

another EVEREADY contest!

10,000⁰⁰ In Cash Prizes

\$3,000.00 First Prize for a Thought

103 other prizes from \$1,000 to \$10.00

ANOTHER Eveready contest! Another chance to win a big cash prize! Another incentive for active-minded men, women, boys and girls—for everybody with imagination.

On June 1, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display in their windows the new Daylo Contest Picture. It has no title. The story it tells is a great big interesting, intensely human one. A thousand different people will see a thousand different stories in the picture. The story the picture tells you may be the most interesting—the prize winner—the story that may be worth \$3000.00 to you.

If your answer doesn't win first it may win the second prize—\$1000.00—or one of the 102 other prizes, none less than \$10.00.

Go to the store of a Daylo dealer. Study the picture in the window and write, on a contest blank which the dealer will give you, what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3000.00 in cash. Answers will be judged by the editors of LIFE. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of that prize will be paid to each.

Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation of any kind. Submit as many answers as you wish. But do not delay. Get an early look at the picture.

Then send in your answers. Contest closes midnight, August 1st.

TO DEALERS: There is still an opportunity to secure display and contest material for this record-breaking event. Write to the following address:

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Limited
Toronto, Ontario

List of Prizes

1 First Prize \$3000.00

1 Second Prize...\$1000.00
3 Prizes of \$500.00 each 1500.00
4 Prizes of \$250.00 each 1000.00
5 Prizes of \$200.00 each 1000.00
10 Prizes of \$100.00 each 1000.00
10 Prizes of \$50.00 each 500.00
20 Prizes of \$25.00 each 500.00
50 Prizes of \$10.00 each 500.00
104 Prizes Total \$10,000.00

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This Sign

on the window identifies Daylo dealers throughout the country who have contest blanks for you and the new Daylo Contest Picture on display. If you need new batteries for your flashlight, dealers displaying this sign can furnish you with the best—the long-lived Tungsten Battery.

SPENCERIAN PERSONAL Steel Pens

Made in England

Spencerian Pens are today what they have been all these years—the best pens made. The finest pen steel, a perfect writing point and extra long life make them so. That fascinating book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals", and 10 sample pens, different patterns, sent on receipt of 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York City

Fine Medium.
Stub and
Ball pointed

"Wearyin' for Peace"

Continued from Page 17

in the gorge the mountain water murmured as it rushed over its bed of stones, sending upward its crystal whisper.

Caroline called, her voice sounding shrill and faint and far, like an elfin horn blowing in the forest to summon sprite and fay to a midnight tryst. The winds born between midnight and dawn lifted the sound and sent it to die among the rustling, whispering trees. A screech owl, unchancy bird of evil, answered with its frightful cry.

Caroline called again, with a new note of nervousness in her voice, and this time a deeper, truer note answered reassuringly. Out of the darkness stepped a tall figure.

"Hit's me, Ca'line, honey. Yo' ready?" The watcher heard Caroline's sobbing cry of relief and rapture as she ran up to the taller figure and was drawn into his protecting arms. He bent his curly head and kissed her again and again, drawing her closer to him.

"Darlin' heart! Yo'll be far from fright an' danger in the mawnin'."

"Oh, let's go, quick!" urged the girl. "I don't know why, but I'm—I'm 'feared'."

He swept her to him again, and then with arms entwined they turned and started down the road toward the distant railroad station. Once Caroline turned and looked backward, her face, like a magnolia flower, glowing luminously out of the gloom.

Keeping always in the shadow the watcher followed, the struggling light glinting dully on the rifle's metal barrel.

The path cleared and widened. The two young figures were in plain sight, a brawny arm in a blue flannel sleeve around a lithe, red waist. Walking with the stealth of a beast of prey, the trailer drew nearer, gliding soundlessly in the shadows. She could hear the man's voice, vibrant with hope.

"An' we'll live like Christians, Ca'line, in the open. In the open, like Gawd A'mighty 'tended folk to live! We'll forget the bad blood an' the killin', little gal, an' jest remember thah's yo' an' me—an' love." He added thoughtfully: "Somehow I'm reckonin' yo' dad knows better now, an' ain't a mite sorry hit was him 'stead o' me."

The follower stood still in her tracks and lifted the gun to her shoulder, the barrel sighted with deadly certainty to a spot between those broad, blue-covered shoulders before her. Her finger was upon the trigger when Caroline turned and saw her.

It may have been the faint click of the trigger which warned her quick ear; it may have been some subtler, surer sense she shared with the kindred of the wild, for she had leaped back and sidewise, panther-quick, even as the avenging finger pressed down.

The brooding peace and solitude were shattered, a red streak flashed hissing forward. Caroline wavered and fell between her mother and her lover. Her small brown hand beat upon the ground, her startled eyes stared for a fleeting second at the two bending above her.

The man had wrenched the gun from the woman's nerveless fingers and sent it crashing through the trees. Over the dead girl they confronted each other, panting. Neither spoke.

Presently the mother squatted upon the ground and took the fallen head in her lap, smoothing the long black braids with shaking fingers. She bent lower and peered into the pallid face.

"Ca'line! Ca'line! O Gawd, my baby-chile! Lawd Gawd she's all I got! Ca'line! Ca'line! Yo' mammy ain't mad with yo' no mo'. Wake up, baby-chile!"

"Ca'line! Ca'line!" burst from the man's tortured breast in a deeper cry of anguish and despair.

Caroline lay silent. The two stared at each other with horrible intensity.

"Whah's her dad?" asked the old woman presently, in a low whisper.

Rollins waved his hand, vaguely, toward the gorge behind them.

"I seen him fust, Mis' Hudson. An' he's yander, 'tother side," he said apathetically. She nodded.

"I'll sen' for him in the mawnin'," she said briefly.

He knelt beside Caroline and kissed her lingeringly, folding her little hands on her breast. Her mother offered no resistance, and showed no aversion, although his bent figure touched hers. She studied him speculatively. In the open road where they were, the moon-light showed his blue eyes and curling hair. She admitted his virile beauty, his lean sinewy grace. Her eyes went swiftly back to Caroline.

"Was yo' much took with her?" she asked him curiously.

Unable to reply, he beat upon his breast and tossed his arms upward in a gesture of pain and despair. A gleam of satisfaction lighted her dull eyes, a grim exultant smile curled her lips.

"Twarn't 'tended for Rollins an' Hudson blood to mix," she said grimly. "But she warn't like any o' her people, Ca'line warn't. I reckon she's happy this minnit she jumped quick 'nough to save yo'. Hit was yo' I aimed to git, yo' know."

He nodded indifferently.

"Yo' better let me carry her home, Mis' Hudson," he suggested in a tired curiously gentle voice. He felt youth and hope slipping away from him; they had belonged to Caroline, and they were following her out into the unknown. He felt no anger; only a vast unreasoning pity for the Horror squatting beside the dead girl.

She waved him aside. "No!" she said fiercely. "I'll tote my chile myself." Her restless, twitching fingers played with the long braids.

"N' yo' be off!" she ordered sharply. "Ef yo're a-goin' West, go quick, 'fore some o' us-all gits yo'. Though I reckon," she added with a terrible smile, "thah ain't nothin' none o' us kin do to yo' wuss'n . . . this." From her lap Caroline's face peered at him, now glimmering whitely, now lost in shade.

He moved away, with hanging head, slowly; he walked like an old man. At a distance he turned and watched her, a silent monstrous shape, bent double beneath the limp burden hanging supinely across her shoulders, plodding heavily through the fragrant moonlight night toward her ruined home.

DREAMER AND DOER

By Bartlett Brooks

A dreamer and a doer
Were born the selfsame day,
Grew up and dwelt together
In comrade work and play.

The dreamer sent his fancy
On classic fields to roam,
The doer fashioned temples
From common clay, at home.

The dreamer saw a kingdom
Where right ruled everything,
Where justice dwelt with liberty
And every man was king.

The doer fought, triumphant
Through hatred, pain and death,
To bring the Kingdom nearer
Of peace, good will on earth.

The dreamer saw his Master,
Compassionate and mild,
The doer toiled and suffered—
Lifted the crippled child,

Led forth the blind and erring,
Till in his face men saw
The Master's spirit shining
And touched his robe in awe.

How could that mystic dreamer
Such wondrous visions see?
How could the toil-worn doer
Rise to such mastery?

How could the dreamer triumph?
How could the doer plan?
Ah! You have read the answer!
They were the selfsame man!

Fare forth, my valiant doer,
Where storm-tossed pennons gleam,
But lose not, in thy striving,
The vision and the dream!

There is nothing repulsive in Miller's Worm Powders, and they are as pleasant to take as sugar, so that few children will refuse them. In some cases they cause vomiting through their action in an unsound stomach, but this is only a manifestation of their cleansing power, no indication that they are hurtful. They can be thoroughly depended upon to clear all worms from the system.