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Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

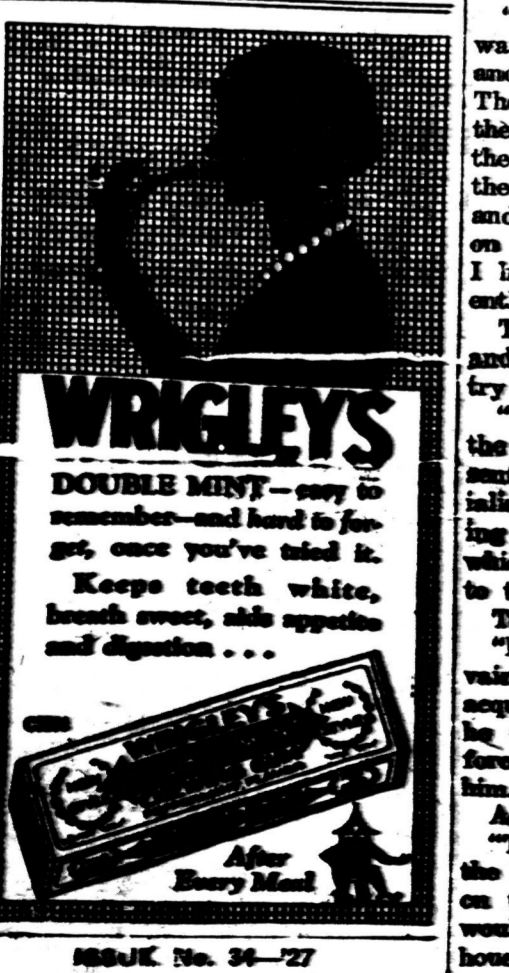
by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE THING ON THE HEARTH

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Mysterious, incredible tragedy had been the fate of Rodman, the world genius, whose tremendous brain power had been centered on the commercial manufacture of precious stones. The scientific world was startled when the preliminary papers of Rodman showed that by synthetic chemistry he was about to turn out sheets of emeralds and rubies weighing several pounds at a cost less than the manufacture of ordinary window glass.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.
CHAPTER II.
As soon as France could release Jonquelle, it sent him. Rodman's genius was the common property of the world. The American government could not, even with the verdict of a trial court, let Rodman's death go by under the smoke-screen of such a weird, inscrutable mystery.

Rodman used the drawing-room for a workshop. He kept it close-shuttered and locked. Not even this big, yellow, servile creature who took exclusive care of him in the house was allowed to enter, except under Rodman's eye. What he saw in the final scenes of the tragedy, he saw looking in through a crack under the door. The earlier things he noticed when he put logs on the fire at dusk.



WRIGLEYS
DOUBLE MINT—easy to remember—and hard to forget, once you've tried it.
Keeps teeth white, breath sweet, aids appetite and digestion...

all periods this is the one most dangerous to the human spirit."
He sat silent for a moment, his big fingers moving on the arms of the chair.

"I knew," he added. Then he went on: "But it was the one thing against which I could not protect him. The test was to be permitted."
He turned sharply toward me, the folds of his face unsteady.

"Excelsency!" he cried. "I would have saved the master, I would have saved him with my soul's damnation, but it was not permitted. On that first night in the Italian's tent I said all I could."

His voice went into a higher note. "Twice, for the master, I have been checked and reduced in merit. For that bias I myself was enriched. I was in an agony of spirit when I knew that the thing was beginning to advance, but my very will to aid was at the time overruled."

He sat motionless, as though the whole bulk of him were devoured, and maintained its outline only by the inclosing frame of the chair.

"It began, Excellency, on an August night. There is a chill in those mountains at sunset. I had put wood into the fireplace, and lighted it, and was about the house. The master, as I have said, had worked out his formulae.

"He was at leisure. I could not see him, for the door was closed, but the odor of his cigar escaped from the room. It was very silent. I was placing the Master's bed-candle on the table in the hall, when I heard his voice. . . . You have read it, Excellency, as the scribes wrote it down before the judge."
He paused.

That was all, Excellency. The master returned a little later and ascended to his bedroom as usual. Then he added:
"It was when I went in to put wood on the fire that I saw the shadow on the hearth."
There was a face, compelling and vivid in those meager details, the very suppression of things, big and tragic. No elaboration could have equalled in effect, the virtue of this restraint.



"WHEN I WENT IN TO PUT WOOD ON THE FIRE I SAW THE FOOTPRINT."

locked with that special thief-proof lock that the American smiths had made for it. No one could have entered."
It was the report of the experts at the trial. They showed by the casting of dust on the bolts that the shutters had not been moved; the walls, ceiling and floor were undisturbed; the throat of the chimney was sealed evenly with old soot. Only the door was possible as an entry, and this was always locked except when Rodman was himself in the room. And at such times the big Oriental never left his post in the hall before it. That seemed a condition of his mysterious overcare of Rodman.

Spiced and Iced Punch
One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of water, 6 cloves, 1 1/2-inch stick of cinnamon, 1 drop of oil of peppermint, 1/2 tablespoonful of Canton ginger, juice of 2 lemons, juice of 3 oranges, mint leaves, and, if desired, green coloring.
Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water 6 minutes. Add the cloves, cinnamon and ginger. Cover the syrup and let it stand until cold. Add the lemon and orange juice, strain, add the peppermint and the coloring. Let it stand for one hour, and then pour it over a cake of ice in a bowl and garnish with the mint leaves.
This recipe makes a quart.

Even if we do not like the stiffness of it, it is vastly less offensive than the stiffness of middle age.—Premier Stanley Baldwin.

NURSES
The Toronto Hospital for Diseases in Childhood with Nurses and Midwives. The hospital is open to all children, and the nurses are trained in the latest methods of nursing. For further information, apply to the hospital.

Callaghan's
The N.Y. Sun
How to Keep Well
Column

The N.Y. Sun How to Keep Well Column

Read It And Weep
(By Dr. Wilson V. V. Zook.)
Q—I am a young lady 5 feet 11 inches tall. I come of a fine family and live in an exclusive section of a charming suburban community, but I don't get enough starch. When I stand in a dark room my eyes ache. During the last few weeks I have shown a tendency to freckle. Should I rub my hair?—Eunice.

A—For a young lady 5 feet 11 inches tall you appear to be living too far out in the country. You should move to where starch is more plentiful and try reading your paper upside down (the paper, we mean). Get your hair rubbed if you can get relief in no other way. Freckles indicate low vitality. You should by all means go out and get some more vitality.

Q—Whenever I try to walk up and down in a porch hammock I become dizzy. My legs seem unsteady and everything seems to sway. Frequently I have to get out of the hammock and do my walking on the ground. I went to a specialist about this. He said it was due to my teeth. I had all my teeth out, but the first time I tried sitting in a hammock again I fell out.—Mrs. H. L. K.

A—Your complaint is most unusual. If you are over 40 you should give up trying to go on long walks in a hammock, anyhow. Walking in a hammock is all right for young people, but older ones should stick to revolving floors. Have you ever thought of having your teeth out?

Q—I am a professional wrestler but am troubled with flabby muscles, a weak back, stiffening of the arms and what is best described as "that weak, all gone feeling" at all times, particularly when wrestling. I also find it difficult to think quickly. What is your advice?—The Terrible Turk.

A—You are in a bad way for a professional wrestler. In fact you are in a bad way even for a miniature portrait painter. Our advice to you would be to stop wrestling and go in for mushroom raising at home. Have you ever thought of having your teeth removed?

Q—I am troubled with nerves. My husband, a doctor, has just bought a sedan and I find that riding in it these summer days drives me frantic. Traffic is so terrible that whenever we get held up for more than an hour at a crossing I could fairly scream. Is there any cure?—Mabel.

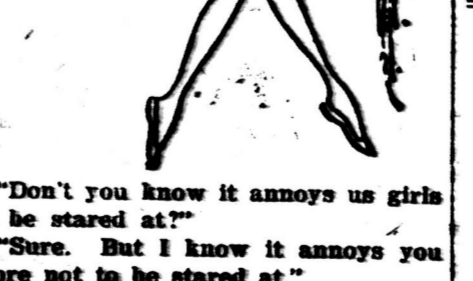
A—Go ahead and scream. Inclination you might see a dentist about your teeth.

Q—I am worried over my condition. I have discovered that on extremely hot days I have no disposition to do any work. Yesterday I saw a poor man digging holes for telephone posts in the hot sun. I got a shovel and tried to help him but after an hour or two I grew quite listless and lachrymose. I finally had to go indoors and lie down. I am 54 years old and the mother of a big family.—Mrs. F. V. L.

A—This is most alarming. Inability to dig telephone post holes is one of the first means nature has of warning you of some organic disorder. Maybe you should have your teeth examined.

Q—Whenever I ride downward in a swift elevator I experience a sinking feeling. Changing a tire on a hot road fatigues me and makes me irritable. When I go wading on a rocky beach my feet hurt. I find that sleeping in a hot, stuffy room gives me a headache. I am easily depressed by hotel charges for telephone calls. What seems to be the matter with me?—Xenia.

A—These are familiar symptoms. You are not getting enough raw vegetables. Eat more cabbage and avoid standing in drafts. Have you ever thought of having your teeth examined?



"Don't you know it annoys us girls to be stared at?"
"Sure. But I know it annoys you more not to be stared at."
It is these overfed and under-clothed youths who should be steered into the paths of religion and the Church.—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.



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Spirits and Spooks
Doyle Sees and Hears a Hostler's "Ghost" Haunting Moated Grange Which Tells Writer and Others How He Died

London.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has sent to The Daily Express a story of how an American woman medium now in London changed her personality in an instant for that of a ghostly hostler—the spirit inhabitant of a moated grange in Sussex.

The medium, Mrs. Wickland, is the wife of Dr. Carl A. Wickland of California, a psychic investigator. Dr. Wickland, with Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle, witnessed the transformation.

Sir Arthur relates how while walking through the grounds of the grange Mrs. Wickland informed them that they were followed by "a strange old man dressed in knee breeches, a striped waistcoat and a short coat," who had emerged from the door of the grange. The apparition followed them to the village inn while they had tea. Then the party drove to Doyle's home.

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1927 Canadian National Exhibition TORONTO

The 1927 program Canadian National Exhibition fairly teems with new features, new buildings and new thrills.

The World Championship 200,000 Swimming Race on August 21st now has over 800 entries representing 30 nationalities.

The Prince of Wales will honor Exhibition visitors with his presence to open the \$160,000 Princess Gates, the new Eastern Entrance.

The new Live Stock Pavilion covering 8 acres will surprise and delight the Agriculturist.

And the Grand Stand Spectacle "Canada" is an entrancing spectacle magnificent beyond description and eclipsing any previous stage presentation.

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corner told them his name was David Fletcher; that he looked after horses at the grange, year 1609, and was pushed into the moat by one Sam, who also met his death there in the struggle.

The Ku Klux Klan
Sidney Dark in the London Quarterly Review: They (the adherents of the Ku Klux Klan) are convinced, among other things, that the Pope is deliberately plotting to compel the American people to become subject to his will. . . . It is inconceivable that the Ku Klux Klan could in England affect the result of a parish council election; but it is probable that it will prevent the nomination as Democratic candidate for the Presidency of one of the most enlightened, capable and honest of living American politicians. Mr. Al Smith, the Governor of New York, who began life in the humblest way, has shown himself a most capable administrator. He is recognized by most of all parties as possessing outstanding qualities. He has practically no rival among the Democrats, and yet he is most unlikely to reach the White House in Washington because he is a Roman Catholic.

"Equitable development of international trade makes for peace."—John Gunther.

Williamsport Sun: What this country needs is a lawn grass that grows more slowly.

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Best for baby Best for you

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