TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lieutenant Werper, a Belgian officer in the Congo, shoots his superior and joins forces with Achmet Zek, an Arab marauder, who combines with him to kidnap for ransom the wife of Tarzan (John Clayton, Lord Greystoke). He follows Tarzan to Opar, a forgotten city. Tarzan, laden with gold and jewels, is stunned when the passage to the treasure cave is choked by an earthquake. He loses his identity, becoming again the ape-man he had been years before. Werper leads him toward home, later robbing him of the jewels, and deserting.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued)

WHEN they had gone he descended from the tree and sought food. Out upon the plain grazed numerous herds of wild ruminants. Toward a sleek, fat bunch of zebras he wormed his stealthy way. No intricate process of reasoning caused him to circle widely until he was down wind from his prey—he acted instinctively. He took advantage of every form of cover as he crawled upon all fours and often flat upon his stomach toward them.

A plump mare and a fat stallion grazed nearest to him as he neared the herd. Again it was instinct which selected the former for his meat. A low bush grew but a few yards from the unsuspecting two. The ape-man reached its shelter. He gathered his spear firmly in his grasp. Cautiously he drew his feet beneath him. In a single swift move he rose and cast his heavy weapon at the mare's side. Nor did he wait to note the effect of his assault, but leaped catlike after his spear, his hunting-knife ready in his hand.

For an instant the two animals stood motionless. The tearing of the cruel barb into her side brought a sudden scream of pain and fright from the mare, and then they both wheeled and broke for safety. But Tarzan of the Apes, for a distance of a few yards, could equal the speed of even these, and the first stride of the mare found her overhauled, with a savage beast at her shoulder.

She turned, biting and kicking at her foe. Her mate hesitated for an instant, as though about to rush to her assistance; but a backward glance revealed to him the flying heels of the balance of the herd, and with a snort and a shake of his head he wheeled and dashed away.

Clinging with one hand to the short mane of his quarry, Tarzan struck again and again with his knife at the unprotected heart. The result had from the first, been inevitable. The mare fought bravely but hopelessly, and presently sank to the earth, her heart pierced. The ape-man placed a foot upon her carcass and raised his voice in the victory call of the mangani.

In the distance Basuli halted as the faint notes of the hideous scream broke upon his ears.

"The great apes," he said to his companion. "It has been long since I have heard them in the country of the Waziri. What could have brought them back?"

Tarzan grasped his kill and dragged it to the partial seclusion of the bush which had hidden his own near approach, and there he squatted upon it, cut a huge hunk of flesh from the loin and proceeded to satisfy his hunger.

Attracted by the shrill screams of the mare, a pair of hyenas slunk presently into view. They trotted to a point a few yards from the gorging ape-man and halted. Tarzan looked up, bared his fighting fangs and growled. The hyenas returned the compliment and withdrew a couple of paces. They made no move to attack, but continued at a respectful distance until Tarzan had concluded his meal.

After the ape-man had cut a few strips from the carcass to carry with him, he walked slowly off in the direction of the river to quench his thirst. His way lay directly toward the hyenas, nor did he alter his course a jot because of them.

With all the majesty of Numa, the lion, he strode straight toward the growling beasts. For a moment they held their ground, bristling and defiant; but only for a moment, and then slunk away to one side while the indifferent ape-man passed them on his lordly way. A moment later they were tearing at the remains of the zebra.

Back to the reeds Tarzan made his way and through them toward the river. A herd of buffalo, startled by his approach, rose ready to charge or to fly. A great bull pawed the ground and bellowed as his bloodshot eyes discovered the intruder; but the ape-man passed across their front as though ignorant of their existence.

The bull's bellowing lessened to a low rumbling, he turned and scraped a horde of flies from his side with his muzzle, cast a final glance at the ape-man, and resumed his feeding.

His numerous family either followed his example or stood gazing after Tarzan in mild-eyed curiosity, until the opposite reeds swallowed him from view.

At the river Tarzan drank his fill and bathed. During the heat of the day he lay up under the shade of a tree near the ruins of his burned barra. His eyes wandered out across the plain toward the forest, and a longing for the pleasures of its mysterious depths possessed his thoughts for a considerable time. With the next sun he would cross the open and enter the forest! There was no hurry—there lay before him an endless vista of tomorrows with naught to fill them out the satisfying of the appetites and caprices of the moment.

The ape-man's mind was untroubled by regret for the past or aspiration for the future. He could lie at full length along a swaying branch, stretching his giant limbs and luxuriating in the blessed peace of utter thoughtlessness, without an apprehension or a worry to sap his nervous energy and rob him of his peace of mind, recalling only dimly any other existence, the ape-man was happy. Lord Greystroke had ceased to exist.

But a few marches to the north Lady Greystoke looked forward to the day when her mighty lord and master should discover the crime of Achmet Zek, and be speeding to rescue and avenge, and even as she pictured the coming of John Clayton the object of her thoughts squatted, almost naked, beside a fallen log, beneath which he was searching with grimy fingers for a chance beetle or a luscious grub.

Two days elapsed following the theft of the jewels before Tarzan gave them a thought. Then, as they chanced to enter his mind, he conceived a desire to play with them again, and, having nothing better to do than satisfy the first whim which possessed him, he rose and started across the plain from the forest in which he had spent the preceding day.

Though no mark showed where the gems had been buried, and though the spot resembled an unbroken stretch several miles in length, where the reeds terminated at the edge of the meadowland, yet the ape-man moved with unerring precision directly to the place where he had hid his treasure.

With his hunting knife he upturned the loose earth, beneath which the pouch should be; but, though he excavated to a greater distance than the depth of the original hole, there was no sign of pouch or jewels. Tarzan's brow clouded as he discovered that he had been despoiled. Little or no reasoning was required to convince him of the identity of the guilty party, and with the same celerity that had marked his decision to unearth the jewels he set out upon the trail of the thief.

Though the spoor was two days old, and virtually obliterated in many places, Tarzan followed it with comparative ease. A white man could not have followed it twenty paces twelve hours after it had been made; a black man would have lost it within the first mile. But Tarzan of the Apes had been forced in childhood to develop senses that an ordinary mortal scarce ever uses.

We may note the garlic and whisky on the breath of a fellow straphanger, or the cheap perfume emanating from the person of the wondrous lady sitting in front of us, and deplore the fact of our sensitive noses; but as a matter of fact we cannot smell at all, our olfactory organs are practically atrophied, by comparison with the development of the sense among the beasts of the wild.

Where a foot is placed an effluvium remains for a considerable time. It is beyond the range of our sensibilities; but to a creature of the lower orders, especially to the hunters and the hunted, as interesting and ofttimes more lucid than is the printed page to us.

Nor was Tarzan dependent alone upon his sense of smell. Vision and hearing had been brought to a marvelous state of development by the necessities of his early life, where survival itself depended almost daily upon the exercise of the keenest vigilance and the constant exercise of all his faculties.

He leaped, cat-like, after his spear, his hunting knife ready in his hand

And so he followed the old trail of the Belgian through the forest and toward the north; but because of the age of the trail he was constrained to far from rapid progress. The man he followed was two days ahead of him when Tarzan took up the pursuit, and each day he gained upon the apeman.

The latter, however, felt not the slightest doubt as to the outcome. Some day he would overhaul his quarry—he could bide his time in peace until that day dawned. Doggedly he followed the faint spoor, pausing by day only to eat and giving up with regret at night that he might sleep and refresh himself.

Occasionally he passed parties of savage warriors; but these he gave a wide berth, for he was hunting with a purpose that was not to be distracted by the minor accidents of the trail.

These parties were of the collecting hordes of the Waziri and their allies which Basuli had scattered his messengers broadcast to summon. They were marching to a common rendezvous in preparation for an assault upon the stronghold of Achmet Zek; but to Tarzan they were enemies—he retained no conscious memory of any friendship for the black men.

It was night when he halted outside the palisaded village of the Arab raider. Perched in the branches of a great tree, he gazed down upon the life within the inclosure. To this place had the spoor led him. His quarry must be within; but how was he to find him among so many huts? Tarzan, although cognizant of his mighty powers, realized also his limitations. He knew that he could not successfully cope with great numbers in open battle. He must resort to stealth and trickery if he were to succeed.

Sitting in the safety of his tree, munching upon the leg bone of Horta, the boar, Tarzan waited a favorable opportunity to enter the village. For a while he gnawed at the bulging round ends of the large bone, splintering off small pieces between his strong jaws and sucking at the delicious marrow within; but all the time he cast repeated glances into the village. He saw white-robed figures and half-naked blacks; but not once did he see one who resembled the stealer of the gems.

Patiently he waited until the streets were deserted by all save the sentries at the gates; then he dropped lightly to the ground, circled to the opposite side of the village, and approached the palisade.

At his side hung a long, rawhide rope—a natural and more dependable evolution from the grass rope of his childhood. Loosening this, he spread the noose upon the ground behind him and, with a quick movement of his wrist, tossed the coils over one of the sharpened projections of the summit of the palisade.

Drawing the noose taut, he tested the solidity of its hold. Satisfied, the ape-man ran nimbly up the vertical wall, aided by the rope which he clutched in both hands. Once at the top, it required but a moment to gather the dangling rope once more into its coils, make it fast again at his waist, take a quick glance downward within the palisade and, assured that no one lurked directly beneath him, dropped softly to the ground.

Now he was within the village. Before him stretched a series of tents and native huts. The business of exploring each of them would be fraught with danger; but danger was only a natural factor of each day's life—it never appalled Tarzan. The chances appealed to him—the chances of life and death, with his prowess and his faculties pitted against those of a worthy antagonist.

It was not necessary that he enter each habitation—through a door, a window, or an open chink his nose told him whether or not his prey lay within.

For some time he found one disappointment following upon the heels of another in quick succession. No spoor of the Belgian was discernible. But at last he came to a tent where the smell of the thief was strong.

Tarzan listened, his ear close to the canvas at the rear, but no sound came from the interior.

At last he cut one of the pin-ropes, raised the bottom of the canvas, and intruded his head within the interior. All was quiet and dark. Tarzan crawled cautiously within. The scent of the Belgian was strong; but it was not live scent. Even before he had examined the interior minutely Tarzan knew that no one was within it.

In one corner he found a pile of blankets and clothing scattered about; but no pouch of pretty pebbles. A careful examination of the balance of the tent revealed nothing more, at least nothing to indicate the presence of the jewels; but at the side where the blankets and clothing lay the ape-man discovered that the tent wall had been loosened at the bottom and presently he sensed that the Belgian had recently passed out of the tent by this avenue.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"PIES"

By S. Bromberg

"MOTHER, how you make such wonderful pies is beyond me," said Tom. Mrs. W—— smiled pleasingly at her only son. This wasn't the first time this little mother had been complimented by her son for her pies.

"I solemnly state on this apple pie in the presence of you and dad that I shall never marry a girl who can't come up to your pie baking standard."

Mr. W—— laughed loudly, and said, "Tom, you keep quiet." Mrs. W—— just said, "Go ahead, Tommy, get your mate, and leave it to me to teach her how to bake."

Taking a piece of pie, he kissed his mother and went off to the club.

"Oh, I hate it! Detest it! I never will know how to cook." With her hair all mussed up, tears streaming down her face and her hands sticky with dough, Mary A—— sat down disgusted with cooking and baking pies.

Her mother came in, and upon seeing her cried out, "Mary A——, get up this instant. A young girl of eighteen should know better than cry over such a trifle. Patience, my dear, you will know how to bake soon enough."

"But I don't want to know how," replied Mary. "I wasn't born to be a cook, anyway."

If there was any day Mary really detested it was Saturday, when her mother let her do all the cooking and baking for the entire day. It's true Mary made a pretty bad mess of things, but then if she really put her mind to it she could have been a little expert at it.

Mrs. A—— saw that she couldn't do much of anything with Mary this afternoon, anyway, so she let her off. "Just wait, Mary dear, when Mr. Right comes along, and he's the kind who can be reached by the stomach, you will be mighty sorry that you didn't take my advice more like a dessert than a medicine."

The idea of getting away from the kitchen and the pots and pans had a good effect on Mary, and in no time she was out for a walk. Half way down she reminded herself that her mother wanted her to buy a dozen of eggs, so she went after them.

She was hurrying home with the eggs, and was just turning the corner when she collided with a young man. Down went the dozen eggs, making a yellow stream on the young man's shoes and on her suit. When she came to, for she thought she had fainted, she was as red as a beet, and stood there begging his pardon and all that ceremony.

Tom meanwhile assured her that all was well, and wiped the egg off. All this happened to the amusement of the numerous passersby.

Everything appeared so funny for the moment that this youthful pair just couldn't keep back the peals of laughter and off they went after Tom secured Mary's permission to accompany her home. Mrs. A—— saw them coming and walked over to the gate. Mary for the first time realized that they did not even know each other.

She explained everything to her mother, and good-natured Mrs. A—— laughed heartily, and after names were exchanged, etc., she invited Tom to come down to dinner next Saturday. He thanked her for her kind invitation and promised to come.

Saturday was an ideal day for a stroll. Mary thought, but since "the egg hero" was coming down, she decided that she must help her mother with the cooking, much as she disliked it.

At 5:30 all was ready. Mary had telephoned for a few more friends to come also, so her mind being full of the coming dinner, the day passed much faster than she thought a Saturday ever could. Wonder of wonders! To celebrate the event, the four apple pies she made were a success! In fact, the best she could ever wish for.

When they were all seated at the table Mrs. A—— told about the eggs, and this caused the young people to ripple with laughter. Finally the pies came around. Tom took one bite, and decided then and there that he liked it. "Well, at last, Mrs. A——," he said, "I have found a pie equal to my mother's. I must congratulate you." She was about to say who deserved the honor, but noticing the grimaces on Mary's face decided to keep quiet and smiled to herself. Meanwhile, Tom was telling them about the pie pledge, to the immense enjoyment of those present. Mary turned a deep red, and Mrs. A—— smiled again.

This friendship between the two developed in time into love, and one evening while walking through the woods Tom suddenly halted and looking squarely at Mary he said hesitatingly:

"Mary, dear, surely you must realize how much I love you."

"Oh, but Tom, I can't cook, and you remember what you said about your pie pledge."

"You little dear, why that was only a joke. Do you think it would ever matter to me?" Tom said enthusiastically.

"Tommy, dear, really you didn't mean it!"

"No, sweetheart," he said.

On the way home Mary pulled near and said: "I have something to confess, Tom."

"Go ahead, dear," he said. "'Fess up—I'll forgive you anything."

"Well, it was I who really made those apple pies that you liked," said she smilingly.

Tom laughed heartily. "As if you could deceive me," he lied bravely. "Why, the pie was so sweet that I couldn't help knowing you made it."

Pie is still a favorite in the W—— household, and little Tom, junior, is his dad over again, even to eating pies. Yes, and Mary sure is a splendid little cook—yes; and she likes it, too.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"A Cinderella in Khaki"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE LAND OF LOST THINGS"

(In this story Peggy and Billy Belgium restore many lost things to their rightful owners.)

CHAPTER I

The Bunny's Revenge

HOW Peggy and Billy Belgium got there they didn't know. All they remembered was that they were walking along a country road when a scurrying rabbit drew them into a gleeful game of hide-and-go-seek. Bunny raced from one brush pile to another and they chased merrily after him, until, with a farewell flip of his stubby tail, he dived into a hole beneath an old log. Then the children looked around them and awoke suddenly to the fact that they were deep in a pathless forest.

"We are lost!" declared Peggy.

"It surely does look that way," admitted Billy Belgium after taking a careful look around. "I had so much fun chasing that rabbit I forgot all about watching where we were going."

From the hole under the log came an odd squeaking. Turning that way Peggy and Billy saw the rabbit they had chased pointing them out to a large family of big-eyed young rabbits.

"Let the plight of these children be a lesson to you," the rabbit was saying. "Had they attended to their own affairs and not chased me they would be safe and sound outside of the woods. Now they are lost, and it serves them right. I'm glad—"

This was more than Billy Belgium could stand.

"Why, you impudent rabbit!" he cried, making a jump for the hole. The instant he moved, however, the whole rabbit family popped out of sight.

Peggy laughed at the way the rabbit had turned the tables on them, but her anxiety made the laugh very short.

"Let the plight of these children be a lesson to you"

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Get out of here," answered Billy bravely. "My compass will tell us how to go straight."

But when Billy looked for his compass he couldn't find it. Instead he found a hole in his pocket through which it had been lost.

"We will have to try without a compass," declared Peggy. "It would be awful to be caught here by the dark."

"How silly," squeaked the rabbit, bobbing up suddenly; "the dark doesn't catch anything," and at that he ducked quickly out of sight again.

"Seems to me this should be the right way," said Billy leading Peggy toward an open part of the woods. Fear sped their feet and soon they were running.

"Hi yi, get out of my woods! Hurry along before I bite off your toes."

Looking back Peggy saw the rabbit bravely chasing after them, and in his train were hopping all the little rabbits.

"What nerve!" cried Billy Belgium, and he halted long enough to send a stick whirling at the rabbit. Before it could land Mr. Rabbit and all the little rabbits turned tail and raced home as fast as they could.

Thicker and darker grew the forest the deeper they went into it. Finally they came to a dark spot where they appeared to be walled in. There was no sign of an opening in any direction. Even above them the trees grew so thickly that there was no sign of the sky.

"We can go no farther," said Billy in despair.

Peggy at that moment felt something beneath her feet. Stooping down she picked it up.

"Look!" she cried. "Here's a golf ball! We must be near the edge of the woods."

There came a queer chuckling laugh from the shadows and a mold-covered image half hidden amid the leaves stirred slightly.

"Welcome to the Land of Lost Things," rasped a croaky voice, "Welcome for a long, long stay."

(Tomorrow will be told what Peggy and Billy find in the Land of Lost Things.)

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

(Copyright.)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your correct name and full address must be given to all inquiries. Those which are anonymous must be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be sent by mail. Other questions will be answered in this column. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

CCLXXVII

TO MY surprise, Able was at the train on Sunday ready to go to Clearvale. I never told him to come, but I hadn't the heart to turn him away, although I hated to have to cough up an extra fare.

As it happened, he came in useful, for he overheard the trick that Ziegler and the red-faced fellow planned to pull off. I guess Lee was really at the back of it—he seems real mad at me for starting up for myself instead of going back to him.

To go back to the beginning, however, Warrenton was there, but the friend he was to have brought with him reneged. Good had Mr. and Mrs. Haltham and their eldest girl, a cunning youngster about nine. Bangs had a brother-in-law of his—Everhart hadn't anybody.

Everybody was useful before the day was out, however. Now, just picture us all on the train and puffing along toward Clearvale.

Able was all over the place, just like a kid would be. Not satisfied to be in our coach, he slipped through to the one behind us.

In a few minutes he came scurrying back to me, his eyes wide and shining with excitement. In a voice suppressed with emotion, he said: "Chee, Mister Flint, dey'se puttin' up to slip it over on yer."

I was sitting with Warrenton and didn't want him to hear anything that might disturb him, so I asked him to excuse me and walked with Able toward where Everhart was sitting.

"Now, Able, what's the trouble?" I asked quietly.

"Dem guys in de back coach, a sheeny and a mick, are dopin' it out to put yer on de blink. Dey'se goin', that is, the mick is, to give out some dope sheets about dere land. Dey'se goin' ter start in de coach and den work this 'un and de one ahead. Dey reckons as you're gang'll get stuck on dere land and give yer de go-by—savvy?"

I savvyed all right, and it worried me. Everhart asked what the trouble was and I told him in a few words.

"I've a hunch I can stop it," he said, and stood up. As I saw his great, big frame, six feet two inches of solid muscle and bone, I felt mighty glad he was with me, so with a whispered, "Don't do anything rash," went back to my prospect, Warrenton, while he sauntered lazily to the rear car.

I waited fearfully for something to happen, but everything was fine and we all got out at Clearvale without the least hitch.

When the opportunity occurred I asked Everhart what he did.

He gave a thoughtful smile and said, "Nothing much. I just strolled into the rear car and there was a red-faced, regular smart Alec kind of fellow giving out handbills. I walked up to him and asked him what he had and he gave me one. I looked it over and then asked him for his permit. He said he'd no permit, and anyhow, what was it of my business and who was I. Just then we stopped at the junction, so I said, 'Never mind who I am, young man, just get off this train as quick as your legs'll let you.'

"'I'll do no such thing—you can't bully me,' he bluffed.

"'No?' I snapped, 'What about this?' and I pulled back my coat and jerked a red concert ticket half out of my vest pocket and shoved it back quick.

"He went quite weak at the knees and apologized for breaking the company's rules, and began to explain how he didn't realize he was doing wrong. He called me Mister Detective, but I cut him short and said, 'Get—while there's a chance,' and he got.'

"But you bluffed him, of course, for you've no authority——"

"Of course not," he broke in, "but it worked and he didn't get his chance to spoil your business. Next week it'll be different, though, especially if he sees me with prospects."

We sold six lots altogether. Warrenton bought two at $300 each. Haltham bought three at $250, while Bangs's brother-in-law bought one at $250. A total of $1600 worth of business.

It seems a lot, but my first payments are only $150, and when I've paid Good and Bangs their commissions I've only a hundred left. When I've paid Kellett $75 toward the cost of the land and drawn my salary and paid Able and the other expenses, I'm out of pocket. If it wasn't for the chance of discounting my contracts with Kellett, I'd never pull through.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Result comes before reward.
What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

I have been a reader of your story for about a month, having been told to do so by a party I called to see in reference to a position. I am sure that it has done me some good.

Would you be kind enough to tell me why the following letter does not gain recognition?

I should like to be considered for the position advertised in the —— of ——.

My qualifications, briefly stated, are as follows:

(a) A first-class education.

(b) A number of months' experience as a stock man for the —— Company of New York city, and buying representative at Panama for the —— Company.

(c) I am twenty years old, of good appearance and personality, plenty of energy and excellent health.

I should like very much to be granted an interview. I am far more interested in obtaining a standing with a progressive firm than in the salary which is to be paid.

I have written a number of letters, but they are not answered. Perhaps you can suggest some plan. S. R. C.

The general layout of your letter is good, but its information about you is vague. For instance, what is a first-class education—does that include any business training? Next, how many is "a number" of months? Two?

Are you sure that you apply for positions that you are qualified by experience, age and ability to fill?

Remember you are only twenty. I mention this because I find so many fellows applying for positions they could never fill, and then they wonder why they don't land a big job.

Add to your letter what specific business qualifications you have and confine your application to jobs at which you are equipped to make good.

I have just opened a multigraphing business with a partner, and having followed the business career of Peter Flint with much interest I would be glad if you would kindly answer the following questions to the best of your ability.

We cover Spanish, French, Italian and German translations. What are the best firms to cover?

We do typewriting, addressing, folding and mailing. Could you give me a list of firms to write to?

Do you consider the inclosed letter a fair sample to send to New York department stores? A. M.

We would be glad to make you quotations that would greatly appeal to you, with reference to your circularizing work.

There are reasons why you should come to us.

1. Our work is A-1 and guaranteed.
2. Our delivery is very prompt.
3. Our terms are moderate.

When we say that our terms are moderate, this we mean, as our representative will quickly demonstrate to you if we succeed in interesting you.

If you are in the market for perfect work we will be glad of the opportunity of serving you.

First. Firms doing export business. The consul of the foreign countries (except Germany) could very probably give you names of concerns having need for translations. The consul is frequently called upon to help find translators.

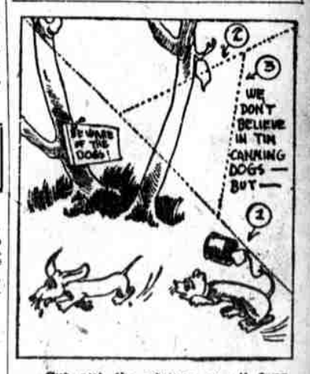
Second. No, the best way to secure such firms is by general circulation of some special business and by advertising in the daily newspapers—try the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

Third. I don't think your letter is worth while bothering with. I don't think it will ever pull a reply. Department stores frequently run their own duplicating department, where they use many form letters. As a rule they prefer printed matter. Call on the department store, which is much better than trying to reach them with a circular.

If you circularize, explain what "A-1 and guaranteed" means. Also inclose a price—the duplicating form letter is such a trifling item as to have no great weighty consideration. The price is of secondary importance, so long as they know what it will be and exactly when the work will be delivered and its quality.

Just the same, I think you can do better than the department stores—try a few personal calls, though, and be convinced.

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

La Belle France

I met a pretty, wee mam'selle
Scarce five years old, in France last year,
Playing at peace 'mid shards of shell
Behind the blood-red lines of Fear.

"Bon jour," said I. She smiled at me
Across a rusting broken gun.
"M'sieur," she stammered, "Come and see
Where God has put His petit sun."

I looked, and from the wreckage there,
A daisy peeped with golden eye,
A simple thing of dew and air
Face upward to the sunlit sky.

I knelt beside the little maid,
As worshiper at some white shrine,
Seeing again in Death's wide shade
That yellow-headed pal of mine—

That white-skinned youngster I loved well,
Who gave his a'l for la belle France
That this delicious, wee mam'selle
Might breathe a free land's true romance.

The daisy's roots were in his heart.
I turned to her my southern eyes,
Dew-wet with those dark tears that start
From out a soul grown sorrow-wise.

Her piquant face above the flower
Drank light from every petal pure;
As if she felt my pain that hour
She brushed it with a kiss demure.

I rose and left her at her play—
The sweetest maid a man might see;
But through the war's long shadows gray
She waved a hand of memory.

March on! March on! From out the grass
A myriad daisies flashed their light.
Oh, bright Australian rays that pass
For France and Truth and Manhood's right!

I heard the distant rumbling guns—
Loud heralds of the great advance.
Lead on, my mates! Gleam, little suns,
That woo the soul of future France.
—Sydney Bulletin.

Good Old Mother-in-law Joke

"Any reasons for asking exemption or deferred classification?" demanded the draft board. "Seven," said the applicant. "Flat-foot, acute indigestion, mother-in-law and four children!" "Six," corrected the draft board. "Mother-in-law is a reason for going to war, but not for staying away."—Richmond Times-Despatch.

Roundabout Conclusion

"It's an extended corridor that has no ultimate termination," mused the absent-minded professor, as he patiently plodded around the revolving doorway. —Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

An Exception

Christian Scientist—Nothing is ever lost! Everything in the universe is in its right place at the right time!

Man from Missouri—Have you never been seasick?—Life.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Maybe She Does and Maybe She Doesn't

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