THE DAY OF SOULS

a Novel of San Francisco

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

CHAPTER II—Continued

FERRERI'S wits did not follow at first; there was, at time, a grim satire in Arnold; he would say things that showed, after all, that you had never been close to him, that he was surveying you and himself from some viewpoint inimitably his own. Louis recalled, as all the street did, that Arnold's family name had stood for much 10 years ago—much that Louis knew of only as his indifferent eye wandered over the social pages of the Sunday papers. It was broken now, almost forgotten; from the only son, the last scion of the house, the years had effaced resentment, shame or hope of reparation. He had accepted, he told himself, with a clear, impersonal survey, and he had promised himself, whatever the conditions, to be the master of his life. And so he had come down the way, still seeing his fall clearly, in a sort of philosophic pride at the mordant keenness with which he knew himself and was unmoved, without law, without conscience, without soul. It was as he wished.

"Different people?" Ferreri drawled. "They're all crooks."

Arnold laughed easily. "Naturally. But I'm through with the little ones. With money I can reach the big ones, I mean socially. Money'll make them forget a good deal—and now I'll have some money." He tinkled his glass along the polished wood. "Dad's pretty old for San Quentin. He won't be the same game old fighter that tried to swing the whole San Joaquin into his irrigation scheme. And because he stood wrong higher up the railroad and the land ring smashed him.

"He wouldn't take orders, and they got his backers away, and then he signed his name to some paper that wasn't good, and they got him—the other crooks. Ah, well, now I'll swing that pardon. Every day I rub shoulders with more crooks free than dad would meet in a thousand years in prison, but that's all right—I'm not kicking about the game—I'm the son of a con, and that's all right, too. Only, now, with money—"

"You can't reach the governor. There's bigger men than you can go to Chatom, and Chatom gives the word and the governor programs like a little man. If your old man was clean as Angel Gabriel what chance have you got?"

Arnold laughed. "Money," he repeated; "watch me."

"And a girl on your hands."

"That's all right. I'll treat her fine."

"Ham, you don't love her." Louis' voice protested curiously. "You—why, no woman in this town ever held you for a little minute."

Ham's mimic laugh rang out. "Well, this kid—she thinks I'm the only thing that has ever happened! I had her the first time I met her—she hadn't a chance." And then his cool voice deepened: "And I tell you I'll be fine to her. I'll cut you fellows off the map. What's the use of this? What's all this midnight racket? What's this town ever done for me?"

"It'll do something for you now." Ferreri had a sleepy resentment. "Heard the latest? Grand jury's gone into the registration for last August primaries. That'll get pretty close to you—you and Fred Weldy were in the registrar's office, and you packed some awful raw ones. But you put it through and Stillman got Weldy into the legislature to help protect the races. Oh, sure, the whole town knows that, all right! But you—you took some fierce chances—you do things so openly."

John Arnold gyrated his highball indifferently: "Well, if the racetrack can't protect its men from the grand jury, Stillman better quit running this town. To hell with the grand jury! We've got five of the superior judges, haven't we? We can hold the supreme court on a pinch, can't we, long as the railroad's behind the track?" But his mood changed: "Well, I'm through. Tonight the queer work and I part company. I quit."

The Italian-American laughed again.

"Girl," he murmured; "girl! I see you quittin'. They won't let you quit—they've got you. The big fight's only beginning and they need you. And you don't love her. I got a picture of you a family man. Lord, you!"

The other was staring at his gaunt face in the mirrors—the thin curls about his white, high forehead, the eyes deep set, unreadable, dark, with their trick of laughing even in his reserve. "Look here," he muttered, "suppose I did? Suppose there was a way for me? I'm always thinking of the hills, somehow, and tonight she said we'd have a place somewhere there—" he pointed through the garish lights off to the north—"with roses all around the door."

They were silent along Fergy's polished bar. Ham was staring above the wicker doors. Fergy held a pink globe of a goblet up to flick a last bit of lint away, and it hung, its iridescence flung back from every angle of the room. "That's me," Arnold muttered, "some day."

Ferreri turned. "Let's blow down the line. They're burning champagne in the red fire tonight, and it's only half-past 2. The whole town cleaned up on the Native Son. But that little girl—" he signaled to the drink mixers behind the Maplewood bar. "The house is in—every one."

"All right—" Arnold had briefly hesitated—"Scotch in a high glass."

Ferreri lifted his glass solemnly to his friend and the men in the white aprons: "To the little girl—Ham's little girl!"

Arnold went to the lunch where a clean little Japanese lifted the great silver dish covers. Frank Arasaka—California Japanese are invariably "Franks," or "Joes," or "Charlies,"—smiled with serene friendliness on the young man; a brown faced spectacled student of language and medicine, he remembered the days when Arnold had helped him through the English primer. In the Imperial hotel on Stockton street, "over the hill," they had argued economics over the raw fish and hot sake many a night, for Arnold had been Arasaka's patron when he was a stranger in a strange land. So the little Japanese said, with a hesitant sadness now: "I mek you goodby, Mist' Arnold. I go back to Nippon nex'."

"Home?"

"Yes—mebbe. You been mos' good to mek me English in the study. Now, I go Nippon. My family mos' long, honorable. Nex' month come great Samurai festival—what you say?—solemn? I clean myself—I mek great thoughts. All night by Shoji I watch swords of mos' honorable ancestors. I mus' remember if I ben corage—honorable such as them."

"And they come back to judge you—the old fighting men?"

"Mos' exact. All souls awaken! Ol' fighting men ask if I ben corage and honor. You know? No man come dare stand dishonorable before them ol' armor and them ol' swords w'en them ol' honorable ancestors ask. I mus' mek myself clean firs'—then I can watch and answer. O, you ben soldier—mos' honorable—you know!"

Arnold watched him curiously: "You must come clean that night. I see—and what do you call the thing—the festival?

"Very hard to English. In Japan—the day of souls."

The hardfaced American looked again at the little brown, spectacled man, wondering idly why this unmoral, scientifically materialistic heathen, spending his days in books, his nights in the whirling lusts of the town, smiling and serene, should go back across five thousand miles of water to sit one night before the armor of the Samurai awaiting their judgment. Then slowly with a smile, his hand went to the Japanese: "Play square then with those ancestors. It's a fine idea. Sayonara!"

He gambled five dollars into one of Ferreri's slot machines without a winning, and gossiped half an hour with Fergy, the others having gone. Then Arnold caught the owl car up Kearny street and got off at Portsmouth square. He was a fellow given much to dreams when alone; when with his friends he had a way of listening abstractedly, but with an encouraging humor of comment. The town called him "square"; the street nicknamed him, as men do one subconsciously beloved.

But Ham wondered at times why he was such a disaster to himself and those who cared for him; though when he went about the homeless dogs always followed him and he saw the wistfulness in their eyes and knew that life to them was one long yearning for the possible adventure; and in the eyes of women he saw that which the finality of the morgue records does not show, for it was their secret, true romance; and in the eyes of white haired old mothers, and the babes who always watched him in a crowd, he saw a wonder which he could not understand and a peace that troubled him.

As he climbed the hill into Chinatown the late police detail from the hall of justice greeted him with friendly pleasantries. When he reached the door of his lodgings it suddenly occurred to him that there was no available bed in Miss Granberry's house and he paused, wondering whereabout he might find a room. Then he saw a paper twisted about the door knob, his marriage license crumpled, wine stained, and by the corner light he read the scrawls across its back:

"If you and I together, sweetheart."
"Sweetheart, if you and I could roam;"
"If together we did roam, sweetheart,"

"Sammy, oh, Sammy," sighed J. Ham Arnold.

Under the gray, ancient gable he looked down the hill to the squat roofs of Chinatown and the Barbary coast reaching to the bay. The day was coming beyond Mount Diablo to the east. It was still and high about him, a clean land above the wolfish town, the place of savages. A vision came to his somber eyes: yes, he was above it all—he had gone back the ways of the years of his life; he had come to a hilltop in the north, there to stand in an inviolate peace, a gladness he had put by, forgotten. And below him lurked the city where the beasts were, beaten, conquered: they lay gross, filled, the weaker dying unheeded, but afar, high on his hilltop he was above this—on his lips a victor's song.

After a while he moved from the wet balcony rail and sat on the rough mat by the door so that he could see the stars fade. Quietly watching them his knees relaxed presently, his shoulders sank against the door frame, the fumes of many liquors stole to his brain, and he slept.

The light widened over the eastern mountains. Diablo shot a sparkle from its snowy slope. The bay shores grew plain, the town below took form. Within half an hour, because she was from the country up in back and used to early rising, the girl on the couch stirred. Presently she looked drowsily about and started at the strange room. Then she smiled with sleepy luxuriance. From the window the chill air streamed in; she wondered if the children in the big bed were well covered.

Sylvia slipped from the couch and glanced at them. Then she came to the window and put her head through, glancing at the patches of sea and mountain under the coloring sky.

Looking along the balcony she saw a man huddled at the door and, in some alarm, went cautiously to open it. She knew he must be asleep; now, she saw it was her lover.

She threw the door wide and in her nightrobe knelt on the step above him. He breathed gently, his dark face, without its inscrutable trouble, now at peace. The girl studied him quietly; then she noticed the morning damp on his hair and the collar upturned about his chin. She went back and dragged the heaviest blanket from her bed and cautiously placed it over him, tucking it under his form and about his throat. She watched him longer and then, with a smile, reached to the dresser and took the mass of violets from the bowl, shaking the water from the stems. Laughing, she scattered them over him, over the blanket, and by twos and threes and in little garlands, they fell in his face and hair and on the mold of the boards.

She laughed again out of her happiness. It was grand. It was just as she had dreamed, as she wished to believe; he was a knight wandering through the world doing noble deeds, fighting brave battles; he had come to lie before her threshold, guarding it through the dark hours; and now, when the light had come, she could reward him with the flowers he had given her and which she had worn over her heart. She looked down at the brute town; it was stilled—for her, in the night, he had conquered. It was without life; only, over a gaunt hill to the north, lay a drift of fog, like a rag of lace on a beggar's breast.

She looked down again at the violets scattered over him.

CHAPTER III

A little old woman, with a face as wrinkled as parchment under her gray hair, which was parted primly and yet brought down in a wavy loop over each ear, after the fashion of a schoolgirl, thrust her head through the door leading from the inner hall to Arnold's apartments.

"May I come in, Mr. Hammy?" she said, in the brisk querulousness of one habitually hurried.

"Good morning, Granny," said he, combing his hair at the dresser. "Come in."

Miss Granberry entered. "Are the dears asleep?" she asked. "I didn't want them in the small room next the plumber—he was drunk again." She bent above the children, still in the rear chamber. "The poor dears—the poor dears—but Angelo must be awakened."

Miss Granberry caught the flutter of a gown on the balcony outside in the radiant morning. Her small brown eyes peered cautiously about.

"Bless my soul!"

Arnold turned, waving his hair brushes. "Miss Granberry, this is my wife—she's to be my wife—Sylvia."

"Bless my soul; bless my soul!" The little old woman stood among the scattered violets on the breezy balcony, blinking at the light.

Sylvia gave her hand to Miss Granberry's gray talon. "Married? Well, well, my dears!"

"MARRIED?, WELL, WELL, MY DEARS!"

"Pretty near!" laughed Sylvia.

Miss Granberry trembled with delight; it had come then—the romance with which always she had known she would be concerned. She was a little, shrill voiced spinster, living in the memories of the fifties, when she had known the makers of California—the bonanza kings and the builders of the Southern Pacific—Sharon, Fair, Huntington, Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Stanford, Ralston—the great names of the Comstock; in some of these families she had been a governess on the intimate relations of a friend; she knew innumerable stories of the early money kings in the mad San Francisco days; she had seen Casey and Cora hanged by the vigilantes; she had seen the opening of the Palace, and knew of the day its genius jumped from Meiggs wharf into the bay; she knew by the sureness of household gossip all the tales of incredible extravagance, of barbaric imagination that had gathered about the argonautic millionaires' families. And she had seen the curious fatality overtake them; their seed perished for the most part; their great, monstrously ugly palaces on Nob hill closed, deserted, mournful relics of the wonder age of the golden state, of the most fantastic era in the history of the republic. The great names, the turbulent families, were now traditions. The little old woman had seen their glory rise and fall and she lived on alone in beggary, unknown, forgotten—to chant, like the chorus of an Aeschylean tragedy, on the inevitable hand of fate laid against the mighty and the proud.

For forty years she had retreated before the savage town; she had fought it back from noisome lodgings with her failing strength, while it grew to be a monster, harsh, sordid, unrequiting—the days of gold, of youth, of prodigal friendship, were done. One wondered how the life spark stayed in such a withered, weary little body, performing prodigies of labor, sweeping her frayed carpets, scrubbing the halls with swashes of dirty water, cleaning the windows, making the beds. On Sunday mornings she was an elegant person in a black cap and silk dress, queerly cut, going to Trinity with her book of prayers; on week days she was the excitable little shrew, with a heart prodigiously kind, toiling for her lodgers, who were impecunious clerks, itinerant mechanics, peddlers, broken drift of the streets, who paid when they could and were trusted when they could not. The drunken, the improvident, the foolish, the sick, the lame, the despondent, all were hers; she nursed and protected and defended them, denouncing the police if they touched one of her worthless proteges; clothing the naked, forgiving the unchaste and drunken, toiling inordinately meanwhile to pay the landlord, the grocer and the interest on her mortgaged furniture—this was her life's tribute to the city, and in requital it would some day at the morgue draw a sheet over her bones.

The old woman was all aglow as John Arnold told of his love affair, all little cries and smiles and wonders. She kissed the girl's rosy cheek; she was hungry for something apart from the stink of the kitchen and the murky halls. She loved clothes, faces, manners of distinction and the lightness of youth. She must know all about it; they must stay to breakfast; yes, she would run to the corner for hot rolls, and to Uno' Pop's for bacon. And while she was hustling about with astonishing agility, a step sounded on the stairs leading from the attic, then a tap, tap, tapping—a cane on the wainscot.

Miss Granberry flashed a startled look on Arnold.

"You know, don't you?—it was in the morning papers—a cablegram from Manila? Hush, the captain's coming."

"The papers? Manila? I've seen nothing."

"Larry's dead. He struck an officer and was dishonorably discharged; and then he was killed in a quarrel at some little place with a big name in Samar. The paper just mentioned it."

"Larry?" Arnold stepped back, his lips tightened. At the bottom of the attic stairs an old man felt his way along. Sylvia's eyes shone with sympathy; she whispered: "Larry? I heard you speak of him—the soldier—"

"My bunky," muttered her lover. "I left him at Cavite. Here's his father."

The captain turned his clouded eyes on them. His face, with the noble sweep of hair, the mustaches, the stained, gray imperial, had the grand theatricism of another era of strong men; you would have marked him in a street among a thousand. His head inclined; he had heard his name—his right finger-tips went to his bushy brow.

The younger man saluted as gravely in this bit of play to which neither of them ever directly adverted.

"Sir, I heard today that a troop ship had come from the islands. Any news? Is the Third squadron still in Samar? You mentioned my son's name as I entered."

Miss Granberry sent a frightened warning to Arnold. The young man looked calmly into the veteran's half blinded eyes.

"There was some fighting, sir, in Samar, and Larry—well, the squadron was cut up a bit, I understand."

"Eh?—and my son?—" The old man's eager voice trembled.

The group was motionless. Arnold's cool tones broke the constraint.

"I was going to tell you, Captain. Larry can't return with the regiment. He'll be delayed a bit—he was—well, a bullet through the arm."

"Wounded?"

"On the firing line. Just a scratch, but—blood poisoning. They sent him back to Cavite and cut off his arm."

A proud joy shot through the captain's face. He cleared his throat oracularly.

"An arm?—bah! It'll make a man of the boy. A mere scratch—you should have seen our colonel, sir, at Kenesaw—his shoulder shot to ribbons—"

"I know," faltered Arnold to this familiar story. "But Larry can't come as soon as we hoped. You'll be patient, captain."

The captain's grand air heightened. His fingers went to the little button of the Loyal legion on his coat. Ah, no, it was nothing! He was a Georgian, but he had fought for the north because under that same flag his father had fought with Jackson at New Orleans. He had cut himself off from his people, but after the war, angered at the reconstruction, he had resigned from the national service. They had been hard years since, while a film was blotting the sun from his eyes, but he had not complained. Never would he accept a pension from a government that had treated his south as it had been treated; one could be proud, one could be clean, one could be patient—it was enough that one had served. These were strange days now—a commercial gabble of corruption and the ways of money, hard to understand; and a man who had fought at Shiloh, at the Wilderness and had caught his dead colonel at Kenesaw, and was going blind, had better stay from it. He had one son, but Lawrence had been a wild fellow—a profligate with this town man, Arnold, in camp and barroom. Well, maybe he would redeem himself in the Philippines with Lawton and MacArthur. One could be patient. The poverty of an attic was nothing, loneliness was nothing, darkness was nothing, if one could wait, patient and clean, for this reckless boy to come back redeemed on the firing line in the honor of service.

The captain glanced about, nodding sagely. He was trying to conceal his proud joy; it was better than one could expect—to have one's son wounded in such a petty affair as this in Samar. His hand went to the scar in his bushy brow as he frowned to dissemble his thoughts.

"An arm gone—um—um! I hope they won't baby the boy. What of his comrades, sir—and the action, what was it?"

The young man took the veteran's arm and led him apart from the women. "Captain," he whispered, "it was splendid! A sergeant at the Presidio, just returned, told me. It was a place called Bamboang. The fellows held an old church all day against thousands. Larry was shot trying to drag a comrade from danger—he'll get the honor medal!"

The captain started in the infinite issues of feeling. The dim hall light glimmered in his eyes until he saw, through a fulguration of glory, his son, a heroic figure, a symbol of the older republic, clean, ennobled, transfigured. He turned to the dark to hide his brimming tears from Arnold.

"Well, well, sir!"

They saluted each other gravely as two officers at parade. The veteran turned to the stairs.

"And, captain, it's all right about the money. Larry doesn't need it. We've arranged so that he'll send it to me, and I'll hand it to you—$3 a week. It's fine of Larry."

"I thank you, sir." The captain's air was brusk. This was irrevelant, this money talk. He went down the front stairs, tap, tap, tapping with his cane, to walk the block in the sunshine, remembering always that a soldier must keep his shoulders back.

Arnold stood with folded arms gazing after him. "I am an elegant liar." He checked a smile. "The captain's got small use for me. Larry—it's tough to go that way!"

His mind went back to his dead bunky; to the moonlight nights on the Lunetta—to Inez and Josefa and that Tagalog girl at Santa Ysabel. He had loved in many ports and byways; he thought of his days of youth, of the price he had paid for them; of the dead trooper sleeping in Samar—a bit of his own life was bound up in the moonlight on the island shores. Maybe Larry was the happier man!

A touch came to his arm; his bride of today was looking up at him.

"He wasn't so bad, was he—Larry? Did he quarrel with his father? Wouldn't he come home?"

"Little girl, he was just like me—my bunky."

"Miss Granberry says that you've been paying his father's room rent and for his meals and pretending all the time that Larry sent the money. What'll you do now?"

"Kid, I don't know. Do you think I'd tell the captain that his son was killed in a dirty barrack row? He's too blind to read the papers—he never sees any one—he'll never need to know."

"He'll just wait," said Miss Granberry. "The grand old man!"

"Let him wait," retorted Arnold. "We'll muddle through somehow!"

The old woman went bustling off to get her rolls and bacon. The two lovers sat in a grimy little kitchen facing the air shaft; on one side was the gas stove, on the other the dining table with the cracked oilcloth. "Admiral Byng," the Granberry parrot, swung on his dirty perch in the window and squawked at the liquor store cat, which, utilizing the entire building in its forays, had arrived for breakfast with Granny.

The old woman's voice came in an excited query from the stairs. Then she flew breathlessly to the kitchen. "A guest, dearie," she cried. "A gentleman to see my little mountain girl!"

Following Miss Granberry was a tall man whom Sylvia seized on in delight. His face and neck were burned to a dull red, the powerful jaws were clean shaven, his eyes very blue, and he wore the "best clothes" of a woodsman—funeral black, with a little butterfly tie of brilliant purple under his celluloid collar. He carried a cotton flour sack filled with some protuberant stuff under one arm, and about his clean shoes crawled a small pointer pup of the most unimaginable color as dogs go. That pup was only a shade more subdued than the woodsman's necktie.

The stranger's eyes shone with satisfaction as he released Sylvia's fingers.

"I brought the pup," he began, "an' I'm the delegate to this weddin'."

"Why, Louisville!" she chided in her laughing. "It's just fine."

"An' Miss Winkle sent you some dried apples," continued the man from the north. "Came from the clearin' over the ridge on the south fork—yes, seh!"

"Jack," began his bride to be, in some confusion, "this is Mr. Banway. He's head faller at camp 9. The boys all call him Louisville."

"Bo'n in Kentuck when I was quite young," said Mr. Banway with a pleased and reminiscent joke. Young Mr. Arnold extended his hand genially, as the woodsman inserted a finger to hoist his celluloid collar.

"Glad to meet you—any friend of Sylvia's—"

He was interrupted by a cry from the girl. She was staring at a squab of a child in denim overalls, his yellow curls under a knit red cap, who was peering trustfully about the balustrade.

"O, Louisville!"

"The Camp said to bring it to you. Mrs. Baker went to Arcata, an' there wasn't a woman left at Nine. We all rememb'd you said you'd take it. So the skid-boss give it them overalls—"

Sylvia was laughing over the small man, laughing and blushing and twisting his curls. Arnold, too, fell to smiling at her pretty confusion and with his own wonder.

"Its mother cooked at Nine," said Sylvia; "then she died at the hospital in Arcata last summer. Mrs. Baker and I cared for it when I came down from Trinity to the big trees. All the boys in the shlashin' stand by the Cookhouse Kid—he's so little."

"And is he—it—ours now?" inquired Mr. Arnold.

"Well, I don't know—I promised—because I had nothing to do—and the boys all said—"

"And that pup? Louisville, what's the matter with the dog?"

"Belonged to an Arcata dye house man," related Mr. Banway solemnly. "Used to be white, that spike tail pup. The dye man thought he'd make him into a walkin' advertisement, so he put him into the blue vat an' then tried to paint 'Arcata Dye Works' on his ribs in red and yellow trimmin's. Well, that fool dog began to perspire before he got dry and the colehs run, and when the pup saw himself, he did, too, and crawled into the bay. Reguleh Easter egg dog afteh them colehs run. Dye man was so 'shamed o' that job that he sent the pup up to the woods to bleach. Trouble was he couldn't boil the dog so's the colehs'd stick. We gave 'im to the Cookhouse Kid, an' he sits round remorseful, speculatin' if he hadn't 'oughte' been boiled, afteh all. Reguleh scrambled egg dog."

"Now he's a real lavender," added the girl from the country up in back.

The grave faced young man of the city stood looking at his bride to be, at the pup, at the dried apples and the Cookhouse Kid; there were some aspects of matrimony that apparently he had not considered. The northerner seemed to read his study.

"They all go along with heh," he added; "sorteh mutual."

"Louisville, I don't mind marrying the dog and the dried apples, but I don't know about another man's baby—"

"John, it's such a little one!" cried the bride to be.

J. Hamilton Arnold removed his hat and bowed with debonair mischief.

"Sweetheart, with you I'd marry the whole of northern California. Blue dogs and babies?—why, it's simply great!"

"Come to breakfast!" cried Miss Granberry from the smoky kitchen, and they were marshaled in: Sylvia with the manikin, and Mr. Banway with the dried apples. The black eyed Italian children left the room, having eaten; and Angelo took his sister of 5 down to Happy alley to play while he went to the flower market. Miss Granny's kitchen had never had such a packing about its little wall table; and never was the old woman so vivacious, so happily engrossed.

She heaped their plates and scolded when they would have no more; she asked a multitude of questions. In 15 minutes she knew the history of the waif from the big woods: of Mr. Banway, the price of condensed milk in Camp Nine, what a "soogler" was, and how long the skid boss had had the boil on his neck; and had, in return, given the woodsman three different remedies to carry back for the afflicted. With each revelation of the big woods and their life she was swamped in shrill wonder; 40 years of lodging houses had not dulled her eager, child's appreciation of the marvelous world.

"Some of them redwoods along Little river is 360 feet high," concluded one of the woodsman's tales, "an' the tops grow into a mat so thick the sun nevah reaches the ground, and down in the glades the ferns grow six feet tall. By Mighty, what a silence!"

Miss Granberry could not believe it; her black eyes sparkled, her mouth worked as she groped for a sufficing imagination.

"And beyond the redwoods and the camps in the slashin's," added Sylvia, "is the country up in back, where I came from!".

"Sixty mile o' mountain trail to Trinity," resumed the woodsman; "that's how we brought heh out! The's no fog up in back—no ferns an' redwoods—it's green an' sunny all the way."

"And flowers! How'd you like to see seven miles of poppies along a trail, and great blue and purple spikes and daisies and buttercups—so many flowers on so many hills that they are just a blur?"

"An' nobody but the coyotes to smell 'em," Mr. Banway confirmed.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

EYES CURED

WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 4575 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

FREE—This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy, sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 4575 Home Bank building, Peoria, Ill.

.....

$1.00 for this 16-in. PLUME

Special Fall Offer

This plume is just the kind for which you would have to pay $5 at any retail store. It is extra wide, fully 16 ins. long, in all colors, with willowy flues of great length that do not lose their curl easily. Send us $1 today, for this is an opportunity not to be missed. We offer also an extra large and handsome $7.50 plume at $2.50. Send your money by mail, express or money order. Remember that your money will be refunded if the plume is not entirely satisfactory.

New York Ostrich Feather Co., Dept. 6, 513-515 B'way, N.Y.

Gray Hair Restored

"WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN"

Restores Gray, Streaked or Bleached Hair or Moustache instantaneously. Gives any shade from Light Brown to Black. Does not wash or rub off. Contains no poisons and is not sticky nor greasy. Sold by all druggists, or we will send you a Trial size for 20c, postpaid; large size (eight times as much), 60c. If your druggist don't sell it send direct to us. Send the yellow wrapper from two bottles purchased from a druggist and we will give you a full-size bottle for nothing.

WALNUTTA CO., 1405G Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY.

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 22, St. Louis, Mo.

If You Don't Want Gray Hair Write for This FREE BOOK.

The "Book of the Hair," 32 pages, illustrated, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The only practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color, or to any desired shade. Not sold in stores. Write to H. D. Comb Co., Dpt. 73, 118 E. 28 st., N.Y.

Reduce Your Flesh

LET ME SEND YOU AUTO MASSEUR ON A

40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

PROF. BURNS 11 West 26th Street Dept. 212 New York

AGENTS WANTED for Whitney guaranteed Fountain Pens. Complete line at mfg. prices. Splendid Christmas gifts. Easy to sell; large profits. Exclusive territory. Write for Free Booklet. The Whitney-Richards Co., 240 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

美

How Japanese Keep Off Fat

World's Brains Outdone by Sturdy Islanders—A Wonderful Treatment for Fat Reduction.

Tokino Treatment Has Done Marvels—Send Coupon Below for a Free 50c Package.

For the first time in America a trial package of the Tokino Treatment, undoubtedly the most unique and powerful fat reducer ever compounded by human brains, is being offered free to every fat man and woman who has tried almost everything known to this country for fat reduction, and who has failed to be reduced satisfactorily.

The knowledge of the Japanese in scientific matters pertaining to body development has been conceded, and is almost as remarkable as their almost unbelievable physical endurance and strength.

形立派 容

The svelt, trim, elegant figures of Japanese men and women are proverbial. Japan is an island of Venuses and Apollos.

The Tokino Treatment solves the problem for every fat man and woman in America. The wonder of it is that it was not sooner introduced here. It has remarkable fat reducing powers, coupled with the giving of great strength and the molding of the human form to perfect lines. It is wonderfully satisfying to desperate fat men and women. Its results often surpass the understanding. Not a cent is asked to try it, so you can judge for yourself. For this reason, a 50 cent package of this Tokino Treatment in the unique and beautiful, original box, is sent absolutely free to anyone who will merely send name and address on the coupon below. Send for it to-day.

○無代價

Good for Free 50c Box

Fill in your name and address on lines below, and mail it to-day. You will get by return mail a free 50c beautiful and original box of the Tokino Treatment with full instructions and other information all prepaid, to prove its wonderful powers.

Address: TOKINO COMPANY, 133 Main Street, Albion, Mich.

Name .....

Street No. .....

City ..... State .....

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co. Dept. 86, Marshall, Mich.

VARICOSE VEINS BAD LEGS, ETC., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Send stamp for particulars. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 222 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

NO HAIR NO PAY

We grow hair on baldest heads. Only requires a short time to stop falling hair and cure any scalp disease. Inclose stamp. Particulars free.

E. B. JACKSON & CO., Dept. 656, Kalamazoo, Mich.