THE LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

—15—

Vauquelin was holding out an arm and staring at it incredulously; Lanyard's gaze focused upon the same spot—a ragged perforation in the sleeve of the leather surtout, just above the elbow.

"What is it?" he inquired stupidly, forgetting again that the other could not possibly hear him.

The eyes of the aviator, lifting from the perforation to meet Lanyard's stare, were clouded with consternation.

Then Vauquelin swerved quickly in his seat and looked back. Involuntarily he ducked his head. Simultaneously something slipped whining past Lanyard's cheek, touching his flesh with a touch more chill than that of the icy air itself.

"Dämnation!" he shrieked, almost hysterically. "That madman in the Valkyr is firing at us!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

—

The Flying Death.

Steadying himself with a splendid display of self-control and downright courage, Captain Vauquelin concentrated upon the management of the biplane.

The drone of his motor thickened again, its speed became greater and the machine began to rise still higher, tracing a long, graceful curve.

Lanyard glanced apprehensively toward the girl, but she continued in apparent unconsciousness that anything was happening out of the ordinary. Her profile still looked forward, and still the wind-veil trembled against her burning cheeks.

Thanks to the racket of the motor, no audible reports had accompanied the sharpshooting of the man in the monoplane, while Lanyard's cry of horror and dismay had been audible to himself exclusively. Hearing nothing, Lucy suspected nothing.

Again Lanyard looked back.

Now the Valkyr seemed to have crept up to within a quarter of a mile of the biplane, and was boring on at a tremendous pace, its single spread of wings on an approximate level with that of the upper plane of the Parrott.

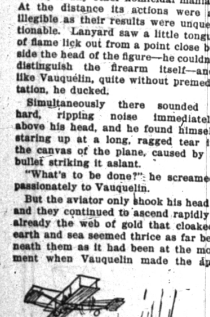
But this last was rising steadily.

The driver's seat of the Valkyr was occupied by a muffled, burly figure that might be anybody—De Morbihan, Ekstrom, or any other homicidal maniac. At the distance its actions were as illegible as their results were unquestionable. Lanyard saw a little tongue of flame lick out from a point close beside the head of the figure—he couldn't distinguish the firearm itself—and, like Vauquelin, quite without premeditation, he ducked.

Simultaneously there sounded a hard, ripping noise immediately above his head, and he found himself staring up at a long, ragged tear in the canvas of the plane, caused by a bullet striking it aslant.

"What's to be done?" he screamed passionately to Vauquelin.

But the aviator only hook his head; and they continued to ascend rapidly; already the web of gold that cloaked earth and sea seemed thrice as far beneath them as it had been at the moment when Vauquelin made the dip



It Turned and Dived Headlong.

palling discovery of his bullet-punctured sleeve.

But the monoplane was doggedly following suit; as the Parrott rose, so did the Valkyr, if a trace more slowly and less readily.

Lanyard had read somewhere, or heard it said that monoplanes were poor climbers.

He told himself that, if this were true, Vauquelin knew his business, and from this reflection drew what comfort he might.

And he was glad, very glad, of the dark wind-veil that shrouded his face, which he believed to show nothing less than panic terror.

He was, in sober fact, quite rigid with fright and horror. It were idle to argue that only unlikely chance would wing one of the bullets from the Valkyr to a vital point—there was the torn canvas overhead, there was that hole through Vauquelin's sleeve.

And then the barograph on the strut beside Lanyard disappeared as if by magic. He was aware of a slight jar; the framework of the biplane quivered as from a heavy blow; something that resembled a handful of black crumbs sprayed out into the air ahead and vanished—and where the instrument had been nothing remained but an iron clamp gripping the strut.

And even as any one of these bullets might have proved fatal, their first successor might incapacitate the aviator, if it did not slay him outright—in either case inevitably the result would be death following a fall from a height, as recorded on the barograph dial the instant before its destruction, of over four thousand feet.

And they were still climbing.

Now the pursuer was losing some of the advantage of his superior speed; the Parrott was perceptibly higher; the Valkyr must needs mount in a more sweeping curve.

None the less, Lanyard, peering down, saw still another tongue of flame spit out at him, and two bullet holes appeared in the port wings of the biplane, one in the lower, one in the upper spread of canvas.

White-lipped and trembling, the adventurer began to work at the fastenings of his surtout. After a moment he plucked off one of his gloves and cast it impatiently from him. Asprawl, it sailed down the wind like a wounded sparrow. He caught Vauquelin's eye upon him, quick with a curiosity which changed to a sudden gleam of comprehension when Lanyard, thrusting his hand under the leather coat, groped for his side pocket and produced an automatic pistol which Ducroy, learning that he was unarmed, had pressed upon him.

They were now perhaps a hundred feet higher than the Valkyr, which was soaring a quarter of a mile off to starboard. Under the guidance of the Frenchman the Parrott swooped round in a narrow circle until it hung almost immediately above the other—a maneuver requiring, first and last, something more than five minutes to effect.

Meanwhile Lanyard rebuttoned his surtout and, clutching the pistol, tried hard not to think. But already his imagination was sick with the thought of what would ensue when the time came for him to carry out his intention.

Vauquelin touched his arm with urgent pressure; but Lanyard only shook his head, gulped, and without looking, surrendered the weapon to the aviator.

Bearing heavily against the chestband, he commanded the broad, white spread of the Valkyr's back and wings. Invisible beneath these hung the motor and the driver's seat.

An instant more and he was aware that Vauquelin was bending forward over the edge of the plane.

Aiming with what deliberation was possible, the aviator emptied the clip of its cartridges in less than a minute.

The reports rang out against the drum of the motor with an accent as vicious as the cracking of a black snake whip.

Momentarily, Lanyard doubted if a single bullet had taken effect. He could not, with his swimming vision, detect any sign of damage in the canvas of the Valkyr.

He saw the empty automatic slip from Vauquelin's numb and nerveless fingers, and vanish.

A frightful fascination kept his gaze constant to the soaring Valkyr. Beyond it, down, deep down, a mile of emptiness, was that golden floor of tumbled cloud, waiting.

He saw the monoplane halt abruptly in its strong onward surge—as if it had run, full tilt, head on against an invisible obstacle—and for what seemed a round minute, it hung so, veering and wabbling, muzzling the wind. Then, like a sounding whale, it turned and dived headlong, propeller spinning like a top.

Down through an eighth of a mile of space it plunged plummetlike; then, perhaps caught in a flaw of wind, it turned sidewise, and began to revolve, at first slowly, but with increasing rapidity in its fatally swift descent.

Toward the beginning of its revolutions something was thrown off, something small, dark and sprawling—like that glove which Lanyard had discarded. But this object dropped with a speed even greater than that of the Valkyr; in a brace of seconds had diminished to the proportions of a gnat; in another was engulfed in that vast sea of golden vapor.

The monoplane itself, scarcely less precipitate, spun down through the abyss and plunged to oblivion in the foe-wreck.

And Lanyard was still hanging against the chest-band, limp and spent and trying not to give way to deadly sickness when, of a sudden and without any warning whatever, the stentorian chant of the motor ceased and was blotted out by that immense silence of those vast solitudes of the upper air, where never a sound is heard save the voices of the elements at war among themselves—a silence that rang with an accent as dreadful as if it were the very crack of doom.

And, its propeller no longer gripping the air, the aeroplane drifted on at ever-lessening speed, until at length it had no way whatever, and rested without motion of any sort, as it might have been in the cup of some mighty and invisible hand.

Then, with a little shudder of hesitation, the planes dipped forward—inclined slightly earthward—and began slowly, and at first, as if reluctantly, to slip down the long and empty channels of the air.

At this, rousing, Lanyard became aware of his own voice yammering wildly at Vauquelin:

"Good God, man! Why did you do that?"

Vauquelin answered only with a pale grimace and a barely perceptible shrug.

Momentarily gathering momentum, the biplane sped downward with a resistless rush, with the speed of a great wind, with a speed so great that when Lanyard again attempted speech the breath was whipped from his lips and he could utter no sound.

Thus from that awful height, from the still heart of that immeasurable

"Wertheimer!" He Exclaimed.

void, they swept down and ever down, in a long series of sickening swoops, broken by pauses of negligible duration. And though they approached it on a long slant, the floor of vapor rose to meet them with the rapidity of a mighty, rushing wave; and in a trice the biplane was hovering an instant before plunging down into its cold, gray heart.

In that flash of hesitation, while still the adventurer gasped for breath and pawed at his streaming eyes with an aching hand, pierced through and through with cold, the fog showed itself as something less substantial than it had seemed; blurs of color veered through its folds of gauze, and with these the rounded summit of a brooded knoll.

Then they lunged on, down out of the bleak, bright sunshine into the cool, twilight depths of clinging vapors; and the good green earth lifted its warm bosom to receive them.

Tilting its nose, fluttering as though undecided, the Parrott settled gracefully, with scarcely a jar, upon a wide sweep of unfilled land covered with short, coarse grass.

For some time the three remained in their perches like petrified things, quite motionless, and—with the possible exception of the aviator—hardly conscious.

But presently Lanyard became aware that he was regularly filling his lungs with air, sweet, damp, wholesome, and, by comparison, warm, and that the blood was tingling painfully in his half-frozen hands and feet.

He sighed as one waking from a strange dream and looked round.

At the same time the aviator bestirred himself and began a bit stiffly to climb down from his place.

Feeling the earth beneath his feet, he took a step or two away from the machine, reeling and stumbling like a drunken man, then turned back.

"Come, my friend!" he urged Lanyard in a voice of strangely normal intonation—"look alive—if you're able—and lend me a hand with mademoiselle. I'm afraid she has fainted."

And, in fact, the girl was reclining inertly in the bands of webbing, her eyes closed, her mouth ajar, her limbs slackened.

"Small blame to her!" Lanyard commented, tumbling clumsily with the chest-band. "That dive was enough to drive a body mad!"

"But I had to do it!" the aviator protested earnestly. "I dared not remain longer up there. I have never before been afraid in the air, but after that I was terribly afraid. I could feel myself going—taking leave of my senses—and I knew I must act if we were not to follow that other. God! what a death!"

He paused, shuddered, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes before continuing: "So I cut off the ignition and volplaned. Here—my hand. So-o! All right, eh?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Lanyard insisted confidently.

But his confidence was belied by a look of daze, for the earth was billowing and reeling round him as though bewitched; and before he knew what had happened he had sat down hard and was staring foolishly up at the aviator.

"Here!" said the latter courteously, his wind-mask hiding the smile—"my hand again, monsieur. And now for mademoiselle."

But when they approached the girl, she surprised both by shivering, sitting up, and obviously pulling herself together.

"You feel better now, mademoiselle?" the aviator inquired, hastening to free her from her fastenings.

"I'm better—yes, thank you," she admitted in a small, broken voice—"but not yet quite myself."

She gave a hand to the aviator, the other to Lanyard, and as they helped her to the ground Lanyard, warned by his experience, stood by with a ready arm.

She needed that support, and for a few minutes didn't seem even conscious of it. Then, gently disengaging herself, she moved a foot or two away.

"Where are we—do you know?"

"On the South Downs somewhere!" Lanyard suggested, consulting Vauquelin.

"That is probable," this last affirmed—"at all events, reckoning by the course I held. Somewhere well in from the coast, at a venture, for I do not hear the sea."

"Near Lewes, perhaps?"

"I have no reason to doubt it."

An odd, constrained pause enued. The girl looked from the aviator to Lanyard, then at neither—turned a trifle away from both and, trembling with fatigue and enforcing self-control by clenching her hands, stared aimlessly off into the mist.

Painfully Lanyard set himself to consider their position.

The Parrott had come to rest in what seemed to be a wide, shallow, saucerlike depression, whose irregular bounds were cloaked in fog. In this space no living thing stirred save those three; and as far as he could determine, the valley was crossed by not so much as a sheep track. In a word, they were lost. There might be a road running past the saucer ten yards from its brim in any quarter. There might not. Possibly there was a town or village immediately adjacent. Quite as possibly the downs billowed away for miles on either hand, desolate, uninhabited. From where they were there was no means of telling.

"Well—what do we do now?" the girl demanded suddenly in a nervous voice.

"Oh, we'll find a way out of this somehow," Vauquelin asserted confidently. "England isn't big enough for anybody to remain lost in it—not for long, at all events. Only, I'm sorry we're not more sure of our whereabouts on Miss Shannon's account."

"We'll manage somehow," Lanyard affirmed stoutly.

The aviator smiled curiously. "To begin with," he advanced, "I dare say we might as well get rid of these awkward costumes of ours. They'll hamper walking."

In spite of his fatigue, Lanyard was so struck by the circumstances that he couldn't help remarking it as he tore off his wind-veil.

"Your English is wonderfully good, Captain Vauquelin," he observed.

The other laughed shortly.

"Why not?" said he, removing his mask.

Lanyard looked up into his face, stared, gasped, and fell back a pace. "Wertheimer!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

—

The Hollow in the Downs.

The Englishman smiled cheerfully in response to Lanyard's cry of astonishment.

"In effect," he observed, stripping off his gauntlets, "you're right, Mr. Lanyard. Wertheimer isn't my name, but it is so closely identified with my—ah—insinuative personality as to warrant the misapprehension. I sha'n't demand an apology so long as you permit me to preserve an incognito which may yet prove somewhat useful."

"Incognito!" Lanyard stammered, completely discountenanced. "Useful!"

"You have my meaning exactly; although my work in Paris is now ended, there's no saying when it might'n be convenient to be able to go back without establishing a new identity."

Before Lanyard replied to this the look of wonder in his eyes had yielded to one of understanding.

"Scotland Yard, eh?" he queried curtly.

Wertheimer bowed. "Special agent," he added.

"I might have guessed, if I hadn't the wit of the domestic goose!" Lanyard affirmed bitterly. "But I must admit—"

"Yes," the Englishman assented pleasantly; "I did pull your leg—didn't I? But no more than the limbs of our other friends. Of course, it's taken some time. I had to establish myself firmly over here as a shining light of the swell mob before De Morbihan would take me to his hospitable bosom."

"And—I presume I'm under arrest?" With a laugh the Englishman shook his head vigorously.

"No, thank you!" he declared. "I've had too convincing proof of your distaste for interference in your affairs. You fight too sincerely, Mr. Lanyard—and I'm as tired a sleuth this very morning as ever was! I'll need a week's rest to fit me to cope with the task of taking you into custody—a week and some very able-bodied assistance! But," he amended with graver countenance, "I will say this: if you're in England a week hence, I'll be tempted to undertake the job on general principles. I don't in the least question the sincerity of your intention to behave yourself hereafter; but as a servant of the king, it's my duty to advise you that England would prefer you to start life anew—as they say—in another country. Several steamers will be sailing for the States before the end of the week—further details I leave entirely to your discretion. But go you must," he concluded firmly.

"I understand—" said Lanyard; and would have said more, but couldn't. There was something suspiciously like a mist before his eyes.

Avoiding the faces of his sweetheart and the Englishman, he turned aside, put forth a hand blindly to a wing of the biplane to steady himself, and stood with head bowed and limbs trembling.

Moving quietly to his side, the girl took his other hand and held it tight.

Presently Lanyard shook himself impatiently and lifted his head again.

"Sorry," he said apologetic—"but your generosity—when I looked for nothing better than arrest—was a bit too much for my nerves!"

"Nonsense!" the Englishman commented with brisk good-humor. "We're all upset. A drop of brandy'll do us no end of good."

Unbuttoning his leather surtout, he produced a flask from one of the inner pockets, filled its metal cup, and offered it to the girl.

"You first, if you please, Miss Shannon. No—I insist. You positively need it."

She allowed herself to be persuaded, drank, coughed, gasped and returned

Listening to the Drone That Presently Dwindled to a Mere Thread of Sound.

the cup, which Wertheimer promptly refilled and passed to Lanyard.

The raw spirits stung like fire, but proved an instant aid to the badly jangled nerves of the adventurer. In another moment he was much more himself.

Drinking in turn, Wertheimer put away the flask. "That's better!" he commented. "Now I shall be able to cut along with this blessed machine without fretting over the fate of Ekstrom. But till now I haven't been able to forget—"

He paused and drew a hand across his eyes.

"It was, then, Ekstrom—you think?" Lanyard demanded.

"Unquestionably! De Morbihan had learned—I know—of your bargain with Ducroy; and I know, too, that he and Ekstrom spent each morning in the hangars at St-Germain-en-Laye after your sensational escape. It never entered my head, of course, that they had any such insane scheme brewing as that—else I would never have so giddily arranged with Ducroy—through the surete, of course—to take Vauquelin's place. Besides, who else could it have been? Not De Morbihan, for he's crippled for life, thanks to that affair in the Bois; not Popinot, who was on his way to the Sante, last I saw of him; and never Bannon—he was dead before I left Paris for Port Aviation."

"Dead!"

"Oh, quite!" the Englishman affirmed nonchalantly. "When we arrested him at three this morning—charged with complicity in the murder of Roddy—he flew into a passion that brought on a fatal hemorrhage. He died within ten minutes."

There was a little silence.

"I may tell you, Mr. Lanyard," the Englishman resumed, looking up from the motor, to which he was paying attention with monkey-wrench and oil can, "that you were quite mistaken when you ridiculed the idea of the International Underworld, Unlimited. Of course, if you hadn't laughed, I should feel quite as much respect for you as I do; in fact, the chances are you'd be in handcuffs—or a coffin—in the Sante—this very minute. But, absurd as it sounded—and was—the Underworld project was a pet hobby of Bannon's—who'd been the brains of a gang of criminals in New York for many years. He was a bit touched on the subject, a monomaniac, if you ask me. And his enthusiasm won De Morbihan and Popinot over—and me! He took a wonderful fancy to me, Bannon did; I really was appointed first lieutenant in Preyer's stead. Nothing he wouldn't tell me. I even got him to tell me about you—why he was so uncommon vindictive. Do you wish to know?"

"If you please."

"It seems Bannon was the chap who kidnaped and abandoned you at Troyon's. Your mother had been his wife, but left him for cause—divorced him—and married again in England. You were the chief of her second marriage. Bannon managed to ruin your father—drove him into bankruptcy and to suicide—and the shock of that, coupled with your disappearance, killed your mother. But even that wasn't enough for Bannon; and when he found you'd grown up to be the Lone Wolf, he signed your death warrant then and there. Only you declined to be executed. Your family name—"

"Forgive me," Lanyard interposed hastily; "but I don't care to know my family name. If I have no parents living, I've no kin who would welcome my return. And if I had—I prefer to prove myself before I hunt them up. Some day, perhaps, I may apply to you for more information. But for the present, I'm content—and grateful."

"I think," said Wertheimer, restoring the oil can to its place in the tool kit, "you're very wise. In fact, my personal feeling for you is one of growing esteem, if you'll permit me to say so. You've most of the makings of a man. Will you shake hands—with a copper's mark?"

He gave Lanyard's hand a firm and friendly grasp and turned to the girl.

"Good-by, Miss Shannon. I'm truly grateful for the assistance you gave us. Without you we'd have been sadly handicapped. And now it's good-by and good luck. I hope you may be happy. I'm sure you can't go far without coming across a Highroad or a Village; but—for reasons not unconnected with my professional pursuits—I prefer to remain in ignorance of the way you go."

Releasing her hand, he stepped back, saluted the lovers with a smile and gay gesture, and clambered briskly to the pilot's seat of the biplane.

When firmly established, he turned the switch of the starting mechanism.

The heavy, distinctive hum of the great motor filled that isolated hollow in the Downs with a sound like the purring of a dynamo.

With a final wave of his hand, Wertheimer grasped the starting lever.

Its brool deepening, the Parrott stirred, shot forward abruptly. In two seconds it was fifty yards distant, its silhouette already blurred, its wheels lifting from the rim of the hollow.

Then lightly it rose and soared, parted the mists, vanished.

For some time Lanyard and Lucy Shannon remained motionless, clinging together, hand in hand, their faces upturned, as if expecting its reappearance, listening to the drone that presently dwindled to a mere thread of sound and died out altogether in the obscurity above them.

Then, turning, they faced each other, smiling uncertainly, a smile that said: "So all that is finished! Or, perhaps, we have dreamed it!"

Suddenly, with a low cry, the girl gave herself to Lanyard's arms; and as this happened, the mists parted and bright sunlight flooded the hollow in the Downs.

After a little, taking her lips away, the girl rested her head on his shoulder and sighed a little sigh, a soft sigh of content.

"If we hurry," she said then, "it's possible that we may win to London yet, before it's too late."

"Too late—"

"To get a special license—or whatever it is one must get before one may marry in haste in England. Don't you know?"

He shook his head, laughed, and caught her more closely to him.

"No," he confessed; "I don't know. I haven't had much experience. But we can ask a policeman. Who's afraid?"

THE END.

QUEEN MOTHER SERVED TEA

The British Tommy Stood at Attention When He Recognized His Royal Hostess.

He was very thirsty, and the tea looked delightfully refreshing. But he glanced at the woman who waited on him and everything made him pause. Suddenly he knew. It was Queen Alexandra. The queen mother, so modestly and so kindly, was showing her gratitude to the empire's fighting men by waiting on them in their newest London rest hut. He stood to attention and gravely saluted.

He was one of a party of men who had just come from Victoria station, tired and worn, and they were glad to be the first visitors at the hut in Grosvenor Gardens, which was opened recently. So far the Royal Mews have been the only accommodation available for the troops coming to and departing from Victoria station, but this splendid club is now available for them within a minute's walk of the station.

The queen mother, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria, was greatly interested in the cubicles. Nearly a hundreds beds are ready, and close by are hot baths—a great luxury after the mud at the front. There is a brightly fitted up recreation room, with comfortable chairs and tables, where hours of leave that would otherwise prove so weary can be happily wiled away.

There is a staff of eight voluntary workers, who, under the direction of Lady Ponsonby, do everything possible for the comfort of the men.—London Chronicle.

Justifiable Suspicion.

"Mr. Jones," says the proprietor to his superintendent, "I think you had better have a little investigation made of young Freely."

"Why, he seems to be very industrious and perfectly satisfied; he gets a very low salary, but he never asks for a raise. He has about as hard a place as anybody on the pay roll, but he is really doing well."

"That's just it. The young man is entirely too cheerful. When a man who works for us, at what we pay, is cheerful, then's the time to suspect him."—Judge.

Sucker Not Landed.

"No, thank you!" politely said Professor Pate, in reply to the tender of the suave agent. "I do not care to indulge in oil stocks, mining shares, encyclopedias or other golden opportunities which must be grasped at once or lost forever. While my experience in the ways of the world is somewhat limited, I know of several more enjoyable methods of flinging away my money."—Kansas City Star.

Daily Thought.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness; such a state and condition, like things in the regions above the moon, is always real and serene.—Montaigne

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and abdomen every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. Matilda Kurtzweg, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease. Thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y., and whether you mention this paper.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and worst disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mother Gray of Avery, All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Lefton, N. Y.

VICTIMS OF THE WANDERLUST

Marine Officers Complain That Cooks Who Enlist in the Service Have Mania to "Keep Moving."

"No, you aren't the only victim of the servant problem. Here is another sufferer.

Uncle Sam, rich and powerful, good to his help," and the surest pay in the world, can't keep his cooks any longer or better than the ordinary suburban commuter. He offers them good pay, easy hours and lots of "nights out," but they simply will not overlook the fact that they are cooks, bred and born, and so keep moving on.

United States marine corps statistics covering the last two years show a greater percentage of men deserted who gave occupation prior to entry as "cooks" than any other class enlisted during the period.

Desertions from the marine corps are very light at all times. The average marine considers that the service offers better advantages than anything he could find in civil life, says an exchange, and he believes the opportunities for travel and adventure to be unexcelled, and, were it not for the cooks, marine corps officials believe that the "oldest branch of the service" would have an almost clean slate with regard to desertions. No class of men looks so lightly on the oath of obligation as these self-same "knights of the frying pan," marine corps recruiters declare.

Half as Bad.

One of the clerks at the weather bureau recently took upon himself a wife, and it has been his endeavor to interest her in his work at the office.

The other evening, on coming home, he said: "It was a terrible storm that swept through Jersey. The wind blew 60 miles an hour for 30 minutes."

"Well, dearie," said the wife, anxious to show an intelligent interest in the matter, "it's lucky, isn't it, that it blew only half an hour?"

"Why?"

"Well, thirty miles isn't nearly so bad."—Harper's Magazine.

Millennial Musings.

What a great thing it would be if files pulled up dandelions and dandelions poisoned files.

"He who has health has hope,
And he who has hope has everything."
(Arabian Proverb)

Sound health is largely a matter of proper food—which must include certain mineral elements best derived from the field grains, but lacking in many foods.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.