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Getting Rich off Broken Glass They Found In the Streets

Discarded "Half Pint" And Milk Bottles Mean Money in this Unique Business

By HOWARD ZIM

Down in the "East Bottoms," Kansas City, Mo., is a thriving business in which the capital stock is almost negligible. The passerby would probably give no more than a passing glance at the lot, entirely vacant, except for a little shed not much larger than the narrow-gauge box cars used in early railroad days.

The piles of broken glass would certainly not be an inducement for anyone to drive a motor car inside, and barefoot boys would shun such surroundings. Yet pieces of glass form the sole stock in trade at this "institution." Tons of broken bottles are collected here each year and shipped to various parts of the United States.

Perhaps the fruit jars that Mrs. Kansas Citian used the last summer were, in a prior state, milk bottles, that were left at the back door each morning, or bottles of greenish hue that contained a beverage testing more than 2% per cent.



One of the many yards used to collect valuable broken glass.

"I'm Mrs. Annie Honeycutt, and I standing before him. When assured by the visitor that he had nothing to sell, but wished to talk about the glass business, there came the re-

tort: "My glass business? Well, take a look around, it's all here."

There was nothing to see except the little wooden shack, piles of broken glass, and barrels of it already assorted, waiting for shipment. When asked how she and her husband got into the business of collecting glass, Mrs. Honeycutt smiled and said:

"I don't know—just fell into it, I guess. We came from Little Rock, Ark., to Kansas City nine years ago, and had a hard time making a living. When I went to and from work I noticed lots of glass of all kinds on the streets and boulevards, and would fill my dinner pail each night."

"I didn't know it was worth anything, but after a while I had about a ton in my back yard. It brought about \$8 when I sold it—not as much as I get now because it was not sorted. After that I had boys gathering bucketfuls and would give them a few cents for it, whatever I thought it was worth."

"It didn't sell well, and when I inquired, a glass factory told me that the glass wasn't the right kind. 'Get broken bottles,' they said. 'Clear, uncolored glass is better.'

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THE BLACK LILY

By
CORA BALL MOTEN
Nationally Known Serial
Writer

SYNOPSIS OF THE LAST INSTALLMENT

John Northington, Howard University graduate is saved from death by Dolores Ramirez, fiancée of his friend Ramon Montez, after he has tried to save her from the Sacred Grove of THE BLACK LILY. They escape in a pirogue and meet Ramon whom they believed dead by torture.

The three go on together but are separated, Northington to be saved from death in a crocodile's den by Father Jose, a hermit priest, Dolores to be saved by Chenah, a young novice of the priesthood, and Ramon, to again fall into the hands of the priests under the leadership of Jonthra, the giant deformed high priest who covets the beauty of Dolores.

Jonthra has discovered the location of Father Jose's place and the fugitives who have taken refuge there decide to leave it. They follow the hunting party and Ramon to The Grove, but just as they are entering an underground passage they are spied by a guide and when about to be taken are advised to go quietly by Father Jose, who disappears, promising to try to help them in the end to escape.

The little group is taken captive and held for the annual feast of THE BLOOMING when Dolores and the rest will meet their death.

The scene is set. They are all in their appointed places for the final sacrifice.

Dolores is bound to the altar under a glass canopy, her lips against the BLACK LILY which explodes a deadly vapor when it blooms. The men are bound to stakes and a chair that will blaze and burn them at the right moment. There is no sign of Father Jose. Jonthra leaves the altar for the time of secret cleansing—all are waiting.

That quicker, death which Jonthra sought was hidden in the secret place below the old altar. There he tended it daily. From thence he could bear it to the place in the Central chamber before the time of the BLOOMING and have it caged there, ready. No one but him knew. He loosened the slender bit of pliable steel he wore around his neck to hold it safely when the time should come.

He strode swiftly down the steep wide steps that led out of the central chamber—along the wide passage. He caught up one of the wall torches. The passage was dim. The torch flared out. Suddenly something loomed before him. It was a white haired giant. Before he could speak a hand shot out. He felt a sudden, sharp stab, like a pin prick at his throat, and—fell with a great scream.

For a minute the hand seemed to hold something firmly against the fallen man's neck. There was a slight hissing and then a metallic clicking like scissors clipping, and only a quivering body told where Jonthra lay. Something rustled and slithered across his big neck.

Above in the sunlight the great crowd stood breathlessly waiting and watching the weird group on the high white platform.

In that group no one moved. There was only grim silence.

Dolores opened her eyes. "So Father Jose has failed." She whispered the words to herself.

Dolores in Danger

Chenah, his own eyes dark with fear, saw the fluttering lips. He dropped his head.

"What doth it avail," he groaned, "that I should have stolen the Lily of Sleep in order that here before all the people it should be proved that the LILY was merciful that it did but kiss the lips of the Fair one and thereby seal the verdict that she was not unwilling, but unwanted, and thereby should go free in spite of the High Priest? What avail my life that I would gladly have sacrificed for her?"

"I thought that Jonthra did but seek her for his own—but now, Father Jose knew the secret. He gave me the Lily that he prepared for the same hour's blooming, after the ancient rites—but now. He is not within to save her by the secret way and Jonthra lives."

He groaned and dropped his head again in silence.

Ramon threw a glance at the speaker, trying to catch his low-toned words. But they were but whispers that did not carry. His own thoughts were dark with fear.

Where was Father Jose? What was his plan? Could he save them?

He looked at the ower. Its outside leaves began to curl almost imperceptibly. The sun rays were acting.

At the breathlike touch of the ebony petal, as it curled slowly backward and out against her pale lips, Dolores suddenly held her breath. Her beautiful face tensed, a slow quiver rippled along the full length of her ivory body beneath the shimmering folds of the veil.

Chenah, from where he stood, bound to the corner of the altar, gave a convulsive movement. The guard pressed the poison tipped knife menacingly against the soft flesh of his neck. He steadied, and straightened back, hopelessly. "Jonthra is wise," he whispered to himself. "Did he suspect? Is it the

Flower of Sleep, really or—?" He closed his eyes wearily.

Another leaf curled backward.

John Northington, from his place at the other corner, clenched his hands till the knuckles stood out pale against the bronze background of his fist. "If anything is going to happen it will have to happen quickly, now," he breathed in his deep voice. His keen eyes swept the circle of menacing faces.

A long shadow fell across the altar.

There was an instant's dramatic silence. The very air seemed to pause and tremble with it. Then—a low growling note like distant thunder seemed to gather and roll up and through the massed group on the square of white marble before the eastern doors of the weird temple. It came from the throats of the vast assemblage, and seemed to meet and focus about the lone figure that stood in the High Priest's place just back of the altar and in a direct line with the open doors.

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