Going to Emmaus.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind engaging air
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up a broken thread,
nd, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
ined, illustrated, and searched so well
tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
must not now be parted, sojourn here."
e new acquaintance soon became a guest,
nd, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

—Cowper. "Conversation."

What Your Eyes Reveal.

The poet who wrote that the eyes are the windows of the soul wrote truer than he knew. Science now says that it is possible to judge a man's character by his eyes.

But this is not easy. It requires a great deal of close study. For instance, the shifty-eyed person, who is always looked on with suspicion, is often nervous; and the frank-eyed individual may be a master liar. This makes reading character from the eyes difficult to any but the expert.

But the general coloring of the eyes usually connotes certain characteristics. For example, blue-eyed people are usually more robust than those with brown eyes. This is probably because blue eyes are peculiar to northern climes whose people are hardier.

The brown-eyed man or woman probably has a strain of southern blood. They have more capacity for intellectual effort, less for action.

Nearly all the great adventurers, soldiers, and sailors of the world have been blue-eyed men. Many poets have been dark, with brown eyes.

Green eyes for jealousy, runs the old saying; but it is without foundation. Green eyes very often go with what is known as a "psychic temperament." Grey eyes usually go with a placid, gentle nature. The grey-eyed person is sensitive, kindly, and steadfast.

In rare cases one finds people with eyes of different colors. Such persons are often very emotional, with a leaning towards religion and mysticism.

Last, that rare thing, real violet eyes. In women they go with a sweet and gentle disposition, and in men they are only found in people with strongly developed poetic instincts.

Pengoe, New Hungary Currency.

The latest addition to the new money units is the Hungarian "pengoe." The purpose of the pengoe is to eliminate the big figures in the almost worthless kronen notes. Thus a 1,000,000-kronen note is equivalent to 80 pengoes.

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Bungalows Are Gaining Popularity in France

The bungalow idea is spreading rapidly in France. Scores of little houses are being constructed in every suburb about Paris for people who a few years ago thought it would be beneath their dignity to live in anything less than a large uncomfortable villa with several servants to keep things in order.

The French middle classes took the "pavilions," as they were called at first, as part of the post-war hardships, but now finding them compact, comfortable and of light upkeep, are accepting them gladly as a respite from the drudgery and expense of the old-fashioned houses.

Sheffield Plants Begin Razor Blade Output

Sheffield steel manufacturers in their efforts to cut into the Armerican safety razor blade trade are now turning out millions of blades every week. One firm alone employs 1300 workers and produces more than a million blades weekly. It is making preparations to double its capacity within the next few months.

In his annual report, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, chief inspector of factories, says that for some years Sheffield has been supplying a good proportion of the steel for the manufacture of safety razor blades in the United States, but of late the Sheffield manufacturers have been exerting themselves to produce the actual blades themselves for Britain's share of the world trade in this particular line.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Alices' Retort.

Mother—"Polite people do not chew gum, dear."

Little Daughter — "But, mother, polite people don't notice."

Cause.

"I feel dizzy, John."

"I told you not to get those water waves in your hair."

PART OF THIS PAGE MISSING

...ot she did no...
... she was thinking deeply.
... all, Vira was only a little flapper with a great love of excitement and adventure. Vira, like many another girl of to-day, was convinced that she was equal to anything. There was no emergency, no situation she could not meet. At least Vira had felt that until a few days ago. Now she was learning.

Vira was a quick thinker. It was born in her. She was turning over in her mind various phases of the proposal of Mr. Crook. Nor was Vira betraying to him what was going on back of those dark lakes of her eyes. The fact of the matter was that this girl intrigued even the worldly-wise Crook. He was not quite sure ever whether she might not be on to him.

Suddenly Vira seemed to have a bright idea. "Very well, sir," she said briskly. "I will do as you say. I will meet you there at three."

The party broke up. Vira drove off, leaving Curtis, who went in another direction. Mr. Crook started back for the flivver. Hank decided on a little spying about. It was then that Ken got so interested, knowing nothing about the subject of the conference since he had seen at a distance too great to overhear, that he tried to see what Hank was looking at and discovered himself to the boy, who beat it fast. But Hank had seen one thing. That was Rae vamping Buckley to the queen's taste to keep him out of the way so that he could not help Vira or advise her. Ken then started off on his wheel, but it was no match for the flivver. And Rae was also getting restless. She had a date at the Club.

... for ourselves, we were ever narrowing down the circle we were weaving about the gray racer in its hiding place in the old red barn. I recall one message we intercepted with the radio compass. It was brief. "Apparatus O. K."

"What apparatus?" I asked blankly.

"That's for us to hurry and find out," returned Kennedy as he urged Easton on to greater haste and exactness in getting the line on the broadcasting from the field set.

Vira, in great eagerness now, stopped her car before the great Gerard mansion. She hoped that her mother would be at home and was delighted when George, the butler, informed her that she was.

A moment later she burst into her mother's room and in a flood of enthusiasm poured forth the offer of the lawyer to secure the co-operation of Pete in the town jail for the return of Dick, in consideration of bail being furnished for his release.

Mrs. Gerard, conservative soul, was shocked at parting with her jewels on any such wild chance as this, as well she might be. But Vira was not abashed at the objection. In fact she had anticipated it. Vira was a smart little ... She had thought it all out.

"But, mother, dear, I don't mean our real jewels. You have a paste replica of grandmother's pendant that is wonderful. Give me that. They'll never know the difference, these hicks. They can put it up for bail, anyhow. And if you get back Dick, you can afford to make good if the man jumps his bail!"

Mrs. Gerard was, under her calm exterior, frantic over the continued absence of her boy. She also saw the cleverness of Vira. She agreed.

In Dry Canada

WRIGLEY'S

still quenches thirst, cools the parched throat and by its delightful flavor and refreshment restores the joy of life. CG36

After Every Meal

of her ... the Rendezvous Garage.

CHAPTER XXI.

FUMES OF FEAR.

Somehow Ken had a feeling that all was not well with Vira. Perhaps it was that he had just been through a particularly harrowing experience with his sister Ruth. What more likely, then, that in some way this clever gang might try to involve Vira, the sister of his pal, Dick Gerard?

As he pedalled along on his wheel back from the Binnacle Inn, Ken was casting about in his mind various ways of getting a line on what was going on. Here was Hank and with him a perfect stranger. With what could that have to do? Many things. Ken might have been only a boy, but he had a quick wit. There flashed over him a thought of that sour thug who had been arrested the night before at te fire and lodged in the town jail. Hank had been observing that. Could there be any connection here? At any rate it would take only a few minutes to get around to the town jail. Perhaps he might chance on some clew.

A few minutes before Ken arrived at the town lock-up, sure enough, Hank had put in an appearance. He climbed up to the barred window behind which he knew Cauliflower Pete was and called.

"Pete!"

Pete sprang up from his cot where he was sitting. "Say! What're they doin'? I'm here yet, ain't I? I tell yer I'm a-gointer squeal if they don't get me out—soon."

Pete hesitated at the end and weakened. He wanted to say "now." Only he suddenly thought that perhaps in trying to incriminate himself, or at least cause the authorities to look up a not too savory career. Even though he turned state's evidence in this case, might they not drag out into the light other cases in the past against him? He had learned one thing. Sometimes it is better to let sleeping dogs lie—take your medicine and shut up about it. Still, a loud holler always had its effect and might hurry the chief in action if reported by the boy.

Hank was bursting with news and importance. "That's all right, Pete," he returned. "You'll be all right. Just keep a stiff upper lip. Wait it out. They sent Mr. Crook down. You know that? My, but he's a clever man! He saw the judge, got the bail fixed at one grand. Then I took him over to Vira Gerard. You know her folks have millions. She's getting a valuable piece of jewelry from her mother, will give it to Mr. Crook to put up as security. They'll get you out."

"Well, I'm in! Where are they? Why don't they do somethin'?"

"Oh, it's all right. He's meeting her at three over at the Rendezvous Garage on the Parkway. You'll eat supper with the crowd. Don't worry."

"They better see that I do!"

Hank was quite excited by the surliness of Pete. He did not know the game like an old hand, realize that this was acting. Perhaps in his excitement his voice raised itself a little higher than it would have done otherwise. But he wanted Pete to understand. He did not look around to see that he was at the same time making his enemy Ken understand equally well.

Ken had come to the lock-up and was listening as he peered cautiously around the corner. He was getting an earful. And also Ken was getting wise. He had been fooled once that day. Now he was on his guard. Was there any reason to suppose that this thing was on the level any more than the ruse by which he and Ruth had been almost taken in that morning? Only, in this case it was aimed at Vira.

The thing that worried Ken as it flashed over his mind was that it was all up to him alone. He was just a boy. He had no false ideas of his own importance. And by that very same token he was much more likely to succeed in protecting Vira. Only, he knew he must be very careful of whom he took into his confidence. He needed the help of a man. He had sized up Mr. Crook. He was powerful. How he wished he knew where he could reach Glenn Buckley!

Once now Hank looked around furtively. Ken was prepared. He withdrew his head around the corner of the jail just in time. It would be fatal to let Hank know that he knew or suspected anything. He did not take any more chances but slid to safety around the other side of the jail building and soon was a sufficient distance from Hank that that young gentleman might not suspect a thing even if again they met.

give Rae the wink. ... and handed him the high sign to go after Vira. He did—while you were inside, so interested with Rae you were blind. Don't be a sap!"

Ken's revelation shook Buckley. It rather put him up in the air. Ken saw his advantage, went on to tell Glenn what he heard Vira was doing, dwelt a bit on the peril to her. He put a little imagination into it. Ken was a clever boy and when he grew up ought to make a good promoter. He gradually sold Buckley. Buckley weakened and finally was as excited as Ken. It was that wink to Rae and her answer to Curtis, unknown to him, that did it. She could not make a monkey out of him, Glenn vowed.

"I wonder where Vira is now?" he demanded. "Is it too late to stop her?"

"I'm afraid it is," Ken looked at watch. "Nearly three."

"Well, then, come on, let's get over to that Rendezvous Garage!" urged Buckley.

That had been just what Ken wanted. He was secretly pleased. The two started.

But they did not get far before they caught sight of Jack Curtis. He was coming to the Club.

"You see?" whispered Ken. "She shakes you—and he appears! It's a put up job! Let's get a line on him. Maybe he's in it, too."

Buckley was willing. He was sore at Jack. They almost came to blows, but what happened was quite enough to convince Glenn, not only that Ken was right about Vira, but that they would have to hurry if they expected to be in time to head off any trouble that Vira might be encountering.

Even before Ken and Buckley had started, Vira, in her enthusiasm to help with the rescue of Dick, her brother, was hastening almost beyond the speed limit. It would indeed have been a mercy to Vira if the traffic cop of the town had happened along and taken her in. But Vira was playing in no such luck.

Her face flushed with the excitement of driving and the rush of air, almost breathless, and her engine overheated, Vira drove in through the open door of the Rendezvous Garage. She did not stop to look around to notice at first that on one pretext or another Lawyer Crook had planned the absence of the proprietor and his helper and was himself alone at the garage at the appointed hour.

No sooner had she jumped out of her car, leaving the motor running, than Mr. Crook moved over quickly and closed the doors. She did not like it, but what could she do?

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

World's Largest Organ May Play Soon on Radio

Canadian radio fans soon may hear from the Daventry station, Liverpool Cathedral's organ, which has just been completed at a cost of about $175,000. It is said to be the largest organ in the world.

The instrument has five rows of keys, 22 draw knobs, 168 stops and 10,934 pipes. It is pumped by electro-pneumatic action, the mechanism being driven by motors with thirty-five horsepower. The size of the organ is such that there are seventeen telephones from vairious parts of the instrument for the workmen to communicate with the assistant at the keys during tuning.

500 Luther Descendents Meet.

There are 608 living descendants of Martin Luther, and 500 of them gathered at the annual reunion and memorial services of the Luther family at Eisenach. Although Luther had six children, and four survived his death in 1546, only two had offspring. The ancestry of 537 is traced to Dr. Paul Luther and the remaining seventy-one to Margaret Luther.

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The Z-bar, the truss—
That we may cross laughing,
Oblivious.

That there is a river
Blackened by the night,
Where a mighty shadow
Glistens white.

—Marion Strobel.

Paris Families Living in 300-Year-Old House

Seven families living in a decrepit, worm-eaten house more than 300 years old, which was condemned by the city architects many months ago, are forced to stay there because the housing shortage is so great that there is no place to go.

The building stands on the Rue Mazet and was part of a Benedictine Monastery built in 1612. The authorities say that the house is likely to collapse at any minute. The families have been ordered out, but they are unable to find shelter.

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