

Assures Your Complexion

Some Women Are Always Admired. You too can have a radiant complexion and the charm of youth if you use MARCELLE Face Powder.

MARCELLE Face Powder quickly makes your complexion and brings out the sweet charm that every woman has.

MARCELLE Face Powder makes your skin feel young and you yourself look younger.

Then people will admire you and "What lovely skin you have!"

Popular size packages at 15c and 50c. All shades in all colors.

Send for free illustrated complexion chart and complete list of MARCELLE LABORATORIES.

MAKING THE AMERICAN WOMAN FOR HALF A CENTURY

Marcell's
COMPLEXION REQUESTS

White Leghorn Baby Chicks

Our White Leghorn Baby Chicks are from high producers. From large hens laying large white eggs, making hundred per cent trappers records from 125 to 135. Our mortality on over 10,000 chicks this season is less than 1%. Absolute proof they are from healthy stock and hatched right. Buy your chicks from a poultry farm with 15 years' successful Leghorn breeding and hatching backing them. May chicks 1¢ per hundred prepaid. To deposit per chick with order. Limited supply left. So order soon.

HAASLAP BROTHERS AND POULTRY FARM, WINLOCK, WASH.

For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

Naturally "The place for bees—" began the man who had been reading up on apiculture.

"Is between the A's and the C's," growled his victim, as he made his getaway.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

True dyes are easiest to use!

Dresses, drapes or lingerie look new when they're re-dyed with Diamond Dyes. No spotting or streaking; never a trace of that re-dyed look. Just rich, even, bright colors that hold amazingly through wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes are the highest quality dyes you can buy because they're so rich in pure azoines. That's what makes them so easy to use. That's why they've been famous for 50 years. 15 cent packages—all dealers.

Diamond Dyes
Highest Quality for 50 Years

A Bad Habit

"He is flighty. He is uncertain." John J. Raskob, the brilliant financier, was criticizing an unsuccessful business man.

"Anybody," Mr. Raskob went on, "may fall once, but when a man falls three or four times it is best to have done with him."

"It's all very well," Mr. Raskob ended, "to begin at the bottom of the ladder, but this fellow has got into the habit of doing it."

Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Muterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Muterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Muterole is also made in a milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Muterole.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

FEEL DIZZY?

Headachy, bilious, constipated? Take **DR. MAYER'S RESERVÉ**—tonic. This mild, safe, vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You'll enjoy free, thorough bowel action without the slightest sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—no drugs—no opiates—no cathartics.

FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE DR. MAYER'S RESERVÉ

NR TONIGHT

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J.S. Fletcher

Maryn Holt is engaged by a man calling himself Mazaroff as a traveling companion. After a short tour they put up at the Woodcock inn on Marrasdale moor. They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila Merchison. Mazaroff tells Holt they are his wife and daughter and that his real name is Mazaroff. That night Mazaroff fails to return to the inn and his disappearance is unexplained. Holt meets Sheila and tells her of Mazaroff's disappearance.

CHAPTER II—Continued

He pushed me before him into a room where Mrs. Elphinstone was evidently waiting breakfast for her husband and daughter. She did not see me at first, being concerned with tea-making, but she evidently recognized Mr. Elphinstone's step.

"Are you and Sheila never coming to breakfast, Malcolm?" she demanded. "The tea—" Then she turned and saw me, and I saw that she recognized me as the young man whom she had passed two days before. Mr. Elphinstone pushed me forward.

"Marion!" he exclaimed. "A truly most wonderful and fortunate thing! This young gentleman is the son of my old friend Tom Holt! Isn't it extraordinary that he should drop on me from the clouds like this? He came—let's see, how did he come?—oh, I remember now, Sheila brought him, to be sure."

"Yes," said Sheila, "and you've already forgotten why I brought him! Mother," she went on rapidly, "Mr. Holt is staying at the Woodcock with that old gentleman we saw him with the other day—they're motoring. And the old gentleman is lost, and Mr. Holt has been out all night searching for him."

Mrs. Elphinstone gave me a polite welcome, if somewhat frigid handshake.

"Then I'm quite sure Mr. Holt will do with some breakfast," she said, in practical fashion. "Attend to him, Sheila."

"This is very kind of you," I said, "but I really ought to be looking for my missing friend."

