

THE MAN ON
SMOKY TOP

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"Think you'll manage all right?" asked the old warden as he shook hands with young Maynard.

"Sure thing," replied the latter. "Good-by and thanks." Shouldering his pack he turned away up the pine-scented trail.

The old man looked after him doubtfully. During his long career as warden in this little corner of the Adirondacks many men of many types had he sent up that winding path to stay from May until October, but never before so well-set-up, so well bred, so handsome a youth, and one so obviously capable of holding down a far harder job than that of ranger on old Smoky Top.

Some time later, arrived at the summit, Sperry Maynard threw down his pack at the door of a small shanty set in a cleared space a few hundred feet square. Adjacent to it was a sort of platform on the top of four poles, evidently a lookout. On one of the poles was fastened a telephone box, an incongruous object in the wilderness, but necessary in the performance of his duties.

So this was to be his home for five months! Sperry sat down upon his duffle and gave himself up to eating the last of his sandwiches and reviewing the circumstances which had brought him here.

Briefly—it was ennui and disillusionment. With more money to spend than he had known what to do with and with a generosity which made him an easy victim of his associates, he had led a spectacular career at college. Then his father had died, increasing his already absurd income.

But he was riding for a fall from the quarter in which he least expected it. He believed his two best friends to be his roommates and the girl he was as good as engaged to. Coming to his rooms suddenly during the prom festivities he had surprised them in unequivocal love-making, while ostensibly having tea.

Sperry had left the room, the campus, the town. In sudden revulsion he had hunted up an old friend of his father's and asked for a job, only stipulating that it be out of doors and away from the world.

As a result, here he was, the Smoky Top ranger, whose one duty was to sweep the horizon with high-powered glasses and by means of the telephone to report any fires to the fire warden below.

As May melted into June and June into July, Sperry grew accustomed to his monotonous solitude. At times, however, intense longings for the pleasures and companionships of civilization seized him.

It was just after such a period that a gay party of men and women from the hotel on the lake below climbed to his shanty. First came a portly, middle-aged man, puffing considerably; then a younger man, followed by three ladies, two of whom were unmistakably past the bloom of youth. The third brought up the rear, and at first Sperry did not notice her. Then, as he caught a glimpse of the beautiful face beneath the soft sport hat, he paled beneath his tan. But on the girl's part there was no trace of recognition.

"I say," said the elderly gentleman, "do you have many fires?" Sperry managed a reply. "Sometimes one a day. Again, not a sign of one for weeks."

"What would you do if you were surrounded here?" This question was from the older woman. Perpetual asking of it from other tourists had given Sperry a ready answer. "Probably be killed," he said cheerfully. He always gave the proper touch of romance to his situation which they demanded.

"Oh," said the girl softly, her brown eyes wide with horror. Sperry could see now that the resemblance to another, at first so striking, was really only intermittent as her expressions changed.

Long after their departure Sperry thought of his visitors, particularly of the girl and the young man. Were they engaged or, possibly, married?

A week later they came again, with variations in the personnel of the party, but still the same couple. This time Sperry deliberately, yet unostentatiously, made conversation with her.

Just before they left the girl said suddenly, "I am coming up again." That was all, but the knowledge was a bright gleam in the dull monotony of his lonely days.

Many times she came and always with the personable youth, who seemed to have established himself as the girl's bodyguard. Little by little Sperry learned that she was staying with friends; that she was not married; that her name was Barbara. And Sperry, who had thought he was done with love at twenty-three, presently reached the stage where his first waking thought was, "Will she come today?"

Then came the long dry spell of late August. Sperry was kept busy reporting fires. The very air became yellow with smoke haze, and for days at a time the lake below was not visible.

One morning Sperry paused in the act of chopping down a dead tree to sniff the air. Certainly the atmosphere was unusually acrid. A glance

through the glasses reported nothing, yet Sperry had a feeling that the fire was not far away.

Running down the trail, he observed that the density of the smoke was increasing. Coming out on a little knoll, he saw an opaque cloud of smoke settled on an adjacent shoulder of the mountain. Here and there it was shot with flame.

His trained eye, however, saw that the wind was taking it away from the summit, and that it would probably burn itself out when it reached the edge of the cliff. Returning, he reported the fire to the warden.

Late that afternoon Sperry sat smoking an old pipe. Suddenly he heard a rustle on the trail behind him. Turning, he waited. Was it a deer or had some one been foolish enough to climb the mountain, menaced as it was by fire?

Thunderstruck, he gazed at the girl who stumbled toward him. Her wealth of hair tumbling about her shoulders, her expression one of relief tinged with embarrassment, Barbara advanced, a most intriguing figure in boyish knickerbockers and gray flannel blouse.

"I was riding," she explained, "and I saw the summit was all smoky, and I wondered—" she broke off in confusion.

"You came up here to see if—everything was all right?"

She nodded.

"Why, that was—well, awfully good of you," said Sperry gratefully.

