

# NEW BEAUTY for YOUR CLOTHES By Mae Martin

Don't envy some other woman her ability to look attractive and stylish on less than you have. Learn her secret! Give new beauty and variety to your dresses by the quick magic of home dyeing and tinting. Perfect results are possible only with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, the standard for over 50 years. Insist on them and save disappointment. They are real dyes, the kind used when the cloth was made. They are so easy to use. New colors appear like magic right over the old, faded ones. Twenty million packages used a year shows their popularity.



My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. F-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington Vermont.

### Something Else for

#### Jury to Think About

The hysterical sympathy shown for murderers led Judge Morris Soper to say at a dinner in Baltimore:

"A young woman, in love with a poor young man, had killed her rich husband, and cut up his remains with a hatchet. As there could be no doubt about the woman's guilt, her lawyer tried to get her off by the use of the sentimental stop.

"My responsibility in this case is heart rending," he said to the jury in a tearful voice. "This lovely spring morning, as I motored in to the office, birds were singing in every tree, the green meadows were bright with wild flowers, the brooks gurgled, the fruit trees were in blossom, and I said to myself:

"My poor client, locked in a cold, gray cell, can see none of these beautiful things."

"Neither can her husband who she cut up with a hatchet," yelled a man in the back of the court.—Detroit Free Press.

#### After Dinner

"Shall we join the women?"

"Not just yet. My lungs are a trifle weak. I can't stand smoke."

## What Will you do



## When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. 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.

## Fletcher's CASTORIA

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise 8000 up  
as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30  
Clark's 25th cruise, 65 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Cassablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 16 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Sicily, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.  
Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$600 up  
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

## RECKLE OINTMENT

For real satisfaction. It does the work. \$1.25 and 6c  
Kendall's Pain-Expeller makes your skin feel stiff. \$1.25  
FRANK C. CLARK, 2973 Michigan Ave., Chicago

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

now, can't I—from that consuming fear of not having played the man with Gordon Mackay? Or—can't I rest from that? I can't really wipe out my cowardliness by any effort to undo the wrong I did."

"Schuy, you have wiped it out, if it was cowardliness. I think it could better be called illness."

"But if I'd let fate—and Sage Pierpont—have their way, Mackay would have been on the road to be minister of that church. I can't undo it that he isn't."

"Dear, your mind is going round in circles, as it does when you're overtired. It was meant that you should fail tonight, because of Jamie Macpherson. . . . Schuy, I could see Jamie Macpherson, waiting for that cable, couldn't you?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! As clearly as if I'd been there, poor fellow. How a man must care about his work and the carrying on, when he can use every ounce of his spent strength to secure a successor. That's what I'd have done from the beginning of this thing, if I'd been a Jamie Macpherson."

The September moonlight was streaming in at the widely opened windows; Sally could see her husband's face almost as clearly as in the candlelight lately extinguished. He lay with one arm under his head, his beautiful profile outlined against the pillow. His eyes were closed. It was the time of the 24-hour day, that with the disfiguring black glasses gone, he looked to Sally like the Schuyler of old. Her heart contracted with the thought that never again would those eyes look up toward the sun in its splendor of midday—there was to be only dim light for him henceforth—dimmer and dimmer. . . .

She shook herself away from morbidity. Hope that the disease might be arrested was not absolutely gone from her. Richard Fiske had never said positively that there could not be some miracle of science be left to Schuyler some remnant at least of his eyesight, so that the world would not go entirely black for him. Neither had Fiske said that life itself would cease. Until he did say these things Sally would keep on believing, and hoping—and praying. Meanwhile, it was for her always to be her husband's right hand, his eyes, his virtual life. Only she knew what she now meant to him—a thousand times more than when even in his strength he had depended upon her far more than he had recognized. Now, in his weakness, he did somewhat apprehend the truth.

He turned his head toward her, upon his pillow. "Sally, dear—I don't mean to be forever asking you to brace me. I've done a fearful lot of that in the past—and right up to the present. I vow I'm going to try to stand on my own feet, as long as I've feet to stand on. It's come to me rather suddenly, and as if it were quite new, that the thing the doctors say—and the athletes and the rest of the people who talk so much about the psychology of life and health—is true. That we've got to exercise—constantly exercise—our powers to keep them at all. I've been letting myself slip. When I was speaking at that dinner tonight, trying to do the thing simply and without fuss and feathers, I was thinking, too, that if I could only do my work in the pulpit over again, I'd do it differently. I'd care less to be popular and admired, and more to be of real service."

"You have been of real service, Schuy. You could never

have held that place if you hadn't. You've been of wonderful service."

