

Nasty Colds

Get instant relief with "Pape's Cold Compound"

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a cold and ends all gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's! Ad.

Revengeful.

The storm was over, the sun shone brightly and a beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky. Six-year-old Oscar asked his mother to explain the origin of the rainbow, and mother told him how the earth was first destroyed by a flood and that God sent forth the beautiful rainbow to assure people the rain was over, but that the earth would be destroyed by fire the next time.

Oscar asked, "Will everybody burn up?"

"Yes, son," was the reply. "Will our backyard be burned up?" "Yes, everything in the world." "Oh, goody, goody; then my school-teacher will burn up, too."

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

On the Go! Few married women are really happy. Even if she marries a man after her own heart she is in mortal dread that he may, some day, be after another woman's heart.—Cartoons Magazine.

HER FADED, SHABBY APPAREL DYED NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up Old, Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

Pugilistic Turn Necessary.

Mr. Rafferty says it's got so you're obliged to start a bit of a fight sometimes in order to make the minutes of the previous meeting worth the trouble of being read.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Minimize your own troubles. Let others do the worrying.

The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

"A gardenia, Mr. Noel," insinuated the voice of the young woman in charge of a flower booth beside the portal. "Or a carnation for your lapel?"

He shook his head and passed out. That bit of foppery would have seemed to him, in this mood, as absurdly placed on his muscular chest as a tassel on an army rifle. Moreover, the girl's wistful eyes were present in his memory. Why should he flaunt his excess of luxury before her neediness?

Even at night the streets were poisonously fetid and hot; the air was like the breath of some monstrous beast crouched over the city. A round moon looked down through the heat haze like a sullen eye.

Noel thought of the engagement he had broken; of a house on Long Island, opposite the moon silvered waters of the sound, where he might have been at this hour. A girl would be there, too, lounging in a deep chair on a rug covered veranda, with a scarf drawn across the cool whiteness of her bare shoulders and bosom. But he did not wish himself beside her, even though he had almost decided that she should be the substitute princess whom he would take home. He was too curious about his night's adventure to wish himself elsewhere.

The streets were full of people—people walking, sitting on steps and stoops, and even perched upon fire escapes and curb stones. They were literally forced into the outer air by the intolerable smother of heat, yet even in the open they drooped, languid, almost silent, exhausted.

From all this swarming life, Noel's way led him into a sudden lifelessness—sudden because the distance between was so short. The street where Miss Arloff's direction took him was a street of business houses, comparatively deserted at this hour of rest from buying and selling.

The business was conducted in rows of dull brick or stone fronted residences of a past decade. Shop windows were improvised in scandalized old drawing rooms or areas; gilt lettering displayed alien names across upper rooms that had been scented boudoirs or bedchambers of solid dignity. Here and there a dim light burned to illuminate an "opportunity" in hats, or furs suffocatingly out of season, or garish chinaware.

Noel's footsteps rang loud in the empty gloom to which the dead, hot atmosphere added its depression. Could the dancing girl come from here? Or had she given an address at random to rid herself of the man who followed? Or did she plan to meet him on the threshold of one of these dingy establishments, with a pretense of living there to mask her real dwelling place?

Noel wondered; but presently he was ashamed of the vague distrust. The house numbered as he sought was not closed. A light showed on the second floor through a panel of the front door. He mounted the high, narrow steps slowly, a trifle uncertain as to his course. Perceiving an old fashioned bell, he pulled the handle.

He heard no tread; the door was too massive. The hinges turned without warning. Noel found himself facing an old man who stood in the opening like the reality of some powerful, dark shaded, somber painting by a Rembrandt or a Frans Hals—a Jew, high of brow, thin nostriled, narrow eyed, large and gaunt of frame.

Astounded, Noel mechanically lifted his hat in acknowledgement of the other's personality, and the two men scrutinized one another. Each was worthy of study in his own way, nor had either cause to fear it. The fine attire of the man who had succeeded was not more fastidiously worn or cleaner than the threadbare garments of the other; his poise was not better assured. But the stern, ascetic face of the elder was not steeper or cleaner in purport than the younger man's.

Perhaps they pleased each other. Noel smiled a tender of friendliness as he spoke.

"Miss Arloff? I think—" Before the old man could reply, a light foot sounded on the stairs, and the dancing girl appeared. She bowed to Noel with a blush that flitted across her face like the reflection of a rosy lamp carried past her.

"Good evening," she greeted him in her pretty voice, with its quaint hesitation and trick of emphasizing certain words. "You were good not to forget!"

"That I could not do," Noel answered courteously.

But when he would have moved toward the girl and she toward him, the old man deliberately raised his arm and laid it across the doorway as a barrier. He said nothing at all, holding his hostile gaze on Noel with an expression clearer than speech.

"Abel!" the girl exclaimed. "Oh!"

The swift remonstrance that tumbled from her lips was in a language not English. The guardian on the threshold did not stir, or even reply. He looked at Noel. "I will bring Miss Arloff home before midnight," David said quietly. "You may trust her with me. Will you take my card as an introduction?"

The other took the card without glancing at it.

"He knows no English," the girl explained. "Oh, he is absurd! The snap of her small foot had no more effect than her command; but, still looking at Noel, the old man slowly dropped his arm and stood aside. David had all the sensations of a small boy who has creditably passed a severe examination at school, when the girl crossed that threshold and stood beside him. As they went down the steps, the door closed with a sullen shock of sound.

"I am so sorry—" she began. "Please do not speak of that. You have a steadfast guardian there."

"Abel was my father's secretary, and now is his nurse," she defined the old man's position. "Long before I was born, my father saved him from a dreadful massacre of the Jewish people in Russia. Abel has never forgotten. He is good and learned and faithful, but he does not understand our America."

Noel murmured some assent. His attention was fixed upon the girl herself, busy tracing that fanciful resemblance.

As they passed a street lamp he saw that she wore a frock of thin black silk, daintily full and short enough to show demure, ribbon laced black slippers, which neither had nor needed buckle or bow to hid the curves of the exquisite, firm little feet that somehow looked so strong. Her small black hat, tilted to one side in the fashion of the hour for princess and shop girl alike, exposed a sweep of silky brown curls, bright even in that light. Decidedly, she was as pretty as Constance Bruce could have been, had the princess grown as her childhood promised.

His silence infected her. They spoke very little during the walk to his hotel. The people still filled the street, which murmured with voices and movements. Against his will, Noel's mind filled with sordid, jostling memories of his miserable boyhood—of heat like this, and hunger; of dreadful cold, and hunger. The past clutched at him while he walked there beside the girl who seemed a mockery of his broken dream.

He was glad when they reached the hotel. Now he could shake off his morbidness, and end this adventure which he had begun to repent commencing. What had possessed him that morning?

He had paused to yield his hat and coat to an attendant. When he turned to his companion, the exasperation that had been growing up within him withered away. The girl had moved a step aside. Her mouth upturned at the corners like a merry child's; she was smiling delightedly at a very small Chinese dog being led past by a negro bell boy.

"Pray let me stroke him!" she exclaimed with a charming eagerness. "Oh, he is dear!"

The servitor relaxed into a grin at once genial and respectful. He obeyed with a readiness rather surprising to Noel, bringing the little dog to a halt within reach of the girl's hand.

"He's a prize winner, miss," he volunteered. "Mighty fine dog, sure!"

The Pewingses nestled its muzzle into the girl's palm, instinctively friendly.

"I had one once," she breathed. Then she straightened herself with a dismayed start of recollection, and turned to Noel. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I did not see that you were waiting. Thank you," she concluded, nodding to the negro.

She dismissed the servant well. Noel observed with a touch of envy. He himself commanded obedience as a right, but early habit is hard to overcome. He never had acquired that blend of

familiarity and aloofness which keeps servitors deferential, yet devoted.

"Shall we go in?" he said. "Oh, yes! Can we dance for the doll now?"

"Presently. I have assumed that you will do me the honor of taking supper with me."

To his astonishment her face clouded.

"If it is necessary—" she began doubtfully.

