

\$715

World's Lowest Priced Sedan with Sliding Gear Transmission—EASY TERMS

OVERLAND
ALL STEEL FOUR DOOR SEDAN

DEALERS & SERVICE EVERYWHERE

Tragic Failure

New York is America's gayest city—and saddest. Back of the tinseled glitter is ever the muffled note of despair. We who are caught and held in its glamorous web are always conscious of the fatality of lives around us. It is a promised land strewn with blasted hopes. For one success we see a thousand miserable failures. And nowhere is failure quite so tragic.—O. O. McIntyre, in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

There is no Better Heel Made.

"U.S." SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

A Better Heel to Walk On
Rid for the best shoe sole you ever had—
USKIDE
—the Wonder Sole for Wear
United States Rubber Company

Safer

He—When do you think I'd better speak to your father?
She—After we're married.

Things used in moderation last a long time.

Genuine **BAYER**

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetate of Salicylic acid

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

District Managers \$125.00 a Week

Write us for full particulars, stating your knowledge in farming and hog-raising.

FARMSTEAD MINERAL MFG. CO.
125th St., Menno, S. Dak.

Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

BREEME HOUSE
By Katherine Newlin Burt

"Then it's all-right. All right. You'll see to it, eh?"

"To what, dear Lord Bream?"

"Have you talked to my wife's wife, eh, Claire? Or to Jane? Dear, poor, dear little Jane! She used to make such an anxious eyes at our big arguments. Well! Will we ever settle 'em now, Claire? The North Pole, eh? and those others? But you will settle the biggest one, won't you?"

His eyes searched her face in wistful confidence.

"Don't you guess what he means, Claire?" whispered Lady Bream.

Claire shook her red-gold head, but her eyes shrank a little as she bent them upon the invalid. irYf emfwp ta eta ca eta et et

"My Alec was in here," went on the Earl, laboriously. "I'm something of a fool about Alec, eh? He may have lost his Van Dyke—though I think we'll have it back. But he's won a wife, hasn't he? You'll see to that—you will, Claire?"

Claire slipped to her knees by the bed and rested her soft, smooth cheek against his hand.

"You want a wife for Alec?" she asked softly.

"Ah! Wonderful woman! She's guessed it! I'll tell you—tell you—" He stopped, struggling against the clogging weight of his weakness. "I'll tell you what I want you to do for Alec, eh? That will amuse us both. Now you're to find a wife for Alec. She must be beautiful and good and fine. Fine, I say—mind, body and soul—brave—that's the main thing. And I'm afraid she'll have to be rich, for we're as poor as church mice ourselves." His face clouded for an instant, then cleared.

"Yes—she will have to have her portion. But she must—I insist upon it—have two lovely eyes as much like sea-water as eyes can be—and a wonderful lot of bright golden—" He lifted his hand, she helping him, and let it fall upon her soft, gleaming hair, which rippled about his fingers like fire—"and a wise head and a heart full of love. Will you find all that for me—for Alec, will you? Promise me, Claire, eh?"

Tears were running down Claire's hidden face. She looked up to smile through them.

"A good, brave, wise, wealthy, beautiful girl. That might be difficult. But—the rose glowed under her white skin—" "I'll do my best. I'll find her—I'll find her for Alec. There! The nurse says I must go. May—your—little Yankee girl kiss you, Lord Bream?"

"May she? Well, rather!"

He was as eager about it as a boy.

"Don't you forget, now," he admonished her in a weak whisper, shaking that long index finger—which had threatened her through so many hot debates—remindingly. "You've given me a promise, eh?"

Claire was white; even her clear-cut lips had lost their color. Her eyes had deepened, because of withheld tears. She looked helplessly away from him and back again. Then: "I'll do my best," she said quiveringly, "dear Lord Bream; my best."

And not to be a traitor to their joyous comradeship, she smiled, and let him see her smile until she turned away.

