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The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XI

—16—

The Gangsters.

Gramont left the covert and walked forward.

He was thinking about that odd mention of "Jachin Fell—had Chacherre lied in saying he had come here on his master's business? Perhaps. The man had come in Fell's car, and would not hesitate to lie about using the car. For the moment Gramont put away the circumstance, but did not forget it.

He walked openly toward the Gumberts buildings, thinking that he would have time for a good look around the place before dusk fell; he would then get off for Houma and attend to Hammond's defense.

As for the place before him, he was convinced that it was abandoned. Had any one, other than Chacherre and his two friends, been about the buildings, the late excitement would have brought out the fact. No one had appeared and the buildings seemed vacant.

Gramont's intent was simple and straightforward. In case he found, as he expected to find, any evidence of illegal occupation about the place—as the sheriff seemed to have discovered to his cost—he would lay Chacherre and the other two men by the heels that night in Houma. He would then go on to New Orleans and have Gumberts arrested, although he had no expectation that the master crook could be held on the murder-accessory charge. If this place were used for the lotteries, even, he was fairly certain that Memphis Izzy would have his own tracks covered. The men higher up always did.

He walked straight in upon the barn. It loomed before him, closed, lurid in the level rays of the westering sun. The doors in front had been only loosely swung together and Gramont found them unlocked. He stood in the opening, and surprise gripped him. He was held motionless, gazing with astonished wonder at the sight confronting him.

Directly before him was a small roadster, one which he remembered to have seen Jachin Fell using; in this car, doubtless, Ben Chacherre had driven from the city. He recalled the fact later, with poignant regret for a lost opportunity. But at the present moment, he was lost in amazement at the great number of other cars presenting themselves to his view.

They were lined up as deep as the barn would hold them, crammed into every available foot of space; well over a dozen cars, he reckoned swiftly. What was more, all were cars of the highest class, with the exception of Fell's roadster. Directly before him were two which he was well aware must have cost close upon ten thousand each. What did this mean? Certainly no one man or one group of men, in this back-country spot, could expect to use such an accumulation of expensive cars!

Gramont glanced around, but found no trace of machinery in the barn. Remembering the motor that he had heard, he turned from the doorway in frowning perplexity. He strode on toward the long shed which stood closer to the house. At the end of this shed was a door, and when he tried it, Gramont found it unlocked. It swung open to his hand, and he stepped inside.

At first he paused, confused by the vague objects around, for it was quite dark in here. A moment, and his eyes grew accustomed to the gloomier lighting. Details came to him: all around were cars and fragments of cars, chassis and bodies in all stages of dismemberment. Still more cars!

He slowly advanced to a long bench that ran the length of the shop beneath the windows. A shop, indeed—a shop, he quickly perceived, fitted with every tool and machine necessary to the most complete automobile repair establishment! Even an airbrush outfit, at one end, together with a drying compartment, spoke of repaint jobs.

Comprehension was slowly dawning upon the mind of Gramont; a moment later it became certainty, when he came to a stop before an automobile engine lying on the bench. He found it to be the engine from a Stutz—the latest multi-valve type adopted by that make of car, and this particular bit of machinery looked like new.

Gramont inspected it, and he saw that the men had done their work well. The original engine number had been carefully dug out, and the place as carefully filled and leveled with metal. Beside it a new number had been stamped. A glance at the electrical equipment around showed that these workers had every appliance with which to turn out the most finished jobs.

As he straightened up from the engine Gramont's eyes fell upon a typed sheet of paper affixed to the wall above the bench. His gaze widened as he inspected it by the failing light. Upon that paper was a list of cars. After each car was a series of numbers plainly comprising the original numbers of the engine, body, radiator and other component parts, followed by another series of new numbers to be inserted. That sheet of paper showed brains, organizing ability, care and attention to the last detail!

Here was the most carefully planned and thorough system of automobile thievery that Gramont had ever heard of. He stood motionless, knowing that this typed sheet of paper in itself was damning evidence against the whole gang of workers. What was more to the point, that paper could be traced; the typewriting could be traced to the man higher up—doubtless Memphis Izzy himself! These men ran in cars by the wholesale, probably from states adjacent to Louisiana. Here, at this secluded point on the bayou, they changed the cars completely about, in number, paint, style of body, and then probably got rid of the new product in New Orleans.

Gramont stood motionless. Surprise had taken hold of him, and even a feeling of slight dismay. This was not at all what he had hoped to find there. He had thought to come upon some traces of the lottery game—

"Seen all you want, bo?" said a voice behind him.

Gramont turned. He found himself gazing directly into an automatic pistol over which glittered a pair of blazing eyes. The man was a stranger to him. The place had not been deserted, after all. He was caught.

"Who are you?" demanded Gramont, quietly.

"Me?" The stranger was unsmiling, deadly. In those glittering eyes Gramont read the ferocity of an animal

"Hurry Up! Turn Over the Name and Address."

at bay. "I s'pose you would like to know that, huh? I guess you know enough right now to get all that's comin' to you, bo! Got any particular business here? Speak up quick!"

Gramont was silent. The other sneered at him, viciously.

"Hurry up! Turn over the name and address, and I'll notify the survivin' relatives. Name, please?"

"Henry Gramont," was the calm response. "Don't get hasty, my friend. Didn't you see me here a little while ago with Chacherre and the other boys?"

"What's that?" The glittering eyes flamed up with suspicion and distrust. "Here—with them? No, I didn't. I been away fishing all afternoon. What the h—l you doing around this joint?"

"Your best scheme," said Gramont, coldly, "is to change your style of tone, and to do it in a hurry! If you don't know what's happened here this afternoon, don't ask me; you'll find out soon enough when the other boys get back. You'd better tell them I'm going to get in touch with Memphis Izzy the minute I get back to the city, and that the less talking they do—"

"What the h—l's all this?" demanded the other again, but with a softening of accent. The moniker of Gumberts had its effect, and seemed to shake the man instantly. Gramont smiled as he perceived that the game was won.

"I never heard of no Gramont," went on the other, quickly. "What you doin' here?"

"You're due to learn a good many things, I imagine," said Gramont, carelessly. "As for me, I happened on the place largely by accident. I happen to be in partnership with a man named Jachin Fell, and I came out here on business—"

To Gramont's astonishment the pistol was lowered instantly. It was well that he ceased speaking, for what he had just said proved to be open to misconstruction, and if he had said any more he would have spoiled it. For the man facing him was staring at him in mingled disgust and surprise.

