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ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

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FOUND—Old style gold brooch. Owner may have same by calling at this office and identifying and paying for ad.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sariff's Auto Wrecking House.

THEATRES

LIBERTY THEATRE

Bringing an inspiring and vivid message to the screen, as well as a heart-riveting tale of regeneration, F. B. O.'s newest Gold Bond release, "Moulders of Men," is delighting large audiences at the Liberty Theatre. The picture features Conway Tearle in the leading role and embodies an absorbing story of the battle between Federal officers and the leaders of a gigantic smuggling ring. A crippled wait of the tenements and his cancer-stricken brother find their lives cross paths with those of a daring newspaper woman and a Federal chief, with a powerful and absorbing romance and conflict leading up to an unusual climax. Ralph Ince, long noted as one of the most effective and versatile directors in the film industry, has turned out the greatest achievement of his career.

ANTLERS THEATRE

Norma Talmadge made a brilliant debut as a comedienne at the Antlers Theatre yesterday and gave capacity audiences a new insight into the versatility of a great screen star who proves she is as expert in invoking gales of laughter as she is in stirring sighs and tears.

It is not too much to say that Norma Talmadge, universally acclaimed as the queen of emotional actresses, is equally great as a comedienne. Her latest picture is "Kiki," that delightful story of modern Parisian theatrical life, which has been brought to the silver screen by First National. Joseph W. Schenck, who produced the picture, showed rare judgment when he gave Norma a vehicle such as "Kiki."

"Kiki" is crammed with action from the first flash to the final fadeout. Some of the most hilarious scenes are those in which Kiki engages in fistfights with her foes.

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Elite Pleaters

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Jungle Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, mysteriously summoned to the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, encounters an old friend, Vilak, who tells him it was he who had sent for him.

Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, an American girl, owns a coffee plantation and other land near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country. Vilak is alarmed, because several deaths already have occurred and the superstitious natives think some supernatural force is at work.

The day Nunnally arrives another man is killed, Tony Barbet, an American girl, owns a coffee plantation and other land near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country. Vilak is alarmed, because several deaths already have occurred and the superstitious natives think some supernatural force is at work.

That evening Vilak induces Nunnally to come with him on a visit to the house of Gaylord Prentiss, a reclusive and forbidden man, known to be an enemy of Elise. Vilak believes Prentiss is somehow involved in the mysterious deaths.

Before going to Prentiss' place, Vilak and Nunnally call on Elise Marberry. After a few minutes, Vilak, out of a clear sky, demands of Elise what took place in her house that afternoon.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER VII

Elise's face clouded. Her black eyes half closed to avoid the steadiness of Vilak's gaze. "I don't know what you're talking about," she murmured.

"You know perfectly well. I could tell the minute you sat down here and began beating with your fan in that staccato fashion that something was wrong. You don't get rhythmic unless you're absorbed. You can't lie to me, my dear. I know you too well. Besides, all the furniture in this room has just been moved. And not carefully moved either. Moved in haste. I can tell by the scratches on the floor and the bruised places on the rug. I should say it was about five o'clock. There are tiny bits of cracker crumbs scattered about, so you must have been having tea at the time. Possibly the maid in her haste knocked the crackers over. Certainly it was after you had been attacked in the road and after poor Tony was killed."

"You know about that attack on me, too? I thought you would."

"Of course. It's my business to know everything. That's why you got me down here. Come. Tell me the truth. Don't mind Nanny. He's one of the family. What happened here this afternoon?"

She folded the fan together with a snap. "I didn't want to tell you

now. I didn't see any need of frightening Mr. Nunnally. I didn't like to talk about those tragedies while he was here. But I guess he knows enough anyway. Something did happen. You were right about the time, too. Quite close to tea. I had come back from town, not really much upset by Tony's shout along the road—I hadn't heard about the poor fellow's death then—and was sitting on the veranda with Tinky, when I decided to go into my bedroom and get one of those new books that came from the States the other day. Usually I go into the bedroom by the door directly off from the veranda. This time, for no particular reason, I happened to go around through the door near the living room."

