

Astonishing and Tragic Fates of the "Death Beauty's" Ardent Lovers

(Continued from Page One)

herself a corpse from a self-inflicted bullet wound.

Yet, such was the train of trag-

**Whitens
your skin
quickest
way!**

A LOVELY, light-toned complexion, clear and smooth, is easy to get if you use Nadinola, the marvelous super-bleach and skin beautifier.



Nadinola Bleaching Cream works quickly. It never fails. No tiresome waiting, no uncertainty. When you begin to use Nadinola, improvement starts at once and almost before you know it you actually have the gorgeous light complexion you crave.

While it bleaches your skin shade by shade, this fragrant white cream also clears away eruptions, oiliness, blackheads, enlarged pores, and roughness. All you need to do is to smooth on Nadinola at night—over your face, neck and arms. Though it is the most powerful and rapid of all bleaches, Nadinola will not injure the skin.

Money-back guarantee and directions in every package. Begin using Nadinola tonight. At drug and toilet goods counters, 50 cents. Extra-large money-saving size \$1. Or, you may send us your order, and we will mail Nadinola to you promptly, postpaid, and include, free, a sample of Nadine face powder and valuable beauty booklet. Address Dept. W, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream
Whitens while you sleep

DOUBLE STRENGTH FOR COLDS

The double strength feature of St. Joseph's Lax-ana is proving a blessing to thousands of men, women and children because of the quick, sure way it breaks up colds. You, too will find it a blessing because now you don't have to suffer several days and maybe weeks before your cold is finally stopped. You can take St. Joseph's Lax-ana (double strength) at the first sneeze and check your cold while you sleep. Combines best cold medicines known to science together with quick acting laxatives. Sold by all druggists on a money-back guarantee.

LAX-ANA
DOUBLE STRENGTH

ACID causes Headaches



WHEN there's too much acid in your stomach, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor; the whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show an acid condition is due to errors in our modern diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of trouble!

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will neutralize the excess acid instantly; make you feel like a new

person in just a few moments. Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence indigestion or biliousness shows the digestive system is becoming too acid. Whenever you are taking cold or feel sluggish, weak, constipated, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle, laxative action.

Being out of town the most of his time, Luther was forced to leave gay, pleasure loving Helene alone, to find what amusement she could. This she promptly decided to do, and from among the plentiful moths which fluttered about her flame, she selected Morton James as the most eligible and the most appealing to her peculiar desires as to masculine perfection.

Nothing loath to be thus accepted as the favored of them all, Morton responded quickly to Helene's blandishments and soon the two began to be seen together over the town, at church socials, at husking bees, at quilting parties, and all the rest of the social affairs which constituted Hoisington's social life.

Gossipy tongues shortly began to wag, but mutually absorbed in each other, the couple paid no heed, continuing to enjoy their mad infatuation. That their friendship was platonic or pure is for the reader to decide for himself—no attempt is here made so to present the matter.

Both were normal, healthy, young folk, and they lived in a world free of binding restrictions and conventions. This much was discovered: they were together at all hours of the day and night.

With Luther away for days at a time, it was natural that Morton should gradually grow into the habit of spending an occasional night at Luther's home, perhaps to keep the lonesome Helene company—who knows?

All such affairs can last for only so long, which is perhaps why Luther finally became aware of this liaison. As a result, he said nothing to Helene, but one night when he was to take his regular train out of Hoisington, he obtained leave from the porters' headquarters and remained in Hoisington after the train pulled out of the little station.

Late that night, having stayed in hiding after the train had left, he wended his way through the dark streets of the town to his home, there softly letting himself in with his key. And there he found Helene and Morton together in his bedroom, both sound asleep, with arms about each other.

Luther then proved the depths of his love for Helene, for, without awakening the illicit lovers, he quietly felt his way into the hallway to the trunk standing there, extracting from its depths his special revolver. Instead of returning to the bedroom and there killing both of the sleeping lovers, Luther stood there for a moment, taking his last farewell gaze at the features he loved

too well and then—placed the muzzle of the gun to his temple and fired!

After the funeral, Hoisington folk were so outraged over this affair that Morton could not stand their contemptuous, cool bearing toward him, so he quietly and unobtrusively made a sudden departure from there, never to return. He settled in another town many miles away and never again saw Helene. Yet, their lives were touched by the same inexplicable influence, which seared the lives of both.

Helene soon recovered from the shock of the startling death of her husband and attempted to re-commence her man-attracting tactics. Alone now, with Luther dead and Morton gone, she tried to find another male to fill the vacant place in her deceitful heart.