"You're in partnership with the Boss!" came the astounding words. "Well, why in h—l didn't you say all that in the first place instead o' beefin' around? That's no way to butt in, and me thinking you was some dick on the job! Got anything to prove that you ain't pullin' something cute on me?"

"Do you know Fell's writing?" asked Gramont, with difficulty forcing himself to meet the situation coherently. Jachin Fell—the boss!

"I know his mitt, all right."

From his pocket Gramont produced a paper—the memorandum or agreement which he had drawn up with Fell the previous afternoon, relating to the oil company. The other man took it and switched on an electric light bulb overhead. In this glare he was revealed as a ratty little individual with open mouth and teeth hanging out—an adenoidal type, and certainly a criminal type.

It crossed the mind of Gramont that one blow would do the work—but he stood motionless. No sudden game would help him here. The discovery that Fell was "the boss" paralyzed him completely. He had never dreamed of such a contingency. Fell, of all men!

Jachin Fell the "boss" of this establishment! Jachin Fell the man higher up—the brains behind this criminal organization! It was a perfect thunderbolt to Gramont. Now he understood why Chacherre was in the employ of Fell—why no arrest of the man had been possible! Now he perceived that Chacherre must have told the truth about coming here on business for Fell. Reaching farther back, he saw that Fell must have received the loot of the Midnight Masquer, must have turned it over to Lucie Ledanois—

Did she know?

"All right, Mr. Gramont." The ratty little man turned to him with evident change of front. "We ain't takin' no chances here, y'understand. Got quite a shipment of cars comin' in from Texas, and we're tryin' to get some o' these boats cleaned out to make room. Bring out any orders?"

Gramont's brain worked fast. By overcoming this guttersnipe he might have the whole place at his mercy—but that was not what he wanted. He suddenly realized that he had other and more important fish to fry in New Orleans. Gumberts was there. Fell was there. What he must do demanded time, and his best play was to gain all the time possible, and to prevent this gang from suspecting him in any way.

"Did you see Ben Chacherre?" he countered.

"Uh-huh—seen him just after he come. Gumberts will be out day after tomorrow, he said. The boss is framin' some sort of deal on a guy that he wants laid away—some guy name o' Hammond. Chacherre is running it. He figgers on gettin' Hammond on account of some car that's bein' hunted up—"

Gramont laughed suddenly, for there was a grim humor about the thing. So Jachin Fell wanted to "get something" on poor Hammond! And Chacherre had seized the golden opportunity that presented itself this afternoon—instead of "getting" Hammond for the theft of a car, Chacherre had coolly fastened murder upon him!

"Ben is one smart man; I expect he thinks the gods are working for him," said Gramont, idly. "So you don't know what happened today, eh? Well, it's great news, but I've got no time to talk about it. They'll tell you when they get back—"

"Where'd they go?" demanded the other.

"Houma. Now listen close! Chacherre did not know that I was in partnership with the boss, get me? I didn't want to tell all the crowd in front of him. Between you and me, the boss isn't any too sure about Ben—"

"Say, I get you there!" broke in the other, sagely. "I tells him six months ago to watch out for that Creole guy!"

"Exactly. You can tell the boys about me when they come back—I don't suppose Ben will be with them. Now, I've been looking over that place next door—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, suddenly. "Sure! The boss said that one of his friends would be down to—"

"I'm the one—or one of them," and Gramont chuckled as he reflected on the ludicrous aspects of the whole affair. "I'm going to Houma now, and then back to the city. My car's over next door. Mr. Fell wanted me to warn you to lay low on the lottery business. He's got a notion that some one's been talking."

"You go tell the boss," retorted the other in an aggrieved tone, "to keep his eye on the guys that can talk. Who'd we talk to here? Besides, we're workin' our heads off on these here boats. Memphis Izzy is attending to the lottery—he's got the whole layout up to the house and we ain't touching it, see? Tell the boss all that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOUND HIS PROBLEM WAS SOLVED

Stroke of Luck Said to Have Come to Man at Work on Idea of Unsinkable Boat.

Among the "accidental" inventions may be mentioned the lifeboat. In the course of a country stroll William Wouldhave, the inventor of the self-righting lifeboat, came across a woman who asked his help in lifting a heavy vessel of water just drawn from the well. On the surface of the water there floated the broken half of a wooden bowl.

Wouldhave was drawn into conversation, and like many another man who cannot keep his hands quiet while he talks, he idly toyed with the floating piece of wood. Naturally he turned it over and found to his surprise that it immediately righted itself. He inverted it again, with the same result; and since he was at the time actually at work on the problem of an unsinkable boat he immediately realized the importance of his chance discovery.

It is an experiment that anyone can readily make for himself. All one requires is the fourth part of a hollow "prolate spheroid"; or to put it in more homely language, the quarter of a coconut shell split from end to end. Put the shell in a bowl of water and you will find that it will not remain capsized, but will return at once to an even keel. In scientific language, it will float only with the convex surface downward.—New York Times.

'Twould Seem So.

New York man wooed and won his bride by mail, which is the most expensive correspondence school course known.

'Flying Dutchman' Legend

The legend of the Flying Dutchman is of a Dutch skipper who, in the early part of the Seventeenth century, was trying to round the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a succession of heavy gales, against which his clumsy craft was unable to beat to windward and gain any way. This Dutch skipper is said to have blasphemously defied the Almighty to keep him from rounding the cape, and declared that he would keep at it, in spite of heaven and hell, until he made it. He was taken at his word, and is supposed to be still at it. Imaginative sailormen of bygone years, when encountering the common occurrence of heavy weather off the cape and a head wind, used to imagine that out of the mist they could see the galiot of the Flying Dutchman, with its dauntless captain standing on her high poop and shaking his fist at the stormy sky. It is quite safe to say that the Flying Dutchman has not appeared a great deal of recent years. In fact, few modern seamen have ever heard of the legend.—Adventure Magazine.

Reduces Counterfeiting.

The idea of imbedding small picks of silk in the paper of which bank notes are made was the means of reducing counterfeiting by 90 per cent.

Term "Boodle" Little Used.

Slush fund has superseded boodle, which was born during the Tweed ring exposures.

Stylish Fall Suits

Soft Unbroken Lines Characterize Winsome Models.

Jacquette Effect With Varying Degrees of Bloused Backs Striking Feature in New Outfits.

