

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

By JAMES F. DWYER

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

"IT COMES to every wanderer at some time in his wanderings," said Galt, looking out through the dirty window of Bhatto Ghan's river alley restaurant at Singapore. "It comes to every one of us drifters, and when the voice is strong enough we strike the home trail."

"Ay, ay," murmured Maloney, a little red-headed Irishman, who acted as agent for a Jew firm at Calcutta. "It's right you are, Sandy."

"There is no such person as a cosmopolitan," growled the big Scotchman. "I thought I met one once when we were jerking a trestle bridge over a stream up at Simla, but he was a fraud. He left us one night, and when I went round to his bungalow in the morning I found a little scrap of paper stuck in the thatch. It just read: 'Gone home to England.' Yes, by the ax of Bruce, that was all—not another word. And that sun-tanned devil had been telling me month after month that he had neither home nor country."

"Ay, ay," chanted Maloney. "I've said the same, bad luck to me."

"I cursed him over-right, the Lascar serang," continued Galt, "but that old monkey-faced nigger told me to stop. 'His mother looked at him last night,' said he. 'His mother is in England, d—n his brown hide,' I growled. 'It doesn't matter,' squeaked that old bag of bones, 'his mother has been seeking him for years, and last night she looked into his eyes as he slumbered, and he has gone to her. It is always so, sahib. Some day the mother's eyes will find them if they sit on the rim of the earth, and when they see her in their dreams they go back.'"

Galt banged his glass upon the century-old table, and when Bhatto Ghan had delivered the drinks, a silence fell upon the group. The hot sun turned the street puddles into vapor masses that floated upwards, thick and stifling, and the voices from the cafe chantant came through in intermittent blasts as if they had seized favorable moments when the air was clear.

There were five in the party, and no man was within three thousand miles of his birthplace. It was Maloney's recital of an attempt he made to reach Cork that had caused the Scotchman to make his observations. The little Irishman had shipped as a stoker on a big P. & O. boat at Melbourne, but the red mouths in the bowels of the ship had eaten up his home-longing before he reached Colombo. There, Maloney deserted, and deferred the pleasure of revisiting Queenstown till his pocket could pay for superior traveling accommodation.

Presently Meehlin shifted his long legs and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"That's right about the voice," he said, with the air of a man who knows that his assertion is incontrovertible. "I know all about the voice. I struck Wellington, New Zealand, in 1900; rode down on a leaking wind-jammer from Vancouver, and the voice found me the moment I was on the quay. One of the New Zealand Steamship company's boats was just getting ready to buck across to Sydney, and the voice made me buy a forty-shilling steamer ticket and hike aboard. Every mile of that trip the voice got to whispering stronger. 'Jimmy,' it said, 'you haven't seen yer old mother for seven years—seven years, just think of it. Never mind about yer stepfather, Jimmy, don't think of yer little differences with him. If he kicks yer again, like he did before, don't take no notice of him.' That was the tune it sang to me. Oh, yes, Galt is Johnny-on-the-spot when he gives lingo about the voice. It gets you all right. The one that called me was a sort of two-thousand-mile radius voice. While I was buzzin' about up round Seattle I didn't hear it, but the moment I struck windy Wellington, it fairly poured into me sound accumulators, and before we sighted Sydney Head I couldn't get any sleep at nights because it kept reproaching me for stayin' away too long."

The moment I tumbled on the wharf, the voice swirled me up George street to the railway station. I bought a second-class ticket for Bourke, and then went across the road to get something to eat before the western mail pulled out for its run to the Darling. I couldn't eat; felt as if I had a balloon in me insides, so I came back and cursed the porters until we swung out. All the way up in the train that voice made me sick with joy. The old bare gumtrees, the t-tree scrub, the gray plains, the dusty drovers, every bloomin' thing got tuggin' at me heart strings, an' when I got out at Bourke I felt all sore round the ribs like as if some one had been slamm'n' me with sixteen-ounce gloves.

Maloney made a sound that resembled a suppressed sob, and Meehlin looked at him curiously.

"My dad had been a 'a cockatoo selector,' you know. We had a little patch between two big pines, and the squatters on the two big lots hated dad like poison. When he died, mother married McCarty, just to have a man round the place to give back lip to the boundary riders, and it was that little mean-souled son of a gun who snapped my home cable an' set me driftin' in the first place. How-

ever, the voice told me to forget all that, an' I tried to. When I announced myself that evening he pumged my right hand up an' down like a feller that's tryin' to restore breathin' in some guy who has ben wet, but I took it agreeable, an' you could hear the swish of the wings of peace when I was telling about me wanderings.

"Next day that little knock-kneed hound of a stepfather asked me to give him a hand in polenxing a steer, and I agreed to whip the pelt off just to show him I hadn't forgotten the game. I was three parts through with the job when the door of the shed opened and a mounted trooper covered me with his poggun. The voice wasn't doing much calling at that minute. You see, stepdad hadn't a calf of his own to kill in honor of my return, so he had grabbed one of the neatest squatters an' that cop caught me red-handed. Cattle duffing had ben getting too common an' they were watching round. The cop took me an' he took stepdad, too, tied us one to each stirrup iron. That was pretty good luck for McCarty."

They must have seen I was in a bit of a temper, 'cause they put us into different cells, but there was a little hole in the slabs, an' all through the night that old calf-stealer kept asking me to shoulder the blame of the whole show. 'They didn't catch me, Jimmy,' he kept saying, over an' over again. 'They only caught you, Jimmy.' 'What's the good of two of us going in? Who'll look after your mother, Jimmy? Who'll shear the sheep? Who'll keep yer little brother at school, Jimmy? It wasn't the voice that pulled me aboard the steamer Wairapa that I heard that night. He got me that mad that I poked my finger in his eye when he was looking through the hole, an' I got a little peace after that."

"Well, that jury believed McCarty. They sent that old scoundrel back home, and a new voice came to my ears. It was the voice of the trail that called me day an' night for two years while I lay in Dubbo jail, an' when I used to look at the guards on the wall I swore I'd never imitate the prodigal son again. Those were the three kinds of voices I heard. First, the voice that calls you home—the one Galt was tellin' you about; secondly, the voice of that old calf-stealing cuss in Bourke lock-up; and thirdly, the voice of the trail."

Maloney broke the silence. "Did you go back—afterwards?" he asked.

"Did I?" cried Meehlin, the arm muscles bunching under the sleeves of his coat. "No, I was afraid. I was afraid that I might kill him or that he might kill another calf. One of the two things might have happened, an' I would have got the worst of the deal. I'm off calves an' stepfathers for all time."

He stood up, stretched his great frame, and walked down to the water front where craft of all nations rocked in the yellow waters, their masts, like gigantic fingers, beckoning to stay-at-home folk to whom the trail had never called.

Hollow Wooden Tubes as Portable Bridges

At the highest altitudes ever reached on earth, members of the recent Mount Everest expedition crept across crevasses of inconceivable depth on the rungs of a portable ladder. Of the many unusual bridges in the world, there is probably none possessing strength as great for its weight as the remarkable ladder bridge carried by these daring explorers.

The bridge was made especially by an English firm for use at altitudes of 25,000 feet and upward, says Popular Science Monthly. In view of the difficulties of transport at these tremendous heights, it was essential that it should be extremely light and easily carried. To meet these requirements it was constructed of hollow wooden spars, put together with hinges in three sections, each of which could be used as a separate unit. Extended full length, the bridge measured 18 feet and weighed only 45 pounds.

Stretched at full length, the bridge could support two fully equipped climbers, and when used in an upright position as a ladder, each rung was strong enough to support a concentrated weight of 300 pounds. This great strength was due to the direction of the grain and the system of layers of wood of which the hollow sticks were made. The same principle is being applied for the construction of hollow spars for racing yachts and for airplanes.

Spruce wood is sawed into planks less than one-quarter-inch thick, then bent around steam-heated mandrels to the form of cylinders. The bent planks then are built in the requisite number of layers around a wooden core and the layers glued together with water-tight glue. When the core is withdrawn, there remains a hollow spar that is far superior in strength and weather-resisting qualities to a solid stick. Proportioned correctly, a hollow spar of one-third the weight is as strong as a solid spar of the same size.

Bret Harte's Headache

Bret Harte was once lecturing at Richmond, in Virginia, and on the morning of his arrival had such a terrible headache that he would cheerfully have died there and then. He went for a walk accompanied by the person who was to take the chair at his lecture. The latter told him that Richmond was a very beautiful place, that the death rate averaged only one per diem.

"Good heavens!" said Bret Harte, who had been telling his companion how he felt. "Has today's man died yet?"—London Tatler.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
by Grace Bliss Stewart

RHINO HAS THE BLUES

"H O, HUM!" grunted Ranny Rhino, as he rolled over in the muddy water of the Yellow River and turned one tiny shiny eye toward Big Bright Mr. Sun who was just going down behind the tall Palm Tree.

"I suppose I might as well get up and look for my supper. It's a long way to the nearest plantation, but that sugar cane is well worth it. Maybe I'll find some bamboo, too. Nothing is much fun, though, when you can't see well, now is it?" he grumbled, as he caught sight of Polly Parrot in the tree above him.

"Well, that depends on what you are trying to see," cried Polly saucily. "If it's a joke or your duty, then I say it's



"Oh, Polly, Please Do Be Sensible," Wailed Ranny.

all very well to have good eyesight, but—"

"Oh, Polly, please do be sensible," wailed Ranny. "I'm serious about this, really I am. I go ploughing around with these dull little eyes of mine, charging at things and generally missing them. Even if I don't get into much trouble because I am big and folks are afraid of the two fierce horns on my nose, still I never feel comfortable because I am so in doubt about danger being near."

"Big Ranny Rhino! Why, I should think you were. There's nobody in the whole Jungle larger, except Gray Ears the Elephant. And what you are grumbling about I don't know, when you are so swift that you can outrun a horse. Then there's your keen scent and your two fine horns. Your cousin in India has but one. You've a nose to be proud of, I say."

"Yes, I know all that, Polly, but I can't help it; I'm blue," complained Ranny. "You seen Jolly this morning; I wish you could make me feel so."

"Well, I am happy, Ranny Rhino. It doesn't take good eyesight to find that out, does it? And I'll just take you to the person who made me so, if you would like to go. Maybe he can help you too. His name is Cheerups, and he came all the way

from America to broaden his acquaintance. I should think he would like you, Ranny; goodness knows, you are broad enough."

"How lovely that is of you, Polly!" said Ranny, opening his mouth in a wide smile and showing so many teeth that Polly gave a little shiver and moved away. It didn't look to her like a good place for an accidental fall.

"Yes, Cheerups showed me how to make Mr. Parrot do his share of sitting on our nest. And what do you suppose he told me? Why, just to be kind and polite. It sounds simple, but it worked. So that's the reason I can be away this morning. I don't have to worry any more about my fine eggs getting cold. Come on now, Ranny, let's be off to find Cheerups," chuckled Polly.

Ranny was so pleased and happy that he came right out of the water and frisked along by the Yellow River, down the Winding Way and through the Twisty Vines, with Polly Parrot flying overhead, until they came to the little clear place in the Jungle where Cheerups lived.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

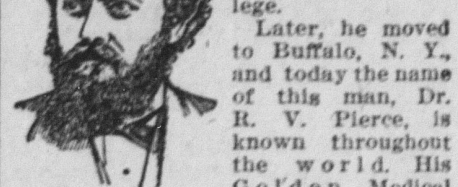
MAE MURRAY



Mae Murray, the brilliant movie star, was born in Portsmouth, Va. She moved to New York when a very small child. At the age of fifteen she made her first appearance on the stage and became one of the most remarkable dancers. At the height of her success on the stage she entered the pictures, and her many successes are well known.

From School Teacher to Great Eminence

A young man who was brought up on a farm, qualified for district school teacher, then managed to save enough money to put him thru medical college.



Later, he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and today the name of this man, Dr. R. V. Pierce, is known throughout the world. His Golden Medical

Discovery is the best known blood medicine and tonic. More than fifty million bottles have been sold. If your dealer does not sell the Discovery, in liquid or tablets, you can obtain a pkg. of the tablets by sending 65c to the Dr. Pierce Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Keep your horses working with "SPOHN'S." Standard remedy for 32 years for Distemper, Strangles, Influenza, Coughs and Colds. Give to sick and those exposed. Give "SPOHN'S" for Dog Distemper. Sold by your druggist. If not, order from us. Small bottle 50 cents, large \$1.25. Write for free booklet on Diseases.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Dept. GOSHEN, IND. DOGS

Your system needs

Hancock Sulphur Compound

If you suffer from rheumatism, gout, eczema or hives, or if troubled with pimples, blackheads, freckles, blotches or other skin eruptions, your blood and skin need the purifying and healing effects of this tried old remedy.

Physicians agree that sulphur is one of the best and most effective blood purifiers known to science. Hancock Sulphur Compound is the most efficacious way to use and benefit from Sulphur. As a lotion, it soothes and heals; taken internally, it gets at the root of the trouble. 60c and \$1.20 at your druggist's. If he cannot supply you, send his name and the price in stamps and we will send you a bottle direct.

HANCOCK LIQUID SULPHUR COMPOUND
Baltimore, Maryland
Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment—60c and \$1.20—for use with the Liquid Compound.

Age "Thanks Autos"

Age thanks autos in Uruguay where an advance of 5 per cent in customs duty on all cars has just been put in effect to provide funds for the increase of old-age pensions.

Her Specialty

Jones—Does your wife pick all your suits for you?
Smith—No, just the pockets.

Various Verdicts

"She has a flower-like face."
"Trifle too lavish with the flour."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Life is not victory, but battle.

DON'T BROOD OVER STOMACH DISTRESS

Don't lay awake nights and feel miserable all day—there's one right way to fix up your gassy, rebellious disordered stomach in such a short time that your heart will be gladdened.

Today Dare's Mentha Pepsin is the one remedy supremely efficient where acute or chronic indigestion or gastritis is making your days and nights miserable. Reports of its mighty power to overcome unbearable, near suffocating stomach agony have swept the land until today its sales are marvelous.

Get one bottle of this pleasant speedy acting medicine today with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't help you—your money will be returned.

Boschee's Syrup

for Coughs and Lung Troubles

Successful for 50 years. 30c and 50c bottles—ALL DRUGGISTS

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Porter's Pain King A Liniment

Soothes Pain from Strains, Sprains, Tired Muscles, Lame Back, Swollen Joints, Rheumatism

MAKING FRIENDS SINCE 1871

For Pimply Skin Peterson's Ointment

"All pimples are inflammation of the skin," says Peterson, "and the best and quickest way to get rid of them is to use Peterson's ointment." Used by millions for eczema, skin and scalp itch, ulcers, sore feet and piles. All druggists, 50 cents.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

ACORNS AND LOVE

IT MAY surprise many people to know that in current superstitions there survive not only remnants of tree-worship, nature-worship, sun-worship, moon-worship, etc., which have been changed by the ages into formulas the origin and meaning of which those who use them are entirely ignorant, but that also there still remain open and direct appeals to the heathen gods who are invoked directly by name. Of this latter sort is superstition which is circulated largely throughout the country in nearly all those little paper-covered books dealing with dreams and charms which are so extensively consulted by the uneducated and, it must be owned, not infrequently "on the sly" by persons of intelligence and education. The superstition in question is a rite for discovering a young woman's future husband. An odd number of girls not exceeding nine assemble and each strings on a chord as many acorns as there are girls present. Then each girl places her string of acorns in the fire and watches it burn in silence. When the acorns are consumed each girl retires to her bed, saying as she gets between the sheets:

"Yes, I know all that, Polly, but I can't help it; I'm blue," complained Ranny. "You seen Jolly this morning; I wish you could make me feel so."

"Well, I am happy, Ranny Rhino. It doesn't take good eyesight to find that out, does it? And I'll just take you to the person who made me so, if you would like to go. Maybe he can help you too. His name is Cheerups, and he came all the way

from America to broaden his acquaintance. I should think he would like you, Ranny; goodness knows, you are broad enough."

"How lovely that is of you, Polly!" said Ranny, opening his mouth in a wide smile and showing so many teeth that Polly gave a little shiver and moved away. It didn't look to her like a good place for an accidental fall.

"Yes, Cheerups showed me how to make Mr. Parrot do his share of sitting on our nest. And what do you suppose he told me? Why, just to be kind and polite. It sounds simple, but it worked. So that's the reason I can be away this morning. I don't have to worry any more about my fine eggs getting cold. Come on now, Ranny, let's be off to find Cheerups," chuckled Polly.

Ranny was so pleased and happy that he came right out of the water and frisked along by the Yellow River, down the Winding Way and through the Twisty Vines, with Polly Parrot flying overhead, until they came to the little clear place in the Jungle where Cheerups lived.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

May love and marriage be the theme to visit me in this night's dream; Gentle Venus, be my friend; The image of my lover send.

Then the young man whom she is destined to marry will appear to her in

a dream. The use of the acorns is, of course, a remnant of tree-worship; an appeal to the oak, that great and popular tree god of our ancestors. They are offered to him, consumed by fire as upon an altar.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

HERBERT C. HOOVER

WHEN a man's name is incorporated as a part of the language, he is truly great. Nowadays, we never say we are eliminating waste or practicing economy; we simply say we are "Hooverizing."

Herbert Hoover is undoubtedly one of the greatest men the World war brought out. He was born in Iowa, August 10, 1874, studied mining engineering, was graduated from Leland Stanford, and, after various experiences in mining in this country, went to Australia as a mining chief. This led him into China, where he did a lot of exploration work through the interior.

That was about twenty-five years ago, and after these exciting happenings, he settled in London, holding several important positions with mining concerns. Then Germany went through Belgium in 1914, and one of the great problems to be met while the armies fought, was—who was to feed Belgium and how? Herbert Hoover was appointed head of the Belgian relief, and did work so remarkable that no one could appreciate it until after the war was over and there was time to view events in proper perspective. He procured food, distributed it, fixed it so starving communities should have their share, and not the German army, got the food.

Naturally he was appointed food administrator in the United States when we went into the war. Among other things, he curtailed profiteering; encouraged home production and canning; keeping food properly distributed; preventing waste; and shipping supplies to our allies.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

neous articles including transferable cigar bands, noodle silencers, Javanese ankle scratchers, pocket squirt guns for re-flavoring overexercised chewing gum, rubber shoestrings, spark plugs, pin wheels, umbrellas, ivory-handled barrel openers, demi tasse forks, dandelion wine, boiler buttons, baby banks, floor lamps, curtain poles and cobweb finders.

"Well, well!" wellwelled the semi-conscious Jazzbo. "Such a planet!"

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

IT WOULD CHANGE THE NAKED TRUTH TO MUCH HEAR A MODERN GOWN

IF IT BUTTERED XXXX

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

UNA

THOUGH not in general usage, Una is one of the most interesting of feminine names. It means "famine," according to etymologists, though the great and only Spenser who brought the name into fashion rejected this interpretation. It is typically an Irish name and since it resembles "one," Spenser gave the title of Una to his lovely personation of the one truth, the one true undivided church, the guide of the Red Cross Knight.

Una is queen of the fairies in the county of Ormond, in which she appears in one version of the story of the soldier billeted on a miser. The man was amazed at his hospitable reception and entertainment as he thought by the avaricious squire, until morning disclosed the fact that Una had raised the mansion and provided the supper.

Una is much in use today among the

Irish peasantry. It is often pronounced Oonagh and has been Anglicized as Winnie.

The pearl is Una's talismanic gem. It is the emblem of purity, popularity and affability. She who wears it will have many friends and admirers. Tuesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

SOME OF EACH

DINWEEVIE DOGGS, president of the Sootytown Chamber of Commerce, was showing the wonders of the town to the distinguished visitor, Jazzbo, the man from Mars.

"And last but not least, Mr. Jazzbo," beamed Doggs, "I must show you that great American institution, the five and ten-cent store. There's nothing there over ten cents or under five or in between, and there's nothing that's not on sale there."

"Well, well!" wellwelled Jazzbo—"even obsolete whisky glasses and things to fix whatchacallums with?"

"Even those," smiled Doggs.

"Well, well!" wellwelled Jazzbo. And they went to the five and ten-cent store, and Dinweevie Doggs radiated. "Here we are! Did you ever see such variety in your life. Look at that stack of hair straighteners! Here's a handful for souvenirs. Look at all the patent monkey wrenches for training monkeys! Stick a couple in your pocket for souvenirs! I'll pay for them! Observe the counterful of cork dishes that float if water or gravy is spilled on them! Do have a half dozen as souvenirs."

An hour later, at the corner of Might and Main streets, Jazzbo was dug out from under a pile of miscel-

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SHADOWS

NO SHADOW e'er can bother me. And on my way I walk straight past it. Unless unhappily I see That I unwittingly have cast it.

And if it be that mine's the fault That brings that shadow there on my way I step aside, and from the vault Let golden Light stream on the highway.

And when I face that Light I find, 'E'en though its radiant luster blind me, The shadow that hath vexed my mind Is left forevermore behind me.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)