

Travelling in Africa

THE one-wheeled rickshaw of Africa, like its two-wheeled ancestor, the jinricksha of Japan, was the invention of a missionary, the designer of the African vehicle being a Swede engaged in mission work on the Congo.

Egg Scramble with Tomato Border.

SCRAMBLE the required number of eggs and put on a hot platter; surround with thick slices of tomato which have been seasoned with salt and pepper, dipped in flour and browned in butter. Thin curls of crispy bacon is a tempting addition.—From Good Housekeeping.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.

Pearl manages to secure an interview with Carslake in his cell in prison.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

- Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton Henry Geill

(Novellized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 7.

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"DARE say," he sighed. "You're your father all over again! Always involved in some madcap adventure . . . And with a nice young man this time, eh? . . . I've been expecting it."

Her eyes danced. "With two nice young men, really," she informed him.

"Two indeed?" she gasped. "But one is much, much nicer than the other, of course," she admitted. "And then—there's the villain. There's always some sort of villain, isn't there?" This one is putting us to all kinds of bother—rather, he has been—and now he's in jail at last and I don't think he'll bother us again—but I have to see him at once to settle everything. That's where you come in, your Honor! You've got to get me into jail."

The Judge Is Surprised.

"To-night?" He chuckled. "Who is the man?" "Richard Carslake." "Carslake?" cried the Judge, astonished. "The Carslake who was your father's secretary?" "Yes. He's turned out rather a bad man since then," explained Pearl, "and now he's in jail for theft and murder and goodness knows what not—and he knows something I've got to find out. The question is, can you get me an interview with him to-night, whether it's against the rules and regulations or not?"

The old man smiled. "Of course, I can," he replied. "I can do anything, my dear. I am a regular old magician, sitting here by my fire. You have but to wish, as the little princesses did in the fairy tales."

"Good!" cried Pearl, beaming on him. "Shall I go straight down to the jail now?"

"Yes, if you like; only first hand me my telephone. Telephones, my dear, are what we modern magicians use instead of wands."

She brought him the desk phone, leaned over and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"Thanks, Your Honor," she said gently. He looked at her, his old eyes kindling with devotion.

"Don't you want me to go with you?" he asked.

"At this time of night? Certainly not! I'm well escorted." He smiled at that and nodded, and she went swiftly from the room.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX Friendship and Love.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-three and have been going about with a young man for a year. He has told me he loved me several times and has asked me if I loved him. I like him very much, but I do not love him. Wers I to marry him I know he would do everything he could for me. Do you think I could be happy, and would I be taking too much of a "chance" in marrying a man just because I respected him and liked his company? PERPLEXED.

EVEN my written guarantee won't assure you of anything. Statistics themselves would fail you. Sometimes love and devotion win a woman completely. Very often the wife finds her greatest happiness in a marriage where most of the deep, emotional feelings are husband's. Not very many women are swept off their feet by great feelings and swept into any safe harbor. It might be a good idea to explain your worries and puzzles and see whether he is willing to go on with a friendship which, if only life were ideal enough, ought surely to develop into love.

room, blowing him a kiss from the doorway ere she vanished.

Twenty minutes later she was interviewing Carslake behind bars.

Carslake's Price.

She waited for him in a room with iron doors which the guards locked when they had ushered Carslake in. He stood regarding her with surprise and grim amusement. "Miss Standish—to see me?" he murmured, ironically. "I am indeed honored!"

"Mr. Carslake," said Pearl. "I need not pretend that I have come here moved by any personal interest in your welfare!"

"Did you not?" he repeated, sarcastically. "No. I came because I believe you know where the violet diamond is, and because I want that diamond! You've got to tell me where it can be found, and you can name your price!"

Carslake regarded her critically. "Are you quite sure you're willing to pay my price?"

"Quite sure! I'll pay anything within reason!"

Until that moment, Carslake had not been especially interested in the interview. Now, however, he drew nearer, eagerly.

"I do know where the diamond is," he admitted, "and I can deliver it to you whenever I please."

"By midnight to-night?" asked Pearl breathlessly. "Yes—if necessary, and if you agree to pay my price."

"You have only to name it," said Pearl, opening her hand bag. She had \$25,000 in cash in it.

Carslake shook his head. "My price is my freedom," he told her.

"Your—freedom?" she gasped, staring at him. "Do you mean—you'll not return the diamond to me unless I get you out of here?"

A Hard Bargain.

"That is precisely what I mean," he answered suavely. "But it is impossible!" protested Pearl.

Carslake shook his head. "No. It is not impossible. Go to Ranne's Cafe on Mott Street and ask for the 'Spider.' For enough money, he can do anything."

"The 'Spider'?" she repeated. "Ask for him at Ranne's. If he gets me free to-night in time I'll return the violet diamond to you before midnight."

At that moment the guards returned, informing Pearl that her time was up. Taking leave of Carslake, who smiled after her in gentle amusement, she returned to her car, which was waiting outside.

"Bert," she said to the chauffeur, who had been in her service a long time, "do you know where Ranne's Cafe is—on Mott street?"

"No," answered Bert reluctantly. He never liked to admit that there was anything he didn't know. "But I can find it for you, I'm sure, miss," he added, confidently.

"Very well. I'm going to see if you can," cried Pearl. "But first I'll have to stop at the house and change. I look a bit too conspicuous to venture into Ranne's as I am."

She entered the car and leaned back with a sigh as they started. It was already 10 minutes to 10, according to her wrist watch.

She had the car wait while she rushed up the stairs, threw off her clothes and got into a somewhat shabby outfit of her maid's. Then, seizing her handbag—which had still the \$25,000 in it—she descended once more to the car.

Some thirty minutes later—at half past ten to the minute, to be exact—she was opening the door of Ranne's and slipping in.

Into a Trap.

It was a sort of low-class dance hall, in which drinks were sold. Little tables stood round the wooden floor, and about them were gathered varied types of the underworld—thugs and cutthroats, painted women, old and young; racketeers and poolroom men, prize-fighters and their followers, and others not so easily classified.

"Heart-Trouble"

A Kind That a Man—Going "for a Soldier"—May Have and Still Get Into the Army



If We Lived on the Moon

(This is the Seventh in this Unique Series by Prof. Serviss.)

APPROACHING "Pluto" from the northern coast of the "Sea of Raina," you would, if you chose to go afoot, first climb some steep cliffs, and then make your way for a few miles across a rough region, with an upward slope toward the north, until you came out on the verge of the enclosing wall of the valley.

Looking down almost vertically below you at a depth about equal to the height of El Capitan, in the plain within the ring-wall stretching away as level as a floor. It forms in reality a nearly perfect circle, sixty miles in diameter. Seen from the earth, it has an oval shape because it lies so far down the northern side of the lunar globe that it is foreshortened in a north-and-south direction. Dropping down the precipices, where you would probably require the aid of your electrical flying machine to ease off the falls, you would find yourself in the grandest football arena that the imagination can conceive.

Its only fault is that of being altogether too large. Telescopes of astronomical power would have to be used by the spectators, sitting on the summit of the mountain gully surrounding it, in order to see what the players were about in the centre of the arena, and when they made a rush toward one side the people on the mountain wall at the opposite side would lose sight of them below the horizon, for on the moon, whose radius is but little more than 1,000 miles, the surface rounds off so rapidly that even from an elevation of 3,000 feet the horizon would be only a little over thirty miles away, or, in other words, would extend but just beyond the centre of the plain.

From the height of your eyes, as you stood on the plain, you would see the surface round down out of sight at a distance of less than a mile and a half.

Is I have before said, there are many mysteries, or at least puzzles, connected with the appearance presented by "Pluto" when seen from the earth. Some of these appearances have been supposed to be caused either by the rapid growth

and decay of some strange kind of vegetation or of volcanic action, like the blowing off of gases through immense vent holes, but we are so ignorant about their real character that I cannot venture to tell you what you would discover as you wandered over the great sunken plain.

But assuming that you found inhabitants there, suited to their surroundings and to the conditions of life in the lunar world, I can tell you some remarkable things that would happen in case the lunarians of "Pluto" were disposed to entertain you with a game of football or baseball. Suppose it were baseball.

Let us take that horn of the dilemma which would assign to the people of the moon a stature inversely proportional to the force of gravity in their world. They would then be giants, averaging over thirty feet in height, and, if their muscles were in all respects like ours, their strength would be prodigious. It would, in comparison with ours, be at least as the square of the cross-section of their muscles, i. e., as 625, or 36 to 1. Now we have, in a preceding article, shown that, owing to the slight force of lunar gravity, you would be able to throw a stone three six times as far as you could throw it on the earth. But the lunarian baseball player, being 36 times stronger, could throw or bat the same ball 625, or 216 times as far as you could on the earth.

