This monogram on the top of every Cunningham tube is visible proof of in-built integrity and quality.

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise $600 up as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.
Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; $600 up
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. Like most other felines she eats meat, fish and milk, but her diet does not stop there, however. When the lady of the house was surprised to find bits of cucumber on the ground near the kitchen door, she watched the cat for a while. Finally she saw kitty go to the garden, break off a good-sized cucumber and carry it to the house, where she broke it open and ate it. Since that time the cat's appetite has been tested with various other vegetables and it responds heartily.

Record Gain in Butter Profits

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

The biggest creameries in the country, who are most careful to cater to the whims of the public, are earning record profits by keeping their butter that appetizing June color everyone likes. Ninety per cent of them are doing it with "Dandelion Butter Color." It's the most economical and satisfactory butter color made. Half a teaspoonful colors a gallon of cream! It doesn't color the buttermilk. It's purely vegetable and tasteless. Approved by all State and National Food Laws. Large bottles, only 35¢ at all drug and grocery stores or write Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vt., for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Repose for the Artists

"Are you going to have a great deal of music when you go speechmaking?"

"Not too much," answered Senator Sorghum. "The last time I went on tour I was made to feel that I was merely filling in time between the jazz band selections."

Except in Private

"Maude thinks that nothing is good enough for her."

"Fortunately she doesn't go in bathing on that idea."—Sydney Bulletin.

But Not Purse

Bob—Did you fill your date last night?

Matt—I hope so. She ate everything in sight.

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

I 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 sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs
Toledo, Ohio
Dependable for Every Engine

FRECKLE OINTMENT
for real satisfaction. It does the work. $1.25 and 65c. Kremola Face Cream makes your skin beautiful. $1.25. FREE BOOKLET. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Hottest Part of Day

Is the hottest part of the day the time when the sun is vertically overhead? The strongest rays of the sun [illegible] most nearly [illegible] at [illegible] about 2 p.m. [illegible] the accumulation [illegible] to some radiation throughout the morning hours. —New York Telegram.

Deserve No Praise

It disgusts me to hear after-dinner and radio speakers praising ourselves. Praise our country but, in the name of all that is decent, don't praise ourselves. We have about ruined the appearance of this beautiful continent, for we have been the most inartistic people on earth, next to the Tibetans. —G. H. Corsan, in Forest and Stream Magazine.

Lampblack Melts Ice

Remembering that black absorbs the sun's rays and holds the heat, the captain of a ship in Alaska ordered a long strip of refuse oil and lampblack, 40 feet wide, to be swabbed across a frozen lake where his boat was held. In a short time, the strip had melted or softened so that the steamer could break through the channel.

Age of the Rockies

The Rocky mountains are fairly new. Scientists know this because they are so steep. Old mountains are more worn down and have lower forms. The growth of mountains is slow. They are not pushed up suddenly in some grand cataclysm, but rise a few inches in 1,000 years.

Coconut Economy

In the South seas coconuts have many uses—the milk is drunk; the sap of the tree, boiled and fermented, makes palm wine; the fruit is eaten, leaves make roof thatch for huts, the splints make baskets, the coconut shells are useful dishes and the oil is used for rubbing the body.

Steam Mined, Put to Work

The dream of Jules Verne, that a fictitious civilization might one day seek its heat and energy from a volcano, finds a modern counterpart in central Italy where electrical energy is being generated commercially by natural steam from the interior of the earth.

Food for Thought

We often wonder what a center of population that hasn't any college president emeritus residing in its midst does when it needs a chairman of the committee engaged in the promotion of any given worthy cause. —Ohio State Journal.

Weight of Air

Hot air is lighter than cold air. The latter is denser and therefore weighs more. Hot air carries more water vapor than cold air. The amount of moisture necessary to produce saturation increases rapidly with the increase of temperature.

Aviators Don't Mind

"To get a good view of an airplane right overhead, you have to turn up your nose at it," says Sam Silks, the town wag, "but the pilot don't mind such conduct in folks that's plainly beneath him."—Farm and Fireside.

Waxed Paper Flowers

Any one wishing to wax a few paper flowers may melt a little wax and hold flowers over the pan and put on with a spoon; it is not necessary to melt so much wax as when plunging the whole flower into the liquid.

Distant Star

According to the latest estimates, the North star is 300 light years from the earth; in other words, if at any moment the North star ceased to give out light, the fact would be unknown on the earth for 300 years.

Good, Anyway

A Danish doctor is out with a claim that it is electricity that puts a kick in a kiss. And here we had always ignorantly supposed that it was a pretty girl!—Eugene (Ore.) Register.

Engraving Process

An acquatint is a process of etching on copper or steel plates by means of nitric acid, producing an effect resembling a fine drawing in water colors, sepia or India ink.

Animals and Parasites

Man is less bothered by parasites than he has ever been, but domestic animals, concentrated in small areas, are probably more pestered than in the past.

That's Different

"He who seeks to direct the morals of others," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "often holds himself aloof to prevent his own from being inspected."—Washington Star.

Confusing

There are so many smart men on both sides of everything that I confess to being greatly confused.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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THE DOUBLE CROSS

By E. THOMAS

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CHAPTER I

Early in the afternoon of a certain Saturday Jim Stanley stood at one of the windows of his lofty office looking out at a panorama of which he seldom tired. Away, through the haze of the late afternoon, he could see a glimpse of New York harbor, with its busy traffic, and in the far background a huge dim figure vaguely stabbed the murk with its uplifted torch. He gazed upon it in silence for a time and then with a sigh and a gesture of impatience he turned, sat down and began to dictate somewhat irritably to the audiphone upon his desk.

"Of course there is always the possibility of error in these calculations, and it would be wise to allow a considerable margin of safety, therefore; but on the whole we are in a position to say that we think well of the proposition. If you wish, I shall be glad to discuss the matter at length and in detail. Very sincerely yours."

He switched off the machine, took another letter from the heap awaiting his attention, and attempted to fix his mind on it. For some reason he was unable to do so. He fidgeted a moment, rose and walked again to the window and looked upon the far-flung panorama of Manhattan.

Now, this indecision or, better, perturbation, was not at all characteristic of this young man. Anyone who knew him well, watching him now, would have sensed that something had disturbed him deeply. He ran his hand through his brown hair with a gesture of discontent and turning at length again to his desk he rang the bell and said to the gray-haired little man who entered:

"Frank, when you leave the office this afternoon you will find O'Hara waiting with the car. I shan't need him again today. Take the audiphone and all this heap of correspondence on the desk, hand them to O'Hara, and tell him to take the whole lot down to the country and have Jefferson put them on the desk in the library."

"But I understood, sir," objected the secretary, "that you had planned to spend the week-end playing golf at Southampton."

"That's so, Frank," responded Stanley, "but I find I can't do it. Please get Mr. Roberts on the phone and explain to him that unexpected and imperative business will detain me. Be as apologetic as you know how. Grovel for me, Frank, grovel."

Wilson smiled. "Yes, sir," he said. "I shall grovel abjectly."

"Great invention the audiphone," continued Stanley, casting an interested eye upon the machine. "You can dictate for hours without having a stupid stenographer around saying, 'What's that, sir?' or 'How do you spell cat, sir?' Talk as fast as you please, talk as slowly as you please, the machine doesn't get restless. It doesn't fix its hair or tap the floor with its foot, and thank God it doesn't chew gum!"

"Yes, sir," smiled Wilson, "it certainly has some advantages over the female of the species, but doesn't it sometimes get out of order?"

"Well," replied Stanley, "the female of the species has been known to do that, too."

Employer and employee smiled together at this feeble jest. You would have guessed that relations between them were not wholly formal and official, and you would have guessed right. Wilson was more than secretary, he was a thoroughly confidential assistant. In fact he knew much more about the business of the firm than Rollin Waterman, who was not only Stanley's partner but his lifelong friend as well. And it was not only the business of the firm with which he was well acquainted. He knew much more about the private lives of both the members of the firm than either of them guessed—perhaps a good deal more than one of them would have liked, and he was thinking of that particular one when Stanley turned and mentioned his name.

"Frank," he said, "Mr. Waterman hasn't come in yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

Stanley hesitated an instant, and then tossed his head with an air of decision. "When he does, say I'd like to see him."

"Yes, sir, I will," answered the secretary.

The door had scarcely closed behind Wilson when upon the other side of Stanley's office another door opened and there entered briskly a young woman, clad in the business tweeds of Wall Street. She was a dark, good looking girl of twenty-three or twenty-four, with assurance written large upon her handsome face and radiating from her eyes of Spanish black.

Stanley turned upon her entrance. "Well, Miss Morgan?" he said.

"Here is a letter," she said in her clipped voiced, "which Mr. Waterman asked me to call your attention to."

He took the letter and read it swiftly. Then he faced the girl with a glance of dissatisfaction as he said: "Why, this is dated three days ago. It should have been attended to before. What happened to it?"

"It got mislaid some way," she answered.

"I see. It just crawled stealthily away and hid itself, I suppose—just out of spite."

The girl looked sulkily at the floor.

"I'll see Mr. Waterman about it. After all you're his secretary, not mine."

"I was about to suggest something of the sort, sir."

Stanley looked at her with curiosity but whatever he was thinking he passed over the impudence. "Hm," he said reflectively, and then, "is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good."

She turned and went out. He was still looking after her in a puzzled sort of way when the opposite door opened and Rollin Waterman came in breezily as usual. Perhaps that was one of the secrets of his charm—he always seemed to bring the outdoors with him.

In the street these two men were known variously among their intimates as Damon and Pythias, Park and Tilford, or liver and bacon, and they spent more time together out of the office than in it. Their friendship dated from the days when they were playfores and played together in the park while their nurses gossiped on a nearby bench, presumably, if we credit the professional humorist, with handsome policemen. It is true that the credit side of the ledger of this friendship showed a heavy balance in favor of Jim Stanley, but it is equally true, too, that his opportunities for benevolence far exceeded those of his friend.

Jim and Waterman were about the same age. They had many points in common. They were both well born, of an old New York stock, they were at school together and at college. Jim's father, however, had been a canny and successful business man, and when he died had left a fortune of uncommon size entirely to his son. Waterman's sire, on the contrary, had been an able but erratic person who dissipated the fortunes of his family and left his son a heritage of debts—not that anyone could ever see, however, that these debts weighed noticeably on the mind of their inheritor.

"Hello, Rolly," said Stanley, "a bit late?"

"Why, does it matter? Lively day on the floor, you know."

"Yes, another million share day.

The Girl Looked Sulkily at the Floor

Glad we held on to that B. & O. last spring."

"Yes, that will do us a bit of good. Er—Wilson said you wanted to see me."

"Oh, yes, I—oh, by the way, why do you keep that secretary of yours?"

"What's the matter with Miss Morgan?" inquired Waterman, with just the least indication of surprise.

"Well," said Stanley, "she's careless, and she's impudent. Aside from that she's first class."

Waterman laughed and answered: "Oh, she's all right if you understand her, and she's intelligent, which covers a multitude of sins. That what you wanted to see me about?"

The smile died from Stanley's face. "No," he said shortly, and then added slowly, "no, no, it isn't."

"Well, then shoot," adjured his friend. "What the deuce is it? You look as glum as a parson's face on a Monday morning."

It was clear that Stanley was embarrassed. This was a thing that seldom happened to him and he didn't like the feeling. However, it had to be done, and now was the time.

"Rolly," he said, "I've had something on my chest for quite awhile and now I'm going to get it off. We've been pals for a good many years. I hope we always shall be."

"I hope so, too," responded his partner. "Why not? Anything gone wrong? Have I done anything?"

"No, no, not a blessed thing," said Stanley hastily. "Don't misunderstand me. I think that ours is the kind of friendship that nothing could spoil, with possibly one exception."

"I can't imagine what the exception could be," laughed Waterman.

"The possible exception," responded the other, "is an exception that has ruined more than one friendship before now. I mean a woman."

"Oh," said Waterman blankly.

He rose from the desk on the corner of which he had been sitting, took one turn up and down the room and stopped in front of his friend: "I suppose you're talking of Doris Colby."

Stanley shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said the other, "what about her?"

"Just this. Here we are, you and I pals—same school, same college, same clubs, and now for two years partners; and as if that were not enough for us to hold in common, it looks to me as if we had gone and fallen in love with the same girl. Of course we've never talked about it—"

"People don't, as a rule," muttered Waterman.

"True, but we must."

"Why so?"

"I'll tell you, Rolly. It would be easy enough to let things drift along and take their natural course, but I've been thinking a lot about it and here's how it stands. Many a friendship has been wrecked on just this kind of a reef. Now I don't want our friendship to be wrecked, no matter what happens. I may be all wrong when I say that we both love the same girl. I can only speak for myself, and if I am wrong, just say so and we'll drop it."

He looked inquiringly at his friend who presently dropped his eyes and shrugged his shoulders.

"All right then," Stanley went on. "Now it is clear to me that it's begun to get on our nerves. We haven't been ourselves in each other's company for quite a while. It has bothered me a lot, this—this barrier that's been rising between us. Let's break down. I think that Paris is fond of both of us, though perhaps in different ways. And for the moment there's apparently no one else in the running."

"No," agreed Waterman, "not since Monsieur Le Comte d'Estrelles took ship for home with a refusal in his luggage."

"But," continued Stanley, "she can't marry us both, and it may be that she hasn't the slightest idea of marrying either of us; but I have certain notions of my own upon the point, as no doubt you have also. Some time she must make a choice. So far as we're concerned, the sooner the better. It is my besotted idea that I am the husband designed for her by an all-wise Providence, and you appear to be nourishing designs of your own not precisely in line with that view. Is that right?"

"It is," said Waterman briefly.

"Very well, then, I propose this—we shall each go to her this very evening, one at nine o'clock, and one at nine-thirty. Each of us shall ask her to marry him and the loser shall take his medicine as best he can. What do you say?"

Waterman took another turn upon the rug. Then he thrust both hands deep into his trousers pockets, and thoughtfully jingled a few coins therein. Somehow he seemed to gather determination from the sound. At all events, he turned again to Stanley and observed, succinctly, "It's a bet."

Stanley breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good," he said, "and whoever wins, it's to make no difference whatever in his relations with the other."

"Waterman jingled the coins again.

"Right," said he.

"Fine," cried Stanley, his face lighting up. He put out his hand. Waterman took it.

"And now," said Waterman, "who goes first?"

"We'll toss for it," Stanley decided.

"Suits me," grinned Waterman, producing one of the jingly coins. "You call it, or shall I?"

"You toss," directed Stanley. "I'll call."

"Right. Here goes!" He tossed the coin.

"Heads!" cried Stanley, as it fell upon Waterman's palm. Stanley inspected the coin briefly, then his face fell a trifle. "Tails it is," said he. "You win. All right, old boy, you go first. But I know that you'll forgive me if I don't wish you luck."

Waterman grinned. "Under the circumstances, yes," said he.

"All right," said Stanley briskly, "I know she's to be at home tonight, for she told me so."

Waterman grinned again. "Yes," said he, "so I heard," and they grinned together.

"Well," said Stanley, "that's that," and made for the wardrobe closet, whence he took his hat and stick. "Awful joke on us," he remarked, "if she turned us both down."

"Can happen," answered Waterman philosophically.

"Anyhow, I'll be d—n glad to get it over."

"Me too."

"All right, then—you at nine, and at nine-thirty enter, so far as you're concerned, the villain. Of course if you've won I'll know it the moment I come in, and it won't be necessary for me to say anything but, bless you, my children. But, best of all, it's going to be a square deal."

"Surest thing you know!"

"Till tonight, then, old man. Win or lose it's all right, and—good luck to—one of us," and with that Stanley strolled again and departed.

The remaining partner gazed reflectively after him. Then he lighted a cigarette and sat down. He had a good deal to think about.

CHAPTER II

"Well, Rolly, do you mean it?"

Waterman started. The speaker stood behind him and he had not heard her enter. It was one of her accomplishments, this swift and silent apparition. She was not stealthy—she was simply silent.

"Mean what?"

"Don't stall. I happen to have heard every word you two have been saying."

"Well, what about it?"

"Do you mean it?" she demanded once more.

Waterman's hand was not to be forced.

"Do I mean what?" he said.

"That you're going to ask Miss Colby to marry you?"

Waterman blew the ash from his cigarette.

"What if I am?" he said.

The girl's mouth tightened, her face hardened, her black eyes flashed. "Just this," she said. "You can't do that kind of thing to me."

"No?"

"No, Mr. Rollin Waterman, not after all that's passed between us—no."

"Why," he said, "what could you do about it?" Though he spoke with a jeer, he was far from comfortable, for he knew well enough that she could and would do something about it. Wherefore his remark was not so much a gibe as a genuine request for information. Information was promptly forthcoming.

"I'll tell you what I can do about it. Do you suppose a girl like Doris Colby would have any use for you if she knew the truth about me?"

"Do you mean that you will tell her?"

"That's just what I mean. You will promise me here and now to give up all attempts to marry her, or I'll go to her and tell her the precise truth about you and me."

"Hm," said Waterman. "Blackmail, eh?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mementoes of the Past

The burial of pottery and statuary of ancient cities has resulted from various circumstances. In many cases the city has merely decayed from age and collapsed. Destruction by war has been a frequent cause. Natural events, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and storms, etc., have also played an important part.

Hot Oil Employed to Wipe Out Mosquitoes

Hot fuel oil, sprayed along the shores of the lakes in the Canal zone, is most efficacious weapon against Panama Aedes mosquitoes. This oil, a by-product in the fight which is culminating in certain abolition of the insect, has destroyed breeding places in the Pedro Miguel and Gatun lakes.

The method used to spray the oil necessitates the use of a rowboat carrying a tank containing 150 gallons of oil, and a crew of three men. One man rows, one works a hand pump and the other handles the spray nozzle. The hot oil is sprayed on the shore line as fast as the boat can be propelled. This surface filming has been found positive and complete.

Wind action and wavelets carry the oil into every nook and cranny, even to a considerable distance from the point of application. A rigid inspection follows every oiling to determine if it has been done thoroughly.

Elsewhere than in the lake areas, mosquito breeding is controlled chiefly by training of streams and by draining and filling.

NEW BEAUTY for YOUR CLOTHES
By Mae Martin

Don't envy some other woman her ability to look attractive and stylish on less than you have. Learn her secret! Give new beauty and variety to your dresses by the quick magic of home dyeing and tinting. Perfect results are possible only with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, the standard for over 50 years. Insist on them and save disappointment. They are real dyes, the kind used when the cloth was made. They are so easy to use. New colors appear like magic right over the old, faded ones. Twenty million packages used a year shows their popularity.

My new 64-page illustrated book "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. F-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington Vermont.

Had to Come Again

Pedro Martinez, twenty-four, "no spik much Englis," but he knows how to make love. Pedro went to see Police Judge Wade Moore at Pittsburg, Calif., with Francisca Garcia. Francisca had just arrived from Mexico and Pedro made the judge understand they wished to be married. Pedro proudly displayed his license, obtained earlier in the day from the county clerk, and prepared to say "I do." Before the judge tied the knot he scrutinized the license and discovered that it permitted Pedro to fish in California.

Sailing Vessels Passing

Full-rigged sailing vessels, once the pride of Sweden's ocean commerce, are being driven from the trade lanes by steam and motorships. Only six of the old wind-jammers are in service and not one of the brigs is carrying cargoes where in 1905 there were 230 full-rigged ships and 69 brigs flying the Swedish colors.

A Place for Them

Some of the old-time, straight-shooting cowboys, who have found the thrills gone in that line, may be able to land jobs at the gasoline filling stations. That's one place where speed on the draw still can be put to practical use.—Sioux City Tribune.

No Sale!

Phyllis—I'd like to buy a hope chest, please.

Clerk—Here's just the thing for you. This cedar-lined one will keep things lovely for years and years.—Telephone Topics.

Naturally

"This certainly is a classy place."

"Yes, it's our school building."—Montreal Star.

Trouble is about the only thing a man can borrow without being called upon to pay it back.

What Will you do When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks, Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Not Enough

First Politician—I don't see why I wasn't elected. I was for a larger dinner pail for the laboring man.

Second Politician—That may be all well and good, but you never said anything about putting stuff in the larger bucket you advocated.

Flattering Dad

Girls are a little more likely to be happily married if they fall in love with their father's physical type than with his opposite.—Woman's Home Companion.

Entirely by Motor

"Did you complete your trip by motor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Chuggins; "part way in my own car and part way in an ambulance."

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 41-1928.

On the Level

Molly—Why do you fix up your eyebrows like that?

Polly—Well, I've got to draw the line somewhere.

In That Vicinity

Tourist—About what is the population of this place?

Native—About the hotel.

Modern Music

"My son has about decided upon a musical career."

"Saxophone or traps?"

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