## THE RED CIRC Albert Payson Terhune

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.

jar of the two jaw-blows, lurched for

ward to peer down at his vanished

the head and shoulders of a man. A

scrambled to its feet on the sum-

Panting and exhausted from his

steep climb, the beach comber moved

forward uncertainly. Sam, seeing him

approach, fancied the whole man hunt

was upon him, and that a dozen or

more pursuers might be at hand. He

snarled like a wild beast cornered.

With one smash of his beefy fist he

knocked the panting beach comber

half senseless to the ground; then

made off at top speed along the sum-

As Mike blinked uncertainly about

him, he heard a muffled cry that

seemed to come from the ground be-

"Who's-who's there?" he mum-

Six feet below him, and hanging

over a sheer three-hundred foot drop,

clung a man-a man who had broken

To the stone the unfortunate Laman

Mike drew back from the edge

vanked off his ragged coat, twisted it,

ropewise, and tied one end firmly

around his thin waist. He wound both

his spindling legs around an upcrop-

The collar of the coat brushed

against Lamar's face. Max seized it.

loose from his impromptu anchorage.

But he set his teeth and hauled up-

After what seemed a century of

agonized effort. Max rolled over the

mit. There, side by side, he and his

Max was in horrible condition. His

evening clothes were torn to ribbons.

His face was bloodsmeared and

bruised. His palms were raw and

"Where shall I take you?" asked the

"To the Surfton hotel, please," an-

Slowly, Lamar leaning heavily on

ward the hotel. Ten minutes later,

they were in Max's own room; and

Mike was easing the injured man care-

fully down into a chair. As he did so, their eyes met full in the glare of the

The beach comper started violently;

"Wait!" panted Lamar. "I can't let

his pallid face turned battleship color.

He turned and made as though to

you go like this, old man. You've done

me a mighty big service-bigger than

I can ever repay. What can I do for

to have been of service to you."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Lamar," was

"I-I have seen you several times,"

"If you won't let me try to repay

let me be of use to you if ever you

Shakily, he drew out one of his

cards, from his torn vest pocket,

Lamar stared after him; bewilder-

"I know I've seen him before," he

when? It wasn't with that tallow

white face and hunted look and two-

weeks' stubble of beard. I know that,

The morning sun was blazing on

the waves and turning Surfton beach

From a half-hidden cave-mouth

near the base of the bluffs peered

upon this cave in the course of his

He looked up and down the gleam-

ing beach, wondering if he might dare

venture forth to appease his goading

hunger, but, even as he took a step

forward, he halted and shrank back

Along the shore, a furlong distant,

two men were strolling, and to Sam's

keen eyes their faces were clearly vis-

"Smiling Sam" Eagan had blundered

swered Max, "if you can."

electric light above them.

leave the room.

you in return?"

evaded the other.

need help. Here."

his pain and fatigue.

Lamar.

rescuer lay, for a space-panting.

side, in superstitious dread.

was clinging with both hands.

mit of the bluff.

leaned over.

bleeding.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle 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 Red Circle, robs Grand, a toan shark. Mary, June's nurse, the discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Stravis does not know. Mary tricks Laca mar. June, dressed as a boy, recovers Mary's coat from the police. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. It at the seaside June steals war invention plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Burfton by Smilling Sam, Alma La Salle paints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a ball. Mary sees her wash off the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels and goes yuffer "Smiling Sam." On the edge of a

## NINTH INSTALLMENT "DODGING THE LAW"

The beach comber was shuffling along the sands, like some furtively uncouth night animal. He was a his fall by seizing an outcropping jut foriorn spectacle-unshaven, ill clad, of stone. For a week, now, he had dwelt in a tumble-down shack at the far end of Surfton beach.

Only after dark did he venture forth search of food or firewood. The few people who had seen him on these night prowls thought him a mere tramp and nicknamed him ping rock near the edge and once more

This evening Mike was scouring the shore for driftwood. His gaze was caught and gripped by something that The weight nearly tore the tramp swayed and recied eccentrically on the verge of the cliff, far above him.

