THE

HOW TO KEEP

A SERVANT -

THEM EYE! THAT LIPS!

THE PADDED CELL



she imagines it will be a long time before the speculators have a chance to end prices flying upward again on the trength of advance peace news from Washington.

How It Happened

"Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming, and yet you have been in the water."

"I know it, ma, but Satan tempted



After a time a troop of malformed savages appears. They storm the tower and a desperate battle ensues. Stern and Beatrice escape, finding a refuge in a ruled manual on the Hudson. After a time they set sail on the riusson. After a time they be for Beston in a boat which Stern has built. He hopes to find the telescope of the Harvard University by which to verify his discovery University by which to verify his discovery of the earth's changed relations with its astral neighbors. They reach what was once the city of Providence, where they find rusty firearms, still serviceable, and an aeroplane which Stern repairs.

In an expedition of exploration in the machine they are drawn into a terrible abyss, where the sun never shines, and are captured by strange people and conformed.

captured by strange people and condemned to death. In a great battle Stern uses his firearms and repels his captors' enemies. thus gaining their friendship. After many further adventures Stern and Beatrice escape from the abyse in the aeroplane and regain the land of the sun.

THE STORY THUS FAR

more on earth. Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyss and who accompanied them to the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's neck is a chain and small locket which contains in-structions where to find the records of the lost civilization. The paper crumbles as they read, but the two gather enough to direct them. They start for their old home on the banks of the Hudson, only to find it occupied by the hords. The beast-savages de stroy the building while Alian and Peatrice are attacking from the Paulilac. In despair they make for Storm King, the mountain which is the sight of the great Gothic Cathedral. Here it is that some of the records are stored.

CHAPTER VI-(Continued)

HE POCKETED the new-found guns and cartridges and once more, torch on high, started down the passage, with the girl at his side.

"See here, Allan!" "Eh?"

"On the wall here-a painted stripe?" He held the torch close and scrutinized

"Looks like it. Pretty well gone by nowjust a flake here and a daub there, but I

guess it once was a broad band of white. A guide?" They moved forward again. The strip ended in a blur that might once have been an inscription. Here, there, a letter faintly showed, but not one word could now be

"Too bad," he mused. "It must have been mighty important or they wouldn't have-

"Here's a door, Allan!" "So? That's right. Now this looks like vusiness at last!

He examined the door by the unsteady flicker of the torch. It was of iron, still in-tact, and fastened by a long iron bar dropped into massive metal staples.

"Beat it in with the ax?" she queried. "No. The concussion might reduce every-thing inside to dust. Ah! Here's padlock and a chain!"

Carefully he studied the chain beneath "Here, Beta, you hold the torch, so.

That's right. Now then—"
Already he had set the ax-blade between the padiock and the staple. A quick jerk the lock flew open raspingly. Alian tried to lift the bar, but it resisted.

A tap of the ax and it gave, swinging

apward on a pivot. Then a minute later the loor swung inward, yielding to his vigorous

Together they entered the crypt of solid a chamber forty feet long by half as wide and vaulted overhead with arches, crowning perhaps twenty feet from the floor.
"More skeletons, so help me."

Allan pointed at two more on the pave-ment at the left of the entrance. "Why—how could that happen?" queried Beta, puzzled. "The door was locked our-

That's so. Either there must be son other exit from this place or there were dissensions and fightings among the party tself. Or these men were wounded and locked in here for safe-keeping while the others made a sortle and never got back, or—I don't know! Frankly, it's too much for me. If I were a story writer I might figure it out, but I'm not. No matter they're here, anyhow; that's all. Here ago, trying to preserve civilization and the

were to be any such. Two martyrs, a salute them!" In silence and awed sympathy they inepected the mournful relics of humanity minute, but took good care not to touch

history for future ages, if ther

Even as Stern spoke he saw again a dimity painted line, this time upon the floor, all but invisible beneath the dust of cen-turies that had come from God knows

"Come, let's follow the line!" cried he.
It led them straight through the middle
of the crypt and to a sort of tunnel-like
vault at the far end. This they entered me let's follow the line!" cried he

vault at the far end. This they entered quickly and almost at once knew they had reached the goal of their long quest. In front of them, about seven feet from the floor, a rough white star had been smeared. Directly below it a kind of alcove or recess appeared. Ilined with shelves of concrete. What its original purpose may have been it would be hard to say; perhaps it may have been intended as a storage place for the cathedral archives. But now the explorers saw it was partly But now the explorers saw it was partly filled with pile on pile of curiously crinkled parchment not protected in any way from the air, not covered or boxed in. To the right, however, stood a massive chest, identified of sheet-lead. "Some sense to the lead," growled Stern:

"but why they left their records open to the air, blest if I can see!" He raised the torch and flared the light along the shelves, and then he understood.

For here, there, copper nails glinted dully lying in dust that once unon a time been wood.

"I'm wrong, Beta; I apologize to them, Stern exclaimed. "These were all secure-ly boxed once, but the boxes have gone to pieces long since. Dry-rot, you know. Well, let's see what condition the parch-

She held the torch while he tried to raise one, but it broke at the slightest touch. Again he assayed, and a third time. Same

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, nonplused "Great Scott." he cjaculated, nonplused.
"See what we're up against, will you?
We've found 'em and they're ours, but..."
They stood considering a minute. All at once a dull metallic clang echoed heavily through the crypt. Despite herself the girl shuddered. The eery depths, the gloom, the skeletons had all conspired to shake

er nerves. "What's that?" she whispered, gripping

"What's that?" she whispered, gripping Allan by the arm.
"That? Oh—nothing! Now how the deuce are we going to get at these."
"It was something, Allan! But what?"
He grew suddenly silent.
"By Jove—it sounded like—the door..."
"The door? Oh, Allan, quick!"
A sudden, irresistlible fear fingered at the strings of the man's heart. At the back at his neck he felt the hair begin to lift.

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND



With a wild verberation, a scream of sundered metal and a clatter of flying fragments, the staple gave way.

aged to say. "It couldn't be, of course. There's no one here. It-" with me all that has happened? Who could be my mate and face the future as you're doing? Oh, if you only understood my estimate of you!

end of things to do!"

"What is it, Allan?"

"But-but how-

detritus

after all.'

must be something left! "You see?"

"Catastrophe!" she cried.

He recovered his ax, and with another

Then for the second time they pene-

"Look! Gone—all gone!"
"Gone? Why, what do you mean"

"The concussion of the ax! That must

"But, Allan, it can't be! Surely there

He pointed at the shelves. She stood and peered, with him, at the sad haved wrought there. Then she stretched out a

tentative finger and stirred a little of th

"Yes and no. At any rate, it may have been inevitable."
"Inevitable."
He nodded.

"Even if this hadn't happened, Beatrice

"Of course, in detective stories. Hawk-

shaw can take the ashes right out of th

this isn't a story, you see; and what's more Hawkshaw doesn't have to work with ashe

She stood aghast, hardly able to believe

nearly a thousand years old. Ten of turies of dry-rot—that's some problem!

"We've got to be careful this time, Ber

"Gone, I tell you! My God! Just mass of rubbish, powder, dust-

have done it! The violent sound-waves-

trated the crypt and the tunnel and once

more reached the alcove of the records. "Beatrice!"

But already she was out of the alcove. With the torch held high in air, he stood "But now let's get at those records again. Time's passing, and there must be still no there peering with wide eyes down the long blackness of the crypt, striving to pierce

Then suddenly he heard her cry of terror "The door, Alian! The door! It's shut!"

CHAPTER VII The Leaden Chest

NoT at any time since the girl and he had wakened in the tower, more than a year ago, had Allan felt so compelling a fear as overswept him then. The siege of the Horde at Madison Forest, the plunge down the cataract, the fall into the Abyss and the battle with the Lanskaarn had all taxed his courage to the utmost, but he had met these perils with more calm than he now faced the blank menace of that metal

For now no sky overhung him, no human agency opposed him, no counterplay of stress and strife thrilled his blood.

No; the girl and he now were far underground in a crypt, a tomb, walled round with incalculable tons of concrete, barred from the upper world, alone—and for the first time in his life the man knew something of the anguish of unreasoning fear.

Yet he was not bereft of powers of action. Only an instant he stood there mo-tionless and staring; then with a cry, word-less and harsh, he ran toward the barrier. Beneath his spurning feet the friable

skeletons crumbled and vanished; he dashed himself against the door with a curse that was half a prayer; he strove with it—and staggered back, livid and shaken, for it

Now Beatrice had reached it, too. her hand the torch trembled and shook. She tried to speak, but could not. And as he faced her, there ih the tomblike vault,

their eyes met silently.

A deathly stillness fell, with but their heart-beats and the sputtering of the torch to deepen it.

"Oh!" she gasped, stretching out a hand. You—we—can't—"
He licked his lips and tried to smile, but

failed.
"Don't—don't be afraid, little girl!" he stammered. "This can't hold us, possibly. The chain—I broke it!" "Yes, but the bar, Allan-the bar! How

did you leave the bar?" "Raised!" The one word seemed to seal their door

A shudder passed through Beatrice.
"So then," she choked, "some air current swung the door shut—and the bar—fell—" A sudden rage possessed the engineer "Damn that infernal staple!" he gritt and as he spoke the ax swung into air.

On the metal plates it boomed and echoed thunderously. A ringing clangor vibrated the crypt.

Did the door start? No; but in the long-eroded plates a jagged dent took form. Again the ax swung high. Cold though the vault was, sweat globuled his forehead, where the veins had swelled to twisting knots.

Crash!
With a wild verberation, a scream of sundered metal and a clatter of flying fragments, the staple gave way. A crack showed round the edge of the iron barrier. Stern flung his shoulder against the door. Creaking, it swung. He staggered through. Creaking, it swung. He staggered through, One hand groped out to steady him, against the wall. From the other the ax dropped crashing to the floor.

Only a second he stood thus, swaying; then he turned and gathered Beta in his arms. And on his breast she hid her face, from which the roses all had faded quite.

He fett her fighting hack the tearses.

He felt her fighting back the tears, and raised her head and kissed her.
"There, there!" he soothed. "It wasn't
anything, after all, you see. But—if we

nadn't brought the ax with us—"
"Oh, Allan, let's go now! This crypt—I can't—"
"We will go very soon. But there's no

danger now, darling. We're not children, you know. We've still got work to do. We'll go soon; but first, those records!"

We'll go soon; but first, those records!"
"Oh, how can you, after—after what
might have been?"
He found the strength to smile,
"I know." he answered, "but it didn't
happen, after all. A miss is worth a million miles, dear. That's what life seems
to mean to us, and has meant ever since
we woke in the tower, peril and risk, labor
and toil—and victory! Come, come, let's
get to work again, for there's so endlessly
much to do."

much to do."

Calmer grown, the girl found new courage in his eyes and in his strong embrace.

"You're right, Allan. I was a little fool

He stopped her self-reproach with kisses, then picked up the torch from the floor where it had fallen from her nerveless hand.

"If you prefer," he offered. "Til take you back into the sunlight, and you can sit under the trees and watch the river, while I—"

"Where you are, there am I! Come on, Alian; let's get it over with. Oh, what a coward you must think me!"

The man, too, gazed at it with keen emotion.

"We've got to be careful this time, Beatrice!" said he. "No more mistakes. If we lose the contents of this chest, heaven only knows when we may be able to get another gimpse into the past. Frankly, the job of opening it, without ruining the contents, looks pretty stiff. Still, with care it may be done. Let's see, now, what are we up against here?"

He took the torch from her and minutely examined the leaden casket.

It stood on the concrete floor, massive and solid, about three and a half feet high by five long and four wide. So far as he could see, there were neither locks nor hinges. The cover seemed to have been hermetically sealed on. Still visible were the marks of the soldering iron, in a ragged line, about three inches from the top,

"The only way to get in here is to cut it open," said Allan at last. "If we had any means of meliting the solder that would be better, of course, but there's no way to heat a tool in this crypt. I take it the men who did this work had a plumber's gasoline torch or something of that sort. We have virtually nothing. As for building a fire in here and heating one of the aeroplane tools, that's out of the question. It would stiffe us both. No, we must cut. That's the best we can do."

He drew his hunting knife from its sheath and, giving the torch back to Beatrice, knelt by the chest. Close under the line of soldering he dug the blade into the soft metal, and, boring with it, soon made a puncture through the leaden sheet.

"Only a quarter of an inch thick," he announced with satisfaction. "This oughtn't to be such a had job!"

Already he was all work, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show as a lover, with infinite care not to show a look."

quarter of an hour sufficed to cut acre

He rested a little while.

He rested a little while.

"Seems to be another chest inside, of wood," he told the girl. "Not decayed either. I shouldn't wonder if the lead has preserved things absolutely intact. In that case this find is sure to be a rich one."

Again he set to work. In an hour from the time he had begun the whole top of the lead box—save only that portion against the wall—had been cut off."

"Do you dare to move it out, Allangueried the girl anxiously.

"Better not. I think we can raise the cover as it is."

He sill up the front corners, and then with comparative ease bent the entire too upward. To the explorer's eyes stood revealed a chest of cedar, its cover held with copper screws.

"Now for it!" said the man. "We ought to have one of the screw-drivers from the Pauillac, but that would take too."

"Now for it!" said the man. "We ought to have one of the screw-drivers from the Pauillac, but that would take too much time. I guess the knife will do."

With the blade he attacked the screws one by one, and by dint of laborious patience in about an hour had removed all twenty of them.

A minute later he had pried up the cover, had quite removed it, and had set it on the floor.

Within, at one side, they saw a formless something swathed in olied canvas. The other half of the space was occupied by eighty or a hundred vertical compartment, in each of which stood something carefully enveloped in the same material.

"Well: for all the world if it doesn't look like a set of phonograph records." Calaimed the man. He drew one of the objects out and very carefully unwrapped it.

"Just what they are—records: On steel. The new Chalmers-Enemarck process—new, that is, in 1917. So, then, that's a phonograph, ch."

He pointed at the oiled canvas.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Farmer Smith's Column

ABSENT

My Dears—I have just discovered a won-derful thing: ABSENT is composed of "ab" and "sent." When you are not at school you are "sent ab." I wonder what "ab" neans?

Do you know that when you are ab-sent by you know that when you are absent from school you are paying for something you do not get? What a how! you would put up if you went to the grocer's and paid for some potatoes which did not come with the other things!

Yet you are absent from school and your dear parents are paying for you just the same. Why not try to be at school every day? Why not GET WHAT YOU ARE PAYING FOR?

Isn't the teacher there or some one to ake her place? Why are you not there?

Why are you sick? My darlings, for the life of me I cannot see why children are so proud of being sick. Many of you sit down and write to me that you are well again and seem to GLORY blow demolished the last fragment of the staple, so that by no possibility could the door catch again. n the fact that you have been absent from

chool for three whole days or more Who cares?
The teacher is paid to go to school whether

you are there or not.

Does she MISS YOU?

I hope so, but I hope that you will stop and think of this fact when you are PAY-ING FOR WHAT YOU DO NOT GET. "Does my teacher miss me, or is she glast I am not there?".

Oh! How happy I would be if I could have diphtheria, pneumonia or something else so that I could not go to school and talk to my dears every day.

BUT.

I have no time to be sick. When I sness there comes a voice saying, "KEEP GOING, FARMER, THE CHILDREN NEED YOU." And I DO KEEP GOING—for your sake. Now, you keep going to please

Your loving editor, Farmer Smith.

SERGEANT JONAH GOAT

By Farmer Smith

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Willy Firefly, of these parchments, or read them, or handled them in any way. Perhaps if we'd had all kinds of proper appliances, glass plates, transparent adhesives, and so on, and a year or two at our disposal, we might have made something out of them, but even so, it's doubtful.

"Of course in Advance in the more trouble ther, get into."

Willie did not waste a minute, but few away to Mrs. Bumpus's home and sat on the window sill, flashing and flashing his tha-light until Mrs. Bumpus saw him and came to the door.

grate and piece them together and pour chemicals on them and decipher the mys-tery of the lost rubies, and all that. But "Welcome, my poor, dear husband! Thank Villie Firefly for getting you out," was Willie Firefly for getting you out." her greeting.

"Don't thank me for anything," shouted Willle. "Hurry, hurry, HURRY! Billy set out and was caught." Willie "But — but," she finally articulated, "there's the other cache out there in Medicine Bow Range. The cave, you know. And we have the bearings. And some time, when we've got all the leisure in the world and all the necessary appliances.—"Yes, perhaps.

out and was caught."

Mrs. Bumpus did not stop to put on her wraps, but rushed off in the direction of the Goatville police station. Just before she reached the building she heard volces. ad stopped to listen.
"Oh, please, Mr. Jonah, do let me so
ome and kiss my wife and baby sood-sy
ome and kiss my up once more. Please and stopped to listen.

"Yes, perhaps. Although, of course, you realize the earth is seventeen degrees out of its normal plane, and every reckening's shifted. Still, it's a possibility. But for before you lock me up once more. 'Can't do it." replied Sergeant Jonah the present there's strictly nothing doing, Goat briefly.

"I have the dearest and sweetest with in all the world, and my daughter is sleeping and doesn't know I'm here. So let me go home and kiss them good-by. PLEASE after all."

"How about that leaden chest?"

She wheeled about and pointed at the other side of the alcove, where stood the metal box, sullen, defiant, secure.

"By Jove, that's so, too! Why, I'd all but forgotten that! You're a brick, Beta! The box, by all means. Perhapsite. Mr. Jonah."

Mrs. Bumpus smiled to herself when she heard the nice things Billy was saying about her. Then she did a strange thing. She started to shout:
"Jonah, come here!"

but forgotten that! You're a brick. Beta! The box, by all means. Perhaps the most important things of all are still in safety there. Who knows?"

"Open it, Allan, and let's see!"
Her recent terror almost forgotten in this new excitement, the girl had begun to get back some of her splendid color. And now, as she stood gazing at the metal chest which still, perhaps, held the most vital of the records, she felt again a thrill of excitement at thought of all its possibilities.

The man, too, gazed at it with kepn emo-The poor sergeant was so frightened at hearing a voice from the darkness that heaturned and ran back to the police station as fast as he could.

Quick as a flash Mrs. Bumpus ran to be husband's side and threw her arms arouse his neck.

his neck.
"Billy! Oh. my Billy!" she sobbed.
"Come on, let's hurry home. I'm hungry." The man, too, gazed at it with keen emo-

"Come on, let's hurry home. I'm number suggested Billy.
"You must be starving, you poor this said Mrs. Bumpus, as they both trotted of in the direction of their home.
"Yes," replied Billy. "I had an awaitime in there. It was so lonely without you. I would not like to live very far may you. What have you to eat when we say

home?"
"I have some of the most delicious brisbat soup, my dear Billy, that you enstanted," answered Mrs. Bumpus.
"What a dear!" said Billy, stopping a

"What a dear!" said Billy solve."
kiss his wife.
"Love is a great thing. It makes people of the dear they love."
Mrs. Goat, giving Billy an extra hug.
"Even the fireflies love you," said sufquickering his step as he began to
of the brickbat soup. "I guess we will be
to give Willie some of our soup."
"Fireflies don't like soup," ventured in
Goat.

Goat.
"That's so," agreed Billy. He if for a while and then asked. "I wonder they do cook in their kitchens?"
"What a funny idea!" said Mrs. Bu

"What a funny idea!" said Mrs. Sur as they neared home.
"What's funny?" asked Billy.
"The idea of fireflies having kitch answered Mrs. Bumpus.
"I may be wrong, but I always for they cooked their dinners in their kitchey cooked their dinners in their dinners in their dinners in the said of their home and the telephone wing. "I guess I'll wait here." the din't nave long to wait.

The didn't nave long to wait.

"And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?" "I did, and he kicked me in." SCHOOL DAYS Every mother wants to see her boy climb high in the world mulberry tree.



The Modern Amazon 'Is Helen an athletic girl?" "Well, rather; she threw over one of the tackles on the Yale team."-

Harvard Lampoon.



"Young man, do you make a practice

"Practice! I've learned."

THE CHOICE OF TWO EVILS



"You see, fair one, it's up to you. You've either got to accept me or help



-Ideas

Clever Children The past week's subject in the kindergarten had been wind. The subject was pretty well exhausted and the teacher to stimulate interest said in her most enthusiastic tone: "Children, as I came to school in the car soday the door opened and somebody kissed me softly on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children answered, "The conductor."-Lehigh Burr,

A Matter of Policy



"What! a great, big, strong man like