Mr. Elphinstone sat down, helped himself to some fish, and after a few reflective sips at a cup of tea, leaned across the table toward his step-daughter.

"How would it be to inquire at High Cap lodge?" he suggested. "Verner's people might have heard something, or know something."

"Good!" said Sheila. "I'll take Mr. Holt across there presently. That," she continued, turning to me, "is my cousin, Verner Courthope's place—High Cap lodge. We'll go see him."

We each made a hurried breakfast and set out. Our way led toward the hills and became rugged and lonely.

"My cousin has a small shooting party at his lodge," announced Sheila, as we came in sight of our destination. "There's himself, and his manager (Courthopes are bankers, you know, in the city), and another man, a London doctor, Eccleshure, whom I detest! I suppose we shall find them at breakfast."

She was evidently well acquainted with High Cap lodge and its arrangements, for without any ceremony or delay she led me in by the front hall, down a passage, and thrust open the door of a room that looked out on a fine stretch of moor. Three men, lounging around a well-spread breakfast table, turned in astonishment at our entrance, examining me closely.

I, in my turn, took a good, close look at them, individually and collectively. For I remembered that when Mazaroff had intimated to me that he wanted to spend that first day at the Woodcock alone, he had also said that there was a man in the neighborhood whom he wanted to see on business. And for the moment it flashed upon me that all these three men were from London, the man to whom he referred might be one of them; two, at any rate, were connected with banking and financial matters; so, also, as I knew well enough by that time, was Mazaroff.

But I got no help from my inevitably superficial examination of the three. One, obviously the host, was a youngish man of a somewhat heavy and sullen cast of countenance. The second was a sleek and sly-looking middle-aged man, with a carefully trimmed beard and a somewhat supercilious air—this I presently discovered to be Armistead, the bank manager. And the third was a great, fleshy man, a sort of man-mountain, clean-shaven, heavy of feature.

Sheila paid no more attention to the two guests than was represented by a curt nod; she went straight up to Courthope.

"Verner," she said, "this gentleman is Mr. Holt, whose father is an old

friend of Mr. Elphinstone. Mr. Holt is staying for a day or two at the Woodcock, where he came with a friend, Mr. Mazaroff, in Mr. Mazaroff's car. Last night Mr. Mazaroff, who is an elderly man, went out on the moor, and he's never returned. Have you or your people heard or seen anything of him?"

"I'll do Verner Courthope the justice to say that he showed some polite concern in the matter. Neither he nor his two guests could tell me anything, but Courthope went out with Sheila and myself to a shed at the rear of the lodge, where two gamekeepers and some other men were waiting, and of them he made inquiries. That resulted in nothing, but he promised that in the course of the day's shooting he and his party would keep their eyes and ears open as they went about the moors."

Sheila and I presently went away in the direction of Marrasdale tower. We had walked some little distance in silence when she suddenly turned on me with a look which showed me that she felt instinctively certain that I, out of sheer youthful sympathy, would understand what she was going to say. "If a man's known by the company he keeps," she said, almost bitterly, "what about my cousin Verner? Did you ever see two more utterly detestable men than Armistead and Eccleshure! And—and yet my mother wants me to marry Verner Courthope; insists on it! Well—I just won't—won't!"

I was so much taken aback by this sudden outburst of intimate confidence that I lost my tongue, and could only stand looking at my companion. She reddened a little under my gaze, but her attitude became still more confidential and appealing.

"I daresay you think I'm an awful ass for saying things like that!" she said hurriedly. "But—you're young, and there's nobody about here who is. You wouldn't like to be forced into doing what you don't want to do, would you?"

"From what I've seen of you," I said, "I should say that nobody could make you do what you don't want to do!"

"I wish my own mother would see that," she responded quickly. "She's been trying to force Verner Courthope on me for the last twelve months! And—I won't!"

"Why is Mrs. Elphinstone so keen about it?" I inquired.

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"Mr. Elphinstone is about as useful to appeal to as one of the fellows in his library," she answered.

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

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"Do!" she said. "What to checkmate my mother and Verner! Why—I'll marry somebody else!"

"You may take it that Mr. Mazaroff is a wealthy man," I answered.

