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HOW

***** AVALANCHE IN SWISS ALPS DESTROYS ALL THINGS.—A mountain climber, in discussing the accounts of recent avalanches in the southern alps, resulting in destruction and death, says:

"The cause of these sudden descents is not far to seek. On the higher slopes there have been six or eight weeks of clear, almost uninterrupted frosts, which have caused the existing snow to become loose and powdery.

Now, under pressure of the recent heavy falls of fresh snow, this loose under snow has given way, and vast masses of it, gathering volume every moment, are plunging down the mountain sides, overwhelming sheep and unfortunate tourists and burying all that comes in their path.

This type of powdery avalanche, serious enough to life and limb, is as nothing compared with the real avalanche built up of accumulations of snow that may have commenced years ago.

These vast accumulations occur on the plateaus or less steep inclines. The pressure of each succeeding season's snow turns the under snow to ice, and winter after winter the mass increases in weight and volume.

A moment arrives when, owing either to pressure from higher levels or the mass growing so immense, it overcomes any resistance that holds it. Or, due to an exceptionally mild summer, the lowest stratum against the mountain side is melted and a sort of water cushion is formed upon which the whole glides forward.

There are other causes, but for some reason such as these the colossal mass commences to move slowly downward toward the valley. If the pace is slow it is known as a creeping avalanche and can be kept under constant observation. There is little immediate danger from it and peasants and farmers can be warned of the approaching peril.

Sometimes, however, an avalanche of this type will within a few hours of having become loosened hurl itself downward with the speed of an express train and a noise exceeding all imagination. Nothing can withstand it. Farms and homesteads are swept away or buried, forests of fir and pine are crashed down or carried away like so much straw; cattle, rocks, railways are all carried before it until either it comes to rest in lower levels or hurls itself over perpendicular walls of rock into the valleys beneath.

***** Why Lens Is Hard to Make For five months experts in Washington tried to cast a six-inch disk of optical glass, but made two failures. In Germany, however, a disk of seventy-two inches of perfect lens has been made. It requires 5,000 pounds of raw material compounded with great exactitude. The lens when completed must be of uniform density throughout.

No "Fare, Please!" It is announced that babies born on shipping board vessels will be carried free the remainder of the voyage. This is as it should be. Making the helpless little creatures work their passage by stoking the furnaces in the engine room is unthinkable.—New Orleans States.

Riches in Content He is the richest who is content with the least; for content is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.

King Tommy

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

In the past Tommy got out of his difficulty in a way which struck him as neat. He led Allen across the dining room at luncheon next day and brought him to the table where the princess and Janet sat.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Allen to you," he said. Then, turning to Allen, he murmured: "My wife, and my secretary, Miss Gisborne."

That left Allen to decide for himself which was the wife and which the secretary. He was puzzled. He looked at Janet and then at Tommy. He looked at Calypso, and thought of his sister and the other unruly maidens in the canteen. At last he decided in favor of Janet.

"I want to thank you," he said to her, "for all your kindness to my sister."

Janet took that very well. She had been kind, after her own fashion, to so many different people that she could not possibly recollect them all. She inquired graciously for Miss Allen, and received an account of her marriage to a young officer she had met at the canteen.

The introduction passed off surprisingly well; but Tommy was by no means done with Allen. That evening they met again.

"Ever see any of the fellows from the old regiment nowadays?" said Allen.

Tommy would have been glad to know what the old regiment was. He wished very much that he had thought of asking Casimir and the king for a little more information before he undertook to be Colonel Heard.

"I ran into Simpson the other day," said Allen. "You remember Soapy Simpson and the old Frenchwoman in the rest billets behind Givenchy?"

"Rather," said Tommy heartily, "that's how he got the name Soapy, wasn't it?"

"Was it?" he said. "But there wasn't any soap in that business, was there?"

"It may have been cheese," said Tommy. "One gets confused about these things."

"Oh," said Allen, "you're thinking of Collins. They always said it was on account of that cheese that you recommended Collins for the D. S. O."

"That," said Tommy, "is a gross slander. As a matter of fact, Collins' recommendation for the D. S. O. went in before any one heard a word about the cheese."

He felt that he owed that much to Colonel Heard's reputation. Whatever Collins had done about the cheese, whether he had eaten it, refrained from eating it, stolen it, or baited a mousetrap with it, no conscientious colonel would have recommended him for a D. S. O. on that account alone.

"Oddly enough," said Allen, "I heard from Collins the other day. I suppose you know he married that little red-haired V. A. D. who used to be at Wimeroux?"

"I always expected he would," said Tommy, "though in my opinion she was a great deal too good for him. I can't imagine what any girl could see in Soapy Simpson?"

"It was Collins who married her, not Simpson. Did I say Simpson?"

"Oh, Collins," said Tommy. "That's different, of course. What's Collins doing now?"

"He and she are running a chicken farm in Monte Carlo," said Allen, "making quite a good thing out of it, I believe."