He looked more closely. There, sil- ward. houetted against the brightness of the midnight sky, he could make out two close-locked bodies, fighting for very edge on to the crisp grass of the sum-

life on the cliff edge. Mike stared upward, speilbound. Then he shouted. The night wind carried away his cry of warning. Galvanized into feverish activity, he cast aside his carefully hearded armful of wood and ran to the base of

Forgetful of his own safety, Mike beach comber. began to swarm up the steep trail, toward the summit

Max Lamar was yielding, inch by inch, to the fearful pressure of his his new-found friend, they set off tofoe. With every ounce of his 240



Slowly They Set Off Toward the Hotel.

pounds, and with every atom of his mighty strength, "Smiling Sam" Eagan der the increasing curiosity in Max's was striving to drag Lamar to the elig brink and hurl him over. Max realized his enemy's intent, and

fought like a wildcat to overcome the terrible handicap of weight. He wrenched one arm free and struck. His left fist battered thuddingly against the sweating flesh of Eagan's pturned face. Esgan shifted his hold, so as to

aion the fiercely driven left arm, But-but-who is he?" and twisted his broad face to one side evade the shower of blows.

The maneuver enabled Max to tear e his right arm. Bracing himself, into a vista of glittering silver. threw every atom of his weight and his waning strength into a shortarm uppercut. His fist caught Sam at forth a puffy and bruised face.

the point of the jaw. Eagan's mighty arms relaxed their id under the impact of the blow. Hight, after his battle with Lamar. Before he could brace himself, Laar struck again. Eagan reeled backward, dizzy and all but helpless. With

oxer's intuition, Max knew a third low would end the fight. He braced his feet to deliver it, throwing his again. right foot several inches behind the The right foot did not touch ground.

instead, it swung out into space. For tible, famar was on the very edge of the precipice. Understanding his peril, be flung himself forward.

body crashed.

"Jacobs!" he sputtered wrathfully. "And Boyle! The two fly central office detectives that used to work with La-The movement caused a cave-in of mar. Gee: The police haven't wasted the crumbling verge, beneath his right much time in hitting my trail." ot. He thew out his arms to save atmself. But it was too late to re-

He drew back into his cave, pausing over his balance. Over the edge his Sam, his brain clearing from the tectives. There, in the distance, two

only for an instant to peer down the beach in the opposite direction from that whence he had seen the two de-

sunshine; and toward them a man was to Surfton?" hurrying. The man's back was toward two women as June Travis and Mary.

June and her old nurse had set forth on their morning walk along the sands to guide them. And-Chief Allen and had paused at the rock to pick writes asking me to help them. I-" out a site for the picnic lunch the girl had planned for later in the day. As they sat in the sunshine, June pointed to a flat-topped bowlder, farther inshore, as an ideal natural lunch-table.

They were about to go over and investigate it when a quick step behind them in the sand made them turn. Max Lamar was coming toward them. and-" Mary shuddered, involuntarily, and shrank back. But June, with a smile of genuine welcome, held out her hand But at the first uncertain step, in greeting to him.

he paused. Over the side of the Suddenly, her arms still extended. cliff, some ten feet beyond, appeared and before her fingers could touch his, she exclaimed in quick sympathy: moment later the lean body of Mike

"You're hurt! You're badly hurt! What is it?"

Mary, at the girl's alarmed exclamation, glanced at Lamar. His right hand was bandaged. His under lip was cut. "What is it?" repeated June, anx-

mar? Tell me." "That?" said Lamar lightly, as he just a little souvenir from your dear dow and climbed on over the sill. old friend, 'Smiling Sam' Eagan." "Tell me!" urged June.

Briefly-and still treating the theme in jest rather than seriousness-Max told her the story.

"Last night, when this tramp took neath his feet. He jumped to one I let him get away without half thankme home." he ended, "I was so rattled ing him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lamar." said a voice behind Max. "They told us at beach. May we interrupt you for a minute?"

Lamar got up from the rock, glanc ing not overfriendly at the two men who had broken in on his talk. Then as he recognized the interlopers his

"Hello, Boyle!" he said cordially. Hello, Jacobs! Miss Travis, will you followed by a sharp summons of: excuse me? I sha'n't be long. I'll be back in five minutes."

He moved away, the two detectives

women were sitting on a rock, in the June, excited. "They've traced him

"Worse. They've traced him to his least, they were. See, they're starting and Mary. back, now, to meet a boy who is going

can't! Why, he saved your life. He-" "Do you suppose I've forgotten that?" retorted Lamar, miserably. "That's why I tried to delay them. I'd give my left arm to be able to get there ahead of them and warn him. But how can

I? I'm a sworn officer of the law

Around the headland she vanished. just as the two detectives met the boy who was to guide them and started off at a fast walk toward the point. They did not see June. But she, glancing over her shoulder as she rounded the headland, saw them advancing. And she quickened her own run.

Before her was the shack-closed, seemingly deserted. She reached it iously. "How are you hurt, Mr. La- in a few seconds. She noted that while the door was apparently locked a window at the rear was not. Withheld up his bandaged hand. "Oh, that's out hesitation, she flung open the win-

> June found herself in a cubbyhole niture were a tumbledown cot bed and head on his knee. a rickety table, on which stood an oil

lamp. A crazy door led from this tiny bedroom to the room beyond. June threw wide the door-and confronted a scared, crouching man, who blinked at her in dumb terror.

"Mr. Gordon!" she said, incisively, the hotel that you'd started for the as if talking to a delirium victim. "The police are after you. Get out ing hovel to look for your man?" of that bedroom window and make for the rocks. I'll hold them till you're out of reach. Go!"

She seized him by the arm, as she spoke, drawing him toward the window. As she did so, a thunderous knocking sounded at the outer door

"Open, in the name of the law!" Gordon hesitated no longer. He bent and kissed June's hand. Then, walking one on either side of him. he bolted out through the rear win "Sorry to butt in, Mr. Lamar. Chief's dow and ran like a chased rabbit



Lamar's Gaze Was Fixed on Her Own Right Hand.

you don't want to read all of it, I'll rocks. the beach comber's reply. "I'm glad give you the gist now. We're down here looking for Charles Gordon-vou "You know my name!" ejaculated remember? The lawyer who embezzled \$75,000 worth of Farwell corporation securities and then got away we've traced him down here. Got a you now," urged Larmar, "at least pretty good line on him, too. And lamp. we've run down to gather him in Chief wants to know if you'll help us out. Not that there's any need. But-

"Gordon!" exclaimed Max, a light of scrawled a word or two on it and memory leaping into his face. "Gorhanded it to Mike. The latter took the card, pocketed it and-uneasy un- lawyer! That's the man!"

"We have a tip that he's living in a gaze-shuffled hurriedly from the hut, down below here, on the shore. Just beyond that point over there. We were on our way there and we were ment momentarily making him forget keeping a lookout for you at the same time. What's the matter with your hand?" he broke off. murmured aloud. "But where and

"Your lip's cut, too," put in Boyle How does the other fellow look after the scrimmage? Is he in the hospital or buying a championship medal?" "He's at large," replied Lamar, ea-

gerly grasping the change of subject. "And he's 'Smiling Sam' Eagan." "What?" cried both men in a breath

"I saw him last night, and I gave chase. I caught up with him at the top of the bluff over there. We had a get 'em both. Gordon and the Red tussle and-and-" "And what?" demanded Boyle,

"And he got away," finished Max, lamely. "Now, if you want a real capture, why not start in after Eagan? "Our guns are loaded for runaway lawyers," returned Jacobs-"not for

Smiling Sam." He left them and walked hastily back to where June and Mary sat. His kerosene fumes he had swallowed. face was clouded and sad. June at once read the trouble in his alert eyes.

"Bad news?" she asked. "The worst sort of bad news-for me," he made worried answer. "And for the 'tramp' who saved my life. The 'tramp,' by the way, is Charles Gordon, an embezzling lawyer. He's in hiding here. Those two men are central office detectives and-" "They are looking for him?" queried

orders. Here's a letter from him. If | toward the shelter of the headland

"He'll never make it." she muttered, "unless-" She slammed shut the door leading from the bedroom to the front room. Picking up one of a handful of scatfrom a couple of our men? Well, tered matches on the bedroom table, she lighted the dirty little kerosene

At the same moment the two detec tives burst open the outer door and piled into the front room. There, for a second, they halted in wonder. Before them was the slightly open don! Charles Gordon, the crooked door of the bedroom. Through the crack between door jamb and door way, appeared a white hand-a wom

an's hand-and part of an arm. The hand grasped a burning kero sene lamp whose smoky chimney wabbled dangerously. Yes, and on the back of the white hand shone a circlet of scarlet

"The Red Circle!" ejaculated Boyle; and started forward-a human hound upon the scent.

"Back!" shrilled a woman's voice from behind the half-shut door-a voice that echoed through the bare shack like a silver bugle's call. "Back! If you take another step forward

I'll throw this lamp." "Rush her!" yelled Boyle. "We'll Circle woman! Rush her!"

He bounded forward as he spoke, Jacobs at his heels. And, across the little room, like a flaming meteor, whizzed the lamp.

The blazing lamp crashed to the floor at Jacob's feet. There was a Sam Eagan. When we've got Gordon flare, an explosion, and the room was neatly caught we can take a whirl at thick with blinding smoke.

