



MEDITERRANEAN Cruise... "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30... FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Cat's Varied Diet... On a farm in Hinsdale, Mass., says the Boston Globe, lives a cat that is positively omnivorous.

Record Gain in Butter Profits... Dairymen Who Use "Dandelion Butter Color" Say It's the Best Investment of All.

Repose for the Artists... "Are you going to have a great deal of music when you go speechmaking?"

Except in Private... "Maude thinks that nothing is good enough for her."

But Not Pursue... "Bob—Did you fill your date last night?"

The Mystery... Half the world does not see how the other half affords it.—Boston Herald.

An undertaker is a man who follows the medical profession. All hardwood tables should have glass edges for cigarettes.

The Woman Driver... Like to drive with Champion Spark Plugs because I know I'll not be annoyed with engine trouble due to faulty spark plugs.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive aluminum insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs... Dependable for Every Engine

RECKLE OINTMENT... For all ailments. It does the work. It is the best. It is the only one that works. It is the only one that is safe. It is the only one that is reliable.

The Double Cross

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY... Jim Stanley, wealthy young New York business man, unable to concentrate in his dictation to his desk auditorphone, has the machine taken to his home, intending to finish his work there.

CHAPTER V—Continued... It would not be fair to say that Waterman had no compunctions regarding his treatment of Jim Stanley.

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Well, I suggest that my idea is this. You cannot tell him you are no longer his friend without telling him why."

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Yes, we've both lost him, haven't we? And yet we cannot tell him so how do you propose to treat him?"

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Whatever it is, it's yours," smiled Waterman. "In the first place, be happy, but more than that, make her happy because you see that's about the best most important thing in the world."

CHAPTER V—Continued... "You—you'll write, perhaps," asked Doris, feebly. "Oh, now and then, maybe, and when I come back, Rollin," he added with a smile.

CHAPTER V—Continued... "I love you both and always shall!" With that he was gone. Waterman turned uncomfortably toward the girl.

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Rollin, oh, Rollin, Rollin," she whispered brokenly, as she slipped again into his arms. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

CHAPTER V—Continued... Stanley plunged down the steps as the heavy door closed behind him, and hurried blindly across the Avenue. There was tumult in his brain.

CHAPTER V—Continued... "I'm very well," she said faintly, without looking at him. "Good," said he. "Hello, Rollin." "Hello, Jim."

CHAPTER V—Continued... "I haven't seen you in a long time not for four or five hours. Very seldom happens like that. Well, Doris, what's the news?"

CHAPTER V—Continued... "No news," she said faintly. "I've got to contradict you, Doris," interrupted Waterman. "There is news, the best news I've had in a long long time or ever shall."

CHAPTER V—Continued... "It's delightful that you should have happened in as you did, for I am sure that Doris feels as I do when I say that it makes me quite happy that you should be the first to hear of our engagement."

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Jim managed to force a smile. 'Splendid,' he cried, 'splendid! My two best friends! Doris, my dear friend, my very best wishes—the very best wishes that you could imagine, and then add to those about a thousand more still better ones. And as for you, Rollin, you know perfectly well that I consider you the luckiest man in the wide, wide world.'"

CHAPTER V—Continued... "Well, well," he said, "this is delightful! I can't understand it. It seems to me that if anybody I don't care who he was came to me with a

scandalous story about old Jim, I should refuse to credit it until Jim had had a chance to defend himself—especially if, as you say, his accuser was a person whom I did not know at all."

"I can't go into it," said the girl sadly and abruptly, "but I am certain that if you had heard the story as I heard it, you would have to believe it too, no matter how much it hurt you."

"I don't believe it, whatever it is. Why, we've known Jim all our lives—he's one of the very best."

"So I've always thought," she sighed, "until tonight." "But not any more!" "Not any more!"

"Suddenly she put out her hand to him appealingly like a frightened child. 'Oh, Rollin, Rollin,' she said, 'I've lost my friend. He's gone. I've lost him. And it hurts.'"

"Swiftly he was at her side. His time was coming. He took the cold little hand in both of his own, and drew it to his breast. 'Doris, dear,' he said, 'let me help you.'"

"You can't. You can't." "I do so want to help you, because—you see—I love you."

"The long lashes rose above the violet eyes, and then they flickered and fell again. Quietly he drew her to her feet, and with a little sob she slipped into his arms."

"Dearest," he murmured, "don't cry—please don't cry." "But she only murmured brokenly. 'I've lost my friend—I've lost him.'"

"Yes, yes, I know. But I must try and make it up to you if I can." And thus it happened. Desperately she needed comfort and the comforter was there. A moment later she freed herself swiftly from his arms.

"Good heavens," she said, "I had quite forgotten. He's coming here this very night. I can't see him—I can't. I must tell Barker to send him away. Please ring the bell—hurry, hurry!"

"But Waterman had anticipated this emergency. 'On the contrary,' he said promptly, 'I think it best that you should see him.'"

"Who's now? Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't." "Yes, now, darling. Think a moment—think. You have lost your friend, you say."

"Yes," she said, "and so have you. 'Yes, we've both lost him, haven't we? And yet we cannot tell him so how do you propose to treat him?'"

"Oh," she said, "I haven't thought—there hasn't been time." "Well, I suggest that my idea is this. You cannot tell him you are no longer his friend without telling him why."

"And you can't do that. You must tell him and I think the easiest way to start will be by telling him at once that you are going to marry me."

"The violet eyes widened abruptly in truth, the girl was startled. In a moment of keen suffering she had it true, gone to the arms of the comforting Waterman. She had lain there some moments. He had caressed her—she had allowed it. Yet it was not until this instant that she realized fully what this had meant to him. All this he saw in the moment of silence that followed his last remark. His fate was in the balance. He knew it."

"Dearest," he breathed. "At length she turned away. 'All right,' she said, 'as you wish.' His heart leaped up—he had won! He was safe. Now to clinch it. 'Oh, I am sure I am right, darling,' he murmured. 'It will be hard to do, but there's one thing about it, once done it will be over and swiftly over. Since you cannot tell him what you know about him and yet you must believe it, you can't go on seeing him day by day pretending you are still his friend. No one could do it. So let him know that you're engaged to me. If I am not mistaken, that of itself will be a bit of a blow to him.'"

"She stilled as she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. 'I suppose you're right,' she admitted. 'Since it must be, the sooner the better.' 'I'm sure of it.' At this moment Stanley entered the room, unannounced, since Barker knew quite well that his mistress was always at home to him. He paused upon the threshold just an instant. Nobody spoke. He feared the worst but he crossed the room briskly, took the girl's unresisting hand, and said, 'Well, my dear Doris, and how are you tonight?'"

for a long time I have had a plan in the back of my head. As you know, I have been one of the backers of a series of archeological explorations that the museum has been carrying on in the interior of Tibet. Nesbitt is starting this week to join the party now in the field, and I'm going with him."

Doris felt that the time had come when she must say something, so she asked: "How long shall you be gone?"

"I've no idea—one year, two years, maybe five. And so I fear that I shall not be present at your wedding. But I plan to have a part in it, none the less. And as your wedding gift from me, my dear fellow, I present you with all my interest, right, title and all that kind of thing, in the business now managed under the style of Stanley and Waterman."

"My dear Jim!" "Now don't say so. I'm through with it. I'm sick of the street. I've had six years of it and I'm tired of the game. You enjoy it. You're good at it. I'm afraid at times the limitations I've imposed upon you have irked you a little. I'm afraid I've been a bit of a drag."

"Not at all," murmured Waterman politely. "Oh, yes, I have seen that there were many times when you were irritated by my ultra-conservatism. But now all that is passed. The business is yours—lock, stock, and barrel."

"But I say, this is mighty sweet of you!" "Not at all. An event of this importance, an alliance between my two best friends, requires to be commemorated by something more substantial than the presentation of a pie-plate or a mantel clock. There, there—say no more about it. Now I must be off. Good night, Doris. He took her hand again. 'I'll see you again before I go, but again let me say how charmed I am. Next to being happy one's self, the most delightful thing in the world is to be assured of the happiness of the two people in that world one loves the most.'"

"But, my dear Jim, I can't thank you enough—such a princely present!" objected Waterman. "Nonsense. Why here you are, my two old friends, going to be married—I'd like to do something nice for you—and, well, this is it—that's all. And you know perfectly well I can afford it. I ask only one thing of you in return."

"Whatever it is, it's yours," smiled Waterman. "In the first place, be happy, but more than that, make her happy because you see that's about the best most important thing in the world."

"You—you'll write, perhaps," asked Doris, feebly. "Oh, now and then, maybe, and when I come back, Rollin," he added with a smile.

"I love you both and always shall!" With that he was gone. Waterman turned uncomfortably toward the girl.

"Rollin, oh, Rollin, Rollin," she whispered brokenly, as she slipped again into his arms. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

Stanley plunged down the steps as the heavy door closed behind him, and hurried blindly across the Avenue. There was tumult in his brain. He had not expected defeat. Not that he nourished any overweening estimate of his personal attractions, or that he regarded them as in any way superior to those of his friend. On the contrary, in his eyes Waterman was quite the best looking man of his acquaintance. Yet Doris had always been to him everything that was kind and sympathetic and understanding. He had never, it is true, made love to her directly, yet she must have known, he thought, what he thought of her, and being uncommonly intelligent, she must have guessed that before very long he would ask her to be his wife.

He had no suspicion whatever of the truth. By no conceivable means could he possibly have guessed the devious route by which Waterman's success had been achieved. He could not know the sudden shock to which the girl's whole nature had been subjected, nor how much she suffered at the conviction of his turpitude. He could not know that Doris in her suffering had unconsciously, blindly, put out her hand, yearning for comfort, and had taken, almost without knowing it, the only comfort that offered itself.

No suspicion of all this crossed or could cross the mind of the stricken Stanley. His nature was of the simplest and most direct. Life had been too easy for him. Everything had been plain sailing. This was the first great shock of his life and it shook him to the core of his soul.

Resolutely, consciously, he endeavored to put the past behind him. He would burn all his bridges, sink all his boats. Yes, that was the thing. Immediately he burned with the wish to be gone. He waved his hand at a passing taxi whose driver pulled up so sharply that his rear wheels skidded slightly against the curb. Ten minutes later, in his own apartment, he was telephoning:

"Is that you, Wilton?—Yes, yes, I'm lucky to find you in on a Saturday night. Something unexpected has come up. I've got to make many plans of importance with a good deal of speed. Were you planning to leave town to-day Sunday? No?—You're quite sure? Good, then I shall ask you for once to give up your day of rest and meet me at the office in the morning at eleven o'clock. All right. Good-by."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Traveling Books... Few traveling books are better than a good anthology of poetry in which every page contains something complete and perfect in itself. The brief respite from labor which the self-immolated tourist allows himself cannot be more delightfully filled than with the reading of poetry which may even be got by heart.—Aldous Huxley, in "Along the Road."

BLACK ON BLACK LATEST EDICT; FALL HATS ARE CLOSE FITTING

BLACK on black, that is the latest edict for the fashionably furred coat. Notwithstanding the mood of the mode for high color, black cloth trimmed with black fur strikes a definite note in the realm of coats.



True, too, that often the black coat is furred in a showy contrasting pet, but the very latest word from Paris declares that luxury of the moment finds its highest interpretation in the black coat of fabric de luxe, which is lavished with a black fur of distinction. Favorite materials for the all-black coat are broadcloth, cashmere, suede and several other new velvety woollens which are richly beautiful in appearance.

Furs which unite with these elegant cloakings to perfect the black-on-black theme include wolf, fox, caracul, broadtail, Russian lamb and other high-class skins. For the elegant model in the picture sumptuous wool unstintingly lends its glossy blackness to the suede cloth it trims with flattering results.

There is this advantage about the flat furs, they lend themselves so gracefully to intriguing and unusual treatments. Fashion's latest caprice is to manipulate thin furs in a fabric way. That is, the fur, if it is supple enough, is tied into soft bows, or it is formed into tailored bows, or made into swagger triangle kerchief collars, or perhaps a long throw-scarf. Insets and appliques are also among newest unique fur treatments.

Fur cuffs and the collar vie with helmets in point of elaboration and novelty. Cuffs especially play their part in most fantastic ways. Clever, snug hats of these daintier furs add a note of extreme interest, and tiny matching muffs supply the final note of chic.

A trend to startling novelty is evidenced by the new hats. Bonnets, not figuratively speaking, but honest-to-goodness bonnets have come into fashion. Milliners are playing up the bonnet theme in every type from the simple poke-cloche to quaint little specimens which quite suggest the sil-

acting to them so spontaneously. Perhaps it is because that for so long a time the fashionable world has been feeling the urge for "something different," and in the newer hats the hope is being more than realized. Fashion this season is working upon the theory that the hat must cling close to the neck and about the face, and if it have a brim then the brim must in some novel way define the neckline. Note the models in this group, while in the strictest sense perhaps they should not be classified as bonnets, yet they do fit the head in a hood-like manner, and they are therefore aptly illustrative of newest trend.

Note how, in the top model, the flange of little velvet petals, each of which is outlined with tiny gold beading, is brought down so as to define the neckline. This interprets a very new silhouette. The handsome twin-ribbon rhinestone ornament is just such a sparkle on a vast number of the season's velvet chapeaux.

The ornate band about the velvet cap to the left is worked in spangles and chenille embroidery. Everywhere, one turns in the realm of autumn and winter millinery one sees spangles and similar glittering effects. An interesting feature about the hat to the right is that it is made of two materials, velvet for the crown with satin for the flange. It is characteristic of new millinery that contrasting media be used in their fashioning. The embroidery is in chain stitch with beads interspersed.

Velvet millinery is much in evidence in colors matched to the velvet coats.



CLOSE FITTING FALL HATS

houette of a baby bonnet. Indeed fashionable Paris is quite agog this very moment over the cunning ostrich-faced "baby bonnet" of satin which Suzanne Talbot recently created. When ostrich is not used then pretty pink petals effects line the quaint brim of these naive bonnets.

The surprising part about the new millinery modes, some of which are quite extreme, is that women are re-

tume with which it is worn. A hand some fancy gold-cord banding enhances the final model in this group. Of millinery in general it may be truly said that not for many seasons has the outlook been so promising for a vogue of flattering feminine hats, the kind that feature prettiness as well as "style."

JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of setons and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Foolish Communist... Representative Albert Johnson said to a Washington reporter the other day: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the Sacco-Vanzetti business is going to clean the United States of Communists forever."

Some New Ones... The vaudeville performer was cheerful about it. "A touch of asthma is no fun," he stated, "but I'm getting off some notable wheezes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Frank Reply... "How is my form?" "More suitable for the beach, Miss, than golf."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia... Challenge... "You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear." "Tell it to Packingtown."

Definition... "What kind of a dog is that?" "That's a bulldog." "Oh, I see. A police dog."

A fanatic may be right, but in too much of a hurry.

CAN NOW DO ANY WORK... Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."—Mrs. EMMA GREGG, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.