

Elva's Profession

By John Elkins

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Cedric Shaw was intently watching the girl across the room. Sometimes the swaying dancers in the hotel ball-room came between him and her; but always his gaze went back persistently to the bright animated face of a young woman who stood talking with an elderly lady. The first thing that had attracted him was the absence of the painted lips and cheeks, which he saw on almost all of the young girls present. Next to take his attention was the pretty dancing gown, which unlike the others covered her back, and came above the shoulders all around in a becoming line.

The young man could not have been called old-fashioned or "straight laced," but a certain fine respect for womanhood which had been carefully instilled in him by his mother, felt a kind of repulsion at the artificially covered faces, and the too scantily covered forms of the girls he met in society everywhere. He felt that this girl must be different, and as he watched her face his conviction grew. He determined to know her, and started out to see if he could find someone to introduce him.

Finally he accomplished his object, and soon found himself guiding Miss Burt through the mazes of the dancers. Yes, decidedly Miss Burt was "different." It was not long before Shaw's heart began to give curious but unmistakable evidences of being considerably off its normal condition.

He managed to get an invitation to call, which was not exactly difficult since Miss Burt was quite as anxious that he should ask as he was to get the permission. If the truth must be told she was at the same time experiencing something like the same alarming symptoms the young man was suffering. She had not analyzed her reasons



"He Lights a Bit of Paper So's He Can Look Better."

for being attracted; she simply knew that she was. As these things are happening every second among mortals on this globe it seems a waste of time to inquire why.

Elva Burt lived alone in a "furnished room" in the big city. The bed masqueraded as a couch during the day, and a screen covered the stationary washstand. She made it look like a sitting room, and the house was clean and respectable, if not fashionable. Still she felt a slight qualm at receiving the stranger in her humble quarters. He seemed to her like a man used to good society, one used to mingling with cultured people in refined surroundings. In this supposition, she was right. The mother of Cedric Shaw had belonged to a family of high social standing, and his father had been president of a college. When a lad of twelve, his father had died, leaving a moderate fortune to the wife and son, and at eighteen, Cedric had started in to earn his own living. He had done so well that at twenty-five he was now a junior partner in the concern.

Elva, on the evening Shaw was to call, put on her most becoming frock and sat down to wait for him. "Oh, dear!" she said to herself, "It isn't very scrumptious," surveying the room. "But if he's what I think he is, he won't mind. If he does—well—" The sentence ended in a sigh.

It did not appear, from the animated conversation and the length of Shaw's call that he did "mind." The next day he wrote a note of apology for having stayed so late, and asked when he might come again.

Even after Shaw had become a frequent visitor and had several times taken Elva to dine and to places of amusement he knew little or nothing of her circumstances. She had told him her parents lived in a small village in the states, and with the exception of a few friends, she was alone in the city, and was earning her own living. As to how she was earning it, she had not informed him, and had evasively put him off when he had asked. He concluded that perhaps she might have a little

foolish pride about revealing her occupation, and said no more.

The suite of offices occupied by his firm were in a building which had been remodeled from a dwelling house. Next to it stood a residence which the march of business up the avenue had so far left undisturbed, and it was now rented out for bachelor apartments.

One morning the papers had an item on the front page telling how Spray, Galland & Co., diamond importers, had been robbed of valuable gems by the blowing open of a safe. This was Shaw's firm, and that evening he told Elva they were entirely mystified as to how the burglars had entered. There was a watchman on the outside who could not have failed to see them from the front, and the roof and back of the building showed not the slightest trace of any forcible entrance.

About two days after this, Shaw, in passing the house next his office, saw a young man hastily coming down the front steps. Something about him caused Shaw to stare curiously at the man. Instantly the man turned away to avoid his scrutiny, and almost stumbled down the remaining steps. Shaw purposely stood in his way, and as the young man dodged him, caught at his arm.

"Elva Burt!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"Let me go!" she begged. "Let me go quickly!"

"But—" he began.

"Don't keep me here!" she urged. And, freeing herself from his grasp, she hurried on, hailed a taxi, and had vanished before Cedric Shaw could quite collect his scattered senses.

He went to his desk in a dazed state of mind. No woman except a laundress or scrubwoman was ever seen coming out of this house. For the girl whose delicate womanliness had first of all appealed to him to be seen in such a guise, and coming out of bachelor apartments, was a shock from which it was not easy to recover. He had given her the deepest devotion, the love of his life, and he had meant to tell her this. The blow staggered him. He meant to see her again, and at least try to wring from her an explanation, but he felt he could not go that day.

