

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XII.—The Arrival At Paris.

By Zoe Beckley

POLLY lay, hot and sobbing, upon her bed for a minute or two after she heard the door close.

"Paul... Dear, kind and tender, what had she done to him? Sent him away in a fit of hysterical weeping over Violet Rand's cattish attack!

The cry had done her good. She was able to reason now. After all, had Violet been more cat than she herself? How silly to be jealous... She, Polly, had probably seemed prudish and brisish and small-town. It had been a temptation on Violet's part to pique her. Perhaps she had meant no harm.

Polly heard someone at the door and quickly hid her tear-disturbed face in the pillow. She heard Paul's step—felt something indescribably warm and soft and furry pressed against her neck. A tiny purr... It was too much. Polly sat up, all smiles, and held out her hands for the wee thing.

"I know that 'ud fetch you! Ever see such a cute kit? Violet Rand borrowed it from the purser's cat and sent it with her apologies and friendly greetings."

A few days later they landed at Cherbourg, or rather were put ashore by the liner onto a tender which ran alongside and took them to the dock of the first foreign city Polly had ever seen.

She was thrilled at the strangeness and novelty of the old world town—the workmen in their baggy curoys and blue smock blouses, the two-wheeled carts loaded with shining copper milk cans—fishing boats with russet sails, dog-drawn wagons heaped with gay-colored vegetables—peasant women with kerchiefs, caps and voluminous skirts, sweeping the streets, and tending fish-stalls.

Polly was supremely happy. All her doubts and fears had been resolved. She was more than ever in love with her husband. She was friendly enough with Violet Rand. Paris was before her. The whole world sang...

They dined on the train going from Cherbourg to Paris. How cunning it all was—the blue-kerchiefed serving maids, the wonderfully succulent food, the delicate wine warming the

blood without befuddling the intellect, the long thin loaves of French bread, the strange language all about her—which Paul spoke so fluently, and to her was such a mystery.

Like a golden cloud floating always above her was the thought of Paris. A city of light and life, of joy and luxury! Polly approached it with tremors of fascination and the humility of the foreigner who has dreamed of it, but never dreamed of attaining it.

The train drew in at last to the Gare du Nord. The compartment doors were thrown open, everybody scrambled out.

Surely some golden fairland awaited just ahead! Streets of light filled with dancing, singing people—super-beings, who "understood life" and did everything they pleased.

They came out into a dimly-lighted, vast and ugly station. A damp, faintly stinkish smell tainted the air. Crowds of people, looking much like people everywhere, rushed about, finding taxicabs, scolding porters. The place was draughty and dark and hideous.

"Paul! Oh, my darling—is this Paris?"

"Wait!" said Paul, and Polly didn't know whether he meant wait while he struggled with the formalities of the luggage room or until she should see the real Paris.

They got into their cab.

Through a few dark streets they sped. Polly seeing nothing that gave clue to the individuality of the city she had dreamed of. Then, without warning, they turned a corner with the furious speed of the Paris taxi, and emerged into a broad white-lit boulevard lined with gay cafes where people sat at little tables upon the sidewalk and an air of joyousness pervaded all.

Something in the atmosphere said, "Work is over for the day—let's enjoy ourselves!"

Polly clutched Paul's arm.

"How wonderful, dear! I love your Paris!"

"Wait," said Paul again, kissing the hand on his sleeve. "It's all before you."

(To Be Continued.)

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Back To Spain For Charlot And His 17 Bulls



NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has put the skids under Charlot Molina's 17 fighting Spanish bulls.

Also under Charlot. And under Charlot's ambitious plan to fight a bull in Madison Square Garden and in a Montreal arena.

Charlot is disconsolate. "All the way from Spain," he wailed, gesticulating after the manner of the bull ring, "I bring-a de fine 17 bulls."

"They are wonderful—undefeatable. Except, of course, by me. We have been told in Spain that the American sport is always throwing the bull."

But They Won't Let Him. "Let they weel not let me do him. It is sad."

"Sad!" waving his hand. "Sad!" shaking his fist.

"Five thousand dollars a week it cost me for these 17 bulls—they eat so much and sleep so long. It is terrible. I can't afford him."

"But I got me a lawyer now. He will show them!"

A hurry-gurdy outside began playing the Toreador Song from Carmen.

"The whole world knows about me," Charlot smiled. He raised his voice again. He was not going to be downed by anything—grand opera or the S. P. C. A.

"It must be that this society considers me the 'animal' I am insult."

ter. Stir into first mixture and drop from the spoon into little patty pans. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. This cake batter will keep for two weeks on ice and can be baked as needed.

Lightning Cakes.

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 cup chopped nuts, sugar, butter, cinnamon.

Beat eggs very light. Beat in sugar. Beat in butter which should be cool. Stir in half the milk, add the flour sifted with baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add remaining milk. Pour into a buttered and floured pan. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, sugar and cinnamon and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes.

(Copyright, 1922.)

How Spinning Top Teaches Science



Spinning objects that show scientists how the world moves. Anna Pavlova in a whirling dance, a spinning top and (left) the gyroscope compass in use.

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON.

THE spinning top, regarded by most as a toy, has enabled scientists to solve many puzzling questions in astronomy and even to prove that the earth revolves on its axis.

All spinning bodies have peculiar qualities. If you throw a coin into "heads" or "tails."

But if you give the coin a rapid spinning motion when you throw it upward, it will come down always in the same position in which it was thrown.

Further, all spinning bodies tend to stand on end.

Take an egg, lay it on its side and give it a rapid spinning motion—it will soon stand on end and begin spinning like a top.

Spinning bodies in rapid motion resist any pressure from without. If they are hit in a north and south direction, they immediately react by wobbling in an east and west direction.

Point to the North Star.

All spinning bodies when free tend to point to the north star.

This principle has been used in the gyroscope.

Many gyroscope compasses now are in use. By this means, the actual revolution of the earth can be detected.

Here's the experiment: Set an electrically-driven gyroscope spinning and allow it to assume its natural position with the aid of two freely revolving metal rings in which the gyroscope is set. One of these rings is marked with a series of finely etched lines at measured intervals.

A microscope also is used. A series of fine wires is stretched at stated intervals across the end of the microscope opposite the eyepiece, so as to constitute a fine grating.

When the top is observed through the microscope, the marks etched on the ring of the gyroscope will appear to move slowly across the grating lines on the microscope.

The top will seem to be swinging or revolving very slowly.

But what actually happens is that the top remains stationary while the microscope, the observer, the room and the whole earth slowly are revolving around it!

That's how spinning tops have enabled us to solve many astronomical problems and to understand more accurately the movements of heavenly bodies—particularly of our earth and other planets around the sun.

The top shows us that if the earth stopped revolving, it would fall at once into the sun and we should all be burned alive.



CHARLOT MOLINA.

It is to prevent cruelty to the animal that they say I cannot fight the bull.

"Yes, they must think me the animal."

"For how could I be cruel to the bull—with a red scarf? That was all I asked to use."

"I would not kill the bull—ah, no! But I COULD kill him! I am the bull killer—king of the matadors. I have killed one thousand bulls in my lifetime."

"It is so sad!"

Charlot's a Dude!

Charlot pulled out a handkerchief and—

Dusted his shoes.

"I have to be so careful. I have to keep up my appearance."

"But where will I go from here? Canada? It is so cold there. Maybe I'll have to—but the bull—he won't like it. None of him will."

"He like it the south. I fight him in Dallas, Texas, and Los Angeles. Just an exhibition, but the people go wild. And why not?"

"Have not my queen—the queen of Spain—applauded me? She have! Many, many times."

"But here they have the society. Maybe my lawyer, he fees them. If not—"

"It is veery, veery sad!"

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

NATURE'S SCHOOL

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Here we are now, at the gate of Mother Nature's school."

A QUEER thing happened when Buskins and the Twins arrived in the strange new country above the clouds on their dandelion parachutes. The little dandelion parachutes (or seeds) suddenly became alive and Nancy and Nick saw that they had kind bright faces, and arms and legs and feet.

"Will you please excuse us now," said the little seeds. "We are going to Mother Nature's school and we are afraid that we'll be late."

"Oh, yes indeed!" said Nancy politely. "Go right along. I'm sorry if we've kept you. And thank you for bringing us."

"That's all right," they answered, hurrying off.

"We're going to visit your school," said Buskins, "and if you are late, I'll tell Mother Nature all about it!"

Then to the children, "I'll tell you more about this place as we go along. You see, Mother Nature has a school here for the little seeds that fly, so they'll know how to grow. Many of

the seeds have wings, you know, or something just as good, that they can fly with like your parachutes. The dandelion seeds are only one kind.

"There are also the thistle seeds, the milk-weed seeds, and the seeds of many kinds of trees and flowers. Some other seeds fly in a different way. They have jiggers on them and stick to the bird's wings and feathers. When the birds fly, the seeds hang on until they come to a place where they wish to grow, then they drop off."

"But here we are now, at the gate of Mother Nature's school. Come on, let us go in. I'm sure we are welcome. Mother Nature isn't easily disturbed and she'll be glad to see us."

Buskins opened the gate and they all walked into a large garden where little seeds sat in rows and a beautiful fairy sat at a desk.

(To Be Continued.)

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GUNS, PASS BOOKS



WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

DAVE SANDERS, range rider on the D Bar Lazy R outfit, and his pal, BOB HART, rescue their employer, EMERSON CRAWFORD, from the hands of a rival ranchman.

BRADLEY STEELMAN. This deed enshrines Sanders in the heart of JOYCE CHAWFORD, the ranch owner's daughter. Dave arrives in Denver, where he has traced

AD MILLER, a gambler, and his confederate, GEORGE DOBLE, who has stolen Sanders' pet pony, Chiquito. Dave discovers his horse in a corral.

GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER XII.

DAVE whistled. The pony pricked up his ears, looked around and came straight to him. The young man laid his face against the soft, silky nose, fondled it, whispered endearments to his pet. He put the bronco through its tricks for the benefit of the corral attendant.

"Well, I'll be doggone," that youth commented. "The little pinto sure is a wonder. Acts like he knows you mighty well."

"Ought to. I trained him. Had him before Miller got him."

"But you hated to sell him."

"You know it." Dave moved forward to his end, the intention to get possession of the horse. He spoke in a voice easy and casual. "Saw Miller a while ago. They're talking about sellin' the pinto. He was with me and partner, Doble. I'm to saddle up and show what Chiquito can do."

Dave cinched, swung to the saddle, and rode to the gate of the corral. Two men were coming in, and by the sound of their voices they were quarreling. They stepped aside to let him pass, one on each side of the gate, so that it was necessary to ride between them.

They recognized the pinto the same moment Dave did them. On the heels of that recognition came another.

Doble ripped out an oath and a shout of warning. "It's Sanders!"

A gun flashed as the pony jumped to a gallop. The silent night grew noisy with shots, voices, the clatter of hoofs. Twice Dave fired answers to the challenge which leaped out of the darkness at him. He raced across the bridge spanning the Plate, and for a moment drew up on the other side to listen for sounds which might tell him whether he would get a good man. Doble was a revolver shot disturbed the stillness.

His flight had no definite objective, except to put as much distance between him and Denver as possible.

Day broke over valleys of swifter mist far below the rider. The sun rose and dried the moisture. Dave looked down on a town scattered up and down a gulch.

He left Chiquito at a lively barn, after having personally fed and watered the pinto, and went himself to a hotel.

Three or four men were standing on the steps of the hotel talking with the proprietor. The cowboy had fired the first shot. He had continued to fire, though he must have seen Doble sink to the ground immediately. Moreover, the testimony of the doctor showed that the fatal shot had taken effect at close range.

The jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree. The judge sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary.

When Bob Hart came to say good-bye before Dave was removed to Canyon City, the young range rider almost broke down.

"We're gonna stay with this, Dave. You know Crawford. He goes through when he starts. Soon as there's a chance he'll hit the governor for a pardon. It's a damn shame, old pal. That's what it is."

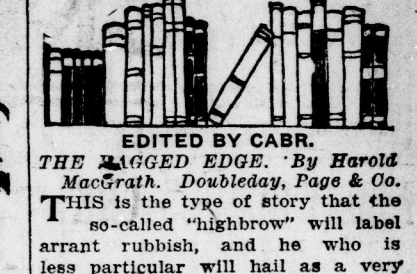
"The ol' man lent me money to buy Chiquito, and I'm gonna keep the pinto till you get out," continued Bob. "One thing more, Miller's on the way back to Malpai. If he don't get a term for hawss-stealin', I'm a liar."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL the way back to Denver, while the train ran down through the narrow, crooked canyon, Dave's mind dwelt in a penumbra of horror. It was impossible he could have killed Doble, he kept telling himself. He had fired back into the night without aim. He had not even tried to hit the men who were shooting at him. It must be some ghastly joke.

It remained with him, in the background of his mind, up to and through

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE warden handed him a ticket back to Denver, and with it a stereotyped little lecture of platitudes. Sanders walked slowly out of the office, and through the door in the wall that led back to life. He was free. Tomorrow was his. All the tomorrows of all the years of his life were waiting for him. But—

As he stood in the dry Colorado sunshine his heart was quite dead.

From one place to another Dave drifted. His stubborn pride, once stung to a native honesty that would not let him live under false pretenses, in part to a bitterness that had become dogged defiance, kept him out of good places and forced him to do heavy, unskilled labor that brought the poorest pay.

Yet he saved money, bought himself good, cheap clothes, and found energy to attend night school, where he studied stationary and mechanical engineering. One day he smiled grimly and began to pack. When he left, the expressman took his trunk to the station. The ticket which Sanders bought showed Malpai as his destination.

In the early morning Dave turned to rest his cramped limbs. He was in a day coach, and his sleep through the night had been broken.

At the junction he took the stage for Malpai. Already he could see that he was going into a new world, one altogether different from that he had last seen here. These men were not cattle-men. They talked the vocabulary of oil. They had the shrewd, keen look of the driller and the wildcatter.

At Malpai Dave descended from the stage into a town he hardly knew. Everywhere oil dominated the place. A branch line of a transcontinental railroad was moving across the desert to tap the new oil fields. Houses rose over-night. Mule teams jingled in and out freighting supplies to Malpai and from there to the fields.

Up the street a team of half-broken broncos came on the gallop. From the backboard stepped lightly a straight-backed, well-muscled young fellow.

"Dave! Where in Mexico you been, old alkali? We been lookin' for you everywhere."

"In Denver, Bob."

Sanders spoke quietly. His eyes went straight into those of Bob Hart to see what was written there. He found only a grin and a joyful welcome, neither embarrassment nor any sign of shame.

"But why didn't you write and let us know?" Bob grew mildly profane in his warmth. "We didn't know when the government was goin' to act. Or we'd 'a' been right at the gate, me or Em Crawford."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone, the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him well.

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., Lucan, Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's medicine, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain, which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would jerk till my whole body would seem to twitch right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did, and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Spare Time Jobs for Father



OFTEN a cork is the handiest thing to have around and yet the hardest thing to find. This is in spite of the fact that you pull many corks out of bottles in a week's time.

A small box, labeled corks, will come in handy if you put these pulled-out corks in it, and find a place for it on the pantry shelf. Also a cork that is a bit too large may be pressed smaller by rolling with a knife.

"Cascarets" 10c For Headache, Liver, Bowels

No griping or inconvenience follows a thorough liver and bowel cleansing with Cascarets. Sick headache, biliousness, gases, indigestion, sour, upset stomach, all all such distress gone by morning. Nicest physic on earth for grown-ups and children. 10c a box. Taste like candy.