CHAPTER XVIII
RUFUS TREMONT'S HOUR

One morning, a week after Lord Bream's stroke, from which, with his remarkable buoyancy, he was steadily recovering, a gentleman of stout figure and a suit of small checks, strolled in a leisurely, masterful fashion up and down a little reception-room at Breeme House. He was not an attractive visitor. There was bluish-white puffs of flesh under his eyes, and the dewlaps on his jaws joggled a little as he walked. He had, however, an air of tremendous assurance. He seemed almost a proprietor. His eye, glancing at this piece of furniture and that, was a caressing eye. He had sent in his card to Lord Tremont and he had been waiting already half an hour. This did not seem to surprise or annoy him. Perhaps he was used to waiting. He had not, as yet, so much as glanced at his watch. The whole day was before him.

Two or three rooms away, meanwhile, Lord Tremont sat forward in a chair, with his head clutched in his hands. Mr. Unterberg's card was crushed by his fingers. His face was pale and hunted and piteous. He did not dare the man away, and he did not dare to go in and talk to him. His bad hour of reckoning was squarely upon him, and had found him unprepared. He was cursing himself a little, the gentleman a great deal, and Fate most of all; Fate having always to put up with the heaviest burden of censure under such circumstances as these.

Every now and then Aleec moved a little, like a man in physical discomfort, and looked up. Opposite to him was an open window, and, framed by it, Claire, on the lawn, played at ball with Humphrey. Perhaps she felt the haggard look upon her, for from time to time she glanced uneasily over her shoulder. She was dressed in white, and her hair shone gold against the turfy green.

"I am a fool," thought Aleec. "A fool! A fool!"

Only that morning he had seen his father and had promised to ask Claire to be his wife. He meant to be honest with her. Practical. He would ask no woman to marry him on false pretences. If she wanted his title his house in exchange for what he wanted—wealth and the happiness of his father—they were hers for the taking. She was a clear-eyed, straight-minded creature, who cared, it seemed, rather for things than human beings; she had not been stung during these past weeks for nothing. She knew. He had meant to explain himself to her this very morning. And now—this Unterberg was waiting to prompt him, as it were. Why had he dabbled so long with the hideous situation? He had lost his picture, for which Rufus Tremont would have paid a fortune, and now, perhaps, he had lost his chance with Claire. In that case he had lost his chance of sparing Lord Breeme any knowledge of his debts, for, with Unterberg at Breeme House—Alec jumped up and took to striding to and fro; hands knotted in his pockets, under-lip bitten in and thrust out, brows frowning, lines of grief and weariness under his eyes. And all the while Mr. Unterberg, very much at his ease, was waiting.

There was a very ugly temptation upon Alec. A hint to Unterberg of his engagement to an American heiress would probably slip the noose off his neck for a time; it would certainly ease its pressure. Why not? The thing was all but settled. No girl takes possession by act and look; and word of man's property as Claire had done, without the full intention of making herself understood. When he had spoken to her on the ride to Lone Tree Hill, her look, through enigmatical, had been far from discouraging. Her face had lit up—that described it—lit up from within. If he went out now and spoke to her: Alec stopped in his walk before the window, and Claire, looking up, sent him an uncertain smile. After hesitating a moment she came slowly towards him, to stand below the window, Humphrey's ball in her hands.

"Tell me, please, how does your father seem today?"

"Making slow progress, the doctor says."

Alec's heart was pounding. She had come over to him of her own accord. He glanced over his shoulder, as though expecting to see Unterberg's ugly person behind him, and moistened his lips.

"Miss Wilton," said he awkwardly, "I should like to speak to you. May I come out?"

She thought this over, looking down at her ball with the air of a crystal gazer.

"I'll come in."

She tossed the plaything to Humphrey and went round the ivy-covered corner of the house. A moment later she was with him, closing the door, and taking her place by his desk with an air of self-possession that somehow failed to put him at his ease. Mercifully, Alec felt, she

did not look at him, but down at her folded hands. He was certain that she knew what was coming.

"My father's illness," Alec began, standing near the mantel, that flush coming out like a brand under his pale, narrowed eyes, "and, before it, my own accident, have put off something that I wanted to discuss with you."

Claire sat as meekly under this studied opening, not at all in Alec's natural manner, as an old-time heroine, her head a little bent.

