

Women and Their Interests Some Horse Sense

By ELBERT HUBBARD The man who put the roar in East Aurora was C. J. Hamlin, known to the horse fraternity as "Pa." Pa. Hamlin had the reputation at the grocery of being a tightwad, but once when I went to him and asked him to subscribe a hundred dollars to buy a town park he asked, "How much is the park, son?" "Six thousand dollars," I announced, and he drew me a check for the six thousand.

FEED COMPANY HAS FIREPROOF BUILDINGS

Paxton Offices and Warehouses Built With Latest Elevating Equipment The new offices and warehouses of the Paxton Flour and Feed Company and the Harrisburg Storage Company, 437-445 South Second street, recently completed some of the best and most modern equipment of any large wholesale house in this section of the State.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

A treat for you and yours Take home to the wife and kiddies the daintiest and most delicious confection ever— Wilburbuds Rich, smooth, luscious morsels of chocolate that melt in your mouth.

SKIN ERUPTION ALL OVER BABY Kept Spreading. Disfigured for Time. Could Not Sleep at Night. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Completely Healed.

DEATH FROM ACCIDENT Columbia, Pa., Dec. 30.—As a result of Monday's grade crossing accident on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, the body of a young woman, whose horse train was occupied by Anthony McVey, Charles T. Eckert and L. C. Carroll, employees of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, was struck by a passenger train.

DEATH OF JOHN MAJOR Duncansville, Pa., Dec. 30.—John Major died at his home in North High street yesterday of heart trouble. He was 69 years old and is survived by his widow and two sons, Charles, of Duncansville, and Rex, of Harrisburg, and three daughters, Mrs. Charles Bender, Mrs. Joseph Derrick and Mrs. Austin Minnick, of Harrisburg.

TABERNACLE CHOIR TO SING Columbia, Pa., Dec. 30.—A movement has been started to have the Nicholson-Henninger tabernacle choir sing at the community Christmas tree on New Year's eve.

TAKEN TO PASTEUR INSTITUTE Wayneboro, Pa., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Harvey Auglinbaugh was taken to the Pasteur Institute at Marietta, Pa., by her physician, Dr. J. E. Kemper. She had been bitten by a dog shown to have rabies.

RUB RHEUMATISM PAIN FROM SORE, ACHING JOINTS Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil"

FLORIDA TRIPS "BY SEA" BALTIMORE TO JACKSONVILLE and return \$22.50 SAVANNAH and return \$25.00

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8377 Gown with Deep Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

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He threw in his clutch and the car left the line and started up the hill toward California street. John Dorr leaned back against the cushions with a strange sense of at last being on his way toward his goal. He barely heard his companion's murmur, "Evidently they took her into the lower part of Chinatown."

"We usually credit the oriental with little or no imagination, pointing to his art, his clothes and his language as evidences. As the fact runs, even the Chinese coolie uses the faculty of imagination more frequently than his white brother on an equal social plane. Sing Wah, or Wah Sing, as he was indifferently called, was outwardly a stolid, dull eyed Chinese of uncertain middle age. His picture—it was in the gallery of every secret service office from Singapore to Philadelphia—was not less changeless of expression, nor more tecturn than he. Yet in spite of his somber clothes and general air of blank stupidity, Sing Wah was a man of mark, a man with a history replete with adventure and, not too seldom with crime.

If the ordinary criminal could have an office or a store he would quadruple his profits. But the common run of rascals must steal and fly. Their post-office address is a figment. They are not at home when opportunity knocks. Sing Wah knew this, and it was his boast that for thirty years any one who wanted him, either day or night, could find him. So he sat at the back of his little store night after night, blinking through the wooden screen at the various customers who came in to trade or barter. And year after year they came to his door, the pirates and the thief, the smuggler and the robber, and he took his toll of them and passed them on. Whether Sing Wah never told. And because he did not tell they came back with greater loot and richer booty, and he again passed them through his store to vanish utterly from the haunts of men and the purview of the police.

Among the many hundreds who had availed themselves of Sing Wah's aid was Wilkerson, who, during dark periods of his career, had several times run athwart the barriers of the law and been compelled to seek refuge where he could. Harry Wilkerson was not a fool. In some ways he was brilliantly endowed. He recognized Sing Wah's superiority to all others in the great game of outwitting the law. He perceived beneath the stolid mask the alert, active, studious mind which was ever vigilant, never forgetful, always intelligently watching the world that passed before his filmed eyes. The Chinese had, as well, acknowledged Wilkerson's adeptness and persistency. In several deals they had been partners in their mutual profit.

"You are a very good fellow, Harry," Sing Wah had told him once as they drank tea in a little room in the rear. "You are a smart man—almost as smart as I am. But you are too hungry. You cannot resist your appetites. Now, I"—he made a slight gesture of distaste with his lean brown hand—"I have no appetites."

Wilkerson nodded. "I guess you're right, Sing Wah. You even haven't any pride. You talk pidgin English to the tourists and the rest, instead of speaking the perfect English you know." The dull eyes lit for a moment humorously. "I have always felt that I owed it to Oxford not to flaunt my education in a small tradesman's shop, don't you know?"

The imitation of the Oxonian drawl had been so natural that Wilkerson had slapped his thighs in delight. Thereafter he took a peculiar pleasure in watching Sing Wah's assumed silent stupidity and comparing it with what he knew to be the real person behind the dull features.

It was to Wilkerson that the Chinese had explained his reason for never changing his address, no matter how brisk the police might be. "And I have thought out a scheme which you will like," he went on. "Come with me."

It was then that he showed Wilkerson the cylindrical room which had a single door and revolved at a touch on a lever.

"Dangerous stuff!" commented Wilkerson. "If the police find that they'll sure land you."

Sing Wah's pallid lips opened in faint smile. "I built it for them. And the Chinatown guides know about it and will charge \$10 extra for a trip through the horrors of the underground, as they call it." The Chinese sneered. "Let them play with such things while I use the brains heaven gave me. And yet, sometime that trick room may serve a purpose."

Thus it came about that Harry Wilkerson, driven to his wits' end to accomplish his designs, betrothed him of Sing Wah and fairly drove Jean Darnell and Drake before him.

To Mrs. Darnell's credit it must be said that she rebelled strongly. But the stake was too great to risk, and she bitterly consented to Wilkerson's hastily outlined plan of hiding Ruth away somewhere in Sing Wah's precincts until they could once more get their plans into working order.

Before she would leave the place she must indeed see Sing Wah himself. "Will the girl be safe here?" she demanded.

The Chinese looked at her flushed (To Be Continued Friday)

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