

Give This Perfect Adder A 10-Day Test

Watch It Work

See for yourself if \$35 does buy a quick, competent Adder. Give it this chance to prove itself, without cost or obligation.

What 10 Cents a Day Will Do

You will want this machine when you try it. You will see it compute a hundred figures a minute, and with never an error. You will not again want to add in the old way.

19,482 Users

This is a new Adder, but more than 19,000 offices have adopted it already. It is used by the U. S. Government and by a very large number of the largest concerns in America.

But it is not for big offices only. It is for little offices, for stores and shops—for men who have heretofore gone

The American Adder
\$35



without Adders, because competent machines cost \$150 and up.

It is for any man who computes. For 10 cents a day it does all this work for him. It checks his invoices, insures his footings, and makes addition easy and accurate.

We have two propositions. You may pay the cash price—which is \$35. Or you may pay 10 cents a day—\$3 a month—until you pay \$37.50.

American Can Co. (Adding Machine Division) 1259 Monroe Bldg., Chicago
Eastern Sales Dept., 489 West 14th Street, New York (19)

-----This Coupon Brings the Machine and Booklet FREE-----

American Can Co., 1259 Monroe Bldg., Chicago

Please send me one American Adder on ten days' free trial, without cost or obligation to me.

Name

Address

Do Away With Bands of Steel and Rubber



FREE TRIAL STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive to prevent slipping, and the resultant chafing, and shifting of the pad out of place, and against the bone, they have, therefore, proven to be an important adjunct in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal, Rome; Grand Prix, Paris. Old and young have attested under oath that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of the most aggravated cases. No delay from work. Process of recovery is natural, so more apt to be permanent. We "show" you by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write for it TODAY. Address PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 1369, St. Louis, Mo.

MORE VITALITY FOR YOU



Our Magnetic Abdominal and Kidney Vitalizer does what all the medicine on earth cannot do. It gives Life, Tone and Vigor to the blood and nerves, overcoming congestion, soreness and pain, by rapid circulation.

Be Well and Strong through this wonderful invention which floods the system with magnetism and gives strength to the Back, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, instilling buoyancy, tone and rejuvenating vitality into the whole organism, making you feel like a new being.

MADE FOR MEN AND WOMEN Send for free book and full information. Describe your case fully. We advise you how to apply Magnetism for treating any form of weakness or disease.

TRACHER MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., Suite 583, 110 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

100 GENUINE Havana Seconds \$1.90
FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX. OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Planters, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our fine cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them Diamonds in the Rough. All 4 1/2 inches long, some even longer. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

INCHES 1 2 3 4 1/2
EDWIN CIGAR CO. INC. - Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
DEPT. 1221 2338 - 2342 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK

Be a Doctor of CHIROPRACTIC

Learn at Home and in Class
Millions of people prefer drugless healing to medicine—there is a big demand for Doctors of Chiropractic—the new drugless science. Capitalize your spare time, learn this lucrative profession—earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 Yearly. Simplified course, profusely illustrated; also 18 big free charts and a spinal column—makes study fascinating—easy. Free earned quickly pay for course. Free Lessons Write for FREE sample lessons, illustrated catalog, names and addresses of successful graduates and big book by ELBERT HUBBARD.
National School of Chiropractic, Dept. 12, 1553 W. Madison, Chicago



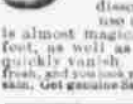
About Mushrooms

How to really make big money in mushrooms, is fully explained in the wonderful book, "The Truth About Mushrooms," a great revolutionary improvement, things many growers never knew before. Everything explained from A to Z, at first hand, from the greatest practical authority in America. Add \$10 to \$20 a week to your income. Demand exceeds supply. Grow in cellars, sheds, basins, etc. Small capital to start. Profits bigger and quicker. Women and children, too. Name is lost time. Send for free book. Bureau of Mushroom Industry, Dept. 165, 1342 N. Clark St., Chicago

Wrinkles



Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry. 1 oz. of pure **Powdered SAXOLITE** dissolved in 1/2 pt. witch hazel, use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite powdered at our direct store.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tools required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

The Prince of Graustark

(Continued from Page 5)

"I can say it with a perfectly clear conscience, Miss Guile," said he, and was filled with delight when she bit her lip as a sign of acknowledgment. "Oh, here comes the tea," she cried, with a strange eagerness in her voice. "I am so glad." She scrambled gracefully out of her rug and arose to her feet.

"Aren't you going to have some?" he cried.

"Yes," she said, quite pointedly. "In my room, Mr. Schmidt," and before he could get to his feet she was moving away without so much as a nod or smile for him. Indeed, she appeared to have dismissed him from her thoughts quite as completely as from her vision. He experienced a queer sensation of shriveling.

At dinner that night, she failed to look in his direction, a circumstance that may not appear extraordinary when it is stated that she purposely or inadvertently exchanged seats with Mrs. Gaston and sat with her back to the table occupied by R. Schmidt and his friends. He had to be content with a view of the most exquisite back and shoulders that good fortune had ever allowed him to gaze upon. And then there was the way that her soft brown hair grew above the slender neck, to say nothing of—but Mrs. Gaston was watching him with most unfriendly eyes, so the feast was spoiled.

