For Physical Preparedness
U. S. Army Exercises
Posed by Pauline Furlong

The Evening World Publishes These Exercises to Help All Men and Women Prepare for Any Call to Service.

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SECOND SET—Dumb-Bell Exercise No. 18.

AN advanced form of body bending, so beneficial for large abdomen and many common disorders, is shown to-day and is practised as follows: Assume the starting position with the heels about twelve inches apart, arms hanging at sides, head and chest up. Lower the body at the waist-line and try to touch the floor back of the heels with the dumb-bells, as shown in the large picture (Number 2). Repeat this at least twenty-five times each day.

In exercising, time must be allowed for frequent rests and any one instructing small groups with these exercises must not lose sight of the fact that they are dealing with the delicate machinery of the human body, which is all too often abused. The individual condition of the pupils and their daily surroundings and duties, time of day, age, &c., are all important things for any instructor to keep in mind. Men and women who stand all day are naturally tired and should not take many exercises in standing position, which will cause further fatigue. On the contrary, mat exercises, which will be given among the free-hand ones, later on, are more beneficial for this class.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

DEAFNESS—MARY T.: It is a fact that about one-third of the adult population is slightly deaf and the usual cause is catarrh, which results from exaggerated colds.

NEURASTHENIA—MRS. E. B.: Treatment for neurasthenia is complete change from all conditions and surroundings which aggravate the disease. Rest, of course, is the most important part of the treatment.

HOARSENESS—MRS. S.: It is true that bad teeth will cause this condition and they should be examined and attended to at once, because decayed teeth lead to many diseases.

FULNESS AND STUFFY FEELING—MRS. G. T. J.: Too much food and wrong combinations of food will distend the stomach and cause this heavy feeling.

BEANS AND CABBAGE—M. E. T.: Baked beans are fattening and very hard for some persons to digest. Boiled cabbage is also difficult to digest. Raw cabbage is healthier and contains mineral salts necessary for the body.

TIRED AT NIGHT AND INDIGESTION—MRS. L. D. E.: Great mental or physical strain or fatigue will most certainly cause indigestion and severe dyspepsia. You should not eat until after you have relaxed and rested.

LIVER SPOTS—BELLE R.: Liver spots have no connection with the liver. They are usually the result of retained waste matter in the system. Copious water drinking, green vegetables and salads and exercises are the best remedy for them.

HOT BATHS—MRS. GRANT R.: Hot palpitations and fulness of the head when taking sweat baths show that the baths have been either too hot or too long continued. Fainting and vertigo are also likely to be caused by this and great care must be taken to prevent this. Ice and cold towels to the head and chest are therefore advised during the sweat baths or electric light baths. Women with heart trouble and elderly persons should not take them.

GAS ON STOMACH.—MRS. G. F. D.: Errors in diet are the real cause of this trouble. Too much food, starches and sweets must also be avoided. Tight corsets and clothing also exaggerate this condition.

TOO TIRED TO EXERCISE—MARJORIE M.: If you work so hard at housework during the day you really need other exercises to offset this and bring into play other muscles of the body. Physical exercises should be considered as pleasure and it is necessary that a part of them, at least, should afford amusement and diversion to obtain best results from them. Therefore dancing and all outdoor sports are recommended to relieve the overworked brain.

WHAT TO WEAR WHEN EXERCISING—KATHERINE N.: Just as few clothes as possible when exercising in the home. A loose nightgown or wrapper and stockings if the floor is cold. In the gymnasium loose bloomers should be worn and a middy blouse or loose shirt waist and soft, flat slippers, with freedom for all parts of the body.

WEAKNESS OF WOMEN—MRS. F. R.: It is a well known fact that customs of civilized society have lessened the power of endurance in modern women. In savage races the women are the equal and often the superior of men.

Chinese Turn to Cigars As Opium Substitute

THE cigar is doing a large part in the redemption of China. It is no uncommon thing to see a native smoking his cheroot, which promises to enjoy the favor once bestowed on opium.

The import of cigars into various Chinese ports has been greatly on the increase in the past few years and now amounts to about $350,000 annually. Of this trade four-fifths normally is through Hongkong. There has been a marked increase in the quantity of Dutch made cigars used in South China and other portions of the Far East during the past year or more, where, for various reasons, Philippine cigars have been losing in favor.

Previous to the outbreak of the war in Europe considerable quantities of cheap cigars were sold in China and the Far East through German firms in Hongkong, and a German cigar factory was operated in Hongkong for the manufacture of cheap cigars for the Chinese trade and also for export to Europe. This factory is still operated under Chinese control.

Ungentle Spring

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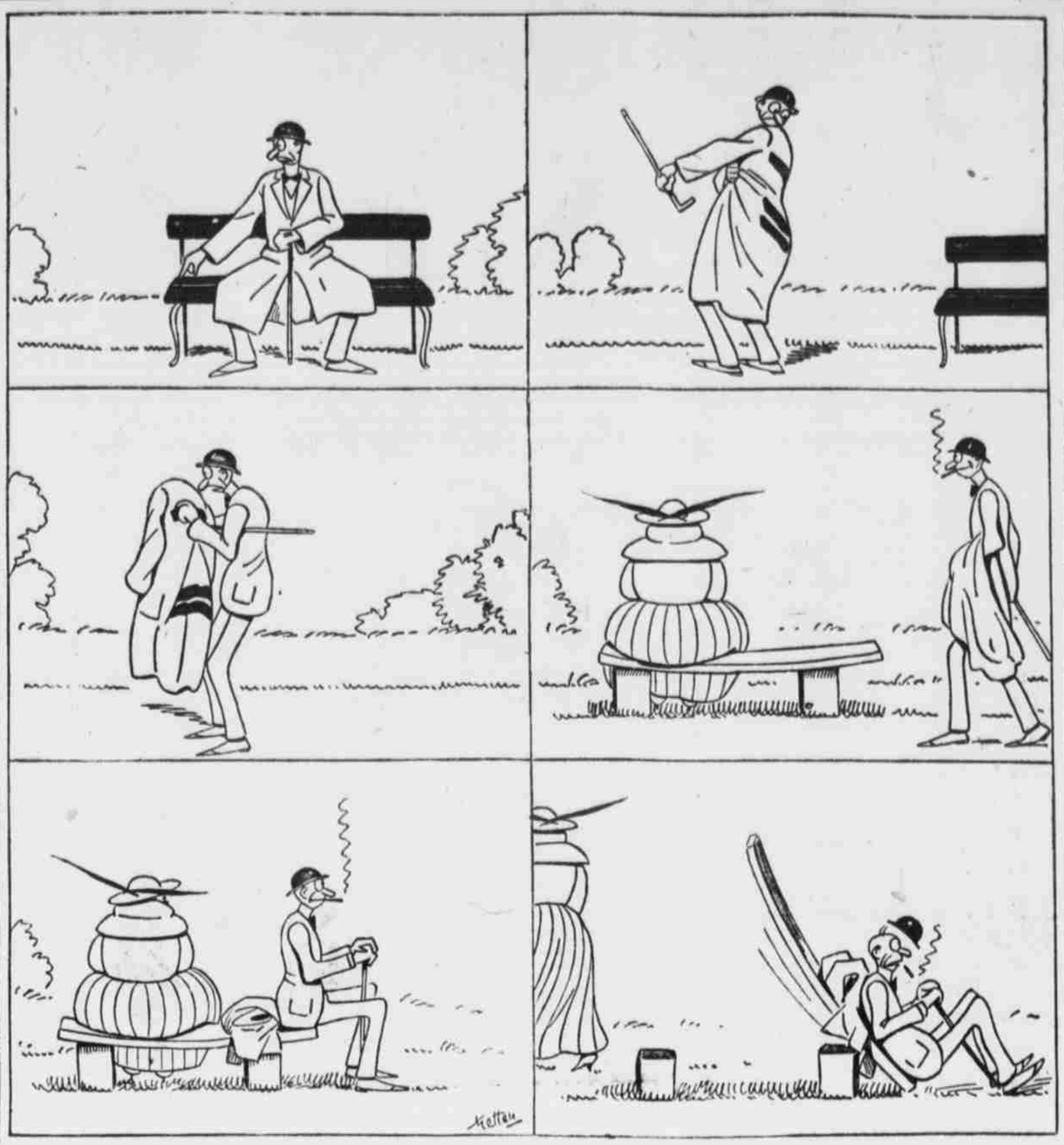
By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner
Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

Outdoorland

Copyright, 1917, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Stars of the Day.

LAST night our three friends, Bob, Bess and Bombus, met in Outdoorland under the dark blue dome speckled with shinning stars. Here the Professor told this quaint story:

"Once upon a time a father star started out to pay a visit to the man-in-the-moon. Knowing them to be venturesome young ones he, before going, warned his children of the hurt that would come to them if they dared leave their homes in the heavens. But they set to wondering how 'twould be to wander on that bright planet the earth, of which their neighbors so often spoke.

"'We could easily manage to return before papa. For the Man-in-the-Moon is a jolly old host and his guests seldom pay short visits.' Thus reasoned the young stars as they departed enroute for the world.

"The very pleasantest time of all their bright lives they had on that trip, but when it came time to mount to the skies again they were unable to do so.

"They wept bitterly and the father star, hearing their sorrow, asked, 'Would you feel happier if you knew that you were helping me?' 'Yes, dear father, tell us how we can help you,' they replied. 'By being the stars of the day,' said he. 'You shall come out in the meadows of the earth between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning after we stars have retired from the meadows of heaven. As yellow flowers you shall shine in a green field all the day through, never closing your golden eyes until we begin to flower in the blue field above you. Then you shall sleep.'

"So each evening between 8 and 9 o'clock the faithful children of that star father nod their yellow heads and dream."

"Can you guess these flowers' name?" asked Bombus, and before Bob and Bess could answer he said, "Dandelions!"

Day was coming on by this time. Outdoorland was fast being flooded with light. "What is that?" exclaimed Bess. "A man," replied Bob. "A wise man," said Bombus. "He has come to gather the leaves and roots of the stars of the day for, to look pretty, bright and yellow is not the dandelions' only use. The leaves make delicious salad which is very healthful for people to eat. Some boil them and eat them as 'dandelion' greens. The whole plant contains medical properties which are needed for tonics and I have heard that the roots have been used as a substitute for coffee."

The young people were tremendously interested in this, but a little impatient to be off. "This afternoon we are going to have a good time on a big green lawn that is spotted with dandelions," said Bob to the Professor who was politely curious and led the children to tell him of the big pageant that the Kiddie Klub was having on the Playground Lawn of Central Park. Then he bade them farewell, wishing them and all their cousins a happy day and off they scampered to make ready for the most important day in all the Klub year.

"CAN YOU GUESS THESE FLOWERS' NAMES?" ASKED BOMBUS.

Suggested by Margaret Blake, age fourteen, No. 2717 West Sixth Street, Coney Island.

Tell what you know about the life and habits of any animal, bird, reptile, insect, fish, or even flower.

"Bombus" will award $1 to the author of each accepted story. Address Outdoorland, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

HOW KIDDIES CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE KIDDIE KLUB'S FRENCH ORPHAN FUND

without any personal outlay:

SAVE YOUR WORLDS.

Ask your friends to save theirs for you.

For every six WORLDS, whether MORNING or EVENING week day editions, THE WORLD will pay you ONE CENT.

For every two SUNDAY WORLDS, ONE CENT.

Or ONE CENT for one SUNDAY WORLD and three daily WORLDS, either MORNING or EVENING editions.

Deliver your papers and collect your payments on SATURDAY MORNINGS at any of the following places:

Main Office Annex, No. 13 Frankfort Street.
Uptown Office, No. 1693 Broadway. (Thirty-ninth street.)
Harlem Office, No. 155 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.
Bronx Office, No. 410 East One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street.
Brooklyn Office, No. 317 Fulton Street.

You will be paid at the rate given for whatever number of WORLDS you deliver, but NO OTHER papers will be accepted.

Also, no less than 25 cents' worth will be considered exchangeable.

Give your names in at the office where you leave the papers and they will be added to the list of Kiddie benefactors.

Dearest Cousins and World Readers:

I wrote this letter to you yesterday—Friday—not having any more intimate acquaintance with the weather man than you. But he is a kind old fellow I am sure, and one who loves to see kiddies and grown-ups have a bully good time such as we are to have on the playground lawn of Central Park, Sixty-fourth Street and West Drive, beginning at 2.15 o'clock in the afternoon.

Our pageant "Young Manhattan" realized with the earnest and splendid assistance of the Recreation Bureau of the Department of Parks, Manhattan, is to be a galaxy of costumes, dances, tableaux, flags and last, but not least, the happy faces of my thousands of cousins and those who love them.

Looking forward to seeing you this afternoon at Central Park, I am, yours affectionately,

Cousin Eleanor.

P. S.—In case the weather is unfavorable, the pageant will be postponed to next Saturday, at the same place and time.

Watch the news sections for notice of postponement.

The Best Thing.

I like the spring.
I like the fall.
I like the cold and heat,
And poems too; but best of all
I like good things to eat.

By WILLIAM BERGEN, No. 72 Westfield Avenue, Elmhurst, N. J.

The Gentle Rain.

I love the little rain drops,
A tapping overhead;
I love to hear them patter
When I'm cuddled up in bed.
And then they are so running
When they trickle down the pane.
It seems to me that every one
Must love the gentle rain.

By ANNA WESTON, No. 888 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

"Bees."

Lazy bees among the flowers
You hum while away the hours
In your soft sweet beds of pink
You are lazy, so I think.
Then you fly into the clover
And you roam about all over;
Then at dusk you hide away
Till the next awaking day.

By HAZEL A. LEWIT.

"A Little Boy's Wish."

A soldier boy I would like to be,
And wear a suit of blue,
Then my folks could be proud of me,
'Cause I am for the Red, White and Blue.

By GEORGE FOCHER, No. 1876 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW KLUB PENNANT.

Made of felt in Klub colors, blue and gold, size 26 inches by 8½ inches. Sold only to Klub members. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin, with your name, address and certificate number.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

"Klub Pin." AND ADDRESS.

Beginning with any number, cut out six of these coupons, numbered in rotation, like 162—163—164—170—171—172, and send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, N. Y. City, with a note in which you must write YOUR NAME, AGE and ADDRESS.

Children anywhere, not over fifteen years of age, may become members. Every member is presented with a silver gray Klub Pin and a membership certificate.

KIDDIE KLUB COUPON NO 167

The Film of Fear

How a Detective Foiled the Plot to Disfigure a Beautiful Actress

By Arnold Fredericks

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

(Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Company.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ruth Morton, motion picture star, is threatened with disfigurement by an unknown enemy who sends mysterious letters saying that her beauty will be destroyed within thirty days. Mrs. Morton, her mother, engages Richard Duvall, crime detector, to trace down the guilty person. The threats continue. On Duvall's advice the Mortons remove to a hotel in the hope of eluding their persecutor. Grace Duvall, wife of the detective, sees him accompany Ruth Morton to the hotel. She is slightly jealous and anxious to warn him of a threat she has just received. At the hotel she finds he has registered as John Bradley and when she meets him in the lobby he refuses to recognize her.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

AT a nearby corner Grace stepped into a telephone booth, and calling up the hotel, asked to speak to Mr. John Bradley. In a few moments she heard Richard's familiar tones.

"This is Grace," she said quickly. "I'm sorry I spoke to you, just now, but I wanted to tell you that some woman telephoned the hotel to-day, and left a warning to the effect that if you did not keep out of Miss Morton's affairs, you would be in serious danger."

"How did you know where I was?" Duvall asked.

"I saw you leave the hotel, and followed you."

"You should not have done so."

"But I wanted to give you the message. I thought you ought to know."

"I understand that, but I wished my presence here to be unknown to any one. You made a serious mistake. I only hope that no harm will come of it."

"But—how could harm come of it?"

"You drove here in one of the hotel's regular cabs, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then the people I am trying to avoid may trace me here, through the driver."

"Oh—Richard—I'm so sorry. Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Nothing, now, except to make no further attempt to communicate with me here. Goodby."

Grace returned to her hotel, very thoroughly dissatisfied with what she had done. It seemed to her that by trying to warn Richard of possible danger she might only have brought it upon him. Apparently he had left their hotel to avoid the very persons who had telephoned the warning message to her. She looked about, hoping that the cabman who had driven her uptown might now be at his usual stand. To her delight, she saw that he was.

She went up to the man, a slim, keen looking young Irishman, and asked him:

"Do you remember driving me uptown an hour or so ago?"

"Sure I do, miss," answered the man, touching his cap.

"Then please forget completely where you went, will you?" She handed the man a ten dollar bill. "It is barely possible that some one may try to find out, through you, where I went. Be sure that you give them no information."

"They'll get nothing out of me, miss," the man replied, pocketing the bill with a pleased grin.

"And if anybody does try to find out, get their name, if you can, and if not, a description of them."

"I'll do my best, miss."

"I am stopping here. My name is Duvall, Mrs. Duvall."

"Very good, ma'am. I'll attend to it, ma'am."

Grace went up to her room, satisfied that she had remedied her mistake, and began to look through an afternoon paper she had bought. Glancing down the list of attractions, she suddenly saw the name of Ruth Morton, in large letters, billed in a new feature play, "An American Beauty," opening at the Grand Theatre that night. She made up her mind to go. Since yesterday her interest in Miss Morton had perceptibly increased.

She was just finishing her dinner, when a page came through the room, calling her name. She got up and followed him to the lobby.

"I am Mrs. Duvall," she said.

"There's a chauffeur outside wants to see you, ma'am," he said, "Tom Leary."

Grace understood and made her way to the sidewalk. The cab driver of the morning stood near the entrance.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for calling you out," he said, "but I couldn't come in, and there was something I felt you ought to know."

"What is it?"

"A lady came here to see me a while ago," he said. "A smallish looking woman, not pretty, with light hair. She had on a dark brown suit. Not very good style, ma'am. She asked me if I knew anybody in the hotel named Duvall. I said I did. I find she'd been asking all the other cabmen, and had been to the desk, before that. I guess she must have been inquiring for your husband, ma'am."

"Yes—yes—very likely," Grace hastily replied. "What then?"

"Well, ma'am, she then asked me if I knew Mrs. Duvall. I said I did. Then she wanted to know if I'd driven either you or your husband to any other hotel to-day, and I said I hadn't, but that I usually did drive you, when you went anywhere. I took the liberty of saying that, ma'am."

"Yes. I'm glad you did. Go on."

"Then she hands me five dollars, and says that if I did drive you to any other hotel, I was to let her know."

"Where?" Grace asked, eagerly.

The man fished from his pocket a small bit of cardboard upon which was pencilled "Alice Watson, General Delivery."

Grace stared at the bit of paper in surprise. Had she, by some lucky chance, discovered the very person for whom Richard was seeking?

"You have acted very wisely, Leary," she said. "I am greatly obliged to you."

"Do you want me to send her any word, ma'am?"

"I may. I am anxious to get hold of this woman, or, to be more exact, my husband is. I will consult with him first, however. It may be that he will want you to write her a letter, giving her some such information as she desires, and then, by going to the general delivery window at the post office and watching, identify her when she comes for it. Do you think you could arrange to get off and do this?"

"Well, ma'am, even if I can't arrange to get off, you could of course hire my cab, and"——

"Of course," Grace interrupted. "Very well. I will let you know further about the matter a little later. Meanwhile here is something more for your trouble." She gave the man another bill. "Now drive me to the Grand Theatre."

CHAPTER X.

DUVALL, after having satisfied himself that Ruth Morton was safely installed in her suite of rooms, came down to the lobby to await the arrival of Mrs. Morton.

The latter came in about ten minutes later accompanied by Nora. Duvall explained matters to the clerk at the desk, and the supposed Mrs. Bradley was conducted to her rooms at once. Duvall accompanied her.

They found Ruth resting quietly.

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad to see you," she exclaimed.

"I advise you to stay right here with your daughter throughout the evening, Mrs. Morton," said Duvall, as he made ready to go to his own room. "Have your meals sent up. Admit no one. Open no packages. I have every hope that before the night is over I may have some most important and satisfactory news for you. I shall probably not see you again until after the performance tonight, but if anything vital occurs I will of course communicate with you by telephone. Good by, and good luck."

When he reached his own room, he proceeded to the business of divesting himself completely of all resemblance to Richard Duvall. It was clear that the persons he was seeking knew him by sight, and hence his opportunities to accomplish anything against them were lessened. He determined to disappear completely as Duvall, and reappear in the person of John Bradley, using all his skill in the matter of disguises to create for himself a totally different personality.

Taking a make-up box from his grip, he proceeded first to give his dark brown hair a touch of gray over the temples and at the sides. Then he fitted into place a short pointed grayish beard, and a mustache with waxed ends. These were products of the skill of one of the best wigmakers in Paris, and so cleverly made that they would defy detection, even in broad daylight. A pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses completed the facial disguise. Duvall might have passed anywhere for a well-groomed professional man of fifty-five or sixty. The impression was heightened by his frock coat and silk hat.

He went down to the theatre early, after a hasty dinner, and found Mr. Baker in the box office. The moving picture man did not recognize him, of course, and Duvall, after drawing him aside, had some little difficulty in convincing him of his identity. Once it had been established, however, Mr. Baker conducted him to a dressing room behind the scenes, and motioned him to a chair.

"We can talk here without being seen or heard," he said. "Is there anything new?"

"Nothing. I have taken Mrs. Morton and her daughter to a hotel, where I feel sure they will be quite safe from further annoyance. Ruth will not come to the studio for a few days until we have gotten to the bottom of this affair. I am staying in an adjoining room, so as to be on hand in case of any trouble. I suppose you have everything fixed for to-night?"

"Yes." Mr. Baker's tone was dubious. "I have inserted in the film the material you gave me. It will appear just at the end of Part I. I hope it will not spoil our picture."

"I think not. As a matter of fact, when the reasons for its introduction become known, I imagine it will give you a lot of valuable advertising."

"Possibly so," Mr. Baker granted. "But after all, I begin to feel doubtful. This woman, whoever she is, that is persecuting Miss Morton seems to be mighty clever. She may not be affected in the way you think, by what she sees on the screen."

"Well—we can only try. You will remember what I said about the lights, and the call for a doctor, if one appears to be needed."

"Yes. I have all that in mind. Miss Morton is not coming to-night, I presume."

"No. I advised against it."

"I'm glad of that."

Duvall sat in silence for a few moments.

"By the way," he said, presently, "there is one important matter that I have overlooked. Do you give your employees passes for these opening performances?"

"No—not regularly, that is. But any member of our organization who wished to see the performance would be of course admitted. We reserve a section of the house for that purpose. A number of our people usually come over."

"Good! That's just what I had hoped for. Where is this section?"

"The last five rows on the left hand side of the house."

"Excellent," said Duvall. "Shall we go out in the lobby and take a look at the crowd as it comes in?"

Mr. Baker assented, and the two men stationed themselves near the box office.

Without appearing to do so, Duvall inspected the various members of the incoming crowd. His scrutiny was careful, comprehensive, but the only person he recognized was Grace.

That she also recognized him he knew. She had seen the disguise he wore, many times, and was familiar with it. She did not betray herself, however, by so much as a glance, but proceeded to her seat.

When the moment arrived for the beginning of the performance the house was filled. Duvall, with Baker at his side, stationed himself back of the left-hand section of seats, so that the rows reserved for the employees of the company were directly in front of him. He occupied himself, during the interval before the lights were switched off, by noting carefully all the women in the last five rows, but none of them attracted his attention particularly.

Soon the performance began. Ruth Morton, the American beauty, stepped upon the screen, a compelling vision of loveliness. The audience followed eagerly her exciting adventures. Duvall himself, in spite of his preoccupation, found himself absorbed by the charm and action of the picture. In the opening scenes, Ruth appeared as a poor girl, trying to make her way in the great world of the theatre. Her struggles, her sacrifices, her failures, were all vividly portrayed. When, at last, through her beauty, she succeeded in gaining recognition from the critics, he applauded with those about him, completely under the spell of her charm.

The final scene of the first part was a view of Ruth, as Catherine Grey, the American beauty, refusing the dubious offers made her by a rich New Yorker. With a faith in herself by no means assumed, Catherine turned from his picture of luxury, of steam yachts, of country estates, of unlimited bank accounts, with a smile which showed her confidence in her beauty, her talents.

And then something happened. The lovely, smiling face of Ruth Morton faded from view, and in its place came, with brutal suddenness, the picture of a huge grinning death's head, amazing in its suggestion of horror. Beneath the death's head appeared in huge letters the words:

WE KNOW THE WOMAN!

CHAPTER XI.

THE thing had come as a complete surprise. The tension throughout the house was electric. Duvall saw his wife rise from her seat on the aisle, a few rows away, and come quickly to the rear of the house. She, at least, realized that a moment of importance had arrived.

And then, without warning, the stillness of the theatre was broken by a sudden cry, and a woman, sitting some three rows from where Duvall stood, but on the opposite side of the aisle from the seats indicated by Mr. Baker, rose to her feet, turned, and fell heavily against the back of the seat ahead of her. At almost the same moment the lights were switched on, and a voice was heard calling: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

It was Mr. Baker, and Duvall, who stood beside him, sprang forward at once.

"I am a doctor," he cried, and approached the place where the woman sat.

"Can I be of any assistance?" Grace asked. "I am a trained nurse."

"Yes," replied Duvall, quickly. "Get this woman to the ladies' dressing room."

Before any one fully realized what had happened, Grace had reached the fainting woman's side, and supporting her with an arm about her waist, was leading her toward the rear of the house.

Almost at once the curtain became dark and the second part of the picture was flashed upon the screen. The lovely face of Ruth Morton once more greeted the eyes of the audience. The interruption had occupied less than a minute.

Duvall, standing at the entrance to the aisle, watched Grace come swiftly toward him, supporting the fainting woman. The latter seemed completely overcome, and Grace was obliged almost to carry her.

"Keep her there, in the dressing room, until I return," he said in a quick whisper. Then, with a nod to Mr. Baker, who stood close by, he went toward the street. A taxicab drew up, awaiting a fare. Duvall signalled to it.

"Wait for me here," he said to the driver. "I will be back in a moment." Then he re-entered the theatre.

Grace meanwhile had conducted the woman to the ladies' dressing room, and placed her upon a couch.

She was a frail, insignificant looking creature, not at all the sort of person one would associate with threats of the kind that Ruth Morton had been receiving. She appeared to be greatly ashamed of her sudden collapse and kept insisting, in spite of her evident weakness, that she was quite all right again, and wanted to go.

Grace, however, paid no attention to her protestations, but insisted that she remain quiet.

"The doctor will be here in a moment," she said. "You must wait quietly until he comes."

The woman, however, seemed determined to leave, and it was with a sigh of relief that Grace welcomed her husband's return.

Duvall came in hurriedly, as he did so taking a small brown bottle from his waistcoat pocket.

"Get me a glass of water," he said to the negro maid.

Duvall took a tablet from the bottle and placed it in the glass, stirring the water about with the end of a lead pencil until the tablet was dissolved. Then he went up to the woman on the couch.

"Here—drink this," he commanded. "It will quiet your nerves."

The woman took the glass, her eyes regarding him with suspicion. Duvall, in his character of a physician, turned aside, and addressed a few words to Grace, fearing that in some way the woman might succeed in recognizing him. As a result both failed to see that instead of drinking the medicine he had given to her, the girl swiftly poured it upon the floor. When he again turned to her, she held the empty glass in her hand.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

ADVENTURE ✦ By Jack London

Here Is the Best Story of the Master Story Teller

Begin It on This Page June 4