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all you need pay
for the best and
purest soap in the world
Sunlight Soap.**

The inducements offered with common soaps cannot make up for the purity of Sunlight Soap. It costs US more to make pure soap; but it costs YOU less to use it, for Sunlight pays for itself in the clothes, as it does not wear and rub the fabrics like common soaps do.

5c. a bar at all Grocers.

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CHALLENGE

Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money. 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA
Limited
54-54 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.
2142

COLLARS

Perkins The Great.

The Adventure of the Lame and the Halt. By Ellis Parker Butler.



I HAD not seen Perkins for over two years, when one day he opened my office door and stuck his head in. I did not see his face at first, but I recognized the hat. It was the same hat he had worn two years before, when he put the celebrated Perkins Patent Porous Plaster on the market.

"Pratt's Hats Air the Hair." You will remember the advertisement. It was on all the billboards. It was Perkins of Portland, Perkins the Great, who conceived the rhyme that sold millions of the hats, and Perkins was a believer in advertising and things advertised. So he wore a Pratt hat. That was one of Perkins' foibles. He believed in the things he advertised.

"Get next to a thing," he would say, "study it, learn to love it, use it—then you will know how to boom it. Take Murdock's Soap. Who boomed Murdock's Soap? Perkins of Portland boomed it. He bought a cake. Used it. Used it on his hands, on his face,

He turned and beckoned into the hall, and a small boy appeared carrying a very large glass demijohn. Perkins placed the demijohn on a chair, and stood back gazing at it admiringly.

"Great, isn't it?" he asked. "Biggest demijohn made. Heavy as lead! Fine shape, fine size! But, say—read that!"

I bent down and read. The label said: "Onotowatishika Water. Bottled at the Spring. Perkins & Co. Glaubus, Iowa."

I began spelling out the name by syllables, "O-no-to-wat—" when Perkins clapped me on the back.

"Great, hey? Can't pronounce it? Nobody can. Great idea. Got old Hunyadi Janos water knocked into a cocked hat. Hardest mineral water name on earth. Who invented it? I did. Perkins of Portland. There's money in that name. Dead loads of money. Everybody that can't pronounce it will want it, and nobody can pronounce it—everybody'll want it. Must have it. Will weep for it. But that isn't the best!"

"No," I inquired.

"No!" shouted Perkins. "I should say 'no!' Look at that bottle. Look at



An Ocean Liner.

on his feet. Bought another cake—washed his cotton socks, washed his silk tie, washed his woolen underwear. Bought another cake—shaved with it, shampooed with it, ate it. Yes, sir, ate it! Pure soap—no adulteration. No taste of rosin, cotton seed—no taste of anything but soap, and lots of that. Spit out lather for a month! Every time I sneezed I blew a big soap bubble—perspired little soap bubbles. Tasted soap for a year! Result? Greatest 'Ad.' of the nineteenth century., 'Murdock's Soap is Pure Soap; if you don't believe it, bite it.' Picture of a nigger biting a cake of soap on every billboard in U.S.A. Live niggers in all the grocery windows biting cakes of Murdock's Soap. Result? Five hundred thousand tons of Murdock's sold the first year. I use no other."

And so, from his "Go Lightly" shoes to his Pratt's hat, Perkins was a relic of bygone favorites in dress. The result was comical, but it was Perkins, and I sprang from my chair and grasped his hand.

"Perkins!" I cried.

He raised his free hand with a restraining motion, and I noticed his fingers protruded from the tips of the glove.

"Say," he said, still standing on my threshold, "have you a little time?"

I glanced at my watch. I had twenty minutes before I must catch my train.

"I'll give you ten minutes," I said.

"Not enough," said Perkins. "I want a year. But I'll take ten minutes on account. Owe me the rest!"

the size of it. Look at the weight of it. Awful, isn't it? Staggers the brain of man to think of carrying that across the continent! Nature recoils, the muscles ache. It is vast, it is immovable, it is mighty. Say!

Perkins grasped me by the coat sleeve and drew me toward him. He whispered excitedly.

"Great idea! O-no-to-what-you-may-call-it water. Big jug full. Jug too blamed big. Yes? Freight too much. Yes! Listen—Perkins Pays The Freight!"

He sat down suddenly, and beamed upon me joyfully.

The advertising possibilities of the thing impressed me immediately. Who could resist the temptation of getting such a monstrous package of glassware by freight free of charge? I saw the effect of a life-size reproduction of the bottle on the billboards with 'Perkins Pays the Freight' beneath it in red, and the long name in a semi-circle of yellow letters above it. I saw it reduced in the magazine pages, in street cars—everywhere.

"Great?" queried Perkins.

"Yes," I admitted thoughtfully, "it is great."

He was at my side in an instant.

"Wonderful effect of difficulty overcome on the human mind!" he bubbled. "Take a precipice. People look over, shudder, turn away. Put in a shoot-the-chutes. People fight to get the next turn to slide down. Same idea. People don't want O-no-to-thing-um-bob water.