

# NATION IN DANGER

### Farm Abandonment Has Created Most Serious Situation.

#### Food Supply Threatened Through the Drift of the Population to the Cities—Now Is Great Opportunity to Take Up Land.

The question, "How is the country to be fed if the population continues to drift to the cities?" is one that should create an agitation that will bring about a reply that will mean a solution. The census, recently completed, reveals a situation truly alarming, one that has never been known in the United States before. The urban population is now greater than that of the rural districts by about 4,000,000. Cities and towns, each with more than 2,500 inhabitants, contain 54,318,032 persons, or 51.4 per cent of the total population, while the farms and smaller towns together claim only 51,390,759 persons, or 48.6 per cent of the total.

As is pointed out by an influential Chicago daily, "the drift to the cities is thus proved and, reduced to figures, showing a top-heavy condition of the industrial life."

Farming is and must remain the basic industry of the world, and certainly should remain the basic industry of a nation with a continental area like ours. It is small profit to gain the markets of the world with manufactured goods if agriculture has decayed so badly as to furnish an uncertain subsistence for our people, and fluctuating crops are reflected in price changes that upset the economic life of the country. Yet we are within measurable distance of that condition, if the present or recent drift toward the cities continues.

Most writers on this topic take it for granted that young folks go from farms to cities merely to make more money. Doubtless that is something of a motive at all times and was a very strong one in the period immediately after the war, when city industries paid wages totally impossible for farmers to rival.

It is hoped that this drifting has reached its apex. Unless it has, and there still remains a possibility of its continuance, the effect cannot be foretold. The great wave of manufactures for war purposes has ceased, and with it the number of those employed in factories is diminishing by thousands daily. It is therefore hoped that there will again be heard the slogan, "Forward to the Land." If prices to which farm land has reached are prices prohibitive to many, the opportunity is still open elsewhere. There are states possessing large areas of good land that may still be had at prices within the reach of many, and it is doubtless true that in self-preservation it will be necessary to bring these lands under cultivation. The prices are not high, considering their value. Then, too, here are the lands of Western Canada that hold out an inviting prospect.

Reports from there show that the prosperity of the farmers there is not mythical. Farming there is conducted on scientific principles, and the climate is such as appeals. The production amply repays all the expenditure that may be made. The social conditions are of a character that make farm life a pleasure, and tend to keep the young man and young woman from pining for urban life with so many drawbacks. If conditions as above mentioned, showing such a large percentage of population in the cities and towns, continues, they will require food. The opportunity to supply it by the means suggested. Go forward to the farm, become independent, and become a factor in supplying the world's needs in cattle, sheep, grain and such other commodities as the farm will produce and the resident of the city requires.—Advertisement.

#### His Plight.

"Money can't do everything." "I know that, but all I want to do are the things that money can do."

#### WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyeed-look." Only "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.—Adv.

The Best Ones Never Do. "How was the lecture?" "Fine. It didn't last more than forty minutes."

#### Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. Catarrhal Deafness requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

Circulars free. All Druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

There is nothing so thoroughly misunderstood as perfection.

Garfield Tea keeps the liver normal. Adv.

A bee and its honey are soon parted; and the bee is no fool.

# The DARK MIRROR

Copyright 1920 by the Author.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
Author of "The False Faces,"  
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

#### IN THE HOP JOINT.

Synopsis.—Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl Leonora, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces in the underworld of New York. Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She promises to marry him. At Ristort's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonora meets her partner, "Red" Carnehan, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She savagely defends herself. Police crash into the room and two are killed by Carnehan. Leonora and the rest escape. In her studio, Priscilla Maine, wealthy artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distant feeling of having her life linked with Leonora's. Priscilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dress—a gipsy—which has a strange effect on her. Unnerved, and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilla calls to her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Fosdick, who is in love with her. He is stunned to find that her dream story of the police fight is confirmed by the newspaper. Priscilla tells him about the mystery of her mother, who died when she was born. He sees the effect of the painting and pronounces it a case of auto-hypnosis. Priscilla makes him promise not to go to the police and he begins investigating it for himself. Priscilla senses with cold fear danger which threatens Leonora.

#### CHAPTER FIVE

#### Rendezvous With Destiny.

#### I. THE CLOCK.

By the time Priscilla Maine had spent twenty minutes phoning and all her patience garnering snubs from one arrogant cab company after another, the fan of the storm had passed, leaving the stunner and cringing city to the endless legions of the rain.

Her own car was being used by Mrs. Trowbridge for a dinner visit out of town. In her present state of mind and nerves the prospect of stopping on indefinitely in the studio was insufferable.

Resigning herself, then, to a drenching, the girl locked up and scampered through swimming streets to Fifth avenue—where she waited three minutes that seemed ten till a trudging bus consented to pick her up. At the uptown-end of her Journey, likewise, she had two blocks to run, from Fifth avenue to Park, before she got home, with hat, suit, furs and temper all demoralized.

While her maid prepared a bath, she begged off by telephone from a dinner engagement to which she had long been looking forward. Tonight she felt it would be impossible to hold her own, with anxiety on account of Mario and Leonora forever at her elbow, a gibbering specter.

A hot bath and the ease of negligence should have lent her some tranquility, but did not. She made the merest pretense of dining from a tray in her room. She could not forget . . .

Past seven; in less than three hours Leonora must start upon her Journey . . .

And she could do nothing . . . nothing! . . . but t'ell and wonder and wring useless hands . . .

A little before ten an inexplicable change in the texture of her emotions made her aware that the peak of her transports had been reached and



"Charlie Anywheres About?"

passed. Of a sudden she found herself more calm, not with the calm of misgivings set at rest, rather with that of courage dauntlessly addressing itself to a forlorn hope.

Intuition divined the explanation: In that strange, deep sympathy which made them one, her mental and emotional processes faithfully reflected Leonora's; what agonies of doubts and fears she had suffered tonight were but replicas of those which Leonora

had suffered. But now the time of waiting was no more; Leonora had left her hiding place and, committing herself bravely to her dark adventure, had found relief in action.

If only she might be with Leonora tonight as she had so often been, seeing what she saw, doing what she did, knowing what she knew, participating in every reaction of her wits and perceptions . . .

Only if she could sleep, it was possible, she might dream . . .

Darkeuing her bedchamber, she went to the window, opened it, and tarried a little in its recess, looking out.

Rain was still falling, torrential, lancing the night with its myriad slender, silver, slanting jets, brimming gutters, flooding sidewalks, blackening and burnishing roadways to the semblance of rivers of ink that mirrored a multitude of lights. She thought of Leonora struggling through that scurrying tempest to an unknown bourne . . .

The clock struck ten.

She turned back to her bed, threw herself down upon it without undressing, and closed her eyes. Immediately she opened them again; there could be no sleep for her till mind and spirit were fagged out altogether.

#### II. THE STREET.

She had neither raincoat nor umbrella; demonic squalls hailed such defenseless prey, and gusts of pelting drops stung the bare flesh of her face like birdshot. Long before she managed to weather the corner her thin cloak was soaked through and so was all beneath it, her shoes were squelching, her sodden skirts, hurried by the wind, were clinging tenaciously to her legs, making progress incredibly difficult. Yet she did not mind, but found a kind of savage delight in battling with the elements, finding ground against their malicious will. Following long confinement to that room of unspeakable boredom there was compensation and to spare in this false sense of freedom, in the mere fact that she was at last at large, enough to render her indifferent to damaged clothing as well as to the clammy discomfort with which it plastered her chilled body.

She leaned her slim young body against the wind and gladly fought it for every breath and step, she relished keenly the wet sweetness of the air, the gurgle of rushing gutters, the lilliputian drumming of the rain, the motley cheer of weeping windows. But for these last one might pardonably have taken the Street for part of some drowned city peopled by gray ghostly shapes, figures glimpsed, darkly through sweeping waves of rain as they scurried from curb to curb, lumbered down the wind or, like Leonora, plodded doggedly against its howling opposition. But few such were visible at any time; humanity braved the elements that night solely under the lash of elemental appetites, such as the necessity of beer, and then made its excursion as brief as might be. Even the police hugged shelter . . .

A night of terror, she thought, with a shiver as much of dread as of cold, pausing in the lee of a corner to regain her breath before renewing contest with the storm; a night when anything might happen . . .

Resolutely she put that thought behind her; she did not dare to be afraid. And lest she be tempted again to think and falter, she spurred herself pitilessly on once more.

At length she turned aside into a sullen street, dimly lighted, wholly desolate in all its visible length save for the shining welcome of saloon windows on the ground floor of a dilapidated dwelling in the middle of the street: beacons marking the end of the first stage of her journey . . .

#### III. THE HOP-JOINT.

The saloon, a boozing ken of the lowest order, occupied quarters first intended for a shop. Empty shop windows, flanking a double doorway, were backed by screens of machine-carved wood stained to mock mahogany and hung with beer lithographs. To one side, under a sign—gilt lettering on a black ground: "Family Entrance"—a single door stood open on a short hallway which led to a dreary room behind the bar, where local sets of both sexes sat in sodden congress over tables sticky with dregs, their feet scuffling in coarse, damp sawdust. To the right of this door a window with a ledge broke the side wall, communicating with the bar for the convenience of

neighboring ladies and other fastidious souls who, rather than risk social contamination by entering a common bar-room, fetched empty pails of tin and carried them away filled with nourishment for home consumption. To the left a constricted staircase ascended to regions of uninviting darkness. Leonora, however, mounted with confidence and, finding a blank shut door at the top, planted a confident finger on a push-button which she could not possibly have located by sight.

A venomous buzz responded. Shuffling feet drew near the door, in which a grille opened, letting out a shaft of strong light which fell squarely on the girl's face.

She said coolly: "Lo, John. Le' me in."

A chain bolt rattled. The door swung inward. Leonora entered, passed, faced the guardian of the portal—a Chinese, aged, shriveled of face, shrunken of body, impassive—whom she addressed with the brusque insouciance of old acquaintance.

"Charlie anywheres about?" With racial economy of gesture the Chinese jerked a thumb toward the rear of the house and turned to re-fasten the door. Leonora moved down



"You Poor Kid!" Inez Tightened Her Clasp on Leonora's Hand.

the hall, disdainfully sniffing tainted air, and entered a large room whose atmosphere was mephitic with the unforgettable, sickly sweet fumes of opium. Here, in half-curtained bunks or on thin mattresses upon the floor, in a forbidding half light furnished by a single, closely shaded lamp, perhaps a dozen men and women lay in uncouth postures, deep in drugged stupors. One only was in apparently complete possession of her wits: the woman Inez of whom Leonora had seen nothing since that fateful night at Ristort's.

Inez alone recognized in any way this addition to the company; looking up with a sullen face from her seat on the edge of a mattress on which lay, with limbs asprawl and face of ghastly pallor upturned to the dim light, his mouth half open, his eyes half closed, the thick stem of an opium pipe dangling from limp fingers, the man whom Leonora had come to meet.

In a seizure of dismay so overpowering as to blind her completely to the sneer of gratification which Inez sought in vain to dissemble, Leonora dropped to her knees beside the man and shook his shoulders with frantic hands.

"Charlie!" she cried in a voice urgent with fright and entreaty—"wake up, Charlie! For God's sake, wake up!"

The man's head rolled from side to side with horrifying limpness, his lips moved tremulously without closing, otherwise he made no sign. He might have been lifeless, he had better been dead.

Not one person in the room so much as turned a head when the cries of the frantic girl disturbed the quiet, not even Inez; for though she had mastered her betraying smile, that one had no need to stir in order to watch Leonora. Evil exultation continued to inform her cold eyes as long as they were unobserved; but Leonora found them quick with apologetic sympathy when, at length appreciating the futility of her efforts, she loosed her hold on Charlie's shoulders and sank on her heels.

"My God!" she said, with a stricken face—"what'm I going to do?"

"What's the trouble, dearie?" Inez spoke with cloying sweetness, but the other was too far gone in despair to notice, or to care if she had noticed. "Anything I can do to help?"

"I don't know"—Leonora shook her head slowly—"guess not." "Why'n't you tell me and find out?" Inez leaned across the body of the drug victim and placed a coarse red hand affectionately over Leonora's.

"You can trust me, I guess. We're all in this mess together, ain't we?"

"It's only Red," Leonora responded dully. "He said for me to come to him tonight. He sent word by Charlie—said I'd got to come tonight. Charlie promised he'd meet me here and show me the way. He wouldn't tell me—said Red made him swear not to. I don't see why . . . But I wish to God Charlie'd kept his word to me like he did to Red."

"What do you mean?" She noticed at the unconscious man. Charlie promised me he wouldn't snitch more'n two pipes."

Inez laughed shrilly. "Guess he must've had six," she declared. "I rolled three pills for him since I came in."

"And now he's down and out?" Leonora pursued, "and I don't know how to find Red, and he won't take any excuses . . . Inez, I'm scared!"

"You poor kid!" Inez tightened her clasp on Leonora's hand. "But you don't have to worry, I'll take you to Red. I been there half a dozen times at least."

The smile of conscious triumph, which Inez could not suppress, was unappealingly offensive, and brought back vividly to mind the rivalry which had always existed between them and which had flared up into open hostility at their last rencounter. Hot resentment kindled in Leonora's eyes, but color flushed her cheeks; but she dug teeth into her underlip and grimly fought down the impulse to give her anger tongue. Not only was that precisely what Inez wanted, but it might prove fatal. There was more than pride at stake, there was the life of hers for Mario had broken down her will to refuse Red's summons: only the threat of Red's vengeance wreaked on Mario had made her supple to the gangster's will. And now, if she quarreled with Inez, that one would never show her the way to Red. Anything (she repeated, in her secret thoughts) might happen . . .

"Leo told you," she muttered. "Sure he did," Inez agreed cheerfully. "You don't suppose Leo's leary of me like Red is of you, Nora dear? Why, I've known all along where them two was livin' up."

Long lashes drooped to veil Leonora's smoldering eyes. Inez's malicious smile flashed and faded. The other clenched her hands into tight fists, then opened them. She looked up, pride conquered and trampled under foot by love.

"Inez," she pleaded simply: "I got to see Red tonight or . . . I don't know what'll happen. Please take me to him, Inez!"

The woman delayed her response for a moment, that she might relish the full flavor of her triumph. Then, jumping up, she said: "Sure I will, dearie. C'mon: let's go."

#### IV. THE ROOFS.

Again the night, the wind, the rain the laborious transit of dim, weivering streets . . . Inez led through a tortuous maze of murky backways, till they came to a sinister block of towering, teeming tenements, into which, plucking Leonora by the sleeve, she turned.

In the unsavory lower hall Leonora spoke incredulously: "Not here?"

Inez gave a negative gesture: "I should say not. Across the roofs . . . You don't suppose I'm such a simp as to lead a dick to the right door, do you?"

"You don't think we're followed?" Leonora demanded in quick alarm.

Inez nodded emphatically. "I know we was."

"Who was it? Could you see?" "Nobody I ever seen before; a new bird, I guess, from some uptown precinct. Coarse worker, too; he must've spotted you first, 'cause he was waitin' when we came out, and trailed us all the way."

"Why didn't you tell me?" "What's the use? You know now don't you? It wouldn't've done you any good to know in the street, as long as I knew and had sense enough to lead him wrong, like this. . . . C'mon."

They began to run up long flights of stairs lighted only by single gas jets low-turned on every other landing, and noisome with stratified stenches of evil cookery and things worse yet; the predominating race tenanted each successive floor indicated by its dominant effluvium, were it garlic, boiled cabbage, fried fish, or the subtle, penetrating, undisguisable odor of opium smoke. Gusts of voices lifted in rude laughter or more commonly quarrelsome issues from doorways that stood as a rule wide. Once there was a sound of weeping, too, sickening dull wails of some woman cruelly used. And always the inevitable squalling of children fretful in unhappiness. . . .

On the top landing Inez paused to peer over the rail. "That's him," she panted, nodding.

Leonora joined her. At the bottom of the gloomy, deep well of the staircase the fore-shortened figure of a man was visible, his upturned face a mere blur of flesh color. But something individual in the pose caught Leonora's eye and prodded what she took for some memory half erased.

The treacherous Inez turns a trick.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discriminating. J. Fuller Gloom—"I make a practice of doubting everything an Hon. says, except when he is denouncing another Hon."—Kansas City Star.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take  
**Grove's**  
**Laxative**  
**Bromo**  
**Quinine**  
tablets

Be sure you get  
**BROMO**

The genuine bears this signature  
**E. W. Grove**

### Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10cts from one bag of

GENUINE  
**"BULL" DURHAM**  
TOBACCO

The American Pipe Co.

### BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

### GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

### Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

### Double Rations.

The time had come to dole out the day's rations, and in an Irish regiment the quartermaster and his assistant were portioning them out in preparation for distribution.

At last, just before the orderly men were due to arrive, the assistant turned to the quartermaster. With a twinkle in his eye, Mike said: "Av ye plaze, sorr, there's a loaf short. Who'll I give it to?" "Keep it yourself, Mike," replied the quartermaster.

### Horrible Death.

"How does a hairdresser end his days?" "He curls up and dies."

### LOSS OF WEIGHT

Mineral Wells, W. Va.—"I am glad to have the privilege of recommending Dr. Pierce's medicine. I was all run-down and in a very bad condition. Had doctored hundreds of dollars away and never received any benefit from the doctors' medicine. I also was operated upon for feminine trouble, but was only able to drag around, and kept getting worse all the time. I only weighed 115 pounds. A friend recommended Dr. Pierce's medicine to me so I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and now I do all my work and take care of four children, and I weigh 173."—MRS. WHEEL RICHARDS, R. F. D. 1.