After that Tommy escaped and went to bed. But Allen came at him again the next morning. He had a passion for reminiscence, and seemed to have known every single officer in "the old regiment" except Colonel Heard himself. Young Bright had come to grief over a dud check which he cashed in a night club in London. Tommy expressed great regret for his fate. Poor Styles was still limping about and would never get back the use of his leg. Tommy regretted that, too. After a while Allen got back to the subject of his sister, and Mrs. Heard and the canteen.

"She'll be surprised when I tell her I've met Mrs. Heard out here," said Allen. "That last letter I had from her she said she'd been invited to meet Mrs. Heard at a tea-party somewhere in Kensington. Unfortunately she couldn't go."

"That must have been a long while ago," said Tommy.

"Not so long," said Allen. "I only got the letter last week."

"If your sister had gone to that tea-party," said Tommy, "she wouldn't have met my wife. She's been out here for the last six months."

That, he felt, ought to put a stop to any chance meeting in London between Mrs. Heard and Miss Allen, whose name of course was not Allen any longer, for she had married an officer whom she met in the canteen—a thing which showed that Mrs. Heard had not kept a tight enough hand over her.

Tommy went to bed very well satisfied with himself. It had proved surprisingly easy to play the part of Colonel Heard. It would, no doubt, have been equally easy to play that of Lord Norheys. He began to feel sorry that he had not done so instead of claiming his own name and position. Then he remembered Miss Temple and felt glad that he had refused to be Lord Norheys. Miss Temple would, apparently, have been a hopeless obstacle to his marriage with Calypso. He wondered a little whether

CHAPTER XV

The princess, Janet Church and Tommy sat at lunch on the third day after their arrival in Breslau. Thanks to the king's influence with the manager of the hotel, they had a very pleasant table, placed in a bow window from which they had a view of the town's market place.

A large motor car drove slowly across the square and pulled up at the door of the hotel. The driver was remarkable. He wore a high cap of black fur with two long black ribbons hanging from the back of it, a brown overcoat, double-breasted and adorned with great silver buttons. The collar and cuffs of the coat were of curly black fur. Even while he sat at the steering wheel it could be seen that he was a very big man, probably tall, certainly broad and strongly built. A thick black mustache covered his mouth. He had heavy eyebrows which met across his forehead. His face was almost mahogany-colored.

Tommy stared at him with interest and pointed him out to the princess.

"A Large Motor Car Drove Slowly Across the Square and Pulled Up at the Door of the Hotel." The moment she saw him she jumped to her feet and clapped her hands in excitement and delight. "It's Sandor," she said. "Sandor from the schloss. He has come to take me home."

Tommy realized that they were entering a new stage of their adventure, that the journey into Lystra was to begin.

They hurried over luncheon. They spent half an hour in frenzied packing. Hotel porters dragged down bags and rugs. The little party gathered in the porch of the hotel. But the start was delayed.

An official in uniform, perhaps a policeman, perhaps a military officer, appeared from the room of the hotel manager, and walked up to Tommy. He halted, saluted and in a long speech asked to be allowed to see the passports of the party. Tommy did not understand anything the man said except the word passport. That made him uneasy. Breslau is not a frontier town. The examination of travelers' passports there is unusual, and in most cases unnecessary. Tommy turned to Janet.

"Is it our passports he wants?" Janet, who knew she was traveling with a stolen passport, became nervous. She spoke to the officer but temperately, asking him what right he had to inspect their passports. It was the worst thing she could have done. Her nervous irritation aroused the man's suspicions. Her question did not frighten him at all. His uniform gave him a right to do almost anything he chose.

"Come on," said Calypso. "We can't stand here all day."

She seized Janet Church by the arm and pulled her into the car. The officer hesitated and stepped forward to stop them. He was a shade too late, but he stood between Tommy and the car, clearly determined that he at least should not get into it.

Tommy's mind worked quickly. One of two things had happened. Perhaps Colonel Heard had discovered the loss of his passports and set the German police looking for them. In that case Tommy saw no hope at all for himself and his party. Colonel Heard's passports would be recognized at once. But perhaps it was Prince von Steinfeldt who had set the police in motion. He might have changed his mind about leaving Tommy free to go where he liked. He might not care to run the risk of allowing the princess to enter Lystra. But he would not know what passports the party held. It might be possible to persuade this troublesome officer that he was Colonel Heard and that the two ladies were his wife and secretary.

He took the passports out of his pockets and handed them over. The officer scrutinized them carefully. He appeared to read through all the visas and to examine all the official stamps. At last he fixed his eyes on the photograph. As a rule, passport photographs are totally useless for the purposes of identification and might just as well represent any one else. But Colonel Heard had a heavy mustache. Tommy was clean shaved. The officer looked at the photograph, looked at Tommy, looked at the photograph and became suspicious.

Mrs. Heard was a plump, good-natured lady of about forty-five, with round cheeks, a double chin and fuzzy hair. The officer looked at her photo and compared it with Janet's lean face and sinewy neck. Then he tried to see if it in any way resembled Calypso. It did not.

