

strode over to his desk, beckoning Linda to follow.

"Now lock," he said as she faced him over the wide mahogany desk-top. "I understand how you feel, and I like you a little bit too much to make you do anything you don't want to do. When I first met you, I kind of thought that maybe I could teach you—some way—to love me just a little bit. But I guess it ain't no use. I can tell you're crazy about that evangelist, and there ain't a bit of sense in fooling myself on that score.

"But here's what we'll do: You just call that Harris fellow off us, that evangelist; make him quit yelping about our night clubs and cabarets and our little gun quarrels. Tell him he can talk on any other subject under the sun, just as long as he leaves us alone. And we—we'll just forget he exists. On the other hand, if he keeps on with that campaign of his to put us out of business, it's gonna mean that somebody gets bumped very, very soon. It's gonna mean war between us and him—war to the death! And evangelists ain't usually such hot fighters when it comes to tommy-guns."

Linda arose.

"Well, whadda you think of our little proposition?" the Ace wanted to know.

"I'm not—not even considering it," Linda told him frankly. "Fred's going to keep or just as he's been doing, and it's necessary to run you out of business to clean up this city, he's going to do it. And what's more, I'm going to be right there to help him!"

The Ace sputtered. Linda arose to leave. The door was still closed. "May I go now?" she asked courteously.

The Ace arose suddenly, strode around his desk, and gasped Linda by the shoulders. She struggled but he held her, thick dark fingers biting cruelly into her flesh.

"I gave you your first chance," he said, "and I'm giving you your last one. Now which is it to be—are we



THESE TRAINERS DON'T MIND "RUBBING 'EM DOWN" LIKE THIS.—A few of the fair participants in the Fifth Annual Water Carnival and A.A.U. Swimming Championships recently held at the Francis Pool in Washington, D.C. After each race the male as well as the female contestants are put on the rubbing board. The boys get plenty of towels, but very little rubbing which is due to the fact that each girl has an alternate "trainer."

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friends or enemies?" He drew her roughly to him. She scratched at his face and tore at his clothing, but he would not let her go. Then with one last, desperate lunge she tore away from him, ran to the desk and pressed the button which controlled the door. It swung open slowly. She ran for it, but the Ace, infuriated, was upon her now, dragging her back. She screamed. The Ace tried to kick the door shut; then remembered that it would not move except under the electric control. He turned, and dragged the girl across the room. And then, before he knew what had happened, a dark form catapulted through the door and landed on his back. His grip on Linda relaxed; he turned, and two men, struggling madly, fell writhing to the floor. Linda pulled herself away and watched them. Who was this that had saved her?

Two factions go to war against each other in the next installment of this breath-taking serial. Don't fail to read it.

Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moments to the Editor and it will be published.

A Hungry Passenger
My brother took me downtown to go shopping, and to my disgust he decided to take one of the goats from a ranch to the veterinarian at the same time. All was well as long as "Nanny" laid on the floor and slept. Brother parked the car in the center of the town while we made a few stops at some of the stores.

Imagine my chagrin when we came back to the car to find a little crowd gathered around it, including a good-natured policeman, enjoying our "Nanny" who was perched on the back seat, calmly chewing the candidate cards brother had in the car windows!

Commander of the Streets
A short time ago I started down the back way to the corner grocery. I heard a pat-pat of feet behind me. Thinking it was my dog following me, I turned, pointed my finger, and said:

"Now, you get right back home!" But it was not my dog. I was pointing my finger at a man not three feet behind me.—C. B. H.

Bright Sayings of the Children

What Do Yours Say?

Send them to us and they will be published.

Eva, 4 years old, was looking at her sister's tennis racket. When her 2-year-old brother wanted it, she said: "You'll break it. Can't you see it has holes in it." R. F. E.

I had an old antique cup and saucer which had been handed down to me from my grandmother. Naturally, I prized them greatly. One day my small daughter was washing the dishes and decided to wash my old cup and saucer. A slip of her hand—a crash—and my cup lay on the floor broken in a dozen pieces. "O, Dolly," I wailed, "you have broken my old cup and it's been in my family for years and years." "Well, mother, don't look so worried," she answered, "if the cup was that old, it couldn't have been much good." J. H. C.

BEAUTY HINTS

The Face Needs More Attention in Hot Weather

Women who have been wearing white wash gloves this summer gather a fair idea of how much soil the hands pick up in a day. In less than a day, as a matter of fact, because they're not kept on all day. But it's a rare one of us who survives the day without a little glove washing job for the pair worn. Isn't it true?

Now, if gloves pick up that much dust and grime, how about the face? True, the face isn't into everything. But it's into enough. It may not handle the papers on the way into town in the a.m. It may not brush itself across a desk or rub a counter or open a door, and so on. But if the hand does it, the face is going to get some of that grime before the day's over. For we do carry on more face rubbing with hands than we think.

What I'm getting at is not the need of washing gloves and hands, though they need it all right. But that the skin needs cleansing at least twice every day in summer time. There's more oily excretion during the hot weather, for one thing. There's more perspiring. And there's more wind and dust to be met with.

And there is more need of the cooling water after the face cleansing, too. For both the cooling effect and for the astringent value to the skin. For a very oily skin, the wash-

ing rite may be exaggerated to a third time of day without damage to the skin. Use warm water and soap; a warm water rinse; then cold and cold, and colder. An ice rub won't hurt. The idea is to get the oil glands in better working order by stimulation. So, don't be afraid of too much cold water. But wash with warm, understand. And keep away from oily creams for the time being.

The new-skin fresheners are awfully nice to use for daytime pick-me-ups. Unroll your bit of fresh cotton and use one after the face wash. It does something nice for the face—and to the morale. If the skin is oily, add a few drops of tincture of benzoin to the rinse water.

ENGLISH

Words Often Misused
Do not say, "I dislike blue worse than green." Say, "more than green."

Words Often Misspelled
Guileless; note the two l's.
Words Often Mispronounced
Axes (plural of ax); pronounce ak-sez, e as in "bet" Axes (plural of axis); pronounce ak-sez, e as in "me."

Synonyms
Trouble (verb), annoy, molest, afflict, distress.
Rend, rupture, break, tear, lacerate.
District, region, province, quarter.

Word Study
STRICTURE; an adverse criticism; censure. "His strictures on English customs displayed much bad temper."

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