



For emergency cooking

THE J. B. Colt Carbide gas stove will boil water in four minutes, if necessary, but its heat can be regulated to suit.

No matches, no overheated kitchen, no carrying fuel or removing ashes, no soot or smoke.

Wives and mothers appreciate the comfort and convenience of Carbide gas cooking and ironing—especially in emergencies.

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J. B. COLT COMPANY,
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Other Side of the Matter

Mrs. Boorman Horton—we're kind of proud of her—says that the American woman is the flower of evolution. But we can't get it out of our minds that she is the thistle of revolution when she's denied anything.—Buffalo Evening Times.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Ady.

What Is It?

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is her's a business or a profession?" "Neither. It's a calling."

Lack Strength? Energy?

San Bernardino, Calif.—"I was down with the 'flu' sick in bed for two months. When I was able to be about I had no strength or energy, and had a hard lump, the size of a walnut, on my spine. I underwent an operation for its removal, but it left me with a running sore. I was in this miserable state for about four months. I was told of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I took several, at the end of which time my flesh healed up, and I was absolutely well." Clarence H. Wilson, 768 Spruce St. All dealers. Liquid or tablets.



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 A safe and soothing remedy for cuts, burns, or skin troubles. Protects, relieves and heals. Takes internally for coughs and sore throats.

Vaseline
 PETROLEUM JELLY
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 State St. New York



The TRUANT SOUL
 by VICTOR ROUSSEAU
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CHAPTER VII—Continued

As it fell, the other leaped at her as if struck upon wires. Joan saw, very dimly, the face of Mrs. Dana. She was in her nightdress, with her feet bare, and the ferocity of her attack seemed atrocious in contrast with the expressionless, masklike features. Only the eyes seemed alive, and they burned with implacable hatred, as if they meditated revenge for all the accumulation of a life's wrongs.

The woman bore Joan backward. The lamp fell crashing to the floor in a debacle of splintered glass. A chair was overturned. Mrs. Dana's hands sought Joan's throat, and they struggled in the darkness, crashing here and there, upsetting the water pitcher, smashing into the swinging door. Underneath her Joan heard Mrs. Fraser moving, and doors opening. There were steps on the stairs.

For a few moments Joan felt no watch for the onset of the madwoman. But Mrs. Dana's impulse was soon exhausted. Joan got her arms about her body, pressing down the other's arms to her sides. Mrs. Dana suddenly became passive, and the lights in the eyes seemed to go out like extinguished candles as the brain clouded. Joan got the woman into the corridor. At the farther end a little lamp was burning.

Mrs. Dana went with her quietly, walking like a mechanical figure. At the head of the stairs appeared the matron, wearing a white wrapper. Behind her Joan saw the startled faces of Myers and Lancaster.

The girl led Mrs. Dana into her room, and Mrs. Fraser came at her heels, breathing hard in terror.

"Did she hurt you?" she gasped. "How did she get out? Who let her out? I should have told you she was dangerous, but I never dreamed that she could pick that lock. Did she—did she try to harm you?"

"She had a piece of glass," said Joan, "but I took it away from her." "There was no glass in her room last evening," said the matron with conviction.

Lancaster was approaching. Joan was astounded to see the look of anger on his face. "Who opened that door?" he shouted.

"It's all right now, Doctor Lancaster," came the matron's voice from within.

But Lancaster was shaking with excitement. He swung round upon Myers. "You are responsible for this!" he cried. "You know my one point that has to be carried out. I told you to have a bolt put on the door after she got out before."

"Now, now, doctor, don't excite yourself," said the secretary soothingly. "You're a sick man, you know. It was unfortunate, but I'll see it doesn't happen again."

Lancaster seemed beside himself with fury, far more angry, indeed, than the situation appeared to warrant. "She might have killed Miss Wentworth!" he stormed. "I've stood enough from you without this. I've suffered you, God knows, until you've sapped my strength and crushed me under your feet, and made me less of a man than the meanest drunkard in Millville, but now it's ended. Get out of my sight! Leave the institute tomorrow!"

"Say," shouted Myers, "am I responsible if that woman got out of her room? What's the sense of picking on me? Didn't you hire a nurse to take care of your patients. Ain't Mrs. Dana a patient? Now there's been enough said, I reckon. You know what I mean, doctor. Better go back to your room and forget what you've said tonight."

"If ever I see your face after tonight, by G—d I'll kill you!" shouted Lancaster.

Myers slunk away toward the stairs. "O, all right, all right," he answered. "I reckon you'll be sorry tomorrow. But I'll hold you to what you've said. I ain't going to see that nurse bust up any work here."

He scowled fearfully at Joan as he went down the stairs, a grotesque, almost deformed figure in his loose pajamas. But Joan hardly heeded the man. She did not know the cause of Lancaster's sudden outbreak of rage, but she knew that it was part of the whole dreadful problem, and that, in fighting Lancaster's driving devil, she was at work upon the darkest corner of the dark mystery.

"I think, Doctor Lancaster, you had better go and lie down again," she said. "No harm has been done, but I am very sorry you were awakened." He was leaning against the wall, looking at her with a strange expression upon his face. He breathed quickly, like a man in uncontrollable agitation. Just then the matron came out of Mrs. Dana's room.

"How did it happen, Mrs. Fraser?" asked Lancaster.

The matron snapped the key in the lock before answering. "I don't know, Doctor Lancaster," she answered. "The lock's all right. It couldn't have been picked. And I swear I locked it last night. Somebody must have let her out."

"That hound!" began Lancaster, but Joan interposed. "She may have found a key," she said.

The matron shook her head. "No key would fit that lock, except the right one," she answered.

"Why should anyone tamper with that lock?" Lancaster muttered. Suddenly he broke down and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook convulsively. Joan put her hand on his arm.

"Doctor Lancaster, you must go back to your room now," she said. "It was nothing, and it is all ended."

"Miss Wentworth, if you will stay with me till six it will help me to master myself. It is not the wear of yielding to morphine; it is my thoughts. If you knew how one's life comes crowding upon one in the darkness—"

"I'll stay with you," said Joan. "Let us wait on the veranda," said Lancaster. "The air is stifling in this house. Put on a wrap and I will wait for you there."

Joan ran upstairs and slipped on her cloak. When she got back Lancaster had not moved from the door. The secretary was packing noisily in his room.

They went outside together, closing the front door behind them, as if to shut in the evil influences in the place.



"The Hound!" began Lancaster, but Joan interposed.

There was a hint of morning in the air, in its freshness, in the paling of the night above the eastern mountains.

Lancaster led the way toward the chairs at the end of the veranda and wiped the dew from them with his handkerchief.

"When you came here," he said, as they sat down, "when on the impulse I asked you to come here, I did not dream that my impulse was the prompting of my good angel."

"You said I was your good angel," said Joan lightly.

"It was more than chance," said Lancaster seriously. "It was the happiest thing that has ever come to me."

"Doctor Lancaster, I am only too glad to have had the opportunity of being of service. It is what every nurse would have wished."

"No," he corrected her. "You have brought more than service into the institute. Do you know what you have brought? Hope?"

She could hardly restrain her tears, so deeply was she moved. She put her hand upon his. "Doctor Lancaster, it must never leave you again," she answered. "Lift up your eyes and look at the hills. How can one help but hope? Hope lies all about you."

"When a man lives in darkness," said Lancaster gravely, "he cannot lift up his eyes. I was broken long before I became a victim of that damnable drug. I fell into the hands of unscrupulous men. I had nothing to live for. I dwelt in shadows, hardly knowing the dream from the reality, and all the men and women about me seemed like shadows until you came. I could endure my life only because of its unreality; it was like a dream, a nightmare, which, I knew, could not last forever."

She did not answer, and he remained silent for a long time. It began to lighten. Streaks of saffron ap-

peared against the tops of the hills. A bird awoke and called; another answered her.

"But this is hope," said Lancaster, taking Joan's hand. "You have brought it to me, and I am never going to lose it again. I am going to win my fight against the drug, and then I am going to regain all else that I have lost."

He seemed upon the verge of a revelation, but he said no more. And now the day was dawning.

"You have made a splendid fight, Doctor Lancaster," she said. "Now you shall have your hypodermic."

He rose up eagerly, and she could see the terrific strain that he was undergoing in the trembling of his limbs, the eager look in his eyes. They went back into the house. A light still burned in the secretary's room, but no sound came from it. At the door of Lancaster's room he stopped.

"Miss Wentworth," he said, "I have something to say, and something to promise. I am not going to take that dose. Tonight, perhaps, but not now. If I take it and free my body from its suffering, I lose my soul again. I lose that hope which you have given me. And—I want to give you this."

He handed her a little bottle of morphine, three-quarters full.

"It is the bottle which you took from the drawer of my desk yesterday," he said. "I stole it from your pocket when you leaned over me last night, when you told me I was winning. I was a thief—but I am a penitent thief, and I restore it intact."

"No, Doctor Lancaster," answered the girl, smiling as she took the bottle from him. "That has no bearing upon your character; it was a symptom of your disease."

"Well, I didn't take any," said Lancaster, with the transient flash of humor lighting up his face. "I had the hardest conceivable battle over that bottle. I set it up before me, and I held my right hand back with my left, and I said, 'I am winning, in Joan Wentworth's name.' And at last the drug devil was beaten. And no more morphine until tonight."

"Doctor Lancaster, you have been brave and wonderful!" cried Joan, profoundly stirred. "Remember that! One of the bravest men I have ever known. Never tell me again that you have lost your power of will. We are winning fast."

He placed his hands upon her shoulders and stood looking at her. Upon his face was an expression of indignance, as if he was considering her enthusiasm in the light of his experience of life, so much deeper than hers, so much the more profound. Then the look passed; the years seemed to fall from him, and strength came into his face.

"God bless you, my dear," he said, and bent and kissed her forehead.

She turned and ran upstairs. Her heart was singing in her breast. The flood of sunlight that came through the eastern windows, illuminating the dusty interior of the old building, seemed like a spiritual light, flaming into this dark place where shadows had dwelt so long. She went into her room and dressed for the day. She had never felt so happy before. And now the life in Avonmouth had become as dim as a dream, and she cared no longer whether she returned or not. A charge had been granted to her, a man's life put into her keeping; that trust she meant to fulfill.

She had saved Lancaster, and she would outwit Myers, and remove the only obstacle to Lancaster's recovery. She knew the man incited the doctor to drug himself. She would have known that even without the matron's statement to her. But why should Myers wish Lancaster to drug himself to death?

He must be acting for others. Whom? No matter. Once the drug evil was overcome, the plot would be revealed and overthrown.

As she stood at her window Joan heard footsteps on the path below. Looking down, she saw the secretary leaving the house, carrying a suitcase. Her heart almost stood still. Surely Myers had not acknowledged defeat and taken Lancaster at his word? Surely he did not mean to go without another struggle?

She watched him cross the grass beside the chicken coop to where the weed-grown path joined the winding road. He was outside the grounds of the institute now, and he was still going in the direction of the station. He disappeared behind the hedges, appeared again, a long way off, and vanished finally. He was gone, and the air seemed the sweeter, the day more glorious.

Joan almost danced downstairs to the dining room. Lancaster was at the table, waiting for her.

"Mr. Myers has gone away!" she cried. "Doctor Lancaster, your evil spirit has departed, suitcase and all." Lancaster looked at her gravely. "I know," he said.

"Did he come to you? Did you discharge him?"

"He did not come to me. He did not tell the matron he was going. It looks bad."

"No," said Joan firmly, struggling against her conviction. "He was afraid. You will never see him again."

"You know what the Bible says about the unclean spirit who leaves a man, and returns with seven others, when he finds his home swept and garnished?"

"Doctor Lancaster, he has no hold on you. He can do nothing, and he will never dare to return."

"Well, my dear, we have a respite, at all events," Lancaster answered. "So let us eat our breakfast, and afterward I'll take you for a ramble through the woods, and we'll hold the fort together until evening."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous Forts in U. S. History
 By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Training School of American Generals

It is doubtful if any other post in the United States has known as many of our famous military leaders as Jefferson Barracks, Mo. When Jefferson Davis became secretary of war in 1853 he determined to form a regiment which would be the best in the army. Remembering the tradition of the army, which, from the close of the War of 1812 had sent to Jefferson Barracks the most promising young officers in the army, he organized at that post the Second cavalry, later known as "Jeff Davis' pet."

The colonel of the regiment was Albert Sidney Johnston and its lieutenant-colonel was Robert E. Lee, destined for fame as two of Davis' greatest Civil war generals. At the same time there was organized there the First regiment of cavalry with Edwin V. Sumner (later a Union general) as colonel and Joseph E. Johnston (of Bull Run fame) as lieutenant-colonel.

In fact these two regiments gave to the Union and Confederate armies no less than 30 generals, among them such men as John Sedgwick, W. J. Hardee, W. H. Emory, George Stoneman, E. D. Baker, "Jeb" Stuart, George H. Thomas Wesley Merritt, Earl Van Dorn and Kirby Smith.

But these are not the only distinguished names on Jefferson Barracks' roll of honor. There, too, appear Henry Leavenworth, Henry Atkinson, Stephen W. Kearney, John C. Fremont, Braxton Bragg, James Longstreet, Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, Philip Sheridan, Winfield Scott Hancock and Nathan Boone, a son of the famous Kentucky pioneer.

Jefferson Barracks also saw organized the original "rough riders" long before the days of Theodore Roosevelt and San Juan hill. During President Van Buren's administration the Seminole Indians became troublesome and the President asked the governor of Missouri to raise two regiments of mounted Missourians, frontiersmen all, to serve against the Seminoles. From all parts of the state these horsemen poured in to St. Louis and under the leadership of General Gentry and Col. John W. Price they were organized at Jefferson Barracks and acquitted themselves brilliantly in Florida.