Alec's pulses began to race. He was in terror of her. But Unterberg was waiting. He had never been more ill at ease. He hated himself and every word he spoke. He would have liked to hate her. But she looked that morning very grace and pure and good. After the beginning he plunged desperately in.

"We're both sensible people, I fancy—pretty well grown up and modern, eh? I've felt all the time that you were by way of understanding me amazingly. In fact, I think you've understood us all. You are wonderful, you know."

Here one of those fine hands of hers was lifted to screen her face from him, just propping her head. He could see ohintip and nose-tip as inexpressive as cool, chiselled marble.

"I was—I wish that we hadn't been interrupted when I was speaking to you on the way to Lone Tree. I could have put it all over before you much better. I've been so unhappy and so bothered lately that it's knocked the spontaneity out of me. But—this morning I had a talk with my father."

Alec turned away and back. His lips were pale. He kept his profile to her and fingered an ornament on the mantel with his long, nervous fingers.

"I would do anything in the world to make him happy," said Alec, his voice suddenly as broken and earnest as a penitent boy's—"anything in the world to help him back to life."

She gave him a quick, low answer from behind the sheltering hand.

"So would I—almost anything!"

He came impulsively to her side.

"We are one, then, in that. We both love him, and he loves us both. Claire, you do know, don't you, what he wants most—what he lies there hoping for?"

She did not speak.

"Jane is devoted to you," he went on, trying to return to the self-possession he desired. "You see, it would be the natural thing in the world. You are quite one of us. You seem to like us all—to like Breeme House. You fit in. And what I can give you—"

"What can you give me?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, a man hates to trot out inducements. Only these things have to be got at practically and frankly nowadays. It's perfectly obvious, at any rate. I admire you as much as women I've ever known. You're splendid in every way. And you have what has got to be considered by many of us land-holders when it comes to marrying. Is this a hateful way to put it? You seem a clear-sighted, modern woman. You've given me to understand—"

"What," she asked him very gently, "have I given you to understand?"

"I don't fancy for a moment, you know, that you're in love with me. But we've got more most people have to begin on—a mutual friendship and respect."

"Even at that, Lord Tremont, you take a very, very great deal for granted," she told him; "an amazing deal."

He stiffened.

"I'm paying you the compliment of perfect frankness," said he. "I take it for granted that you're a woman of the world." Then, to his horror, Claire began to laugh. She bent her face to both hands. It was not happy laughter—not the old light, musical clashing or cymal, but it was the laughter of humor, pure and human, a touch of ridicule, a grain of bitterness, of mockery, a triumphant, kindly understanding, tears in it somewhere; but over and above all it was laughter, real laughter from the heart: the kind of mirth unknown to animals, unknown to children, unknown to ignorant, early youth, a treasure wrung from experience and pain and a better un-

derstand of oneself; the sort of laughter that pricks bubbles and throws down masks; a glorious, pitiful, tragic laughter, which perhaps angels do not need in heaven, but which might make possible their tender dealings with humanity.

Alec stood stock-still and listened to it. The flush spread from under his eyes, up and down, covering his face from hair to collar.

"Alec!" she said presently, using his name for the first time, and put out her hand.

He straddled at it, his own hands clenched.

"You can laugh?" he said. "You can laugh when my father—"

"Ah!" She turned and looked up at him. "Ah! But, you see, I'm crying too. I'm crying most, and my laughter wasn't all for you. A great deal of it was for myself. I'll try to explain it to you."

She had dried her eyes, and he saw that she shaking, which surprised him even in his wrath, which at this moment was tremendous.

"I am afraid," he said stiffly, "that I must not wait now to listen to your explanation. Besides, it seems to me unnecessary. Your amusement explain itself. Only I must ask you to believe that my mistake was, under the circumstances, perfectly natural."

"I have come to believe so myself," she said simply. "Your whole attitude is probably the most natural thing in the world. I have been—a fool. Don't you suppose I realize it? Give me credit for fair-mindedness. And yet I believe many women in my position would have treated you, in sheer self-defence, to something much worse than laughter."

"I am to tell my father,—"

At that she was beside him, her hand gripping his arm.

"You shall tell him nothing!" she cried, her blue eyes commanding him.