"These are not your passports," he said.

Tommy was actually uncomfortable; but he was not yet desperate. The officer was not searching for Colonel Heard's passports. He was merely looking out for suspicious travelers. It was possible that a hold-attempt at bluff might cow the man.

"Here," he said, "I've had about enough of this tomfoolery. Hand over those passports at once and let us get away out of this."

The man did not understand a word that was said to him, but he was impressed by the confidence with which Tommy spoke. He might possibly have given back the passports, if the princess had not tried a plan of her own for getting away. She leaned forward and whispered to the driver of her car.

The man stepped out of the car and stood, a huge and threatening figure, in front of the officer. He deliberately unbuttoned his long overcoat, flung it open and displayed a whole row of weapons tucked into his belt. There were two large pistols, silver mounted, with very long barrels. They looked as if they might be of some value as antiques. There was also a heavy modern revolver which was certainly valuable as a weapon of offense. There were five large knives, two of them straight and pointed like daggers, the other three curved in a manner that struck Tommy as horribly murderous. These were evidently the man's favorite weapons. His fingers closed round the handle of one of them.

But the police officer was a man of courage. He had, besides, help at hand. From various parts of the market square uniformed men appeared, all of them with swords, some of them with revolvers. They gathered round the group in front of the hotel.

Tommy was frightened. A fight in the streets of Breslau might end in a victory for the German police, or it might end—that seemed almost probable—in a victory for the militant chauffeur. Either way Tommy and his party would get into serious trouble.

"Look here, he said to the officer, "if you don't believe we're the people we say we are, send in to the hotel and ask for Mr. Allen. He'll identify us."

The officer, who did not understand a word Tommy said, stared at him angrily.

"Oh, hang it," said Tommy. "Why can't the fool understand plain English? Say it to him," he turned to Janet. "In German or some language he does understand. And at the same time tell this swashbuckler to stop fiddling with his revolver and get back into the car."

Janet, who was quite as frightened as Tommy was, began with the orders to the chauffeur. She gave them in German, and the man took no notice of them at all. He understood German no better than the officer understood English.

"You tell him," said Tommy to the princess.

Calypso spoke to the man in a language which sounded as if several hungry ducks were quacking, all at the same time. The man replied with a number of deep bass quacks, which sounded threatening. Calypso quacked back at him. The man bowed low to her, kissed her hand, and stepped back into the car.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Irish Wake

A wake is a vigil with a corpse. The word is derived from "waccon," Anglo-Saxon for a watching. It is still customary in many countries for friends and neighbors of the deceased to sit up nights with the corpse until it is buried. The custom probably originated in the ancient superstition that unless carefully guarded a corpse was in danger of being carried away by spirits from Hades. The Irish wake is especially notorious. In some parts of Ireland those remaining up nights with a corpse spend the time in drinking, dancing and telling jokes and stories. It is a highly festive occasion. Grace Greenwood in her "Stories of Travel" has this to say about the Irish wake: "A wake, sure it's an entertainment a man gives after he is dead, when his disconsolate friends all assemble at his house, to discuss his virtues and drink his totem."—Pathfinder Magazine



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Sees Age of Science

Prof. A. M. Low, famous scientist, asserts that in all probability the man of the future will not have to shave and will most likely be bald. But that is not all. Among Professor Low's genial forecasts are the following: Women will wear trousers. Incubators on the hire system will solve the difficulty of rearing children. Prettiness in women will be a drug on the market and national birth control will free women for education. Foods will come from communal kitchens in tubes. Complete triumph of radio communication in every department of life. Professor Low is very sure of it all. And he does not think it is so very funny, either.

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Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Toiletum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Six-Year-Old Heads Cult

A boy six years old now heads the Confucian cult in China. He is known at the little duke of Kong and he lives near Chufoo, where his family has lived for 2,500 years, according to authentic records. On this site cultured men lived when the battle of Marathon was fought, all during the rise and fall of the Roman empire and through the Dark ages.

Couldn't Kill Romance

Forty years to the day after he had planned to wed Miss Emma Aldrich, John G. Gilmartin married her. Their engagement was broken off when she was fifteen, because of parental objections. Both married other persons, who died a few years ago.

Spirit to Be Cultivated

Real sportsmen find more pleasure in catching fish than in counting them, although they take pride in a "good catch." If all men who work with brain or hand had the sportsman's spirit more would be accomplished toward maintaining national prosperity.—Grit.

Appropriate

"When I eat spring lamb I feel like gambolling." "Try the caper sauce with it."

Permanent roads are a good investment—not an expense

One Horse Town, Good-Bye!

Any community whose streets are not durably paved is going to be known as a "one horse town."

When that time arrives, Prosperity says, "Good-bye, old friend. Good-bye!"

People start moving away. Bank deposits fall off. Business in general begins to take a slump, and the place is no longer "on the map."

Contrast all this with the city that is well paved.

It steadily forges ahead over its hard, even streets. Automobiles, busses and delivery trucks, operate efficiently and economically, regardless of season or weather.

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