can."

her.

klatsch?"

but Allen waved him back.

"No? I may be mistaken.

said the chief suavely. "You're an

attractive woman, Miss La Salle. How

"Oh, so you are. Then why are you

is it that you are not married?"

you're known as 'Miss' La Salle?"

you get your living, Miss La Salle?"

"You two think you're putting me

Why you're a bunch of amateurs.

Make me break down? Lord! You

men, one in uniform, entered and

placed a suitcase on the chief's desk.

"Yes, it's yours," soothed Lamar,

We won't injure any of your things.

We just want to take a look. "They've

from between the folds of an embroid-

fumbled as he opened it, because he

sponge, then bent over Alma solicit-

"You see, if you'd been really

smeared up the other paints too.

Alma started forward in her chair.

just brought it from your rooms."

and tossed them on the desk.

ly. "They cost money."

are certainly good to you."

lash.

tabs of paint.

the sponge."

ously.

"Is that anyone's business?"

"Who says I'm not?"

"I have an income."

"Er-mortgages."

comes from?"

Bonds-stocks-mortgages?"

haven't even got my goat!"

help spot you-eh?"

of a bat factory."

Red Circles?"

"I do not."

"Alma La Salle"

at Surfton?"

AUTHOR OF THE "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

"Ctrcle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Ped Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and teils her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar, June, dressed as a boy, recovers Mary's coat from the police. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam." Jim'; old crime partner. At the seaside June steals war invention plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Sallepaints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a kail. Mary sees her wash off the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town.

**Gircle Jim's" daughter. though Mrs. "You know," Mary answere ply. "Come into the house with the seas with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Sallepaints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a kail. Mary sees her wash off the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE THIRD DEGREE

Far out on the horizon a sloop veered to the wind and bent its graceful sails as if to scoop the crest of

observation perch of the Travis home,

"It's almost deserted." June said with some amusement. "At this hour, any other morning, the beach would be crowded. The dance must have played havoc."

"I think you should have slept longer, too." Mary smoothed back the girl's hair. "A young person like you needs all the sleep she can get."

"Why, I'm as fresh as a daisy," rebelled June. "If I stay in bed too long I get all stupid and loggy. And, just think how terrible it would be if sleuth now, I can't afford to sleep, overhours, you know."

Mary looked up at the mischievous, smiling face. A shadow of fear crept

more to do with this," she begged gently. "You are so young, so impulsive. Don't you know if you play with fire you must be burned?"

"But I'm not playing with fire," objected June. "And, besides, don't you see that I've taken out the safest Red Circle?"

"I don't like it-I don't like anyunclasped her hands nervously. "You but did not fasten it. Then she put have become so headstrong, dear. the scissors on the sand beside her. Ever since this mark came on your hand, you're so different."

"Oh, look!" June exclaimed, glad of an excuse to change the subject.

"I think he's an awful looking thing. I'm going into the house, I don't want to look at him any more."

bite her lips and frown. The signs were alarming. The old woman looked down at the hand on the rail, with



fear and trembling. Her worst sus-It biazed forth in all its strength just you poor, ill-treated little beastie," as June exclaimed angrily:

oor, captive animal? A defenseless aite like that! It's outrageous the way he pulls that rope-just look, he's

The idea of gesting so worked up over monkey!

"It isn't because it's a munkey. It's because it's heartless cruelty to a

"Anyhow, you're coming right in

"Look at your hand," said Mary

Startled, June obeyed, The Red Circle glared back at her with malevolent intensity. Just for a second her face clouded. Then the same, queer,

"Well, what of it?" she challenged. "You know," Mary answered, simply. "Come into the house with me before you get into any trouble, dear."

"Please. I'm so worried, pet." "Oh, all right. Only don't look so

Upstairs, June entered her room and ran to the window. The organ grinder had moved out of sight. A strange, sickening sensation came over her as she thought of him and his treat-

ment of the monkey. On a little table near the window a small pair of scissors caught the sun and reflected the light, so that it dazzled the eyes. June caught sight of them. She picked them up quickly and slipped them, almost involuntarily into the pocket of her dress. Then she reached for a small sport hat that seeing anyone go past with a monwas lying on a chair and ran out of the room, closing the door behind her.

On the sand, leaning against a pile, under the pier, sat the Italian organ grinder sound asleep-his old, battered organ propped up beside him. The monkey, sitting on his lap, pulled

restlessly at his coat. The man waked stupidly for the fraction of a second, cuffed the monkey over the head, forced him down on his lap again and went back to that direction."

sleep. June crept around, under the pier, to the way June had gone. keeping well behind him until she made sure that he was really asleep -not shamming. Very cautiously she dropped to her knees and crawled

toward the organ. With remarkable rapidity she unbuckled the broad, tough strap that was attached to it and got on her feet. Then she listened to the Italian's loud breathing, before she moved forward quietly until she stood directly behind the pile against which he was leaning.

There was no fear on her face. Only caution and a certain cunning boldness. Stealthily, she slipped the strap around the sleeping man's body, drawing it back behind the pile. She put the eyelet end through the buckle,

Having proceeded so far successfully, she thought for an instant, trying to determine what her next move would be. Picking up the scissors she slipped her right hand around the pile and started to cut the monkey's rope, close to the Italian's hand. The monkey, sensing that a deliverer had come, laid his little face against her hand, softly,

June pushed him back gently. The scissors were dull. The rope was tough. The effort to cut it brought the blood to her hand. Slowly, the 'alian blinked his eyes and opened

Immediately under his nose was a strong young hand wielding a glitterweapon. Half-conscious, he shuddered inwardly. In his nightmare, someone was working out a vendetta-successfully. His eyes closed. The vividness of the dream was too much for him, however. He opened them again. This time all he could see was a ring of scarlet-an omen of eternal bloodshed.

Stupid with sleep, he made a half attempt to sit erect. On the instant June pulled the strap tight with her left hand, buckled it, seized the monkey with the right and sped off down the beach, the cut rope trailing behind her.

On the edge of the sand, an old. woman in black, ghastly pale and petrified with fear, watched her go.

Strapped to the pile, the Italian was kicking up an awful row.

In the distance, June ran into the entrance to Surfton park and found a midst of it stood a giant tree with his balance. an absurdly thick trunk.

The monkey sniffed affectionately at her chin and raised his little paw. his distress. June hugged him up to her, cut the rope close to his collar, and started to take off his ludicrous little hat and coat. All undressed, as he was meant to be, the monkey reverted to type

"Of course you want to get up there, she whispered to him. "That's what her head, boldly. "I'd like to see you "Oh, why does he mistreat that I stole you for. To set you free. Say try to arrest me!" 'thank you' to the lady and shake

hands ' She reached up and pulled the branch down to her. Then she waited to see what he would do. With just one regretful look, as though to say, "I'm not ungrateful-but oh, you ominously as he dropped them back tree!" he leaped from her arms and into his pocket.

scampered up the tree. On a high branch he sat down and looked at her. June waved her hand.

Back on the beach, Mary watched the struggling Pietro, and tried desperately to decide what the wisest move would be. His awful cries would attract a larger crowd in a few bustled her in, bringing her up before minutes.

It flashed upon her, suddenly, that there was a way of protecting June, even now. With the wrap still on her arm she ran toward the screaming Italian. Indicating that she was going to release him, Mary unbuckled the strap, just as a poleman came running up.

Pietro scrambled to his feet, choking with rage. A torrent of sound poured from his thick oily lips.

"My monk gone-stole-girl-woman-gotta round on hand! Stole! Cut-a rope! Swipe-a monk! Beat it!" Mary stepped forward and spoke to

the officer. "It seems that someone stole his monkey. He's showing you the cut rope in his hand."

The patrolman raised his cap. "I didn't see you at first, Miss Mary," he said pleasantly. "Yes, I understood that someone had copped the monkey; but what's he getting at, drawing things on the back of his hand and moving his fingers like he was cutting paper?"

"As near as I can make out," Mary answered slowly, "the person who stole the animal cut the rope with scissors and had a mark of some kind on the back of her hand."

"A mark!" the policeman jumped red mark—a Red Circle?" he asked Salle, please?" Pietro excitedly.

back into Italian hysteria. The "You've been on the beach some-

time, haven't you? Do you remember key? "Certainly," the old woman replied

promptly. "I remember distinctly seeing a young woman on the beach with a monkey."

"Do you remember which way she went?" he asked.

moment. "Yes," she said at last, very deliberately, "she went down the beach in a chair beside the desk.

Her finger pointed directly opposite

"Thank you," said the policeman.

inquired politely. "Oh, I'll go," she answered after a

minute's thought. Ten minutes later, when she belled, outside the entrance to the police station, he seized her arm and over to her home."

He took the blank from his secrethe sergeant's desk. tary and tried the point of his foun-"Well, Mr. Lamar," said the desk tain pen. man, leaning over the edge to shake hands, "what can I do for you?"

"I have just arrested this-er-this lady on suspicion, sergeant."
"Indeed!" The round-faced, grayhaired officer looked over his glasses.

sharply. "Name, please." The woman raised her eyebrows. "Name, I said!" thundered the ser-

"Oh, I don't know that I have to her face still as insolently haughty give it," she said contemptuously. "Oh, yes you do." Lamar broke in. a word to the wise, you know. I advise you to make as little trouble as a type he knew well. Very difficult to possible. And let me relieve you of shake in giving testimony, very sharp-

your parcel and hand bag." "La Salle. Alma La Salle," she almost spat the name at the sergeant. Lamar opened the paper parcel, dis- tongues of most women. closing a pair of old shoes evidently on their way to the cobbler's to be chance to collect herself. soled and heeled. He threw them to one side, disappointed. Then with a swered viciously. "What do you supcaustic "May I?" he opened the hand- pose I think you two have been doing bag and dumped its contents on the in here all this time-having a kaffee sergeant's desk.

Lamar rapidly searched the mass and found nothing of importance. "Well, what're you going to do about it?" she inquired with a smile.

"I'm going to have you searched," said Lamar quietly. "Sergeant, will place, that I'll jail her immediately eagerly at the word. "Say, was it a you have someone search Miss La unless she answers my questions

The sergeant pressed the buzzer at Name?" he repeated, significantly. Seeing that at last someone was his right hand. A door in the back beginning to understand, Pietro went of the room opened almost instantly. A portly woman in a blue-and-white policeman turned again to Mary. striped dress, partly covered with a white apron, stood at the threshold ically. for a second, then came swiftly into the room.

"Mrs. Murphy," said the sergeant. briefly, "will you please search this woman and make your report on what the place." you find?"

"Oh, Mrs. Murphy, would you mind making your report to me in the chief's office? I'm going in there hardly thought so," drawled Lamar. Mary, apparently thought deeply for now," Lamar called after her. Lamar entered Chief Allen's office,

shook hands and dropped wearily into "What's up? You look beat out,"

was the chief's greeting. "Oh, I'm not beat out," the Crime

Specialist squared his shoulders sig-Motioning to Pietro, he started on nificantly. "I'm not beat out by a



"You Don't Know Anything About Red Circles?"

a run down the sand, the other spec- | long shot, but I'm up a tree. I phoned tators following closely.

house where "the Woman in Black" about them pretty fully over long-dislived, Lamar, blowing rings of ciga- tance today. Well, there's a new phase rette smoke skyward mused:

wonder if she is thinking of me." His dreams were pleasant. Know-

ing that his quarry was safe in the ton. I have every reason on God's house and that she seemed unsuspicious of being trailed, Lamar did not a sneaking thought at the back of see the use for any extra trick work.

boy," had always been Lamar's motto. He turned to enter the house. A thick rubber mat, bound in metal, at Surfton, after you phoned me about tripped him. He stumbled through the -?" the doorway and collided with a woman. Bent over as he was, he couldn't An old woman in hiding, in a big chair, see her face. His gaze fell upon a black leather handbag and a paper the back of her hand with a wet parcel that could have contained anything from a pienic lunch to a pair of shoes. Bracing himself against the spot girdler by shrubbery. In the sides of the entrance he tried to get eagerly. "Well, what did you find?"

"Perhaps you'll allow me to pass,"

"Why certainly, madam, certainly," gasped poor Lamar, again threatened There was nothing suspicious about with a fall as he tried to be courtly. Then he raised his face. One look

at the dark, slightly aquiline features ly, "I don't think I will. You're under arrest."

"Under arrest? Me?" she tossed

"You're seeing it now," said Lamar His secretary came in from the outer simply.

"Oh, so you think you can bully me into submitting to arrest, do you?" Just for an instant he flashed a pair of handcuffs by a chain. They clanked leave the woman, Mrs. Murphy?"

you some of the preliminaries of the Leaning up against the pillar of the Red Circle chase-in fact, I told you on deck and it's got me going. I have "I wonder what June is doing. I the woman here in the matron's room being searched. I arrested her on suspicion after trailing her from Surfearth to suspect her; and yet there's my brain that I'm not going to get "When in doubt, pump the elevator anything on her. I want your help." "Count on that, all right," said Allen quickly. "What happened down

"Theft of jewels at the hotel ball? saw this woman rub a red circle off sponge."

"Here's Mrs. Murphy, now." Lamar got up and went toward the matron

The matron shook her head. "I didn't find a trace of the jewelry cold, sarcastic voice broke in upon you are looking for, Mr. Lamar. The woman had on a cheap gold-plated bangle and an imitation pearl bar pin.

her clothing." "Didn't I tell you?" Lamar rushed back to the chief's desk under the greatest excitement. "Didn't I tell "On second thoughts," he said calm- you that I had a hunch that I wouldn't get anything on this woman? And I know she's guilty. I haven't the slightest doubt about it now."

"Just a minute." Allen pressed an electric buzzer.

"Please bring me a warrant-tosearch blank, Mr. Holt," said the chief. "I want to fill it out. Where did you "I locked her in the detention room,

Surfton to do seascapes." "Say, you think you're a wonder, don't you?" she scoffed. Value of Old Violins.

Genuine old violins when in a good

and everything depends on finding a purchaser who wants the article and will pay for it. Albert Spalding, the American violinist, has a Guarnerius

"Do you come-or don't you?" he That's right. Now will you go Suddenly the door burst open and back and bring her into this office slammed back against the wall so that in five minutes? I'll be ready for her the whole room shook. The sergeant, then. What's her name?" he asked two old shoes swinging from his left Lamar as the matron left the room. | hand, rushed in, his face scarlet with "And her address. I'll send two men excitement.

"Look at the swag! Look at the swag!" he shouted.

Unclosing his right hand, he dropped a palmful of jeweled ornaments on the "'Alma La Salle,' "he repeated after chief's desk. Alma jumped to her feet. Lamar, "'301 Quincy street.' Holt, Terror blanched her cheeks. Her eyes send Quinn and Mulligan over. Tell were wild. With sudden cunning she



"It's Almost Deserted," Said June.

"Wasn't at Surfton. Never heard of bent, ducked under Lamar's arm and "Well, of course the transfer that made for the window. The chief you have in your bag, punched 'Surf- swung around and grabbed the sleeve ton,' may be part of a collection. I of her waist. It cracked at the shoulder seam. He put her, struggling, "I tell you I've never been there," back in the chair, and stood in front she maintained with angry persist of her. "Well, we'll let that go as it is,"

"Where'd you get it, sergeant?" Lamar asked, holding up a string of pearls and a diamond lavalliere.

"In the heel of the shoe. I was ticketing the articles taken from the different prisoners today, before I sent them into the other room, and all of living alone in an apartment where a sudden I catch sight of this split heel. It looks queer. So I take my penknife out, just for fun, and start "I choose to make it mine. How do picking at it. And the thing comes off and there lays the swag!"

"Give me the other one," said La-"From what sort of investments?

He struck it against the palm of his hand. It rattled. Suddenly a similar "Ah, the safest sort of an investincident came to his mind. He dropped ment-providing they are first mort- the shoe and seized the chief's arm. gages. So that's where your income

"Yesterday when I was in 'Smiling Sam's' shop," he exclaimed suddenly through the third degree, don't you?

then pressed her hand over her mouth. | tate the surrounding skin while ap-"Ah-that's the one-eh? 'Smiling plying it or afterwards. Sam?' Good girl-good girl! You This announcement will interest "Oh, I think we have that, all right," screamed at just the right time. You many of our readers. If your druggist Lamar remarked with aggravating couldn't have done better if you'd hasn't any freezone tell him to surely calm. "Now, I'm going to tell you a been rehearsed. Chief, will you give get a small bottle for you from his few things. We've had you trailed for me a raiding squad? I'm coming down wholesale drug house .- adv. forty-eight hours. Yes, that gets un- on that old smiler today-now! You der the skin, eh? And all we want to hold the woman." know is why you take the trouble to Lamar darted from the office.

paint red circles on your hand when "Lock her up," Allen told the ser you operate so cleverly without them. geant. What's the use of doing things that'll

Out in the street Lamar was coach Alma looked at him with an amused | ing his men: "There's an alleyway back of this "You may be talking sense," she re-

joint. I don't know how you get to marked contemptuously. "But to me it through the shop, but take my word it sounds like they'd just let you out it's a very important means of exit to 'Smiling Sam.' I want you two offl-"You don't know anything about cers to get into that alleyway and wait there for whatever happens. Vaughan, here, will go into the store with me." The door opened suddenly. Two

The two men started off down a side street. Lamar and Vaughan walked quickly until they got to the corner of "Smiling Sam's" street. There they stopped deliberately and lighted cigarettes. They saw a man, who was hanging around outside, dive inside the shop.

Lamar opened the suitcase. He "A lookout!" muttered Lamar. pulled out soft piles of silk lingerie 'Come on, Vaughan! We'll get in there double quick, before they have a "Say, have a heart the way you chance to make a getaway. Anyhow, handle those things," Alma said sharpthe boys in the alley will get them."

Lamar and Vaughan dashed across "You bet they do," Lamar answered the street and through the ramshackle the command. "Those first mortgages entrance to the store. At the back wall they saw a stout man trying to His hand closed on something hurl himself through an opening that smooth and cold. He dragged it out seemed less like a door than an earthquake gap. A sudden jerk from the ered kimono. It was a paint box! He other side of the wall yanked him through. A row of shelves slid into

did not want to take his eyes off Alview. The opening was closed. ma's face. He was surprised to find "Open it! Open it!" howled Lamar that there was not a quiver of an eyeto Vaughan. "Wait; I'll find the spring! It's a secret door."

Once open, he held up the box so He passed his finger tips over the the light hit the surface of the little entire wall surface. He swept shelffuls of shoe boxes to the floor. He got "Just as I thought," he exclaimed. on his knees and tested the floor. His gleefully. "Oh, you're not such a rapid, excited search was unsuccessclever little Raffles after all, Alma! ful.

You see, chief, only the red paint has "Get a bench!" Max told Vaughan. been used. Wait a minute. I'll find "Get that heavy bench over there and batter it down. Hammer it, man! He plunged his hand into the suit-Give me one end of it. Now! Tocase again and held up the tiny gether!"

A long, crackling sound tore out through the heavy banging. A crack that showed yellowish white appeared. smart," he told her, "you'd have One leg of the bench crashed through the wood and stuck. The door began Then you could say that you were to give.

just an amateur artist who went to From the yard, somewhere to the rear of them, arose the din of fierce battle.

END OF SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WORL A. B. RICHARDS CO., SHERMAN, TEXAS

Automobile School Learn a business in six weeks. No books. Easy to learn. Good salary. Free catalog. Mational Auto School, 2814 N. 20th St., Omaha, Nebr.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wash-ington, D.C. Books free. High-est references. Best results.

Not an Occasion for Praise. In doing what we ought we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.-St. Augustine.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the follow ing recipe for gray hair: To haif pint of water add I oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cos directions for making and use each box of Barbo Compound. gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Its Lead. "I see that your woman reporter has a decided tendency for military happenings."

"I guess that is because she puts too much powder on her nose for

HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is a serious matter with house keepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha. Nebr., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman .- Adv.

Foolish Striving After Happiness. We all seek happiness so eagerly that in the pursuit we often lose that joyous sense of existence, and those quiet daily pleasures, the value of which our pride alone prevents us from acknowledging .- Sir Arthur Helps.

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT. DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers-It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. For little cost one can get a small

bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain. This simple drug dries the moment Alma uttered a short, sharp sound, it is applied and does not even irri-

Japanese Trade in Manchuria. Mr. Yoshida, who was selected by the Japanese government to investigate commercial conditions in Manchuria, has made a report giving details of the trade. About one month is required to transport goods from Osaka to Harbin, even by passenger train. The principal Japanese products that are sent from Harbin to European Russia are hosiery, underwear, shoe soles, cotton textiles, medicines, isinglass and insulated electric wire. Since the middle of August an import tax has been assessed upon hosiery and underwear by the Russian Manchurian customs. The trade of North Manchuria is on the road to prosperity, on account of the increased population and the development of agri-

Too Suggestive.

ter of business.

weather reports.

culture. Harbin is regarded as the cen-

First Tramp-I wish I could git off dese fast freights for a ride in a firstclass coach.

Second Tramp-Every cloud has its silver lining. In de passenger coach dere is an ax and saw to remind you of a wood pile.

His Occupation.

"What is that man doing?" asked the customer, as he saw the clockmaker's assistant painting the hours on a clock face.

ply marking time." Aviators attached to the Signal corps station at San Diego obtain

"Oh," replied the master, "he is sim-

Before starting the youngsters to school give them a piping hot cup of

Instant Postum

School teachers, doctors and food experts agree on two points - that the child needs a hot drink, and that the drink shouldn't be coffee

Postum fills the need admirably and its very extensive use among thoughtful parents, coupled with the child's fondness for this flavory, nourishing food-drink, show how completely it meets the requirement.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality, or size of package.

a frothy little wave. Mary and June were sitting on the looking out over the beach.

I had been lazy this morning! That Woman in Black would have gotten away safely. As long as I'm a real

into her eyes. "I wish you wouldn't have anything

sort of an insurance policy by joining forces with Mr. Lamar in tracking the thing about it." Mary clasped and

Look at the monkey, Mary. Isn't he perfectly adorable? Oh, you're not looking in the right place. He's doing all sorts of tricks. Isn't he wonder-

"All right; you go in. I'll stay out June leaned out over the porch rail. keeping her eyes fastened on the them. organ grinder. Mary watched the girl



Started to Cut the Monkey's Rope. spicions were realized. A faint red and gazed longingly at an overhang- and he was very erect and very cool. ring appeared. Mary put out her ing branch. June looked up at the hand as if to stop its growing more low-swaying foliage. vivid. Slowly the color came into it.

even kicking him! I'm going down ere to stop him." "You're going to do no such thing!

the Past, as Now, Assyria Has Been the Theater of Conquest

and Slaughter.

rise above the horizon, and from onward, with occasional intervals des like a colossus over the whole graphic Magazine observes. the ancient world, terrifying the ions by its remorseless cruelty,

ISTORY WRITTEN IN BLOOD, all national aspirations by the ruth- taste in certain aspects of art, and a quest. King after king repeats, with less force of one of the most tre- tremendous aptitude for organization monotonous reiteration, the story of forged by the hand of man.

A new power, Assyria, had begun skilled to an astounding degree in the things for humanity, but absolutely

weakness and decline, this power deficient in the will, the National Geo-If you can imagine a man with no the inside a mere ravening tiger. small amount of learning, with all the d crushing down all opposition and externals of civilization, with a fine the dreary story of Assyrian con- and plunder.

mendous implements of warfare ever and discipline, and then imagine such endless campaigns, all marked by the a man imbued with the ruthless spirit same ruthless slaughter, the same good prices. But the country is flood-In the case of Assyria you have a of a red Indian brave and an absolute shastly cruelty and the same lack of ed with cheap factory-made violins highly organized and civilized people, delight in witnessing the most ghast- permanent results. Apparently it was labeled "Stradivarius," etc., which ly forms of human suffering, you will quite impossible for an Assyrian king are of no particular value. In 999 arts, with all the power to do great have a fairly accurate conception of to be a peaceful sovereign. His state cases out of a thousand a violin which | violin for which he paid over \$20,000, the ordinary Assyrian, king or com- lived by and for the army alone and is labeled as an "old master," is one but there are other violins of the moner: the outside, a splendid speci- if he did not give the army success- of these modern productions, made in same make which would probably not men of highly developed humanity- ful employment he was quickly mur- Germany or France, and worth only a bring a quarter of that, and there are There is no need to wade through would lead the troops to conquest whether a violin has any special value nerius" labels in them which are

state of preservation always command

violinist-and even then the value is largely a matter of opinion. Such things have no standard market value, dered to make way for someone who few dollars. The only way to tell thousands of fiddles with fake "Guarfor not is to submit at to some good worth very little .- Pathfinder.