Late in the afternoon the telephone rang, the senior partner took the message, and when he had hung up the receiver he called the heads of the firm together and told them. It was from police headquarters; they had made an important arrest—two men from the house next door. Shaw felt his heart stop beating, and things running before his eyes. What if one of these men was Elva Burt? What if he had to face her in the prisoner's dock? A detective was now on the way up, and they wished someone to remain, and go with him to the cellar. Investigation revealed a tunnel from the house next door, through which the thieves had crawled, and which they must have worked, digging for some time. The police had not yet discovered the gems, but they believed they had got the right men, the janitor and a young fellow. A "young fellow." Shaw shuddered at confronting him. They went down to headquarters. The "young fellow" was short, stumpy, and red-haired, and both men protested their innocence.

"Well," announced the chief, "this was about the neatest bit of detective work you'd pull off in a month of Sundays. The finding of that hole in the cellar was a jim dandy. You see, the detective pretends to go in there to inquire about rooms, and all of a sudden he sniffs something, and he yells out to the janitor he smells fire, and it's coming from the cellar. The minute the man unlocks that cellar door, he's down there ahead of him, and nosing around to beat the band. He lights a bit of paper so's he can look better, puts it out, and sniffs a burnt smell somewhere. But he's got what he came for, the sight of a hole, and bricks and dirt behind a box, and he hasn't let on to the janitor he's seen a thing out of the common, and he's awful sorry he gave him such a scare. He finds out there's only a terribly high-priced apartment to rent, and is awful sorry again, it being too much for his purse, and he gets out, and down here quicker'n lightning. And the two fellows are jailed in just about one hour from that time."

Here one of the partners asked if he might see the detective. The chief said he supposed he might—that is, if he happened to be in.

He went to a door, opened it, looked in, and beckoned to someone. A neatly dressed young woman appeared in the doorway. Shaw gasped.

"Miss Burt," asked the chief, "do you know where Sanderson is?"

She gave him an inquiring look, then she suddenly saw Shaw's eyes upon her. Official caution vanished before the questioning of his gaze.

The elder men, rushing up to her, grasped her hand, expressing their thanks and the desire to make it something more substantial than thanks. Then Shaw said, as he took her hand: "Miss Burt is a very dear friend of mine—but I never knew 'Sanderson.'"

Then he drew her aside as the other men talked, and added: "I wanted to say something more than 'friend'—may I?"

Her look prompted him to add: "And you'll never be 'Sanderson' again."

Joy in One's Work.
The idea of joy in one's work has been often ridiculed, but nevertheless it is fast taking root in the minds of many and proving its value and merit. To perform the day's work joyfully and joyously may not be possible, in cases, without effort, but the fact is being realized more and more that it is very much worth while to develop the habit.

LIBERTY

A ROMANCE OF OLD MEXICO

By **L.H. VAN LOAN**

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME, RELEASED BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ELEVENTH EPISODE

"Dropped From the Sky."

"I've hit them!"

It was Lopez. He had snatched up another belt from the ground, and pushing Manuel aside had taken control of the gun himself and directed his fire on the machine hovering over the canyon.

He told the truth. His bullets had hit the mark, and they tore through the wings of the machine, many of them narrowly missing its occupants.

Liberty had been so used to thrills of late that aeroplaning, in the face of Mexican bullets, high above the earth, failed to create any extraordinary excitement on her part. But with Pedro it was different. He had not spoken a word since they ascended, and, as Liberty turned and glanced at the old slave she noted his eyes seemed to be bulging from their sockets.

The shots from the machine gun had affected the engine and disorganized the entire workings of the machine. In terror, Liberty, when she fully realized the awful death which awaited them all, grasped the arm of the man beside her, while Pedro's yellow skin seemed to turn white with fear. The aviator struggled with all his strength to move the lever. He rose from his seat and grabbing the thing with both hands placed the entire weight of his body against it. In the meantime, the machine was falling—plunging straight to its doom—with Lopez and Manuel standing below, grinning as they looked on. For Lopez knew he had hit his mark, and had ceased firing.

Finally, as they neared the earth, with one powerful jerk, the aviator managed to throw the lever back, and the engine, sputtering and snapping, like an angry beast, foiled in its attempt to destroy, gradually softened its anger and then became silent.

