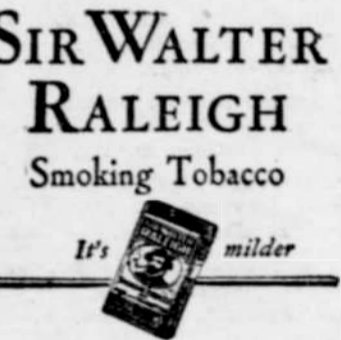


**"Will-yum, have you finished that pipe?"**

YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the mildest, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.



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Seven Act of Obedience for Divine Healing, 10c, prayer free. God's power cures disease, at home. For the Father, Mother, Mabel Smith, Rt. 2, Hollister, Calif.

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Competitive plan yields tremendous profits and marketing bonuses. Crop share basis. You do no work. \$5 monthly plus 10% on your investment that should earn \$500 to \$1000 yearly for you without further expense. This is a sound, safe, assured financial investment. See references. Investigation invited. Booklet free. **MEXICAN AGRICULTURAL AND CO.** 800 Diamond Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Many Unpaid Roads  
Although it is spending \$1,500,000,000 a year for improved roads, the United States still has far to go before it reaches perfection, notes Walter P. Chrysler, writing in the Farm Journal. The nation's total highway mileage is 3,913,584 miles, and only 625,000 miles are hard-surfaced. However, the larger part of the remainder, although unpaved, has been made comfortable for traveling.

**Why Suffer Pain**  
From a cut or burn? Use Carbollifone! Carbollifone stops pain instantly and heals quickly without a scar. Keep it handy. All drug stores, 5c and 10c, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

**Defensive Tactics**  
The Accused—There's the lawyer we stuck up. It's all up with us. He's going to testify against us.  
His Accomplice—Not this time, he won't. I've hired him to defend us.  
You don't like people who are not impressed by your success.

**Girlhood**  
The trying time in a young girl's life is reached when Nature leads her uncertain steps across the line which divides girlhood and womanhood. Neglect at this critical period is largely responsible for much of the misery of women. Often there is need of some safe, strengthening tonic to overcome the languor, nervousness and distress girls commonly experience at this time. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription soothes the nerves, encourages the appetite and helps the entire womanly organism. It is purely herbal—contains no narcotic, nor any harmful ingredient. Druggists, Tablets or liquid. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c if you desire a trial pkg. of tablets.

**Colds**  
At first sign of a cold, take **DR. HENKLEY'S**—the medicine that thoroughly cleans your system. It is the one quick way to get relief and guard your health. Mild, safe, purely vegetable. Pleasant—10c.

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**BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD**  
by Beatrice Grimshaw  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
Copyright by Hughes Masonic & Co.  
WVC Service

**THE STORY**  
On a pleasure trip in eastern waters, Philip Amory, English World War veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling."

**CHAPTER II**  
I awoke next morning with a name upon my lips; a name I had heard the night before, "Pia Laurier." It seemed to me—as it does still—the sweetest, daintiest girl's name in the world. I knew all about it, too, how Miss Pia Laurier, of the blue eyes and the black shingle, had had an Italian grandmother; how the grandmother had bequeathed her a profile and a pretty fortune and a prettier name; how, in consequence, Miss Pia was of more importance in her family—one of the New South Wales squatter families—than elder brothers and sisters; how much her parents thought of her, and how very, very carefully they had brought her up.

She was—one felt it in one's bones—a very reincarnation of that gracious, titled dame from historic Verona who had set her mark upon the Lauriers fifty years ago. Pia, like her would be a house-mistress; she would be a mother; she would be, above and beyond all, the supreme, rare lover, pure as springwater, and passionate as a red Verona rose from the balcony of Verona's deathless girl.

It didn't come as a shock—quite the contrary, because I am twenty-fourth century, almost all—to remember that this modern Juliet could round up cattle with the best of her brothers, and owned a diamond bracelet won on the public race course of Randwick. It made me all the more in love with her. Because, of course, that minute when I met her eyes as I came up the gangway, and knew that my foolish feet had won me Pia's heart.

