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A New Extentless that is... Kills rats and mice every time.

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If you know a man's past record you can judge his future with reasonable accuracy.

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There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. It is always ready always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

CHAPTER V

Billy Crane's face, when he came into the room, was grave and serious. He dropped into a chair without invitation; and lighting a cigaret, waited for his friend to begin.

"Messy!" exclaimed Jimmy Brandon at last. "Messy business. But the man's a perfect mucker, Bill."

"Naturally. And you're a young, hot-headed fool. When is a delightful combination—if you like trouble. I heard a little of what happened—they're hushing it up downstairs. Tell me the rest."

Obediently, Jimmy retailed the story of the scene at the bar. Billy Crane heard him through without comment; but the ironical expression had left his features before his friend was through, deepening into one of a childlike wonder, which in turn became thoughtful.

He shook his head when the tale was finished.

"It's serious, all right," he said carefully. "Not so serious as—the rest I'm thinking of, though. Of course, I'm a member of the Board of Governors myself, but so are some of Rogers' friends. I have an idea that a lot will depend upon what success you make with your trip."

"So have I. But what else were you thinking of?" demanded Jimmy.

"Of you, mostly, Sir Galahad," Crane's face belied the lightness of his voice. "Jimmy, you're the sort of man that most women dream of—and never find. And yet—you're unhappy. You aren't getting a thing you want out of life, are you?"

"Of course not. I'm beginning to wonder if any one does."

"I can tell you—some do. Some go looking for it where happiness is, and some—like you, pursue will-o'-the-wisps into every corner, and think every will-o'-the-wisp is the real thing. But it isn't. Hasn't the world taught you yet, Jimmy, that happiness is inside yourself, and you don't have to seek farther?"

"I don't think the world has taught me anything," replied Jimmy Brandon, "unless it is that I know nothing. But, specifically, just what are you getting at?"

"The chimeras you follow, I suppose," Crane sighed. "The present one, for instance. You knocked down a powerful man for the sake of a woman to whom you've given your devotion. I'm wondering—if she'd have wanted you to do it."

"Do you want to get knocked down, too?" Billy Crane smiled and shook his head. "Exactly—that's the point. If there is any point. What I'm getting at, Jimmy, is that you're still a fool young idealist when you ought to be disillusioned of everything. Ideals are wonderful; they're wonderful in you, but you're making illusions into ideals which is bad."

He stood up. "You're going around the world again—you're going to see and do big things—again. And when you come back, you're going to invest one creature who has seen and done nothing with all your own glory and courage and nobility."

"You mean I'm wrong?" "I mean that you don't realize how good you are or what you deserve. If you did, you wouldn't have entered this mad scheme in a woman's name. You'd have known that you were deserving of the love of a fine woman without it. Go ahead and get sore if you want to—this is the last chance I'll have to speak my piece and I'm going to speak it!" Crane hesitated.

itated. "By the time you get back here, old man," he went on earnestly. "I hope you'll have discovered for yourself that you don't have to go around the whole world to win love. Not real love. That's always where you find it."

He laughed, as though ashamed of his own eloquence; but from his flushed face Jimmy Brandon understood the depth of emotion out of which he spoke. Something of what he had said, too, Jimmy understood.

"I'll leave you now to your sins and follies," Crane decided. "What kind of a plane are you taking off in?"

"A Homing Pigeon, from Roosevelt Field."

Crane nodded. "There's a new CX-9 at my disposal out there, for testing, if you want it. I'll fly you if you say the word."

Jimmy shook his head. "Thanks, no. There's no necessity for that much speed, and I want to drive myself to Cleveland. Just wish me luck, old man."

"I'm doing that. I'm going to dash off now. Natalie's keen to go to the dinner dance out at the long Island Club, so I must take her." He put out his hand. It was unlike Crane to be serious, and easy to see that his momentary eloquence made him slightly confused.

"I understand Hardmuth of the new Press Syndicate is dashing off by plane sometime to-morrow, in order to get the same ship you get from Seattle. Know him?"

"Well," Jimmy replied. "He's due for the Chinese troubles. I'll look for him."

Crane wrung his hand. He seemed evidently desirous of saying more. "I've a good mind to follow you," he got out at last. "Might get the chance to be of help. Anyhow—here's luck!"

He left his friend bent over the outspread maps and continued on his way home. The vague, almost one-sided conversation he had had with Jimmy angered him. There was so much he had wanted to say, so much which his native reticence and dislike of emotion had forbidden.

