

ENDS COLDS



No Mother Can Be Happy Unless Babies Are Safe

From Rhode Island a mother writes: "I have always given my children Glesco for coughs and colds and certainly would never be without it."

DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO

Cough and Croup Remedy. THE GLESSCO COMPANY, Inc. Free Trial. Send me at once a liberal Free Trial...

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant effort. They relieve the various conditions...

To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

NERVES

Do Not Neglect Nervousness Irritability Sleeplessness. Pastor Koening's Nervine. Has Been Used Successfully for over 40 years.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, France. Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Florestan Shampoo. Makes the hair soft and fluffy.

Vindication Comes Late

After twenty-six years Prof. A. W. Bickerson, pioneer of the theory of cosmic evolution to which modern research is beginning to give support...

Attend the Party

In Spite of Cold! Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon!

Old English Industry

In the small Yorkshire (England) village of Staple an old industry still survives—that of making 'besoms'. The special kind of heather from which these brooms are made is to be found only in certain parts of the moor and must be cut and gathered in June or early July.

Millemium Key

About 15 years ago, when the word "efficiency" entered polite society, we thought that the key to the front door of the millennium had suddenly been found.—Woman's Home Companion.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

Copyright, By Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. W. N. U. Service

THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk telephone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rollo Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes to Doris Colby, Stanley proposes to Doris Colby, Stanley proposes to Doris Colby...

"It does seem, papa, as if the police were right," Doris was saying. "It seems as if it must have been somebody in this house."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Colby. "The modern crook is a most resourceful animal."

"I should be so glad to know," Doris answered, "that it was a burglar, should almost be willing to give up all hope of seeing that necklace again in exchange for the assurance that the thief was no one whom I had known and trusted."

"I feel exactly as you do my child, but I would not give up hope. I have a presentiment that somehow, in some way, that necklace will come back."

Mr. Colby departed from his daughter's drawing room that afternoon a little happier than he had been for some time. For weeks he had been convinced of her unhappiness. Not a word had ever been exchanged between them upon that subject, but he knew, and she knew that she knew. Until she spoke he would continue to be silent. But he believed that the thing must come to a separation. He believed, too, that Waterman would fight if he could. He had wished for a weapon which he could use if it ever came to a fight. Now, at least, he had that weapon.

CHAPTER X

It was in the month of October that Jim Stanley had departed for the East. It was in the following October that he returned. Wilson had known for five days that he was on his way. He had received from San Francisco a telegram which said: Arriving on the 21st. Exchange hotel accommodations for two."

Wilson had done just that and no more—that is to say, he had held his tongue. And now, as he stood awaiting the arrival of the Limited, he wondered in whose company his employer was returning. The heart of the little clerk beat a trifle faster as he stood there waiting. Not only was he to meet his best friend after long separation—there was that, of course, but there was something more. He had a feeling that something exciting was about to happen. What it was he could not tell, but his sensations were those of a man who has covered his ears in anticipation of an explosion.

Stanley's quick eye caught Wilson's face the instant he emerged from the train. He had the appearance of a porter loaded down with assorted luggage. He seized the clerk's hand in both of his own.

"Well, well, Frank," he cried, with boyish enthusiasm. "God bless your soul! Here you are, eh? Here you are. I knew you'd be here. I'm d—n glad to see you, Frank!"

"Thank you, sir," was all Wilson could say. He had no way of expressing what he felt, but it was unnecessary. Stanley knew quite well. Still holding Wilson's hand, he turned and glanced over his shoulder to a waiting figure which, even in this place of cosmopolitan apparitions seemed most strange. The figure was that of a man, not old, yet certainly of young, not far from the height of Stanley himself, clad from neck to feet in oriental robes, grided at the waist. Upon his head he wore a turban. Of his features the eyes and nose alone were clearly visible, for the rest of his face was darkly bearded to his cheek bones. The stranger fixed his steady eyes upon the secretary.

"Frank," said Stanley, while the group of porters shifted uneasily under their burdens, "I want you to know my very good friend, Swami Ramanarra—Swami, my secretary, Mr. Wilson."

"How do you do, Mr. Wilson," said the Swami in his slow, precise and careful English.

"Mr. Wilson has been in charge of my affairs during my absence in the East. You will probably see a good deal of him during your stay in New York, for he is sure to find many ways of making himself useful to you. He has a gift for that sort of thing. And again Stanley turned upon Wilson the smile that the little man loved.

"I should be most happy," he said. His arms folded upon his breast, the Swami inclined his head gravely.

"And now, Frank," said Stanley. "Let's get along."

As the taxi whisked away from the terminal, Stanley peered eagerly through the window. Upon the south-east corner there stood a skyscraper. On the day that Stanley had left New York the place had been a hole in the ground. He said this to the Swami, who merely murmured, "Ah."

"I'm afraid," laughed Stanley to Wilson. "I'm afraid that we're going to have a hard time surprising the Swami. He has seen and known so many wonders in the spiritual world that our material miracles may not interest him much."

"All these things," murmured the Swami, with a slight gesture that summed up all New York, "are of the moment. The spirit is eternal."

The three men dined together in Stanley's apartment in the hotel, Wilson allowing himself to be persuaded to remain.

"After the meal, Stanley asked. "Well, what is the news?"

"Oh, nothing of any great importance," answered Wilson. He had news enough, but this was not the moment to tell it.

"Waterman well? And—Mrs. Waterman?" continued Stanley.

"I believe so."

"I want to see them right away. Excuse me." He took up the telephone.

"Liza 2765, please—yes."

As he waited for the answer, Stanley continued. "They haven't either of them been very communicative. I got one letter from Waterman—waiting for me when I reached Yokohama—but none at all from Doris. Yes—Liza 2765? Yes—may I speak with Mrs. Waterman? Just tell her it's Mr. Wilson." He smiled at the secre-

tary, adding sotto voce, "I'll give her a little surprise."

In a moment he said: "Hello—yes—is that you—is that Doris? Yes, it's me! It's Jim, all right. Couldn't find you, eh? I'm just in—I'm very well, and you?—That's fine. When can I see you? How about this evening, after dinner?—Yes.—That'll be wonderful—yes. How is Rollin? Good. All right, after dinner then—Au revoir."

During this conversation Wilson's eyes never left Stanley's face. As Stanley's ear caught for the first time the sound of the well-known voice, there flashed across his face a look that was not lost upon the secretary—a look that told in a fraction of a second its secret of his heart. If Wilson had been in any doubt before, that doubt was ended. Swiftly his hand worked. Ought he to tell Stanley everything that he knew, and everything that he guessed about Waterman's affairs and his relations with his wife? Or ought he to hold his tongue about it and let Stanley see for himself, make his own observations, draw his own deductions—and answer questions when they were asked? As Stanley hung up the receiver, Wilson decided to hold his tongue for the present.

Doris Colby lung up the telephone receiver automatically. Her heart bounded in her breast. Jim Stanley was back—Jim! A wave of happiness surged over her whole being. For the first time in months she was happy. In a little while she would see him again, take his hand, hear his voice—yes, everything. Then she had believed him to be a scoundrel. She had accepted Nina Morgan's story at its face value. Now she disbelieved it utterly. She had recovered her faith in Stanley. Why? Why? It was illogical. There was no sense in it. Why was it?

At this instant the door of her morning room opened, and her husband appeared. Instantly, with the terrifying illumination of a flash of lightning the answer flashed upon her. It was because she loved Jim Stanley! This she knew suddenly, beyond peradventure of doubt, as she looked upon her husband. In the great white light of this illumination all her life suddenly took on a new meaning, a new value. Cold dark places were lighted up, old proportions were rearranged. Her husband was there, but he meant nothing. Jim had returned! A little while she would see him! She could think of nothing else. What Waterman said to her and what she answered him she could never remember.

It was not until they sat at dinner half an hour later that she was able to think. Her first impulse was to telephone Stanley not to come. That would be the wise thing to do. She must have time to get herself together, to determine what she ought to do, to organize her forces to carry it through. She had plenty of time during the meal for reflection. She and Rollin had little to say to each other, these days that was not perfumery. Just now he himself had sufficient material for reflection, so that the meal passed in almost total silence.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, he broke a silence that had lasted some moments.

"Doris, old girl," he said, "I'm sorry to be so full tonight—but the fact is I'm terribly worried."

With an effort she turned her mind to what he was saying. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, business, as usual."

"You've been speculating again?"

"Well—yes."

"I suppose I need scarcely remind you that you promised me, not once, but many times, to keep out of the stock market."

"I know."

"And that you've repeatedly broken your promise."

"You don't understand, Doris. There are times when it seems impossible to do anything else, and when a man gets as deep in a hole as I am, he'll take almost any chance to get out. He's got to."

"How deep is this hole you're in?"

"Not so very deep, but it's deep enough to bury me in if I don't get out of it—Oh, I wouldn't tell you about it, if I weren't driven to it. It's humiliating enough for a man to be forced to ask his wife for money, even if she has plenty of it."

Doris allowed herself the first Jeer of her married life. "It's a humiliation," she said, "to which you seem to have accustomed yourself pretty well. I don't mean to be ungenerous. You may know how often this has happened."

"That's true enough," he admitted. "I've no excuse except that I've had the rottenest luck that anyone could imagine. Everything I've touched has gone wrong, and now, well—if I can't raise \$35,000 by tomorrow morning, I shall be completely wiped out."

"You mean the business?"

"Oh, no, no," he said hastily, "the business is all right. This is my personal account."

Doris had not been listening to his tergiversations for the better part of a year without being able to tell when he was lying. She knew that he was lying now, but she only said, "All right, Rollin, I'll write you my check for \$35,000 with the understanding that this is absolutely the last time I'm perfectly willing to give you an allowance, since that is the kind of man you are, apparently. But if you get caught again in the stock market it's at your own risk. Is that understood?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two hearts are better than one—if they're trumps.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

WHEN another Christmas rolls around—and another—your family will still be enjoying this beautiful and sensible gift.

2,000,000 families have Atwater Kent Radio. Many of them made their purchases last Christmas. We felt this was the thing that would please the whole household—now we know, they say.

You, too, want entertainment without trouble. You want to hear good music and good talks—always get what you want from "the radio that keeps on working."

All electric. If you have electricity from a central station, there are several Atwater Kent models you can operate right from a lampsocket. If you prefer an all-in-one cabinet set, with receiver and speaker combined, the dealer will let you try the wonderfully compact Model 52. They're all

made wholly by Atwater Kent in the world's largest radio factory—as big as a 15-acre field.

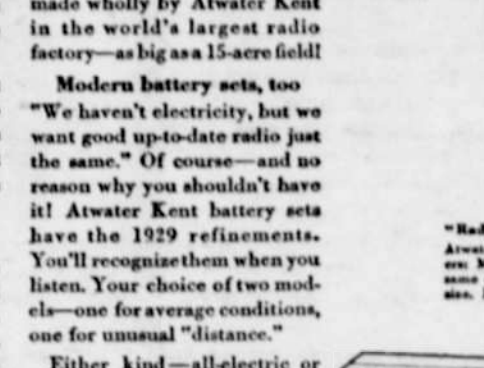
Modern battery sets, too. "We haven't electricity, but we want good up-to-date radio just the same." Of course—and no reason why you shouldn't have it! Atwater Kent battery sets have the 1929 refinements. You'll recognize them when you listen. Your choice of two models—one for average conditions, one for unusual "distance."

Either kind—all-electric or battery—gives you the best in radio at a moderate price. See an Atwater Kent dealer about that Christmas radio—now!

Battery Sets, \$55—\$72. MODEL 40. See 118-119-120, 10-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one 45T. Filter do not include tubes or batteries.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY. 6764 Washington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Calendar table for the month of December 1928, listing dates and corresponding radio models or features.



Time Didn't Mean Much To Trailing of Moose. The way of guides in the Canadian woods is most mysterious.

Hard to Realize Vast Stretches of Pacific. The immensity of the Pacific ocean is seldom realized. Huge and terrible as is the Atlantic, its size compared with the Pacific is about the same as a farm pond with Lake Ontario.

This Mother Had Problem. As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it.

Popular Fish Food. We get our familiar phrase "finnan haddock" from the town of Fintona, Scotland. Many years ago the fisher-folk there discovered an excellent method of salting and smoking haddock, which were called "haddie."

Good Business. Jo Ann had just received some shiny new coins for her savings bank from the week-end guests.

Right and Wrong. Maurice Ravel, the French composer, visited a supper club in New York the other night. A young man and a girl came out in due course and did a rather daring and suggestive dance.

Color Films for All. A new cinematograph invention enables motion pictures in natural colors to be taken with an amateur's machine, by placing a filter on the lens of the camera for use with a special film.

No Written Records. Indians have no written language other than picture writing. Their tales and legends are preserved from generation to generation by word of mouth.

Two hearts are better than one—if they're trumps.



Model 40. See 118-119-120, 10-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one 45T. Filter do not include tubes or batteries.

Memory Test. A mother was telling her three-year-old daughter, Shirley Jean, about the woman flyer who made the trip across the Atlantic.

Building "Modern" City. Exemplifying the latest style in ornament and design, an entire new city is being constructed near Paris.

Dampening Reply. Bookkeeper—Twenty-five years ago today, Mr. Markham, I stepped into your employ.

McMillan Wants Your Furs. Liberal Grading. Big profits for you! Paying top-notch prices for 50 years. Fur market booming. Send today for price list.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, OR. 50-1928.

take it! It's Bayer

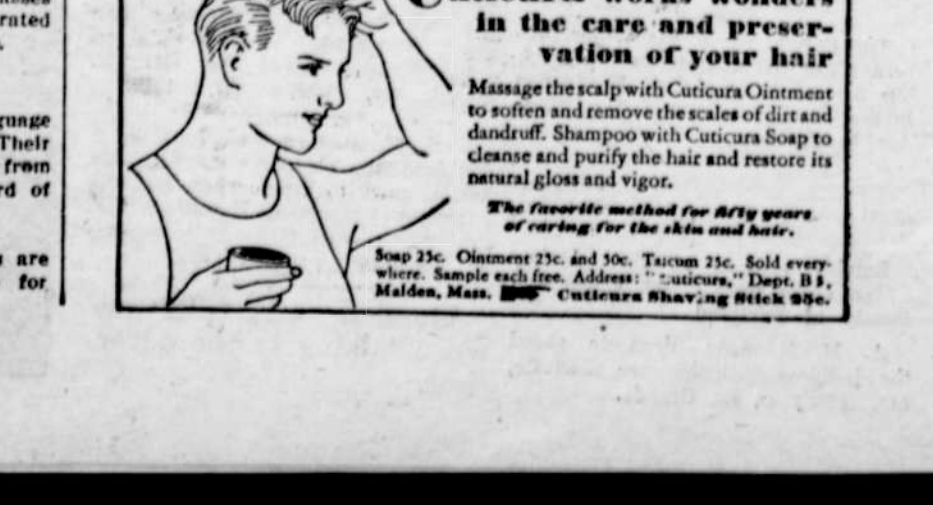


The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold.

Color Films for All. A new cinematograph invention enables motion pictures in natural colors to be taken with an amateur's machine, by placing a filter on the lens of the camera for use with a special film.

ASPIRIN

Cuticura works wonders in the care and preservation of your hair. Massage the scalp with Cuticura Ointment to soften and remove the scales of dirt and dandruff.



GARFIELD TEA

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy. For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb-based remedy for constipation, stomach ills, and other derangements of the system.