He shook his head. "Not as I might have been if I'd been a Jamie Macpherson or a Gordon Mackay. They're the real thing. I—"

She recognized, in spite of this new humility, this honest effort at self-appraisal, the old longing to be reassured, the old eager desire to be commended. But as she looked at him, so frail upon his pillow, she understood him almost as never before. Understood that sainthood is not to be attained on this earth, even by those who preach of it. That even a distant and occasional approach to perfection is all that can be hoped for of human beings. That the great thing is the caring—the will—the unceasing effort—to be of use, to play a worthy part. There was no question in her mind that such caring was Schuyler's, to a degree intensely augmented by his new realization of his own weakness. To her, therefore, he was a better and a bigger man than ever before. And he was a dearer man—no doubt of that.

She put both arms about him, drawing him close. He laid his face against the firm sweet flesh as a child clings to his mother's breast, and pressed his lips to it. "I'm the real thing in one way, Sally," he murmured. "I've always loved you, but I love you now as I never did before. God only knows what I should do without you."

"You are the real thing, dear," she whispered. "And never so real as now."

There was on his lips—and in his heart—a question, which had often been there before. He forebore to ask it. It had to do with Richard Fiske. Not for a moment had Schuyler imagined that Sally's wife had a thought for Richard other than as a dear friend. But he had long ago divined that Fiske was deeply in love with Sally. Schuyler thought he knew beyond a doubt that this would never try to win her while she was bound. But afterward, in the time that was coming—Schuyler knew it was coming sooner or later, when she should be left alone—then he was sure Fiske would try. At this moment the thought came to him with a shock, as though he had never entertained it before. He wanted to cry out: "Promise me, Sally! Promise me! You'll be mine always—in life—in death. Nobody else, ever—ever."

Instead, he pressed his face deeper, shutting his lips tight against her breast. At least he could make that sacrifice for her. Never to say it—never to bind her by exacted promise, no matter how willingly given. At least he could do this, to prove to himself that he was a man. She had given him her life—her mind, her heart, her partnership with him in every act of his. He owed her everything. At least he could partially pay that debt by leaving her free.

He lifted his face. "Do you love me?" he whispered.

"Schuy! You know, dear—"

Yes, he knew. He could be content with that. His future and her's were in God's hands. Let Him do with them as He would. Schuyler was too weary now—suddenly—to care greatly. He let his tired head sink back into its lovely resting place, and presently went quietly to sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Too Many of Them.

From Passing Show.  
He: The mere fact that you refused me doesn't worry me. There are others.  
She: That's why I refused you.

mon's Island, Md., on September 11, where the vessel will be joined by the "U. S. S. Crilly" from Washington with the personnel of the navy's diving school from the Washington navy yard. Officers of the navy department will observe the tests September 11 and 12.

Q. Was the brain of Anatole France remarkable in size? R. T. A. To the surprise of anatomists, it was found that his brain weighed only 1.017 grams, about 25 per cent less than the weight of the average man's of mediocre ability.

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

### CHAPTER I.

The mask of boredom did not at all become Jimmy Brandon; he was too essentially a part of life and the movement of life. Yet he was bored.

Tea things, soft rugs . . . the chatter of low-pitched voices, the discreet steps of the servants . . . handsome men who just the correct distance to bend over white, helpless fingers.

"Amused, Jim?"  
He turned at the faintly ironical voice at his elbow and looked into the mildly surprised, childlike blue eyes of his friend. Bill Crane would always look like a surprised child, and his voice would always hold that touch of irony that goes with a prodigious wisdom belonging especially to children and to men who never grow old.

Jimmy Brandon grunted. "Amused—at what? I don't know why I ever came—or why I ever do come to these affairs. Billy, a teacup in my hand gives me a panicky feeling. Here—for the love of heaven, let me set it down."

Crane was smiling. "Don't know why you came? That's about what Natalie said."

"Who's Natalie?" asked Jimmy vacantly. "Oh, I remember. Your sister. So she's home, eh? I must meet her."

His voice held not the faintest trace of interest. Crane followed his eyes and understood. He understood, too, why Jimmy Brandon had come to this tea—why he came to others, which he detested, when Frances Lassiter was to be present. On this day, Frances was hostess, her mother being an invalid and unable to attend to her duties.

"Yes, she's home," drawled Crane. He watched his companion's face. Jimmy's eyes were as he had never seen them before; soft and wondering. Wondering!—this man who had seen and done so much, in every corner of the world.

Jimmy—and Frances Lassiter! Crane watched the frothy gold of her hair as she bent slightly over the tea wagon, watched as her delicate, shapely hands offered a fragile cup to the man who stood before her. Then he turned suddenly back to his friend, with a quick thought.