Jefferson Barracks was established in 1820, as Cantonment Adams (in honor of President John Quincy Adams), and during its existence of nearly a century has been an important military rendezvous in all of Uncle Sam's wars from the Mexican to the World war.

The Fort That Was Built on a "Scrap of Paper"

On September 3, 1813, a young lieutenant of the American army, Thomas Hamilton, found himself in a desperate predicament. Outside Fort Madison, a little fortification on the Iowa shore of the Mississippi river, swarmed hundreds of hostile Indians who had been besieging him for nearly a month. Any attempt to escape would be perilous but to hold the fort meant the massacre of his men, if the savages carried the fort by assault. Starvation, too, faced them, for their provisions were exhausted.

So Hamilton ordered a trench dug down to the river's edge where boats were moored. That night they crept down to the water, undiscovered by the enemy because of the blackness of the night and a high wind which was blowing. When the last man left the fort, he set fire to it and as Hamilton's force paddled out into the current of the Mississippi the buildings roared into flames. The Indians pursued but Hamilton had too much start and he reached St. Louis in safety.

Thus ended the brief history of a fort which was built upon a "scrap of paper." In 1805 Gen. James Wilkinson sent Lieut. Zebulon Pike to select a post between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, Wis. Pike chose a place on the west side of the Mississippi some 40 miles above the mouth of the Des Moines river. A treaty made with the Sac and Fox Indians the previous year had specifically prohibited the government from building forts on the west side of the river. As in many other cases, the government regarded this treaty as a "scrap of paper" and in 1808 Lieut. Alpha Kingsley of the First infantry began building the fort, completed it the next year and named it Fort Madison in honor of President James Madison.

Lieutenant Hamilton came there in September, 1812, with a force of 50 men and immediately afterwards the fort was attacked by 200 Winnebagoes, who were aided by a young Sac warrior named Black Hawk, who was on his first warpath against the Americans. From that time Fort Madison was repeatedly attacked and besieged, until at last Hamilton abandoned it. It was never rebuilt and all that remained for many years to mark its site was a stone chimney which survived the fire. The chimney later crumbled and fell but a few years ago it was restored by the women of the city of Fort Madison which grew up on the site of the old fort. It now stands as a monument to a thrilling episode in Iowa history as well as to the tragic sequel of a broken promise.

AN OPERATION RECOMMENDED
 Avoided by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I cannot give too much praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me. My mother gave it to me when I was a girl 14 years old, and since then I have taken it when I feel run down or tired. I took it for three months before my two babies were born for I suffered with my back and had spells as if my heart was affected, and it helped me a lot. The doctors told me at one time that I would have to have an operation. I thought I would try 'Pinkham's,' as I call it, first. In two months I was all right and had no operation. I firmly believe 'Pinkham's' cured me. Everyone who saw me after that remarked that I looked so well. I only have to take medicine occasionally, not but I always keep a couple of bottles by me. I recommend it to women who speak to me about their health. I have also used your Sanative Wash and like it very much." — Mrs. E. GOULD, 4000 East Side Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.



Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised.

Japan Using More Wool

There has been a remarkable increase in the consumption of wool in Japan, a silk country. In 1923 its imports were 6,655,000 pounds, whereas in 1922 they were 46,985,000 pounds. Wool yarn imports increased from 3,262,000 to 21,143,000 pounds, and wool and cotton mixture cloths from 8,836,000 to 21,060,000 yards.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

One Point of View

"If a woman is unable to manage a husband after she has trained him, she doesn't deserve to have a husband," said a woman in an English county court.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
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BELLANS
 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

IT BEATS ALL
 How Those Old, Creaky, Stiff Joints Limber Right Up With
Joint-Ease

Just rub on the new application called Joint-Ease if you want to know what real joint comfort is. It's for stiff, swollen, or pain-tortured joints whether caused by rheumatism or not.

A few seconds' rubbing and it soaks right in through skin and flesh right down to ligament and bone.

It oills up and limbers up the joints, subdues the inflammation and reduces the swelling. Joint-Ease is the one great remedy for all joint troubles and live druggists have it or can get it for you—a tube for 60 cents.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.

S.S.S. keeps away Pimples

THERE are thousands of women who wonder why their complexions do not improve in spite of all the face treatments they use. They should not continue to wonder. Eruptions come from blood impurities and a lack of rich blood-cells. S.S.S. is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, rapid and effective blood cleansers known. S.S.S. builds new blood-cells. This is why S.S.S. routs out of your system the impurities which cause boils, pimples, blackheads, acne, blotches, eczema, tetter, rash. S.S.S. is a remarkable flesh-builder. That's why underweight people can quickly build up their lost flesh, get back their normal weight, pink, plump cheeks, bright eyes, and "pep."

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

