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While excavating the ground under the piles of debris representing the ruins of the abbatical church of SS. Peter and Paul, at Warneton, Belgium, say dispatches from Lille, the architects discovered two chambers dating from the Middle Ages. They are constructed of brick. In one, the ornaments belonging to a priest were found scattered over the ground, and the other contained the lead sarcophagus of Prince Robert de Cassel, who was buried in 1331. On the walls of the two vaults, which are only one meter high, are some frescoes, in a remarkable condition of preservation.

The decoration of the mortuary chamber in which the ornaments were found represents the scenes of the Crucifixion, with kneeling angels and haloed saints. On the others are numerous shields bearing the Lion of Flanders.—Detroit News.

Scientific sophists make one wonder whether he is controlled by his glands or his soul.

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Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (25 cents) if Peterson's Ointment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles, as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

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Standard cold remedy world over. Demand for bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature.

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*The*  
**RAGGED EDGE**  
by  
**Harold MacGrath**

CHAPTER XXIII

Next morning Ruth did not refer to the episode on the sands of the lagoon. Here again instinct guided her. If he had nothing to tell her, she had nothing to ask. She did not want particularly to know what had caused his agony, what had driven him back to the old coat. He was in trouble and she could not help him; that was the ache in her heart.

At breakfast both of them played their parts skilfully. There was nothing in his manner to suggest the misery of the preceding night. There was nothing on her face to hint of the misery that brimmed her heart this morning. So they fenced with smiles.

He noted that she was fully dressed, that her hair was carefully done, that there was a knotted ribbon around her throat. It now occurred to him that she had always been fully dressed. He did not know—and probably never would unless she told him—that it was very easy (and comfortable for a woman) to fall into slatternly ways in this latitude. So long as she could remember, her father had never permitted her to sit at the table unless she came fully dressed. Later, she understood his reasons; and it had now become habit.

Fascination. It would be difficult to find another human being subjected to so many angles of attack as Spurlock. Ruth loved him. This did not tinkle his vanity; on the contrary, it enlivened his fascination. She loved him. That held his thought as the magnet holds the needle, inescapably. The mortal youth in him, then, was fascinated, the thinker, the poet, from all sides Ruth attacked him, innocently. The novel danger of the situation enthralled him. He saw himself retreating always advancing, perfectly oblivious of the terror she inspired, from barricade to barricade, Ruth his terror, which is a phase of life.

While he was stirring his tea, she ran and fetched the comb. She attacked his hair resolutely. He laughed to hide his uneasiness. The touch of her hands was pleasurable.

"The part was crooked," she explained.

"I don't believe McClintock would have gone into convulsions at the sight of it. Anyhow, ten minutes after I get to work I'll be rumpling it."

"That isn't the point, Hoddy. You don't notice the heat; but it is always there, pressing down. You must always shave and part your hair straight. It doesn't matter that you deal with black people. It isn't for their sakes, it's for your own. Mr. McClintock does it, and he knows why. In the morning and at night he is dressed as he would dress in the big hotels. In the afternoon he probably loafs in his pajamas. You can too, if you wish."

"All right, teacher; I'll shave and comb my hair." He rose for fear she might touch him again.

But such is the perversity of the human that frequently thereafter he purposely crooked the part in his hair, to give her the excuse to fetch the comb. Not that he deliberately courted danger; it was rather the searcher, seeking analysis, the why and wherefore of this or that invading emotion.

He was always tenderly courteous; he answered her ordinary questions readily and her extraordinary ones patiently; he always rose when she entered or left the room. This formality irked her; she wanted to play a little romp. The moment she entered the room and he rose, she felt that she was immediately consigned to the circle of strangers; and it emptied her heart of its joy and filled it with diffidence. There was a wall; she was always encountering it; the one time she was able to break through this wall was when the part in his hair was crooked.