So if you, sitting on a bustling crag 2,000 feet above the valley, thought that you were safe from accident while watching the game far below, you might find yourself sadly mistaken, for a huge ball, coming with the speed of a projectile, might knock off your hat, as it rose grandly above the mountain wall to bound down the long slope outside, and roll away over the smooth bed of the "Sea of Raina." Considered with reference to the batting and kicking power of the giant players, "Pluto" would not, after all, be too large a field for baseball or football. If they could run thirty-six times as fast as we can, think what an enormous "diamond" they would require, and how the lunar dust would fly when one of them made a quarter-of-a-mile slide to base!

But regardless of what imaginary lunar giants might do to astonish a pigmy visitor from the earth in their colossal amphitheatre of Brobdignagian sports, consider only

what "stunts" you yourself could perform on the broad floor of "Pluto." How the big fellows, sitting around on huge blocks of ancient lava, would laugh to see you skip easily over their knees, rising nine feet from the ground; and then, after a preliminary run, leap clear over their mighty, four-foot-thick heads. But if, exultant by your success, you undertook to surprise them with your speed, although you might be astonished at it yourself, as you made 600 yards in ten seconds, you would only excite the ridicule of the lunarians, for one of their 18-foot youths could overtake and pass you after giving you 500 yards start.

You would get your revenge, though, when you began to tell them about things on the earth. Their oldest savants would be unable to comprehend what you meant by air and water, and they would set you down as the most entertaining and ingenious prevaricator they had ever met if you told them the sober truth about birds, flies, aeroplanes, ships, submarines, clouds and storms, and you would "bring down the house" with an account of a tornado. Perhaps the greatest lesson you would bring away with you would be the conviction that every world is a madhouse to every other world.

The next article in this series will deal with the experiences of a terrestrial visitor to Venus.

Happy Thought.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" asked a waiter of a customer who was about to depart without giving the customary gratuity.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the diner. "How fortunate it was you spoke! My wife told me not to spend my money foolishly, and I was just about to give you a tip!"

Rightful Demand.

"What's that boy howling about now?" asked the head of the house from the depth of his newspaper. "He wants his own way," snapped the mother. And, with his mind on the latest war news, her husband replied, "Well, if it's his, why don't you let him have it?"

A Recovery.

Brown—Is your brother, who was so deaf, any better? Bridget—Sure, he'll be all right in the morning. Brown—You don't say so? Bridget—Yes, he was arrested yesterday and gets his hearing in the mornin'.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

What "stunts" you yourself could perform on the broad floor of "Pluto." How the big fellows, sitting around on huge blocks of ancient lava, would laugh to see you skip easily over their knees, rising nine feet from the ground; and then, after a preliminary run, leap clear over their mighty, four-foot-thick heads. But if, exultant by your success, you undertook to surprise them with your speed, although you might be astonished at it yourself, as you made 600 yards in ten seconds, you would only excite the ridicule of the lunarians, for one of their 18-foot youths could overtake and pass you after giving you 500 yards start.

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The Road to Happiness

DO YOU FEAR TO SUFFER? If You Fear Pain Too Much You Refuse to Pay the Price of Real Joy.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

I walked a mile with Pleasure, She chattered all the way, But left me none the wiser For all she had to say. I walked a mile with Sorrow, And ne'er a word said she, But oh! the things I learned from her.

When Sorrow walked with me.—Robert Browning, Hamilton.

ARE you afraid to suffer? If you fear pain too much to engage in, you refuse to pay the price of real happiness. Sorrow and joy have this in common—they are intense, they lift humanity out of dullness. The very greatest happiness takes its tragedy. And the most frightful tragedy brings something akin to joy in the sympathy with life which is part of pain.

When Keats wrote, "Welcome Joy and Welcome Sorrow!" he was expressing the fact that the great souls fear nothing.

For everything life gives us we have to pay. Think of the supreme sacrifices, motherhood, demands. And yet, what woman who comes back from the gates of death with her child in her arms feels that the price is too much?

Sacrifice is the thread of melody which runs through all of life. None of us can have everything. It is necessary to choose wisely—to have a sense of values—to know what you are willing to give up in order that other things may be added to you. To dare splendidly is not to be blind to the need of paying a heavy price—it is to see the penalty and to realize that the penalty is not too great.

Life offers to each of us his destiny. We have to be brave enough to take it. If riches and ease and a social position mean much to a man, do you suppose he could throw them aside and go to look for a lost continent? But if finding a new world was a man's real desire, do you suppose the knowledge that he must suffer hardships and face death would deter him?

Hope Above All.

We all hope to come safely out of horrible undertakings. But only if our desire to achieve is great are we so completely brave that we dare failure and destruction. And if we greatly dare we go straight toward achievement even where we seem to fail.

It is not easy to sacrifice peace of mind. It is not pleasant to take up a burden of uncertainty and terror; but unless the endurance which wins life's great prizes, sorrow brings strength and sympathy and understanding. The man

who can endure sorrow has conquered himself—the conquest of life lies just ahead. Sorrow and suffering are not too great a price to pay for success.

Peace of mind is a glorious thing—it means quiet, comfort, steady nerves and rest. But only the man who is ready to sacrifice his peace of mind can hope to achieve greatly.

Growth always hurts. The very unrest which drives man to the desire for growth laborates him. Ambition puts an ache of longing into the heart.

But all sufferings can be endured save only one. The loss of peace of mind and comfort and friends and happiness are all endurable. There is only one price that is too big to pay for achievement—self respect. The right to look yourself square in the eye and call yourself a free man or woman—the right to take your place with honest men and women—is the one thing to which you must cling unless you can endure the unendurable heart hunger of feeling yourself an outcast and a weakling.

Selling your soul to the devil is this—in its simplest terms: Failing your own ideals of decency—giving up your right to right living.

If you want to achieve, you must look the thing squarely in the face and argue it out with yourself like this: "It won't be easy. Nothing worth while ever is. I'll have to fight and struggle every day and all the time. I will be driven when I want to lie down and rest. I will be tortured when I want to be quiet and calm. I will have to sacrifice all my little desires. I will have to go on when I am weary and hungry. I will have to be misjudged. It won't be easy. It will mean suffering . . . yes, it will mean a lot. But it is my highest possibility. I must go after it."

The Patience to Suffer.

When first the X-ray came into use and the lead screens to protect the hand of the operator had not been invented a man over in Boston entered an X-ray research institute. He felt that here lay a great chance to help humanity. The action of the little understood ray began destroying

his fingers. He made himself strange gaited gloves and went on. He could endure the burning away of his hand—no suffering was too great to pay as price for the knowledge his work demanded and for the help he might give to humanity. His spirit felt driven to go on. He could never have endured the personal fear that would have come to his flesh at the cost of his work. Extreme? Yes. But his indomitable courage to suffer and sacrifice brought him what he greatly desired. How much would you suffer for your "heart's desire"? You get what you want of life—if YOU WANT IT ENOUGH!

The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk.

"THERE is men and women in this world so selfish they hurt," declared the Manicure Lady, gazing moodily out of the barber shop window. "Honest to goodness, George, why some of them was born is more than I know. I suppose they just was rung in as part of the scheme, like the spiders and centipedes and things I seen in one of them Western moving pictures."

"Who's been stinging you now?" asked the Head Barber.

"Nobody ain't been stinging me," said the Manicure Lady. "I only been getting some of my delusions shattered, as them poets say. I had a girl friend that I would have swore by if I would have swore at all, and now she comes along after me thinking her generous for three years, and does a little, messy, selfish thing that I wouldn't never have thought her capable of."

"Folks has kinda got to look out for themself in this game," opined the Head Barber. "Even if they get to be thought selfish, they gotta play the old safe system and make a little fuss over Number One before they go slipping all their dough to Tom and Dick."

"I suppose that's the truth," said the Manicure Lady. "I said before, George, I think there ain't no worse sin in this world than being piggyish. I always say that to every new gent that comes in here to have his nails did. I always kinda gives him to understand that us girls likes generous men better than if they was just good-looking and nothing else. I do that so that by the time their nails is all trimmed they thought it over

and usually hate to walk out without leaving no tip. It works most times, but there is some awful close jobs in this here world. Once in awhile I get hurt."

"My old lady is the most unselfish wife I ever seen," said the Head Barber. "She is all the time thinking of me and how she can make me comfortable around the house, and she ain't no more afraid of working than you are afraid of talking. Kid, I always feel glad I married her when I come home and see everything tidy and slick around the shack. That's the kind of a wife to have, one that can get you comfortable when you come home tired—one that ain't afraid to dig in and hustle and get things in order."

The Manicure Lady regarded him freely.

"You got some grand, romantic notions, George," she said at last. "You're about as bad as the old man, Wilfred, was telling us about the other night. He says the old man was talking to him about being married, and says to brother Wilfred: 'I got the finest wife; she can do more work than a horse.' Honest to goodness, George, I hope I don't draft no husband like that when my time comes to draw."

"I hope not," said George. "It would be a terrible shock to your system to do any real work after the years you have soldiered around here. I guess since this war started all the gents is letting their hair grow. Business is awful, and that's what it is."

"There's no use being poverty," the Manicure Lady cooed. "As that there old poet said, 'Spend your time the sun is shining, so stop your heading and your whining.'"

To Be Continued To-morrow.