smell Even as his smile widened, Hal's from his quarry's campfire grew to be entirely too tantalizing; the Into make certain there was nothing dian took time out to hunt a deer and prepare a square meal for himself, and while he was following this new trail a deep snow fell, blot-

> On a later visit to Fort Collins, the odd pair invested in a burro to carry their packs, and a little later they disposed of the small beast and bought an ox. Apparently, business was good. Then, one day, they came in on foot, tired and disgusted, and said that a bear had killed the ox.

It was during this visit that the Irish and Dutch temperaments began to pall on each other. They fought and the Dutchman went down, and died as a result of his wounds.

Now was a splendid chance for the soldiers to satisfy their curiosity, and they grasped it eagerly. The Irishman was a murderer, and must be punished—unless he might be persuaded to tell the secret source of the gold. With a rope around his neck, he was harangued by the men in uniform.

Perhaps the prisoner felt that he could out-bluff his captors. No, he shouted, he would tell nothing! He would die rather than let them know the source of his gold!

"Let's hang him a little, boysgive him the feel of the rope. Maye that will loosen his tongue the suggestion, and the unfortunate Irishman was hoisted into the air. "Now let him down," and the rope was slackened. But the experiment failed; excitement, fear, and rough handling had proved too much, and the Irishman was dead.

Billy Melins left Nebraska in 1889 and went to Fort Collins to came in. The memory pricked him haul lumber for a sawmill on the Cache la Poudre. He often stopped promised kindness which it is too at a mining camp, halfway on his route, called Manhattan. One Saturday night he heard that some tourists were anxious about their son, who had ridden away on his pony and had not come back. Melins joined in an unsuccessful search, but the lad showed up next day, and he had a strange story to

> He had become confused the afternoon before, he said, and when his pony started to follow an old trail near nightfall, he was glad enough to give the animal its head. The trail led to a deserted cabin. where the bones of an ox lay before the door, and some specimens of ore sat on a shelf inside.

Melins was interested. This must be the lost mine that the Irishman and the Dutchman had worked. He found an old prospector, a halfcrazy soul whose mind had gone laugh as he got out, and a faint wandering out into the mountains,

Sure enough, the cabin was there as he had said, and a dim trailevidently the trail to the mine-led back up the canyon. The old prospector lost all sanity at the sight. The morning lay hot and long He rushed up the path, and Melins over the flat croplands of Indiana hurried after, in time to see him aristocrat, granting an aristocrat mediately dash out again, followed gearbox and a disinclination to com- was wild with rage. In his fury, he pete with low-price upstarts at a leaped at Melins, and it was all the

Previous to this time there had stairway. Down in the bright and their valuables taken. The

But, with the death of the quarrelsome partners, the depredations

There never was a mine. The murdered travelers.

WHY FIRST DAY IS LORD'S DAY

Gradually Supplanted the Jewish Sabbath.

Adoption of Sunday as the Chris-

tian Sabbath was gradual. The word Sunday, which occurs nowhere in the Bible, is derived from Anglo-Saxon sunnandaeg, day of the sun, the first day of the week having been dedicated to the sun by the pagans. The fourth commandment -"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"-referred to the ancient Jewish Sabbath, which was the seventh day of the week. That the New Testament writers clearly dis tinguished between the Sabbath and the first day of the week is shown by several passages in which the first day is mentioned as following the Sabbath. Although Jesus himself observed the Sabbath, St. Paul seems to have placed observance of this day among the customs not obligatory on Christians. He says in Colosslans 2:16: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." This passage has been taken to indicate that the question of the Christian's Excess Acids relation to the Jewish Sabbath was raised at an early date, although it is not certain that the passage refers to the weekly Sabbath. From the beginning many Christians commemorated the first day of the week as Resurrection day, the day on which Jesus rose from the dead. 'Lord's day" first occurs in Revelation 1:10. I Corinthians 16:2 seems to imply some sort of observance of the first day of the week. There is evidence that the first day was originally intended as a substitute for the Jewish Sabbath, but it seems that most of the early Christians observed both the Sabbath and the Lord's day, and this was the tendency as long as the Christians were composed chiefly of former adherents of Judalsm. In the First century St. Ignatius wrote that Christians no longer observed the Sabbath, but the Lord's day instead, and St. Justin, in the Second century. was probably the first Christian writer to refer to the Lord's day as Sunday. As centuries passed and the church grew in strength the majority of Christians paid less attention to the Sabbath and more attention to the Lord's day until in time the Lord's day or Sunday supplanted the



Inventions

People think that invention is labor-saving. It isn't at all; it's laborcreating.-Charles F. Kettering.

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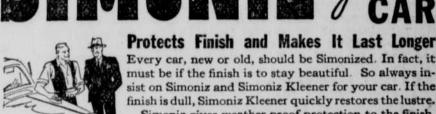
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