



Look  
for this  
guarantee  
in the  
pocket

## The freedom of the guarantee

There is *one* clothing store in your town where your taste and your judgment can always coincide! It is the Styleplus Store—and the clothes you like will **always** be the clothes that will "give you the wear."

For every Styleplus suit and overcoat carries precisely the same Guarantee of Quality (in the pocket). It bonds the clothes to fit and please you and give you splendid wear besides.

**Styleplus \$17  
Clothes**

"The same price the world over"

Styleplus Clothes \$17 meet every taste and every requirement. And when you get at \$17 the style, the cloth, and the fit you have hitherto associated with suits and overcoats costing at least \$20 to \$25 it means that

**you save \$3 to \$8**

Specializing on this one suit and overcoat on a big scale enables us to give you these extraordinary values.

Style+all wool fabrics. Style+perfect fit. Style+expert workmanship. Style+guaranteed wear.

The Store of Clothing Economy—the Styleplus Store in your town!

**Henry Sonneborn & Co.**  
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.



## IMPERIAL GRANUM FOOD for the NURSING MOTHER

Increases the quantity and quality of her milk and gives strength to bear the strain of nursing.

### FOR THE BABY

Imperial Granum is the food that gives hard firm flesh, good bone and rich, red blood.

Send for FREE sample and 44 pp. book, "The Care of Babies."

JOHN CARLE & SONS, Desk 33, 153 Water St., N. Y. City  
Include the names of 3 friends with babies and a Cole Rag Doll will be sent you



Coyle's eyes closed; a gray line drew itself about his mouth. "Madge"—it was almost a whisper—"you mean that you will—leave him—and come to me?" Her eyes answered him; in their blue depths a flame was lighted. Over the ivory flesh of her throat a soft flush crept. She swayed toward him.

"GOD!" He fell back a pace. For a long moment there was silence, while her eyes held his. He drew a long breath, and passed his hand over his forehead, like a man just awakening from sleep. "John!" she whispered. And then he laughed. "So," he said, "you want to sell yourself again, do you? And the price is two million dollars this time—two million dollars! It is too much, my dear, too much by far—for second-hand goods!"

"John!" It was a cry of horror. He laughed again, and the sound of it was like a scourge.

"Four years ago you told me that you had made a mistake; you could not be my wife." He leaned forward, speaking in a voice that was harsh and strained, yet every word was clear-cut, distinct. "While admitting that you loved me, and me alone, you told me that you were going to marry a man who could give you the luxuries you craved—the luxuries that you had persuaded yourself were necessities to you. He had money—he was my best friend; I had little or none. He bid higher for you than I—and you sold yourself to him. And now—now that the positions are reversed—you want to sell yourself to me! I am not buying women, Mrs. Mannering!"

"John—I love you—hear me—I love you! I—"

"Love? What does such a woman as you know of love? You never loved anyone but yourself. You never loved anything—but your beautiful body—the body that you sold to get clothes and jewels with which to deck it. You—to talk of love to me! You lied to me—betrayed me—for money—money! And now you

would do it again. Do you think that you deceived me for an instant? I knew as soon as I saw you why you had come here tonight. Mannering is done for—and you know it! So you would exchange him for another poor fool. Why do such women as you live? You have n't a single decent, womanly impulse, not a spark of truth or faith or honor—not even shame! The only emotions you can feel are greed and lust—and fear! For you're afraid now—afraid of poverty—afraid of the ruin you yourself have brought about!"

She cowered away from him, her face white as chalk, her eyes wide with terror, mumbling, stammering—for pardon. Under the lash of his scorn, her beauty, her youth, seemed to fall away from her.

Suddenly he checked himself; the fierce light died from his eyes; his tense muscles relaxed.

"You spoke of fetters," he said very quietly. "You have struck mine from me. Even while I hated you, I loved you—wanted you. But now—I am free. No price is too great to pay for that. You may tell Mr. Mannering that tomorrow my brokers will sell him twenty thousand shares of Consolidated Northern at fifty. That is all, I think. Good-night."

With slow unsteady steps, she stumbled toward the door. Only once she looked back. Coyle was standing by the open window, looking out onto the moonlit lawn.

The door closed behind her.

"Four years," said John Coyle aloud. "Four years!"

He went over to his desk, and from an inner drawer drew out a photograph, in an oval silver frame. The face of Madge Mannering smiled up at him with all her provocative, seductive charm.

And he smiled back,—a smile of quiet triumph and content. He snapped the picture across—and across again. Then he laid the pieces in a bronze ash-tray—lighted a match—and watched the flame curl over the edges of the cardboard, until it was entirely consumed.

## The Girl With a Past

(Continued from Page 12)

NEXT night I went feverishly to Thurzo's, but she did not come. The place was like a tomb. I phoned the club cabman for her address and looked it up. It was a church. Three days went by. Thurzo's had lost its charm. I was steeped in the delightful throes of a lover's misery. But I had to keep at my work, luckily.

Four days after her visit I had to go to the office of a large corporation on a business errand and asked the president who was a friend of mine, to have lunch with me. He said he would be at my service, if he could dictate a letter first. Then he gave me a deep leather chair by a window and a new magazine and I turned it half round, circumspectly, on his desk.

A high revolving book case also made me feel that I was not intruding on his privacy. He took up his desk phone and said: "Send Stetson to me at once for dictation."

As the door opened I looked up, and the Girl with a Past came in slowly and gravely. She wore gold-rimmed spectacles and paper cuffs pinned over the sleeves of her shirt waist. Her hair, which I only knew of as a tangle of reddish brown curls, was coiled frowsily about her head. She wore a black apron with a pocket sagging down, and carried a note book and pencil.

She did not see me, and I took care that she should not. When she had taken the letter and gone out, not speaking a word, I came around the book case, weak-kneed and shaky.

"Do you mind telling me who that lady is?" I asked—"That young woman who just—"

He laughed. He was getting into his coat. "Who—old Stetson?" he

said—"Well it's funny, we never think of Stetson as a woman. She's an old maid—and for that reason, perhaps, she's the best stenographer that ever lived, I guess. She's a perfect machine—an automaton. You ought to see her card indexes. She never was known to make a mistake. She has no imagination—no romance in her make-up—nor in her life. She's a wonder!"

I GREW cold all over. "Have you ever thought, John," I asked him, "of the awfully tragic story there is in that sort of thing? The terrible pathos of it?"

"What sort of thing—Stetson?" he queried.

"Why a woman—a living, breathing, hating, loving woman, office bound—as you say, grown to be a machine, without any imagination or romance—"

"But—you see," he said, "if she was n't just that kind of a woman she could n't hold down the job. But I see what you mean—"

"Perhaps," I ventured, "she has a Past?"

"Not a chance!" he grinned. "She came to us in short skirts when she was fifteen. She's been with us over fifteen years and never missed a day—ten till five like clock work. She has a two weeks' vacation every summer and spends it with her mother up in Massachusetts. Incidentally we send part of Stetson's check up to her parent every week. No—she has n't even a Past. But she's a bully stenographer and I hope she'll be with us for twenty years to come."

"I wonder," I said, deliberately lighting a cigarette. I felt sorry for him.

## Superb All-Wool 3-Piece Outfit

SENT FOR

**50c**

A 1913 Fall Style offer—positively amazing. You never saw anything like this before. Remember the skirt is all wool, guaranteed, and at only 50c down \$5.90 in all for the whole three pieces.

Write Today

for our 1913 Fall Style Book and Special 30-Day Bargain Lists. You must not fail to get these or you miss the year's biggest opportunity. The rare offer shown here is but one bargain among an avalanche of price reducing. Look at this—then get your style book today.

**Skirt** Made-to-measure, guaranteed all wool black or blue. Full length fold—3 knee length side pleats—plain back—high waist effect—rich combination buttons. State color, bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

**Waist** Made from pencil stripe white poplin cloth. White mensuring silk reverses. Yoke and collar of shadow lace—yoke effect—rich of self material.

**Petticoat** Black glass mercerized satin. Deep accordion plaited flounce. Price \$5.90

Terms: 50c cash; 90c per month, Order by No. A-25.

Beautiful Clothes on Easy Payments!

Open a credit account with us. We invite you. Get any pretty thing you wish to wear for only a very small payment down—then just a little each month. Buy all your clothes on credit and at lower prices than for cash. Take months to pay for any one of the 800 magnificent bargains in our 1913 Fall Style Book. Be well dressed all the time. Get the benefit of wearing your clothes while paying.

**Free 1913 Style Book** Our Style Book No. 30 and bargain price lists surveys all previous efforts. Right up-to-the-minute Foreign and American styles, and if you write at once you get in addition the benefit of our extra special bargain list. Great sale just ending. You will be amazed at the prices we give you. Every imaginable style in women's & children's wearing apparel; suits, cloaks, dresses, white goods, millinery, shoes, hair goods, lingerie, waists, etc.

Also ask for our Big Catalog of Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes, No. 50. Both books are free and postpaid. Write today! A postal will do. If you wish to order the outfit shown here send only 50c and your bust, hip and waist measure and shirt length. Write for Free catalog and price lists anyway.

ELMER RICHARDS CO. Dept. 486 35th Street Chicago

## The Deaf Hear!

Found at last! Perfect hearing for the deaf and those hard of hearing. Write for our big Introductory Offer on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the improved 1913 Special Model.

**NEW 4-TONE Mears Ear Phone** FOUR times as efficient, FOUR times as powerful, FOUR times as convenient, FOUR times as perfect as our famous one-tone Standard model. Four different sound adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger. You hear any sound, anywhere.

**Try It FREE** Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for ten days. Pay us nothing if you do not want it. Keep it on easy monthly payments if you wish at the jobber's lowest net price on our great Introductory Offer. Save one-half. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE.

Mears Ear Phone Co., Suite 2456 45 W. 34th St., New York

**MAKE \$10 to \$25 a Week EXTRA**

DON'T be an underpaid, overworked clerk. Get out of the wage-slave's class and into the big field of business. Be somebody. REALIZE the best that is in you. Show the world what you can really do. Just in your chance. The Mail order business is the greatest field today for the man of limited means to strike out for himself. Get out of the rut and

**MAKE \$25 TO \$100 A WEEK**

We are manufacturers and market our Patented Specialties exclusively through our dealers. We furnish everything. Big profits. Small capital. No experience necessary. Begin at your own home. Spare time. Grow YOUR opportunity. Write us right now for full particulars (Copyrighted) plan, terms, statements and positive proof.

**J. M. PEASE MFG. CO., 810 Pease Bldg., Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.**

**Power for You**

Power from within! Strength that is more than mere muscular strength—the strength of perfect health new within your reach through the White Cross Electric Vibrator. Drives out that tired feeling! You can be strong and healthy if you will.

**Write for FREE BOOK**

Just your name and address on a letter or a post card is enough, and we will send you absolutely free and prepaid our new book "Health and Beauty." It tells you all about the wonders of vibration and what it may do for you. It's free—if you write at once.

**Lindstrom-Smith Co., 1100 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 2456 Chicago**

## No More Superfluous Hair

I suffered this trouble for years. I spent scores of dollars on everything I heard of without success and abandoned myself to my shame, when I heard of a simple English remedy which quickly killed my growth so that it never returned. Send me a 2-cent stamp for reply and I will send you free the secret of my cure.

**Mrs. Kathryn H. Jenkins, Suite 378, B. D., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

**FREE** TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL

We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 25 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 25 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the \$1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address

**GLOBE CO., Dept. 207, Greenville, Pa.**