Jacobs reeled back, gasping; his lungs burstingly agonized with the He fell prostrated across the wooden flooring which the burning kerosone had already begun to ignite.

Boyle stooped and groped through the smoke for the swooning man. found him and dragged him through the choking fumes to the outer door. Meanwhile, as soon as she had

launched the lamp at her antagonists. June had wheeled about and leaped through the bedroom window.

While Boyle was seeking to get Ja- at sight and smell of the feast that cobs out of the burning shack, she filled the big lunch basket. was speeding along the sand toward Sam; but the watcher recognized the hut. They're on the way there. At the rock where she had left Lamar

Gordon, too, had profited mightily by her delay. From the rocks he of silver at one of the three plates. made his way to the highroad that "But," urged June, "you can't. You led from Surfton to the city. An auto truck, city-bound, chugged past, just the tablecloth and swathed the Jap's as he reached the road. With a lithe spring, he swung himself up to a precarious seat at its tailboard. As she ran, June looked backward.

The shack was a pillar of flame. Presently, as she rounded the point, she dropped to a sedate walk. Mary "But I'm not!" cried June, springing and Lamar were coming forward from to her feet. "And I'm going to warn the rock, to meet her. She forced her labored breathing into some sort of regularity and answered the eager question in their eyes by calling out

> "I was too late. He had gotten toward the shack. It seemed to be on fire-or-or something."

"A fire?" echoed Lamar, looking toward the smudge of smoke that began to crawl upward over the jutting shoulder of the point. "I should say police. And toward this hillock, Eagan so. And, look how everyone is running! Let's go to see it."

Lamar reached the scene of the blaze to find a crowd already there. The fire shared public attention with of a room whose only articles of fur-

Max shouldered his way through the group that hemmed in these two. Boyle looked up and recognized him.

"He's coming 'round, all right, Mr. Lamar," he said. "Smoke was too much for him. Gee, but we had one queer time in that shack!" "In the shack?" repeated Lamar.

'You surely never went into that blaz-

"We sure did," responded Boyle. "Only it wasn't blazing then. We bust in the door and started for an inner door. And then a woman's hand stuck out through the opening and-it had a lighted lamp. Threw the lamp at us and-"

"A woman?" questioned the amazed Lamar. "A woman-threw a lamp at you?" "It was a woman, all right," insisted

Boyle. "No man ever had such a little white hand. Besides-" "Besides," gasped Jacobs feebly,

"the hand had a Red Circle on the back." -"No!" gasped Lamar, dumfounded, incredulous. "No! It couldn't have

been! Not-" "It was, though," declared Boyle "We both saw it. We-"

"Miss Travis!" broke in Lamar, as he caught sight of June, who had just come up. "Do you hear this? These men say a woman was in that shackthat she threw a lamp at them-that there was a Red Circle on her hand." "No, really?" exclaimed June.

woman-with the Red Circle-?" She checked herself abruptly. Lamar's gaze was fixed on her own right hand, carelessly displayed to his view. Her guilty glance fell to the back of her hand. It was snowy, velvety, shapely. No sign of the Red Circle was visible on its smooth surface.

"Can-can you explain it?" she faltered. "Can you explain how a woman - with the Red Circle - could "No," he said brusquely, as he fought

to shake off a feeling of strange mistrust that encompassed him. "No, I can't. I-I can't!" Then, with an effort, changing the

subject, he went on: "My letter from Chief Allen begs me to come back to town and consult with him on the Gordon case. I must catch the noon train, if I can. Good-by."

Abruptly he turned away, ignoring the girl's pretty gesture of farewell,

Mrs. Travis came down to the beach, at noontide, in her car. On the front seat, beside the chauffeur, rode Yama, The tonneau was half filled with hampers and baskets.

From the table bowlder they had chosen for their luncheon board earlier in the morning June and Mary waved to Mrs. Travis.

"Here," directed June, as the Jap that the food basket was gone, his came plodding up, "here is the rock, Yama. Spread the lunch there, and put the car cushions on those rows of stones to each side. Call us when you're ready. And be ready as soon as you can. I'm starved. Mrs. Travis wants to see where the fire was this morning. We will be back in five minutes. Try to have everything on the table by that time."

The three women strolled away. Yama, as they left him, set to work Then, all at once, the funny side of with a will to get the luncheon ready within the brief five minutes allotted back her head and laughed.

As the Jap was not gifted with eyes in his back, he did not see a frowsy criminality in her nature. And, as head emerge from a cave-mouth in the lower part of the bluff, a few yards to throb and glow on the back of her

behind him. Sam Eagan had tried to sleep his hunger away, until such time as it as he dared, to the spot where he might be safe to venture out on the open beach without feer of meeting of June and heard her gay laughter. the police Suddenly his nostrils had He paused, hesitant, behind a rock, been tickled by the smell of food.

Then, at once, his whole starved system clamored ravenously for something to eat. His craving for food had redoubled since morning. Now it of penitence for her benefit, when, of drove away caution and common sense He must eat, though he go to prison for life, in payment for his meal.

Eagan thrust out his head from the cave. He saw Mrs. Travis walking away with June and Mary. He saw flashed forth. just below him a dapper little Jap engaged in setting a picnic table. He saw-heavenly sight!-a great basket Circle!-June Travis!" of food just behind the busy Jap.

No hale man who has gone hungry for thirty hours will blame the fugitive face. for laying aside his armor of prudence (END OF NINTH INSTALLMENT)

Noiselessly he crept from his hiding place. On tiptoe he made his way toward the table. Yama was stooping forward, arranging a handful

Sam leaned over him, and with lightning motion caught up the edges of meager body in them.

Knotting the cloth-ends firmly behind the back of the squealing and vainly struggling little butler, Sam made a rush for the food basket, snatched it up and bounded lumberingly off among the rocks, seeking a safe place where he might hide and devour his fragrant prize.

Eagan had sense enough not to go back to his cave with his plunder. That was much too near the scene of his theft. Possible searchers would see the cavern-mouth and explore it. away. But I saw the detectives going He must get far enough away to dodge pursuit, before settling down to the delights of his stolen banquet. Ahead of him was a hillock made up of broken bowlders in whose niches

> His way took him along a rocky bit of beach, where he most needs jump from stone to stone. The tide was in. The water swirled thirstily among the rocks as he rushed on-

a man could elude a whole cordon of

ward. He came to a place where he could

He Set His Teeth and Hauled Upward,

he threw out both arms to steady him-

his outflung arms, struck the rock

and caromed off into three feet of

water; where a mischievous wave

failed him. And he tried to remem-

ber whether or not there had been

ous-reflection, he rather thought

there had been a second basket. And

the three women returned. Loudly

"Someone has played a silly prac-

tical joke on you," decided Mrs. Trav-

is. "I am going to the coastguard

station below here to ask if anyone

"Go back to the car, and ask if Gav-

roche saw anybody run in that direc-

Left alone, June and Mary stared

the mishap struck June. She threw

appealed to the newly awakened

she laughed, the Red Circle began

Sam Eagan, having crawled as near

still hoped to find food, caught sight

debating whether or not it would be

safe to come out and throw himself

He had half-coined a whining speech

a sudden, the girl clapped her right

hand across her mouth to stop her

voluble indignation redoubled.

tion with the basket."

hand.

upon her mercy.

hysterical laugh

minutes earlier.

promptly washed it out of sight.

slimy with wet sea moss.

bowlder, but must jump from one to wavy and fluffy and have the appear-

the next. He gathered himself for ance of abundance; an incomparable

the leap, and he made it in safety, gloss and softness, but what will

But the rock on which his two hun- please you most will be after just a

dred and forty pounds landed was few weeks' use, when you will actual-

**FALLING HAIR MEANS** not stride from bowlder to bowlder to DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Your Health

Paramount

and deserves utmost care

drawbacks to health is

a weak stomach, but in

many cases this can be

corrected by careful diet

**Stomach Bitters** 

It is a Splendid First Aid

A Hint

gurgled the sweet young thing.

"Oh, I just love animals; don't you?

"Sure. Let's have a Welsh rabbit,"

said the accommodating youth.-Town

and the assistance of

One of the greatest

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now-Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff-that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which

if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die-then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-any time-will surely save your hair. Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become

ly see a lot of fine, downy hair-new Sam's feet slipped. Instinctively, hair-growing all over the scalp. Adv. self. The basket of food slipped from COAST GUARDS SAVED DEER

Rescued Animal When It Had Broken Througe Ice, Revived It, and Set It Free.