I suppose one is a little mad, when one is asleep, to judge by the general craziness of dreams. I suppose, therefore, that one is half a little mad, when half awake, it was the arrival of early morning coffee that spoiled half-waking dreams, for me. Once I had drunk it, the clear cold light of reason seemed to mingle, in that cabin, with the red of growing day; to tell me that I had better get up and bathe and dress, and remember, of all things, that I was leaving the ship tomorrow.

"When you are about it," added that chill monitor, "you might as well recollect that you haven't two minutes, therefore, that one is half a little mad, when half awake, it was the arrival of early morning coffee that spoiled half-waking dreams, for me. Once I had drunk it, the clear cold light of reason seemed to mingle, in that cabin, with the red of growing day; to tell me that I had better get up and bathe and dress, and remember, of all things, that I was leaving the ship tomorrow."

I had managed an introduction (no easy ship-made friendships for the daughter of the Lauriers!) and enjoyed just about five glorious minutes of Pia's company, before the doctor, whose name I had just learned, and who was a little more than a doctor, came along apologizing and grinning and reminding Pia that it was concert night, and that she was down for Number Two. So we had to break off and hurry into the sparkling, glittering music saloon, in company with everybody else.

There had been no more talk with Pia Laurier that night; for the concert lasted the usual long time, and when it was over, Pia's relations, somehow, seemed to be everywhere, monopolizing her—maybe by accident, maybe not. And I should have gone very hungry to bed, had it not been for the crust I took with me. That crust was Pia's song. She sang part of Elias Lammann's exquisite, bird-song cycle; sending me to my cabin with the sound in my ears of my lady's lovely little soprano telling the tale of the wood-dove and his mate who had nothing at all on which to start a home, but joyously, they put a few sticks together, and sang—"It'll do—it'll do!"

eligible men; and what, I ask you, what does a respectable parent bring her daughters away from the Sidney walk and up to China for, unless—you know? Do you remember that too charming joke in an old Punch, about the child looking at a picture of the arena in Rome, and telling its mother that there was—"one poor lion that hadn't got a Christian? My dear boy, there are quite a lot of those poor lions, or lionesses, on the ship, ever since Brisbane, when these—ladies—go on. They haven't had a look-in with them. The ship's officers, who are simply meant to flirt with, and the rich planters who ought to marry, and the smart civil service folk—not a chance! Jimmy Treacher and her girls have the lot. How can any of the Laurier crowd compete against sea-horse races? And they don't stop at sea-horse racing; I could tell you a tale—" She proceeded to tell it; I can only say that the biology came in at that point, and made me feel rather fidgety.

But Genevieve, or Gin-Sling, what ever one chose to call her—was not business. I wanted to hear about some one else.

"Are the Lauriers going far?" I asked.

"China and Japan; getting away from the Sydney cold weather. They go somewhere every winter, and always take a daughter with them. It's Pia's turn this time. They married off a daughter last year, and I dare say they'll get rid of Pia this time."

"Is she engaged?" I asked, looking the kindly gossip fair in the face.

"Pia? I suppose more or less; a girl of her sort has always some one on a string. There was some talk of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the flying man; but I imagine the mother was against it. Not enough title. He's fairly rich—promoted a few successful com-



Gin-Sling, however, had no mind to be neglected.

panies in New Guinea, and so on—but he is only a war knight, without much family behind him. Pia ought to be at least a countess. You know, a girl like that simply must marry into the very best set; she would be a fish out of water anywhere else.

"There's the second bell," said Mrs. Kipple, and got up. "If you don't hurry," she added warningly, "you don't get the best of the fruit." But I did not hurry. I didn't care if I never saw fruit again. Pia Laurier and her mother were coming up the promenade deck.

I thought the elder lady looked like a colt. She was not a scrap like Pia, save in those small resemblances of carriage, shape of head and poise of limbs that run through families. Jimmy Treacher had called me "the bravest man in the world," but under that look of Mrs. Laurier's I felt my courage crumble, and my heart turn to water.