She began to exercise those lures which were bred in her bone—the bones of all women. She required no instructions from books; her wit and beauty were her own. What lends a

tragic mockery to all these tender traps of hers was that she was within lawful bounds. This man was her husband in the eyes of both God and man.

But Spurlock was ever on guard, even when she fussed over his hair. His analytical bent saved him many times, though he was not sensitive to this. The fire—if there was any in him—never made headway against this insistent demand to know the significance of these manifold inward agitations.

Thus, more and more Ruth turned to the mongrel dog, who bore the name of Rollo unflinchingly—the dog that adored her openly, shamelessly, who now without a whimper took his diurnal tubbing. Upon this grateful animal she lavished that affection which was subtly repelled by its lawful object.

Spurlock was by nature orderly, despite his literary activities. Before the first month was gone, McClintock admitted that the boy was a find. Accounts were now always where he could put his hand on them. The cheating of the boys in the stores ceased. If there were any pearls, none came into light. Gradually McClintock shifted the burden to Spurlock's shoulders and retired among his books and music rolls.

Twice Spurlock went to Copeley's—twenty miles to the northwest—for ice and mail. It was a port of call, since fortnightly a British mail-boat dropped her mudhook in the bay. All sorts of battered tramps, junks and riff-raff of the seas trailed in and out. Spurlock was tremendously interested in these derelicts, and got a good deal of information regarding them, which he stored away for future use. There were electric and ice plants, and a great store in which one could buy anything from jewsharps to gas-engines. White men and natives dealt conveniently at Copeley's. It saved long voyages and long waits; and the buyers rarely grumbled because the prices were stiff. There were white men with families, a fine mission-house, and a club-house for cards and billiards.

He was made welcome as McClintock's agent; but he politely declined all the proffered comestibles, eating back the ice was rather a serious affair. He loaded the launch with a thousand pounds—all she could carry—and started home immediately after sundown but even then he lost from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds before he had the stuff cached in McClintock's bamboo-covered sawdust pit. This ice was used for refrigerator purposes and for McClintock's evening peg.

Ruth with Rollo as her guide explored the island. In the heart of the jungle the dog had his private muck baths. Into one of these he waded and rolled and rolled, despite her commands. At first she thought he was endeavoring to rid himself of the fleas, but after a time she came to understand that the muck had healing qualities and soothed the burning scratches made by his claws. In the presence of the husband of his mistress Rollo was always dignifiedly cheerful, but he never leaped or cavorted as he did when alone with Ruth.

Spurlock was fond of dogs; he was fond of this off-spring of many mesalliances; but he never made any attempt to win Rollo to share him. The dog was, in a sense, a gift of the gods. He filled the role of comrade which Spurlock dared not enact, at least not utterly as he would have liked. Yes—as he would have liked.

For Ruth grew lovelier as the days went on. She was as lovely in the spirit as in the flesh. Her moods were many and always striking. She was never violent when angry she became as calm and baffling as the sea in doldrums. She never grew angry for anything her husband did; such anger as came to her was directed against the lazy, incompetent servant who was always snooping about in the inner temple—Spurlock's study.

She formed a habit which em-

barrassed Spurlock greatly, but at first he dared not complain. She would come and sit cross-legged just beyond the bamboo curtain and silently watch him at work. One night she apparently fell asleep. He could not permit her to remain in that position. So, very carefully, he raised her in his arms and carried her to her bed. The moment he was out in the hall, Ruth sat up hugging and rocking her body in delight. This charming episode was repeated three times. Then he sensed the trap.

"Ruth, you must not come and sit on the threshold. I can't concentrate on my work. It doesn't annoy me; it only disturbs me. I can't help looking at you frequently. You don't want me to spoil the story, do you?"

"No. But it's so wonderful to watch you! Whenever you have written something beautiful, your face shows it."

"I know; but . . ."

"And sometimes you say out loud: 'That's great stuff!' I never make any sound."

"But it is the sight of you!"

"All right, Hoddy. I promise not to do it again." She rose. "Good night."