Droop-jawed, goggled-eyed, Sam watched his treasure vanish. For a Humanitarian activities of the coast moment, he was dumb. Then came guard extend to the salving of wild animal life. A deer chased by dogs slippery rock, Sam Eagan danced. He attempted to cross the ice, crashed in. threw his fists aloft. He cursed in was rescued, nearly done for, by the a way that would have been a liberal coast guard crew of the station at education to an audience of longshore-Quonochontaug, R. I.: was taken into men and lumberjacks and canal-boat the station boat and thence to the station; was worked over until it re-At last, his vocabulary and his voice

vived, and then was set at liberty. The tale comes in the report of the keeper of the station. The incimore than one basket of food in that dent happened on the morning of Janpicnic lunch. On careful-and ravenuary 3, when, about ten o'clock, the station crew sighted the deer, pursued by dogs, crossing a marsh about a halfhe turned hungrily back toward the mile away. The hunted animal atspot he had so nimbly quitted a few tempted to cross a pond on thin and rotten ice. It was observed to fall Yama, meantime, had at last freed himself of his tablecloth winding- itself. through, and try in vain to extricate

sheet, clearing away the last folds Three surfmen launched a small of it from his head and face, just as skiff and reached the deer after an hour's work in breaking through the and dramatically, he told them what ice. The deer was nearly dead from had befallen him. And, at discovery its struggle in the icy water.

Lived in One Room 82 Years. Croydon, England, has lost by death trader who, in an interesting way. carried on the trading traditions of the past. He was Robert Brain, who there did it. Yama," she continued, died at eighty-five years old in a room over the little old-fashioned shop in

which he had lived for 82 years. Mr.

Brain was reputed to be the largest

individual ratepayer in the borough,

There is a Catholic daily newspaper The daring cleverness of the thief published in Tientsin, China.

year.-London Chronicle.



## You Can Snap Your Fingers

at the ill effects of caffeine when vou change from coffee to

Clear as noonday sun could make it, the scarlet sign on her hand-back "The-the Red Circle!" gurgled Eagan, in stark amaze, "The-the Red A gleam of wolfish cunning began to replace the blank wonder on his

at each other in dumb astonishment. paying the corporation about £800 a

"There's a Reason"

Chiefly Employed, Though Many Others Will Do Same Work. The irritating gases and fumes most gases are usually to be had in large used for saturating the face masks,

and Bromine Are Those

has been employed, because these by Guareschi in an address to the ability and effectiveness are phosgen, tralizer for the most poisonous gases-Chemico-Technical society at Turin, nitrosyl chloride, and other products embrace chlorine, hydrochloric acid of chemical industries. Besides being gas, bromine, hydrobromic acid gas, abundant and cheap, it is requisite nitrogen dioxide, nitrosyl - chloride, that the gases be heavier than air, re-

DEADLY GASES IN WARFARE | gen chioride, cyanogen bromide, am- | largely diluted with air, be easily | form, benzyl chloride and bromide. monia, hydrogen sulphide, sulphur di- transported in liquid form, and be as and various organic substances—disoxide, phosphine and arsine. When little as possible absorbed by water able by causing a flow of tears. gas attacks are reported, a natural as- or neutralized by chemical solutions sumption is that chlorine or bromine used on face sponges. In defense, alkaline and weak acid solutions are suitable for warfare, as enumerated quantities at low cost. Next in avail- soda-lime being probably the best neuchlorine, bromine, nitrogen dioxide hydrocyanic acid, sulphur dioxide, and phosgen. The heavy offensive gases to bury me?" do not all act by suffocating or chokthousen, hydrocyanic acid gas, cyano- tain their offensive properties when ing, but some-such as nitrochloro- thowts ov Newcassel."

Striving to Please.

Jimmy Beamish had enlisted in his "group" and was training near Newcastle. His wife, on a visit to the "toon," became very ill. Thinking her end was near, she said:

"Jimmy, lad, where are ye gannen "Well, Bess," he said. "Aa had

"No, binney," she said, "Aa cuddent | ye a trial in Newcassel, an' if ye lie in Newcassel. You must tyck me divvent lie quiet thor, Aa'll tyck ye te back to Durham. Ta waddent like Durham."-London Answers. to be buried about here." "Tut, tut, Bess," exclaimed Jimmy. "Think ov the expense ov tyckin' ye

"Aa cannat help it, Jimmy; ye'll

"Weel, weel, Bess," he said, at last,

hae te tyck me thor, for Aa cannot lie spaghetti, half can tomato soup. Fry Jimmy thought for a moment in si-

aall the way to Durham."

"Aa'll tell ye what Aa'll de; Aa'll gle can soup. Cook about ten minutes,

American Chop Suey. One pound hamburg steak, one medium-size slice pork, one medium-size onion, one small can tomatoes and

out pork in frying pan, slice onion and add, remove pork when well cooked, leaving fat. Then add steak, then tomatoes and spaghetti, then half