"I think it is," he answered, amused, and a little skeptical as to her sincerity.

"Then—thank you!"

The head waiter met them at the arched entrance to the supper room, and marshaled them to a pink lighted table laid for two.

"I ventured to order in advance," Noel said, when they were seated; "but if there is anything you would like—"

"Please," she accepted unexpectedly. "I should like orange juice in a thin glass, like you had this morning. It looked so good!"

"I have ordered a different iced drink," he informed her, not without intention. "Still, if you prefer orange juice—"

"I should, please!"

She was stanch in her choice, too. Noel had learned to order cocktails for his feminine guests, and to consult their tastes in wine. Miss Arloff ignored the first beverage when it was set before her, and turned her glass against the second. The orange juice she drank slowly, with frank enjoyment.

"You should taste a ripe orange, just picked from the tree, and served to you by a sleepy eyed native boy clad in white linen, with a sash the color of the fruit," he told her.

"Those would be fairy oranges," she laughed. "When you opened them, out would fly the yellow bird that was to turn into a princess."

He started, the chance speech cut so close to the core of his thought.

"It was in a house built for a princess that I ate them that way," he said deliberately.

"Lucky princess, to have a palace, nowadays!"

"It was a palace, almost. I was built of white stone, and stood on the last slope of a huge mountain range. The ocean lay low before it, and the mighty hills rose up behind until their peaks showed salt white with snow against the sky; and the man who owned it was master of all those blue distances between shore and summit. Yes, and farther than he owned, he ruled as modern men do—by influence. His house was furnished within by New York and London and Paris, and surrounded without by gardens and parks."

"Now you are telling me a fairy story!"

"No. For the man was successful, and every year of his success he added something to the house. It grew gradually, you see."

Her large eyes wandered at him across the table. Evidently she was considering the picture he had drawn, the original of which was far more real to him than this city of his birth. There was a kind of bitter pleasure in speaking of that empty house to the girl who looked like Constance Bruce. He had never mentioned the villa to the girl on Long Island.

Music drowned conversation for a while. The hour set for the contest had not yet arrived, but there were the usual dances. Noel observed that the girl paid scant heed to them, and evinced no desire to take part in them. Her indifference confirmed his growing belief that she was a professional dancer. He never had seen so graceful a creature except among the principals of certain famous ballets. Even the movement of her hands, the turn of her wrists, the pose of her flower like head, were characterized by a smooth, flowing suavity of action quite indescribable. He became very curious to see her dance.

Meanwhile, she was very easy to talk to. She did not rudely insist upon his continuing to speak of the house built for a princess, although the topic had obviously entrapped her fancy. She was a responsive and animated companion, as free from shyness as a well bred child.

Why, Noel wondered with a touch of impatience, why was he always comparing her with childhood? She was a woman grown. Constance herself was a matron, perhaps a mother.

They had been chatting of different things, when the girl abruptly returned to their first subject.

"That house you spoke of—has it a name, perhaps?"

Noel looked down at the plate that a waiter was placing before him.

"Yes," he reluctantly answered.

He had the oddest sense of embarrassment before her clear eyes. "That is, the natives gave it one; and now every one knows it by that name—in their language, of course. They call it the Great House of the Little Shoes."

"But why?"

"A fancy of the owner's. On each side of the entrance stands a stone pillar, and carved on each one is a small shoe."

"A lady's?"

"A child's."

The girl asked nothing more. Indeed, the pause lasted beyond the limits of conventionality, until the man grew restless and wondered. Was her curiosity busy with him? Had she guessed his identity with the builder of the house?

Noel stirred angrily in his seat. Was she secretly divining his sentimentality, and mocking at it? That was impossible. Who could guess the story of the magic shoes? Yet, how still she was! How—

There came the roll of a drum, and a man's voice spoke in the loud tones of announcement. It was the hour of the contest for that first prize which only David Noel knew was already his own. The girl's eyes glinted like sun touched jewels. She looked up eagerly to Noel, ready as a butterfly poised for flight.

Before that glance his dark mood fled away. At once she was opposite him, her soft body yielded itself to his touch.

He had not needed the bribe to obtain the doll for her. Before they had circled the floor once, Noel knew that. Never had he held a partner like this one in any dance. She drifted with him; obedient to his barest motion, yet scarcely more in his clasp than an armful of painted air.

Where had he heard a vague legend of a beautiful woman creature called Lilith, who was nothing but a phantasm of "painted air," exquisite and unreal as a rainbow? Surely that was an incongruous memory to haunt one in a prosaic supper room!

The dance was a new and rather difficult waltz. Presently little bursts and ripples of applause broke out from different groups of spectators, who turned from the business of supping or drinking to watch this couple pass. The applause grew, pursuing the two around the room like a following wave of sound.

Ordinarily, the very distinguished Dom David would have been very distinctly annoyed at his position of conspicuous frivolity. Tonight he was truly bewitched. Indeed, he had been so ever since that morning when the dancing girl had spoken across his window.

She had taken off her gloves at the table, so her small hand lay palm to palm with his. From that contact strange currents seemed to flow between them, until the man could have fancied their very thoughts common property. A slow, profound excitement began to beat through Noel like a pulse.

This girl—what if she were a compromise offered by chance? Since her mere likeness to Constance Bruce could stir him so, what if he yielded to that old weakness which it seemed he could not shake off? Better, perhaps, to satisfy his eyes with the substitute, rather than take home some random princess who was a stranger to both his gaze and heart.

All his life he had labored. What if henceforth he laid down ambition and drifted without purpose as his languorous waltz music eddied and swung in lazy measures?

The music stopped. Bewildered, David Noel jerked his mind out of fancy into fact, and led the girl back to their table. The clapping hands, the curious stares, the glances admiring or jealous, were no more to him than a background for the central figure of his companion.

The girl was looking at him across the table, her face vivid, even dazzling, in its bright triumph and delight. Her lips, scarlet now, were parted by her fluttering breath. Her curls evidenced their genuineness by crisping into still closer tendrils of shining bronze about her smooth boyish forehead and little ears; not drooping in the hot, damp atmosphere, as did the coiffures of many other women.

"We have won?" she questioned. "Oh, surely we have won?"

"You have," Noel replied. "I may have the doll?"

"I should think there could be no doubt of that."

She sighed contentedly, and addressed herself to the chocolate parfait before her.

(To be continued next week.)

Commenting upon the reluctance of Holland to give up the ex-kaiser, Senator Owen remarked, "Strange that the country which fathers William of Orange should now mother William the Lemoa."

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetactadester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

An Expert Witness.

"You swear that this man is no chicken stealer?" demanded the judge. "Yessur," replied Rastus Rashley. "Da's whut Ah said, suh." "What do you know about the facts in this case?" "Ah isn't s'posed to know nuffin 'bout de facts in de case, suh. Ah is an expert witness foh de defense."

LONG FACES

"Cascarets" for Liver and Bowels bring back Smiles

Turn the "kill-joys" out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and misery-making gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels, or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

The National Law.

"Do you know figures give over a thousand fires in New York every year as a result of throwing away lighted cigars and cigarettes?"

"Well, you know, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

HURRY! YOUR HAIR NEEDS "DANDERINE"

Get rid of every bit of that ugly dandruff and stop falling hair.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After several applications all dandruff usually goes and hair stops coming out. Every hair in your head soon shows new life, vigor, brightness, thickness and more color.—Adv.

His Eccentricity.

"A self-made man, is he not?" "Yes," replied old Gaunt N. Grimm, "and the most remarkable one I have ever known. Positively, he does not seem to be in the slightest degree proud of his bad manners."—Kansas City Star.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

Still Thinking.

"I proposed to a girl once and she asked me for time to think it over. Haven't heard from her since."

"And that was?" "Three years ago."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The use of soft coal will make laundry work heavier this winter. Red Cross Ball Blue will help to remove that grimy look. At all grocers, 5c.

His Part.

"What part did you take in the argument with your wife?" "I listened."—Judge.

Coughing

Is annoying and harmful. Relieve throat irritation, tickling and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness at once by taking

PISO'S