He stared at the agitated curtain; and slowly his chin sank until it touched his chest. He had hurt her. But the recollection of the warm pliant body in his arms . . .

"I am a thief!" he whispered. He had only to recall this fact (which he did in each crisis) to erect a barrier she could not go around or over.

Sometimes it seemed to him that he was an impostor: that Ruth believed him to be one Howard Spurlock, when he was only masquerading as Spurlock. If ever the denouement came—if ever the Hand reached him—Ruth would then understand why he had rebuffed all her tender advances. The law would accord her all her previous status: she would return to the status of which in his madness he had taken her. She might even forgive him.

He thanked God for this talent of his. He could lose himself for hours at a time. Whatever he wrote he was; he became this or that character, he suffered or prospered equally. He was the beachcomber, or the old sailor with the black pearl (Ruth's tales), or the wastrel musician McClintock had described to him. There was a fourth story; but he never told either Ruth or McClintock about this. He called it "The Man Who Could Not Go Home." Himself. He did not write this with lead but with his heart's blood.

By the middle of July he was in full health. In the old days he had been something of an athlete—a runner, an oarsman, and a crack at tennis. The morning swims in the lagoon had thickened the red corpuscle. For all the enervating heat, he applied himself vigorously to his tasks.

Late in July he finished the fourth story. This time there wasn't any doubt. He had done it. These were yarns! As he was about to slip the manuscripts into the envelope, something caught his eye: by Howard Spurlock. Entranced, he stared at the name. Suddenly he understood what had happened. A Wrathful God was watching him. Howard Spurlock. The honey on his tongue turned to ashes. To write under a pseudonym!—to be forced to disown his children! He could not write under his own name, enjoy the fruits of fame should these tales prove successful.

Here was a thundering blow. All his dreams shattered in an instant. What is the supreme idea in the heart and mind of youth? To win fame and fortune; and particularly to enjoy them. Spurlock slumped in his chair, weak and empty. This was the bitter hour he had ever known. From thoughts of fame to thoughts of mere bread and butter! It seemed to Spurlock that he had tumbled off the edge of Somewhere into the abyss of Nowhere.

At length, when he saw no escape from the inevitable, he took the four title pages from the manuscripts and typed new ones, substituting Taber for Spurlock. A vast indifference settled down upon him. He did not care whether the stories were accepted or not. He was so depressed and disheartened that he did not then believe he would ever write again.

Both Ruth and McClintock came down to the launch to wish him God-speed and good luck. Ruth hugged the

envelope and McClintock, with the end of a burnt match, drew a cabalistic sign. Through it all Spurlock maintained a gaiety which deceived them completely. But his treasured dream lay shattered at his feet.

And yet—such is the buoyancy of youth—within a fortnight he began his first novel, pretending to himself that it was on Ruth's account. To be alone with her, in idleness, was an intolerable thought.

Coconuts grew perpetually. There will often be six growths in a single palm. So proas loaded with nuts were always landing on the beach. The Tigris went prowling for nut, too. Once both Ruth and Spurlock accompanied McClintock far south, to an island of blacks; and Spurlock had his first experience with the coconut dance and the booming of wooden tom-toms.

At first Spurlock tasted coconut in his eggs, in what meat he ate; it permeated everything, taste and smell. For a long time even the strong pipe tobacco (with which McClintock supplied him) possessed a coconut flavour. Then, mysteriously, he no longer smelled or tasted it.

On the day he carried the manuscript to Copeley's he brought a packet of letters, magazines, and newspapers. McClintock never threw away any advertising matter; in fact, he openly courted pamphlets; and they came from automobile dealers and great mail-order houses, from haberdashers and tailors and manufacturers of hair-tonics, razors, gloves, shoes, open plumbing. In this way (he informed Spurlock) he kept posted on what was going on in the strictly commercial world. "Besides, lad, even an advertisement of a cough-drop is something to read." So there was always plenty of mail.