Natalie, with a ready comprehension that was part of her make-up, sensed his mood when he entered the house. She was nearly dressed for the party.

"Let it out, old man," she laughed. "What's up now?" Fixedly she stared at her, his hands dug deep into his trousers' pockets. "I suppose you might as well know," he grunted. "Jimmy's been making a fool of himself again—over a woman!"

"Over a woman again?" she inquired sweetly. "Or just a fool again?"

"The fool goes!" Crane shot out disgustedly. "He's pretty nearly got himself thrown out of the club." And he proceeded to relate the story which Jimmy Brandon had told him.

When he had finished, Natalie's eyes were shining. "Why, I think he was splendid!" she exclaimed. "A fool! If he is, he's the kind of a fool that I—"

She stopped suddenly at her brother's penetrating, half-disgusted stare. He grunted. "Uh-huh—that's what I told him. You, too. I suppose it's a case of birds of a feather. But it won't do you any good, so hop into your lazes. I'm late, and water's due out on Long Island in just about the time it'd take to get there if we started now."

He stalked heavily from the room. Natalie regarded his closed door with a dubious expression in her slightly amused

eyes. Then the amusement left them and she ran into the corridor.

"Oh, Billy!" "Huh?" came a grunt. "Is Frances Lassiter going to the dance?" "I suppose so. Why?"

But there was no reply. Natalie hurried into her room; and with the assistance of a maid, threw herself hurriedly into a light evening dress.

Natalie had already guessed, piecing together what Jimmy and her brother had told her with the report of the quarrel at the club, that the proposed race was intimately connected with a rivalry between the two men over Frances Lassiter. A woman's intuition had told her in the first place, for that matter, when Jimmy had admitted where the wager was made.

How deeply he was involved, of course, she could not know. But she did know that she wanted him to win, whatever the stakes, for his own sake. Consequently, she was at pains that night, to meet and talk with the girl whom she had seen but once before—Frances Lassiter, darling of the younger set into which she and Billy were just returning, after a prolonged period of mourning that had followed the death of their father, which had left them alone with each other.

Frances Lassiter, however, showed no disposition to cultivate her after their brief introduction. For that matter, Frances was too busy to cultivate the society of any woman. As soon as the dancing began, she was in her element.

Jimmy was not present; but she had no lack of partners. Rogers was there, too; but on the floor, Frances was only infrequently with Jimmy's rival.

Natalie waited, an enigmatic look in her eyes, dancing but seldom, even though she enjoyed it, keeping Frances in sight. The latter was radiant in a dress of cloth of gold which almost matched the golden glory of her hair. It was only when, later in the evening, she slipped through one of the big French windows alone on to the moonlit terrace, and Rogers vanished in the direction of the bar, that Natalie's mask of indifference vanished.

She looked up smiling into the eyes of the youth who stood before her as the orchestra began again, demanding a dance. Suddenly Natalie was very soft and young. "Won't you take me outside instead of dancing?" she murmured.

The youth's eyes lighted at the soft, delicate loveliness of her. He offered his arm.

"Will I? Rather! Just realized how I detested dancing—and it is warm in here, isn't it?"

Natalie smiled with a new acquiescence. She permitted herself to be led along a narrow, worn pathway past an obscure piece of statuary stuck in the shadows of a deserted wing of the clubhouse—until she caught sight of a slim white figure behind a mound of bushes ahead. Another figure—darker and taller, slipped about the corner, and the two melted together. The youth at her side gave a low, scarcely audible laugh, and turned to her.

Natalie halted. Before he could speak, she had forestalled him. "I wonder," she murmured, "whether, if I wait here for you, you'd go back and get me a glass of water."

"If you're sure you'll wait!" She promised. He hurried off. Natalie took a swift survey of her surroundings. The part of the grounds in which she found herself was quite deserted. Moonlight filtered down softly through the huge, tapering pines that towered overhead brushing the roof of the clubhouse. She was alone.

The softness that had been a part of her until that moment vanished. With a swift glance behind her, she sped across the 10 feet of open space beyond the trees and brought up silently behind the massed red roses of the heavy bushes. The first words she heard, from beyond

her hiding place, in a voice which she had not heard before, confirmed her suspicions, nevertheless.

"... and I intend to see that he's put out of the club for it, if I've got one ounce of influence left. Insolent rough-neck! Frances, you'll forgive me for my part, won't you? Naturally, I didn't mean—"

A soft laugh interrupted; then came Frances Lassiter's voice:

"Forgive you? Why not? I didn't know Jimmy was such a Galahad. I thought they were rather out of date."

"They are," was the cool response, in an ironical voice. "But the gallant cavalier pose makes up at times for a flat pocketbook. Among other things, Brandon's a pauper. I thought you might be interested in knowing."

"Interested? Why?" Another laugh came, meaningful. "Austin, you're going to win this thing!"

There was a pregnant pause. Natalie had a hazy glimpse of the man's figure nearing that of the girl.

"Frances, I'll win—in one way or another." The voice was low and hoarse with intensity. "I've got to have you when I come back!"

Natalie's cool eyes narrowed. Over her shoulder, she caught sight of the devoted youth who had escorted her, hurrying toward the place where they had halted. She turned away, into the shadow of the trees. As she was nearing the path again, she heard Frances Lassiter's soft voice:

"Come back... that's all."

Inside the clubhouse again, some half an hour later, Natalie sought out her brother, who had been at the bar. She told him what she had overheard.

But Billy Crane was unmoved. "It's no good telling Jim," he said. "If it were, I'd have done it before. He'd only take a poke at me—the best thing he does. The only thing remaining for me to do is to sit tight and help in any way I can. He'll learn!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Competing for Lessee.

From Kansas City Star. That the railroads of the country are engaged in a competition to see which can lose the most money on their dining car service, is a fact that has been pretty well understood for some years. The New York Central now reveals that while in 1927 the gross earnings of the 156 dining cars it operates on its lines were \$5,780,000 the cost of operating them was over \$7,000,000. The net loss of the service was \$1,220,000.

This situation is one of the paradoxes of a business whose efficiency is generally regarded as the highest exemplification of American business methods. It arises from a well known condition. The railroads are in sharp competition to haul passengers; no main travel lines between any points on the American continent are a monopoly for any road. Travelers have a wide choice, and to influence that choice is the chief dependence of every road for passenger business. There is some dependence on scenery, but despite all the roads have had to say about what nature did for them in that respect they don't count on it to heavily. As a matter of fact no road goes out of its way to show its passengers scenery; if it has any to boast of it is that which it didn't find it necessary to destroy in building its line. Its surveys were run, not for scenic advantages, but to save distance, so far as possible the requirement of low operating costs.

That being so, and the era of rate competition being over, the roads have had to find new means of influencing the choice of travelers. It is now chiefly done with the allurements of the dining car service. Travelers who don't care for car window scenery beguile the tedium of the journey by eating. Most of them eat too much and too often. The roads know about this human weakness and cater to it; they are willing to lose money on the meals they serve if thereby they can haul the passenger while they are losing it. This is the paradox; the more passengers they can induce to be hauled by reason of the dining car attractions, the more money they must lose; but the more the roads lose by serving meals the more they make by hauling the passenger while he eats.

This is an illuminating example of how business is built on human foibles. Or as the Central puts it, the dining car is an expensive necessity. But it has turned it to account; it is, despite the apparent loss in its operation, one of the factors in railroading that make for profit.

next train back again on the same line. It all happened in the hot weather that France had had since 1921.

Before Bathtubs

From the Welfare Magazine. The bathtub was not invented until 1842, and the first one, placed in a house in Philadelphia, brought forth such a storm of protest from the medical profession that an ordinance was passed by the city fathers declaring bathing unhealthy between the months of October and May.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia BAD LEGS

Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins and Bunches Near Ankle or Knee?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help reduce the dangerous, swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moore's Emerald Oil. This clean, powerful, penetrating yet safe anti-cancer healing oil is obtainable at all first-class drug stores.

In hundreds of cases Moore's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Splendid for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins, and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

Deer Invaded Bank.

A full-grown doe deer staged a holdup of the Berwick (Pa.) National bank, but failed to escape. B. D. Freese, cashier, and Clayton Culp, teller, were in conversation when the door slammed open and Culp looked up to see what he thought for an instant was a huge dog. He called to it and it bounded at his cage and was thrown back. It made two other unsuccessful leaps to clear partitions before it went into a conference room off the main lobby, where it was penned up.

Worth Knowing When Winter Cold Comes!

Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and it really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's gripple, this method works, only takes longer. Paper's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

Helium in Australia.

Helium gas, the rare element of great value in aerial warfare, and also used in marine diving, has been found in the petroliferous gas coming from a well near Brisbane, Australia, and a search for other deposits is being made. Although the quantities so far found are of little commercial value, the discovery is regarded as being of great scientific importance. Under the petroleum act of Australia all helium recovered belongs to the crown.

"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 20 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.



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