She invited a man to visit her at her home one evening, to have supper with her. He being a visitor in the town and longing for feminine company, was not hesitant, though aware of the story going about the town. Accordingly, he repaired to Helene's house at the appointed hour and there spent several hours with her.

Upon preparing to take his leave, he stopped on the porch to kiss Helene good-night and, as she turned back into the house, there was a loud crackling and the porch roof fell, carrying to the ground with it the lifeless body of the recent visitor!

Gossip and speculation again arose, and for weeks ugly rumor was rife, until Helene thought she could not stand it. Several times she prepared to leave the town and start her life elsewhere, but she remained in Hoisington. Finally, her gay nature was unable longer to stand the enforced idleness, she began an affair with the barber of the town. Was it coincidence that, soon after he had left her house one night, he should step into the street to be struck by a passing car, which immediately disappeared and was never found?

The good folk of Hoisington could never swallow this latest tragedy as one of those occurrences which are bound to happen; and again they talked and talked, and Helene again went into seclusion for a few weeks.

After it seemed that she was this time determined to stay in her house and not partake again of any clandestine love affairs, mysterious things began to happen about the house. First it was the milk curdling each night in the icebox, although the neighbors had no similar trouble, though all the milk came from the same dairy. People wondered about this, and Helene, too, could not understand it. And then her dog died from no apparent cause. He was just found stiff one morning, froth at his mouth. A day later, the cat was dead, lying in the backyard.

Helene was virtually an outcast now, with the good folk of the town afraid even to speak to her. There was something inexplicable going on and they, unable to explain it, were afraid to name it!

One night, the next door neighbor was aroused in the middle of the night by a frantic Helene, in her night clothes with hair streaming in the night breeze, who came pounding on the door. Upon inquiry she related a weird tale of how she had heard a heavy body moving around in the house and of the curtains being raised and lowered, although she could see no one.

Arising, she said, and lighting a match, she saw the lid of the trunk in the hall was opened, as if some one had been looking in it for something. Going closer to look, as she stood there, the lid slowly closed, without making a bit of noise, as if lowered by an unseen hand.

Opening her terrified mouth to scream, she said, she was seized by a clutch at her throat which left her choking and gasping. Upon being released by this ghostly hand, she fled to the neighbors and, sure enough, upon her shapely throat, were finger marks marring her beautiful neck.

Bravely, she returned to live in the house a few days later, and there, exactly two months after Luther's death, neighbors heard a shot in the night, and, breaking in the front

door to investigate, they found the body of Helene, lying in the hall by the trunk, a bullet hole in her forehead. And, as the frightened neighbors stood huddled together looking at her body, the lid of the trunk opened and, after a pause, lowered again.

Fleeing the scene in terror, the neighbors afterwards declared that, as they passed tumultuously through the front door, they could hear an eerie laugh of an unearthly tone, and they solemnly declared that it was the ghost of Luther Martin laughing at the body of the girl who lay there lifeless upon the floor.

Morton James, in his new home far away from Hoisington, thought himself clear of the recent tragedy in which he had been an indirect factor but not so! With the few hundred dollars he had accumulated in Hoisington, he had entered into business in his new home, and there, four months after Luther's death, he stood one night and saw flames eat up every cent he had invested in the business. The fire chief's report stated that the fire was from some "unknown cause."

A series of misfortunes followed James—first a broken arm from a fall on the street, then a blow on the head from a flower box which fell from an apartment window as he was passing beneath. After his release from the hospital, he found that thieves had stolen all of his clothing and the little remaining cash that he had locked up in his bureau drawer. Then, as if these

things were not enough, he was arrested on a burglary charge of which he was innocent and, unable to prove his innocence, he was railroaded to prison.

After his release from prison, James was a marked man and from then on, he began going down, down the path to oblivion.

A man from Hoisington, visiting the town where James was living, came back and reported to home folk that he had seen James, who was a physical and mental wreck. He said that James did not even recognize him but came waveringly up to him and asked in a quavering tone for a dime to buy a sandwich.

And so James went down, from bad to worse, until he became a charge on the town and they put him away in the asylum to spend the rest of his days.

What caused all this tragedy in the lives of these people no one has been able to tell. Something must have been behind it all: to cause Luther to kill himself over his grief at losing the wife he loved; to cause Helene to shoot herself because of the influence of some unseen "ghostly" visitor who terrified her days and made her nights periods of frantic fear; that caused James to end his days in an insane asylum.

The good folk of Hoisington will tell you that the ghost of Luther Martin came back to haunt the lovers to their untimely deaths and insanity.



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it takes to powder. . . .



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