



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 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 he finds a fellow man-of-the-world, to whom he takes at once.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Then he was good and angry—anger flooding his joints and his purpose with warm lubricant. By G—d, their best clothes, probably, and their money—snatched from them by this animal, this drugged ape! As he raised himself from the floor, Hal had a savage wonder whether Kerrigan would like to fill the hole in his collection of experience by killing Miller.

His next act suggested itself as glibly as if he'd done this sort of thing often. He doubled his right forefinger and, kneeling on one of the jump seats, leaned forward and pushed the knuckle against Miller's ribs. Miller didn't start or tremble or look around, but the car began wearily to slow down.

"Pull up to the side," Hal said, disgust flattening out the anger in his voice. Miller obeyed—gently, as if he had been chauffeur to old ladies.

"Now," said Hal, "I want your wallet with all the money, your license, and your registration." Miller's futile fingers took out the fat, shabby wallet and spread its compartments to show everything. Hal put it into an inside pocket and took his knuckles from Miller's ribs.

"Slide into the other seat," said Hal. Miller obeyed, with a strange, sleepy air of gratitude. Hal stepped out of the tonneau and got into the front without looking at Miller's face.

"Ever been in jail?" Hal asked him as the car started.

"Yes," said Miller, very low. "Want to go again?"

"No," said Miller.

Hal ran past a farm road, backed the car into it, and swung out on the highway again toward the town. Miller parted his lips with a sticky sound and cleared his throat.

"I was jus' takin' her up the road to kinda try out 'er see..."

"Don't speak unless you're spoken to," said Hal quietly. "Get it?"

"Yes," Miller whispered.

He followed Hal into the lunch-room with the embarrassed friendliness of a whipped hound. Relief didn't at once come to the atmosphere with Hal's entrance.

Crack's narrow look at Hal's face was uncertain, though one hand indolently jostled the golfball. And Barry—Hal laughed at himself for having forgotten that this thing was to be used against her; and he barely kept himself from looking at her, showing her his sincere, forgetful anger. He smiled amiably at Mrs. Pulsipher, saying: "What? not started eating yet?"

"No," she said, as if weariness had come to her in the short time he'd been gone: "I—were wondering—" Her look went in timorous question to Miller, then back to Hal.

"We were just—just waiting for you," she said.

"I wish you hadn't," said Hal gently. "Miller and I've just been arranging a sort of transfer; he's taking my place and I'm taking his." He added, "I've got the fares."

He saw Mrs. Pulsipher believe and recover. The nun's head was up and her gentle eyes on Hal's in something like proud gratitude, as if he had foreseen and spared her humiliation. Crack leaned away from the counter, his close-set eyes basking on Hal's in their own speculative laziness. Hal turned his back on Barry, wondering why the devil he had to start trembling, now it was all over. He prayed he would stop it before Barry noticed it; he felt her watching him.

Kerrigan came to his side as the others moved back toward the tables. "He tried it, 'ey?" His tone was judicial, but his brown eyes above the tough, florid cheeks were nimble with some special laughter.

Hal gave a tight, sheepish smile and let his look answer Kerrigan's. "Just wanted to gather myself a little and make the first one right," he said.

Kerrigan nodded brief commendation. "You've got old Spot-lending where he won't try this again?"

"Mm," said Hal, gathering up his change. "Got his money and his papers—and the keys. Got an idea about what we might do, too. Like to ask you later."

Without any definite demonstration, Kerrigan welcomed the "we." "Good," he said. "Hungry?"

"Yes," said Hal, remembering that he was. "You?"

"Yes."

Every one, including Miller, was seated at one of the big, white-enamel tables when they started back.

"Gathered yourself?" Kerrigan said without looking at him.

"Guess so," said Hal, smiling a little.

"Go, sit beside her, then," said Kerrigan.

"Right," said Hal.

He pulled out the empty chair beside Barry—in next the wall. "D'you mind if I sit here?" he said, as lightly formal as he could manage.

She looked around at him without hurry, the parting of her lips delayed again till after the first smiling of her blue, yellow-flecked eyes.

"No," she said in near-husky ease. "Thank you," said Hal, still casual.

"I—I'd like to thank you," she said quietly.

"For what?"

"What you've just done."

"Please don't," he said.

"Why not?" she said.

"I'll tell you exactly why," he said, leaning a little forward. "Because I didn't think Miller had the wit to try what he did. Because I should have stood there like a wooden Indian and let him get away with it if you hadn't looked at me the way you did. There. But I ask you please not to look at me that way any more if you can help it, because it's rotten for my temper."

Her lips parted further over bright teeth, and there was nothing of defense left in her look. And after he had involuntarily felt the compliment in her candid pleasure, he realized how beautifully that leered light behind her eyes—free of coquetry, traced with reticent interest—sifted the soft, clear composure of her face.

"That's all darned honest of you," she said.

"Aren't you used to it—honesty?" said Hal.

She dropped her eyes, closed her lips, but she was still smiling when she looked up again. There was nothing conscious or dramatic about her saying, "No—not especially. But that doesn't stop my liking it."

"I'm glad," he said. "That makes it easy to be honest again. Honesty is my curse—one of them."

Her smile, and the light behind it, slowly disappeared. She watched him a moment, not thinking of what he'd said. "I like..." She began, and then the waitress' arm drove between them, her finger stabbing an item on the bill of fare that Barry held. "Corn-beef is delicious; veal chops is best."

"Out where?" said Hal.

"Veal chops is finished," she said. Barry moved the card so he could look at it, too, her eyes on it, but uninterested. Hal glanced up quickly—across and down the table. Crack wasn't watching them; but Hal knew he had been.

"The hotel couldn't take them all, and Mrs. Pulsipher was certain it would be too dear any way; but down the road a little they found cabins; the 75c sign convinced Mrs. Pulsipher and the sign 'Showers' convinced Hal. Pairing the party was easy; the Pulsiphers for one cabin, Barry and Sister Anastasia for another, then Hal and Kerrigan, with Miller left for Crack. Miller started for his bed at once, peeling his coat awkwardly as he went.

"Miller?" Hal called after him. The man turned, grinning sleepy cleverness which Hal hoped was merely his continued attempt at ingratitude. "Bugs," Hal said.

"Ain't gonna need 'em jus' for the one night," he said. "I don't need mine."

a broken comb, some hairpins, and part of a pink elastic garter. Hal sat himself naked on the prickly blanket of his bed, and in a moment a trickle of sweat darted down the middle of his chest. All the places all across the continent can't be like this, he thought. Poverty is pitiable, in a front-line dug-out or in the slum room of some one who clings to old habits of tidiness; but when it begins to fringe off into squalor, pitiable's not the word. Miller's probably asleep now—comfortable here, with his clothes on. But the others—the Trafford girl, the good nun; none of them, not even complacent, dreaming Crack can be—

Kerrigan came back from the shower, his graying hair in damp curls on his forehead, his cheeks glowing.

"Hello, Colonel," said Hal, smiling. "How's the shower?"

"I wouldn't like to guess what they keep there in winter," Kerrigan said, "but if you hear the federal men, it's easy to bail out. The door into the front store swings open whenever you happen to think. Crack's in there now, but he said he'd send up a rocket when he was finished. What was your thought about what next?"

"Oh," said Hal. "Something like this. I shouldn't think any of 'em would be disappointed if we dropped Miller and his car. I know a fella in a company in Detroit—know him well enough to ask him a favor. What would you think if I got him to put us on to a good sec-

ond-hand car and trust us for the price till we get it to the Coast and sell it? If Miller was going to make a profit on the fares, we ought to be able to break even anyway. And if he can find the way, we can. What d'you think?"

"The scheme of a genius, a titan," Kerrigan rumbled, taking cigarettes from his coat.

"We can try it," said Hal. "Only look—if we could tell the others—not tell them that it's through a friend of mine we're getting the car; if we could say you and I were chipping in on a bargain and expected a profit on the Coast."

Kerrigan's eyes were friendly with approval. "You mean the are-you-any-relation-to-Frederick-Ireland sitchation?" he said.

Hal nodded.

Then a shadow fell on Kerrigan's look and he turned his head dubiously toward the door, saying, "Hi there, nippers. Finished?"

The door was ajar and Crack's head was stuck around it. "Yes," said Crack, smiling with tentative amiability, as if he hoped to be asked in.

"Thank you very much," said Hal.

The door closed without sound; Hal and Kerrigan looked at each other, both listening.

After a moment Hal said in a subdued tone, "What does he carry that silly golf-ball for?"

Kerrigan shook his head. "Why do you suppose that oat in New York picked on him to be with the Trafford gal?"

"Don't know," said Hal. "Except the only man I've seen this year stupider than Larsen is Miller."

There was a car at the gas pumps, and Hal in yellow slicker and red-leather slippers walked across the grass with the headlights full on him, feeling as if he were on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl. He found the Gents' place all that Kerrigan had said of it. But the water that fell on him from the shower was cool and pristine and good, like delicious rain. And as he reveled in it, he piously acknowledged the miracle that made so simple a thing as cool water a tonic for body, a wine for spirit, an essence of immaculate luxury.

The flow of his shower slackened as the sound of raining began in the next compartment, beyond the partition that didn't bother to reach the ceiling. He heard a short breath taken—of pleasure and eagerness; and then Barry's near-husky voice quietly said, "Oh, d—n it."

Hal gave a single laugh of pleasure. "Can I help?" he said.

"Where are you?" she said.

"Next door. What's happened?"

"I walked into this b—this so-and-so shower with my darned

wrist-watch on." "Ah, cry-making," said Hal. "Sorry." "You don't sound it, but thanks just the same. Gosh, isn't it good—the water?" "Beautiful," he said sincerely. "Beautiful. As beautiful as—as—" "As cool water running over you after a hot day in an old car with seven people and a dog?" "Where's the dog?" "Here—having his shower too. He loves showers." Hal chuckled. "I'd like to see—I'd like— Well, yes." "Good," said Barry; "I'm glad." "Glad of what?" "Glad you can't. I haven't—I'm not—"

"What! Not at all?" "Well, practically not," she said. "Just jodpurs and an old bed-jacket."

"I suppose you'll be going in for comedy in Hollywood," Hal said.

"Who told you I was going to Hollywood?" she said, at once guarded.

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You didn't say it with your mouth, but everything else about you did," said Hal.

"Oh," she said coolly. "You're one of those people who knows lots and lots about other people just by looking at them."

"No," he said. "I'm mostly pretty unobservant."

For a moment she said nothing under the cool showering of water. Then curiously, "What's a snob?"

"What do you want—an epigram?"

"No, I want to know what you say a snob is."

"A snob," he said, thinking, "a snob is what envious people call some one who minds his own business and only cultivates people he likes."

"Who made that up?"

"I did."

Her tone wasn't flippant, merely interested: "To fit yourself?"

"No," Hal laughed. "Why?"

"Just wondered. Sometimes today you were what I thought a snob might be. You weren't so darn nice to the Pulsiphers, and they were ready to be nice to you. You didn't let down for Kerrigan till you saw he wasn't going to run after you. And—"

"I wasn't asking anybody to run after me," said Hal. "I don't think I'd like it. And—what else?"

"And you made me mad."

"I'm sorry," he said happily. "But I wasn't trying not to. You were making me mad, even before you looked at me there, where we had dinner."

"Ah? How?"

"Want it honest or pretty?"

"Which ever you like," she said carelessly.

"Guess which it is, then," said Hal. "I thought you were too sure of your looks—wondering all the time which of us you'd have to keep from getting fresh. That made me mad."

"Because you wanted me to be pleased and surprised when you told me about my looks? Because you didn't want it made hard to get fresh?"

"Then I wasn't wrong. We can start all over again."

"All over," she said. Her shower stopped and Hal's came more strongly. Then she made a squeak of horror.

"What now? Bed-jacket wet?"

"No, but I've got a cili and no towel. Gosh! What would Lubitsch do?"

"Keep the chill," said Hal, "you'll need it. I'll toss you a towel over the top."

He reached the harsh, gray towel Kerrigan had got for him and swung an end of it into her compartment. "Got it?"

"Oh, thanks," she said, "a lot."

"You'll remember this and not be boompish with me tomorrow?"

"Yes. No, I mean I won't be whatever you said. I'm sorry I was."

Dental Hygiene

The Road to Health By DR. R. ALLEN GRIFFITH

CHEW YOUR FOOD

WHAT are your teeth for? They are placed in the mouth as the first aid in digestion. Their loss throws an additional burden upon the balance of the alimentary apparatus, which is frequently unable to stand the strain.

Thorough mastication can only be accomplished by proper and sufficient teeth. Modern man lives largely on a herbivorous diet. The more herbivorous an animal the greater the necessity for thorough chewing of the food. It has been proved by scientific experiments that those who bolt their food, those who have insufficient teeth or who lose 20 per cent of their vegetable food, three-fourths of their entire nourishment and 70 to 80 per cent of their food fill.

Food which is appetizing and pleasant to the palate is not completely nutritious unless thoroughly chewed. Mastication grinds and mixes the food with the saliva which starts the necessary chemical changes in the starches and sugars. It also excites the secretions of the gastric juice. Thoroughly chewed food reaches the stomach in which a sufficient amount of pepsin, rennin and hydrochloric acid awaits it. The transformation of food into nourishing body stuff begins here.

Most of us eat too much. This is due to haste, nervousness, boiling, the inability to chew food properly, and because many foods are prepared so they may be eaten without chewing.

This in turn causes stagnation of the cells that produce the digestive fluids. Sufficient hydrochloric acid is not secreted to prevent fermentation. Fermentation manufactures gases. Micro-organisms, mixed with food under these conditions, produce ptomaine and other poisons. Food poisons, the result of incomplete digestion, together with micro-organisms from dirty mouths, produce the symptoms covered by the term auto-intoxication. The certain cure for eating too much food is careful and proper chewing. This can only be accomplished by an efficient masticating apparatus.

FORTY TO FORTY-FIVE

SOMEWHERE between these ages a man has usually reached the highest point of his efficiency, and from then on it is a question of continued vigilance to keep from sliding rapidly down the grade that has only one end for us all.

You don't need to be a health fanatic, but it is well to ask yourself when you reach this age, if you are really 100 per cent well. Don't you occasionally have a headache, little attacks of indigestion, constipation, or sleepless nights once in a while? These are apparently little insignificant things, but are really nature's warnings that it is time to look after yourself.

Not many of us will follow this out even when we know it is for our own good, but simple cleanliness will accomplish wonders, and we should all take time to keep clean, especially our mouths.

When we get up into the forties it becomes more and more common to hear that some one of our friends has been stricken. The older we get the oftener we lose some good old friend that was apparently in good health only a few days or weeks before. Perhaps the last time you saw him you remarked how good he looked. Don't these things ever make you think? Could you, too?

Death which is not accidental is due to the effects of the action of micro-organisms, a result that might be acute and sudden, or chronic and slow, in its termination. These micro-organisms usually have some small focus of existence and growth, and that point is usually where everything enters the system, the mouth. These micro-organisms are found at the apex of a dead tooth, in pyorrhea, around unsanitary dental work.

There can be no doubt that these causes are responsible for more deaths and misery than war and whisky combined. The only reason we don't try to eliminate it is that it works silently, while war and whisky create a lot of noise and are more or less spectacular.

Even diseases that are not caused directly by unsanitary mouth conditions are greatly aggravated by them, through a lowering of the resistance. When you feel below par and have lost your pep, some little bug is getting in its work. When the blood stream is constantly poisoned by pus germs continuously pouring into the system there must come a time when the resistance is broken down and you limp along like an automobile on a few cylinders.

When you are past forty it is well to know that the human mouth is where those bugs grow that are almost sure to get you if you don't clean them out.

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Rats Now Farmers' Bothersome Enemy

Destroy Thousands of the Baby Chicks, Much Feed and Other Property.

By G. C. Odenkirk of the U. S. Biological Survey.—WNU Service.

Rats rate as public enemy No. 1 on the farm at this season of the year, for they not only kill thousands of baby chicks but also destroy feed and other property. It is a common occurrence for rats to destroy as many as 25 to 50 baby chicks in a single raid, and they have been known to enter a brooder house and wipe out as high as 500 chicks in one night.

Powdered red squill is the best poison for fighting rats, since it is deadly to them but comparatively harmless to domestic animals and humans. The squill should be mixed with some bait such as canned salmon, hamburger or a mixture of moistened rolled oats and corn. One part of poison to 16 parts bait by weight is the correct proportion. The different baits should be put out in teaspoonful quantities so that the rats may enjoy their preference.

Even though red squill is comparatively harmless to domestic animals, care should be taken to prevent chickens or dogs from eating large quantities of the poisoned bait.

Calcium cyanide fumigant is another rat exterminator which may be used successfully, especially in burrows, under concrete floors and other places where the gas can be confined. It should be applied with a foot pump duster made especially for the purpose. The operator should avoid breathing the poisonous fumes.

Co-operative community rat campaigns during which poison is distributed all over the community at the same time are effective. The cost of such activities is low compared to the damage done by the rats.

Manganese Is a Poison, Also Tonic for Plants

A substance that has been generally accepted as a poison to plant life has been shown by later experiments to be a valuable tonic. The substance is manganese, a chemical element somewhat resembling iron. When lacking or present in too small an amount in the soil, plants have a sickly yellow-green color. When such plants are fed with manganese sulphate in water to the extent of eight parts in a million they become vigorous and healthy. Their yield has been increased as much as 215 per cent. If the manganese is increased slightly above this amount it becomes toxic and the plants become unhealthy. Within this narrow margin manganese is a tonic for plant life and outside it becomes a poison.

"Manganese is not a panacea for any and all cases of plant starvation which the usual ration of nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium plant foods will not cure. The crop may be in need of minute traces of soluble compounds of boron, copper, zinc and possibly of other elements not yet definitely known as required elements in plant nutrition," says an official of the office of experimental stations of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Black Rot Canker Common

Black rot canker in some form is of common occurrence, says the Rural New Yorker. It may be seen in the fall in the black decay of apples. And in the spring and summer it shows as spots on the leaves, and all the year, unless cut out, it may manifest itself as rough growth on limbs, as cankerous eruptions on the branches. Canker on the limbs has been recognized for many years as an undesired growth; cut it out when doing the pruning work. This limb eruption can be connected with the black fruit and leaf spots, to show how one follows the other. All are due to a parasite called black rot canker, and known to orchard doctors as Physalospora cydoniae.

Agricultural Notes

Humane branding of cattle by chemicals is being urged in England.

Growing clover is an inexpensive and effective way of providing nitrogen for other crops.

One quart of milk is equal in food value to foods that cost from two to three times as much.

Some Florida agriculturists figure that at least one-fifth of the citrus crop is cull fruit, cannery refuse, or other material usable for live stock feed.

The United States leads all other countries in the commercial canning industry and also leads in promoting home canning, according to a published report.

Seventy-five to ninety per cent of all the oats, wheat, barley and silage corn now grown in New York state are varieties bred at Cornell and introduced through the extension service.

Slenderizing Lines Characterize Frock

PATTERN 9321



Quite the neatest trick we've observed for a long time is this cleverly arranged, yet delightfully simple, home frock. Especially nice for those of us who gain and lose weight or who just naturally love a smart looking wrap-around for sheer comfort and convenience. And, of course, a boon to expectant mothers. Note how the belt slips through a slit and may be simply adjusted to fit the figure. Meanwhile, one has stepped right into it as into a coat. No petticoat needed. Nice shoulders and back, aren't they? Most attractive in solid color cotton broadcloth or printed or plaid cotton of any sort.

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Smiles

FULLY RECOVERED

First Nurse—Has he come to his senses yet? Second Nurse—Yes, he's quite rational now. Just asked me to elope with him.

Oh, Yes, He Can Judge—Is there any reason why sentence of life should not be passed upon you? Prisoner—I can't think of any, myself, your honor, but no doubt my lawyer can—least, that's why I got him.

Belated Meeting Bloom—I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me. Black—Did she? I'm sorry you didn't meet her sooner.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cold Underfoot "I got cold feet dancing with Mabel last night." "How?" "Whenever she stepped on my foot my toes were five below."

WNU-U 23-35

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, 'THE STANDARD OF QUALITY' and 'THE PERFECT GUM'.