She turned to go. She was beginning to feel, as well as he, the unusualness of the situation. "I left my horse at the foot of the trail," she volunteered. "I am going home tomorrow."

His heart sank. "I am sorry to hear that. Your visits up here have meant—well, more than I could make you understand. I had gotten out of touch with the world, and came up here to forget many things."

"Was one of them my sister Evelyn?" she asked calmly.

Sperry turned in amazement. So that was where the resemblance came from. "How did you know?" he demanded.

"Oh, I always used to examine the pictures of good-looking men she kept on her dresser. And I picked up stray bits here and there which led me to think she hadn't used you quite right. But tell me, do you still think of her?" she asked, wistfully. "You know, she's married."

"Quite the contrary," said Sperry slowly. "The mountain winds have swept away her memory along with many other things. In their place they have brought me a wonderful dream girl. When they rustle in the grass, I imagine it is the stir of her dress, and when they whisper in the pines I play I am listening to her dear voice."

The man waited, telling her with his eyes what he did not dare put into words. Shyly Barbara laid a slim young hand on his arm. "Sperry Maynard," she said softly, "years ago I fell in love with your picture, and when I saw you for the first time up here and recognized you, I knew you were much nicer even than your photograph."

"Do you mean—Barbara?" and on the word his arms were about her. A little later, when he had taken her down to her horse, he gave her the last kiss before the temporary separation. "I hoped to find myself on old Smoky Top," he whispered; "I little dreamed I would find you!"

Albania's First Treaty. The first treaty ever written among the tribes of Albania has recently been signed. The only foreign nation named is America. The people of Albania are of the oldest race in Europe, the race that peopled Athens. Since the time of Alexander the Great, who chose always Albanians for his bodyguard, they have been invaded and harassed by Dorians, Greeks, Latins and Slavs. They have retained their primitive tribal form through self-defense, and the tribes have also warred among themselves. Now this is to cease. Five powerful tribes on the north have met and formed an agreement, or bessa, to work for peace, for Albania autonomy and the defense of Albania against invaders.

Man and His Demands. One great trouble with the world is man has taken himself too seriously. By no possibility can he be an angel, yet he is demanding that reward for his poor services here on earth. He is not entitled to prosperity and idleness at the same time; no arrangement can be made whereby this is possible. Yet he demands it.

Man is an animal, living in a material world and must cut his cloth accordingly. To demand more than he is entitled to is a waste of time; he might make himself reasonably prosperous and content with the time he wastes in blubbering for the moon.

—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

War Library. The war library at Princeton university is taking on tremendous proportions. There are more than 1,000,000 titles. By a co-operative plan Yale, Harvard and Princeton each have access to the other's collections. Duplications will be avoided. There are many German titles that have come through courtesy of the state department.

Life Seen as a Poem. The most beautiful poem there is is life—life which discerns its own story in the making, in which inspiration and self-consciousness go together and help each other; life which knows itself to be the world in little, a repetition in miniature of the divine universal poem.—Amiel.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by National Headquarters of the American Legion)

MARY PICKFORD AND GODSONS OF BATTERY C. 143D F. A.



Karl Ross Post of the American Legion of Stockton, Cal., Proudly Claims "Film Star as Godmother, and Appreciates the Many Kindnesses Shown Them by the Movie Queen."

THE Karl Ross post of the American Legion, Stockton, Cal., claims Mary Pickford as its "godmother," and the little motion picture star does not seem inclined to dispute the claim, having recently addressed a very motherly letter to her boys whom she addressed as godsons.

This post included the Battery C men of the 143d Field Artillery, of which little Mary was godmother.

"Our Mary was an ideal godmother," said Tod Clawsley, editor of the San Joaquin Legion. "She did a thousand and one nice things for our regiment. She autographed 1,200 smilee books and gave them to us; sent every soldier a sweater; sent us thousands of cigarettes at Camp Kearney and had 70,000 of them waiting for us at Camp Merritt when we returned from France. She provided us with auto busses to return from far out in the country to a dance at Los Angeles, and she did a lot of other splendid things, including giving our regimental standard."

"Mary was honored colonel of the 143d Field Artillery. We have been told that no other in the U. S. ever had the privilege of formally inspecting a regiment of American troops excepting royalty—no other woman, that is."

"When we made a 500-mile hike from French government said he "volunteered always for the most dangerous missions and the most perilous posts," and the Serbian medal was bestowed for "distinguished and brilliant conduct under fire."

Bowe has written of his thrilling experiences of two years in the thick of the fight in his book "Soldiers of the Legion."

"Looking back to my life over there now," said Bowe, "it was a busy, entertaining, exciting time while it lasted. But the comrades are all dead or scattered—the glory, the romance is gone—it hardly seems natural or possible, more like a dream or nightmare. The suffering and the exertion overshadow the few short hours of furlough in Paris or London."

"We couldn't afford to lose," he said. "The price paid was terrific, but it was worth it, provided we can keep the advantages gained. One thing that gets my goat is the self-complacency of those people here at home—they have no conception of what is or has been going on in Europe, and don't seem to realize that we are just as vitally interested in world problems as the people of Europe."

"We see too many politicians in office standing idly by while the resources of the country are being wasted. We see two groups at Washington squabbling for an issue for the next election, evidently trying to lose the advantages the soldiers gained. But I have an unlimited faith that we shall square ourselves to meet the new day."

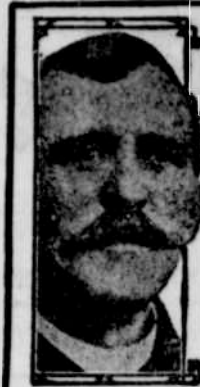
"And the American Legion is going to have no small part in squaring the ship of state for the new day."

Verboten. Coming back from France, some 1,800 men spent 16 days on a small liner that had no mess hall for the soldiers. Ordinarily, they got their chow and went on deck to eat it, but when it rained they were not even allowed above decks. They were never certain just where they could go, because guards kept popping up everywhere with the remark, "You can't sit there," or "You can't stand here."

One day a doughboy who had gone on deck with his mess only to be sent below again slipped on the nonskid ladder. The food flew everywhere and the soldier landed at the bottom in a sitting position. As he sat there collecting his faculties, a guard hurried up.

"You can't eat there, buddy," he announced.

Women Form Many Branches. Units of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion are being rapidly organized. 445 having been chartered up to March 25.



The First Bottle of PE-RU-NA

Gave Relief so Writes

Entirely Free from Catarrh of the Stomach

"Peruna has positively done for me what many doctors failed to do. I have been time and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief and while I always keep it in the house for emergencies, I consider myself entirely free from catarrh of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered for so long before taking this remedy."

Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer

Don't Let Catarrh Drag You into Consumption

Avoid Its Dangerous Stage.

There is a more serious stage of Catarrh than the annoyance caused by the stoppage of air passages, and the hawking and spitting and other distasteful features.

The real danger comes from the tendency of the disease to continue its course downward until the lungs become affected, and then dreaded consumption is on your path. Your own experience has taught you that the disease cannot

be cured by sprays, inhalers, jellies and other local applications.

S. S. S. has proven a most satisfactory remedy for Catarrh because it goes direct to its source, and tends to remove the germs of the disease from the blood. Get a bottle from your druggist today, and begin the only logical treatment that gives real results. For free medical advice write to Medical Director, 194 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

WOMEN! DYE RIGHT! SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't Spoil or Streak Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether

Other men besides ministers marry for money.

A Lady of Distinction. Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum Powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

The best part of a bargain is the gain.

Modern Poetry of Motion.

The orchestra softly played "Kiss Me Again." She gazed into his eyes And breathed a sigh. "Your dancing is like a poem," She said. "Yes, yes, go on," he murmured. "An Amy Lowell poem; The feet Are all mixed up," She answered. —Record.

On Detail.

Private Napoleon Booker Washington Simpson had obtained leave of absence to visit his buddy, who had been wounded and was in a near-by field hospital. He was stopped at the entrance by an army nurse, who asked him what he wanted.

"Has you got a dark complected man named Johnson what's been shot in his hospital?" he inquired.

The nurse replied that there was such a person there, adding, "But he's convalescing now."

"Ah beg yo' pardon?" said Napoleon, scratching his wool.

"He's convalescing now," she repeated. "Well," said Napoleon, "if yo' don't mind, I'll set right here and wait till he gets through."—The Home Sector.

wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.

LOOKED SUSPICIOUS TO HER

Mrs. Toddles Sadly Misunderstood the Note Sent to Her Hubby From the Library.

When a member desires a book that is not in a certain library, he files his application for the volume, which the librarian reserves for him on its return, notifying him that the book awaits his pleasure.

Now, it happened that one of the members applied for, but could not get at the time, a copy of a novel entitled "The Girl He Left Behind Him." In course of time a postcard arrived from the library, and as the member's wife is of a suspicious nature that postcard caused trouble, for it read:

"Mr. Toddles is informed that the girl he left behind him is now in the library, and will be kept for him till next Tuesday morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

Beyond Expression.

An elderly lady was questioning the ex-artilleryman. "And what was the most terrible sight you witnessed in the war?"

"Well, it was like this," replied the soldier. "We had just spotted a German machine-gun nest with about 12 enemy gunners that were holding up our advance. We located the nest and put the first shot right in the middle of the Jerries."

"How dreadful!" interrupted the old lady, "did it kill them all?"

"No'm," replied the soldier sadly, "it was a dud."—American Legion Weekly.

As a rule a man's sugar coated sweetness wears off with the waning of the honeymoon.

Artless women are seldom heartless.

Instant Postum

still sells at the same low price as before the general rise in costs

—and great is the number of families who now use this table beverage in place of coffee.

Attracted to its use by continued low cost, they found its agreeable coffee-like flavor much to their liking.

With no health intent behind their action they discovered better nerves followed the change.

All Grocers sell Postum and your trial is invited

"There's a Reason"

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc. BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN