



That Foster Plug Prevents Slipping

Proof of Public Preference

Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels are worn regularly today by thousands of people who have tried other kinds first.

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

are the heels for you, because they make walking safe as well as comfortable.

The Foster Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on ice and wet sidewalks—makes the heels wear longer, too. And there are no holes to track mud and dirt.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Heels. They cost no more than the ordinary kinds, and the name is easy to remember. 50 cents attached. All dealers.



FOSTER RUBBER CO., 105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

Are You Going Deaf?

Unless long neglect has brought about complete paralysis of the congested parts there is every chance that the power to hear—clearly and distinctly—can be saved or restored with the new perfected

Four-Tone Mears Ear Phone

A tiny, highly sensitive telephone of extraordinary powers. With its all except those "stone" deaf are able to hear at once ordinary vocal tones. More important—the exercise of hearing strengthens the affected organs, restores the congestion and tones up the auditory nerve and the natural hearing powers return. This remarkable invention corrects the causes of deafness just as spectacles correct faulty vision. But its powers are even greater because they are selective; it has FOUR different "tones" or strengths, where the spectacle lens, or ordinary telephone, has only one strength. Your finger-tip chooses the proper strength to meet any condition of your ear or to catch clearly any sound. Notice—Our Four-Tone Model is sold only direct from our New York Office. If you live in or near New York call at our office for free demonstration.



On Trial Let us send you a Four-Tone Mears on 15 days' trial at our risk. It costs you nothing to find out what it will do for YOU. Just now we are making a low net price direct with a special introductory discount. Write today.

Booklet on Request — Tells about the causes of deafness, how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Mailed free on request. Write for it now.

MEARS EAR PHONE CO. Dept. 2457, 45 W. 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

FREE SURPRISE PACKET



The above picture represents the name of a BIRD. Can you tell what bird it is? This is a most interesting puzzle, and you can solve it with a little study. SO DO SO. IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT THE NAME OF THE BIRD WE WILL SEND YOU A HANDSOME PACKET CONTAINING FIVE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GOLD EMBOSSED POST CARDS YOU EVER SAW—ALSO A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY IN OUR GRAND FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR (\$5000) PRIZE CONTEST. All you have to do is to enclose with your answer 2 two-cent stamps to cover the cost of mailing, packing, etc. USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the name of the bird. ACT QUICKLY. Write the name of the bird on a slip of paper—mail it to us immediately with your name and address and four cents in stamps, and we will promptly send you as a reward, all charges prepaid, A SURPRISE PACKET, CONTAINING FIVE BEAUTIFUL ARTISTIC GOLD EMBOSSED POST CARDS. Also, A CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY IN OUR GRAND FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR (\$5000) PRIZE CONTEST which closes Dec. 23, 1913. We will also send you a copy of a New York Magazine. ACT PROMPTLY. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO ENTER THIS GREAT CONTEST IN WHICH WE GIVE AWAY A 1914 OVERLAND AUTOMOBILE—a 2-PASSENGER 1914 FORD AUTOMOBILE—a 2-PASSENGER 1914 FORD AUTOMOBILE—CONCERT GRANDPIANO with Player Attachment, \$150.00 Phonograph, Cash Prizes. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize, a Prize identical in character and value will be given each person so tied. SEND YOUR ANSWER. M. S. MURPHY, Mgr., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 120 New York

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Sheet Pictures 4c, Stereoscopes 2c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1492, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

Asthma & HAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If satisfied, send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLICK, 673 Poplar St., Sidney, Ohio

The modern poets are said to be the Ad-writers; study them.

A LOG-ROLLING BONANZA

by PERCEVAL GIBBON ILLUSTRATIONS by MARTIN LEWIS



THE TWO Young Men with Capital, going to Rhodesia, sat on the verandah of the hotel in Beira in their beautiful white clothes and listened to the wisdom of Mr. Carey. Before

them the loose sand of the street threw up the sun-glare, and the tops of palms were visible over the houses opposite. Mr. Carey bronzed to the hue of a ripe coconut, humorous, capable, and at his ease in spite of the heat, seemed somehow to fit the scene.

"Speakin' for myself," he was telling them, "I never made any money up there till I'd got rid of my capital. It's like poker; you've got to pay to learn it, and then you can sit in a game and take your chance of winning a bit."

The younger of the Young Men with Capital looked thoughtful. He had played poker at Oxford and meant never to play it again.

"But careful and conservative investment," he began. "Surely—"

Mr. Carey chuckled, and the Young Man paused.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I was careful—and—what did you call it?—conservative once," replied Mr. Carey. "That's how I lost the last of my capital. If ever anything looked safe and respectable, that did. I have n't properly lived it down yet; they still call me 'Sink-or-Swim' Carey up-country. Want to hear about it?"

"We certainly do," agreed the others, in chorus.

Mr. Carey crossed his legs and shifted himself in his deck-chair to a posture of greater ease. His calm brown eyes dwelt thoughtfully on the smooth pink faces of his audience, and he smiled reminiscently.

"I'd been more than a year in the country then," he explained, "and there was nothing you could teach me. I'd been up to the Zambesi, prospecting, and down shooting on the Sabi. I could talk enough Kafir to get on with; I'd shot a lion and seen elephant; I'd got shares in a mine, in a Kafir store, in an ice-factory and a gold-dredging plant; and I was up to every trick in the game. Since then, I may remark, the mine has been forfeited, the Kafir store has gone broke, the ice-factory was sold to pay my partner's debts and the dredge costs me as much every year as a couple of race-horses. But in those days, each of 'em looked like a separate bonanza.

"I came down from the Zambesi to Salisbury with eighty good strong niggers of my own; to find something new to make a fortune out of. In fact, I was willing to take something less than a fortune if only it was handy and quick, because I was pretty short of money and the way my niggers ate, and the way their wages mounted up, was something ghastly. I counted myself mighty lucky, I can tell you, when I ran across a contract to cut wood for the Bretenza mine right away. You see, they

Eighty niggers, and every man-jack of them cleaning a cooking-pot

burn wood up there for their engines. "Well, I went down to look at the thing before offering a price; it was only three days from Salisbury; and it looked good. There was the mine, on a bit of flat land; there was the wood, growing as thick as you please about five miles away from it, with a nice slow little stream dribbling across country as neat and useful as a canal built for the purpose. Nothing to do but shove the wood in, float it down, rake it ashore and stack it; it was as easy as kiss your hand. I made sure of it, too; I took off my breeches and waded every shallow in the stream and even in the worst place there was water enough to float a boat, much less a stick of cord-wood. I could n't think why half a hundred men were n't tendering for the job.

"WHEN I got back to Salisbury, I thought I'd found out why they were n't after it. I heard two of them talking about it in a bar. 'It ain't good enough,' one of 'em was explaining. 'The wood's five miles from the mine, and we'd need teams to haul it with. Better let somebody else have the job.' I grinned to myself. 'Ha!' I thought; 'so it's the fashion here to tender without takin' a look at the ground! This is where I win!' I went to my room to figure out my price, passing through the compound where my men were. Eighty niggers, mind you, and every man-jack of them was squattin' on the ground cleaning a cooking-pot ready for his next meal.



Had I sudden gone mad or lost my eyesight?