

# January CLEARANCE Men's Fine Clothes Suits and Overcoats

—every one HARTH'S TOGGERY standard fit, style and quality. No "special sale stocks" or "job lots"—strictly a Clearance Sale of our regular high-grade Clothing. Buying NOW is profitable for you. Note these reduced prices:

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- \$47.50 Suits and Overcoats NOW ..... \$37.50
- \$50.00 Suits and Overcoats NOW ..... \$39.50
- \$52.50 Suits and Overcoats NOW ..... \$42.50

While they last 35 Men's Suits, broken lots of odds and ends, all made of good materials and well tailored, now

**\$12.50**

## Harth's Toggerly

### MANAGUA GREET'S U. S. MARINES IN JOYOUS MANNER

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Jan. 7.—American marines are again quartered in the camp Del Marte, and Managua is breathing easily for the first time in many months.

The newspapers declare the return of the marines will save the country from a state of anarchy, this being a reference to the struggle between the conservatives, whose government here is recognized by the United States, and the liberal government at Puerto Cabezas, recognized by Mexico.

The American forces, 180 marines and blue jackets from the cruiser Galveston, arrived in Managua yesterday to act as a logation guard and were greeted by cheering crowds and the playing of the American and Nicaraguan national anthems.

After their arrival it was disclosed that about 200 feet of track on the railway line over which they travelled from Corinto had been blown up by dynamite. The damage was repaired before their train was due.

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### FLASHES OF LIFE

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Truly Shattuck, vaudeville and musical singer is happy a 160 pounds, having lost 37, she says, by surgery when dieting and baths and various other means of reducing failed.

NEW YORK—Adolph Menjou gets \$150,000 a year in the movies. The revelation came in a suit by John McKeon for \$2,500 which he claims the actor owes him for getting a better contract.

BERLIN—Five Germans weighing a total of more than a ton form the backbone of a new fat men's club.

MOSCOW—If one wishes a divorce now, all that is necessary is to say so. Thousands are waiting in line to do it. It takes two minutes if the line is not too long. Separation is complete when the other party receives a letter from the license bureau saying that he or she is no longer married.

CAMDEN, N. J.—Fatherly affection can be a ground for divorce. Edgar Cunningham, 54, testified he had been kissing Mrs. Edward Davis, 37, ever since she was four years old and that his attentions were merely those of a father. Because Mrs. Davis dis-

tant, sneering, unnatural, filled the room. Great waves of surging horrors swept over her, leaving her trembling dumb.

With shaking fingers she tore at the ring on her finger. It seemed a lifetime before she got it off. Another lifetime before she hurled it, with all the strength in her body straight at Whitney's distorted face.

"There's the ring," she whispered. "I won't require the saddle horse any longer. And since this apartment belongs to me, not you—GET OUT!"

### Limping Debut



Despite an injury to her ankle, Gwendolyn McCormack, daughter of the singer, requested that her "coming out party" go on as usual. Her brother and mother came from Ireland to attend the lavish debut in a New York hotel.



Est. 1915

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Insurance

### The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

#### CHAPTER 45 The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton, determined to win independence of her family, quits college, following a romance with Philip Eames, a neighborhood sweetheart. Clerking in a San Francisco bookstore she meets Larry, an artist, and Sloan Whitney, a man of the world, by whom she is fascinated. She breaks with Larry. Nina, employed in the same store, goes to Spain to join Stanley Cuyler, an old friend of her dead father, and married. Rosemary is given the use of her luxurious apartment. At the store a mysterious masculine stranger interviews Rosemary concerning Nina Clark and then shadows Rosemary. Mrs. Merton dies. Rosemary encounters Whitney, after an estrangement, and he tells her he cannot marry her, but asks her to go abroad with him. She asks time to think it over. Whitney encounters a private detective on the roof of Rosemary's apartment. She faints and is hurt in falling. Whitney nurses her and presses her for an answer. She discovers he is drinking habitually. Now Go On With the Story.

His hot breath was scorching her, withering all the tender little dreams that grew like shy flowers in her heart. "You're hurting me," she said. And again, "Please, Sloan, let me go." "What's the matter?" He still held her hands, so tightly that the smooth pearl dug into her flesh. She tried to laugh it off, but the laugh wouldn't come. Her lips were dry and stiff. She kept wetting them with the tip of her tongue. "I guess I'm not quite myself yet. Pretty tired. Better go alone—and come back tomorrow. Will you, Sloan?" "Tomorrow never gets here. It's always today. Haven't you learned that, Rosemary?" She shook her head, still trying to smile. "You're pale as a ghost. Why didn't you throw me out hours ago? But have a little drink before I go. This will make you sleep, this is the stuff the sweet dreams are made of. Honest to God bourbon."

He was pouring the golden liquor from the silver flask he always carried into two small glasses he got out of the kitchen cupboard. "Here's to us!" He drained his glass. "Hurry up, drink it down." He stood over her while she drank it. Then he lifted the flask. "Just one more good one. Sure you won't have half?" Then I'll have to have it. Won't do for it to go to waste." She gripped his hand. "Don't—don't take any more," she begged. He kissed her again, laughingly. "Can't—it's all gone," he

said. After he had gone she got up and walked into the pretty chintz-hung bedroom. "Oh, well—everybody has their faults. That's his," she said.

She grew to hate the flat silver flask he always carried in his pocket.

There was nothing beautiful or aristocratic about drunkenness. "But he'd never really get drunk. Not terribly, horribly drunk, like some people do!" Sometimes, looking into his dark, drooping eyes, it would seem that they were both rushing down some swift river, carried madly by an unseen current, into the black, bottomless sea. And she wanted to grasp at the grasses that grew by the banks and stop, and go back—

"Rosemary—it's getting darned cold. Winter has come and everything—Let me give you a fur coat!" Of course she wouldn't let him, but it was nice to think he wanted to. It would have been nice if the silver flask had not lain empty on the table when he said it. Of course, he wasn't really drunk—men staggered and went to sleep and did things like that when they were really drunk. But that queer, unnatural look in his eyes frightened her.

Now they rode in the park together. He had had two horses sent down from his ranch. The riding master who was giving her lessons kept calling her Mrs. Whitney.

"I'm Miss Merton!" she would say, half embarrassed, half laughing at his mistake. Rosemary loved the spirited, gentle Queenie. She loved riding early in the morning, before work. At first Sloan went with her always, but after a week or two of early rising he gave it up. "If you want to ride with me, make it after 10 o'clock," he said smiling.

"But how can I? I have to be at work at 9!"

"Do you intend to work all your life?" It was the other Sloan speaking now. The Sloan she didn't like. The one had the silver flask near him always, the one she couldn't talk to, couldn't make understand. But she had to answer something. He was waiting, arrogantly, coldly. "You know I would rather ride with you than the groom, Sloan. But what can a poor working girl do—?"

"A poor working girl! That's a good one!" He threw back his head and laughed a short ugly laugh. "You look like one. The Nelson Arms is a typical working girl's retreat. They all have their saddle horses. And they nearly all wear pearls—"

His taunting, twisted face danced before her. His voice

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Free Lunch at Noon  
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