The following day was as unlike its predecessor as black is like white. During the night the smooth gray pond had been transformed into a turbulent, storm-thrashed ocean; the once gentle wind was now a howling gale that swept the decks with a merciless lash in its grip and whipped into submission all who vainly sought to defy its chill domination. Not rain, but spray from huge, swashing billows, clouded the decks, biting and cutting like countless needles, each drop with the sting of a hornet behind it. Now the end of the world seemed far away, and the jumping off place was a rickety wall of white and black, leaning against a cold, blue sky.

ONLY the hardest of the passengers ventured on deck; the exhilaration they professed was but another name for bravado. They shivered and gasped for breath as they forged their bitter way into the gale, and few were they who took more than a single turn of the deck. Like beaten cowards they soon slunk into the sheltered spots, or sought even less heroic means of surrender by tumbling into bed with the considerate help of unsmiling stewards. The great ship went up and the great ship came down: went up so high that the sky seemed to be startlingly near, and down so horribly low that the bottom of the ocean was even nearer. And it creaked and groaned and sighed even above the wild monody of the wind, like a thing in misery, yet all the while holding its sides to keep from bursting with laughter over the plight of the little creatures whom God made after His own image but not until after all of the big things of the universe had been designed.

R. Schmidt, being a good sailor and a hardy young chap, albeit a prince of royal blood, was abroad early, after a breakfast that staggered the few who remained unstaggered up to that particular crisis. A genial sailor-man and an equally ungenial deck swabber advised him, in totally different style of address, to stay below if he knew what was good for him, only to be thanked with all the blitheness of a man who jolly well knows what is good for him, or who doesn't care whether it is good for him or not so long as he is doing the thing that he wants to do.

He took two turns about the deck, and each time as he passed the spot he sent a covert glance into the corner where Miss Guile's chair was standing. Of course he did not expect to find her there in weather like this,

but—well, he looked and that is the end to the argument. The going was extremely treacherous and unpleasant; he was free to confess to the genial sailor-man after the second breathless turn, and gave that worthy a bright silver dollar upon receiving a further bit of advice: to sit down somewhere out of the wind, sir.

QUINNOX and Dank were hopelessly bedridden, so to speak. They were very disagreeable, cross and unpleasant, and somehow he felt that they hated their cheerful, happy-faced Prince. Never before had Count Quinnox scowled at him, no matter how mad his pranks as a child or how silly his actions as a youth. Never before had any one told him to go to the devil. He rather liked it. And he rather admired poor Dank for ordering him out of his cabin, with a perfectly astounding oath as a climax to the command. Moreover, he thought considerably better of the faithful Hobbs for an amazing exposition of human equality in the matter of a pair of boots that he desired to wear that morning but which happened to be stowed away in a cabin trunk. He told Hobbs to go to the devil and Hobbs repeated the injunction, with especial heat, to the boots, when he bumped his head in hauling them out of the trunk. Whereupon R. Schmidt said to Hobbs: "Good for you, Hobbs. Go on, please. Don't mind me. It was quite a thump, wasn't it?" And Hobbs managed, between other words, to say that it was a whacking thump, and one he would not forget to his dying day—(if he lived through this one!).

"And you'd do well to sit in the smoke-room, sir," further advised the sailor-man, clinging to the rail with one hand and pocketing the coin with the other.

"No," said R. Schmidt resolutely. "I don't like the air in the smoke-room."

"There's quite a bit of air out 'ere, sir."

"I need quite a bit."

"I should think you might, sir, being a 'ealthy, strappin' sort of a chap, sir. 'Elp yourself. All the chairs is yours if you'll unpile 'em."

The young man battled his way down the deck and soon found himself in the well-protected corner. A half-dozen unoccupied chairs were cluttered about, having been abandoned by persons who over-estimated their hardness. One of the stewards was engaged in stacking them up and making them fast.

Miss Guile's chair and that of Mrs. Gaston were staunchly fastened down and their rugs were in place. R. Schmidt experienced an exquisite sensation of pleasure. Here was a perfect exemplification of that much-abused thing known as circumstantial evidence. She contemplated coming on deck. So he had his chair put in place, called for his rug, shrugged his chin down into the collar of his thick ulster, and sat down to wait.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

THREE WISE MEN

(A Contemporary Allegory)

By ROBERT LOVEMAN

The Mystic, Psychic, Sceptic,
Were calling over names,
One meekly murmured Masterlinck,
Another whispered James;
They gurgitated Chesterton,
And decimated Shaw;
They roasted Zoroaster,
And swallowed Nietzsche raw.

The Psychic, Mystic, Sceptic,
Evolved a mass of things,
From Vedas old in parchment fold,
Through Judges, Job and Kings;
Confucius had them in the air,
Calm Buddha bore all blame;
The Sceptic, Psychic, Mystic,
Sought succor from a name.