

# The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Curard  
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

## FOURTH EPISODE—(Cont'd.)

Jacques submitted his strong shoulders for Pat to use in climbing high enough to dislodge "The Dawn of Liberty" from its hangings and making all possible speed. "The Purple Mask" and the prize winner Jakobski had, by his wealth determined on, had soon changed places and were hung safely behind the heavy drapings.

As a final touch of her achievement, she hung a purple mask on the corner of the frame which surrounded "The Dawn of Liberty." Then the taller, less girl and her faithful assistant made good their escape.

The ceremony of awarding the grand prize attracted a great throng to the Academy. So sure were the judges of their procedure, that they foolishly made no effort to examine the painting, and nobody disturbed the draperies that hung before the exhibits.

With much pomp and dignity, the judges announced that they had given their award to Exhibit No. 24—and as they made their declaration, the drapes were drawn aside. They had, fortunately for their reputation, made the designation by number instead of the title of the subject—for before their eyes, under the number 24, hung "The Purple Mask."

The crowd applauded the decision, and having once made it the judges, despite their chagrin and astonishment, could not reverse themselves. Paul Duvelle was beside himself with joy, and in his excitement he would have exposed Pat to the suspicion of being his model.

Pat had adroitly lost herself in the crowd, where Paul could not easily find her.

"How glad I am that you have won," said the girl when, a little later, she congratulated the young artist. "We shall celebrate to-night with a party at the studio, and I'll pay the expenses." And Paul, in the rapture of his happiness, was further delighted in the prospect.

Sphinx Kelly heard all about "The Purple Mask" and suspected that Pat was the beautiful model. He likewise presumed that there would be a celebration in the artists' colony and was on hand that night, waiting in the street, when Pat and Jacques arrived at the student's quarters.

Pat failed to penetrate Kelly's clever disguise. The Sphinx felt sure that he was following an interesting lead, and was among the crowd of artists who assembled in Paul's studio, all in fantastic garb and in high spirits.

Jakobski, half wild in rage and disappointment, because his plans had been frustrated, determined that he should be avenged upon the perpetrator of the trick that had so decidedly upset his ambitions.

There were always henchmen at hand to do his bidding, and Jakobski had Paul followed to his studio, when he went home in triumph with his prize. Jakobski's men learned of the celebration and Jakobski determined to be present.

He had most of the afternoon in which to formulate his plans, and kept his servants busy in perfecting details of the arrangements. When evening came Jakobski had everything rehearsed and ready to proceed. With a party of burly henchmen, he burst in

upon the revelers at Paul's studio suddenly and unannounced.

"We are gendarmes," shouted Jakobski, "and you are all under arrest." Pat was, at the moment, standing in the middle of a table, passing out cakes to the throng, dancing around in her joyousness and inspiring the revelers in their mad fun. When Jakobski and his gang burst through the door, Pat waited only for the announcement he made.

Then she smashed the lamp hanging over her head, and threw the studio into darkness.

Sphinx Kelly was in the thickest of the fight. Somebody opened the door, and the crowd surged out of the studio and down the stairs.

Sphinx Kelly seemed to be the special object of attack, and Jakobski's men kept him busy repelling their assaults. In the scramble and fighting Pat managed to avoid collisions, and was near Jacques when she saw Kelly fighting his way, against odds, as he descended the stairway to the street.

Grasping Jacques and pulling him after her, Pat was soon clambering down stairs, eager to keep Kelly within sight. Just as she reached the street she saw the Sphinx being unceremoniously thrown into an automobile.

To her Apache friends who had come with Jacques as a special guard to the "Queen of the Underworld," the girl gave orders that the automobile bearing Kelly from the scene must be kept in sight. Then tumbling into the machine that had brought her to the studio, Pat was soon following the



"How Glad I Am That You Have Won."

gang who had kidnapped Kelly. The race was sharp and spirited, and Pat's driver brought his machine to a halt just in time for the girl to see Kelly being carried, struggling, into a ramshackle building. The door slammed behind prisoner and captives, and Pat was halted by the impassable barrier.

The girl noticed a door that led to a short flight of stairs, and, with Jacques closely following, she mounted to the floor above the street. She listened intently to the scuffle and sharp voices that reached her ears from the room below. She heard heavy doors slide upon their rollers. Then Jakobski and his gang scrambled to get away.

In a moment Pat heard a voice, that she easily recognized, shouting for help from the room below. Commanding Jacques to aid her, the girl used an axe that was fortunately at hand to chop madly at the thin planking of the floor beneath her feet.

The first sharp blows made an aperture through which Pat could look down upon the room beneath her. The horrified girl beheld a sight that nearly made her faint. There was Kelly, striving madly with his bare hands, to tear the boards from the wall and make a foothold and handhold to save himself by climbing from a terrible fate.

The floor of the tightly sealed room in which he madly struggled, was slipping from under him, sliding in two parts, under the walls of the room—and beneath was a huge tank of water, alive with vicious alligators, which surged madly about in their eagerness to reach their prey.

(To be continued.)

I wonder.

"When stars go out, I wonder where they go?"

I wonder where the flowers get their smell?

I wonder what the talking squirrels tell,

And what the quiet, shiny fishes know?"

From dawn to eve, but most when lights are low

And sunset ray and vapor weave their spell—

"I wonder how the small birds fly so well

And why the winds that blow the birds won't blow

Me too up through the far green tops of trees?"

All day "I wonder"—faintly as a prayer—

"I wonder," and her deep, eyes, un-resigned, signed,

Study the flight of swallows on the breeze,

As lips, half open, murmur to the air

The tremendous "I wonder" of mankind.

—Herman Hegedor., in the Outlook.

A Popular Number.

Numberless people think they are No. 1.

# The Housewife's Corner

## The Economy of Rest.

"I rest for one-half hour each morning," said my neighbor when I asked her how she did her housework so easily. This woman lives on a farm, does all of her own housework, including the laundering, helps care for the garden, raises chickens, and cares for two children, one five and the other seven years old, yet she never seems tired or nervous and her house is always neat.

"After breakfast I wash the dishes and put the house in order," she continued, "then I care for my children, bring from the garden what vegetables I will need, then do my special work for the day—cleaning, baking, or ironing, as it may be. At ten o'clock I go to my room, darken it, loosen my clothing, and lie down for a half hour. If I am very tired I sometimes go to sleep, but even if I do not sleep I rest, I try to forget all about my work and just let go and rest. The children understand that I am not to be disturbed, and are willing to play without Mamma for half an hour.

"When I get up I feel like new; so I start the dinner and then clean myself up a little. After dinner I finish up my work, but I always have an hour off in the afternoon too, and generally two, or even three.

"I try to get as much as possible done before my forenoon rest period. I work as hard and fast as I know how up to that time, but try to plan my work to make as few steps as possible. In that way I get the biggest part of my work done by ten o'clock."

"But can you do that on wash days too?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "if I hurry and the washing is not too big I am all through by that time. If I am not through I rest, then finish when I get up. I've found out that there are few things that can't stand to be left for a half hour, and it certainly helps me, for if I didn't rest in the morning I could never stand my work."

## Strawberry Shortcake.

Mix 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar and sift twice. Work in ¼ cup butter with fingers. Add ¾ cup milk gradually. Put on board, divide into 2 parts, and roll out to fit the cake tin; using the least possible flour to roll. Put one part on tin, spread lightly with melted butter, then place other part on top. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven. When baked, separate and place between cakes one quart of strawberries mashed slightly and sweetened. Decorate top with a few whole berries.

## Canning Advice.

When canning, pickling and preserving do not use any powders or preparations for keeping fruits or vegetables. It is not difficult to keep fruits or vegetables, but it is absolutely necessary to sterilize the contents of each jar for sufficient length of time to kill all spores, germs and bacteria.

The use of alum and its equivalents in pickling is positively injurious and must not be thought of. If you will follow carefully the directions in any good cook book you will find that the pickles will have a good color, be crisp and have a delicious aroma. This can only be obtained by careful up-to-date methods.

Fruits may also be canned without sugar, or syrup may be used in place of sugar. Fruit canned without sugar may have the sugar added just before using. For successful results it will be necessary to drain the liquid from the canned fruit, add the sugar and bring to boil. Cook for five minutes and then pour over the fruit; this fruit will not equal that which has had the sugar added at time of canning.

## Preserving Rhubarb.

Rhubarb may be canned by the cold water method. To do this, wash the rhubarb, remove tips and root ends and cut in inch-long pieces. Fill the cans as tightly as possible, of course, cans must be sterilized, and fill to overflowing with cold water. Seal at once and set in a cool dark place. The natural acid of the rhubarb prevents the growth of bacteria.

To can by the hot water bath method, as sterilizing in the boiler is called, wash the rhubarb and cut in inch pieces, plunge in boiling water for two minutes and then dip in cold water. Pack the cans as tightly as possible and pour in a thick syrup till cans overflow. By thick syrup is meant a syrup made in the proportion of four pounds of sugar to three quarts of water, boiled until it is hard to pour it from the spoon. The syrup should be boiling when poured on the rhubarb. Proceed as in canning any product and sterilize fifteen minutes.

Fruit combinations that may be cooked with rhubarb include pineapple, raisins, dates, oranges, apples and prunes. Peel and cut rhubarb, and cover with the amount of sugar required, and let it stand in warm place until sugar is melted. Add desired fruit, cook until, when tried in a saucer, it is of jamlike consistency. Use two pounds of rhubarb to one pound of fruit and three-quarters

pound of sugar to every pound of mixed fruits. Do not cook rhubarb in tin saucepans.

## "War Bread" of Three Nations.

The British Tommy, when fresh bread is not available, is supplied with what he calls "dog biscuit." It looks like just that; being a thick cracker four inches square and weighing three ounces of whole-wheat flour pressed solid it might be described as a condensed loaf of bread. The French have a "war bread" somewhat similar, which, when put into hot water or soup, swells up like a sponge. The famous German "pea sausage" is composed of pea meal, bacon and fat. It was the invention of a Berlin cook, who discovered a process whereby pea meal could be made proof against deterioration. One sausage, eight inches long, yields twelve plates of nutritious soup.

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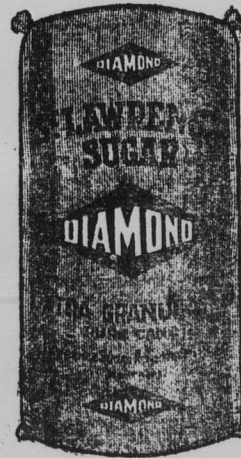
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## WHAT IS THE WORLD WORTH?

Set Up a Pair of Value Scales and Determine its Real Worth.

Men know by measurement the size of the earth; they know by calculation the weight of the earth; but what about its worth in possessed metals and producible foodstuffs? A swift calculation will show you that the earth is worthless. The oriental mind is convinced that the earth has no reality; the occidental mind, when that mind thinks, knows that the earth has no value.

"For sale, cheap." Such a signboard might be stuck up in the earth anywhere, over mine or in fertile field. The earth may have size and weight, but it has no value. The animal does not value it; the angel would not take it at any price, however small.

The value of the world is due to man. In the language of Friedrich Nietzsche, "Man is the valuing animal as such." Take away man and you take away earth's worth. Leave man, but extract his human desires, and the earth is still a worthless mass of mere

things. With man gold takes on its color, its preciousness; with man land and land's products begin to have value. In itself the earth is worthless.

Man is the valuer, because man wants to be satisfied, desires to be fulfilled. Worth is desirability. The animal, the child, the savage have no special desires, hence the earth of such creatures is wanting in worth. If some demon or angel could persuade man that gold was not desirable, gold would at once lose its value.

The business of life does not consist in accumulating things on the outside, but values on the inside. Once education had to do with words; then it began to pay attention to things. In the future it will concern itself with values. Man must be taught on which side his bread is buttered—that is, man must learn values.

Such a man, it is said, does not know the value of money. Another does not know the value of knowledge. Still another cannot comprehend the value of personality. These, and all the rest of us, too, must be taught to perform tricks, but the trick of valuing things, ideas, feelings and the like is still to be communicated to man, who ought to be the valuing animal.

The great teachers have been teachers of values. Buddha sought to change the desires of the human heart. Perhaps he attempted too much, since he tried to have man pass from valuing everything to valuing nothing. Christ would have man set up a pair of value scales and determine which had the greater worth, the whole world without or the single soul within. Socrates wanted the Greeks to feel the value of knowledge. Ibsen wished his Norwegians to see the worth of truth. The values must wait for the valuer.

Take a course in values. It need not come in school or by correspondence. You can be, you must be, your own teacher. If you know the R's, try to learn the V's, the values. Your own desire in its raw state may mislead you, but your desire can be educated.

The worth school is the school of the future. There is no worth in the earth, but there is worth in the soul. Your brain is your school of values.

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