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Write for a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap

We want everyone who has heard of this soap, who has always wanted to try it, to do so now. Let us send you a trial size cake—enough to last over a week. The feeling it gives your skin the first time you use it, is a promise of what the steady use of it will do.

The first effect of Woodbury's Facial Soap is to clear the skin of impurities. In using this sample, you can feel this action. This feeling is simply an indication of the beneficial and tonic action the soap is having on your skin.

Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. Every time you use this sample of Woodbury's, you can feel it stimulate your skin. The formula for Woodbury's was worked out by an authority on the skin and its needs. In this sample cake you get the benefit of this formula, for which we paid \$100,000. Write for your sample, use it and see for yourself why this soap is famous. Begin now to get its benefits.

For 4 we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. M, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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(For sale by dealers everywhere)



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clanging a gong. Jim swung her aboard as if she had been a suitcase and paid-as-he-entered; the car went lurching forward, clanging again, and it was all different from everyday Seventh Avenue and common street-cars, and Carrie forgot she was angry and cried:

"Jim, it's an adventure! And are you going on the steamer tomorrow?"

"No," Jim growled, trying to be sociable. "Some day, I guess, perhaps, if I get the job. Let me figure, won't you?"

He did his figuring on a long envelope, and Carrie sat sideways and looked out of the window the way she used to when she was little. The car crashed over Thirty-fourth street, swept past the great solemn railroad station and on and on down strange, echoing reaches of the great Avenue. Beyond Twenty-third street they were in a region where Carrie never had been, and at Fourteenth street she felt as if they were in foreign lands.

"We're pretty far downtown," she warned at last.

"Two blocks."

Jim slashed down a few figures on the envelope and stood up with a thumb on the white button by the window. The car ground and stopped.

"So, you're going to Mexico!" Carrie cried as they held off before the wind once more. "This is the road to Mexico! And, my! it's dark!"

Dark it was, even in the Avenue, and darker in the street, where the little brick houses all had flat-nosed steps, and big, block-shaped loft buildings were pushed in between them.

"I didn't say Mexico," Jim said. "And I don't stand much chance to get the job any how."

"Oh, well, Peru, then. Going to Peru—just think!"

Jim turned into a dark doorway, jingling his keys; a door clicked and came open, as black as midnight.

"It is late, Jim," Carrie said. "And I haven't got anybody—you know—uptown—looking out for me."

But she came inside as she said it, so what she meant was: "You mustn't kiss me." And:

"You're on," Jim answered, meaning, "I won't."

He flicked open a flaring cigar-lighter and showed her the stairs, and up they went through the great, dingy, strange-smelling place, the only human creatures in it, with thick darkness before and behind them and big, dead-colored shadows moving on the walls. And Carrie took a long breath and cried:

"It's coming true! You're going to Peru! That's poetry, Jim. And, say, it's an adventure!"

"M-m-ye-eh," Jim growled. "Looks more like work to me. Getting right down to brass tacks."

He lit the gas as he said it, and the words seemed to pop out of the dark just as the room did. Carrie turned on him like a flash.

"Why, of course!" she cried. "The brass tacks of adventure! Don't you see? And—why—Jim—there they are!"

It was funny, but there they were. They were stuck all over the place, queer-looking, flat-headed, sharp-pointed brass tacks, not very big but perfectly real. Carrie pulled one out of the huge high table to make sure of that, and as she held it in her hand she thought it had a trim, distinguished, devil-may-care look that about suited an adventurer off for Peru.

Jim laughed with her, stripped off hat, coat and overcoat without a word, turned up his cuffs, shook down the little round coal-stove and loaded it.

"Now, Kiddie," he said, turning to the table, "you make yourself scarce."

"Why, Jim!"

"Oh, don't go! Just hang around. Keep on the edge of the crowd, for there's goin' to be things doin', believe—where the devil—"

He wrenched the long envelope out of his fallen overcoat, scowled at it, rumbled his hair, then tenderly unwrapped a great roll of paper that lay at one end of the table.

"Come here," he ordered. "Look! Here's the plans. Six sheets. This is an elevation of the front. A picture,

see! Of the front of the building; build-in-g, building. Never mind what building. Now I've got her all worked out and executed ready to send, and she's no good. Fair stuff, see?—passable—but it ain't got the punch. It ain't big, as we were sayin' at the hash-factory. Now, here's the entrance, see?—where you go in. Now, I'm a goin'—"

Jim's "g's" dropped like autumn leaves before the wind of his growing excitement—"I'm a goin' to slam a tower up there that'll astonish the natives. She'll be a hundred—let me see—sixty metres is a hundred an' eighty-odd feet. That'll give 'em somethin' to look at. Nothin' like that ever broke loose below Key West. All steel an' white tile, with those long construction-lines—why, they'll sing! Curves, Little One, curves! It's never been done. They don't dare to! But by crimony, we'll show 'em!"

"Good for you, Jim!"

Steel and construction-lines, curves and white tile were all as one to Carrie. But she heard that crackling, "They don't dare to" and shivered—and she told herself that "crimony" was n't real swearing, after all. So she threw off hat and coat and stood to watch him sketch and figure, a pungent corn-cob pipe in his mouth, a sheaf of yellow pencils at his elbow. She could not take her eyes away from him. And her heart sang that he was an adventurer really, a foot-loose treasure-seeker, with his face toward the shining Andes and nothing to help him but his own two hands. It was the old dream coming true. And then, the first question she asked him smashed her dream into bits.

"How much will it cost?" she said, while he was raking under the couch for a pile of papers.

"A million, Girlie. A million, gold." She thought he was joking. It was only when he told her again that the sickening fear came to her.

"A million dollars!" she breathed. "And how much—how would you be paid?"

"Architect's commission. Six per cent in this case—sixty thousand."

Silently, she picked up a pencil and worked out the sum. She looked up from the staring "\$60,000" to Jim's puzzled working-face; and then the cold, disheartening unbelief came to stay. It was impossible. There was too much money in it. She, too, had tried earning money, and she knew that it took a great man to make sixty thousand dollars at once, no matter what the business was. And Jim was no great man; he was only a plain boy, rather cheeky and decidedly short-tempered.

Her heart went fluttering again, though, when she got the elevation he had shown her and studied it. It was a pretty thing, all wreaths and delicate open-work, with columns like silver pencils and windows like fine lace. She stared at big-jawed, black-browed Jim and wondered how he could have it in him to draw anything so dainty. It was wonderful. But there was a million dollars in it, a million dollars! That grim reality of money seemed to be weighing down like a million tons of gold, and splintering all the graceful columns into rubbish.

"This is bum architecture, Girlie," Jim groaned, just then, rubbing savagely with an eraser. "If a real architect ever sees it, I'll be shot, sure."

He said it so drolly that Carrie had to laugh a little.

"No," and he took the pencil out of his mouth to be more serious. "That's straight. Why, this stuff is blasphemy. It's gingerbread. It's Luna Park on a jag. If that paper there got shown around New York, I bet my own boss would fire me."

"Have you got a boss, Jim?"

"Why, of course. I told you I was a draughtsman. Twenty-five a week. I do all this stuff on the side, mostly nights."

"Nights? You poor boy! And I thought—"

He was too busy to ask what she thought, and that was lucky; for she was thinking how she pitied him. This hustling, head-foremost, cheeky, thrilly Jim had been found out at last, and he

was only the same earnest, mistaken little boy that he always used to be. Here he stood, night after night, building away at this great palace in Peru—and it was only a play-palace, like the play-city he built in the yard. She felt so sorry for him that immediately she hunted for something to make him some coffee in.

He swallowed the coffee, steaming hot, in three gulps, shoved the cup away clattering, and tacked down the big elevation with thudding big jabs of his thumb. And he did it all with such a rush, so much in earnest, so sure of himself, that Carrie felt a great gasping hope leap up. He might win. He might—and if he should!

"You're all right," he was saying, as if his thoughts were a thousand miles away.

He went at the paper, and a minute later asked, trailing a pencil along a rule:

"Want to go home? It's one o'clock."

"I—I'd like to see the finish, if I don't bother. Can't I help you, Jim, some how?"

"M-m-m—" Jim said thoughtfully.

"You might, at that. Some of this plan-work is just plain ditch-diggin'. You can start cross-hatching here, if you want to. Space just the way I have. Don't get too much ink on. Here's your pen. There's the India ink. Go to it, now!"

He was hard at the elevation in no time, and Carrie took the queer, bow-legged pen and began patiently drawing the little thin lines with it. When she had finished her little lines and was waiting for more of them to draw, she swept the floor, all except the part under the table, and straightened the blue-prints and pictures on the dun-colored walls, and then she began on the shameful heap of dishes in the sink. At home she always hated dish-washing. But these dishes were different; they were Jim's dishes, and so, some how, they seemed to belong to her to wash.

And just then, the snap of a breaking lead and a growl of muffled swearing came over the screen from the table.

"Stop it!" she called at him gaily, all her face in a smile.

"M-m-ye-eh-up," came the abstracted answer; and Carrie laughed to herself happily, like a canary-bird in the sun.

So, when the dishes were done, she came out to be near him, watching him work, working for him whenever there were any of the thin little lines to be drawn—and there was an endless number of them, at that—speaking when she was spoken to, learning his face, getting his little sore points and his big, mannish faults all by heart, feeling something tender swell up in her every time she looked at him. At length:

"There!" Jim shouted, beginning to pull out tacks. "That makes five of 'em fixed. Only one more. Tell me, what time is it?"

Carrie, standing musing and half-asleep, came awake suddenly.

"It's half-past five," she said.

"Four hours; four sheets re-drawn. That's quick work. But—oh—I don't know—"

He sank down in a chair and stretched out his legs, his head at an angle, his arms hanging loose. Carrie looked at him dumbly, pitying him. She felt she ought to have made him sit down before.

"I am afraid of the stuff," he said drearily. "It's too romantic. Those Dagoes like it—Huh! Me an' the Dagoes! Give me that elevation."

He snapped the words out crossly, and Carrie felt her heart sink. Something was wrong. Jim ought not to be afraid of anything.

"I—don't believe I understand, Jim."

Carrie felt as if she were being choked. She spoke very low.

"I mean," and Jim was grimmer than ever now, "I mean this stuff is bad. Bad architecture, Carrie. I told you the high-brows would say so. And they're right. It took us architects four thousand years to learn how to build with stone. I can't stay up over-night and show the blasted universe how to build something new with steel. If I ever did get this shanty here

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