TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lieutenant Werper, a Belgian in the Congo, shoots his superior officer and joins forces with Achmet Zek. He conspires with Zek to kidnap Lady Greystoke, wife of Tarzan, and hold her for ransom. Werper follows Tarzan to Opar, the forgotten city. There Tarzan is injured and loses his identity, becoming again the ape-man he had been years before. Werper leads him toward home, robs him of the treasure he found at Opar and rejoins Zek. The Arab, having no further use for him, resolves to kill him, but Werper escapes. Lady Greystoke also escapes, but not with Werper. She is seen simultaneously by Achmet Zek and Tarzan. Tarzan, new an ape-man, does not recognize her as his wife. Before Zek can capture her she is chased by a group of apes.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

WITH a smothered scream she rushed toward the opposite jungle, and as she reached the bushes there Achmet Zek and his two henchmen rose up and seized her. At the same instant a naked brown giant dropped from the branches of a tree at the right of the clearing.

Turning toward the astonished apes he gave voice to a short volley of low gutturals, and without waiting to note the effect of his words upon them, wheeled and charged the Arabs.

Achmet Zek was dragging Jane Clayton toward his tethered horse. His two men were hastily unfastening all three mounts. The woman, struggling to escape the Arab, turned and saw the ape-man running toward her. A glad light of hope illumined her face.

"John!" she cried. "Thank God that you have come in time!"

Behind Tarzan came the great apes, wondering, but obedient to his summons. The Arabs saw that they would not have time to mount and make their escape before the beasts and the man were upon them. Achmet Zek recognized the latter as the redoubtable enemy of such as he, and he saw, too, in the circumstances an opportunity to rid himself forever of the menace of the ape-man's presence in the savage world where Achmet Zek reaped his bloody harvests.

Calling to his men to follow his example, he raised his rifle and leveled it upon the charging giant. His followers, acting with no less alacrity than himself, fired almost simultaneously, and with the reports of the rifles Tarzan of the Apes and two of his hairy henchmen pitched forward among the jungle grasses.

The noise of the rifle shots brought the remainder of the apes to a wondering pause, and, taking advantage of their momentary distraction, Achmet Zke and his fellows leaped to their horses' backs and galloped away with the now hopeless and grief-stricken woman.

Back to the village they rode, and once again Lady Greystoke found herself incarcerated in the filthy little hut from which she had thought to have escaped for good.

But this time she was not only guarded by an additional sentry, but bound as well.

Singly and in twos the searchers who had ridden out with Achmet Zek upon the trail of the Belgian returned empty-handed. With the report of each the raider's rage and chagrin increased, until he was in such a transport of ferocious anger that none dared approach him. Threatening and cursing, Achmet Zek paced up and down the floor of his silken tent, but his temper served him nothing—Werper was gone, and with him the fortune in scintillating gems which had aroused the cupidity of his chief and placed the sentence of death upon the head of the lieutenant.

With the escape of the Arabs the great apes had turned their attention to their fallen comrades. One was dead, but another and the great white ape still breathed. The hairy monsters gathered about these two, grumbling and muttering after the fashion of their kind.

Tarzan was the first to regain consciousness. Sitting up, he looked about him. Blood was flowing from a wound in his shoulder. The shock had thrown him down and dazed him; but he was far from dead. Rising slowly to his feet, he let his eyes wander toward the spot where last he had seen the she who has aroused within his savage breast such strange emotions.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"The tarmangani took her away," replied one of the apes. "Who are you who speak the language of the tarmangani?"

"I am Tarzan," replied the ape-man; "mighty hunter, greatest of fighters. When I roar the jungle is silent and trembles with terror. I am Tarzan of the Apes. I have been away; but now I have come back to my people."

"Yes," spoke up an old ape; "he is Tarzan. I know him. It is well that he has come back. Now we shall have good hunting."

The other apes came closer and sniffed at the ape-man. Tarzan stood very still, his teeth half bared, and his muscles tense and ready for action; but there was none there to question his right to be with them, and presently, the inspection satisfactorily concluded, the apes again returned to their inspection of the other survivor.

He, too, was but slightly wounded, a bullet grazing his skull having stunned him, so that when he regained consciousness he was apparently as fit as ever.

The apes told Tarzan that they had been traveling toward the east when the scent-spoor of the she had attracted them and they had stalked her. Now they wished to continue upon their uninterrupted march; but Tarzan preferred to follow the Arabs and take the woman from them.

After a considerable argument it was decided that they should first hunt toward the east for a few days and then return and search for the Arabs; and as time is of little moment to the apes, Tarzan acceded to their demands, having himself reverted to a mental state but little superior to their own.

Another circumstance which decided him to postpone pursuit of the Arabs was the painfulness of his wound. It would be better to wait until that had healed before he pitted himself again against the guns of the tarmangani.

And so, as Jane Clayton was pushed into her prison hut and her hands and feet securely bound, her natural protector roamed off toward the east in company with a score of hairy monsters, with whom he rubbed shoulders as familiarly as a few months berore he had mingled with his immaculate fellow members of one of London's most select and exclusive clubs.

Without waiting to note the effect of his words he wheeled and charged the Arabs

But all the time there lurked in the back of his injured brain a troublesome conviction that he had no business where he was; that he should be, for some unaccountable reason, elsewhere and among another sort of creatures. Then there was the compelling urge to be upon the scent of the Arabs, undertaking the rescue of the woman who had appealed so strongly to his savage sentiments; though the thought word which naturally occurred to him in the contemplation of the venture was "capture," rather than "rescue."

To him she was as any other jungle she, and he had set his heart upon her as his mate. For an instant, as he had approached closer to her in the clearing where the Arabs had seized her, the subtle aroma which had first aroused his desires in the hut that had imprisoned her had fallen upon his nostrils, and told him that he had found the creature for whom he had developed so sudden and inexplicable a passion.

The matter of the pouch of jewels also occupied his thoughts to some extent, so that he found a double urge for his return to the camp of the raiders. He would obtain possession of both his pretty pebbles and the she. Then he would return to the great apes with his new mate and his baubles, and leading his hairy companions into a far wilderness beyond the ken of man, live out his life hunting and battling among the lower orders after the only manner which he now recollected.

He spoke to his fellow apes upon the matter, in an attempt to persuade them to accompany him; but all except Taglat and Chulk refused. The latter was young and strong, endowed with a greater intelligence than his fellows, and therefore the possessor of better developed powers of imagination. To him the expedition savored of adventure, and so appealed strongly.

With Taglat there was another incentive—a secret and sinister incentive, which, had Tarzan of the Apes had knowledge of it, would have sent him at the other's throat in jealous rage.

Taglat was no longer young; but he was still a formidable beast, mightily muscled, cruel, and, because of his greater experience, crafty and cunning. He was also of giant proportions, the very weight of his bulk serving ofttimes to discount in his favor the superior agility of a younger antagonist.

He was of a morose and sullen disposition that marked him even among his frowning fellows where such characteristics are the rule rather than the exception; and, though Tarzan did not guess it, he hated the ape-man with a ferocity that he was able to hide only because the dominant spirit of the nobler creature had inspired within him a species of dread which was as powerful as it was inexplicable to the anthropoid.

These two, then, were to be Tarzan's companions upon his return to the village of Achmet Zek. As they set off, the remainder of the tribe vouchsafed them but a parting stare, and then resumed the serious business of feeding.

Tarzan found difficulty in keeping the minds of his fellows set upon the purpose of their adventure, for the mind of an ape lacks the power of long-sustained concentration. To set out upon a long journey, with a definite destination in view, is one thing; to remember that purpose and keep it uppermost in one's mind continually is quite another. There are so many things to distract one's attention along the way.

Chulk was, at first, for rushing rapidly ahead as though the village of the raiders lay but an hour's march before them instead of several days; but within a few minutes a fallen tree attracted his attention with its suggestion of rich and succulent forage beneath, and when Tarzan, missing him, returned in search, he found Chulk squatting beside the rotting bole, from beneath which he was assiduously engaged in digging out the grubs and beetles, whose kind form a considerable proportion of the diet of the apes.

Unless Tarzan desired to fight there was nothing to do but wait until Chulk had exhausted the storehouse, and this he did, only to discover that Taglat was now missing. After a considerable search, he found that worthy gentleman contemplating the sufferings of an injured rodent he had pounced upon. He would sit in apparent indifference, gazing in another direction, while the crippled creature wriggled slowly and painfully away from him, and then, just as his victim felt assured of escape, he would reach out a giant hand and grasp the fugitive.

Again and again he repeated this operation, until, tiring of the sport, he ended the sufferings of his plaything by devouring it.

Such were the exasperating causes of delay which retarded Tarzan's return journey toward the village of Achmet Zek, but the ape-man was patient, for in his mind was a plan which necessitated the presence of Chulk and Taglat when he should have arrived at his destination.

It was not always an easy thing to maintain in the vacillating minds of the anthropoids a sustained interest in their venture. Chulk was wearying of the continued marching and the infrequency and short duration of the rests. He would gladly have abandoned this search for adventure had not Tarzan continually filled his mind with alluring pictures of the great stores of food which was to be found in the village of the tarmangani.

Taglat nursed his secret purpose to better advantage than might have been expected of an ape, yet there were times when he, too, would have abandoned the adventure had not Tarzan cajoled him on.

It was midafternoon of a sultry tropical day when the keen senses of the three warned them of the proximity of the Arab camp. Stealthily they approached, keeping to the dense tangle of growing things which made concealment easy to their uncanny jungle craft.

First came the giant ape-man, his smooth, brown skin glistening with the sweat of exertion in the close, hot confines of the jungle. Behind him crept Chulk and Taglat, grotesque and shaggy caricatures of their godlike leader.

Silently they made their way to the edge of the clearing which surrounded the palisade, and here they clambered into the lower branches of a large tree, the better to spy upon the goings and comings of the enemy.

A horseman, white burnoosed, rode out through the gateway of the village. Tarzan, whispering to Chulk and Taglat to remain where they were, swung, monkey-like, through the trees in the direction of the trail the Arab was riding. From one jungle giant to the next he sped with the rapidity of a squirrel and the silence of a ghost.

The Arab rode slowly onward, unconscious of the danger hovering in the trees behind him. The ape-man made a slight detour and increased his speed until he had reached a point upon the trail in advance of the horseman. Here he halted upon a leafy bough which overhung the narrow jungle trail.

On came the victim, humming a wild air of the great desert land of the north. Above him poised the savage brute that was today bent upon the destruction of a human life—the same creature who a few months before had occupied his seat in the House of Lords at London, a respected and distinguished member of that august body.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

MARY USES STRATEGY

By Christine Hayes

"CONGRATULATE me!" chanted Mary S. from the doorway. And the family paused in its various occupations, a warm interest in each other's affairs being characteristic of it.

"You don't mean that Jack's aunt has come to her senses?" demanded Arline.

"No," Mary replied cheerfully. "I simply mean that she's going to."

"What!" exclaimed the entire group.

"Yes," said Mary, dropping into the Morris chair and unfolding the newspaper she had been waving. "Listen to this:

"'WANTED — Companion. Must be ladylike and congenial. Musical education preferred. Agreeable speaking voice required. Apply Tuesday after 3. MISS LUCRETIA B., 24 —— road.'

"Interesting," admitted Tom; "but I don't quite see the connection."

"Well, Mr. S.," began Mary elaborately, "I trust that you are familiar with the synopsis—namely, that Mr. Jack B., favorite nephew of the rich but eccentric Miss Lucretia, is madly in love with one Mary S., but perversely refuses to marry her because she is endowed with more worldly goods than he. Miss Lucretia might easily remedy this deplorable state of affairs, but she has taken an unaccountable dislike to said Mary S., whom she has never even seen, and vows to change her will if Jack marries her. You are, I presume, acquainted with these facts?"

"You just bet I am," returned Tom, with a comical air of patience; "but what has the ad to do with it?"

"Simply that if Aunt Lucretia were to really know me, I just know she'd love me," said Mary, with mock complacency. "Furthermore, I think I'd make her an admirable companion. And," she finished seriously, "Jack has told me so much about her that I know I really will love her, so it won't be toadying. And, anyway, it isn't for the sake of the money. It's just that the assurance that he is heir to the filthy lucre will overcome Jack's silly scruples."

"Good girl!" cried Tom, admiringly. "You'll do it, all right."

"Huh, that's just like you! Be perfectly lovely to her, after all the trouble she has caused you and Jack," Arline scolded.

"The truth is," replied Mary, "I think she worships Jack and is jealous at the thought of his marrying any one. Of course," she laughed, "I can understand any one's being jealous of Jack—and forgive it."

"I'm glad you feel that way, dear," said Mrs. S, "and I think perhaps your idea is a good one. Are you going to tell Jack now, or wait to see how things turn out?"

"Well, Jack is a dear, of course, but he's rather a worrier. Guess I'll wait. So long folks. I'm off to prepare for the siege—clothes and music, etc."

And a few minutes later her clear soprano floated down from the sewing-room.

Whereas the family smiled to itself, for this was, inconsistently, the song of Mary's merriest mood, rendered with a trill that belied the text.

On the appointment Tuesday there were several applicants, but Mary, neatly gowned, and with her unmistakable air of good breeding, was conspicuous among them. Miss Lucretia secretly loved golden hair, too, and Mary's hair was golden. She had always liked clear blue eyes, and Mary's eyes were clear and blue. Furthermore, Mary's musical talents were far above mediocrity, and her speaking voice, Miss Lucretia noted, was music in itself.

In short, the fastidious little old lady fell in love with the girl at first sight, and in the months that followed she did not regret it. Mary became her confidant, and in her turn became so much attached to Miss Lucretia that she concluded one of her letters home with a humorous, "I can't bear that Mary S."

To Miss Lucretia she was Mary C., and Jack's letters were forwarded to her from home under that name.

"My nephew Jack is coming home on leave, Mary," announced Miss Lucretia over her knitting one morning.

Mary already knew, but her heart skipped a beat at thought of the surprise that awaited him, for she had not been blind to the purpose of Miss Lucretia's loud praises of her nephew, and knew that victory was assured.

The little old lady's sharp eyes noted Mary's heightened color approvingly, and she congratulated herself as a matchmaker.

"Jack may think he likes Mary S.," she purred, inwardly, "but just wait till he sees my Mary."

A few days later Mary came upon them suddenly in the garden, Jack having arrived without her knowledge. He sprang to his feet, his face laughable in its astonishment.

"Mary! Why—why—Mary!" he stammered; then as the truth dawned upon him laughed till the tears stood in his eyes.

And it was Miss Lucretia's turn to be astonished.

Tomorrow's complete novelette—"A Blunder."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

THE LAND OF LOST THINGS

(Peggy and Billy Belgium seek escape from the Land of Lost Things for themselves, for Judge Owl, and for articles held captive there.)

CHAPTER V

Judge Owl Takes a Captive

"HURRAH! I didn't know golf was so much fun!" shouted Billy Belgium, setting up the Witch ball and preparing to send it flying to freedom. "Take the other club, Peggy, and try your hand at the game."

Peggy eagerly seized the other golf stick, and set up the Honor ball.

Wham, went Billy's club against the Witch ball. Slam, went the ball against Gloomy Nooks' head, and then whiz-z-z it sailed up through the trees and far away.

"Yow! My head is broken!" howled Gloomy Nooks.

Peggy swung hard at the ball before her, but Gloomy Nooks' yell caused her to look up and the club didn't hit the ball squarely. Instead it pounded the Honor on top of the head and sent it bounding straight into Gloomy Nooks' mouth.

"Yow! You're murdering me!" yelled Gloomy Nooks as he freed his mouth from mold and dirt loosened by the smash.

"That was sure some bang on the coco," cried the Honor ball, rubbing his head ruefully and using slang he must have picked up from golf caddies. "Try again, but hit me square and don't try to pound my cover off."

On the second trial, Peggy did better, and the ball went sailing away finely, but first it did just what the Silver King and Witch had done—it gave Gloomy Nooks a parting crack on the head.

All the golf balls seemed to want to do the same thing, for, no matter how carefully Billy and Peggy aimed, each gave Gloomy Nooks a lively wallop before speeding to freedom.

In his claws was clutched a squirming baby bunny

Finally all the golf balls were gone. Then the coins lined up next.

"But I don't think we had better send you flying away," hesitated Billy. "You had ought to go back to your owners."

"You get us out of the woods, and we'll find our way back to our owners. No more loafing for us," promised the coins.

"Put me in your pocket, for I'm the quarter you lost last circus day," said one coin to Billy.

"And I'm the half dollar you lost during your Christmas shopping," said a coin to Peggy, so contritely that she at once forgave it the heartache it had caused her.

Peggy and Billy set up the coins as they had the golf balls, and sent them flying up through the trees. And, like the golf balls, the coins each gave a parting slap to Gloomy Nooks. These slaps made Gloomy howl and they took all the chuckling sneers out of him, but Peggy and Billy were astonished at the improvement they made in his appearance. Each slap knocked away some of the mold and dirt with which he was covered, until soon he began to take the form of a rather handsome bronze statue.

When the coins were all gone, the pieces of jewelry wanted to go next, but Billy hesitated to hit them with the club for fear he would knock them to pieces.

"Put me in your pocket, for I belong to your mother," said one beautiful brooch to Peggy, and Peggy was glad for the brooch had caused much grief when it became lost.

Now Billy Belgium paused to ponder anxiously.

"I don't know any more about how to get out of here than I did before," he confided to Peggy.

Up bobbed the saucy rabbit from the underbrush to squeak a mocking poem:

"Hark, hark, it's getting dark;
Hear the trees, how they bark!"

Billy Belgium turned to hurl his golf stick at the teasing rabbit, but, before he could do so, there came a great squeaking from nearby in the forest. This was quickly followed by a loud flapping as Judge Owl came flying through the trees. In his claws was clutched a squirming baby bunny which he was carrying by the ears.

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy find their way out of 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.

CCLXXX

NOW I will tell of the plan that Benton worked up for getting orders for ready-made clothes in Barrport, and with those orders landed an agency for his firm in that town.

He went to see the tailor, who agreed to take any orders which Benton secured, and Benton got up an advertisement telling of his idea. This is what it said:

TO THE SMART DRESSERS OF BARRPORT

An unusual opportunity to get the latest cut Chicago clothes. Mr. Benton, the expert cutter and fitter for the Chicago Clothing Company, is in Barrport for two days. He will personally measure any one desiring to profit by this unusual opportunity.

Mr. Benton will be at the Royce Hotel Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

"Now," said Benton to the tailor, "I won't mention your name in this in any way."

"You bet you won't! If my name is mentioned in that for the agency, you don't—"

"Hold hard, friend," said Benton. "I am not going to rush you into anything you don't want to do."

"Well, I'm from Missouri!" said the tailor.

"That's a good place to come from," laughed Benton. "Now, I'm going down to that little printer I saw down near the depot.

"Let's see—how many go to your ball game?"

"Oh, everybody."

"Fine."

"There will be fifteen hundred people there, perhaps more."

"Good—well, then, I will get two thousand of these printed, and all I want you to do—" The old chap immediately got suspicious. "All I want you to do is to let me have your boy to help me deliver these to everybody who comes to the ball game this afternoon."

"You won't get the printer to get them folders out for you in time."

"That's my lookout," Benton cheerily replied, and went to the printer.

"How much will two thousand of these folders cost?" Benton said, when he got to the printer's shop.

After much winking of eyes and grunting and sucking on the business end of a half inch of lead pencil, the printer said, "I guess it will cost you about ——" He looked Benton up and down as if sizing up what he was worth, "about $6."

"Lot of money, but I will pay it. Now, how soon can I get them?"

"Well, I am very busy now, young fellow, but I can let you have them by next Monday."

"I want them in an hour and a half!" Benton said.

The old printer shoved the paper back to Benton and said, "Couldn't possibly do it."

"Yes, you can," Benton disagreed and pushed the paper back to him.

"Sit down a minute, friend." Benton gave him a cigar and said, "You want $6 for the job to get it out by Monday next. I will give you $9 to get it out in an hour and a half and I will stay right here to help you run them off on your press."

Well, after some grumbling objection the printer got busy, and with Benton prodding him along all the time they got the folders out on time.

Benton said that on his next visit into town he learned that he had made a wonderful reputation for himself as being the only man that ever made the printer get a hustle on.

Well, Benton and the boy were at the ball game, but the crowd came in so thick and fast that they couldn't give every one slips, so when the batteries were warming up he and the boy circulated among the crowd and made quite a good distribution of the folders.

Benton then went to the announcer and gave him a dollar bill to announce to the crowd that he was in town for two days as advertised.

"How did that stunt finish up, Mr. Benton?" I asked with interest.

"I was a mighty busy man for the next two days. I got orders for thirty-two suits of clothes which I turned over to the tailor, and in addition sold him quite a nice line of our goods.

"It just shows that if you can't get business in the ordinary way, there are plenty of unusual ways to get it if a fellow is only smart enough to think them up.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Recipe for losing a job—"knock."
(From D. S., New York.)
What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

Your advice, given me several months ago, has been used with such promising results that I again seek it, this time about a personal matter.

How would you advise my disposing of a cello, in fine, excellent condition? I have tried many personal calls among my musical friends, but the same story comes from them all. "It is worth it, all right, but it is a luxury for wartimes and I don't believe I had better risk buying it."

It is imperative that I sell it, on account of a change of business to another city, demanding most of my time.

Would you advise advertising in the daily papers? If so, how would you word the ad?

Thanking you for the previous favors and wishing you the best of success, I am,

G. W. V.

I am glad my previous comments to you were helpful. I only hope that the following suggestions will be equally helpful.

I suggest that you put a small dsplay ad as the following in this paper:

FOR SALE—CELLO

(Put description of it here.)

Hear its mellow tones—play it yourself. Will sell it to you on your own expert's valuation.

I set up your ad for you. I could not put in the description for you, because while I know on which end of the cello you get a strangleh0ld, I haven't the least idea what are its talking points.

In addition to this ad you could safely put in an ad in some music journals.

Can you suggest some method of obtaining female applicants for office positions? My experience is that the average agency advertisement in the "help wanted" column of the daily papers bring very poor results.

I would also appreciate some constructive criticism on the inclosed circular letters. I am sending them out in reply to "help and situations wanted" advertisements.

Peter Flint is having considerable experience with employment agencies; I wish he would give me a helpful suggestion occasionally.

STENOGRAPHERS' AGENCY.

(A)—We have on our list several very competent girls we can recommend for the position which is open in your office.

Shall we send one of them to you for an interview?

There is no charge to you for our service and we save you time and money spent in needless advertisements and interviewing undesirable applicants.

If the present vacancy is satisfactorily filled may we have the privilege of furnishing you with efficient and capable help as vacancies occur in your office? We have the best available list of competent help and will always be glad to help you solve your employment problem.

(B)—We have very desirable positions open, and if you will call at this office I am positive we can place you. There is absolutely no registration fee or charge of any kind until we procure the position for you.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a suitable position, or if you don't care to be in the mob who answer every advertisement, this office can be of immediate help to you. Every day you are unemployed is an unnecessary loss to you. If you depend upon your efforts alone to find a suitable position the loss of salary is likely to be a great deal more than our charges for this service.

We aim to be of the greatest service to the girl out of employment, and you are always assured of getting the most courteous treatment.

I think it would help you to run a small display ad in such newspapers as this; also why not call personally on all the typewriter houses in town and tell them if they have any of their operators out of a job you would be glad to help them.

Get in touch with the business colleges and such like. While most business colleges place their own students, they sometimes have more students than they can place quickly—and they might be glad to co-operate with you.

Write to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and similar institutions, as they also may be of use to you.

Now, as to analyze those letters! The first letter, which I call letter "A," is good, excepting that I suggest that the first paragraph read thus:

"We have on our list a very competent girl, particulars of whom we give below. We can recommend for the position which is vacant in your office." (Then below state particulars of some individual girl you want to place. Give her name, if necessary; but, of course, do not give her address.)

This at once takes your letter out of the form-letter class and puts it into the individual-letter class.

Kill phrase, "We thank you."

On the other letter, which I call 'B," make the first paragraph read:

"We have a very desirable position open, particulars of which are stated below. If you will call at this office we will be glad to put you in touch with these people. There is, of course, no registration fee or charge of any kind until we procure the position for you."

Then make the second paragraph thus:

"If the position below does not interest you, I still suggest that you call at this office, for it is naturally more desirable to secure a position through a reputable agency than be one of a mob scrambling for a job advertised in the papers."

Then go on with that part, "Every day you are unemployed, etc."

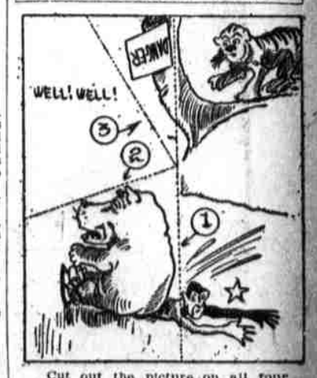
I would eliminate the last paragraph entirely. At the bottom of the letter, of course, state particulars of some definite position to which you could send the girl.

(Copyright.)

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says some people say it's nothing but the old-fashioned grip, but it's been so serious that she inclines to think that it's the genuine pneumatic plague.

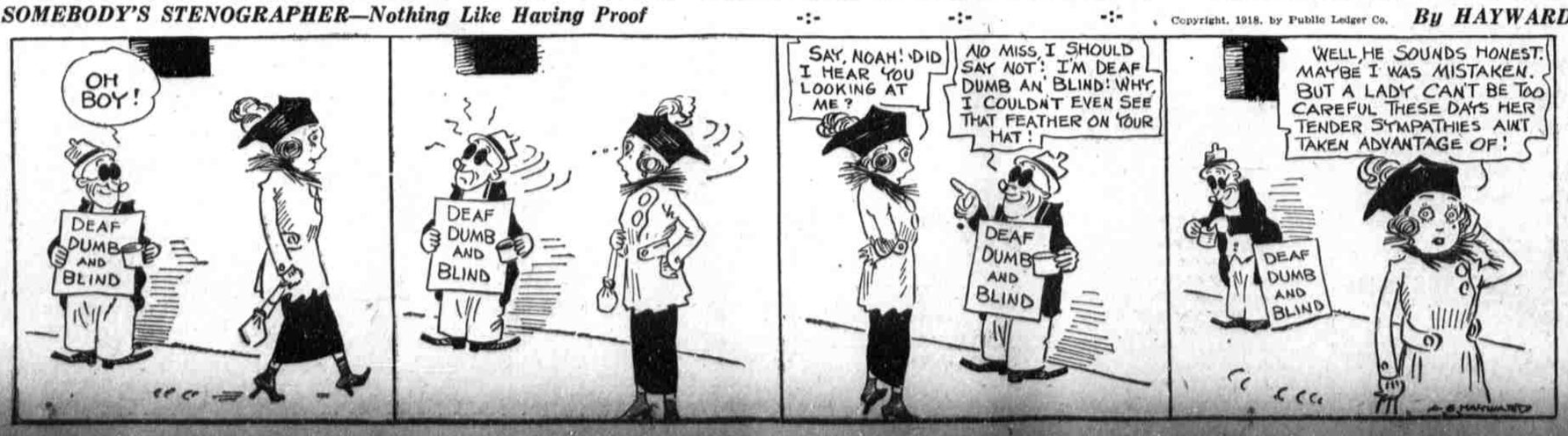
MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



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.

Truth, but No Tact

A woman alert of figure and attractively groomed was having her eyes tested. And while the oculist treated them she seemed to think it necessary to explain: "I'm afraid I have overtaxed my eyes. I use them all day and then read half of the night." The oculist interrupted to contribute his share to the sociability. "Nothing to worry over. The eyes always need stronger glasses as one gets along in years." For the barest flash, the woman had the appearance of one who had received an unexpected shock. Then she rallied and took another turn. "Of course, I never thought of that. I ought to realize that I am getting old, but somehow I feel so young—inside." Which shows, remarks the Washington Star, that one oculist in this town would be in a bad way if his skill was on a level with his tact.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Nothing Like Having Proof

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