

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Miss Quickilver  
MARTHA McCULLOCH WIL-  
LEAMS

"May I?" Arketh asked unsteadily, holding almost shyly toward Clara. She shook her finger at him, smiling and saying: "Naughty! Naughty! Pre-fering not to know the first rudiment of the game."

"What game?" Arketh demanded, pressing himself an adorable small hand and sitting appreciably closer. "Why, being engaged!" Clara hung back at him with a smile of dainty defiance. Then nestling a yellow head in the hollow of his shoulder: "Poor little man! Ought to have fallen in love with a nice Miss Pinky Prim, here with a nice Miss Quickilver. That was my school name, so I have to keep on living up to it."

"I-I hate Pinky Prim," Arketh half-whispered, slipping his arm about her. "I have to hate everything that's not you. But, dear, being engaged is not you. Rather the finest, most sacred thing in life."

"Oh! me! my!" Clara cried, suddenly erect. "Now, tell me, right away, what story book that came out of it. I thought you didn't read story books. I see I have much to find out about you."

"I rarely do read story books," Arketh confessed. "What I said may be all of them, but I didn't need to read it. I said the thing I know." Now Clara had been laughing softly. Now she shut in a straight, tight line. She was different, adorably different. Now all he had ever known. His father, crippled by the accident that had left Arketh motherless at five, had playedmate, comrade, teacher, friend, to his only child. Life had gone well in the big, handsome homestead until the master of it slipped away into the great peace.

The end had come so suddenly, Arketh, stunned and desolate, had tried to carry on—to go around the world, with the two of them had planned, against the coming of age. But things had fallen otherwise—handsome annuities

WHAT'S WHAT  
By HELEN DECIE



When writing to a stranger concerning any matter of business which requires an answer, it is proper to inclose stamps for reply, or a stamped, addressed envelope. This should be done when writing to the managers of a summer hotel, cottage or farmhouse inquiring for rates and present or prospective vacancies.

In the first letter it is best to make an explicit statement regarding the number of persons wishing to engage accommodations; and if there are children, to state their ages. Also, it is advisable to make definite statement of the time in weeks or months when the proposed summer sojourn is to begin and terminate. This definiteness prevents future misunderstanding, while it often secures a worth-while modification of terms. Women accustomed to business methods are always definite. Nothing is more annoying to busy strangers than the pettish vagueness with which so many unbusinesslike women regard a contract or a promise, oral or written.

had died with his father—leisurely and expensive idling before settling down would mean an impairment of his patrimony it would be unwise risk. Then fate had declared trumps in spades—by means of Mexican mining investments. Arketh had spent three years in an almost hopeless effort to save something from the wreck—in reward he had started home with a not inconsiderable salvage, and tarried by the

way to visit his father's stepister, his own family connection, enough." She was queen of a rich countryside, also gay, jolly, generous, loving young folk with all her heart—perhaps because of her shyness—and forever making her house the pivot of things social. By contrast, the old life of dull comfort, prim respectability and narrow vision appeared to Arketh a prison. It chilled him to think of going back to it—even with Clara.

She was kind to Clara in word and deed—almost too kind in fact. Yet, intangibly he felt her attitude of regard over, rather than hostility, to his choice. He had not told her outright—had not dared to tell anybody, hardly even himself, until his ring was safe on a rosy tipped finger. Now, in the intoxication of the moment, he wanted to shout, to cry aloud his happiness to all the world. Instead he caught his sweetheart in a smothering embrace, asking in a shaken voice: "Darling, when will we be married?"

"Right now," Clara said, sitting up suddenly, rigid. "So I can't change my mind; I'm dreadfully lazy, you see, and making it up is hard work." "I'd like the job of making it up for you—shall we say next week?" Arketh began. She stood up, her face sibiline, raised both her hands above her head and answered almost solemnly: "As you choose. But somehow I—I feel it must be now or never."

"Be ready at 8 in the morning. I shall be here then with the minister, the license and Aunt Lura," Arketh cried joyously. Clara put her hands upon his shoulders, but drooped visibly as she answered: "I shan't feel safe until we are in your old home. Promise to take me there straight away!" If Arketh was amazed then his bewilderment increased when he told Aunt Lura of Clara's speech. She had sat speechless throughout his tempestuous telling, but wide-eyed, her breath coming short and quick, hands clinching hard. When he had finished she kissed him, saying in a voice full of tears: "My boy—you—you must know how sorry I am, but after all, the girl may have a conscience—and make you happy."

Plead as he might, she would say

nothing more. "I am going with you, that should be explanation enough," she greeted him in the wan morning. "I dared not hope you could be so

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries  
1. Describe an exquisitely fashioned lamp shade which carries out an original idea.  
2. In putting away the winter clothes, what simple precaution will help keep moths away?  
3. When colored threads are to be drawn through a handkerchief, how can these be finished off at the ends in a miraculously invisible manner?  
4. What does the name, Edith, mean?  
5. How is a dainty waist made?  
6. Describe a captivating combination of materials for the popular three-piece costume of skirt, overblouse and cape.

Yesterday's Answers  
1. The first women's magazine in America was edited for fifty years by Sarah J. Hale, who was ninety years old when she retired.  
2. The newest wooden telephone screens represent dashing bathing girls in colorful bathing suits and flowing capes.  
3. To make a faded flower good enough to use as 'garnish' for an evening dress cover it with tulle and set it upon a circle of stretch flues which curl about it.  
4. The girl's name, Caroline, indicates one who is noble-spirited.  
5. Dainty organdie cut on the bias, folded double and pleated on one edge is now sold by the yard for collars and cuffs.  
6. If last year's straw hat is too wide in front and back, too narrow on the sides, edge the brim with braid to match, pinning it over the edge on the sides and just to the edge in front and back.

kind," she whispered Aunt Lura, under cover of her stepmother's babbling. "Scandalous—perfectly disgraceful—marrying this way with no word to anybody," said Mrs. Clifton. "And with no clothes, nor cakes, nor bridesmaids. Why, everybody would talk for a year."  
Notwithstanding the lady wore a satisfied air, yet delayed matters a full quarter of an hour with utterly useless arrangements. No, it wouldn't do to use the living room, the hall was so much stater. She had already trimmed it with all the chrysanthemums in the garden, not to name ferns. Then she had to fix her hair properly. Wasn't she to give away the bride? Altogether she got everybody's temper on edge by the time the wedding party was placed to her satisfaction.

How much more are you paying for bread?  
**Victor Bread**  
now 6¢ big loaf  
At all our Stores  
**AMERICAN**

The minister had just opened his book, when the door was swung wide by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a square jaw, a heavy scowl, also a sardonic smile. Two strides brought him facing Clara. He made to seize both her hands, but Arketh shouldered between. The newcomer tried to swing him about, saying the while, "No need to send him away. For three years, I never going to marry anybody but me."  
Next minute he found himself propped steadily, not violently, but irresistibly toward the door. Not for naught had Arketh wrestled with ore sacks and mine equipment. Three inches lower, he had yet more power by half than the intruder.  
"Get out unless you had rather be

kicked out!" he said, his voice steely. Mrs. Clifton screamed and made a pretense of fainting. Clara stood immovable, but color had flowed back to her cheeks, her eyes were human, her lips almost smiling.  
"Let me speak first," she cried to Arketh. "Afterward you may not want to send him away. For three years, I swallowing hard, 'I have let Arle Reed play at love-making with me. He had—he has—something inside that—that makes me seem to love him, while I know I hate him. I knew he had come home; that is why I—' She stopped, biting her lips. Arketh set the intruder spinning down the steps, then turned to the minister, saying, as he caught

Clara's hand: "Please be brief; we have to catch a train for home."  
Next Complete Novel—'The Hour of Fate'  
**In Olden Times**  
Mary, Queen of Scots, had a most complete collection of wigs, and it is said that she wore one at her execution.  
French ladies of quality at one time were fond of carrying tiny dogs in their muffs, and these muffs were called "dog-muffs."  
The ruff is said to have been first invented by a Spanish noblewoman to hide a blemish upon her neck.

These Are the Judges Who Will Decide the \$5,000 Contest



Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York; Fannie Hurst, author of "Star Dust", "Humoresque", "Guilty" and other stories; Ray Long, Editorial Vice-President of the International Magazine Company; Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Alias the Lone Wolf" and other novels; J. Mitchell Thorsen, Business Manager of Cosmopolitan Magazine; Wm. J. Burns, the most famous of all international detectives.

\$5000.00 in Cash Prizes

You May Win

- \$2,000 first prize
- \$1,000 second prize
- \$500 third prize
- \$250 fourth prize
- and 25 prizes of \$50 each

for your Answer to  
"How might the famous Montalais Jewels be recovered?"

Your solution need not be the same as Mr. Vance's. This is not a guessing contest in any sense of the word. It is purely a test of your acuteness, your analytical powers, your method of reasoning and your ability to write good, strong, descriptive English.

These are the Easy Rules of the Contest

1. Write five hundred words or less giving your version of how the Montalais Jewels might be recovered.
2. You may mail your solution (or as many solutions as you desire) any time between now and midnight of August 12, 1921. Solutions postmarked after that time will not be considered.
3. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to Cosmopolitan or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
4. Employees, or members of the families of employees of the International Magazine Co. or of the organizations of which this company is a part, are barred from this contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners as soon as the judges have arrived at their decisions.
6. The names of the winners will appear in the November issue of Cosmopolitan which will be published in October.
7. No manuscripts will be returned and we cannot undertake to answer any questions.

IN "Alias the Lone Wolf," a serial by Louis Joseph Vance now appearing in Cosmopolitan, Michael Lanyard, alias "The Lone Wolf," once a notorious Parisian criminal, but now a valued member of the British Secret Service, employing his leave of absence to make a walking tour in the Cevennes of Southern France, meets under romantic circumstances Madame Eve de Montalais, an American girl, widow of a French officer. He rescues her, her mother and sister-in-law, from an attempt at highway robbery engineered by their chauffeur, one Dupont, whom Lanyard recognizes as an apache, and who, of course, promptly disappears.

Escorting the Montalais party to their chateau, Lanyard there encounters a curious assorted party of motorists seeking shelter from a storm, Mr. Whitaker Monk and his secretary, Mr. Phinuit, both Americans and the Comte and Comtesse de Lorgnes. These gentry deftly guide the conversation to the magnificent collection of jewels which Eve de Montalais possesses, learn that the jewels are at the Chateau de Montalais, then go their way.

DUPONT waylays and severely wounds Lanyard. Rescued by Eve, Lanyard is nursed back to health at the Chateau de Montalais, and falls in love with her—hopelessly as he believes. On the eve of his departure the Montalais Jewels mysteriously vanish. Lanyard, knowing that his identity must be discovered as soon as the police are called in, and that no one will ever believe anybody but "The Lone Wolf" stole the jewels, reveals his secret to Eve, who expresses perfect confidence in him and even refuses to avail herself of the services of the police. Lanyard pledges himself to recover her jewels, and the better to delude the real criminals, arranges to "disappear" and to be blamed, under an assumed name he had thus far worn, for the robbery.

LEAVING the chateau by night, he sets out for Paris, and enroute falls in with Dupont, who, however, does not notice him, and who it appears is trailing the Comte de Lorgnes. The latter is traveling alone. On the arrival of his night train in Paris, de Lorgnes is found

murdered in his berth and Dupont has again disappeared. A tour of all-night restaurants leads to the discovery that the self-styled Comtesse de Lorgnes was really Liane Delorme, a notorious beauty of the Parisian underworld, formerly a Quartier Latin model whom Lanyard had befriended. Lanyard follows Liane to her home and secretly enters the house just in time to interfere when Dupont, treacherously admitted by a housemaid, attempts to assassinate Liane Delorme.

AT this point, the installment in June Cosmopolitan takes up the story. The chief interest in "Alias the Lone Wolf" centers about the Wolf's infatuation for Eve Montalais, her faith in him and his promise to recover her stolen jewels.

The trail is long—the pursuit fascinating—the plot thrilling—but through it all, the reader wonders if the Lone Wolf, clever as he is, will restore the Montalais Jewels to their rightful owner, and how he will do it—if he does.

LOUIS Joseph Vance, author of "Alias the Lone Wolf" has solved the mystery in his own way. His solution will appear in the concluding installment which will be published in September Cosmopolitan.

But you will have your own ideas as to how the jewels might be recovered by the Lone Wolf. It is for your skill in solving this mystery, your talent for writing your solution in the clearest, briefest, most concise manner that the publishers of Cosmopolitan offer a total of \$5000 in cash awards.

Send Your Solution to  
CONTEST EDITOR, COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE  
Room 130, 119 West 40th Street, New York City

Also in June Cosmopolitan

- Do You Live in a Tree?  
An editorial by GEORGE ADE
- His Pa  
A poem by EDGAR A. GUEST
- The Other Wife  
A short story by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER
- Madam President  
A short story by HOLWORTHY HALL
- The Pride of Palomar  
A serial by PETER B. KYNE
- Hunting the Prize Idiot of Big Game  
An article by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
- You Have to Choose  
A short story by FRANK R. ADAMS
- Shots  
A short story by JOHN RUSSELL
- The Empty Sack  
A serial by BASIL KING
- The Last Dollar  
A short story by WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
- Adventuring De Luxe  
An article by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
- Alias the Lone Wolf  
A serial by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
- The Sculptor and His Wife  
A short story by JAMES HOPPER
- The Crook and the Crazy Man  
A short story by HARRIS DICKSON

"The cleverer the solutions, the more delighted I shall be."

Publishers, Cosmopolitan:  
I beg to acknowledge and to accept with thanks your kind invitation to act as one of the judges in the unusual prize contest you are projecting in connection with my ALIAS, THE LONE WOLF. I am honoured by the opportunity to serve in such distinguished company, and I am also extremely eager to read, analyze and ponder the solutions as they come in. It's going to mean hard work, and I loathe hard work,

but the interest attaching to the job is going to compensate in this case. The everyday prize contest has always seemed to me a singularly deadly affair; but the plan you advertise is unique and, taken together with the tremendous facilities at your command for putting it before the public, ought to arouse nationwide interest. And I would be an inhuman author did I find anything objectionable in that? Furthermore, it's sure to stimulate the

imagination and inventiveness of one of the most ingenious peoples the world has ever known; so I shall look forward with keenest interest to the results, and also with not a little apprehensiveness. I don't mind admitting I was a bit proud of my way of solving the Lone Wolf's problem and that I am now confidently anticipating the humbling of my vanity to the dust by the wits of your readers. For all that, the more clever they prove in outdistancing my ingenuity, the more delighted I shall be.  
Louis Joseph Vance

THE only remaining fashion of 1866 is the one established by Dr. Lyon's—the fashion of fine teeth. Dr. Lyon's was the first to make it easy to have clean, white teeth. They are fashionable everywhere today.  
Except for the dentist, Dr. Lyon's has done more than any other agency to make American teeth the admiration of the world. It cleans the teeth of millions of people every day safely.  
**Dr. Lyon's**  
The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable  
Powder Cream  
Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years  
SAMPLE of either sent to anyone free  
I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.  
530 West 57th Street, New York

**BUICK**  
Present lines of new Buick six-cylinder models will be carried thru the 1922 season.  
Effective June 1st the new series and prices are as follows, f. o. b. factories, Flint, Michigan.  

Model	Old Price	New Price
Model 22-44 Three Passenger Roadster,	\$1795	\$1495
Model 22-45 Five Passenger Touring,	\$1795	\$1525
Model 22-46 Three Passenger Coupe,	\$2585	\$2135
Model 22-47 Five Passenger Sedan,	\$2895	\$2435
Model 22-48 Four Passenger Coupe,	\$2985	\$2325
Model 22-49 Seven Passenger Touring,	\$2065	\$1735
Model 22-50 Seven Passenger Sedan,	\$3295	\$2635

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.  
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars  
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere  
PHILADELPHIA DEALERS  
Buick Motor Company Philadelphia Branch Broad and Poplar Streets  
The Edw. Wilkie Motors Co. 917 North Broad Street North of Poplar Street  
Davis-Buick Company 316 West Chelton Ave. Germantown  
Roth-Buick Company 4700 Frankford Ave. Cor. Oxford Pike Frankford  
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM