

The GIRL in the MIRROR

CHAPTER XI—Continued

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

"She didn't look like a lady what was goin' on an excursion," he muttered, darkly.

Laurie rushed back to his room with pounding heart and on the way opened and read at a glance his first note from Doris. It was written in pencil, seemingly on a scrap of paper torn from the pad he had seen on her desk.

"Long Island, I think. An old house, on the Sound, somewhere near Sea Cliff. Remember your promise. No police."

That was all there was to it. There was no address, no signature, no date, the writing, though hurried, was clear, beautiful, and full of character. In his room, he telephoned the garage for his car, and read and reread the little note. Then, still holding it in his hand, he thought it over.

Two things were horribly clear. Shaw's "plan" had matured. He had taken Doris away. And—this was the staggering phase of the episode—she seemed to have gone willingly. At least she had made no protest, though a mere word, even a look of appeal from her, would have enlisted Sam's help, and no doubt stopped the whole proceeding. Why hadn't she uttered that word? The answer to this, too, seemed fairly clear. Doris had become a fatalist. She had ceased to hide or fight. She was letting things go "his way," as she had declared she would do.

Down that dark avenue she had called "his way" Laurie dared not even glance. His mind was too busy making its agile twists in and out of the tangle. Granting, then, that she had gone down that avenue, the ultimate issue of the experience, whatever that might be, had she nevertheless appealed to him, Laurie, for help. Why? And why did she know approximately where she was to be taken?

Why? Why? Why? Again and again the question had recurred to him, and this time it dug itself in.

Despite his love for her (and he fully realized that this was what it was), despite his own experience of the night before, he had hardly been able to accept the fact that she was, must be, in actual physical danger. When, now, the breath of this realization blew over him, it checked his heart-beats and chilled his very soul. In the next instant something in him, alert, watchful, and suspicious, addressed him like an inner voice.

"Shaw will threaten," this voice said. "He will fight, and he will even show down. But when it comes to a showdown, to the need of definite, final action of any kind, he simply won't be there. He is venomous, he'd like to bite, but he has no fangs, and he knows it."

The vision of Shaw's face, when he had choked him during the struggle of last night, again recurred to Laurie. He knew now the meaning of the look in those projecting eyes. It was fear. Though he had carried off the rest of the interview with entire assurance, during that fight the creature had been terror-stricken.

"He'll have reason for fear the next time I get hold of him," Laurie reflected, grimly. But this fear was of him, not of Doris. What might not Doris be undergoing, even now? He went to the little safe in the wall of his bedroom, and took from it all the ready money he found there. Oh, if only Rodney were at home! But Mr. Bangs had gone out, the hall man said. He also informed Mr. Devon that his car was at the door.

The need of consulting Rodney increased in urgency as the difficulties multiplied. Laurie telephoned to Bangs' favorite restaurant, to Epstein's, to Sonja's hotel. At the restaurant he was suavely assured that Mr. Bangs was not in the place. At the office the voice of an injured office boy informed him that there wasn't never nobody there till half-past nine. Over the hotel wire Sonja's colorful tones held enough surprise to remind Laurie that he could hardly hope that even Rodney's budding romance would drive him to the side of the lady so early in the morning.

He hung up the receiver with a groan of disgust, and busied himself packing a small bag and selecting a greatcoat for his journey. Also, he went to a drawer and took out the little pistol he had taken away from Doris in the tragic moment of their first meeting.

Holding it in his hand, he hesitated. Heretofore, throughout his short but varied life, young Devon had depended upon his well-trained fets to protect him from the violence of others. But when those others were the kind who went in for chloroform—and this time there was Doris to think of. He dropped the revolver into his pocket, and shot into the elevator and out on the ground floor with the expedition to which the operator was now becoming accustomed.

His car was a two-seated "racer," of slender and beautiful lines. As he took his place at the wheel, the machine pulsed like a living thing, panting with a passionate desire to be off. Laurie's wild young heart felt the same longing, but his year in New York had taught him respect for its traffic laws and this was no time to take chances. Carefully, almost sedately, he made his way to Third avenue, then up to the Queensboro bridge, and across that mighty runway to Long Island. Here his stock of patience, slender as the best, was exhausted. With a deep breath he "let her out" to a singing speed of sixty miles an hour.

A cloud had obscured the sun, quite appropriately, he subconscious felt, and there were flakes of snow in the air. As he sped through the gray atmosphere, the familiar little towns he knew seemed to come forward to meet him, like rapidly projected pictures on a screen. Flushing, Bayside, Little Neck, Manhasset, Roslyn, Glenhead, one by one they floated past. He made the run of thirty-two miles in something under an hour, and to the severe disapproval of several policemen who shouted urgent invitations to him to slow down. One of these was so persistent that Laurie prepared

to obey; but just as the heavy hand of the law was about to fall, its representative recognized young Devon, and waved him on with a forgiving grin. This was not the first time Laurie had "burned up" that stretch of roadway.

At the Sea Cliff station she slowed up. Then, on a sudden impulse, stopped his car at the platform with sharp precision and entered the tiny waiting-room. From the ticket window a pretty girl looked out on him with the expression of sudden interest. Laurie's eyes usually took on when this young man was directly in their line of vision. With uncovered curly head deferentially bent, he addressed her. Had she happened to notice a dark limousine go by an hour or so before, say around half-past eight or nine o'clock? The girl shook her head. She had not come on duty until nine, and even if such a car had passed she would hardly have observed it, owing to the frequency of the phenomenon and her own exacting responsibilities.

Laurie admitted that these responsibilities would claim all the attention of any mind. But there were any one around who might have seen the car, any one, say, who made a specialty of lounging on the platform and watching the motions of the town's life in this its throbbing center? No, the girl explained, there were no station loafers around now. The summer was the time for them.

Then perhaps she could tell him if there were any nice old houses for rent near Sea Cliff, nice old houses, say, overlooking the Sound, and a little out of the town? Laurie's newly acquired will power was proving its strength. With every frantic impulse in him crying for action, for knowledge, for relief from the intolerable tension he was under, he presented to the girl the suave appearance of a youth at peace with himself and the hour.

The abrupt transitions of the gentleman's interest seemed to surprise the lady. She looked at him with a suspicion which perished under the expression in his brilliant eyes. What he meant, Laurie soberly explained, was the kind of house that might appeal to a casual tourist who was passing through, and who had dropped into the station and there had suddenly realized the extreme beauty of Sea Cliff. The girl laughed. She was a nice girl, he decided, and he smiled back at her; for now she was becoming helpful.

Yes, there was the Varick place, a mile out and right on the water's edge. And there was the old Kleih place, also on the Sound. These were close together and both for rent, she had heard. Also, there was a house in the opposite direction, and on the water's edge. She did not know the name of the place, but she had observed a "To Let" sign on it last Sunday, when she was out driving. Those were all the houses she knew of. She gave him explicit instructions for reaching all three, and the interview ended in an atmosphere of mutual regard and regret. Indeed, the lady even left her ticket office to follow the gentleman to the door and watch the departure of his chariot.

Laurie raced in turn to the Varick place and the Kleih place. Shaw, he suspected, had probably rented some such place, just as he had rented the East side office. But a very cursory inspection of the two old houses convinced him that they were tenanted. No smoke came from their chimneys, no sign of life surrounded them; also, he was sure, they were not sufficiently remote from other houses to suit the mysterious Shaw.

The third house on his list was more promising in appearance, for it stood austere remote from its neighbors. But on its soggy lawn two soiled children and a dog played in careless abandon, and from the side of the house came the piercing whistle of an underling cheerily engaged in sawing wood and shouting cautions to the children. Quite plainly, the closed-up, shuttered place was in charge of a caretaker, whose offspring were in temporary possession of its grounds. Laurie inspected other houses, dozens of them. He made his way into strange, new roads. Nowhere was there the slightest clue leading to the house he sought.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when, with an exclamation of actual anguish, he swung his car around for the return journey to the station. For the first time the hopelessness of his mission came home to him. There must be a few hundred houses on the Sound near Sea Cliff. How was he to find the right one?

Perhaps that girl had thought of some other places, or could direct him to the best local real estate agents. Perhaps he should have gone to them in the first place. He felt dazed, incapable of clear thought.

As the car swerved his eye was caught by something bright lying farther up the road, in the direction from which he had just turned. For an instant he disregarded it. Then, on second thought, he stopped the machine, jumped out, and ran back. There, at the right, by the wayside, lay a tiny jagged strip of silk that seemed to blush as he stared down at it. It was not yet two o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness would not fall until five, even supposing that it would be safe to approach the place as soon as darkness came. In three hours all sorts of things might happen; and the prospect of marking time during that interval, while his unbridled imagination ran away with him, was one Laurie could not face.

started back. He drove every slowly, forcing the reluctant racer to crawl along, and sweeping every inch of the roadside with a careful scrutiny, but he had gone more than a mile before he found the second scent. This was another bit of the vivid silk, dropped on a country road that turned off the main road at a sharp angle. With a heartfelt exclamation of thanksgiving, he turned into this byway.

It was narrow, shallow-rutted, and apparently little used. It might stop anywhere, it might lead nowhere. It wound through a field, a meadow, a bit of deep wood, through which he saw the gleam of water. Then, quite suddenly, it again widened into a real road, merging into an avenue of trees that led in turn to the entrance of a big dark-gray house, in a somber setting of cedars.

Laurie stopped his car and thoughtfully nodded to himself. This was the place. He felt that he would have recognized it even without that guiding flame of ribbon. It was so absolutely the kind of place Shaw's melodramatic instincts would lead him to choose.

There was the look about it that clung to houses long untenanted, a look not wholly due to its unkempt grounds and the heavy shadows over its windows. It had been without life for a long, long time, but somewhere in it, he knew, life was stirring now. From a side chimney a thin line of smoke curled upward. On the second floor, shutters, newly unbolting, creaked rustily in the January wind. And, yes, there it was; outside of one of the unshuttered windows, as if dropped there by a bird, hung a vivid bit of ribbon.

Rather precipitately Laurie backed his car to a point where he could turn it, and then raced back to the main road. His primitive impulse had been to drive up to the entrance, pound the door until some one responded, and then fiercely demand the privilege of seeing Miss Mayo. But that, he knew, would never do. He must get rid of the car, come back on foot, get into the house in some manner, and from that point meet events as they occurred.

Facing this prospect, he experienced an immediate combination of emotions—relief and the heavy shadows over its windows. He had found her. For the time being, he frantically assured his trembling inner self, she was safe. The rest was up to him, and he felt equal to it. He was intensely stimulated; for now, at last, in his ears roared the rushing tides of life.

CHAPTER XII

The House in the Cedars

Less than half a mile back, along the main road, Laurie found a country garage, in which he left his car. It was in charge of a silent but intelligent person, a somewhat unkempt and haggard middle-aged man, who agreed to keep the machine out of sight, to have it ready at any moment of the day or night, and to accept a handsome addition to his regular charge in return for his discretion. He was only mildly interested in his new patron, for he had classified him without effort. One of them college boys, this young fellow was, and up to some mark.

Just what form that mark might take was not a problem which stirred Henry Burke's sluggish imagination. Less than twenty hours before his strength had been broken; and his wife was delicate and milk was seventeen cents a quart, and the garage business was not what it had been. To the victim of these obsessing reflections the appearance of a handsome youth who dropped five-dollar bills around as if they were seed potatoes was in the nature of a miracle and an overwhelming relief. His mind centered on the five-dollar bills, and his lively interest in them assured Laurie of Burke's presence in the garage at any hour when more bills might possibly be dropped.

While he was lingeringly lighting a cigarette, Laurie asked a few questions. Who owned the big house back there in the cedar grove, on the bluff overlooking the sound? Burke didn't know. All he knew, and freely told, was that it had been empty ever since he himself had come to the neighborhood, most two years ago.

Laurie strolled out of the garage with a well-assumed air of indifference to the perplexities of life, but his heart was racing by them. As he hesitated near the entrance, uncertain which way to turn, he saw that behind the garage there was a tool shed, and following the side path which led to this, he found in the rear of the shed a workman's bench, evidently little used in these cold January days. Tactily, it invited the discoverer to solitude and meditation, and Laurie gratefully dropped upon it, glad of the opportunity to escape Burke's eye and uninterruptedly think things out. But the daisied path of calm reflection was not for him.

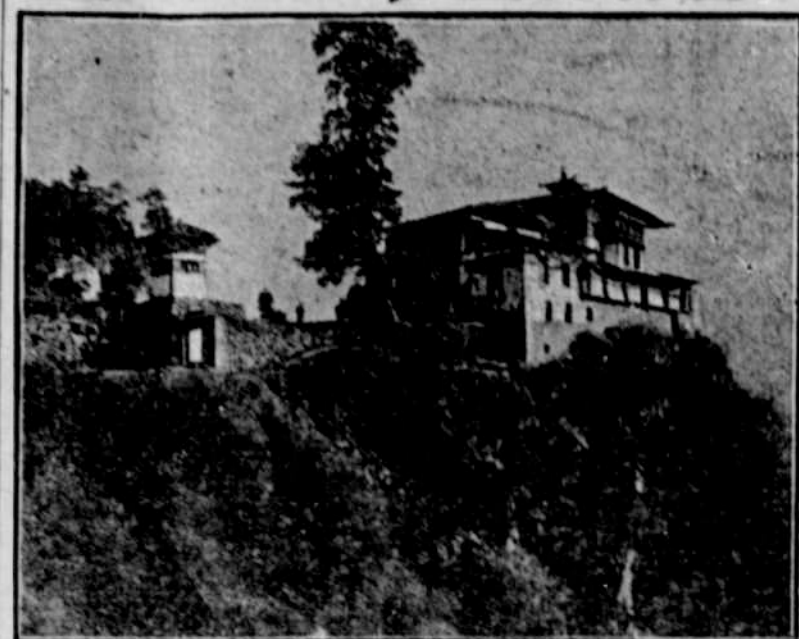
Theoretically, of course, his plan would be to wait until night and then, sheltered by the darkness, to approach the house, like a hero of melodrama, and in some way secure entrance. But even as this ready-made campaign presented itself, a dozen objections to it reared up in his mind. The first, of course, was the delay. It was not yet two o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness would not fall until five, even supposing that it would be safe to approach the place as soon as darkness came. In three hours all sorts of things might happen; and the prospect of marking time during that interval, while his unbridled imagination ran away with him, was one Laurie could not face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Word for the Back Seat

The statistics show that married men really do live considerably longer than single ones, which seems to establish the fact that the back seat is not nearly so fatal as it often seems as if it would be.—Okla State Journal

About Bhutan



A Monastery in Bhutan.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE Maharajah of Bhutan, who recently died, ruled over one of the least known states of Asia, a region about half the size of Tennessee, set down among the jagged spurs of the Himalayas on the northern edge of India. It can hardly be considered a part of India. Great Britain has with it, as with its neighbor, Nepal, only the most tenuous relations. Rather, Bhutan is a transition state between India and Tibet. It has many affiliations with the latter country, especially in the fields of religion and architecture.

Bhutan lies between 28 degrees 30 minutes and 28 degrees 30 minutes north latitude and 88 degrees 45 minutes and 92 degrees 15 minutes east longitude, and is bounded by British India on the south, the native state of East Tibet, subject to Tibet, on the east, Tibet on the north, and Sikkim and the British district of Darjeeling on the west.

The mountain system may be most easily described as a series of parallel ranges running approximately in a southerly direction from the main ridge of the Himalayan range, where the peaks attain altitudes up to 24,000 and 25,000 feet. The principal rivers are the Amno-chu, Wang-chu, Mo-chu, and Kuru, or Lohrak-chu.

In climate it varies enormously from the ice and snow of the higher altitudes to the damp, overpowering heat in the deep valleys; and in vegetation from the magnificent grazing grounds in the higher regions, covered with alpine flowers, surrounded by snow peaks, high pine forests, rhododendrons, magnolias, chestnuts, and oaks, to luxuriant tropical palms, ferns, and bamboos.

Much Game; Fine People.

In eastern Bhutan the hills are densely clothed with forests, but with practically no population, as it is too fever-stricken to allow of anyone living there. They are, however, the haunt of almost every kind of wild animal—elephant, rhino, tiger, leopard, bison, myna, sambar, cheetah, hog-deer, barking deer, etc. The river beds are full of runs leading to the various salt-licks which occur in the hills. It is an ideal place for shooting, but not easy to follow game, owing to the extreme steepness of the sandstone cliffs. The elephant in its wild state can go over or down nearly anything.

One of the first places of interest on the road after entering Bhutan is Duggye Jong, a fort built to protect this route from a possible raid by Tibet. The fort is magnificently situated on a projecting spur in the middle of a valley, with high snow peaks on either side and lovely views, looking down the valley.

The Bhutanese are fine, tall, well developed men, with an open, honest cast of face, and the women are comely, clean, and well dressed and excellent housekeepers and managers. Their religion is Buddhism and their language a dialect of Tibetan. The population of Bhutan is about 400,000.

The people are universally polite, civil, and clean. Both houses and temples are clean and tidy. In many of the houses the floors are washed and polished, and the refreshments they hospitably press on visitors are served in spotlessly clean dishes.

The clothes of the higher officials are always immaculate, their brocades and silks fresh and unstained in any way, and even the coolies are a great contrast to the usual Tibetan or Darjeeling coolie.

The amount of labor expended on their irrigation channels shows that they are an industrious and ingenious people. Their houses are all large and substantially built.

In the courtyards in various retainers busily occupied in funds traders, while the women of the household spin and weave and make clothes for the menfolk in addition to their ordinary duties. A great part of the country is under cultivation, and they raise sufficient crops to support the whole population, including the lamas, who are a great burden to the state.

Eggs Fed to Mules.

A typical Bhutanese luncheon consists of scrambled eggs and sweet rice, colored with saffron; murwah (beer) and chang (spirit), also colored with saffron; fresh milk, and a dessert of walnuts and dried fruits. There is a curious custom in Bhutan

of feeding mules with eggs. For each pack animal on the trail two or three raw eggs are broken into a horn. The mule's head is held up, and the contents of the horn poured down its throat; and, strange to say, they seem to like the unnatural food. The Bhutanese always give this to their animals when they have any extra hard work to do, and say it keeps them in excellent condition.

The religion of Bhutan is an offshoot of Buddhism, and was introduced into these countries from Tibet by lamas from different monasteries who traveled south and converted the people. Most of the tenets of Buddha have been set aside, and those retained are lost in a mass of ritual; so nothing remains of the original religion but the name.

The Bhutanese excel in casting bells. The composition used for the best bells contains a good deal of silver, but they never make them of any great size, the largest being probably 24 inches in diameter and of about an equal height.

In iron work they are also good artificers, and many of their sword blades are of excellent manufacture and finish, and are still made from the charcoal iron. The polish they put on them is wonderful, and the blades almost look as though they had been silvered.

Every house of any importance has large workrooms attached in which weaving is carried on, and the stuffs produced, consisting of silks for the chiefs' dress, woolen and cotton goods, are excellent; and a good deal of embroidery is also done.

Basket Work and Matting.

Another industry in which the Bhutanese excel is basket work and fine matting, made from split cane. The baskets are beautifully woven of very finely split cane and some of the lengths are colored to form a pattern. They are made in two circular pieces, rounded top and bottom, and the two pieces fit so closely and well that they can be used to carry water. They are from 6 to 15 inches in diameter, and the Bhutanese use them principally to carry cooked rice and food. They also make much larger and stronger baskets, very much in the shape of a mulepannier, and these are used in a similar way for pack animals.

The mats are also very finely woven of the same material, with a certain amount of the split cane dyed to form patterns. They are delightfully fine and soft, so flexible they can be rolled up into quite a small space and very durable, and can be got in almost any size up to about 16 feet square, and even larger if they are required.

Obviously the excellence of the work produced in Bhutan owes much to the feudal system which still prevails there. Each pentop and Jonpen has his own workmen among his retainers, men who are not paid by the piece and are not obliged either to work up to time or to work if the spirit is not in them, and consequently they put their souls into what they do, with the result that some pieces of splendid individuality and excellent finish are still made. No two pieces are ever quite alike, and each workman leaves his impress on his work.

The suspension bridges in Bhutan are very interesting and merit description. They consist of four or five chains of wrought iron made of welded links, each 15 to 18 inches in length. The three lower chains are tightened up to one level, and on them a bamboo or plank roadway is placed. The remaining chains, hanging higher up and further apart, act as side supports, and between them and the roadway there is generally a latticework of bamboo, or sometimes grass, in order that animals crossing may not put their legs over the side. The roadway is never more than three or four feet wide.

England Leads in Lenses

England is again taking its leadership in production of optical lenses. From 1848 to 1890 England led the world in the manufacture of the eye-sight aids, but lost this supremacy to Germany and France by the time of the World War. Due to the war, however, research was again instituted and today England has taken its place as a leader in the field again. Nine tons of optical glass are being produced each month, or enough to supply the needs for the finest lenses.

Would Alter Temperature

The weather bureau says that if the Caribbean sea were connected with the Pacific ocean by a wide channel, deep and properly located, much of the warm water that now forms the Gulf stream would flow through this channel into the Pacific ocean. Less heat, therefore, would be carried to the north Atlantic. Ice would come farther south between Iceland and Norway, and the temperature of western Europe would be correspondingly lowered.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

(By the Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

Her Best Friend

"My pocketbook is my best friend," I heard a woman say the other day. "If you have money you can get anything you want. Friends may prove false, children may be heartless, but your pocketbook never goes back on you."

Poor woman, so sore that she does not see the delusion and the snare. Your pocketbook—of course, it is useful—and necessary. One should hope that more people would realize how essential is providing for the later or the rainy day.

But how many things your pocketbook is absolutely powerless to buy, and without which the things it can buy are impotent to bring you happiness!

One wants to ask the woman who cynically declares it is her best friend, who seems to hold it all important: Can her pocketbook buy her help and cheer in sickness? It can bring her medical attention, nurses, dainty food, but can it give her something to get well for, the something or something that makes it worth while to fight for life?

In sorrow and bereavement, can her pocketbook buy her sympathy and consolation, can it give her comfort like the soothing of a friend?

In doubt and tribulation can her pocketbook buy her faith, that reassuring light that will brighten the darkest day?

In later years, when the world's excitements wane, will her pocketbook buy her the fire that makes life worth while? Will it surely open doors to hearths that welcome her, will it bring loving hearts to give life to her own friends, no matter how drab and cheerless the day outside?

Will money buy her clinging arms and baby kisses, love, solitude or devotion? Can money make her "be-long"?

No. There are things that money cannot buy that are as necessary to feed our hearts' cravings as food to nourish our body's blood. Money cannot buy them—neither can they be gotten for nothing. We must earn them in the heart's coin.

While the fire will not burn without fuel, while we are all happiest providing for and dependent upon ourselves, there are things that money cannot buy and which are in truth our best friends—for they bring us happiness.

Doughnuts, Liver and Bacon

The League of Mothers' Clubs published, the other day, the favorite dishes of President Coolidge, Governor Smith of New York and New York city's Mayor Walker.

The favorite food of the mayor of New York city is bread pudding. The governor of the Empire state prefers above any gastronomic delight the well-known and humble corned beef and cabbage. And the President's greatest treat? Is it filet mignon, pate de foie gras? No indeed; it is just plain doughnuts! His favorite luncheon dish we all know—liver and bacon—but beyond and above even that he likes to eat doughnuts!

What does this prove—that John O'Grady and the colonel's boss are brothers under the skin? Oh no; we knew that long ago. The point that seems to us to merit comment is that three leaders in the country's affairs, men who can afford to indulge any craving of the palate, who can command all the delights of the epicure, enjoy most the simple foods that are within the reach of a day laborer.

The mayor of a great city finds bread pudding a treat; the governor of the richest state in the Union gets his greatest joy of the table out of a despised corned beef and cabbage; and with a retinue of people provided to supply his every want, with chefs trained to the finest intricacies of the culinary art, the President of the United States desires not exotic delicacies, but just plain doughnuts!

This is merely a new illustration of the well-known fact that those who can have anything they desire want very little. The tastes of the mighty are notoriously simple. Many people commiserate with themselves for lack of worldly goods and envy others with more material possessions, thinking that those possessions would bring them happiness. If all these people could only be given carte blanche for a short time in the position of one who can command the material enjoyments which would soon be satiated and be glad to return, in other respects as in the matter of food, to their own simple fare. And they would then have acquired the perspective and the true sense of values which mean content.

Hardly Cheerful Greeting

A large number of travelers never actually see the beautiful scenery and monuments whose pictures they send home on post cards. One card showing a photograph of a vista in Peru in a Chaise cemetery read: "Having a lovely time. Wish you were here!"

A Difference

The difference between a failure and a successful man is rather aptly illustrated by the fact that while the failure is doubting whether a thing can be done, the successful man is going ahead doing it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When Glass Melts

The bureau of standards says that the glass of which an ordinary bottle is made begins to soften at about 600 degrees C. and continually becomes softer as the temperature is increased until at about 1,300 degrees C. it is very fluid.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS HOT WATER
Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Let Cuticura Soap Keep Your Skin Fresh and Youthful

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills correct indigestion, constipation, liver complaint, biliousness. Costs you nothing to send for trial box to 115 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Aviators Learned to Avoid Decoy Balloon

Life was full of surprises, mostly unpleasant, for the aviation forces during the World War, as related in the war diary of a young American flyer in Liberty. For instance, he wrote, "There's a Hun balloon that's rather close to the lines. They always pull down the others when they see us coming, but they leave this one up. It looked like easy pickings and we asked the commander if we couldn't drop down and get it some time when the wind was with us strong. He said he'd investigate and that we'd better leave balloons alone until we were sent after them, because they were very dangerous toys."

"He got word from the brigade that this balloon is a dummy," the diarist further recorded, "and is there as a decoy. About four batteries have it ranged," he explained, "and instead of having a passenger basket, it's loaded with amonol, and as soon as some sucker dives on it, the Hun will explode it and that will be the last heard of him. . . . This is certainly a nice friendly little war."

Drown Them?

The small town of Wallasey, in Cheshire, England, is concerned over the problem of its 2,000 surplus women. China has a very effective, although rather ruthless, method of dealing with this problem, but, of course, we are too gallant to suggest its adoption by Wallasey.—Trenton State Gazette.

Nursing Skin Diseases quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolicine. Leaves no scars. No need to stop work. Complete without it. 10c and 50c at drugists, or J. W. Cole Co., 19 E. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

But He Meant Well

He—Why don't you wear your long earrings?
She—Oh, I feel like such a fool with them on.
He—They are very becoming to you.—Outlook.

CATARRH

sufferers find grateful relief in the exclusive menthol blend in LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops 5c

LUDEN'S

Railroad Record?

William Pepler, a Southern railroad engineer, of Bermondsey, England has retired, after 50 years' service. His father, also an engineer, had 8 years' service.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

He Might Be Right

He—She's an angel in disguise.
She—You may be right—it's complete disguise.

Stomach or Liver Trouble?

Bakersfield, Calif.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for poor blood, torpid liver and stomach disorder and there is nothing in the world like it to get the human machine clear of the poison and to get every organ of the body feeling strong and healthy. I know what I am talking about for I was hardly able at times to get to my work, feeling mean, sick and rundown all the time. I have never had a return of this condition."—H. H. Cross, 2416 Euclid St. All dealers. Tablets or liquid by sending 10c to Doctor Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR

Includes Olive Tar and pure cod liver oil. This oil does not curdle and does not contain any harmful ingredients. BARK & SUGAR, New York

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