The "man of hard-won position" may be a snob, but never can be a snob; she has sold her soul, and collected the price, and the price is what the devil has offered, room time immemorial—power. She uses it; she sends it like a Matthew's death-ray straight at the "outsider" whom she wishes to destroy, and no armor of self-respect, of conscious value in the things that are not mean, avails against it. It pierces.

Mrs. Laurier pierced me. But a man may fight when wounded. I an-

swered her look by getting up from my seat, and making a step forward. What I meant was to join the morning walk of herself and her daughter. I knew Pia now; I had a right to speak. . . . And, gods of youth and beauty, but she was ensouling that pale-blue morning on the sea!

She was dragging her step; hold her, a little, back. I would have been beside her in another moment—

"Good morning, Mr. Amory! It is possible you don't know me, after saving me from a watery and fishy death no more than yesterday afternoon!"

It was "Gin-Sling." She had gone to her cabin, exhausted, after we reached the ship, and to one had seen her again that evening. Now she appeared, bright as a penny at a show with her wonderful red hair teased out into a kind of halo, her thin body eased in some painted, ivory rag; eyes and teeth sparkling, glass bracelets tinkling, an anklet and a bell on it jingling, feet—dancer's feet they were, small, but too muscular and spread—pointing and sprucing, as if they moved to invisible music. I think, so did Jimmy Treacher through her life; she danced, marched, moved, to music of her own; ruled her days—so far as they were ruled—by laws not made of man. I have my reasons for handling her tenderly; I know what you do not, yet of Jimmy.

Naturally, I had to answer her. And naturally, too, the mother and daughter moved on, and I was left alone with Jimmy Treacher.

She did not sit down. She put both feet together, and jumped high into the air, two or three times, with incredible vivacity. "That's how I feel," she said. "I—ways feel like that when the sun shines. Can't live in the dark. I was born in Sydney, where it's daylight when it is daylight, and I've got the sun in me bones. Singapore's where we're bound for; I and my friends. The Chinese Buttery, company number three. One of their girls has married and one died, and another wants to leave. So little me and some come in, because the managing director of the company's a friend of ours."

I was not interested; I was raging over the loss of my chance of speaking with Pia—but you never knew Gin-Sling. If you think one could stand beside her, see her look into your eyes, and remain indifferent. She went to the head of any man, as swiftly as the drink after which she had, most appropriately been named. She went to mine. But I didn't care. I knew I should be sober again. There was that in the blue eyes of Pia to sober me after a dozen of Jimmy's cocktails.

And it came into my mind there and then—I who had never wanted to marry before—that this was what true marriage might mean. Something that could hold a man in spite of himself, in spite of a world of Jimmy Treachers. Certainly. Beat.

"Gin-Sling, however, had no mind to be neglected. "Take me for a walk," she said, half snatching her eyes and shooting fire at me from under heavily blacked lashes. She had beautiful sensuous eyelids, round and deep as white shells; they flickered constantly as she looked at you. She was one flicker from head to foot; a human flame.

I marched with her round the decks, and if anything could have made me forget Pia and her mother down below, that progress would have done it. It was like walking with royalty, to walk with Genevieve Treacher. Men shot looks of black envy, women glanced jealously aside. And I realized, what perhaps I had not understood before, that yesterday's incident had made me something of a celebrity; something worth the throw of a handkerchief.

We stroiled and talked, I don't know what about. I didn't realize how long we had been walking, till I saw Mrs. Laurier come up from breakfast again. If she had looked at me chidingly before, her eyes were freezing now. She swept Jimmy Treacher with a glance that should have turned the girl to a pillar of ice. I think Jimmy felt it; but in sheer bravado, she turned her head, stopped a-nost in Mrs. Laurier's path, and remarked defiantly—"Well, here I am. What do you think of me?"

The main companion doorway was just beside me. Like a coward, I slipped through it, and fled. I don't know to this day what happened; I only know that as I hurried down the staircase, I saw Mrs. Laurier passing on, undisturbed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

answered her look by getting up from my seat, and making a step forward. What I meant was to join the morning walk of herself and her daughter. I knew Pia now; I had a right to speak. . . . And, gods of youth and beauty, but she was ensouling that pale-blue morning on the sea!

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Can Scientific Breeding Produce Men of Genius?  
Human geniuses must be bred as race horses by combining "carefully selected pedigreed stock," the president of the Eugenics Research association said at a meeting of the organization in New York. Whether it is true of the future or not no one knows. It has not been true in the past. Physical development may be so influenced, and morons may be the descendants of morons. But genius and leadership appears in so many unexpected places and persons that we are unable to draw any diagram or arrange a plan whereby we can plot their creation. One genius may come out of a family which produces others of no account. Yet the brilliant intellect and the lucky hit-wit possessed the same parents.

Eugenists may prove that certain families over several generations have produced only mental defectives, while other families have given society a high grade of superior intelligence. But there are often exceptions to uphold or break the rule.

But genius is hard to trace. We do not know why one man becomes a great leader or a wonderful engineer; it may be heredity, or environment or education, or what? That men must continue to advance through evolution and better breeding is undoubtedly true, but that we can create a genius by planning is yet to be proven. No age has seen so many geniuses as the present, and eugenics had nothing whatever to do with the manufacture of this wealth of brains.—Miami Herald.

**Sophisticated**  
The family was to occupy the new house very soon. Joan, ten years old, was going over the house with her mother on an inspection tour. She had evidently observed the rooms out fitted for the younger members of the family and on the walls of these rooms had been placed colorful nursery papers.

When they had completed the round of the house, Joan said: "Mother, may I have Rowena's room for mine?"

"Why no, Joan; this nice front room with its pretty furnishings is for you."

"Mother," said Joan, "my studying fractions and have paper on the walls with all those billy goats on it?"

**France Fourniers' Playground**  
France gets the lion's share of the money spent by American tourists. Almost one-fourth of the \$200,000,000 or \$250,000,000 that Americans spend abroad annually goes into France's pockets.

**The KITCHEN CABINET**  
(In 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)  
"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung? The word was not not sense to any—Who knows now grandly it had rung."

**HONEY DISHES**  
Those individuals are fortunate who can have a hive or two of bees to keep the family in the most wholesome of sweets. Honey is a sugar that is partly digested and is especially good for the little people who enjoy sweets.

**Ambrosia.**—Take one cupful of buckwheat honey, one-half cupful of fat, one square of chocolate, three eggs, one tea spoonful of soda, two spoonfuls of baking powder, one-half tea spoonful of salt, one tea spoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of sour milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Mix and bake in a shallow pan; when cool cover with caramel frosting.

**Cheese and Honey Salad.**—Take one half pound of cottage cheese, add cream to moisten, add salt, one-half cupful of chopped nuts and a dash of paprika. Mix and shape into balls for serving. Cut firm peaches into halves then into strips of four. Wrap the strips around the cheese and serve with the following honey dressing: Three-fourths of a cupful of water, one-third cupful of honey, one tea spoonful of mustard, one-half tea spoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of vinegar, one table spoonful of flour, the yolks of two eggs. Beat the honey and water, mix the dry ingredients with the vinegar and add to the first mixture; pour a little over the beater egg and return to the double boiler. Cook until clear. Add one-third cupful of sour whipped cream, just before serving.

**Fruit and Flower Pudding.**—Take two cupfuls of graham flour, one fourth tea spoonful of soda, two tea spoonfuls of baking powder, one tea spoonful of salt, one egg, three-fourths of a cupful of raisins, one cupful of sour milk, one-fourth cupful of fat, one-half cupful honey and one egg. Mix and steam two and one-half hours in a buttered mold.

**Squabs for Company Dinner.**  
Squabs are so well liked that one need not fear for their welcome. Split down the back and brush with butter, salt and pepper, then broil over a hot fire for ten minutes on each side. Serve on a hot platter with buttered lima beans and crisp bacon for a garnish. Corn bread baked in bread stick pan is especially good with this dish.

**Creole Squabs.**—Split, flatten and dry one squab for each person. Dip them into melted butter and fry until brown. Make a dressing of one cupful of strained tomato juice, two table spoonfuls of minced green pepper, one table spoonful of minced onion, a bit of cayenne, one table spoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one table spoonful of butter. Simmer fifteen minutes and thicken with a little flour. Spread this mixture over long slices of buttered toast, sprinkle with shredded dried beef with a table spoonful of Parmesan cheese. Lay the broiled or fried squab on top of the toast and place in the oven for a few minutes before serving.

**Squabs With Mushrooms.**—Prepare the squabs for roasting, buttering them well inside and out. Fill them with mushrooms, adding two table spoonfuls of butter melted before closing them. Arrange in a deep glass baking dish and roast well covered for fifteen minutes, then let them brown for fifteen minutes without the cover. Serve with triangles of toast and asparagus dipped in mayonnaise.

**Squab With Spaghetti.**—Line a buttered glass dish with cooked spaghetti that has not been broken. Split two fat squabs down the back, rub with butter and season and place on the spaghetti. Make a sauce of one-half cupful of cream, the yolks of two eggs, salt, pepper, a bit of nutmeg and chopped parsley; thicken with a table spoonful each of flour and butter blended. Pour this over the squabs and sprinkle with chopped mushrooms and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

**Squab Plate Dinner.**—Roast one stuffed, but well buttered inside and out, three or four squabs. Glaze the breasts with the pan gravy. Make eight potato balls and four carrot balls for each squab. Take six small onions the size of the potato balls and cook the vegetables separately in a very little water. If small onions are not to be obtained take the hearts of larger ones. The remainder of the onion may be used for some other dish.

Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, one egg yolk, a table spoonful of melted butter, a tea spoonful of chopped parsley and a little thyme. Roll this forcemeat into small balls the same size as the vegetables and brown them in a little butter. Serve on a hot platter, the squab in the center with the balls around it. Pour the juice of the roast squab over the whole.

**John's Mother Praises Doctor**  
There isn't a mother or living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicinal merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4303 Bradford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

**Superficial Flesh Wounds**  
Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

**Garfield Tea**  
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy  
For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**WELL OR MONEY BACK**  
Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded. In the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give you when you buy the Dr. J. Deane Jansen non-surgical method of treatment. (Used by 50,000,000.) Remarkable success also with hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burning, etc. Send TODAY for the FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

**DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC**  
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**Airplane Scared Them**  
An American-made plane recently flew over Benhow, an ancient city in West Hunan, China, on way to the fighting front. The populace in the district had never seen or heard of an airplane, and so when the machine sped above the clouds with its roaring noise, a great consternation was caused. "This must be the nine-headed bird," the farmers and the local gentry shouted, and they took no chance. Immediately the whole town turned out and with gongs and cymbals started to frighten away the mysterious monster.

Sam Feldman, Atlanta grocer, has been robbed seven times by the same man. "I hope he breaks the habit," prays Feldman.

**A Sour Stomach**  
In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it when ever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**  
W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 9-1920.

**John's Mother Praises Doctor**  
There isn't a mother or living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicinal merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4303 Bradford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

**Superficial Flesh Wounds**  
Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

**Garfield Tea**  
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy  
For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**WELL OR MONEY BACK**  
Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded. In the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give you when you buy the Dr. J. Deane Jansen non-surgical method of treatment. (Used by 50,000,000.) Remarkable success also with hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burning, etc. Send TODAY for the FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

**DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC**  
1001 N. 10th St. - PORTLAND, OREGON

**Airplane Scared Them**  
An American-made plane recently flew over Benhow, an ancient city in West Hunan, China, on way to the fighting front. The populace in the district had never seen or heard of an airplane, and so when the machine sped above the clouds with its roaring noise, a great consternation was caused. "This must be the nine-headed bird," the farmers and the local gentry shouted, and they took no chance. Immediately the whole town turned out and with gongs and cymbals started to frighten away the mysterious monster.

Sam Feldman, Atlanta grocer, has been robbed seven times by the same man. "I hope he breaks the habit," prays Feldman.

**A Sour Stomach**  
In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it when ever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**  
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