They were saved by the inevitable hand of providence. For the machine, seemed bent on destruction, and before the operator gained control of it, the aeroplane crashed to earth, right in the center of the insurgents' camp.

Lopez and his followers ran to the spot, expecting to see the occupants crushed beneath its mass of debris. Instead, however, when they reached the wreckage they were almost startled by seeing them crawling out of the confusion of metal and wood, which lay in a crumpled heap on the ground. The only injuries the party sustained were a few bruises suffered by the aviator, and a couple of slight scratches on Pedro's face. Liberty, who had found herself beside the engine, jumped up just in time, for an instant later it exploded and set fire to the wreckage, which soon consumed the machine, leaving nothing but a heap of charred remains.

"How fortunate," snarled Lopez, with a fiendish grin, into the eyes of Liberty. "You have plunged right into my arms."

Manuel stood beside his chief awaiting his next order.

For the moment, Liberty's hopes banished, and she feared that Winston and his troops were now at the mercy of Lopez and the insurgents. Finally her courage returned. Stepping up to the burly Lopez, and looking him straight in the eye, he said:

"You have no right to detain me. I am an officer's wife and demand safe conduct for myself and servant across the border!"

Lopez listened to her and then laughed heartily. "So, you want safe passage across the border," he replied in mimicry. "You are the wife of an officer, all right, but this is not regular warfare. Do you think we bring you down from up there, just to send you across the border? We don't play the game that way." Then he motioned to a couple of his men. "Keep them under guard," he ordered.

The two prisoners were taken away and placed in tents next to that of the chief.

"Now then, we can carry out our plans," said Lopez as he turned to Manuel.

After some consultation, Manuel left Lopez and went from man to man giving orders, which the rangers soon

Blackening Metals.
The ruthless black surface given metals by a patented British process depends upon heating in carbonaceous material containing phosphorus, and then quenching in carbonaceous liquid. Cleaning of the articles is first effected by pickling or by a blast of shot or sand. Articles designed for ordinary conditions of corrosion may be given a thin coating of zinc, which is applied by placing the cleaned objects in zinc dust, and heating to 350 degrees or 375 degrees Centigrade, in

learned was an order to attack, for each man proceeded to load his gun and take his place behind some shelter.

When they opened fire on the rangers, every one of Rutledge's men was ready and the attack was valiantly repelled. Finally Lopez ordered Manuel to cease from firing and to starve out the rangers.

That night while the insurgents were asleep a courier arrived with instructions from Alvira.

Liberty, who was sheltered in the tent next to the chief's, was awakened by voices, and putting her ear against its side she listened.

"I am commanded by Alvira to inform you that your troops are to assemble at the pass of El Diablo," said the courier. "We are going to attack the Americans tonight."

Then she called to Pedro, who was in the next tent. He did not answer. She called again, but still no reply. Finally, realizing that he must be sleeping, Liberty cautiously slipped outside. The sentry was some distance away. She crept into Pedro's tent and found him fast asleep. Going to his side she shook him and he jumped up rubbing his eyes.

"Quick, Pedro!" she exclaimed. "We must warn the Major. They are going to attack."

In an instant Pedro was wide awake. He listened as his mistress gave him instructions to get one of the horses and ride hard towards the troops. Then she left him and returned to her own tent to make preparations to escape.

Pedro pulled back the flap of his tent and hid in the dark shadows, just inside, as he waited for the sentry to pass by.

He had not long to wait. For presently the Mexican, his gun on his shoulder, came strolling lazily along. When he reached the opening he hesitated a moment and looked inside. As he did so Pedro leaped on him and bore him to the ground.

Then the slave proceeded to strip off the sentry's clothes, which he put on himself, and taking his gun, he stepped to the opening and peered out. The Mexicans were already beginning to gather at the lower end of the camp. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, and shouldering his gun he stepped out and began pacing up and down, and when nobody was looking, he slipped into Liberty's tent.

He was surprised to find his mistress already dressed as a sentry, and standing at "attention." An unconscious Mexican, sprawled out on the ground, in one corner, explained where she had got the clothes.

"There is a horse right in the rear of these tents," whispered Liberty. "Take it and ride for your life to the rangers."

"You must not stay here," returned Pedro, who was anxious about the safety of his mistress.

"I will follow you," she added. "Now then, hurry."

With that Pedro stepped outside, and following the shadows, made his way slowly and silently to the rear of Liberty's tent, where he found the promised horse. He leaped into the saddle, and, an instant later was riding through the canyon, with the camp gradually being left behind him.