To develop a suit in the soft unbroken lines that characterize a dress is one of style's requisites for those models that would be truly smart. The employment of finest fabrics and adherence to the graceful lines of today's silhouette have made this requisite not only a possibility, but the means of achieving some unusually artistic creations. One company has had exceptional success in developing the new model in fall suits, and is showing a varied and interesting line of de luxe numbers.

The Jacquette effect with varying degrees of bloused backs is a striking feature of the new suits. The fitted hip line achieved by a narrow band or deep yoke is used and fan sleeves are interspersed with numbers showing a fitted shoulder line.

One of the models with a fitted hip band handsomely affects the aspect of a dress by four coat panels finished with broad bands of fur that drop over the skirt several inches below the hem. This number is fashioned of a fine veldyne and trimmed with lynx.

Paris' latest edict calling for the fitted sleeve with flared cuff is beautifully interpreted by this house, and in outlining the full cuff is done only in the finest furs. One of the most fascinating of the new styles shows an extreme side fastening on the coat with a soft draped effect held in place by a large ornament. In contradistinction to this treatment, the back is severely straight and tailored.

Straight line coats in those numbers of staple character are shown in Marvella cloth and establish a preference for a short coat effect that gives youth and a great deal of chic to these numbers. Beaver and squirrel are shown in the deep shawl collars of these suits and patch pockets of the fur give them a sturdy, efficient look that may be truly enjoyed in winter.

Fine tucking is one of the distinguishing features of several numbers and nicely exploits the fine workmanship that typifies the entire showing of this manufacturer.

RICH HAT OF BROWN VELVET

This stunning hat of brown velvet is completely stitched and sufficient unto itself with only a band of grosgrain ribbon as relief. It is in splendid harmony with the machine embroidery of the gown worn by the model.

TWEED FOR FALL AND WINTER

Tweed promises to be as popular for fall and winter as for early spring. A wide collar of raccoon fur makes it decidedly comfortable for cold weather and saves carrying an extra fur.

BAGS OF THE SATCHEL TYPE

Rare Specimens of the Jeweler's Art Feature Engraved Gold and Silver and Leather.

Two rare specimens of the jeweler's art in bag making which have been imported to this country are of the satchel type. One has a mounting of chiseled silver, the bag itself being of silver gray doeskin. The other, which is made of black undressed kid, has a platinum mounting set with sapphires and rhinestones. There is an embroidered design decorating one side of the bag with certain parts being painted in sapphire blue to match the blue of the sapphire in the mounting.

The most skilled workers in the leather industry are now busily embossing, carving, painting by hand and ornamenting with metal and stones the most finely dyed and finished leathers. Mountings of solid gold, gold washed silver and platinum continue to be favorites for the flat leather purse and card case. To give variety these metal pieces, which are hammered on as borders astride the edges of leather, are sometimes skillfully engraved. Hand carving and embossing and hand painting add a further variety to leathers which enter into the makeup of bags.

Homespun Suit.

For fall wear an exceptionally attractive suit is of blue homespun collared with fitch. Its straight box coat and beautifully cut skirt are distinctive and vastly different from the commonplace models of the early summer.

Georgette Robe.

A robe of delicate pink georgette is handmade and embroidered in a design of pink beads and hand stitching.

THE THREE-PIECE SUIT IS LIKED

Outfit to Be Strong Favorite Among Winter Fashions—Dress and Coat of Same Fabric.

The three-piece suit promises to be the piece de resistance of the winter's fashions, but it is possibly a little early for that variety of costume. Since the dress is of heavy material and the coat is of that same fabric, the chances are that the gown as a whole will be too heavy to serve through the fall months. However, when the time does come for its adoption, it will be found to have more of a place in the sun than it had even during last season when it could not be said to be greatly in the shade.

Some of the dresses made of perfectly plain silks and those that are heavily woven recommend themselves most heartily for between-season wear. They are made merely of masses of drapery. They scorn trimming in any respect. They are built to accentuate the lines of the form and to stop at that. Many of them have been seen at the smart restaurants and upon the street, for they are the products of a late season which have recommended themselves most heartily to the wear of women who are looking for new things and smart things at this season of the year.

Gray Silk Hosiery.

It is correct to have a delicate vine of morning glories in natural colors as a clock on your gray silk hosiery, provided the gown you wear repeats in some degree one or more of the morning-glory tints. A gown of gray crepe romaine in a pale shade worn at a fashionable affair recently had a sash from which hung four floating panels, the panels and sash being in morning glory shades of blue. On the gray stockings was a fine vine of tiny blue morning glories placed as a clock on the side.

SLEEVES ARE OF ALL TYPES

Armcoverings in New Blouses Have Same Style as Used in Dresses—Fabrics Follow.

The sleeves in the new blouses are of all types, every sleeve that is seen in dresses being represented. The fabrics, too, follow the lead of dresses, as do collars and trimmings. Silks of crepe weave as well as the blistered effects are prominent. All the shades of brown play an important part in the color scheme. Necklines are both collared and collarless, the latter being in slightly greater favor. Both bead and thread embroideries continue in unabated popularity.

Jersey for Street Wear.

Jersey will be a popular fabric for street wear. An unusual model developed in this material comes in a very soft shade of green with collars, cuffs and belt of white kid. The skirt is circular in cut and the sleeves are long.

Beaded Lining.

A stunning white ermine coat has an unusual lining—pink satin beaded in gold beads. Gold embroidery also adds to the richness.

NEW SHORT COATS ARE POPULAR

Abbreviated Garments Prominent in the Wrap Field—Fabric Apparel Holds Favor.

Short coats, akin to the popular short fur coats, have made their appearance in the coat and wrap field recently, and they are already making a bid for the bigger share of the season's popularity. Designed to go with the newer modes in cloth dresses, these coats are really an outstanding feature of the coat market.

In other parts of the trade various lines of wraps and regular long coats, with fur trim, are gathering in a large part of the business. Their popularity is assured, and while the shorter models for street wear are acknowledged by manufacturers to be a decided hit, even though they have been going only a short while, the longer garments in this year's list are relied upon to bring in the major share of profit.

Buyers are reported to have placed substantial orders for their needs, with little of the closeness in ordering that marked the early days of the dress season. Despite the ever growing popularity of fur coats for winter wear the balance of the fall and early winter season will still show a majority of women clad in fabric coats and wraps.

The effort to bring back suits of the better sort to popularity is being continued with indifferent success by the higher priced suit houses, but the swing to short coats seems to threaten even the small success attained in this movement.

The Shawl.

The silken shawl, heavily fringed and embroidered, is the popular wrap for evening, while the crepe or shantung wrap does duty with the lingerie or afternoon frock.

New Coats.

Chenille handwork is employed with effective results on some of the new coats.

Summers and Winters

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Marvin Dawes arrived in Oak Lawns on the four o'clock train from the city on November 1. As usual he was just a day late. He hailed a waiting station taxi to convey him and an assortment of bags and boxes that had arrived by an earlier train out the old Cedar Swamp road. He stopped at the post office on the way for the keys that were always left with the postmaster on October 31 and as often called for by Marvin Dawes on the following day.

"You don't happen to know a woman that wants to work as cook or housekeeper?" asked Marvin of the postmaster. "The Jap I had so many years has gone to San Francisco and left me in a lurch."

"Why don't you get another Jap?" was the postmaster's not too civil answer. "They always said you were so partial to 'em."

Marvin Dawes laughed. "Well, I was," he admitted. "But the fact is, I had a feeling that the old place would be a little more cheerful if there was a woman in the kitchen. I thought perhaps you might hear of some one who'd like the place. If you do, let me know." And so Marvin was off to the old homestead on Cedar Swamp road.

One of the boxes he had brought up from the station contained the essentials for a quickly made supper, which Marvin prepared for himself with no very great skill or enjoyment. The next day arrived the faithful Pat with Marvin's two saddle horses. It was a standing agreement between Marvin Dawes and Patrick Shean that on or closely following every November first he, Pat, should report for duty until the following May first. During the six warmer months Pat always found work elsewhere, but he would never consent to a permanent position that would make it impossible for him to return to Marvin with the coming of November.

Pat's work consisted in taking care of the two horses, one of which Marvin kept for himself and another for occasional guests. This and work about the old place kept him only comfortably busy. As a cook Pat possessed neither variety nor skill, but he good naturedly consented to fill in the breech left by the departure of the Jap. The postmaster either could not or would not secure a successor.

"As usual," Marvin told Pat the day of the latter's arrival, "the place has been set in frightful confusion. They do it out of spite, I suppose. They set to work to turn the house into a summer cottage. The screens are still in. Those flimsy white curtains have been left in place of the heavy winter drapery. The porch is cluttered with a lot of new wicker chairs and things. There's a new refrigerator in the kitchen, and you've seen, I suppose, that they've added a sleeping porch to one of the bedrooms upstairs. You'll have to help me put the place back in condition for winter. It's absurd to think of the place as a summer house. Because of course it isn't. It wasn't built for that sort of thing—"

And Pat with a chuckle agreed.

Pat knew as well as did Marvin Dawes the conditions on which Marvin held the right to occupy the old house in winter.

Marvin's grandfather before his death had been reluctant to leave the old homestead, an exceptionally well built house of twenty rooms and more, with several acres of well planted lawns and groves, to either of his daughters. These daughters had become estranged through the business quarrels of their husbands and certainly would not wish to share the old place. So he had stipulated in his will that his daughter Lucy should have the entire use of the place from May first to the last day of October, while Clarice should have it from November first to the last day of April. A fund was left adequate to pay all taxes and upkeep expenses of the house, so there might never need to be any dispute between the two sisters about the old house.

Clarice had died leaving the right to the house to her son, Marvin Dawes, who had become so attached to the house in his boyhood that he never failed to arrange his affairs so that he could occupy it during the months of autumn and winter. Lucy, too, had died only a year before, and the right to occupy the house from May first to the last of October had been handed down to a grandniece of her husband, also named Lucy.

Marvin Dawes had no luck in finding a housekeeper or cook and he stuck the winter out none too comfortably under the rule of Pat in the kitchen. On the last day of April they departed, leaving the keys as usual with the postmaster.

On May 1 Lucy arrived with Irish Hannah in the guise of chaperon and general household assistant.

"It's a perfect shame," Lucy told Hannah on the second of May, "the way that Marvin Dawes person upsets this place—takes down all the screens, stows away my white curtains and puts up those dreadful velour things; puts the wicker furniture in the attic and boards up the sleeping porch. It's absurd to think of the place as a winter house—it wasn't built for that sort of thing—"

Lucy delivered her remarks from the vantage place of the ladder where she had been standing taking down Marvin Dawes' winter draperies. "It takes two weeks to get the place into decent shape for summer. I really think that something could be done about it. There was a will or something that made it perfectly clear that Aunt Lucy was to have her interests protected—and I am sure I ought to be, too."

"You might be calling at the lawyer's to find out," suggested Hannah good naturedly. "We could be running into town some day next week—"

So it was that toward the end of the next week, as soon as ever Lucy and Hannah had managed to get the old house into summer garb, Lucy made a flying trip to the city. She waited in the reception room for a few moments while the lawyer concluded his conversation with a previous caller.

"I've never met the person," said the caller, "and I've no desire to do so, but I wish you'd look up the will and see whether you can't find some clause to protect me—perhaps I could buy out the young woman's share in the house. I'd be willing to pay more than a fair price to get complete possession. Suppose you look up the will and see whether we couldn't manage somehow."

The lawyer saw Marvin to the reception room and was there informed by his reception clerk that the young woman waiting was Miss Lucy Brent.

"By the way," said the lawyer calling to Marvin Dawes as he was opening the door to depart, "suppose you wait a moment. I may have something to tell you about the matter in question." So Marvin turned back and took the chair vacated by Lucy Brent, whom the lawyer now graciously bowed into his private office.

Lucy explained her perplexity. "I have never met this unreasonable Mr. Dawes and I have no desire to do so. He is, of course, no real relative—only a very distant connection."

The lawyer smiled. "I'm sorry that you don't want to meet him. He happens to be very anxious to meet you. In fact, he's in the reception room now. I was going to suggest that we go out to luncheon together and talk the whole matter over."

Lucy considered for a moment. She had noticed the young man in the reception room and—well, he was not the sort of man she would mind meeting. The lawyer urged and Lucy with feigned reluctance consented.

"I've wanted to meet you," said Lucy. "You left some interesting sketches at the house that quite aroused my curiosity."

The lawyer smiled a little. He was really only a third person at this little luncheon party.

"And the way you transformed that old place with the curtains and wicker furniture!" exclaimed Marvin in a tone of deep admiration. "Is it possible that you did it without the aid of an interior decorator?"

And so it went. Somehow when Lucy left her lawyer's office that afternoon, she had invited Marvin Dawes to come to the old house for the next week end. "Hannah will be delighted," she said. Politely she included the lawyer in the invitation, but wisely he hesitated.

The following week he received two letters, one from Marvin and one from Lucy. "Hang the will!" wrote Marvin. "The house is going to be an all-year-round home for the two of us." And Lucy said: "We are going to have a very quiet little wedding, only a few friends of Marvin's and mine, but we won't be happy unless you are one of the guests. A week from Saturday is the day we have arranged, and we do hope that you will find it convenient."

Inspiration of Talking Machine.

Claiming the human throat as the inspiration of his invention, a Colorado man has introduced a new type of talking machine. The exterior is similar to others of the cabinet form, but the interior contains numerous departures from the usual make of instruments. The essential part of the innovation, described and illustrated in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, is a metal appliance fashioned after the throat and inclosed in the apex of a wooden horn of heavy construction. The tone is also increased by means of various other sound-absorbing and magnifying arrangements.

Citizen in First Place.

Whosoever in a state . . . knows how wisely to form the manners of men and to rule them at home and in war with excellent institutes, him in the first place, above others, I should esteem worthy of all honor.—Milton.

JACKSON WAS NOT IGNORANT MAN

Some Misconception as to Qualities of This Picturesque Figure in American History.

Andrew Jackson's nickname of "Old Hickory" is sufficiently reminiscent of the rugged environment which produced one of the most picturesque characters the White House has known in its long history; it is indicative of the pioneer and the soldier, rather than the scholar and the statesman. And yet, should further evidence be required touching upon the scholarly attainments of the man who, although president of the United States, "never learned to write the English language correctly," it is not far to seek. For in the realm of anecdote Andrew Jackson is well remembered.

Although not a learned man in the ordinary sense, he was nevertheless a student of mankind in the mass, with a profound knowledge of popular psychology. Harvard university thought well enough of him to confer upon him its coveted degree of Doctor of Laws. And that he understood the language of patriotism is illustrated by the following story: As he was concluding a speech one day, some irreverent auditor shouted: "You must give 'em a little Latin, doctor." Not a whit abashed, "Old Hickory" solemnly doffed his hat, stepped forward to the front of the platform and uttered these words: "E pluribus unum, my friends, sine qua non!"

Action Out of an Old Rug.

An old rug too worn for use may be placed on the porch or kitchen floor and painted on the wrong side. Give the rug two coats of paint and one of weather-proof varnish. You will find you have a firm, serviceable rug, easily cleaned and suitable for kitchen or sun porch. By varnishing occasionally the rug will last several years.—Delineator.

Crocheted Hats.

Crocheted hats are very popular now for outdoor wear, and crocheted belts with big tassels on the ends of the streamers are liked for one-piece frocks.

Lines of the New Frocks.

For street wear, the straight frock with skirt easily wide is considered good. Unbelted frocks are slender to halfway above the knees, where they flare suddenly in a circular ruffle. The slender chemise with a circular gore flaring at the sidefront is another model of which we shall see more next winter. These chemise frocks are appearing in Paris at the moment with inset belts at the hips.

Fashion's Fads.

The pajama is being cast aside by the fickle Parisians and replaced by the little old-fashioned nighty.

Many smart dresses have their skirts cut in circular style and joined to an almost normal waistline.

DOES LAUNDRY WORK AND HOUSEWORK TOO

Surprised to Find Herself Feeling So Well

Taunton, Mass.—"I used to have pains in my back and legs so badly, with other troubles that women sometimes have, that my doctor ordered me to stay in bed a week in every month. It didn't do me much good, so one day after talking with a friend who took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for about the same troubles I had, I thought I would try it also. I find that I can work in the laundry all through the time and do my housework, too. Last month I was so surprised at myself to be up and around and feeling so good while before I used to feel completely lifeless. I have told some of the girls who work with me and have such troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I tell them how it has helped me. You can use my testimonial for the good of others."—Mrs. BLANCHE SILVIA, 50 Grant St., Taunton, Mass.

It's the same story—one friend telling another of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Kremola

BEAUTY IN EVERY BOX

"KREMOLA" is a medicated snow white cream that does wonders for the complexion. [illegible]

IF YOUR VETERINARIAN Uses "Cutter's" Serums and Vaccines he's doing his best to conserve your interests. [illegible]

The Cutter Laboratory

"The Laboratory that Knows How"

Berkeley (U.S. License) California

PILES of the most stubborn kind relieved in 3 to 10 days. One trial convinces. **MIRO** AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Free TRAPPERS TREASURE GET READY NOW! Old Season—Prepare At Once. BOOK [illegible]

ALBERT HERSKOVITS AND SON, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Taking No Chances.

"Your audience applauded you for several minutes when you arose to speak."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "My managers saw to that. Applause is getting to be like money. You can't be sure of it unless you collect it in advance."

It is not worth while to think unless you are willing to act.

Mrs. Eliza Teeter.

Goshen, Ind.—"I had coughed night and day for a whole year and had lost so much flesh I began to look like a walking skeleton. Two of my sisters had died from tuberculosis and I felt certain that my time had come. Finally, a friend recommended Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to my husband, and it made me feel new strength and vitality right from the start and in a year's time I was just as strong and hardy as ever. I have never suffered with a deep, hacking cough since (that was about 20 years ago) and have always felt very grateful to Dr. Pierce."—Mrs. Eliza Teeter, 413 Middlebury St.

Whenever you feel the need of good confidential medical advice, address Dr. Pierce, president Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo N. Y., and answer will be returned without charge of any kind.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Tutt's Pills SPEEDY RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

FIRE UNDER ASHES

A GREAT many uncharitable, critical people run down the unfortunate man or woman, standing on the brink of discouragement and failure, without looking for the real cause.

It may be ill health, it may be shock from the loss of a loved one, it may be misfortune, which in spite of utmost vigilance comes to all of us; or it may be ineptitude or inability, but whatever the cause, let us be patient and considerate before we launch austere criticism and throw up our hands in condemnation.

If our hearts are right, and it is assumed they are, let us in a humane spirit seek to remove the ashes from the live coals beneath, and fan them into a hopeful blaze.

Whatever may be the prevailing opinion for or against such a procedure, this is the noble way, almost certain to give encouragement to the disheartened and lift them up in a new world where Hope lives eternally and Truth and Mercy smile kindly, even when the storms beat hardest and the days are darkest.

If we will look deeply into despairing hearts we will find that under the ashes of sorrow there are always coals of living fire, which kindness, sympathy and unselfish helpfulness can fan into a glorious flame.

Even in the souls of the most disreputable and hardened sinners there is ever burning an immortal spark of the heavenly fire hidden somewhere beneath the slumbering gray ashes, waiting to be rescued.

And in spite of the frowns of the world, in spite of courts and prisons, in spite of bereavement, of poverty, of riches, or pomp, pride or envy, this spark survives all through our earthly existence, down to the final moment when life itself despairingly flares up and goes out, done with its temporal house of clay.

The question may then come to us as to whether we have played our part as becomes true men and women, and likewise whether the spark in our own souls has not been hidden by the ashes which we, through neglect of others, have permitted to cover and darken it.

It is so easy for sympathies and love to go blind from disuse that unless we keep them ever burning in our own hearts they will never blaze sufficiently to warm and cheer the hearts of others, lost on the way and too proud or weak to call for help.

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KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

TODAY

I CARE not what the future holds
For me alone. I only know
In summer heats and winter colds
I'll do the best as on I go.
I'll face the future with a smile,
Content to meet whate'er may be;
And say to all I meet the while,
Today is good enough for me.

I may not win a golden store,
Nor e'er achieve undying fame;
But I, at least, can strive the more
To squarely play life's little game.
I may not build a future great
Nor win renown upon the way;
But I, at least, can scoff at fate,
For I am master of today.

Not time, nor fate, nor circumstance
Can crush the hopes that in me lie;
The storms that rage, the lightning's glance,
But clear the atmosphere and sky.
I fear no future, for I know
Whate'er betide along life's way,
For me the flowers bloom and blow,
And I am master of today.

Come good, come ill, I will not yield
To sullen frown nor adverse grasp;
With utmost strength I'll stand and wield
The weapons that my hands may clasp.
I'll waste no time in idle thought
Of what the future hides away;
As given me, so have I wrought,
And I am master of today.

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

GLOOM IS CATCHING

EVEN though we are reasonably sure that the sun is still in the sky, a cloudy day depresses us. Most of us suffer from a feeling of foreboding even on a clear day, when a cloud comes between us and the distant fire that lights and warms the world.

We are similarly sensitive to all the little troubles of our lives—to anything that disturbs our regularly ordered existence.

A temporary illness—a suspicion that there are some kind of business breakers ahead—these things plunge us into gloom.

And we, in our turn, pass the gloom along. For our friends seeing the black and foreboding faces that we wear, grow gloomy, too.

One sullen-faced man in an office will sometimes spoil the day for the entire working force.

One croaker on board a ship in a storm may send the whole passenger list into something very like a panic.

Nobody loves a gloomy man, but everybody listens to him, and looks at him.

The prophet of evil is never without an audience.

Poe, in his remarkable poem shows how the raven, by croaking the word "Nevermore" was able to drive a luckless poet almost to the verge of insanity.

Continual gloom is not good for the soul, any more than continual shadow would be good for the green and blossoming things upon the surface of the earth.

We all need sunshine, and a great deal of it.

It is not necessary to go about continually telling people how happy we are, like Pollyanna, but we can at least keep our troubles to ourself, and not look as if we were limping along toward the grave or the gallows.

The gloomy man or woman in a home destroys the happiness of an entire family, and usually drives the children out on the streets, where at least there is air and sunshine, and maybe now and then a hurdy gurdy.

The reason the jazz is popular, that the comic supplement sells by the million copies, and that the comedian gets a thousand dollars a week, is because we will do anything to get rid of gloom.

It is a burden on life, a menace to human happiness. If you are a gloom addict, change your mode of thought. You are as much of a menace to the community in which you move as was "Typhoid Mary" to hers.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Mother's Cook Book

Here's a world that suffers sorrow,
Here are bitterness and pain,
And the joy we plan tomorrow
May be ruined by the rain.
—Edward Guest.

FOODS A CHILD MAY HAVE

THE foods in the following list are those a child may have, though they should not all be served in one meal, and the mother selects the foods most appropriate.

Solid foods are introduced gradually, after one year of age in the diet of a normal baby.

The first meal should have as a beginning a dish of cereal, gruel, properly salted and served with milk; a piece of zwieback or crumbs of bread made soft with milk, or an egg occasionally, cooked for two minutes and thickened with bread crumbs. This is the time to form the habit of slow eating and perfect mastication. It is so important that other things should be slighted rather than neglect this, as it means a lifelong habit for health or indigestion with its ills.

Fresh bread, hot breads and rich biscuit should never be given. Always serve bread stale enough to crumble. A good way to serve it is to cut in small squares and brown in the oven.

For the child from the twelfth to the eighteenth month, fruits such as orange, pineapple, strained apple sauce, prune juice and mashed pulp, is especially good, as they contain valuable mineral salts, vitamines and acids. One ounce of the juice or fruit pulp given one-half hour before or one-half hour after their milk.

Broths.—Mutton, chicken, veal or beef broth, with rice or stale bread crumbs, five ounces; beef juice, three ounces.

Cereals.—Gruel, or cereal jellies made of oatmeal, barley, farina, rice or wheat, four ounces.

Breads.—Zwieback, dry toast, stale bread and butter, graham cracker.

Eggs.—Soft cooked in shell, coddled, or soft poached.

Meats.—Scraped rare beef, one tablespoonful.

Milk.—One to one and one-half quarts in 24 hours. This amount includes all milk used in the cooking and preparation of the foods.

Feedings for child from twelve months to eighteen, are five in 24 hours.

Cereals are given once a day, always well cooked. Vegetables are necessary for a healthy baby past a year and a half. Potato well baked and served with butter, spinach, asparagus tips, carrots and cauliflower well cooked and mashed, one vegetable daily until two years of age, then green vegetables may be given occasionally with the potato.

Meats are given sparingly at first up to the third year, and should be finely chopped or cut. Desserts should be given sparingly up to ten years, and candy never until two years old, and then but one piece daily, always after a meal.

Nellie Maxwell

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Guided by Electricity.

A French transatlantic steamship company was the first to experiment with the radiogoniometer invented by Bellini and Tosi. By means of this apparatus the direction of an invisible vessel, sailing along a coast and emitting wireless signals, can be determined from two stations on the shore and its course can be accurately mapped. Conversely, a vessel furnished with a radiogoniometer can determine its place near a coast by observing the directions of the waves coming from two wireless stations on the shore, and can thus make its way in a fog when the coast lights are invisible.

Chance to Observe.

"There's one thing about the new styles."

"What, for instance?"

"I never realized before there were so many good looking girls in this town."—New York Sun.

The "Ape Man" of Java

One of the most primitive of the human species has been discovered in the remains of the "trinil" or ape man of Java, whose indeterminate character is indicated by the name "ape man." A scientific reconstruction of the head of a "trinil" shows a degree of development of forehead which is emphatically more marked than that of either the gibbon, the orang, the chimpanzee or the gorilla, designated as "anthropoid apes," because of their resemblance to man. The restoration of the skull and head of the "trinil," or ape man, is based upon a discovered brain case and two teeth of this early inhabitant of Java.

What Does "Carat" Mean?

The word "carat" is used in the weighing of gold and precious stones and the exact weight of a carat is 3.168 grains or 205 milligrams. This represents, in the case of gold, the actual amount or proportion of pure gold in conjunction with the balance of the metal an article is composed of. The name seems to have come through the Arabic "gerrat," from the Greek keration, the fruit of the carobe or locust tree, used also as a weight. In determining the fineness of gold, the troy pound, ounce or other weight is divided into 24 parts and each part is called a "carat," 24 carats being considered the standard of purity. Hence an 18-carat gold ring is considered 18 parts in 24 pure gold.

NOT A CHANCE

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Of all the sad words of tongue or typewriter, the saddest are these: "Not a chance!"

At any rate that's what Walter B. Byron, humble clerk in the office of the monster Acme Manufacturing company, thought when he dreamed of one day marrying beautiful Ruth Smythe, daughter of the multimillionaire owner of the company. To all appearances Ruth was about as far above Walt as the Washington monument is above an ant hill.

But—you never can tell.

And Walt was a plunger.

Because Walt was a plunger he one day boldly broke all the office precedents and stalked into Smythe's office. Ruth, looking more adorable than ever, was sitting on her father's desk. Walt's heart leaped at sight of her.

"What the——. What are you doing here?" demanded Old Man Smythe, with a furious display of the vicious temper for which he was noted.

"I just came in to say I'm quitting," said Walt coolly. "For two years I've worked here and you've paid about as much attention to me as the dust under your feet. Now——"

"Get out of here—quick!" yelled old Smythe volcanically. "I——"

Smythe half rose from his seat as though about to use physical violence.

Walt went. He was not cowed nor awed nor frightened, but discretion was the better part of valor and he'd done what he wanted to do—bearded the old man in his den and made an impression on Ruth.

As Walt left the office, a handsome coupe at the curb caught his glance. He knew it to be Ruth's.

An idea came to him. He tore off the back of an envelope, pencilled the following note and then attached the note to the seat of the coupe:

"I had no chance with you when I was simply one of your dad's many employees. Now that I'm as good as any man, is there a chance?

"The Man Who Quit His Job in Your Father's Office."

But here fate smiled cynically.

It wasn't Ruth who got and read the note but her dad, who accompanied her to the car and entered the car first.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Walt, inelegantly, from the vantage point where he had been watching for Ruth to enter the car. "I better get out of town."

Walt did get out of town, via stolen rides on freight cars.

The town to which he finally came was a raw, new town where Old Man Smythe was putting up an immense new factory and where things were humming.

"There ought to be a good chance here," said Walt to himself.

Investigation showed him that in the town there was but one restaurant to feed hundreds and even thousands of men. So being a live wire young man in spite of his two years of comparative inactivity in Smythe's office, Walt started up another eating house. His business grew immensely. Soon he put up a rude frame hotel. Then he started a drug store. In a short time he was booming along on the high road of prosperity.

It was shortly after Walt had been astonished by the size of his bank roll that Ruth came to visit the family of the plant's superintendent. Through the superintendent Walt met her.

And because Walt was very much in love with her and was energetic and resourceful in his love making, it was not surprising that he eventually succeeded in winning Ruth's love.

"You must tell dad about us," announced Ruth to Walt one evening. "He's coming here—tomorrow."

Walt's heart sank. This was the end of his dreams. Old Man Smythe would never stand for him as a son-in-law.

But to Walt's tremendous surprise, Old Man Smythe greeted him cordially. "Glad to see you," said Old Man Smythe, "I hoped my daughter would pick you when I sent her out here!"

"What?" gasped Walt.

"Yes, that day back in my office, when you quit your job you struck me as being an up-and-coming young man. That note you meant my daughter to get, confirmed this opinion. I had you traced. When I found you were making good out here, as I expected you to, I sent Ruth here. And now—well, I'm mighty glad."

"You want me to marry your daughter?" gasped Walt. "Why?"

"Well," smiled Old Man Smythe, "your career appeals to me—immensely. You see, it was under almost identical circumstances, when I was broke and with no prospects, that I fell in love with Ruth's mother and then made good and married her many years ago!"

Sapphire Natural Thermometer.

It was a wonderful sapphire, so it is said, that led the celebrated Doctor Sorby to the discovery of the nature of the liquid sometimes found inclosed in the cavities of crystals. The gem in question contained a tube-shaped cavity a quarter of an inch long and an eighteenth of an inch in diameter, which was so regular in its bore that it served by means of the liquid partially filling it, for a thermometer.

The contained liquid half filled the bore at 50 degrees Fahrenheit and completely filled it at 80 degrees. A study of the rate of expansion of the liquid led to the conclusion that it must be carbonic acid.

The Old Year and New.

Different nations began the year at different times. The Romans started it with March 1, the Macedonians in September, the Aztecs on February 23, the Athenians in June and the Persians on August 11.

Father Should Know.

All were quiet in the cinema watching a comic character counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice. "That ain't the way to be drunk, is it, farver?"—London Morning Post.

Look Out for the Loafers.

Proper culling eliminates the low producing hen from the poultry flock. This affords opportunity to increase profits from the good layers by cutting down feed costs. It also paves the way to the producing of more productive flocks.

Best Condition of Sow.

The first thing to say about feeding brood sows is that they should not be fat. A good brood sow is neither fat nor thin, but in good working condition.

Has Never Felt Better in All Her Life

Thousands of frail, nervous people and convalescents everywhere have testified to the remarkable power of Tanlac in bringing back their health, strength and working efficiency. It seems to quickly invigorate the constitution and is a powerful foe of weakness. Mrs. Mary Chokist, 1413 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif., says:

"Before I took Tanlac, I was so weak I had to be helped from one room to another. My nerves were shattered and my digestion so poor I was almost afraid to eat anything, but now I am in perfect health and will always be grateful to Tanlac."

There is not a single portion of the body that is not benefited by the helpful action of Tanlac. It enables the stomach to turn the food into healthy blood, bone and muscle, purifies the system and helps you back to normal weight. Get a bottle today at any good druggist.—Advertisement

Necessity is not so much the mother of invention as a desire to elude disagreeable work.

Business has to be practical, but sentiment will butt in.

Modernize Your WALLS

Do your decorating with the nationally accepted wall tint in beautiful nature colors—artistic, sanitary, economical, and durable.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Bachrach photographs of your family make ideal Christmas Gifts and are reasonably priced. Bachrach Studios. Cleveland—1747 Euclid Ave. Cincinnati—111 Dixie Arcade

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. [illegible]

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

10 Cents Insures Fresh Charm to Old Shawls

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

At Bridge.

"Mr. Flubdub never makes it anything but clubs."

"A result of the golf habit."

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly? It costs only 10 cents and if it fails we refund your money. 372 Pearl St., New York City.—Advertisement.

Spoiled Mother.

Elderly Hostess—Really, I am horrified! No child has ever spoken to me like that in all my life!

Five-Year-Old Betty—Exactly; that's the way you've been spoiled.—Judge.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Legal Fee.

Suitor—I have called to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you consider your daughter would make me a suitable wife.

Lawyer—No; I don't think she would. Five dollars, please.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

HYMN COVERED HIS RETREAT

Probably Young Clergyman Feared He Would Get Into Yet Deeper Water If He Kept On.

In Georgia they tell of a young clergyman, newly settled over a large parish, who had occasional fits of embarrassment when standing before his congregation.

One Sunday, after reading a notice of a woman's missionary meeting to be held in the chapel a few days later, he endeavored to add a special appeal of his own for a large attendance.

After stating that it was to be a meeting of great interest and importance, he said: "We, the women of this congregation—"

With a flushed countenance he stopped and retraced his steps.

"We, who are the women of this congregation," he began.

This was no better, and he beat a blushing retreat by saying: "Let us sing the four hundred and first hymn."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Diplomatic Approach.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Greene?" began the young man.

"Certainly, you may," said the Wall street father.

"I want you to decide a bet."

"Very good. Go on."

"I want to marry your daughter."

"Tut, tut, sir."

"But wait. Your daughter has bet me that you will give your consent to our marriage and I have bet her that you will not. Now, you certainly would not want to decide a bet so that she would lose, now would you?—Yonkers Statesman.

We are not all so conceited as our behavior would indicate.

He that is afraid of doing too much always does too little.

To Fight Disloyalty.

The League of American Penwomen, composed of professional women writers throughout the country, has called upon its membership to enlist in a nation-wide campaign against disloyalty to the United States "of whatever nature, in the spoken or printed word."

FREEDOM FROM LAXATIVES

Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them.

Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority.

Science has found a newer, better way—a means as simple as Nature itself.

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft and moving. But when constipation exists this natural lubricant is not sufficient. Medical authorities have found that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is in no sense a medicine. And like pure water it is harmless and pleasant.

Nujol is prescribed by physicians; used in leading hospitals. Get a bottle from your druggist today.—Advertisement.

Happy.

"That old fellow says he is not lonely any more."

"Got a wife?"

"Got a radio set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Colds, Croup and Pains.

Use Vacher-Balm; it relieves at once. Avoid imitations. Ask your druggist. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

WAS A FACT ACCOMPLISHED

Married Men Will Be at No Loss to Understand That Further Argument Was Useless.

A couple was seated on the top of a Fifth avenue bus and their words reached everyone around them. He ventured a timid suggestion that they get off at Forty-seventh street. She had decided upon a street farther south and said so with finality. An argument followed, if a conversation can be called an argument in which one side has so much the best of it. The people listening in from nearby seats were naturally interested in the outcome.

As the bus slowed down for the Forty-second street crossing the woman remained seated, and the man renewed his argument. It was a word in the final veto, however, which especially attracted the audience. Every married man present understood.

"There is no use talking," the woman declared with finality. "I have made up our minds."—New York Times.

His Method.

"Children are everlastingly wanting to know things," admitted Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "If a feller had 14 knowledge-hungry kids like mine, and they asked seven questions an hour apiece for ten hours each day and about 18 per evening, I reckon it would take a tollable smart man to answer 'em all."

"How in the nation do you do it?" inquired an interested neighbor.

"I—p'tu!—don't."—Kansas City Star.

Would Make the Man Say It.

Miss Young—Don't you think the word "obey" should be omitted from the marriage service?

Miss Strongmind—Omitted? Certainly not! It should merely be transferred to the other party to the contract.—Boston Transcript.

W. L. DOUGLAS $5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE: For style, material and workmanship they are unequaled. [illegible]

W. L. DOUGLAS [illegible]

COMPARE [illegible]

W. L. Douglas, President, W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

NOTHING NORMAL ABOUT HER

Critic Asserts Author Is All Wrong in His Description of Heroine of His Tale.

Harold G. Armstrong, the author of "For Richer, for Poorer," apparently has no desire to enroll himself in the younger generation. At any rate his heroine is flamboyantly an old-fashioned girl. On page 158 we read, "All at once Marion let down her hair." More than that, Kenneth Grassling, the hero, was thrilled thereby. "It was a symbol. They kissed. Deep-encysted inhibitions vanished. They were normal people, after all."

Marion did not seem so to us. We do not think she should be allowed to qualify. If she had been a normal heroine of today, it would have been the hair which had vanished and the inhibitions which were let down.—Heywood Broun in the New York World.

Seeking Information.

A gentleman while on vacation away in the backwoods was accosted by a stranger when leaving a log-wood cabin.

"Whose hut is this?"—"Moggs."

"What is it built of?"—"Logs."

"Any neighbors?"—"Frogs."

"What's the soil?"—"Bogs."

"What do you live on?"—"Hogs."

"How do you catch them?"—"Dogs."

She Wished to Know.

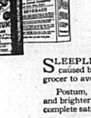
P-s-s-st!" hissed the new waitress, who was addicted to the movie habit. "Wise me up, will yeh? I never werked in a caf-fay before."

"Whattaya want to know?" returned Heloise, the head waitress.

"Why, them three guys over there ordered lemon pie. D'ye slap 'em in the face with it or slide it to 'em on plates?"—Kansas City Star.

It seems to be easier for the average woman to land a husband than to keep him landed.

Try the Grocer, first!



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