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Water Filtration Has Curbed Disease Spread

About 1887 it was announced by Percy Frankland and others that sand filtration removed nearly all the bacteria in water. Five years later came the outbreak of cholera in Hamburg, and a striking demonstration was afforded of protection through filtration. Hamburg and Altona, two cities on the Elbe river, both used the river as a source of water supply. Hamburg used unfiltered water; Altona filtered its supply. When cholera infection of the river water occurred, Altona escaped with only a few cases. Hamburg, on the other hand, had an enormous number.

Following the rapid advance of the science of bacteriology in the '80s and '90s, it was natural to consider the possibility of purifying drinking water by the addition of chemical disinfectants. The first systematic use of chlorine in water is credited to Houston and McGovern in England in 1904 and 1905. The present world-wide use of chlorine disinfectant of public water supplies, however, is due largely to the work of George A. Johnson,

I was very near a blunt declaration that I had fallen in love with her at first sight. But at that moment we turned the corner of a plantation, and came across Mr. Elphinstone, who was mooning along with a sort of alpenstock in his hand, and obviously lost in the clouds or mists of his own reflections. He came to earth with a start on seeing us.

"Oh, ah, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "I believe I was coming to meet you, Holt—you must come and lunch with us."

I interrupted him, peremptorily: it was the only thing to do.

"It's awfully kind of you, sir," I said, "but I can't do anything until I've found or heard of Mr. Mazaroff."

"What'll you do, now?" inquired Sheila.

"Get hold of the police and have a thorough search of the district made," I answered. "And there's no time to be lost, so you'll excuse me if I hurry away."

I went off without more ado—I knew very well that I should see her again before the day was out and in other days to come.

I went on across the moor to the Woodcock. Webster was standing on the road before the open door.

"Heard anything?" I demanded as I got near him.

"Not a word, sir," he replied. "Nothing! There's two men waiting for



"And Yet My Mother Wants Me to Marry Verner Courthope."

you inside. Mr. Holt—want some information. One's a police sergeant; the other's a newspaper reporter."

"Then it's got out, Webster," I said, "that makes it all the stranger."

"Oh, it's all round the district by now, Mr. Holt," he answered. "Everybody knows he's missing. But I've neither seen nor heard anybody who saw him last night—it would seem as if he had disappeared when he walked out of that door."

"There's no doubt of that, Webster," I said. Truth to tell, I was already wondering if Mazaroff had made a clean disappearance on purpose. By this time he might be in London, vanished for the second time in his life, and for practically the same cause. But that was all surmise: I turned to the inn.

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A Fair Cop

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Then, with the snort of an enraged bull and the foot-tread to match, the village constable came to him.

"Fishing ain't allowed in this pond," he snapped. "Rent it!"

The fisherman turned bored eyes to him and jerked the hook out of the water.

"I'm not fishing," he replied, with weary sarcasm in his voice. "I'm teaching this worm to swim."

"A-a-ah!" snorted the policeman triumphantly. "Then come along with me. Bathing ain't allowed in the pond without costumes, and he ain't got one on!"

"He carried a lot of ready money," I said.

"Watch and chain, likely?" he asked, with a knowing look.

"An exceedingly valuable watch and chain—gold," I replied. "And, if you want to know, he had a very fine diamond in his necktie, and another in a ring on his left hand. He'd also a solid gold cigar case and a solid gold matchbox."

The sergeant gave me an emphatic nod.

"Then I'll tell you what it is!" he exclaimed. "And no mistake either! This is a case of murder and robbery! What!—here's a gentleman with all that on him walks out on a lonely moor in full view of all those drover chaps that was about here last night and comes from Lord knows where—why, of course, some of 'em followed him, and did him in for what they could get! Murder, sir—that's what it is, and followed by robbery—never heard of a clearer case!"

"If it is so," I asked, "how is it that his body hasn't been found?"

"Ah!" he answered, giving me a significant look. "You don't know these parts, sir. They're wilder nor what you could drop a body, quiet like, and nobody'd ever find it. Bog holes. Lots of places. I should say that, if you meant to do it, you could hide the restiges of a crime for ever on Marrasdale moor."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Well," he replied reflectively, "I'll have to be reported to headquarters. There'll be a proper search made, and inquiries. Of course, in my opinion, it's as I say—some of them drovers has done him in and rifled his pockets. We must circulate the news far and wide—Mr. Bownas here'll put pieces in the papers."

Mr. Bownas waved his notebook.

"It'll be in every principal newspaper in England, London and provincial, tomorrow morning," he announced.

"You haven't got a photo of the missing gentleman?"

"No!" I replied. "And I'm not at all sure that the missing gentleman will like so much publicity. If he turns up—"

The sergeant laughed. "Lord bless you!—he'll never turn up, nor if he went out with all that valuable property on him. Murder and robbery—that's what it is."

And with a final remark to the effect that this was a bad job, and he expected it to work out as he had predicted, the two went away.

What the local police did I don't know, but when darkness fell that night I was still without news of Mazaroff. Nor did we get any during the next day, and when the third night after his disappearance came, I began to feel certain that that disappearance was premeditated and intentional, and that he had just cleared out in order to avoid the revelations of which he had spoken to me.

It was just coming gray dawn on the third morning, and I was awake, wondering what to do, when a knock came at my door. I sprang out of bed, opened it, and found Musgrave and Webster, half-dressed, in the passage. The landlord gave me a look.

"They've found him!" he whispered.

"Leastwise, they've found—" He seemed to choke at that, and I turned eagerly to the chauffeur. He, too, showed signs of unwillingness. But he got some words out.

"They've found a body, Mr. Holt," he said. "Some place on the moors—"

"Reiver's den," interrupted Musgrave.

"And brought it here," continued Webster. "It—the fact is, sir, the head—the features, you know—gone! But the clothes, sir—they're his!"

I dressed hastily and went down with them to the outhouse wherein his finders, a local policeman and a game warden, had laid the body. I am not going into details about it here—but, as somebody muttered, there were stouts and weasels and similar carnivorous animals in hundreds on those moors. Still, those were Mazaroff's clothes, and there was the birthmark he had told me of.

The news had already spread, and Manners, the sergeant who had questioned me, came hurrying along. He examined the clothing. There was not as much as a penny piece left in the pockets; watch, chain, rings, pocketbook, papers, were all gone. He turned on me with a look that was as triumphant as it was significant.

"What did I tell you, captain?" he murmured. "Didn't I say murder and robbery? And wasn't I right? What could be plainer?"

I made no answer. I was thinking of other things. However he had come by his death, the fact remained that Mazaroff was dead. And there was I, as far as I knew, the only person in the world who knew his secret—a secret which meant that I should presently have to carry this strangest of stories to Marrasdale tower.

Later in the morning Eccleshure came to the Woodcock. He had heard of the discovery, he said, and had hurried over from High Cap lodge to offer his professional services. And just then up drove the local doctor on the same errand. The two of them went to the room where the dead man had been laid out. They were there some time. At last Eccleshure came back, alone.

"Mr. Holt," he said, as the policeman and I approached him, "your friend has been shot."

He made this announcement with a serious gravity. But Manners and I both let out exclamations of astonishment.

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This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

Mexico's Great Future
A Long Ride
Ten New Commandments
A New Gangster Killing

RECENT visits to Mexico convince this writer that to help in building Mexico's prosperity would be one way to build up United States prosperity. The Mexicans possess an empire of unsurpassed beauty, fertility, mineral and other wealth. The Mexican people are hard, patient and skillful workers, and hundreds of thousands of Mexicans could, and gladly would, learn mechanical skilled trades, well paid.

Some of the billions that our bankers lend so cheerfully to Europe, not always to get them back, could be lent to greater advantage and more safely, to Mexico. To help in building a greater and wealthier Mexico would be to create new and rich markets for the United States.

Every new good road in Mexico would mean many American automobiles sold. Every Mexican, helped by credit to attain prosperity, would mean a new customer for American made goods, pending the building up of all industries in Mexico.

This is the continent that interests us. And the nations that should have our sincere and generous co-operation, are our nearest neighbors, Canada on the north, Mexico on the south. To build, north and south, with the aid of our unimpaired friendship of these two countries, would be to make this North American continent forever invulnerable to attack.

This is a land of long distance. Today's run of 300 miles is an average trip. Presently, when the new highway is built, from Seattle, along the Pacific, through Washington, Oregon, California, Mexico and on down to Panama, you will be able to take a long ride out here.