Among the commercial enticements McClintock found a real letter. In privacy he read and reread it a dozen times, and eventually destroyed it by fire. It was, in his opinion, the most astonishing letter he had ever read. He hated to destroy it; but that was the obligation imposed; and he was an honourable man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**VEGETABLE DIET BALDNESS CURE**

**Chicago Doctor Says He Proved It and Even Grew Husky Without Meat**

Chicago.—Take some crushed raw wheat, oats or rye, with milk; some nuts, drenched in honey, a glass of orange juice, plenty of raisins, some raw onions and spinach, lettuce and tomatoes, or cabbage and carrots; throw in half a cauliflower for diversification; divide these ingredients into three portions and serve for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and in six or seven years that bald head will bear a crown of glorious, luxurious strength-begetting hair.

Dr. St. Louis Estes, vice-president of the International Society of Applied Psychology and president of the American Society for the Consumption of Raw Foods, has prepared a series of lectures to be delivered in Chicago, advocating the use of the above recipe in proper proportions, to restore health to any ailing body and grow hair on any shiny, bald pate.

A testimonial: "I did it, and others can do the same. I was sickly and bald, but by adhering to this diet for seven years I produced a healthy crop of hair and won a swimming championship!" That, according to Dr. Estes.

Dr. Estes is a vegetarian. He advocates no meat of any kind and no cooked vegetables, no pepper no salt and no alcoholic beverages, tobacco, candy or other similar indulgences.

The prescribed foods and the prescribed don'ts constitute his simple avenue to health and plenteous hair.

And some day, when the food has become irksome, just step out into the air, skip breakfast or lunch; go out and take a deep breath. You'll be surprised at the results. At least, that is the advice of Dr. Estes.

And, furthermore, he says, nuts and vegetables are far more nourishing than meat. He maintains a handful of peanuts contain more nourishment than five pounds of beefsteak.

There is no precaution given as to eating the raw onions in the middle of the day.

Charity at Home.

Small Natalie was picking over her toys to fill a basket for some poor children. Suddenly she held up a little book.

"Mother," she cried, "here's Aesop's Fables! May I give it away? Any little child would just love it. I hate it."

By maintaining a satisfactory rating of efficiency, to be determined largely by a self-rating chart, and by completing approved courses equivalent to six university credits, the teachers of Leominster, Mass., may receive an increase of \$50 beyond the maximum. A second increment of \$50 may be granted two years after the first special increase by earning six additional credits and maintaining a satisfactory efficiency rating.

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**New Electrical Discovery**

F. R. Woodward, for the last 38 years active in mine development in Colorado, has worked out a method of extracting electrical energy from the mineral veins of the earth, he says. By his system inexhaustible supplies of the energy, enough for the billions of people of the civilized world, will be available through storage batteries of gigantic proportions which his plan encompasses. His plan also involves long-distance transmission of the power by wireless. His discovery was accidental through finding electrical energy in gold and silver ore. His theory is that it comes from the sun.

**Nature Assisted**

"Time seems to have touched you with lightly, old man."

"Don't fool yourself. It's the beauty specialists who have been doing the touching."—American Legion Weekly.

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**Road Building Far Behind the Automobile**

Millions now recognize the automobile as a necessity. It is no longer a luxury for the few. Sixty per cent of its use is for business.

Because of this the modern paved highway has become an economic necessity.

Yet although the mileage of Concrete Roads and Streets has been steadily increasing, our highway system today lags far behind the automobile. The great majority of our highways are as out of date as the single-track, narrow gauge railway of fifty years ago.

Such a condition not only seriously handicaps the progress of the automobile as a comfortable, profitable means of transportation, but also holds back commercial, industrial and agricultural advancement in practically every section of the country. It is costing taxpayers millions of dollars annually.

Highway building should be continued and enlarged upon.

Your highway authorities are ready to carry on their share of this great public work. But they must have your support. Tell them you are ready to invest in more and wider Concrete Highways now.

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