ONE OF THE **SMUGGLERS'** GANG

By ROBIN WINSTANLEY

(© by W. G. Chapman.) RUSTIC bridge with a frail railing, a charming young lady resting upon it, a creek, a splash and Minna Graves utsered a shriek and sank beneath the

surface of the brook. A lithe, carelessly-dressed figure, that of a young man coming up the pridge approach, a shout of interest and alarm and as he plunged boldly into the swirling current, Minna came ap choked, blinded and frantic.

"Don't struggle," spoke gentle but resolute tones in her ear, so confidence-inspiring that Minna obeyed orders and came ashore dripping, flushing at the ridiculous figure she made. Her rescuer warded off her expressions of fervent gratitude with a light taugh over their mutual predicament, and she grew coherent enough to indicate that a park-like place in the near distance was her home.

Rolfe Ditson conducted her to its open gateway, solicitously made sure that she was able to get to the house unaided, derided the idea that he might catch cold from his wet garments and went his way after an invitation to call and meet her people.

Rolfe Ditson swung on his way with orightened eye, for he worshiped beauty and goodness. As to Minna, she could not get that strong intellectual face out of her mind readily. His first call led to a second. These two were fast approaching a state of mutual love.

Minna saw in him a handsome, wellbred gentleman. Her father and mother rather liked his direct, yet unobstrusive ways. Not so Harold Graves. This son and brother had a chum he had tried to thrust upon the attentions of Minna. His sister disliked him intensely. When Rolfe appeared upon the scene the rejected suitor scented a rival. Thenceforward the two chums aimed to dislodge and discredit Rolfe, if possible.

"I'm on a still hunt," Harold Graves told his crony one day. "Ditson is mighty mysterious and secretive. He lives at the next town hotel, he says, but he does not appear there more than once a week. He disappears regularly. I'm shadowing him, I'll have some news soon that will oust the fellow, trust me."

And, sure enough, one afternoon in a great state of excitement young Graves sought his sister in the garden. She was seated in a hammock, dreaming tenderly of the absent Rolfe. She was trustful and proud of his attentions, and although he had been very reserved as to his business in the town and its vicinity, she felt that he had some good reason for that policy.

"I've found out!" proclaimed Harold in a tone of exultation.

"Found out what?" inquired Minna. "About Ditson. I never liked his evasive ways. Neither did my chum. Humph! I fancy after this you'll value tried and true friends like him. instead of picking up with a smuggler."

"A smuggler?" repeated Minna, vaguely. "That's just what Ditson is. A regu-

lar member of the Black Ribbon gang. down at Bottle Point." For a moment Minna's face

whitened, then confidence and loyalty came back into her eyes. "Nonsense!" she said simply.

"Is it?" retorted Harold, victously. "I'll show you. I'll have him arrested

the next time he sets his foot on these grounds." "You dare!" flared up his sister. "Do you think I would believe such a

thing as you intimate against a true gentleman who saved my life, and who has the confidence and respect of our father and mother? You have never liked Mr. Ditson, and this is some plot of yours, because of your preference for that chum of yours." "It's true, just the same," persisted

Harold, angrily. "I tracked him down. I saw him meet a regular rough crew of the fellows who are making the revenue service people so much trouble, smuggling goods over here across the Canadian border. He acted cheek by jowl with them. Went off with them in their boat. I've told the revenue people about it. They're going off after the gang tomorrow."

"You will have to prove more than you tell before you make me believe that Mr. Ditson is anything but a true. honorable gentleman," said Minna, stubbornly.

"All right. Wait a day or two and see!" vaunted Harold.

Minna tried to be steadfast in her faith in young Ditson, but the intelligence she had received made her uneasy. Perhaps there was some dark plot against Ditson, she reflected. Her brother and his chum, she felt assured, were equal to that. She wrote a brief note to Rolfe, addressed to his hotel in the next town, warning him that enemies were seeking to get him into trouble.

Holfe did not get the note for he was away-with the smugglers, in truth and verity! If Minna could have seen him the next evening shortly after dark at a cave on the lake that was a headquarters for the smugglers, she would have shuddered. He seemed to be one of the grizzled tough looking crew who were awaiting the arrival of a skiff carrying contraband goods from the Canadian

Rolfe sat on an upturned keg just within the cave, when he was intensely startled. One of the band came into view, forcing before him a prisoner.

"I found him spying on us," the smuggler explained. "In his pocket I found a note showing that he has put the revenue officers on to our den here."

"Settle him!" hoarsely commanded the leader of the crowd. "Here, you" -to the captor and to Rolfe-"take him over beyond the rocks yonder and settle him."

"Her brother!" breathed Rolfe, as he recognized Harold Graves. Harold was the worse for a severe struggle and did not notice Rolfe, who

with his captor started to obey the orders of the smuggler chief. "This will do," said Rolfe's smuggler companion, as they got out of out in the spring, and they followed sight of the cave. "Join in, mate, and

help finish him," and he drew his revolver. "Run for your life!" whispered

Rolfe quickly in the ear of the startled Harold Graves. In that flashing second the latter

recognized Rolfe. He uttered a cry of profound amazement, but was quick to avail himself of the offered opportunity for escape. He saw Rolfe strike the leveled

weapon from the hand of the smug-

gler. He saw the latter grapple with Rolfe. There were loud cries for help, and Rolfe, denounced as a traitor to the band, was borne by some of its members back to the cave. It was an excited, pitiful story that Harold told to his sister when he reached home. Even to his crude mind the indication was irresistible that Rolfe could not be one of the

"He saved me, that's all I know, and I'm sorry for him," said the subdued Harold.

smugglers in reality, and oppose their

counsels at the forfelt of his life.

"And your work has brought him to his doom!" sobbed his sister, bitterly.

Then came news that the revenue officers whom Harold had led to the den of the smugglers, but had got separated from, had made an onslaught in time to save Rolfe from the vengeance of the band. All had been captured.

With a great cry, the next morning Minna sprang from the porch to greet a brisk, smiling visitor, Rolfe Ditson. Soon he explained to her the complete

"I was employed as a government the smugglers," Rolfe told Minna. "The action of the revenue officers has finished my work. I have come to say good-by, for I must return to Washington."

"But-you will come back, some time?" faltered Minna.

"Is that your wish?" asked Rolfe,

his own, made answer, and when Rolfe Ditson left her, Minna Graves was his promised wife.

Creatures of Wild

Seldom Travel Far The wild animals of the country do not roam around aimlessly, but each creature has a definite spot regarded as home, and makes temporary homes, or stopping places, in irregular lines away from the home center. Its range is not great unless hard-pressed for food. As a rule they keep the lines of their own choosing except that when pursued they generally circle about their home. The English hares appear to live month after month within a mile or two of the home center. During winter scarcity, however, they wander farther and faster, and have been known to continue 30 miles in a single night. A hare kept under observation for a considerable time showed a winter range of 16 miles along a stream, and a summer range less than half as great. Rabbits are even less inclined to roam, 90 per cent spending their lives within two or three miles of their burrow. The fox probably has a normal range of 20 miles-10 miles each way from the center-but mountain foxes have been known to hunt pheasants 17 miles from the cairns containing their cubs and to carry their kill that distance home.

Cures "Cat-Killing" Dog

Dogs can be cured of chasing cats, for the cat-chasing dog usually becomes the cat-killing dog, if he catches the cat, says Our Four-Footed Friends. A man owned a dog that was addicted to slaughtering every cat it could grab. He had whipped it and scolded it, but to no purpose. A friend offered to cure it, and did. The cure was very simple. A dead cat was tied around the dog's neck, firmly strapped on. He was made to wear it twenty-four hours. When it was removed he was taken for a walk. A cat ran across the street. Instead of darting in pursuit, as formerly, he tucked in his tail and fled for home. He never killed another cat.

Like Father

Junior had been permitted to accompany his father to the office for the first time. As he left the maternal doorstep his mother said, "Now, Junior, you watch daddy, and try to do things the way he does; then when you grow up you will be a big smart man like him.'

That night Junior strode up to his little bed with a new determination. As he kneeled down at his mother's feet for the evening prayer, he piped up: "Take dictation. Dear Lord, God bless mamma, God bless papa, God bless the cook, and, darn it, God, if we don't get action on this, I'll sue



THE GARDEN FLOWERS

THE flowers from the garden had been sent in a box to the city. Some one in the city who was very fond of this particular garden had reecived the box.

And after one box had come, many others followed along, for the first box was sent when the first flowers came one right after the other after that, And oh, how the flowers from the garden did enjoy their reception when

They were greeted so delightfully. "You dear pale lavender tulips," the lady said as she received the flowers



"You Dear, Pale Lavender Tulips," the Lady Said.

from the garden, "how beautiful you are. You are just the color of or-

"And here are the lovely pink and red and yellow tulips-and here is an orange-colored one!

"Here are the dear white illacs and their pretty soft green leaves, and, agent to get at the inside affairs of dear me, dear me, how even the very twigs smell so sweetly of the garden." And then the lady saw some ferns in the bottom of the box, and as she yet your journey is a long one."saw that the ferns were so new that they had scarcely uncurled themselves, she almost cried.

"Why, ferns," she said, "I grew you when I was a little girl. And your sweet fern fragrance is so like that Her two trembling hands, rested in dark, cool corner of the garden

THE WHY of

SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

CURE FOR COUGHING

the evil spirit which is trying to

strangle or choke the patient. Witches

and other evil spirits abhor iron-

there is nothing the evil spirits fear

more. They have abhorred it and

feared it since iron was first worked

from the ore. That is the spiritism

part of the prescription. The magic

sors cut. They cut actually and so

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By Viola Brothers Shore

THERE'S no excuse for talkin' be-

can't say right out, you can always

Every girl knows a certain number

Love may be misery, but they don't

It's good arithmetic to measure your

You don't need a college education

A spoiled kid ain't haif the disgrace

to his parents that a licked one is.

(Copyright.)

to know yourself. And one won't do

you much good if you don't.

temper by the len'th and stren'th of

react the same way to company.

FOR THE GANDER-

of promisin' young ducks that spend

half their time promisin', and the oth-

can cut sympathetically.

FOR THE GOOSE-

shut up about.

er half duckin'.

your arm.

where I put you that it almost makes me cry. Happiness often makes one

want to cry, ferns," she said. And the ferns thought it was lovely of her to weep a tear or two or three, as she did, and, too, she was homesick then, just a little, for that garden spot where it was so cool and where she had planted the ferns.

Of course the plants in the house said they weren't thought so much of now as during the winter time when there were no flowers at all.

But still they couldn't complain, for on all the windy days they were still put out of the window and could drink the lovely refreshing rain water.

And Creeping Charlie grew more and more all the time, for he was so anxious to have a look at everything that he spread himself this way and that way. The garden flowers were very much

pleased, for when they first arrived they were afraid it was going to be too hot for them in the city home where there seemed to be so much heat, as in the city people still thought it was too cool.

But the garden flowers noticed the windows were quickly opened after they arrived and that the heat was turned off, which was surely an honor to the garden flowers.

It let them know how much they were thought of by the lady who received them.

"Oh, garden flowers," she said to them, "how well I remember the garden parade of flowers, beginning in the spring and lasting all through the summer into the fall.

"And how we used to cover up the flowers in the fall with newspapers. and so the newspapers would not blow away we fastened them down at the corners with pebbles from the garden gravel path.

"Yes, the pebbles even used to work for the garden.

"We all loved the garden, and we always will love the garden.

"And even if I cannot see the garden now all the time. I can see it once in a while, and the flowers will be sent to me when I can't go to them. "You travel so beautifully, dear flowers, too, you keep so fresh, and

And the flowers whispered in their sweet flower way:

"We would not fade for anything. for the one who sends us loves us, and we want her to see us as we are!"

As Told by Irvin S. Cobb

THE PREDICTION

A T A luncheon in New York of the Catholic Actors' guild Rev. John WHEN a person is taken with a fit of coughing and strangling-Talbot Smith told a story which had such, for instance as when a piece of an especial appeal to his audience, foed "goes down the wrong way"-he most of whom were communicants of or she can be at once relieved by putthe same faith of which he is a disting a pair of scissors down inside the tinguished clergyman. Father Smith clothing next to the skin. This piece said that a young woman in the con of emergency folk-medicine is pracfessional confided that she was afraid ticed both in this country and Europe she had been spending some of her and the prescription is one of double money foolishly. potency, for it is compounded of two "Spending your money foolishly calls ingredients, magic and spiritism. In the first place a pair of scissors being for penance," said the priest sternly. "How have you been spending yours." made of steel-which is the same thing as iron-are sure to scare away

"Well, father, I went to a fortune teller," admitted the penitent. "Oh, ho, so you went to a fortune teller, eh? Well, that's wrong to begin with. In the first place, professional fortune tellers are most of them frauds, and, in the second place, they

pretend to deal with the supernatural. And what did you do for this fortune part is contained in the fact that scis-"I gave him two dollars, father." "Worse and worse-wasting your hard-earned wages on a faker. And,

in exchange for your two dollars what did he do for you?"

"He told me a pack of lies, father, about my past and my future." "What did he say about your past?"

"Only a pack of lies, as I was just afther tellin' you." "And what did he tell you about your future?"

"He said, father, I would shortly b goin' on a long, hard journey."

"Well," said the priest reflectively. "he may have lied to you about your past, but when he predicted that you would be going on a long, hard journey in the near future he was not far wrong, after all. You'll do the stations of the cross twelve times!" (Copyright by 'ne McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)



**** Mary Astor



This is the latest picture of charming Mary Astor, the motion picture actress, beloved by the thousands who are witnessing "The Wise Guy," in which she has a prominent part.

"H OT cat!" cried the Hotel Ste-nographer with enthusiasm. "I secretions. This hunger pain is genmet him last night for sure and certain. He is handsomer than Rudolph Valentino, braver than Bill Hart, can iting. There may be a slight rise of outdance Ted Shawn and every petal on his daisy reads 'he loves me.' I am chronic constipation with occasional for him big!

"He must be a wonder," laughed the good night?"

The others were how-de-do, good eve- side. greetings anybody ever said to anybody."

"Little promiscuous, ain't you?" and kisses. We can spend these like and Peek dogs, limousines and private gall bladder or removing it. pools, afternoon teas and saddle horses, country homes and flammation of the gall bladder, vague ever danced a hole in a slipper.

the money like she had dreamed it. All her life she has spent love and the diet by cutting out fats will reduce affection and she thinks money is as the weight and help to prevent galleasy to get as these. The average stones. working girl knows what a man's intentions are. She has been up against landlord and laundry bills, darning cotton and ash cans and is a practical Now that it is generally recogsort of somebody. She knows where Now that each village or city to put her kisses and where to get 'em back without a 'fresh paint' sign

on 'em. "This new sweetle is a nice guy and am going to love him to death " "How long?" asked the House De-

"As long as I feel cold chills run in my spine when he calls me sweetheart," answered the girl, grinning. Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.) -----

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21:- "Holworthy Hall," the Novelist, Desired to Be a Publisher.

T THE age of twenty-one 1 was a senior in Harvard university and my ambition was to become a publisher.

"I cannot remember that at this time I drew any distinction between magazine and book publishing-or between editorial and executive work. I merely knew that the appeal of printer's ink was irresistible.

"Within a few months of my twenty-first birthday, however, I realized that I wanted to write fiction. Accordingly, I began to write, but without losing my earlier desire to be a publisher.

"For the next eight years I was a publisher-and I am still writing fiction. But perhaps I should add that this fulfillment of ambition was hardy accidental; for I had been brought up from childhood in the atmosphere a magazine office.-Holworthy

TODAY :- "Holworthy Hall" is a familiar name to magazine readers. The real signature, however, should be Harold E. Porter, for that is the novelist's name

Mr. Porter is one of the best known fiction writers in the country, and there are few magazines which have not published a series of his stories. He is also considered an expert on the theoretical side of short-story writing and is said to have proved that a formula can be used for writing stories, even stories of literary worth. (by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN

Editor of "HEALTH"

PREVENTING GALLSTONES

G ALLSTONES are hard masses which form in the gall bladder, usually following and as the result of infection and inflammation of the gall bladder. They often exist in persons of middle age without causing any symptoms of any kind. In at least 10 per cent of all post mortem examinations of persons over twenty-one or more gallstones are found in the gall bladder, although the persons have often been entirely unaware of the condition and have died of some disease in no way related to the liver. When symptoms do develop it is usually very gradually. In women gallstones are apt to develop after childbirth. Generally the first symptoms are those of inflammation of the gall bladder.

The first symptoms are those which are popularly called dyspepsia, an uncomfortable sensation of fullness in the stomach after eating, with the presence of gas. The patient attempts to relieve his discomfort by belching. Along with the discomfort may be an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach, or what is popularly called a sour stomach or an acid stomach. This excess of acid may produce a gnawing or "hunger" pain beginning two or three hours after eating. This is because the food from the preceding meal has been digested and has passed out of the stomach, leaving the stomach walls exposed to the irritating effect of the excessively acid erally relieved by taking more food, by alkalies, such as soda, or by vomtemperature and there is usually a sudden attacks of diarrhea.

Pain may be felt in the pit of the House detective. "Did he kiss you stomach, on the right side or in the back. Careful examination may show "He did, finally," answered the girl. a tender, painful spot on the right

ning, glad to meet you, and all the Numerous attempts have been made to dissolve or remove the stones from the gall bladder by the use of various medicines. They are mostly of no "Nix, Kelly," assured the girl, "I value. If stones have formed which am just a poor working girl. The only are large enough to show an X-ray blessings working girls have are love photograph, the only way they can be removed is by a surgical operation, a sailor ashore. Where rich women opening the gall bladder, removing spend cash or credit for fine clothes the stones and either draining the

As the stones result from the in-Palm Beach trips, all we can spend symptoms of dyspepsia should receive freely is love and affection. I intend attention as soon as they appear, beto be the grandest little spender who fore the stones have time to form. Avoid cream, fats, eggs, brains, liver "That's the reason a poor little and sweetbreads, all of which belp chorus girl who marries a wad blows to form gall stones. Most persons with gallstones are fat. Regulating

WHAT HEALTH COSTS

can largely fix its own death rate by the amount it is willing to spend for disease prevention, naturally the question arises as to how much this health protection is going to cost. The best way of answering this question, Yankee fashion, is by asking another, how much does it cost those villages and towns which have it?

In New York state the law provides that any city or incorporated village may levy a health tax on its citizens, establish a health department and employ a health officer and that the health officer's salary be not less than ten cents per capita of the inhabitants.

If a community wishes, it may tax itself for more, but that is the least it can pay its health officer. Many cities and villages do pay more, as is shown by a study of town and city health work by Dr. Huntington Williams of the New York health department

Dr. Williams shows that there are in New York state three first-class cities. In 1923, New York city, with a population of 5,620,948, spent about \$1 per capita for health. Buffalo, with a population of 506,775, spent 67 cents for each citizen, and Rochester, with a population of 293,750, spent the same as New York city, \$1. There are eight second-class cities. Of these the average health ex-

ing 38 cents and the highest \$1.81. Third-class cities are those with a population under 50,000. There are 43 such cities in New York and the average health tax in each was 49 cents for each person, running from 15 cents in a city of 10,000 to \$1.50 in a city of 18 000

penditure was 84 cents, the lowest be-

Incorporated villages in New York range in population from 500 to 16,000. The health expenditures of 118 were studied. Of this number, 91 spent from 10 to 20 cents per capita. Twenty-four spent from 20 to 76

The New York law also allows townships to levy taxes for health purposes. Out of 447 townships, 423 spent from 10 to 20 cents. Fifty-four townships spent from 20 to 45 cents. The largest expense per capita was in the town of Newcomb, a lumber camp, where, in order to keep a doctor in a thinly settled region, the doctor was paid a salary by the town. This involved an expense of \$7 per capita.