The wonder and the gentleness had slipped from Jimmy Brandon like a worn-out cloak. His eyes were narrowed now, and cold; it was the way Crane knew them best. Hitherto, before his last return to New York and the society into which he had been born—and by which he had been nearly forgotten in his long absences—Jimmy had been restless, eager, his eyes turned to some new adventure, anxious for movement and activity.

Only, now, there was a Frances. Crane shook his head dubiously.

"I observe, from your features—as any one in the room can do, if they chance to look, by the way—that Frances is serving tea to your hated rival," he murmured casually. "Jim, for the love of Mike, look calm. Rogers isn't going to carry her out of the house!"

Jimmy smiled, but it was not an entirely pleasant smile.

"I can't help the face, Billy. I'm a born roughneck and I don't belong here. I don't know why I'm staying on in New York—tea-partying, dancing—riding tame horses in the park! Ye gods—why?"

"Hope springs eternal, I suppose," murmured Crane, with a glance at the young hostess of the afternoon. "I say, Jimmy, is this—ah, this adora-

tion serious? I mean, do you want to marry Frances—or anything?"

"I suppose so." Jimmy Brandon's interest had already departed. "That's what one does, isn't it? I mean to say—I love her. Never tried loving anyone before—too many other things to do. But, Frances . . . Lord, she's lovely, Billy; and here I'm nothing but a bankrupt world wanderer, with no more home or prospects than the Wandering Jew." prised eyes on the girl. It was all readily understandable—Jimmy's strange abstraction of late. Frances Lassiter was all that was lovely and desirable in this odd, effete world of which they were all a part. She seemed even more essentially a part of it than the rest, more compatible with the hard reality under its soft exterior—but that was because she was more beautiful, perhaps, and unapproachable.

"Does she know you've no prospects?"

"I haven't had a chance to tell her anything yet. But she's known me since we were kids." Jimmy Brandon turned earnestly to his friend. "I say, Billy, you don't suppose that would make any difference—with a girl as sweet as Frances? I can always earn money—lots, even if it's not as much as she has. Wouldn't that be enough to offer? I'd never thought of it before."

Jimmy was strangely boyish and youthful suddenly, in contrast with his normal air of complete certainty and utter confidence in himself. The world outside had often tested him—New York, to him, was just a part of it; a part that he was not especially fond of and saw occasionally.

Crane nodded dubiously. "I can't answer you," he replied. "I don't know Frances very well. From the way you've been living, though, any one'd think you had found a fortune somewhere. That's the rumor. I'd suggest—ask her first, Jim. If she says yes, you can tell her the sad news afterward; if it's so, you'll have spared yourself a confession."

"You miserable cynic!" Jimmy grunted. "At that, I'll take your advice. She's got to say yes—I'm tired of all this. If she won't say it, I'm going —"

"Where?"

Jimmy tossed his cigaret into a tray and shrugged. "Quien sabe! There's always some place to go. Wish me luck." As he walked away, his friend watched him with a dubious frown.

All during the afternoon, he had stayed in the little alcove by the windows which looked out with well bred impatience upon the traffic of Central Park South. Though he had been born to a position in this very society in which he found himself ill at ease among these people now.

The years had drawn him far away, across countries and seas and into strange, forgotten ports some of which he knew that his hosts had not even heard of. At the death of a fond mother who had struggled on a tiny income to maintain the appearances of a once powerful family, Jimmy had disgustingly seen New York vanish behind him when he set out alone into the world—aboard a broken-down cattle boat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mix Him Another.

From Judge.

Doris (seeing milk wagon hit by car): Oh, the poor man! He looks terribly hurt.

Dave: There, there, don't cry over spilled milkmen.

carried the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit" (No one attacks me with impunity).

The thistle is associated with Thor in the mythology of the north of Europe. The god of thunder is supposed to have protected both the plant and those who wore it. In his honor it was called the lightning plant.

Farmers consider it a curse but bees, butterflies of certain species and the goldfinch find its flower and seeds a delicacy.

Q. Is cardboard graded by weight basis. Grading is done on a thickness basis and specified in points, each point being .001 inch.



## OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

### Noise Cuts Efficiency

Noise is increasing 100 per cent loss of efficiency to the average worker, according to Dr. Hiram Percy Maxim, lieutenant commander in the United States naval reserve, who is working on plans for silencing riveters, subways and building machinery.



## 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, prescriptive product.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

### Slightly Speedy

Customer—Would you call these colors fast?

Assistant (under notice)—Well, not exactly fast, but perhaps rather skittish!—Tit-Bits.

### In His Chosen Field

"And do you lose yourself in your work?"

"Yes."

"What is your work?"

"Exploring Central Africa."

## CAN NOW DO ANY WORK

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."



—Mrs. EMMA GREEN, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.