About one thousand miles, in a straight line, on perfect roads, is all you can do at present.

The unemployment problem is visible, even on desert roads. Men seeking work, walk wearily, the young men carrying nothing. The older men familiar with a hard life, carry heavy bundles, often as big as the man, bedding, extra shoes, clothes, etc. Their lot is made harder by the wave of crime, which makes automobile drivers afraid to carry their less fortunate fellow men. Stories of good-natured drivers, robbed, or shot and robbed as a result of "giving a lift" caused the majority to harden their hearts and drive on.

Will Hays, who knows what 99 per cent of Americans want, promulgates a new picture morals code to meet the "talkie" emergency. The audiences of 25,000 theatres in this country, and 250,000,000 human being that see American pictures weekly throughout the world are not to be corrupted.

No sympathy with crime, no presentation of crime heroes.

Law must not be ridiculed. This includes prohibition.

Marriage and the home must be held sacred. Adultery never justified.

No white slavery, no sex abominations.

No ridiculing of religion or clergymen.

No "pointed profanity."

No obscenity, no dances including movements that could reasonably be called obscene.

Cruelty to children and others, third degree torture, electrocutions, hangings, must be treated carefully.

Moses, coming down from the mountain, could hardly do better. And the new code of morals is accepted voluntarily by the motion picture industry. The motion picture magnates were wise when they selected Will Hays to keep them on the straight moral path.

Without interfering with Will Hays' moral code, it is permissible to tell of a new gangster-inside-killing plan. Novelty has its charm. Charles M. Curry and Harry Morhan decided that the time had come to kill and rob their partner, Angelo Freni.

They had Freni carry a shovel to an automobile, telling him he was to dig up some buried "soup," a high explosive to be used on a bank vault. In the automobile they beat him to death, as they supposed, then buried him, using the shovel to dig his grave.

Freni, who had only pretended to be dead, was put in a shallow hole, dug his way out, and the would-be killers confess. Freni, in the hospital, is proud to be the only man ever dead, buried and self exhumed. His mates confess, and he must go to jail with them later. They told all about his crimes. That "honor among thieves" seems to lack essential qualities.

There is terrible waste in our squandering of oil resources. Competitive drilling, unnecessary number of wells might be avoided by co-operation under government direction. In the Santa Fe Springs oil region, about Los Angeles, at least 100,000,000 might have been saved on needless drilling alone and the waste of gas is frightful, and thus far unavoidable. Each 4,000 barrel well in Kettleman Hills pours out 100,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, practically all wasted.

A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

WRITE Songs, Music or Complete Songs for real profit. We publish Meritorious songs at our own expense. Don't send manuscripts until you inform us what you write real chance for genuine ability. Enclose return postage, quick attention. Secunda Music Corp., 145 W. 45th, New York, (Dept. 458).



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur

Skin eruptions, excessive perspiration, insect bites, relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for

Soft, Clear Skin

Rohland's Egyptian Cotton, Me

March of Science

First Cook—What do you do with yourself now that the iceman is out of a job?

Second Ditto—Well, the man who collects installations on the electric refrigerator ain't such a bad sort—Life.

ACHES

There's scarcely an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve promptly. It can't remove the cause, but it will relieve the pain! Headaches, Backaches, Neuritis and neuralgia. Yes, and rheumatism. Read proven directions for many important uses. Genuine Aspirin can't depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross:

Bars Husband From Kitchen

The shah of Persia in the course of a recent public speech ridiculed the "husband in the kitchen." The man who takes pride in his cooking is a nuisance, he stated, and advised the Persian women not to respect the man who is always too willing to help them around the house.

Don't Risk Neglect!

Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

WATCH your kidney! Sluggish kidneys fail to rid the blood of impurities and permit slow poisoning of the whole system. If troubled with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, don't take chances! Use Doan's Pills at the first sign of disorder. Used for more than 50 years. Praised the world over.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's!

Mrs. O. A. Winter, 1145 N. Topham St., Wichita, Kan., says: "I had such severe backaches I could hardly do my housework. Headaches were frequent and my kidneys were irregular. Doan's Pills strengthened my back and regulated my kidneys."

DOAN'S PILLS

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