She paused a moment, then went on. "I reached it and was about to put my hand on the knob, when you can believe that I was amazed to hear the sound of faint breathing inside, for I make a particular point of letting none of the servants in there except Hannah, my cook, whom I brought from the States, and she was in the kitchen."

"I looked through the keyhole. And behind the curtain, beside my bed, I saw the perfect outline of a man's body. Then I acted like a fool. Instead of sensibly going and getting some of the servants and a pistol, I reverted to the young lady of the Victorian period. I so much defeat and screamed. I suppose my nerves were affected more than I thought after that scare on the road. Of course, whatever the reason, it ruined everything. The man inside heard me and darted out through the veranda, without my so much as seeing him, for naturally when I was screaming I wasn't thinking about keeping my eyes on the keyhole."

"Nobody saw him. In fact, though we turned every room upside down, in the belief that he might be hidden in some other part of the house. But he wasn't there. It's quite likely he got up on the roof and jumped down when it got dark. There are plenty of places to hide there and I didn't think of it until too late. I am luckier than I deserve to be. If I'd gone into my bedroom the way I do 99 times out of every 100, our uninvited guest would have had me in there alone and I would have been helpless."

Vilak meditatively traced with his short, thin, conventionalized rosea worked into the design of the parquet floor. "Nothing in the house touched? No jewels? No papers?"

"Nothing. But something outside the house was. Something quite serious."

The Monzollan cast of Vilak's eyes brightened as he leaned forward attentively. "And that was?"

"Guns. Every one of the rifles we had in the storehouse has been stolen. Except the pistol I have in

the bedroom, the whole fazenda is absolutely without a weapon. And the singular part of it is that there wasn't a trace of how they could have been taken, though the ground was terribly soggy every where about and every step made a print three or four inches deep. And they could only have disappeared since four o'clock this afternoon, for the first thing I did in coming back from town after my scare was to get some more cartridges for my revolver. It's positively uncanny how those guns disappeared. Schwartz, my German foreman, swears he saw nobody. But however they did it, the point is that now we are absolutely without firearms."

Vilak snapped open his cigar case. "Will you believe now that your life is in danger every hour you remain here?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Do you realize that the one employee on whom you could wholeheartedly rely and who has been more or less your bodyguard has been put out of the way and that the next blow may logically be directed against you? That you haven't the slightest idea of where the blow is coming from, why it's coming, and that with the exception of your colored cook you haven't a single worker you can trust?"

"Yes."

"Will you take the first and only boat that leaves here next week and go to Rio de Janeiro?"

"Certainly not."

"Suppose I order you to go."

What then?

"I'll merely ask you where you get your authority?"

Vilak swung on his heel toward the chemist. "There you are," he said, with a mock gesture of resignation. "I told you it would happen. But I know better than to waste time arguing with her. I'm going out to look at that storehouse. My respected relative can come along if she wants to."

They walked out the door into the clear night, and going to a small cottage where four great shadowy warehouses loomed blackly against the horizon, found Schwartz, the German who had charge of the fazenda properties. He was a little man, quite fat, apparently much too fat for his comfort or his arduous duties, for great heavy tear bags swelled under his eyes and his skin was spotted here and there with areas of asthmatic purple. Yet his voice betrayed none of his bodily lameness, being polite but tinged with the short curt note of one accustomed to command.

His great distress over the theft of the afternoon was quite apparent when Elise and her two companions knocked at his door, explaining that she wished to take Mr. Davis and his friends to the shed where the theft had been committed.

"Ach, it's terrible, terrible," Fraulein Marberry, he murmured as he led the way to a small stone building near the edge of a wood where the rifles and more valuable tools were kept. "I gift you mine word, I am afraid. And I. Adolf Schwartz, am not a coward. Once before has this happened. Ven I

was on der veldt in in South Africa on der estate of a rich Englishman. Von night all der guns disappears and der next before he can get new ones, for der city is many miles away, someone has come and kill him in his bed, why knows nobody. Ach, I like not to think of dees days." He shuddered. "I tells you, Miss Marberry, I stay. But if I las you—I go away."

They neared a clump of bushes not far from the stone shed. "Stop here a minute," Vilak asked. The others halted. He drew out his flashlight and stooping carefully ahead, directed it to the footprints deep in the mud. They were of two sorts, one small, gracefully shaped, the other broad and square. "Those big ones are yours, of course," he asked of Schwartz.

"Ya, ya," the German answered eagerly. "I makes dem ven I come mit Miss Marberry tonight. It las no use for you to look, Herr Davis. We haf look, und look, und look, till our backs break, and we find nuddings. How they hav get dem diga out ven all der doors and vindows las locked, I. Adolf, do not know. Sometimes I think dat der savages las not so crazy ven they say dat if a man knows der evil spirits in der jungle he can talk to them and t they vill make magic."

He shook his fist at the leafy blackness on the horizon. "Where I vill get new guns, dot I do not know. And without guns dot damn jungle he las to fear. Listen, Fraulein Marberry, listen to Adolf Schwartz. Go away. Quick. Schnell. Schnell."

(To be continued.)

Vilak demonstrates the frailty of humans by means of a spider and a fly. He suspects things that he is not telling. Read the next chapter.

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HEALTH BULLETIN

What to Eat

We all need a definite objective in eating. Our good sense tells us that most dietary fads are absurd. Relying upon our appetites in the choice of foods can not always be considered a wise procedure. The fats and the thins, the anemics and the appetites are ever-present evidence of the unreliability of appetite alone as a guide. We eat for two purposes, first to supply the body with fuel for the days work and second to furnish material to rebuild worn-out body tissues. We should not live to eat, but if we get pleasure from our meals, so much the better.

It is important to get the right proportion of the various types of foodstuffs if we are to make what we eat do us the most good. The chief source of energy for body heat and action are the combinations of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen called carbohydrates, of which starch and sugar are examples. The various fats, like butter, egg yolk and olive oil are used by the body for the same purpose.

The repair of worn-out tissues or the building of new, comes from the proteins, those foodstuffs in which nitrogen is the important factor. Meats are rich in proteins as are also peas, beans, milk and eggs. Information concerning the best combination of foodstuffs and how much of each shall be used can be found in any good book on "diets."

In addition to the foodstuffs, the body needs small amounts of salts of calcium, phosphorus, iron and other minerals. Also of importance are mysterious substances, the vitamins about which so much is said and so little de-

finitely known. Milk, eggs, green vegetables and fruits are some of the readily available sources of these necessary substances.

We also need roughage in our diet. This is obtained in bulky foods which give the teeth, the stomach, and the intestines plenty of work to do. Raw fruits and vegetables and such roots as carrots and turnips are examples. Water is equally important and is needed in larger quantities than most people drink.

The two great essentials in diet are variety and moderation. Each person is a law unto himself. He must learn which foods are most suitable to his needs and how much he needs each day to keep himself at a slightly below normal weight for his age and height. General directions are given to assist in forming good eating habits.

Fruit at breakfast and at other meals is preferable to rich desserts and pastry. A pint of milk for adults and a quart for children whole wheat cereals for breakfast, whole wheat bread for part of the daily portion, at least one green cooked vegetable and one raw vegetable should be consumed daily. With due regard for moderation in all things, we can rely pretty well on our appetites to guide us in choosing the rest of our meals until we can learn more about food values in diets. We must eat correctly to live well.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



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By Marti



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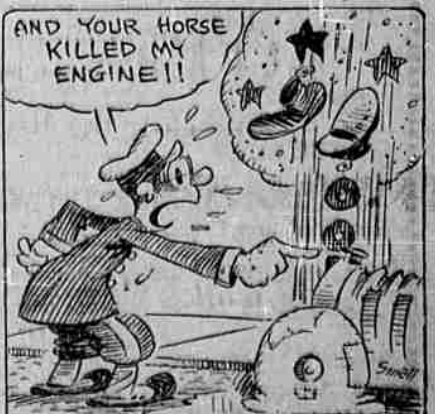
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