

A pipe-smoker's challenge to other smokers

Is there a smoker in the audience who can answer this one?

Nearly every smoker is particular about the kind of tobacco that goes into his pipe. While he may smoke a pipeful from a friend's pouch for the sake of companionship, for day-in-and-day-out smok. g he prefers his own brand.

And yet if you ask the average smoker what it is he likes about his tobacco, he may have difficulty in answering you immediately.

Mr. Joe Rivers, whose letter follows, is a confirmed Edgeworth smoker. In attempting to describe what he likes about Edgeworth, he coins the word "tasty-smellfulness." But as this does not entirely satisfy him, he puts the question up to other Edgeworth smokers.

Larus & Brother Company, Richmond, Va. Gentlemen:

Being a pipe smoker of no mean experience (having tried most pipes and pipe tobaccos) I've watched your smokers' letters in the magazines for some explanation of a taste that for me applies only to Edgeworth.

It is extremely difficult to describe this, because it seems to come as the smoke filters through the mouth and nostrils at the end of a draw from the pipe—a sort of combined "tasty-smellfulness" that most smokers do not appreciate.

Why don't you get some of your smokers who can write, to describe this? Sincerely yours, (Signed) Joe Rivers



Probably there are any number of reasons why men smoke Edgeworth. One friend actually admitted he smoked it because his wife liked the shape of the Edgeworth glass jars to fit on her pantry shelf.

However, the one outstanding feature of Edgeworth, as seen by most smokers, is its uniformity. Year after year, smokers can be sure of getting the same high-grade quality of tobacco.

There are no changes in the blend—no variations in the flavor or fragrance. It is always a good smoke.

If you have not tried Edgeworth send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 80 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

They will be glad to mail to you some free samples, generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Then you can smoke a few pipefuls and see if Edgeworth agrees with your smoking temperament.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Just because the worst never happens some people are greatly disappointed.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

Getting rich quick is as difficult as it is dangerous and exciting.

Mrs. Martha Strayer



ARE YOU A SUFFERING WOMAN?

Health is Most Important to You

Lincoln, Nebr.—"At one time I became very miserable with weakness from which women suffer. I suffered all the time. One of my neighbors urged me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription because it had cured her of similar symptoms, so I decided to try it. The first bottle made me feel so much better, I took four more, and feel certain that in that one experience 'Favorite Prescription' saved me from the operating table and the surgeon's knife. Two years afterwards when the turn of life commenced, I took the 'Prescription' again with the result that I came through strong and healthy and am still maintaining wonderful health."—Mrs. Martha Strayer, 218 So. 19th St. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Prescription tablets.

THE BRANDING IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt
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SYNOPSIS

John Landis, eighteen years old, wife of Pierre, is the daughter of John Carver, who murdered her mother for adultery. Her lonely life, with her father, in a Wyoming cabin, unbearable, Joan leaves him to work in a hotel in a nearby town. Joan meets Pierre, and the two, mutually attracted, are married. Carver tells Pierre story of Joan's mother. Pierre forges a cattle brand. Frank Hollis, young minister, presents books to Joan. Pierre forbids her to read them. Mad with jealousy, Pierre ties Joan and burns the Two-Bar brand into her shoulder. Hearing her screams, a stranger bursts into the house and shoots Pierre. The stranger revives Joan, telling her Pierre is dead, urges her to go with him. At the stranger's home Joan's injuries are attended to.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

He stood up near her feet at the corner of the hearth, tucked the instrument under his chin and played. It was the "Aubade Provencale," and he played it creditably, with fair skill and with some of the wizardry that his nervous vitality gave to everything he did. At the first note Joan started, her pupils enlarged, she lay still. At the end he saw that she was quivering and in tears.

He knelt down beside her, drew the hands from her face. "Why, Joan, what's the matter? Don't you like music?"

Joan drew a shrunken breath. "It's as if it shook me in here, something trembles in my heart," she said. "I never heered music before, just whistlin'." And again she wept.

Prosper stayed there on his knee beside her, his chin in his hand. What an extraordinary being this was, what a magnificent wilderness. The thought of exploration, of discovery, of cultivation, filled him with excitement and delight. Such opportunities are rarely given to a man. Even that other most beautiful adventure—yes, he could think this already—might have been tame beside this one. He looked long at Joan, long into the fire, and she lay still, with the brooding beauty of that first-heard melody upon her face.

It was the first music she had ever heard, "except whistlin'," but there had been a great deal of "whistlin'" about the cabin up Lone river; whistling of robins in spring—nothing sweeter—the chordlike whistlings of thrush and vireo after sunset, that bubbling "mar-guer-ite" with which the blackbirds woo, and the light diminuendo with which the bluebird carried the air after an April flight. Perhaps Joan's musical faculty was less untrained than any other. After all, that "Aubade Provencale" was just the melodious story of the woods in spring. Every note linked itself to an emotional, subconscious memory. It filled Joan's heart with the freshness of childhood and pained her only because it struck a spear of delight into her pain. She was eighteen, she had grown like a tree, drinking in sunshine and storm, but rooted to a solitude where very little else but sense-experience could reach her mind. She had seen tragedies of animal life, lonely death-struggles, horrible flights and more horrible captures, she had seen joyous wooings, love-pinnings, partings, and bereavements. She knew that the sun shone on the evil and on the good, but she knew also that frost fell upon the good as well as upon the evil, nor was the evil to be readily distinguished. Her father prated of only one offense, her mother's sin. Joan knew that it was a man's right to kill his woman for "dealin' with another man." This law was human; it evidently did not hold good with animals. There was no bitterness, though some ferocity, in the traffic of their loves.

While she pondered through the first sleepless nights in this strange shelter of hers, and while the blizzard Prosper had counted on drove bayoneted battalions of snow across the plains and forced them, screaming like madmen, along the narrow canyon, Joan came slowly and fully to a realization of the motive of Pierre's deed. He had been jealous. He had thought that she was having dealings with another man. She grew hot and shamed. It was her father's sin, that branding on her shoulder, or, perhaps, going back farther, her mother's sin. Carver had warned Pierre—of the hot and smothered heart—to beware of Joan's "lookin' an' lookin' at another man." Now, in piteous woman fashion, Joan went over and over her memories of Pierre's love, altering them to fit her terrible experience. She was still held by all the strong mesh of her short married life. She had simply not got as far as Prosper had. She accepted his hospitality vaguely, himself even more vaguely. When she would be done with her passionate grief, her laborious going-over of the past, her active and tormenting anger with the lover whom Prosper had told her was dead, then it would be time to study this other man. As for her future, she had no plans at all. Joan's life came to her as it comes to a child, unsullied by curiosity. At this time Prosper was infinitely the more curious, the more excited of the two.

CHAPTER XII

A Matter of Taste.

"What are you writin' so hard for, Mr. Gael?" Joan voiced the question wistfully on the height of a long breath. She drew it from a silence

which seemed to her to have filled this strange, gay house for an eternity. For the first time full awareness of the present cut a rift in the troubled cloudiness of her introspection.

At once Prosper's hand laid down its pencil and he turned about in his chair and gave her a gleaming look and smile. Joan was fairly startled. It was as if she had touched some mysterious spring and turned on a dazzling, unexpected light. As a matter of fact, Prosper's heart had leapt at her wistful and beseeching voice.

He had been bidding his time. He had absorbed himself in writing, content to leave in suspense the training of his enchanted leopardess. Half-absent glimpses of her desolate beauty as she moved about his winter-bound house, contemplation of her unself-consciousness as she companioned his meals, the pleasure he felt in her rapt listening to his music in the still, frost-held evenings by the fire—these he had made enough. They quieted his restlessness, soothed the ache of his heart, filled him with a warm and patient desire, different from any feeling he had yet experienced. He was amused by her lack of interest in him. She evidently accepted him as a superior being, a Providence; he was not a man at all, not of the same clay as Pierre and herself. Prosper had waited understandingly enough for her first move. When the personal question came, it made a sort of crash in the expectant silence of his heart.

Before answering, except by that smile, he lit himself a cigarette; then, strolling to the fire, he sat on the rug below her, drawing his knees up into his hands. "I'd like to tell you about my writing, Joan. After all, it's the great interest of my life, and I've been fairly seething with it; only I didn't want to bother you, worry your poor, distracted head. There's more in life than you've dreamed of experiencing. There's music, for one thing, and there are books and beauty of a thousand kinds, and big, wonderful thoughts, and there's

companionship and talk. What larls we could have, you and I, if you would care—I mean, if you would wake up and let me show you how. You do want to learn a woman's work, don't you, Joan?"



And, in the Meantime, Her Education Went On.

She shook her head slowly, stalling wistfully. "I'm so awful ignorant, you know so awful much. It scares me, plumb scares me, to think how much you know, more than Mr. Hollis! An' writin', too. You see I'd be no help nor company for you. I'd like to listen to you. I'd listen all day long, but I'd not be understandin'."

He laughed at her. Joan's pride was stung.

"You've no right to laugh at me," she said. "I'd not be carin' what you think." And she left him, moving like an angry stag, head high, light-stepping.

Before dinner he rapped at her door. "Joan, will you do me a favor?"

A pause, then in her sweet vibrant voice she answered "I'd be doin' anything for you, Mr. Gael."

"Then put on these things for dinner instead of your own clothes, will you?"

She opened the door and he pilled into her arms a mass of shining silk, on top of it a pair of gorgeous Chinese slippers.

"Do it to please me, even if you think it makes you look queer, will you, Joan?"

Stockings stuffed into the shoes. Joan eagerly arrayed herself. She had trouble with the vest, it was so flimsy, so vaguely made it seemed to her, and to wear it at all she had to divest herself altogether of the upper part of her coarse underwear. Then it seemed to her startlingly inadequate, even as an undergarment. However, the robe did go over it, and she drew that close and belted it in. It was provided with long sleeves and fell to her ankles. She thrilled at the delightful clinging softness of silk stockings and for the first time admired her long, round ankles and shapely feet. The Chinese slippers amused her, but they were beautiful, all embroidered with flowers and dragons.

She felt she must look very queer, indeed, and went to the mirror. What she saw there surprised her because it was so strange, so different. Pierre had not dealt in compliments. His woman was his woman and he loved her body. To praise this body, surrendered in love to him, would have been impossible to the reverence and reserve of his passion.

Now Joan brushed and coiled her hair. Then, starting toward the door at Wen Ho's announcement of "Dinner, lady," she was quite suddenly overwhelmed by shyness. From head to foot for the first time in all her life she was acutely conscious of herself.

On that evening Prosper began to talk. It was Joan's amazing beauty as she stumbled wretchedly into the circle of his firelight, her neck drawn up to its full length, her head crowned high with soft, black masses, her lids dropped under the weight of shyness, vivid fright in her distended pupils, scarlet in her cheeks—Joan's beauty of long, strong lines draped to advantage for the first time in soft and clinging fabrics—that touched the spring of Prosper's delighted egotism.

He told anecdotes, strange adventures; he drew his own inverted morals; he sketched his fantastic opinions; he was in truth fascinating, a speaking face, a lithe, brilliant presence, a voice of edged persuasion. She drew herself up straight in the big red-lacquered chair, slipped her coffee in dainty imitation of him, gave him the full, deep tribute of her gaze, asked for no explanations and let the astounding statements he made, the amazing pictures he drew, cut their way indelibly into her most sensitive and preserving memory.

Afterward, at night, for the first time, she did not weep for Pierre, the old lost Pierre who had so changed into a torturer, but, wakeful, her brain was on fire, she pondered over and over the things she had just heard, feeling after their meaning, laying aside for future enlightenment what was utterly incomprehensible, arguing with herself as to the truth of half-comprehended speeches—an ignorant child wrestling with a modern philosophy, tricked out in motley by a ready wit.

He gave her "pretty things," whole quantities of them, fine linen to be made up into underwear, soft white and colored silks and crepes, which Joan, remembering the few lessons in dressmaking she had had from Maud Upper, and with some advice from Prosper, made up not too awkwardly, accepting the mystery of them as one of Prosper's magic-makings. And, in the meantime, her education went on. Prosper read aloud to her, tutored her, scolded her so fiercely sometimes that Joan would mount scarlet cheeks and open angry eyes. One day she fairly flung her book from her and ran out of the room, stamping her feet and shedding tears. But back she came presently for more, thirsting for knowledge, eager to meet her trainer on more equal grounds, to be able to answer him to some purpose, to contradict him, to stagger ever so slightly the self-assurance of his superiority.

And Prosper enjoyed the training of his captive leopardess, though he sometimes all but melted over the pathos of her and had much ado to keep his hands from her unconscious young beauty.

It was a January night when Joan, her rough head almost in the ashes, had read "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" by the light of flames. It was in March, a gray, still afternoon, when, looking through Prosper's bookcase, she came upon the tale again.