"Nothing! I have made him a promise myself. Listen! You have no time this morning, you say—"

Here a servant knocked. Claire stepped back, and Alec, opening the door, received a message as to the urgency of the business of da certain Mr. Unterberg. He turned with stiff politeness to Claire, who stood by window now, struggling, it seemed, with tears.

"Excuse me, please; I have a visitor. It's—a matter"—he half choked, as though that noose had lightened round his throat—"of some importance."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Uses "Bull Fiddle" As Radio Aerial

Syracuse, N. Y.—How would you like to have your car repaired to the tune of a radio? That's what the Manlius folks do, and it was all Walter Stokes's bright idea.

The Stokes garage at Manlius has long been famous for its radio concerts. Machinists there are now in the habit of happily repairing the cars while either Schenectady or California is broadcasting. Recently Walter Stokes brought in his "Bull fiddle" to play between the concerts. Recently he had the brilliant idea of stringing copper wire around the outside of the fiddle, and now it is used as a revolving indoor aerial—and they still play on it between the concerts.

Predicts Coal Burning Will Become Criminal

Chicago.—Burning raw coal will eventually be a national crime, declared B. G. Dahlberg, Chicago manufacturer, in an address before a conservative congress here. National fuel conservation, a companion endeavor to forest conservation, may be met by proper carbonization, which makes a ton of coal yield on an average three gallons of gasoline 18 gallons of crude oil, two gallons of lubricating oil, 30 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, with a residue of 1,400 pounds of smokeless fuel.

Bogus Gourmets Anger Members of Paris Club

Paris.—A famous club of Paris gourmets whose mission it is to discover restaurants and make them known has become intensely annoyed because a number of members have obtained admission to the club under what are called "false pretences."

When these members attend dinners and lunches they are found to be on a diet. They eat the plainest of foods and drink only mineral waters. A committee is now drafting stringent rules to end the scandal.

Street Corner Mirrors Abolish "Blind Spots"

Elmira, N. Y.—Mirrors arranged properly at street intersections will do away with "blind corners," says Hamblin S. Bryan, of the Elmira Automobile Club, who has perfected such a plan for preventing accidents. The mirrors, he declares, will enable drivers to see around corners.

"How I Suffered with my Stomach and Catarrh of the Head"

Took Four bottles of PE-RU-NA

and now cannot praise it enough

Miss Emelle A. Haberkorn, 2251 Gravois Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "For over two years I was troubled with internal catarrh. I read a Pe-nu-na booklet and began taking the treatment. Tongue cannot describe how I suffered with my stomach and the catarrh in my head. I began to feel better as soon as I had used four bottles and now I cannot praise it enough. I now enjoy as good health as ever and would not think of doing without Pe-nu-na."

Dr. Hartman's famous remedy has become the standby in thousands of American homes for the relief of coughs, colds, catarrh and every catarrhal disease.

Insist upon genuine Pe-nu-na and enjoy satisfaction.

Tablets or liquid and sold everywhere.

SPOHN'S

Best for 30 Years
for Distemper, Pink Eye, Influenza, Laryngitis, Catarrhal Fever, Epizootic, Coughs or Colds.

For Horses, Mules & Dogs

SPOHN MEDICAL CO. DISTEMPER COMPOUND



If people only knew the facts about their skin

THE real cause of skin trouble—rashes, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.—is way down in the lower layers of the skin. It cannot be expected therefore that mere surface remedies can reach the disorder.

Thousands of physicians are daily prescribing Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. They know this gentle, yet effective treatment does sink deep, and will often soothe away in a few days the most stubborn rash as well as a trifling blemish. No home should be without these products—the soap for general toilet use—the ointment to check the first bit of skin eruption. At all druggists.

RESINOL

One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier footwear—then when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly and often my hose seem wet through." Heavy community shoes now use Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath daily and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder.

Full Directions on box. Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Watering Doll sent free. Address, Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

What Is It?

"Say, is a nightmare a dream?"

"No, foolish. A nightmare is the milkman's horse."

How to build up your Weight

TO BE under weight often proves a low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

Free Booklet

Send name and address to S. S. S. Co., 111 S. S. Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. For special booklet on the Blood.

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

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine