

# "SARAJEVO" TEA

"Pekoe" comes from the Chinese word "Pak-ho", meaning silver hair, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. Tip leaves are wiry in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pekoe" (Pak-ho).

## The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**  
Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, giving Larson his sea jacket. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Dorothy and Ishmin go to Alaska, to return Peter's body. They do not recognize Peter in their head guide. A storm strands them at the grave. Ishmin goes for supplies. Peter falls in a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy finds her greatest happiness in rescuing him. Ishmin returns and Dorothy accepts his proposal and they are married by a native priest. Peter goes to give them best wishes. Paul Sarichef appears on the scene.

**CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)**  
"You knew I was here. Of course the squaw described me, and you guessed who it was?"  
"No, you know I wouldn't have come if I'd known that, if I'd known it was you. I don't know why I came—except it was just because I couldn't help it."  
Ivan's vivid eyes opened wide, then the lids dropped again. "Out with it, man. You've cooked your goose and have done all the damage you can. Is it blackmail? If not, what are you doing here?"

Sarichef straightened and sighed. "I was living on the other side of the Peninsula. You knew that—and a few nights ago—I heard some one call me—some one told me to come here—"  
"You've good ears to hear across the Peninsula!"  
"I don't expect you to understand," Sarichef returned with some dignity. "I'm trying to tell you—just how it was. A few nights ago I got the idea that some one wanted me—here—that some one was calling me. It came just as clear as an actual voice. I tried to turn away and disregard it, but somehow I couldn't. Paul Sarichef, Paul Sarichef," the voice kept crying—and it told me to come here to this very spot. You know how a man obeys a hunch. That's what it was, I guess—a hunch—but I couldn't disregard it."

The grim smile flickered at Ivan's mouth again. "How many nights ago was this?"  
"Four nights ago. I started the next morning, and half way across I met old Sindy, with her back loaded with grub. She told me there were people here, needing help, and I offered to carry her pack on over and let her go back."  
"Four nights ago!" Ivan turned and met the girl's fixed, startled gaze. "Dorothy, do you remember what happened four nights ago?"  
"The seance!" the girl answered dully.  
"The seance! You haven't forgotten, have you, that you asked to speak to Paul Sarichef—and that Fortune Joe called him? You remember how all of us felt the tension as he broadcast that silent call? Sarichef was

respect, rather than scorn that quality of unconquerable purpose in me that won't let me forego the things that I want; and particularly I want you to remember that it was all for you. The thing is closed and done, part of the dead past; and I want you to put it out of your mind."

The girl straightened and sighed. "I wish you'd go away," she said dully. "I can't forget it, and never can, and I can't forgive it. Everything is over between us. Now let me go—I'm going into my tent."

His hand pressed more tightly at her shoulders, and he looked meaningfully into her eyes. "Into our tent," he corrected easily.

The girl shook her head; but her expression did not change. "No, I renounce our marriage. My door is closed to you forever." At this point her slim body straightened, and her voice—though it did not increase in volume—took on a hushed, unmistakable tone of emphasis. "Understand everything clearly, Ivan, now as well as later. I don't consider myself your wife from now on. I'm going to my tent—you must go to yours. Your hands have no longer any right to hold me. Tomorrow the guides and I will go away in the dory, in search for the settlements. If you want to come you may, but it won't be as my husband, and you must never appear in the United States again. You've asked me to choose between my husband's honor and you, my husband's honor. I don't see how you can wonder at my answer. When I get home I will tell the whole truth and try to clear Peter's name, and take the smirch off his memory."

At this point she paused, faltering; and for one brief instant she did not know the cause of the sudden wind of terror that blew through her being, closing her throat and choking back her brave words. In that instant Ivan's attitude had changed. Outwardly there was little sign; possibly certain lines deepened on his white face and his vivid eyes looked dull red, like glowing diamonds, under his fine brows. A faint smile, determined rather than cruel, curled at his lips.

It was not that he had understood her words. He was not such a fool as to think this merely a burst of temporary indignation, soon to pass away. Dorothy had meant exactly what she said. Yet his position only made her more desirable to him, heightened the fire of his madness. His strong arms held her and he pressed his lips to her mouth of the passion as in a passion. In the shadows of the tent he was waiting for her. Dorothy struggled in a smothered frenzy of hate and scorn, as if the kiss had ravished her integrity. For a single instant Ivan held her helpless—just long enough to show her he was her master—then he let her go.

"Oh!" she breathed. "You wouldn't dare!"

She halted because she was afraid to go on. Ivan was fully awakened now. He was shaking off the last vestiges of his conventionality as a dog shakes off water, and with it went the veneer that western civilization had bestowed upon him. This rock-ridden waste of barrens beside the sea had always possessed a deep, stirring appeal for him; and tonight he yielded to it as never before. It called to his deeply hidden primitive side, and what was left him, there in the weird firelight, was altogether Asia.

The racial differences she had seen in him had been vague and of not great importance before; but now they estranged her and terrified her.

(To be continued.)

**Keep Minard's in the Medicine Chest.**  
Gaping Cavity.  
Null—"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."  
Vold—"And you found it?"  
Null—"Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

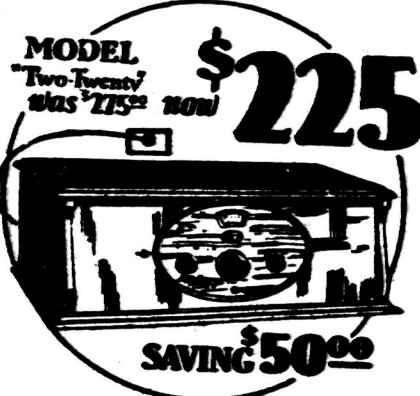
Objects fade about twenty times as fast in sunlight as they do under electric lights. It would be well to explain, however, that the reverse is true of young men and women.

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not. Just everything for "bye-bye" land. The simple coat is made with a yoke that always adds a little graceful touch to the straight line. The round collar gives a tailored finish and is cut for comfort. The cape adds warmth for the cool days. It may be sewed in one seam with the collar to coat, or made and used separately. For the cool days and warm evenings, when just some light wrap is wanted, the simple little jacket with set-in sleeves will quite answer every need. The bonnet, with a rever that is becoming to every baby face, fits nicely by the use of small plaits at the neckline. Cut in one size and requires 2½ yards for the entire outfit. Price 20¢ the pattern.

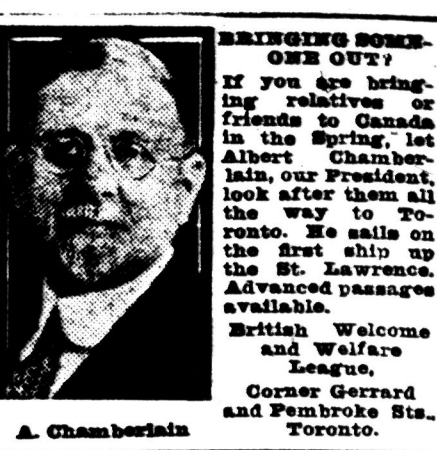
**British Economist Discusses Reparation**  
Berlin—There is no reason to believe that the reparation question is one of the causes of the present economic depression in Europe, nor that it will become a difficult problem in the near future. W. T. Layton, publisher of the Economist and a well-known British economist expert, declared in a lecture before the Commercial High School here.

The sums Germany is paying as reparations were flowing back into the country in the form of foreign credits, he continued, and it would take a long time, in his opinion, until the securing of the necessary sums for payment of the interest became a serious problem.

When the United States became tired of lending money, other nations would be in a position to do so.

In this connection, Mr. Layton pointed to France and its increasing savings, which indicated that the world one day would have to reckon with that country as an issuer of foreign loans. Somebody's capital would always come to Germany; therefore there was no immediate cause for anxiety regarding reparations, Mr. Layton concluded.

**Minard's Liniment kills warts.**  
Every time we hear of another inquiry, probe, investigation, etc., we think, well, if half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, they can say it doesn't try.



**Barnardi Attempts New Speed Record**  
Venice—With the expiration of the three-day period of mourning for Lieut. S. M. Kinkead, of England, Major Mario de Barnardi, holder of the world's speed record, was ready to attempt to create a new record.

He had to postpone his attempt because of a strong wind and rough sea, but will try to break his own record of 298 miles an hour. Kinkead was killed near Calshot, Eng., in an attempt to beat de Barnardi's record.

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**A HO**  
Fanatics in the H...  
Arabia—that furnace in which, for a thousand years, has forged her thousand times as many religions as she has fanned once more religious war. Abdul Rahman al Falsab al him his full name, K. Jax, which includes the Mecca and Medina, and Nejd, his inland patri his wild Wahabi tribe tish influence at Kow stan Gulf to the east danta, the threshold of the west. And he enough, started his off when troubled faces B is an explosion w ner of Mohammed I fight for the true faith, fidel and the heretic, attempt at conquest Arabia for the Arabi empire, to extend franean to the frontier.

In the seventh and turies the Arabs and the Turks, were able sword into the heart the gates of Vienna, cause their military science was at least assistance offered to the die Ages Ibn Saud was a second Saladin, Is confronted by W the airplane, the tan tige. He can be c probabilities are the arms or by negotia will be.

**A Romantic East**  
Yet he is a chief-gesture evoked more his forty-ninth year, over six feet in height, sheik, he spent his die, riding madly ov with his rifle, achi marksmen.

By another vie w the Sultanate of N tal, Riyadh, was h family of Rashid, the line to Ibn Saud, wa Saud's first exploit

**CAMEL**  
These are Wa rumors of trouble i met in straight, prison, and standin the palace, a Mehal "The Kingdom be to Ibn Saud?"

After this succe tween Ibn Saud an tinned without inro one villages were series demanding Gradious, Mighties Rashid, Great Chief Allah, Sultan of N the villages submitt Saud became the m potentates. To die be obliterated. T were wiped out.

In manner he is dignified. As a hu he is kindly. Bu been inflexible i fundamentals of I promise.

Strict i In Nejd a man's neighbors daily pray To smoke tobacco. Viquin to wear soft to invest gold and are deadly offens tactical. The gre decorated. Even p bidden. Nejd may Scotland of Arab without John Kno that for the pen Wahab's the only

With the British hitherto an excell tish greatly prof Rashid, who had fa was Ibn Saud the subsidies, whic indicate good feeli In the year 192 the question wha chieftainship over satisfy the ambiti There were other in Arabia, and par to him were the mites.

The Hashimite K was Hussein, and sons. The eldest, for his father's th Abdullah, was app of Transjordania. became King of Ira It war an arrange as it tasted, relega secondary status.