TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lieutenant Werper, a Belgian in the Congo, kills his superior officer and joins forces with Achmet Zek, an Arab marauder. They plan to kidnap Lady Greystoke, wife of Tarzan, for ransom. Werper follows Tarzan to Opar. Tarzan, laden with the jewels he sought, is stunned in an earthquake, loses his identity, and becomes again the ape-man he had been years before. Werper steals the jewels and returns to Achmet Zek, who, having no further use for him, plans to kill him. Werper escapes. Tarzan, searching for Werper, sees Lady Greystoke, who had briefly eluded Zek, and plans to kidnap her. Tarzan, the ape-man, has no idea that he is planning to capture the wife of his other self.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

THE Arab passed beneath the overhanging bough; there was a slight rustling of the leaves above and the horse snorted and plunged as a brown-skinned creature dropped upon its rump. A pair of mighty arms encircled the Arab and he was dragged from his saddle to the trail.

Ten minutes later the ape-man, carrying the outer garments of an Arab bundled beneath an arm, rejoined his companions. He exhibited his trophies to them, explaining in low gutturals the details of his exploit. Chulk and Taglat fingered the fabrics, smelled and tasted them, and then, placing them to their ears, tried to listen to them.

Then Tarzan led them back through the jungle to the trail, where the three hid themselves and waited. Nor had they long to wait before two of Achmet Zek's blacks, clothed in [illegible]billments similar to their master's, came down the trail on foot, returning to the camp.

One moment they were laughing and talking together—the next they lay stretched in death upon the trail, three mighty engines of destruction bending over them. Tarzan removed their outergarments as he had removed those of his first victim, and again retired with Chulk and Taglat to the greater seclusion of the tree they had first selected.

Here the ape-man arranged the garments upon his shaggy fellows and himself, until, at a distance, it might have appeared that three white-robed Arabs squatted silently among the branches of the forest.

Until dark they remained where they were, for from his point of vantage Tarzan could view the inclosure within the palisade. He marked the position of the hut in which he had first discovered the scent-spoor of the she he sought. He saw the two sentries standing before its doorway, and he located the habitation of Achmet Zek where something told him he would most likely find his missing pouch and pebbles.

Chulk and Taglat were, at first, greatly interested in their wonderful raiment. They fingered the fabric, smelled of it, and regarded one another intently with every mark of satisfaction and pride. Chulk, a humorist in his way, stretched forth a long and hairy arm, and, grasping the hood of Taglat's burnoose, pulled it down over the latter's eyes, extinguishing him, snufferlike, as it were.

The older ape, pessimistic by nature, recognized no such thing as humor. Creatures laid their paws upon him for but two things—to search for fleas and to attack. The pulling of the tarmangani-scented thing about his head and eyes could not be for the performance of the former act; therefore it must be the latter. He was attacked! Chulk had attacked him.

With a snarl he was at the other's throat, not even waiting to lift the woolen veil which obscured his vision. Tarzan leaped upon the two, and swaying and toppling upon their insecure perch, the three great beasts tussled and snapped at one another until the ape-man finally succeeded in separating the anthropoids.

As apology is unknown to the savage progenitors of man, and explanations a laborious and usually futile process, Tarzan bridged the dangerous gulf by distracting their attention from their altercation to a consideration of their plans for the immediate future. Accustomed to frequent arguments in which more hair than blood is wasted, the apes speedily forget such trivial encounters, and presently Chulk and Taglat were again squatting in proximity to each other and in peaceful repose, awaiting the moment when the ape-man should lead them into the village of the tarmangani.

It was long after darkness had fallen that Tarzan led his companions from their hiding-place in the tree to the ground and around the palisade to the far side of the village.

Gathering the skirts of his burnoose beneath one arm, that his legs might have free action, the ape-man took a short running start and scrambled to the top of the barrier. Fearing lest the apes should rend their garments to shreds in a similar attempt, he had directed them to wait below for him, and himself securely perched upon the summit of the palisade, he unslung his spear and lowered one end of it to Chulk.

The ape seized it, and while Tarzan held tightly to the upper end the anthropoid climbed quickly up the shaft until with one paw he grasped the top of the wall. To scramble then to Tarzan's side was the work of only an instant. In like manner Taglat was conducted to their sides and a moment later the three dropped silently within the inclosure.

Tarzan led them first to the rear of the hut in which Jane Clayton was confined, where, through the roughly repaired aperture in the wall, he sought with his sensitive nostrils for proof that the she he had come for was within.

Chulk and Taglat, their hairy faces pressed close to that of the patrician, sniffed with him. Each caught the scent-spoor of the woman within and each reacted according to his temperament and his habits of thought.

It left Chulk indifferent. The she was for Tarzan—all that he desired was to bury his snout in the foodstuffs of the tarmangani. He had come to eat his fill without labor—Tarzan had told him that that should be his reward and he was satisfied.

But Taglat's wicked, bloodshot eyes narrowed, to the realization of the nearing fulfillment of his carefully nursed plan. It was true that sometimes during the several days that had elapsed since they had set out upon their expedition that it had been difficult for Taglat to hold his idea uppermost in his mind, and on several occasions he had completely forgotten it, until Tarzan, by a chance word, had recalled it to him; but, for an ape, Taglat had done well.

Now he licked his chops and made a sucking noise with his flabby lips as he drew in his breath.

Satisfied that the she was where he had hoped to find her, Tarzan led his apes toward the tent of Achmet Zek. A passing Arab and two slaves saw them, but the night was dark, the white burnooses hid the hairy limbs of the apes and the giant figure of their leader so that the three, by squatting down as though in conversation, were passed by, unsuspected. To the rear of the tent they made their way. Within Achmet Zek conversed with several of his lieutenants. Without, Tarzan listened.

CHAPTER X

Abducted Again

LIEUTENANT ALBERT WERPER, terrified by contemplation of the fate which might await him at Adis Abeba, cast about for some scheme of escape, but after the black Mugambi had eluded their vigilance the Abyssinians redoubled their precautions to present Werper following the lead of the negro.

For some time Werper entertained the idea of bribing Abdul Mourak with a portion of the contents of the pouch; but fearing that the man would demand all the gems as the price of liberty, the Belgian, influenced by avarice, sought another avenue from his dilemma.

It was then that there dawned upon him the possibility of the success of a different course which would still leave him in possession of the jewels, while at the same time satisfying the greed of the Abyssinian with the conviction that he had obtained all Werper had to offer.

And so it was that a day or so after Mugambi had disappeared Werper asked for an audience with Abdul Mourak. As the Belgian entered the presence of his captor the scowl upon the features of the latter boded ill for any hope which Werper might entertain; still he fortified himself by recalling the common weakness of mankind, which permits the most inflexible of natures to bend to the consuming desire for wealth.

Abdul Mourak eyed him frowningly. "What do you want now?" he asked.

"My liberty," replied Werper.

The Abyssinian sneered.

"And you disturbed me thus to tell me what any fool might know?" he said.

"I can pay for it," said Werper.

Abdul Mourak laughed loudly.

"Pay for it?" he cried. "What with—the rags that you have upon your back? Or perhaps you are concealing beneath your coat a thousand pounds of ivory? Get out! You are a fool. Do not bother me again or I shall have you whipped."

But Werper persisted. His liberty and perhaps his life depended upon his success.

"Listen to me," he pleaded. "If I can give you as much gold as ten men may carry will you promise that I shall be conducted in safety to the nearest English commissioner?"

"As much gold as ten men may carry!" repeated Abdul Mourak. "You are crazy. Where have you so much gold as that?"

"I know where it is hid," said Werper. "Promise, and I will lead you to it—if ten loads is enough?"

Abdul Mourak had ceased to laugh. He was eying the Belgian intently. The fellow seemed sane enough—yet ten loads of gold! It was preposterous. The Abyssinian thought in silence for a moment.

"Well, and if I promise?" he said. "How far is this gold?"

"A long week's march to the south," replied Werper.

"And if we do not find it where you say it is, do you realize what your punishment will be?"

"If it is not there I will forfeit my life," replied the Belgian. "I know it is there, for I saw it buried with my own eyes. And more—there are not only ten loads, but as many as fifty men may carry. It is all yours if you will promise to see me safely delivered into the protection of the English."

"You will stake your life against the finding of the gold?" asked Abdul.

Werper assented with a nod.

"Very well," said the Abyssinian, "I promise, and even if there be but five loads you shall have your freedom; but until the gold is in my possession you remain a prisoner."

"I am satisfied," said Werper. "Tomorrow we start?"

Abdul Mourak nodded and the Belgian returned to his guards.

The following day the Abyssinian soldiers were surprised to receive an order which turned their faces from the northeast to the south. And so it happened that upon the very night that Tarzan and the two apes entered the village of the raiders the Abyssinians camped but a few miles to the east of the same spot.

While Werper dreamed of freedom and the unmolested enjoyment of the fortune in his stolen pouch, and Abdul Mourak lay awake in greedy contemplation of the fifty loads of gold which lay but a few days further to the south of him Achmet Zek gave orders to his lieutenants that they should prepare a force of fighting men and carriers to proceed to the ruins of the Englishman's douar on the morrow and bring back the fabulous fortune which his renegade lieutenant had told him was buried there.

And as he delivered his instructions to those within, a silent listener crouched without his tent, waiting for the time when he might enter in safety and prosecute his search for the missing pouch and the pretty pebbles that had caught his fancy.

At last the swarthy companions of Achmet Zek quitted his tent, and the leader went with them to smoke a pipe with one of their number, leaving his own silken habitation unguarded.

Scarcely had they left the interior when a knife-blade was thrust through the fabric of the rear wall, some six feet above the ground, and a swift downward stroke opened an entrance to those who waited beyond.

Through the opening stepped the ape-man and close behind him came the huge Chulk; but Taglat did not folow them. Instead he turned and slunk through the darkness toward the hut where the she who had aroused his brutish interest lay securely bound.

Before the doorway the sentries sat upon their haunches, conversing in monotones. Within, the young woman lay upon a filthy sleeping mat, resigned, through utter hopelessness, to whatever fate lay in store for her until the opportunity arrived which would permit her to free herself by the only means which now seemed even remotely possible—the hitherto detested act of self-destruction.

Creeping silently toward the sentries a white burnoosed figure approached the shadows at one end of the hut. The meager intellect of the creature denied it the advantage it might have taken of its disguise. Where it could have walked boldly to the very sides of the sentries, it chose rather to sneak upon them unseen from the rear.

It came to the corner of the hut and peered around. The sentries were but a few paces away, but the ape did not dare expose himself even for an instant to those feared and hated thunder-sticks which the tarmangani knew so well how to use, if there were another and safer method of attack.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

With a snarl he was at the other's throat

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A BLUNDER

By Lizzie M. Peabody

RIVERTOWN'S two remaining veterans of the Civil War met and passed each other without a sign of recognition; and Dolly D's pretty face wore a puzzled look as from her window she gazed after each in turn.

Both were of medium height, but Uncle Eb's kindly blue eyes were faded, he was thin, and his hair was snowy white, while Uncle Zeke was of stockier build, his dark eyes were still bright and his hair was an iron gray. "Why, they didn't speak!" the girl gasped in dismay, and added softly, "And they've always been such good friens. I hate to think that they may be unhappy."

Still thinking of the veterans she was soon on her way to the far end of the village, and accepted Uncle Eb's cordial invitation to come and sit with him on the tiny porch of his little old weather-beaten house.

The newspaper he had brought from the postoffice was still unfolded, and he appeared depressed.

She was troubled when Uncle Zeke passed by, and said softly, "He didn't look up, Uncle Eb."

"Huh!" he snorted. "He doesn't have to! I don't care if he never speaks to me again."

"Now! Now! Uncle Eb! And you have always been such good friends," she said protestingly.

After a silence Uncle Eb spoke. "I know," he said softly. "And always we have lived here side by side. We began going to school the same day, enlisted in the army together, and in the same company fought side by side.

"After the war," he continued reminiscently, "Zeke ran a little grocery store and I cobbled shoes for a living until we settled down here to putter around and keep hens." With a soft little sigh the veteran paused. "Whoever first said that an old dog won't learn new tricks?" he inquired resentfully.

"Rover surprised us both one day by going over to Zeke's and killing his chickens."

"Then it became a habit, but the day he killed four of Zeke's best pullets Zeke lost all patience and shot him. Don't think I blamed Zeke. I didn't. But I missed old Rover, and somehow I couldn't feel so friendly again toward the one who shot him. Perhaps Zeke knew it. Anyway, he sold his poultry and went over to Wingfield for a while. You remember, Dolly?"

She nodded and he continued:

"When he came home again 'twas toward night and I was out in my yard. I was glad to see him, and he seemed so friendly that I hoped for a return of the old happy times."

Again Uncle Eb paused and then burst out wrathfully: "And that very night that sneaking, revengeful—well, anyway, that night he shot the Major."

"The Major?" she asked. "My cat?" he explained.

"I thought you called him the Corporal," she said smiling. Uncle Eb straightened. "He wasn't a common cat," he declared proudly. "I taught him many tricks, and the best ones earned him well-deserved promotions."

"How Zeke would have roared at some of Major's tricks," he said regretfully. "He was great company. Maje was," he resumed. "He'd wait patiently on a limb of the old elm tree, and on my return home he'd drop down on my shoulder as I came through the gate. Then he'd snuggle under my coffin and when I opened the door he'd jump down. On the long, lonely evenings, too, he'd be there, cuddled close to my foot, and purring while I read. There are many dull evenings for a lone chap of 77," he said. The girl leaned toward him and gently patted the veteran's hand.

"But are you sure Uncle Zeke shot him?" she asked.

"Yes! By the moonlight I had seen Major in his yard a short time before and when I heard the report of a gun I ran to the window of my unlighted room just in time to see Zeke enter his house. Then I went looking for my cat and found him dead."

"Did you ask Uncle Zeke to explain?"

"No! He when he spoke to me the next day I turned away. We've never spoken to each other since." "I'm very sorry," Dolly said, as she rose to go, "and I wouldn't have believed it of Uncle Zeke."

"I am provoked; but still I suppose I must run over to see him."

"Hello, Dolly!" greeted Uncle Zeke as he placed a chair for her. "I thought you'd never get away from Eb. He's some buzzer when he gets started. All talk or no talk, Eb is," he said bitterly, "and as full of whims as an egg shell is of yolk and white."

"Why do you think that?" she asked coldly. "He's more than friendly one day, and for no reason at all, refuses to speak the next or afterward," he returned hotly.

Her blue-gray eyes flashed. "You shot his pretty black and white trained cat!" she cried. "That's news to me!" he said. "Think!" she urged. "The night you came from Wingfield!"

His face grew troubled.

"Was it Eb's cat I shot that night?" He sighed as he said ruefully: "I thought it was a skunk after Eb's chickens; and I've been well punished for my blunder.

"We are seventy-seven; and we've traveled down the long trail together. How I've missed Eb, no one will ever know—unless Eb does"—he added thoughtfully. Hastily he patted his pockets. His pipe and tobacco pouch were there. "Come, Dolly! I'll explain and then I'll tell him I'll get a cart load of kittens and train them all for him if he says so," he said eagerly.

Uncle Eb saw them coming, their faces alight with happiness; and raised his white head as a parched and drooping plant raises itself at the coming of the blessed rain.

The next complete novelette—The New Superintendent.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE LAND OF LOST THINGS"

(Peggy and Billy Belgium cannot find their way out of the Land of Lost Things. They are mocked by a saucy rabbit, until Judge Owl catches one of the rabbit's little ones.)

CHAPTER VI

Back to the Outside

"MY BABY BUNNY, oh, please let him go, good Mr. Owl!" squeaked the saucy rabbit, dancing up and down in a frenzy of fear.

Hark, hark, what a lark,
Catching bunnies in the dark.

So answered Judge Owl, alighting on the limb of a low tree and solemnly winking at Peggy and Billy.

"Give him back to me, please, kind Mr. Owl."

"Judge Owl is my name and I'm kind only to those who deserve kindness," snapped the judge savagely, but he gave Peggy and Billy a wink, which the rabbit did not see

"I'll deserve kindness. I'll be good," pleaded the rabbit, while the bunny squirmed more frantically than ever.

When you are hungry and blue,
Rabbit stew is good for you.

hooted Judge Owl. Then he gave Peggy a big wink. "Are you a good cook, Princess Peggy? As long as we have to stay in this Land of Lost Things we may as well feast and be merry. There are a lot more tender young bunnies where this one came from."

"Oh, Judge Owl, let my baby bunny go and I'll show you all the way out of the Land of Lost Things," squeaked the rabbit.

Judge Owl gave Peggy and Billy another big wink. Then they understood the game he was up to. He didn't intend to eat the baby bunny as Peggy for a moment had feared, but was just holding him for a hostage to make the saucy rabbit show them the way out. But Judge Owl hesitated a moment before he answered. He held the young rabbit up and hungrily looked him over.

"I tell time. I am a sun dial," said Gloomy Nooks

"He's nice and fat," remarked the judge reluctantly. "You'd better get us out of the woods in a hurry or I may get such an appetite that I can't resist taking a bite."

"I'll have you out quicker than scat," promised the rabbit. "This is the way."

The rabbit darted away and when Billy pressed back the bushes to follow, a faint path was revealed. Into this path poured all the lost things, hurrying along as fast as they could.

"Thank you, Billy Belgium! Thank you, Princess Peggy! Thank you, Judge Owl!" they cried, as they ran out of sight.

"Don't thank us, thank Baby Bunny here," chuckled the Owl.

As the last of the lost things trooped down the path, Peggy and Billy started to follow.

"Please, please, don't leave me behind. I'm tired of being a king. I want to return to a useful life." It was King Gloomy Nooks. Peggy and Billy turned back and regarded him doubtfully.

"What in the world could we ever do with you?" asked Billy.

"I tell time. I'm a sun dial. Wash me up and see how fine I am," replied Gloomy Nooks.

Peggy and Billy, much surprised at his revelation that he was a sun dial, did as he said, and washed him with water from the brook. There he stood, a charming figure of Mercury, handsome enough to decorate any garden.

"I once stood on a beautiful lawn, but I thought how fine it would be in the dark woods, so I tempted men to steal me. I've been sorry ever since. I set myself up as King because there wasn't anything better to do," confessed Gloomy Nooks. "Put me back in the sunshine and I'll gladly work every hour of the day telling the time."

So Peggy and Billy picked him up and hurried down the path, with Judge Owl flapping along behind. Only a few yards away from the Land of Lost Things they came upon the road where they had first seen the rabbit. He was now waiting for them.

"Here's your bunny, safe and sound," hooted Judge Owl, placing the bunny on the ground. Away it scooted and away scooted the saucy rabbit after it.

"Good-by," shouted Peggy. "You taught us a good lesson."

"And I guess I taught him one," chuckled Judge Owl.

(In the coming story Peggy and Billy have an odd adventure at a Mexican Bull Fight.)

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 inquiries will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

CCLXXXI

DID I say that I had two more salesmen? Yep, two, Wilson and Abercrombie.

Wilson is a short, slight-built chap, wears glasses which pinch on his nose and which he is forever taking off and putting on. This warm weather makes them slip, so it's a fight between him and the heat all the time. The heat tries to get his glasses off, while he struggles to keep 'em on.

He's a bunch of live wire, as funny as a circus, but I think he'll prove a winner.

The other fellow, Abercrombie, is also short but chunky. His bow legs, a burr such as only Scotland can produce, and when you say anything funny he just looks at you. I told him I couldn't use him, but somehow or other he sidetracked my turndown. He said, "Verra well, Mr. Flint, but ye'll tell me more abeed yer land an' I'll be go-rateful." So I told him about the benefits of Clearvale and before I knew it—he'd hired himself to start at once!

I think he's more clever than one would think to look at him, for when Wilson made some horrible pun he just gazed. But when Wilson began to explain it, Sandy—he's become Sandy already—said, "It's bod enough to mur-der-r the King's English without giving the horrible details of how ye committed the cr-rime."

These two men were all that I got from my last week's ad that Todd wrote up for me; and I feel disappointed.

"Well," Todd said, "if you can get two good men in one week you're doing great."

One young chap looked mighty good until I began to talk friendly like, then he sat on the edge of my desk and began calling me "old chap." I felt he'd be wanting to live with me before a week was out, so turned him down.

Another fellow had over twenty references, all speaking well of him, most of which were from politicians, so I decided not to use him. I remembered when I was hunting a job how a fellow with twenty-six references got turned down, the employment manager saying that a fellow with all those references needed them.

What a weird collection of references some of the fellows showed! It decided me that if I should ever have to seek a job, I'd take no references at all, but get the employment manager to write to people about me.

There were three or four fellows I wish I could have hired, but they wouldn't work without a salary or a drawing account. I don't know as I blame them, but, I've got to go lightly; my bank account is shrinking alarmingly quick.

I received several letters of application; some were real funny. Francis was very interested in them. I took them home last night because Bruno Duke was at the house and I know he's very interested in anything of that sort.

His comments on some of the letters were so good that I wrote them down so as to use them as a guide in writing letters of application for a job.

One letter was sent on hotel stationery and was written in a scrawling hand. It read as follows:

"Saw your ad in today's Moon. I'm a salesman now for a coffee house, but want to change.

"Please send me full particulars of your offer. Can give references if your proposition interests me."

"That's a common type of letter asking for a job," commented Duke. "He has no desire for a job and couldn't hold it if he got it. His kind spend half their time answering ads, half out of curiosity and half out of a desire to locate a soft snap.

"The very tone and style of the letter is careless and would be insolent if the man knew anything. The fact that he answers an ad on hotel stationery shows that he's a stupid ass."

I showed Duke another five pages long. I hadn't (nor have I yet) read it all, for it was so prosy that I lost interest in it.

"That class of men are so wrapped up in themselves that they think every little incident in their lives is a big event. They are useless as salesmen, for they are forever looking in at themselves instead of out at the world."

I'll tell of other letters and Duke's comments tomorrow.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Look upon your troubles as problems, then seek for the solution.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

From time to time during the course of your series of articles on "The Business Career of Peter Flint" you have laid particular emphasis on the inadvisability of throwing away (giving up) dirty water before getting fresh water. In other words, quitting one position before getting another. What would you do if you were "up against the following proposition?:

I have been employed with my present firm for the last four and a half years. Limitation of advancement and my desire to branch out into the field of salesmanship prompted me to make a change where I could utilize my ability to a greater extent. As a step in the right direction, I have been constantly answering advertisements which appeared in the daily papers, and have also inserted an "ad" of my own in them.

These efforts were resultful in so far as the receiving of replies, embodying arrangements for interviews, was concerned. But here's where the rub comes in:

I work from 9 until 6 every day. Because of the fact that the places of business of the people from whom I have received replies are downtown (where I am uptown), I am unable to see them during my lunch hour. You may say why not ask for an extension of time? Due to the shortsighted policy of the house for which I work in regard to bettering one's self by connecting with some other firm, it would not be the part of wisdom to ask for an extension of time and then later in the week notify the firm that I am leaving, using the firm's time in order to satisfy my own selfish ends. Now have I been successful in making arrangements to meet people after 6 o'clock. Now, what is the use of answering advertisements and receiving replies without being able to arrange for an interview? How can I have a chance of seeing people without giving up my present position, considering the circumstances in what I am?

What do you think of the chance of "making good" in the insurance business (for a beginner) at the present time?

Hope that you may be able to "lend me a helping hand" in order that I may see my way out of the present difficulty.

G. S.

Your problem is not easy—nevertheless there never was a problem without a solution.

Perhaps this is it (in your case). Have you any good photographs of yourself? If so, whenever anybody requests an interview, send them your photograph and physical data about yourself—height, weight, color of hair, eyes, complexion, clean shaven or otherwise, general health. Then telephone the firm you have sent it to—tell them the reason is because your boss won't give time off. Ask, of course, if he could see you after hours—or if he would be uptown during your lunch hour.

If he can't see you except during business hours, ask him if he would be good enough to look at your photo, look up references and if they appear satisfactory tell him you will resign and see him promptly. Make clear that you don't ask him to hire you without seeing you, but state that you are so sure of yourself that you are willing to go ahead and leave just for the chance of getting the new job.

Use your dirty water a little longer. Then if it gets too dirty to use, throw it away.

Yes, insurance is a good business at any time if—if you are in a position to carry yourself for a few months till you get started. If you can get a drawing account it would be different, but most companies prefer to pay straight commission. You need courage, persistence, tact, courtesy, audacity and enthusiasm to make good in the insurance business.

I have received yours of the 16th and I wish to thank you for your kindness. With no reflection on you, I regretted sending my letter after it was mailed. I felt as though I had written to Beatrice Fairfax for "Advice to Lovelorn," but there is something in your article that seems to win the confidence of many from the office boy to the heads of the firm. Some one has said, "Common sense, in an uncommon degree, is what the world calls wisdom," and it is this wisdom you offer. Your advice is splendid in its common sense and practicability, if that is the right word, and it must be a wonderful help to many.

Your suggestion to young men to be sure to follow the line of work they like should be most helpful. I do not know that I can add to the advice you give, but I have thought much along the same line. A hotel in Indianapolis, I think the Grand, issues a booklet in which this idea is made very plain. A man in a Pullman smoker tells of a youth who came to him, saying he had "looked up" his house, and he liked the business and had confidence in the reputation and character of the proprietor and he wanted to go to work for him if only as an office boy. He was put to work as an office boy, and the one who related the incident said that office boy was then getting $30,000 a year, and he, the owner of the business, was then starting on a year's vacation, the young man, then manager, having entire charge.

My son finished at Yale and was in his first year law at Harvard when the war started and he is now in the service as a first lieutenant. The profession of law was selected only after careful consideration, but had he not made this choice and elected to go into business, I would not have allowed him to "hunt a job" and become an underwriter, or undertaker, or a plumber, or publisher, as chance might have directed. He would have learned, if possible, what he was best fitted for and what he liked, and then found the best house in the line and with the best reputation as to square dealing, and try to start as office boy or porter, at no salary, if necessary. I realize that a boy without means or a dad to see him through could not to do this, but wherever possible it should be done and the principle followed at any rate in every case. It would save many failures which are not realized until after twenty or thirty years of service and when it is too late to make a change.

H. E. G.

Your letter is so full of practical business experience that I am publishing it for the benefit of readers of this column.

Unfortunately, there is too much "hit-or-miss" method about getting started in life.

The young fellow will spend hours on the choice of a necktie; he will take a job without any consideration beyond the fact that it pays so much a week.

If parents would only go about the problem as you state, many of the so-called failures of the world would be successful and honorable citizens.

Here's wishing your boy that happiness which will come from knowing that he has done his duty to his country.

(Copyright)

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.

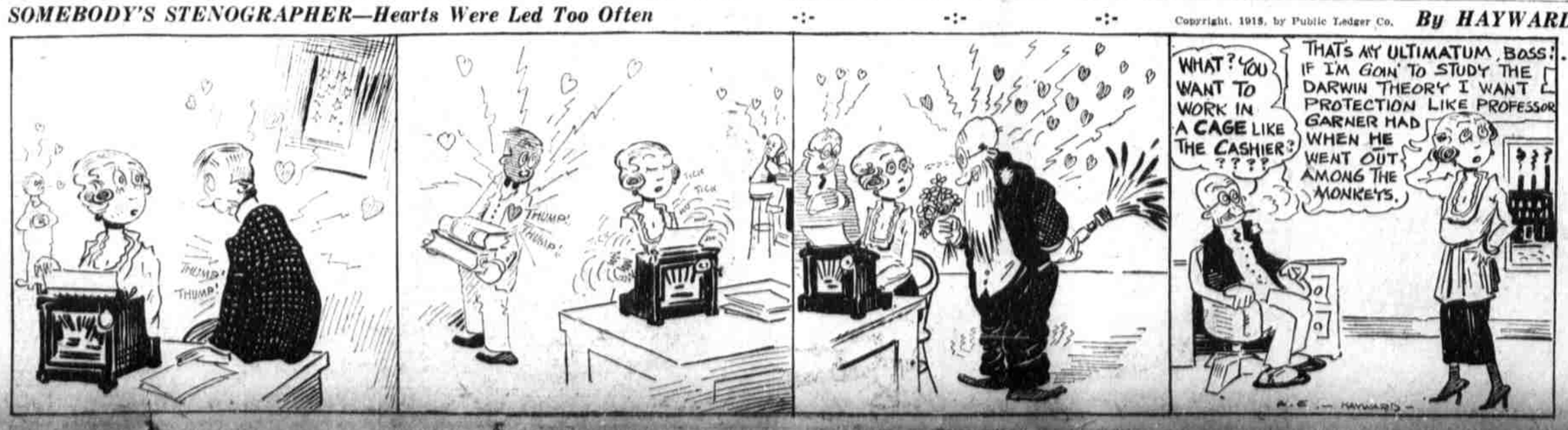
The Little Houses

We have builded many things, fashioned many wonders,
Scythe and plow and saddletree and hunting-knife and spear;
We have wrought for beauty and for glory and for pleasure,
And have builded little houses for the women we love dear.
All along the highways there are little houses,
Pleasant in the sunlight, peaceful in rain;
You may see the folk go forth early in the morning,
And at dusk returning home along the lane.

We have fashioned Zeppelins and bayonets and cannon,
Launched our dreadnoughts on the sea, a terror to the deep;
Yet be God our witness, we have also builded houses—
Little peaceful houses where the little children sleep.
Some are set in gardens, lawns and trees about them,
Some are crowded, wall to wall, along the city street;
But in town and country God has blessed little houses
With the laughing eyes of women and with children's romping feet.

We have molded for ourselves telegraph and tunnels,
Builded bridge and barrack-room, derrick, dock, and gun;
But for love of women we have builded little houses,
Pleasant in the shadows and peaceful in the sun.
All the wide world over there are little houses,
Silent in the starlight, shining in the dew;
There with children's laughter and the loving hearts of women
God, the Almighty Builder, builds the world anew.

—Victor Starbuck, in the Century.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Hearts Were Led Too Often

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