

Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys If Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Opportunity "When we girls parade we are often annoyed by horrid men."

"I'll join you, my dear."

We don't want our dearest friends to overlook our faults. We want them not to see them at all.

Harold's Mother Knew Answer

"Yes, sir, I am certainly proud of my little boy," says Mrs. H. M. Smith, 421 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas. "He's five and weighs fifty-seven pounds. He's the picture of health as you can see, and I feel like he'll do ways that way as long as I can get California Fig Syrup. I have used it with him ever since he was a year old. I knew what to give him for his colds and his feverish, upset spells because Mother used California Fig Syrup with all of us as children. I have used it freely with my boy and he loves it. It always fixes him up, quick."

In many homes, like this, the third and fourth generations are using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup because it has never failed to do what is expected of it. Nothing so quickly and thoroughly purges a child's system of the souring waste which keeps him cross, feverish, headachy, bilious, half-sick, with coated tongue, bad breath and no appetite or energy as long as it is allowed to remain in the little stomach and bowels. Fig Syrup gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act as Nature intends them to do, and helps build up and strengthen weak, pale and underweight children. Over four million bottles used a year shows its popularity. The genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years, always bears the word "California."

Making It Right "Mae—Say, I hear you called me a little sump."

Fae—Oh, my dear, forgive me! I meant a big one.

The ptarmigan, a bird that lives in lonely, high places, wears white plumage in winter and gray-brown in summer.

CHILD'S COLD MAY BE FLU

Careful Mothers Take No Chances "Five hours is too long for a child to have a cough or cold without taking steps to stop it. The sooner you start with Glessco, the quicker the cold will stop."

DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO Cough and Croup Remedy

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ailments and other derangements of the system is ever greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who need it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colic, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 has healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast

Good Wishes "Miss Yellitt says she's going to join the choir."

Will Cold Worry You This Winter?

Some men throw-off a cold with a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Pepp's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.

Help is Offered and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N.Y., for confidential medical advice. No charge for this service. Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablet form, from your druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce at above address, for trial package of tablets. One woman writes:

"I was greatly rundown in health, my nerves were bad, my back bothered me and I got so weak and dragged out that I did not feel like doing anything—wanted to sit and rest all the time, but after taking a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I was feeling fine, my nerves were good and my strength came back."

How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against Colds, Grippe or Flu as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations.

Get a 50c Box of Your Druggist's NR TO-NIGHT

Oregon & California Directory

Hotel Roosevelt

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Pipe Valves, Fittings Pump Engines

Farm Tools & Supplies ALASKA JUNK CO.

Hotel Hoyt

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

Behne-Walker Business Training Pays

Behne-Walker Business College

Last year we placed more than 1000 in good positions. We can place you when competent. When will you be ready?

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By A. E. THOMAS

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Not idly!" cried Stanley. "Why, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing serious, but—oh well, when my wife has most of the money—"

"Ah," cried Stanley, as if his point of view had suddenly broadened. "Yes—devilish awkward at times!"

"Well, well," continued Stanley generally, "we must find a way to set you on your feet again. By the way, what became of all the office staff?"

"I didn't recognize a single face the other day. What happened to Higgins?"

"Oh, he landed on his feet. He's with Lane and Adams."

"Good—fine chap, Higgins. And that—what's her name? Oh, yes, that Morgan girl?"

This was the last name that Waterman had wished to hear. He was a trifle startled, but he did his best to conceal it.

"Why, what about her?" he asked, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Oh, nothing—she just dashed into my mind. Rather a vivid personality, don't you think?"

"Yes—yes—"

"I saw her the other day."

"Where? How?" He could not exclude an accent of alarm, but Stanley ignored it.

"Oh, on the Avenue."

"Did you speak with her?"

"No—why?"

"Oh, I just wondered."

"Driving uptown—just caught a flash of her face in the crowd," Stanley continued. "And by the way—do you remember our last afternoon in the office together? I mean that fateful afternoon when we tossed a coin to see who should first propose to Doris."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Waterman. He raised his arms over his head, stiffed a yawn, and said "By the way, I'm getting sleepy, sitting here in front of this fire. I think I'll turn in."

"Oh, my dear chap," cried Stanley, "no, not yet! I have something most interesting to show you—something rather extraordinary."

"Yes, it's a thing that wouldn't happen once in a thousand times, and—oh, that makes me think I had a little talk with Doris before she came downstairs just before dinner. She told me something that explained many things."

His voice was still kindly, still genial, yet Waterman's apprehension increased.

"What did she tell you?" he asked.

"Why—er—" Stanley went on, feeling the other's gaze as he spoke, "she said that on that very night I've just been speaking of—you know, the night you won her and I lost her—some woman came to her and told her a scandalous story about me."

Waterman thought it necessary to affect amazement. "Really?" he said.

But Stanley gave him a slightly mocking smile. "Oh, come now, my dear chap—no use pretending you don't know it, because she told me that you do."

Waterman flinched. "Well, of course," he said, with outward composure. "Oh, I know you promised her you wouldn't tell, and—well, she was the soul of honor. However, as she has told you, you needn't pretend any longer."

Waterman could not suppress a wave of discomfort. "Well," he said finally, "it's her business," and mine—just a little, I suppose, you don't happen to know the exact details of this woman's story?"

This put Waterman in a hole. Being in complete ignorance of what Doris had told Stanley, he hadn't the faintest idea how to answer. But after a moment's hesitation he decided it was safer to deny knowledge of the matter.

"Why no—no," he said.

"Nor who this woman was?"

"No—no—certainly not."

Stanley smiled again, still amiably. "Naturally," he remarked, "I'm a little curious to know what villainy I'm accused of."

"She—er—she didn't tell me," stammered the other. "Said she'd promised."

"Yes—well, I'm glad to see that Doris has finally come around to your opinion, Rolly."

"Yes—oh, she told me how you had defended me. Thanks, old man—thanks. I knew I could always depend upon your loyalty," and he put his hand affectionately on Waterman's shoulder. "Well, now—help yourself to the port—to get back to that afternoon in the office—oh, just a moment—"

He rose, walked to the desk and pressed a button. After a moment the little door behind the desk swung open and Wilson appeared. "Frank," said Stanley, "I want you to fetch that machine here. If you please—you know the one I mean."

Wilson looked at him an instant and swallowed hard before he said, "Very well, sir," and went out.

Waterman made a heroic effort to shake off his growing uneasiness. "What is it, a radio?" he said.

"No," smiled Stanley. "It's not a radio. It's—well, I suppose you might call it a sort of accounting machine. It was once used in our old office."

Accounting machine—accounting—Waterman somehow disliked that word. "Didn't know we had any accounting machines," he observed.

"Well," returned the other, "we had this one, and I rather think you'll recognize it."

At this moment Wilson reappeared in his hands he carried the said phone.

"Set it here, Frank," commanded Stanley, indicating the desk, "and you needn't sit up any longer. I sha'n't need you again tonight."

Wilson fixed his eyes upon him—"Are you sure, sir?"

"Oh, quite, quite," said Stanley, easily. Wilson had another brief struggle with himself. He opened his mouth to speak again, then shut it with a snap and slowly went out, closing the door behind him.

"What the devil's the matter with the fellow?" demanded Waterman. "Looks as if he'd seen a ghost!"

"Perhaps he has—I told you the house is full of them."

Waterman shook himself slightly, as if to get rid of an uncomfortable garment. He rose and walked to the desk. "Accounting machine? Why? It's nothing but an audiphone."

"It looks like one," agreed Stanley, "but before we're through with it I think you'll admit that it has something to do with accounting. You see, he went on easily, "this thing stood on my desk in the office the last day I was there and I had it sent down here that night. I had been dictating and—er—by the way, you never used one, did you, Rolly?"

"No."

"No, you prefer—stenographers. Well, I'd be dictating, as I say, and I thought I'd clear up a lot of work over Sunday. So I sent this thing down to the house. But I never came here again for over a year, for reasons that you know very well. The day I entered this room for the first time, here stood that machine. Out of idle curiosity I started the thing, and—well—you shall hear what I heard. It's extraordinary—an audible recreation of the past, after a year. Remarkable!"

He sat down, lighted a fresh cigar meditatively, and appeared to fall in to a muse. After a time, unable longer to endure the silence, Waterman said sharply:

"Well, well—go on, go on."

"Aren't you a little impatient to-night?" asked the other.

"Sorry."

"I wouldn't be in any hurry, if I were you."

"What the h—l do you mean by that?" cried Waterman with the abrupt violence of a crash.

"Why, Rolly!" Stanley reproached him gently.

The other controlled himself with an effort.

"I beg your pardon, I'm a little unstrung tonight—I haven't been very well."

"Perhaps you smoke too much—well, to get on with our little entertainment, and that last afternoon in our office. He rose, and went back to the machine.

"Why are you always harping on that?" cried Waterman, his irritation mounting.

"Eh?" said Stanley, in bland surprise.

"You made a proposal," snapped Waterman. "I accepted it. You lost. I won. For God's sake, forget it."

Stanley turned and cast upon the other a glance of sudden savage penetration—a glance which froze Waterman into silence and immobility.

"Listen!" he cried. He bent over the machine, and touched a lever.

With strained attention, waiting for his dinner, he accepted it. You lost. I won. For God's sake, forget it."

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"Well, sit down then."

"No, I won't! And I'll thank you to explain."

Now when a man suddenly finds himself looking into the barrel of a revolver held by the hand of his friend, it naturally gives a slightly different turn to his thoughts. To Waterman it was as if the end of the world had come.

"Sit down," said Stanley coldly.

"I say, sit down!" And the voice was the voice of fate. "This is the night of your accounting!"

Slowly, feebly, like a man stricken abruptly with mortal disease, Waterman retreated till he felt the chair behind him. Into its depths he slumped, and sat there, with his chin upon his breast, his hands hanging limply till they nearly touched the floor.

Relentlessly Stanley stood and watched him—relentlessly, too, the machine went on:

"Well, you won't get it."

"What?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure. Because you're a business woman. Look here now. If you tell Doris Colby the truth, you get nothing but revenge on me."

"I expect to get something for not telling her the truth!"

"Well, you won't get it."

"No?"

"No. Because I haven't got it. No, listen. I'm practically down and out."

"You're a member of this firm."

"Nominally, but my interest is so small it barely gives me a decent living. Stanley owns the works—He's the lad with the money—always has been. What's worse, I owe everybody in the world. I'm short a lot of stocks in a bull market. I'll be wiped out tomorrow, if the rise goes on. In short, I'm all in. Only one thing can save me—marriage to a rich woman. Well, Doris Colby is just that—a very rich woman. Now you stick by me—and I'll strike—"

Silence fell. It was broken only by the heavy breathing of the stricken Waterman. Stanley sat down upon the corner of the desk and looked at him.

"Do you recognize the voices yet?" he asked.

"No—No—" stammered the other. "It's a frame-up, I tell you, and you know it—a d—d frame-up!"

"How about the woman who went to Doris and slandered me? What did she tell her? Haven't we just heard it?"

"I tell you it's a lie," shouted Waterman. "You've framed me!"

He made as if to take a step toward Stanley.

"Better sit down again," suggested the latter quietly, with a slightly suggestive gesture with the revolver.

Rebelliously, Waterman obeyed.

"And," continued Stanley, "there's just one other little matter."

He took from the breast pocket of his dinner jacket a little yellow chamber bag. "Do you know what this bag contains?" he asked.

Waterman was silent.

"Not very well then, you shall see." And the next moment, in the brilliance that fell from the crystal chandelier, there flashed the myriad lights of the Colby necklace.

"Well," asked the inquisitor, "have you had enough?"

"I—I don't know what you mean," stammered Waterman.

Stanley knew that the crucial moment had arrived.

"My dear, Rolly," he said in that same cool, level voice, "I mean just this. You've betrayed your friend; you've stolen your wife; you've ruined her happiness, and finally, you're a thief, and these are the stolen goods!"

Again Waterman staggered to his feet, and this time Stanley did not stop him.

"I tell you, it's a lie!" he cried. "You've framed me—You're jealous of me—You've cooked up this whole plot to steal away my wife!"

Waterman was silent.

He shuffled nearer to Stanley with each word. Stanley let him come, but answered, "You know that that's a lie!"

For a second Waterman hesitated—What would he do? Everything hung on that. Then, to the other's intense relief, Waterman buried himself on Stanley. The latter struggled, not too successfully, and in a second Waterman had wrested the revolver from his hand.

"Now," he cried, backing off, "now we'll see! Take the cylinder off that machine and give it to me."

"Oh, no," said Stanley.

"At once, or I'll take it!"

"Never!" was the stern answer.

"Then stand aside! Stand aside or by G—d, I'll kill you!"

"Oh, no, you won't. You haven't the pluck even though you know that I'm going to publish this story so far and wide that you can never look a white man in the face again—the story of a gentleman who betrayed his friend. You're a skunk and a sneak and a traitor, but you haven't the guts to kill!"

Waterman raised the revolver and cried, "Stand aside, I say!" But Stanley made no move. "Then by G—d, take it!"

He pulled the trigger. The hammer snapped harmlessly. With a cry of rage, Waterman broke the pistol, saw that its chambers were empty, cast it aside and with a roar buried himself in Stanley.

"Push" went the table upon which the two men fell—the glasses the bottle, the ash tray. Savagely they fought, rolling upon the floor. Ere the issue was decided, the lights went out. The struggle continued in the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"I know that man—that is exactly the way he talks"

She was listening to a demonstration of an Atwater Kent. Turning the FULL-VISION Dial from one station to another, suddenly she heard the voice of a friend she had not seen for years. She listened eagerly. It was "exactly the way he talked."

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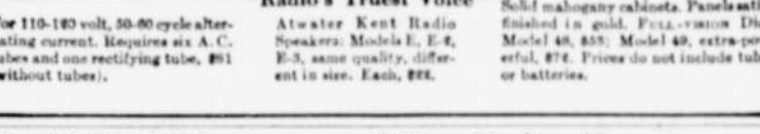
Anyone can convince himself that Atwater Kent receivers and speakers do give faithful reproduction. Listen to an orchestra and pick out the individual instruments. Each has its own character—its own identity.

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Atwater Kent gives it to you for less money. Less money because Atwater Kent Radio is manufactured in great quantities, making economies of production possible. Yet this huge output does not affect quality in the slightest. For every set, besides being made of the finest materials, has to pass 222 tests or inspections in the course of manufacture.

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Model 40 (Electric) \$81 Battery Sets, \$53-\$72

Should Be Affidavit Go With This Story

Lieut. Col. R. C. Fielding, D.S.O., relates an incident that is both amusing and peculiarly British. In backing his car into a parking space in London, he bumped into the car behind him and drove in the mudguard. Being in a hurry to keep an appointment, he did not wait for the owner of the car to return but poked his card into the steering wheel and went on his way.

In due course of time he received the following letter from the owner of the damaged car:

"Dear Sir: I found your card in my car, stating that you had damaged the right-hand front mudguard. I am only writing to tell you that the damage you have done to the mudguard has now made it the same as the other three, thus again balancing the design of the car. In face of this, I extend to you my apologies for causing you any anxiety in the matter."—Los Angeles Times.

Here! Here