Prosper was outdoors chipping a tunnel, freshly blocked with snow, and Joan, having finished the "Life of Coligni," a writer she bathed, and whose gorgeous fabrications her master had forced her to read, now hurried to the bookshelves in search of something more to her taste. She had the gay air of a holiday-seeker, returned "Coligni" with a smart push, and, kneeling, ran her finger along the volumes, pausing on a binding of bright blue-and-gold. It was the color that had pleased her and the fat, square shape, also the look of fair and well-kept type. She took the book and squatted on the rug happy as a child with a new toy of his own choosing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jealous Spaniards Hid Wives. The so-called Venetian blinds first came to Venice from Spain, where they were called "jealousies." The jealous Spanish husband kept his wife in seclusion. She was not allowed to draw up her blinds, but she might peep out through the slits between the laths.

The man who shifts responsibility soon finds that responsibility swamps him.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

WORK OF VETERANS' BUREAU

Improvements for Relief of Soldiers in Accord With Legion Policies, Director Says.

Practically all accomplishments of the United States veterans' bureau, regarded by Director Frank T. Hines as noteworthy improvements for the relief of the soldier, have been advocated, and are in accord with the policies of the American Legion according to Joseph Sparks, chairman of the national rehabilitation committee of the American Legion.

Among the recent actions of the bureau for the relief of the disabled man have been provisions for a permanent partial status to disabled beneficiaries now receiving compensation on a temporary partial rating, thereby reducing medical examinations, eliminating inconvenience to employed beneficiaries and reducing travel and personnel.

Another forward step of the bureau, strongly advocated by the Legion, was the employment of effective methods of placement of vocational trainees, which has been successful in securing positions for 97 per cent of the trainees.

Internal changes in the operation of the bureau are the elimination of administration overhead expense, by closing 35 subdistrict offices; concentration of bureau supplies in three large central depots and inventory of all these supplies to eliminate further purchases; establishing a record section in the supply division; consolidation of similar duties in central offices under one head; establishment of an inspection division, contemplated by the law, but never before established; the closing of contracts for institutions where settlements had not been effected and where the institutions were not being used. One of the principal achievements, declares Director Hines, is the placing of the bureau on a strict budget system.

SAVE VETERAN FROM ASYLUM

Ex-Service Man Sent to Hospital for Observation, Through Action of Auxiliary Official.

Carl Huff, a World war veteran of Alex, Okla., was saved from a madhouse because members of the American Legion auxiliary saw to it that he was sent to a hospital for observation rather than to be incarcerated in an asylum for the insane.

Huff was in overseas service for 16 months and returned broken in health. Continued brooding over the condition of a brother who had contracted tuberculosis in service, caused the man to become morbid and extremely nervous.

He was taken to Chickasha by a sanity commission, adjudged insane and ordered to the state asylum at Norman, to be accompanied by a deputy sheriff. When news reached the office of Mrs. Blanche Freeman, national executive committee member of the American Legion auxiliary, Mrs. Freeman, through the aid of county officials, was authorized to overtake the party and direct the officer and his charge to a hospital for observation and treatment. Huff is now receiving care due an ex-service man, and the Legion is fighting his claim for compensation through with the veterans' bureau.

ANXIOUS TO HELP COMRADES

American Legion Ever Ready to Lend Assistance to "Buddies" Needing Protection.

The hand of men of the American Legion is always outstretched to help a former comrade in necessity, according to the many reports reaching national headquarters of the organization. How a disabled man obtained money due him through co-operation of his Legion "buddies," was recently disclosed in a letter from Clearwater, Kansas.

Clarence English, gassed and wounded, was forced to go West to recuperate. A Wichita man owed English \$100 and the boy cashed a check he gave him, in payment of hospital expenses. But the check was returned and went to protest a second time. The debt was then called to the attention of a Legion post commander, who saw to it that a delegation of Legionnaires called on the creditor and paid English in full. The former soldier, through his grateful mother, expressed appreciation of the Legion's effort in settling the matter.

Remarkable Is Right.

The commuters' smoking car was filled, mostly with proud young fathers, who had been relating everlasting clever anecdotes of the clever remarks made by their offspring. Finally, Mr. Spillington, seeing a hole in the conversation, horned in by saying: "I don't like to talk, but I honestly think that boy of mine is the most remarkable little fellow I ever saw." Everybody yawned. "Yes," pursued Mr. Spillington, "He's six years old, and, so far as I recollect, he never said a bright thing in his life."—American Legion Weekly.

Local Pride. "Do you get your gowns from Paris?" "Not any more," answered Miss Cayenne. "We've gotten so we can make 'em look just as queer and cost just as much right in our own home town."

'Tis not every question that deserves an answer.

Blarney. She—Girls have a legal right to spoon if they want to. He—Yes, but men have a much better reason than that.