

# GOOD DEEDS

A COMPLETE NOVELLETTE

By A. F. G. COPEL

It is one of the advantages of being the Devil that any little good thing he may do looks very good. In the same way a shady citizen might take some pride in a deed that would get a minister awfully talked about. It's all a matter of comparison; just as gray looks white against a dead black background, whereas it would look dirty against pure white.

This, of course, isn't an argument for being any wickeder than you have to be; it's merely a recognition of a fact. And a recognition of that fact has a good deal to do with the case of Slinkers Malone.

On the day, a particularly fine spring Sunday, when his term in State's prison expired, Slinkers found a pocketbook lying in the rich brown May mud beside the walk, and since it was a rich brown color itself, it had escaped the attention of a few hundred people who were passing on their way home from church.

Perhaps they missed it partly because their thoughts and eyes were on higher things.

Slinkers saw it because he was slouching along, in a mood of homicidal bitterness, with his eyes on the ground.

Right here we ought to stop to correct any immoral inference that might be drawn from the fact that Slinkers found the purse while churchgoers missed it, and we would if morality weren't so much less in demand than action. The end of man is an action, not a thought, said the Greek philosopher, and we agree with him. Therefore we merely note that Slinkers scooped that purse up with one quick dip and swing, dropped it into a side pocket, and slouched on as if nothing had happened, but anybody who had noticed Slinkers both before and after taking would have been struck by his improved appearance.

It was the easiest way in which Slinkers had ever come by a pocketbook, and he had come by some pocketbooks very easily at that. His recent sojourn "up the river" had been intimately connected with coming by pocketbooks, other people's pocketbooks, too easily. By trade and preference Slinkers was a "dip," which is a pet name for pickpocket, and he enjoyed some reputation among the policemen and various shady citizens of his circle. It was not on account of any lack of skill that he had taken his last trip up the river; he had been "squealed on" by an intimate friend.

Therefore his mood was so particularly homicidal. It was bad enough to be sent up because of a bungled job, but when a person is sent up after a clean get-away, through no fault of his own, but a five-times-compounded curse "squealer"—that is good cause for murder, or at least for justifiable homicide.

Three blocks away Slinkers took the opportunity offered by turning a corner to look behind him. No one seemed to be interested in him, and he allowed himself to glance inside his find.

"Why, look, who's here?" he remarked to his inner consciousness. By "who" he referred to Bill; for the first thing that struck his eyes was a yellow-backed William, marked with two sawbucks, most pleasant to behold. There were two five-dollar bills and a two to keep the larger one from being lonesome.

Slinkers hurried them back into his pocket. For the next half a dozen blocks the joyous knowledge of their presence interfered with his thoughts of justified homicide. His face lightened until it bore a faint resemblance to the lighted faces of some of those persons he had passed on their way home from church.

At the sight of a girl loitering on a street corner half a block ahead his face lightened even more. The girl saw him and hurried forward to meet him. She was pretty in her girlishness and spotless black and white cotton dress; her big eyes were the exact color of the May sky overhead and they held something of the sky's softness as they looked at Slinkers. Neither the sky nor the eyes seemed to distrust Slinkers, disreputable object and shady citizen though he undoubtedly was.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" she replied; and as he came up to her side she turned and walked by his side. You might not have suspected that they waited a year and six months for that meeting.

"I'd have come to meet you at the train," she said, "but, honest, I didn't have cartage; and I wasn't sure what train—that time—"

"Sure; that's all right," said he.

After they had turned in at the murky entrance of a tenement a few doors down the street Slinkers suddenly put his arm around her and kissed her on the cheek; she kissed him back, and cried for a moment on his shoulder while he shamefacedly ruffled up the brown hair over her ears.

But the wife of a "dip" and the wife of a soldier cannot be too emotional; she dried her tears of happiness, and in silence they tramped up the five flights of stairs to the two dingy rooms they called home.

"Shall I get you some eats, Harry?"

she asked, patting his arm while he hung his cap on the nail driven into the back of the door. It was a sign of her feeling for him that she, alone of all the world, called him by the name his mother had given him. "I got some pork chops yesterday—shall I cook them with tomatoes, the way you like? I thought they'd be a little surprise for you."

"Bless your heart, kiddo!" he said. He caught her in his arms and kissed her gently, this time without shamefacedness. "And I got a little surprise for you too!" he told her. "Come here! Say, lamp the look o' that!" He drew out the pocketbook, opened it and threw the four bills on the table. "Found it—lot of good Christians wouldn't even look at it—left it for me. Say, how does it look?"

"Hail Columbia!" murmured the girl; "and I was just wondering how we was going to eat after tomorrow! Say I take the little one and go out for a pie? We'll have a gorge—and you won't have to go to work again for a week or two, will you?"

She reached for the bill with sunlight, sunlight especially because he wouldn't have to work at once, it appeared, on her face, but he stopped her.

"Wait," he said. "There's another thing that's got to be settled before eats. Set down."

The girl sat down across the table from him. The sunlight disappeared from her face under a sudden mist of doubt. He sat down on the other side. The money and the purse lay neglected between them.

"That squealer—that Slinker Karp—seen anything of him since I left?" he demanded.

She stammered: "Why—Harry—no—I—no, I haven't." She was frightened by the change that had come over him. He was suddenly hard, sneering, wolf-cruel; his lips lifted at the corners to show his teeth.

"I ain't never said much," he growled, "but I always thought maybe it was some on account of you, wanting to get me out of the way, you know, he squealed on me. You know how he always made up to you. Now I been thinking—"

"But, Harry, I never so much as looked at him—I never—" she cried.

"There—I know it. You don't get me right girlie," he said, and laid one of his hands, his long, white, supple hands, on her. "I know you're on the square. Here's what's on my mind: That Slinker, that squealer—while I was up I swore I wouldn't be out a day before I croaked him. And I'm going to make good—see?"

She seemed relieved that the matter was no more serious, nevertheless she protested: "But, Harry, why not put it off a little while, anyway? They'll get you sure. There's been too much of this croakin'—"

"Forget it!" he commanded. "He's still hangin' round Slezak's gin mill, ain't he? You know where you can reach him?"

"I guess so," admitted the girl. Her lips made a tight, straight line. She was loyal to her man, her eyes said if he was determined to become a murderer—well, he was still her man.

"I want you to git in touch with him," Slinkers became calmer now that he had the business under way; he leaned back and stuck his thumbs in the armpoles of his vest like a merchant about to consummate a deal. "I want you to pretend you're sore on me—ready to throw me over for him—see? He don't know I'm out, less'n he found out I got ten months off for good con, and he's too big a fool to find that out. Tonight I want you to walk him past me when I'm hangin' round back of Slezak's, and I'll fill him so full of hot lead—"

Her eyes had taken on some of the hardness of her own, but she interrupted plaintively: "Oh, Harry, not just tonight, the first day you're home!"

"I don't care whether I'm home or not till I git that off my mind!" he swore, tapping the table lightly with his long fingers. "Now, git me straight—"

He choked on the word and leaped to his feet. Some one had knocked. They had been too busy with their own plans to notice the warning that the five flights of wooden stairs were especially constructed to give. They had even forgotten to lock the door; not that locking doors made much difference if it was a Central Office man come to let them know that Headquarters knew Mr. Slinkers Malone was out.

Central office men had a pleasant way of doing that.

But Central Office men seldom knocked; or, if they did, they knocked only after proving to their satisfaction that the door was locked.

Slinkers began to creep toward the door, his hand outstretched for the key.

There was another knock. He put his foot against the door and shot the bolt. "Who's there?" he asked.

"Why, a friend," said a hesitating voice, a man's on the other side.

"What do you want?" demanded Slinkers, bold and gruff with relief. That voice, at any rate, never came

much to others. . . . Girlie," he announced facing her squarely with a kind of exaltation in his eyes, "I ain't goin' to croak that squealer—I'm a-goin' to let him live!"

"Oh, Harry!" murmured the girl; awe and admiration of him held her spellbound. It was several seconds before she gained the courage to go to him, to put her arms timidly around his neck. "Oh I'm so glad, Harry!" she told him, with tears in her voice and eyes. "It's a lot safer and better—just you leave the croakin' alone and stick to bein' a good honest dip!"

Of course it would be pleasant to live Slinkers, in this last paragraph, as a reformed and model young man; but at least we leave him a comparatively good, honest dip, not a murderer; and considering how white his unknown friend must have been and how black Slinkers was, I don't know but that Slinkers' good deed shows up a good deal whiter than the deed of the man in the hall—by comparison, of course.

"Some fool charity worker," the girl suggested to Slinkers in a stage whisper. "Might as well let him in."

The man outside laughed, laughed heartily. "No, I'm not a charity worker, fool or otherwise," he said. "I'm merely, as I said, a friend. And I'm absolutely harmless. You might open the door, anyway, and hear what I have to say."

Slinkers was not much moved by the unknown arguments. "If you've got anything to say, say it through the door," he recommended. "Get me?"

"Thanks for the suggestion; probably I can say it through the door the door," admitted the man outside, he was evidently a very good and forbearing man. "I merely wish to say that I lost that purse you found, that I saw you pick it up, that I followed at a discreet distance—"

"I didn't find any purse; don't you go getting gay!" interrupted Slinkers with righteous indignation.

"And that I made inquiries on the first floor about you," continued the man—from a place that may make it difficult for you to secure immediate employment; and therefore I wish to present you both purse and contents with my very best wishes. That is my first present to you."

There was silence for a moment, and then the question, "Can you hear what I say?"

"I hear you," said Slinkers. "I didn't find no purse; but gas along if you like it; I can stand it if you can."

"I wish also to remove from you, any taint of not having come by the money honestly," proceeded the voice. "Since my card is inside, if you didn't return the purse you might be open to the suspicion of having been not quite—honest. I wish you to start today with a clean slate. That is my second present to you. Do you understand what I mean?"

Slinkers replied, after a short, thoughtful pause: "Say, boy, you got me mixed up with the grass. Wise up, wise up! You want to get me to split. I found that purse, then you'll toddle up with a cop. I didn't find no purse! Nor it won't do you no good to bring a cop up here—"

"I don't blame you for your suspicions," interrupted the man. "I blame your experience with life, which has hardened you. I shall report my loss to no cop, I came, as I said, in all friendliness and good will. In these times I wish to do all I can to promote peace on earth, good will toward men. Now I'm going; I shall only say that I hope you will have a peaceful Sunday and that the good will and gentleness of Christ will soften your heart toward your neighbors; for your heart seems to have been hardened, and that is worse for you than for others. Good-bye!"

Slinkers and his wife, without moving, listened in dead silence to the sound of the man's feet announcing his descent of the stairs. After that sound was gone they continued to stare at each other.

"A religious nut!" commented the girl, offering the suggestion subject to Slinkers' approval.

Slinkers walked over to the table, sat down opposite his wife, and declared solemnly: "That was a white gink!"

He looked at the money, and it stirred him to added solemnity: "That was a dead white, pure snow-white gink, by God!" He gathered up the bills and put them into his pocket; the danger he had just run of losing them seemed to have made them, and the occasion, almost sacred.

The girl was half convinced. "Ain't he just gone for a cop?" she asked.

"He was on the square; he won't come back with no cop," declared Slinkers. "He was a white gink. He was like some I met up the river. Only they didn't never do nothin' but talk—and talk's awful cheap . . ."

That was a white gink. There's some men like that, believe me girlie, there is. And he done a regular white thing; and he sure talked white, too—pure white."

He strolled about the room in solemn meditation. The girl wholly convinced and admiring, looked at him in silence.

"He was right—I have hardened; I ain't had a square deal," declared Slinkers, producing, with due gravity, the devil's oldest excuse. He was thinking hard; something large and important was on his mind. "I ain't never had much peace and good will in my life—and I ain't never showed

much to others. . . . Girlie," he announced facing her squarely with a kind of exaltation in his eyes, "I ain't goin' to croak that squealer—I'm a-goin' to let him live!"

"Oh, Harry!" murmured the girl; awe and admiration of him held her spellbound. It was several seconds before she gained the courage to go to him, to put her arms timidly around his neck. "Oh I'm so glad, Harry!" she told him, with tears in her voice and eyes. "It's a lot safer and better—just you leave the croakin' alone and stick to bein' a good honest dip!"

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## Community Dairy Development At National Show

The United States Department of Agriculture is going to take an active part in the National Dairy Show at Chicago, October 7-16, 1920, by showing its various activities may be utilized in developing rural communities along specific lines. Therefore, community dairy development will feature the exhibit, and various booths will carry out this idea.

The chief attraction will be a portrayal of the community at Grove City, Pa., developed under the direction of the department. A model with explanatory charts will show the development of this community from a basis of individual dairying, on a small scale, to its present status as an exponent of community dairying, accomplished by co-operation of local agencies, including banks, commercial clubs, etc., with the department. A creamery built to handle the products of the farms, now manufactures approximately one-half million pounds of butter a year, besides considerable quantities of special cheeses of the Swiss, Roquefort, Camembert, and cottage types. In addition, condensed skim milk and casein are manufactured by the most scientific methods. The creamery has made an outlet for dairy products at profitable prices, and has developed the idea of utilizing surplus milk and by-products, such as skim milk.

The various smaller booths will show the products made by this creamery and methods used in the manufacture. Special attention will be given to the manufacture of Swiss cheese as developed by the Dairy Division. A small factory will operate daily making Swiss cheese, and showing the method of propagating proper cultures and correct methods of curing Swiss cheese.

More economical milk production through herd betterment will be developed by means of exhibits showing the work of associations and communities to eradicate animal diseases. Special attention will be paid to the betterment campaign for the improvement of livestock. These herd exhibits will be illustrated by charts and models, and live animals will be used to illustrate the results obtained. A special booth will show the department's work on animal nutrition, explaining experiments as to mineral requirements in cattle feed to induce maximum milk production.

Other exhibits will show how campaigns may be conducted to inform consumers concerning the food value and proper use of dairy products, through educational material, consisting of charts, pictures and animated models. Special attention will be paid to the diet of children, and model meals will be demonstrated.

Up-to-date charts will show the production, manufacture, export and import and consumption of dairy products. Actual exhibits will be made of the amount of butter and cheese consumed per capita in various countries of the world.

The Bureau of Markets' Exhibit will show the market inspection of butter, the market news service, and other methods by which dairy products may be advantageously marketed. The Bureau of Plant Industry will have a display illustrating desirable practices in cropping as related to the dairy industry.

"Exercise Intelligently"

"Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a love for good, healthy, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, riding, rowing, playing golf, tennis or croquet or any other mild form of exercise in the open air keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life-giving oxygen and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short it is exercise and right thinking that keep the body "in tune and up to concert pitch."

London's Greatest Landlord

London's greatest landlord is the Duke of Westminster, who is said to own 40 acres of city land with a rent roll of \$15,000,000 per year.

## Delicious Cool Drinks for Home Folks and Company

On the porch; under the trees; when company happens in; when the young folks gather together on Sunday afternoons or when the home group pleasantly idles around just before bedtime, then is when something flavoured and cool tastes wonderfully good as it flows down appreciative throats; something that one knows is made of only pure materials and is guaranteed to have no bad after-effect. There are a few new things in the beverage line which possess these desirable qualities. Be sure to try them out before the summer passes:

**Sassafras Fizz**  
Seven cups sugar, 3 cups molasses, 8 cups boiling water, 1 teaspoonful essence of sassafras, 1-4 pound of tartaric acid.

Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water and mix the molasses with it, then add the tartaric acid. Let cool, strain into an earthenware bowl or jug and mix in the essence of sassafras, using a wooden spoon. Strain again and put in bottles which have been boiled clean, through several waters. Cork tightly and invert bottles in a box of sand or sawdust. Let stand for a day when the fizz will be ready for use. To prepare for drinking fill large glasses half full of ice water, stir in two tablespoons of the fizz, then as much baking soda as will lie on the tip of a teaspoon. The compound will immediately foam up and fill the glass. Drink while effervescent.

**Ginger Julep**  
Three lemons, bunch of fresh mint, 1-2 cups sugar, 3 cups water, 1 quart-bottle ginger ale. Ice.

Wash the mint well, pick off leaves sufficient to make one-half cup pressed down. Cook sugar, mint and water with the thinly-shaved rind of one lemon for 15 minutes and let stand until cold. Add the juice of the lemons and strain over cracked ice. Turn in the ginger ale, and have sufficient mint to put a little sprig in each glass.

**Prunade**  
One pound prunes, 2 cups sugar, 8 cups water, 3 oranges, 3 lemons, stick cinnamon.

Soak prunes overnight. Cook next day in the water until very soft. Drain off water and use prunes as a breakfast dish or for prune roll. Stir the fruit into the water, add two or three sticks of cinnamon and the thinly-sliced rind of a lemon and cook for 15 minutes, counting from the time the water begins to simmer. Let cool before removing the cinnamon and lemon rind, add the juice of the oranges and lemons, strain and serve very cold.

**Graduation Punch**  
Four cups sugar, 8 cups water, 6 oranges, 1 large can pineapple, 2 quart bottles plain soda, 6 lemons, 2 cups canned or fresh berries, strawberries, raspberries or Loganberries, 6 canned apricots.

Boil the sugar and water for ten minutes. Let cool, then add the orange and lemon juice, the pineapple and apricots cut in small pieces, the berries and a cup of berry juice. Loganberry juice will make the punch a gorgeous ruby color. Let stand for an hour in a cold place. When ready to serve put a square of ice in the punch bowl, turn the fruit mixture over it, and holding the bottle a foot above the ice, turn on the soda water. This gives about 30 punch cups.

**Rhubarbade**  
Two cups unpeeled rhubarb, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 cups sugar, 3 oranges, 8 cups water, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Cut rhubarb in small pieces and cook with the raisins in the water until very soft. Strain and keep pulp to be sweetened and used for sauce. Add sugar to water and cook for ten minutes. Soften gelatine in cold water for five minutes, then stir into the rhubarb water. Stir until dissolved, add the juice of the oranges and the grated peel of one. Let stand until cold, strain and chill. If pink rhubarb is used the ade will be a lovely rose color.

**Loganberry Punch**  
One can loganberries, 2 cups sugar, 6 lemons, 2 oranges, water.

Add to the contents of can sufficient

cold water to make three pints. Simmer until berries are soft enough to go through a sieve. Strain out seeds, but do not mash through strainer, just let the juice drip. Return to saucepan, add sugar and simmer for 10 minutes. Reserve one-half a lemon and one-half an orange, and put the juice of the rest into the liquid as soon as it has cooled. Strain over a lump of ice in the punch bowl or cracked ice in the punch pitcher and add the reserved lemon and orange first thinly sliced, then each slice cut in quarters. A whole clove may be stuck in each piece.

**Pineapple Cooler**  
1 quart can pineapple, 3 lemons, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1-2 cups water.

Boil sugar, water and the shaved rind of one-half lemon for 10 minutes. Drain juice from pineapple, and turn hot syrup over the pineapple. Let stand until cold, then drain off, add to the juice, and also add the juice of the oranges and the lemon. Serve in high glasses half filled with finely-cracked ice. The pineapple can be used in any way desired. Add the vanilla after the liquid has cooled.

**Violet Nectar**  
One quart raspberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 cups grape juice, 3 lemons, mint.

Wash berries and sprinkle with sugar. Let stand for an hour, then add water and simmer until berries lose color and become very soft. Put through sieve, cool, then add lemon juice and grape juice. Serve very cold with a sprig of mint in each glass.

**Worth Knowing**  
Peeling cucumbers from the white end down keeps them from tasting bitter.

Dipping the broom in soap suds once a week will keep the straws from becoming dry and brittle.

Small biscuits split, buttered and spread with sweetened raspberries make delicious luncheon delicacies.

Persons who are interested in deposits of mica should note the statement of the United States Geological Survey that only a large deposit of mica favorably located with regard to transportation and a grinding mill can be profitably worked solely as a source of scrap mica for grinding. Most mica mines must yield good sheet mica to make the mining profitable. Mica to be of value as sheet must yield rectangles at least one and a half by two inches which must split easily and evenly, be free from cracks, markings and fracture lines, and be reasonably free from specks or foreign mineral matter. The size stated is the smallest rectangular size which is salable as uncut sheet and the rough-trimmed sheet must be nearly twice as large to yield the rectangle stated. In order to be profitable most deposits also must contain some mica larger than one and a half by two inches.

If mica did not usually contain much foreign matter and did not have so many fissures and imperfections—cracks, markings and holes—there would be no difficulty in obtaining all the mica needed. But, in proportion to the mica mined there is only a small percentage of sheet mica which when finally prepared is of the proper quality to be used in the industries.

Good sheet mica should be so flexible that a sheet a thousandth of an

inch thick can readily be bent into a cylinder one-quarter of an inch in diameter without showing any cracking. There is also a great variation in the hardness of mica, the Geological Survey recognizes seven different degrees of hardness. Mica is often erroneously called isinglass. The latter substance is a gelatin made of air bladders of certain fish. The substance is soluble in water and burns readily, whereas mica is neither soluble in water nor burns readily.

The production of the various kinds of mica in the United States ranges from 3000 to 5000 tons a year.

## New Electrical Device About the House

A new electrical device which will fill a wide range of usefulness about the average household has the appearance of a gas or oil stove, but its function is to deliver, air, hot or cold, wet or dry, ozonated or medicated, as desired. A room which is close or stuffy from a lack of ventilation may be made comfortable by injecting a little ozone into it; or if it is too dry, moisture may be imparted to it by means of an attachment where the current of air is made to pass over a large wheel kept saturated with water.

In addition to this a current of warm air may be delivered for the purpose of drying the hair after a shampoo or, if wanted, a current of air at normal temperature may be had. For drying the hair it performs a task in a few minutes which ordinarily requires more than an hour.

## Heat to Cut Glass

Cutting a pane of glass at one time required a diamond when the cutting was offered in any great quantities, and where the demands were not so great a hard steel wheel could be utilized. The diamond method was more or less expensive and the life of the steel is comparatively short. Now this work is done by a hot point. It is hollow gas-heated soldering iron. It is attached to the gas supply by means of rubber tubing, the flow being adjusted until the flame strikes back. When sufficiently hot the cutter is used to lead a crack in the glass in any direction. A deep file cut serves as a starting point for the crack.

## Ironing Machine Efficiency

An ordinary tablecloth or an ironing machine takes about three or four minutes. With a good electric iron it takes about 25 to 30. Besides this, the cloth is ironed evenly and the pattern, if it be embroidered, is evenly brought out. Initials come out in beautiful relief, and buttons on garments do not break because of the deeply padded felt rolls which are covered with an especially made muslin.

## Don't Sell Your Old Tires

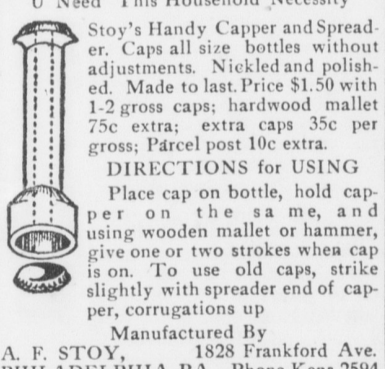
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