When he had gone, Liberty took up the duty of sentry and paced back and forth in front of her tent. Presently she saw another sentry coming down the line. She hesitated as she watched him approach. Stepping in the darkness, beside her tent, she waited for him, and when he was just about to pass she raised her gun and brought it down on his head. He fell to the ground with a moan. Dragging his body off the road, she left him and ran to a horse, belonging to one of the Mexicans, which was tied in the thicket, and jumped into the saddle. Then she started off in the direction of the desert.

Meantime Lopez went to Manuel's tent and ordered him to muster his men. As he was returning he noticed the tent where Pedro had been imprisoned was apparently deserted, and going over he glanced in. All that he found was a sentry, half-dressed, seated on the ground rubbing his head.

"Where's your prisoner?" he shouted to the man.

"Gone," replied the Mexican, as he tried to get up.

"Escaped eh," grunted Lopez. "You sure you didn't let him get away!"

"He hit me over the head with a gun," mumbled the man.

He left the sentry moaning with pain and hurried to Liberty's tent. Here he was greeted with a similar scene. He took one look and then rushed about in a wild rage.

"I believe that dog, Manuel, had something to do with this," he remarked to one of his aides. "I want him watched, and the first suspicious move he makes we will show him how Lopez treats a traitor."

He ordered two of his men to start at once in search of Liberty and Pedro, whom he believed were on their way to Major Winston's camp.

While Lopez and his men were getting ready to surprise Major Winston and his troops, the latter was wondering what fate had befallen Liberty and her faithful slave. He had not seen

them since the sharp fighting up in the canyon, and, he had no doubts about their being held by Lopez and his band somewhere ahead of him. His duty to try and follow this murderous villain and his blood-thirsty followers, and endeavor to fight them to a finish and capture Lopez.

In the meantime Pedro was testing every ounce of his horse's strength and speed as he raced in the direction of Winston's troops.

Not far ahead of him was a dispatch car, which had left the camp of the insurgents just before he began his ride. He had been trying manfully to overtake it, but it managed to keep ahead of him.

The chase kept up for several miles. He was not certain whether it contained friends or enemies. Perhaps it carried some of the Major's scouts who had located the camp of Lopez and were returning to notify their commander.

At last the camp came into view. He saw it as he rounded the road, which ascended to a considerable height in the Chihuahua foothills. The car climbed the hill and Pedro followed several leagues behind. The slave kept his eyes fixed on it as his horse panted up the steep incline. Half way up the hill there was a long, level stretch of road for some distance, and when the car reached this it increased in speed.

Then, as Pedro watched, he saw something happen which caused him to jerk back his horse's head. He stood up in the stirrups and leaned forward as he held his breath. The sight that he saw made his blood run cold and paralyzed his whole body.

For, as the car speeded along, it suddenly swerved at a bend in the road, and the next instant went tumbling down the embankment, rolling over and over as it went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRILL HOLES THROUGH ICE

Seals' Necessity of Obtaining Air in Winter Calls for Tedious and Constant Labor.

It is probable that not one person in a thousand knows how the seal of the far North gets air when the Arctic ocean is entirely covered with many feet of ice.

The small, spotted seal, which is a hair seal, and not a fur-bearer, is the hardy dweller of the northern waters. Under his tough, thick skin he has an inch or more of blubber. When the ice closes up the open water in the Arctic, the seal selects a spot and begins to drill a hole to the surface by pressing his warm nose against the ice. Nobody knows how many hours it takes him to accomplish his task, but he manages it; and although he is obliged to work most of the time, because the surface of the hole is continually freezing, he keeps it open all winter, and obtains air.

Seals have been known to drill in this manner through 50 feet of solid ice. Whether or not they take turns in the slow drilling is not positively known.

It is at these "seal holes" that the polar bear seeks food in the winter, and there the Eskimo waits, spear in hand, for his weekly supply of meat.

A Good Indian.

With all his faults, the American Indian in his best estate has the mighty virtues of loyalty and courage. A touching example of the nobility of character that many of them are capable of is given in the late John Muir's "Travels in Alaska."

Mr. Muir describes the coming of missionaries to the Stickeen Indians of Fort Wrangell and their success in Christianizing them. The tribesmen, he says, were encouraged to accept the Christian faith by their head chief, but he told them he could not himself become a Christian, for this reason:

"I wish you to learn this new religion and teach it to your children, so that you may all go when you die to that good heaven country of the white man and be happy. But I am too old to learn a new religion; and, besides, many of my people who have died were bad and foolish people, and, if this word the missionaries have brought us is true, as I think it is, many of my people must be in that bad country the missionaries call 'hell'; and I must go there also, for a Stickeen chief never deserts his people in time of trouble. To that bad country, therefore, I will go, and try to cheer my people and help them as best I can to endure their misery."—Youth's Companion.

Real Riches.

"Did Marie get many handsome wedding presents?"

"Yes, indeed. Her friends were quite extravagant in what they gave her. Why, she got a whole crate of eggs and two barrels of flour."

How It Can Be Done.

By looking wise and keeping his mouth shut, many a man has been able to pass through life as the "real" thing.

The yellow poplar or tulip is the largest broadleaf tree in America.

Means Open Courtyard.

The word "manger" occurs only in connection with the birth of Christ and is in the second chapter of Luke. The word in classical Greek means a crib or feeding trough. Modern authorities hold that its significance in the New Testament is the open courtyard of an inn or khan.

In the Silent Opera.

"What do you think of my daughter's voice? Do you think she would make a success on the stage?" "She might—in the movies."

"Till He Come"

By REV. W. W. KETCHUM
Director of Practical Work Course,
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11:26

The Lord's Supper is like a double-figured signboard in that it points in two directions; backward to the Cross of Christ, and forward to his coming again. This solemn service should ever remind us of the blessed fact that he is coming again.

As we partake of the Lord's Supper, we are by faith to look back to Calvary where Christ's blood was shed for the remission of sin and

his body broken for us; we are also by faith to look forward to his blessed appearing. It is the latter fact that is brought to our minds by the phrase "till he come." By it, we are led to understand that as our Lord once came and was here upon this earth, so he is to come a second time.

His own Word gives us the promise of his return. Speaking to his disciples of his coming departure he said: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (Jno. 14:3.) By this he meant his own personal return and not the coming of the Holy Spirit. Whenever our Lord spoke about the coming of the Holy Spirit, he always referred to it in such a way that there could be no confusing of that event with his own coming. And we know that long after the advent of the Holy Spirit, John the evangelist on the island of Patmos heard again from our Lord the promise of his return. The word of the Lord to him was "Surely, I come quickly," and the heart of the apostle responded "Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus." (Rev. 22:20.)

Waiting for Jesus.

In the Church at Thessalonica we read of Christians who "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his son from heaven." (1 Thess. 1:9-10.) Evidently from this, as well as from other Scriptures, it was not the Holy Spirit for whom they waited, for he had come; or for anyone else. It was for the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and they waited for him to come from heaven. With this agrees the promise of the two men in white spoken to the disciples of our Lord at the time of his ascension: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11.) It is then from heaven, into which our Lord ascended that he is to come, and it is he himself for whom we are to look, and not for another.

Neither did our Lord mean the death of the believer, when he spoke of his coming again. At death, the believer departs to be with the Lord. It was Paul, who having had word concerning his decease, said: "The time of my departure is at hand." At the coming of Christ, the Lord himself returns to the earth and the believers shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Then, after an interval of time they shall come with the Lord when he comes in all the glory of the father and his holy angels. There are thus two parts to the second coming of Christ; his coming for the believers, and his coming with the believers. First Thessalonians refers to the first part, while the Second Thessalonians tells of the second part of his coming.

What the Coming of Jesus Means.

One has only to read the word of our Lord to Peter after his resurrection to know that by the coming of Christ is not meant the death of the believer. In response to Peter's question concerning John, "What shall this man do?" the risen Lord said, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" "Then," adds the evangelist, "went this saying abroad among the brethren that that disciple should not die: Yet Jesus said not unto him, 'He shall not die'; but, 'if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?'" (Jno. 21:21-23.) Here you see is a clear distinction made between death and the coming of Christ.

In that once famous, but now almost forgotten book "The Life of Jesus," the author, David Friedrich Strauss, refers to the frequency with which our Lord speaks of his second coming. He uses this as an argument against the credibility of the Gospel narrative because he says a dead man cannot come back to earth. This argument a little child who knows anything of the truth can easily controvert, for it is not whether a dead man can come back to earth, but whether the Son of God, who rose from the dead, can fulfill his oft-repeated promise: "I am coming."

Yes, he is coming back again and the Lord's Supper is a token of this fact. Already there are foregleams of that day. The evening red is upon the western horizon. "For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." (Heb. 10:37.) Are you ready?