



## DON'T let a Cold Settle in your Bowels!

Keep your bowels open during a cold. Only a doctor knows the importance of this. Trust a doctor to know best how it can be done.

That's why Syrup Pepsin is such a marvelous help during colds. It is the prescription of a family doctor who specialized in bowel troubles. The discomfort of colds is always lessened when it is used; your system is kept free from phlegm, mucus and acid wastes. The cold is "broken-up" more easily. Whenever the bowels need help, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sure to do the work. It does not gripe or sicken; but its action is thorough. It carries off all the souring waste and poison; helps your bowels to help themselves.

Take a spoonful of this family doctor's laxative as soon as a cold starts, or the next time coated tongue, bad breath, or a bilious, headachy, gassy condition warns of constipation. Give it to the children during colds or whenever they're feverish, cross or upset. Nothing in it to hurt anyone; it contains only laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. The way it tastes and the way it acts have made it the fastest selling laxative the drugstore carries!

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S  
**SYRUP PEPSIN**  
A Doctor's Family Laxative

### Fortune Lying Loose

A young Pittsburgh business man is still tingling from the experience of walking into a downtown bank there the other day to write a check and finding on the counter, right under his nose, a signed and indorsed check for \$58,000. He turned it in to the bank officials and was cordially thanked.

### OKLA. FARMER KILLS 172 RATS IN ONE NIGHT

K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), writes Mr. —, Hulbert, Okla., brought this remarkable result. K-R-O is the original product made from squill, an ingredient recommended by U. S. Government as sure death to rats and mice but harmless to dogs, cats and poultry or even baby chicks. You can depend on K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), which has become America's leading rat exterminator in just a few years. Sold by all druggists on a money back guarantee.

### The Inexpensive Mike

"Are you going to speak over the radio in your campaign?"  
"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm used to being in personal touch with my audiences. I wish they'd invent a microphone that knew when it was time to laugh or applaud."

### Pa Know!

"What is an autobiography, pa?"  
"It is the story of a man's life, written by his worst enemy."—Exchange.

### Away Behind Times

"Poor George has been kicked by a horse."  
"How dreadfully obsolete!"

### How Old Are You?

This is The **48**  
Date I'm

My Mind Is Keen—My Skin Is Clear—Of Petty Ills I Have No Fear

No doubt about it—I am 48 and never felt better in my life—I feel like 30 and you can take my word for it—it's the little Daily Dose of Kruschen That Does It.

Once I was fat and forty—had headaches a-plenty—Was tired out most of the time—My liver was sluggish and my bowels inactive—I searched for a real remedy and by good fortune I found it in Kruschen Salts.

Fat isn't healthy—so Physicians state, and I want to say to this world full of fat people—that the Kruschen Method of losing fat is safe, sure and sensible—just cut out sweets—pies, pastries and ice cream for a month—go light on potatoes, rice, butter, cream and sugar—and don't forget to take one-half a teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning.

I wish I could induce every overweight person on earth to try this splendid method—it surely doesn't cost but a trifle—for an 85 cent bottle lasts 4 weeks and can be bought at any drug store in the world—Get It—Grow Thin—Feel younger.—Adv

## THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

"It is a shovel," said Mrs. Ricker.

"Yes, I know. But what about it?"

"It has fresh earth on it," Mrs. Ricker explained. "It means that someone is still hunting for something on this ranch."

"I—don't understand," Danny faltered.

"You do, if anyone does," Mrs. Ricker said, trying to make it sound off-handish; but it did not.

To my surprise, Miss MacDonald answered, "I think that you are mistaken, Mrs. Ricker. Miss Canneziano knows, I fancy, no more about the shovel than you do."

Mrs. Ricker's face flushed. She carried the thing out and threw it into the yard with a gesture of furious anger. When Miss MacDonald and I passed her on the porch, she turned her head away and did not look at us.

"If we hurry," I said, "we'll have time to walk to the cabin and see the other shovel."

"Bother the other shovel! We don't want to hurry. Can't we get down to the stream, somewhere close here, and find a place where we can be alone to talk?"

"Right down this path," I answered, and started down it. She followed me. For fifty yards or more neither of us said a word. I was too put about to feel like talking.

Why should she have told me to "bother the shovel?"

Why had she acted so peculiarly about the shovels, anyway; choosing to assume that they were unimportant? If, as I supposed she was thinking, Mrs. Ricker had gone to the trouble to fix up those two shovels, and to carry one of them in, to hoodwink us, that was important. I was sure in my own mind that Ollie Ricker had not done that. If she had not, and if two people were digging around the place, they were digging for something, weren't they? For what? For exactly what I had said—for money. Worms!

I must have made a sound that was suggestive of my disgusted annoyance, for Miss MacDonald stepped up to walk beside me on the narrow path.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have seemed so exasperatingly stupid; but I know that those shovels are of no importance."

"I don't see how you could know that," I said.

"I am sorry again; but I have promised not to tell you how I know it."

"Not to tell me!"

"I meant, of course, that I had promised not to tell anyone. My promise was made to Mr. Stanley. Since this has come up, I am sure that he will allow me to break it and tell you later what it is that I can't tell you now."

"Sam!" I said. I was mad all over. I had thought that, anyway, Sam was open and above board with me.

"You'll understand all about it, later," she said. "Please don't be vexed. I have some really good news. First, the handwriting on the checks, the photographs, and the note all tally accurately. That must mean, that Gabrielle Canneziano wrote all of them. Next, I have worked out the key to the code letter—"

"Lands alive!" I said, my astonishment and admiration getting the best of my bad humor. "In this short time? Talk about wonders—"

"Not a bit of it. The code is so simple that I am surprised that people, who have wits enough to use a code at all, would use it."

"The keys on typewriters, with a standard keyboard, are arranged, you know for the touch system of writing: a, s,

d, f, g, so on. All that this code amounts to, is taking the letters straight as they come along; a, b, c, d; and so on. From the center line of letters, they skip to the upper line, making the 'q' be a 'j' and from the upper line down to the lower line, making the 'z' a 't.' They use only the letters on the keyboard, and the punctuation marks as they would rightly be used. Generally they put a hyphen after the letter to be capitalized, though occasionally they use the capital letter. It is so childish that I fancy it is only a friendship code, and that it is not used for matters of any real importance."

"Then this letter is of no importance?" I asked.

"Not to the writer. Of vast importance to us, I believe. It explains why the original letter was stolen, among other things. Here is one of the copies that I made of it."

### CHAPTER LI

#### Danielle's Secret

We had come to the stream, and to the shade of the aspen trees. I sat down on one of the rocks, above the first fishing hole, and unfolded the papers she had given to me, and read:

"Salutations! Do you remember, my dear and gay Gaby, after the V. affair, when you visited me in the hospital, that you said, with your imitated Mona Lisa smile, 'Sorry, old dear, I made a trifling mistake, did I not?' The incident has probably passed from your memory. It has not passed from mine, because I did not believe then, and I do not believe now, that you intended to fire that shot at V. instead of at me. You proved your innocence, however, like the expert you are; so, let the dead past—'et cetera. Particularly since I did not die, but have lived to make, a trifling mistake.

"I find that I was in error concerning the train robbery. After due reflection, I have remembered that, reading of the details in the Denver papers, your respected father and I merely regretted that we had not had the forethought, and cleverness, to have pulled the affair ourselves. Since this is the case, we could not have hidden the money, as I seem to recall telling you that we did, on the Desert Moon Ranch. It was a pretty dream of ours—that was all.

"Shall I explain? Do you remember the sweet cocotte with the colored sash at Cannes? Very young, very exquisite, and almost innocent? She watched us, from her table, out of the violet corners of her long, long eyes. When we left the place, you and I, my gloves were missing and I returned for them. You were duped, my dear, were you not?"

"She is not as lovely, not as gay as you were at eighteen. But you are no longer eighteen. And you have grown exacting, and a bit vicious (recalling again the V. affair), and a bit selfish, too. (I knew that you collected the final five hundred pounds from Baron T.)

"These, and all things considered, I seem to myself to have acted rather nobly, rather compassionately. I spared you the heartache of witnessing your supplantation. Ours was a tender leave taking, was it not? I paid the expenses of a long and costly journey for you and the gentle Danielle. (Gad, Gay, I'd have paid twice as much to be rid of you for half the time! I sent you to fond relatives. I provided you with an interesting and romantic occupation—treasure hunting. I gave the righteous Danielle the opportunity for which she was pining; the opportunity to try

her hand at turning you into 'an honest woman.'

"Tell her, by the way, that her lover, or as she virtuously insisted, her husband is still with me, and that he is behaving himself admirably. I suspect that my Lili is a bit over fond of him; but I have warned her that one who has had the chaste affections of the little nun would be unlikely to succumb to her ardentencies.

"Lili now inquires to whom am I writing. She is eighteen; she has seen you; so I dare tell her, to you, in a far country with an amusing name—Nevada.

"She mispronounces it, drollously. She blows it, and you, charmingly away from the tips of her tiny pink fingers. She kisses my ears. She tells me that she owns me. So, I suppose, I should not sign myself, as of old, Yours, with an ever increasing devotion, Bimbi."

"Good lands alive!" I said. My stomach hurt me, and my head ached.

"I am sorry for young Mr. Stanley," Miss MacDonald said. "But, you see, I was right in thinking that Miss Canneziano's life might hold a secret."

"No! No!" Danny stood there in front of us, holding to an aspen tree for support.

"I wondered whether you were coming out from behind the tree," Miss MacDonald said.

"I saw you looking at me. You are cruel. You are very cruel."

For a minute all I could be was sorry for Danny. I got up and went to her and put an arm around her.

She tucked her head down on my breast. She was so small that I could look right over it, at Miss MacDonald, sitting there, undisturbed and triumphant. She was in the right, and was a good girl; so it was queer that the sight of her made my heart go straight out to the wrong, bad, little Danny, with her brown head underneath my chin.

"Danny, honey," I said, "are you planning a divorce, after you've had your six months in Nevada? Was he cruel to you? Unfaithful?"

"No, no," she said. "Nothing like that, nothing at all. I can explain every word of it. But will anyone believe me?"

"You just try it," I urged. "I'm all set for believing you, right here and now. Come over here, and rest, and tell us all about it."

I led her across to the rock where I had been sitting, and made a place for her beside me.

### CHAPTER LII

#### An Explanation

She began right straight forward and sensible: "I knew that was in the letter, and I longed to destroy it, on that account, but I was afraid. I knew that its disappearance would throw all sorts of suspicions on me. But this morning, when I saw the thing, right there on her desk, the temptation was too great. I never thought of her having made a copy of it. This afternoon when I heard her at the typewriter—I knew. I've been in torment ever since. I have prayed and prayed that she might fail to work out the code. When I came downstairs, just now, I knew that she had not failed. I thought she would tell you about it; so I followed. I thought, perhaps, if I'd tell you both the truth, and plead with you to believe me—But now I am ashamed to offer it.

"You won't believe me. John won't believe me—But, it was only a doll: one of those funny, long-legged, floppy things, with an adorable face. I saw him in Paris, and loved him, and bought him for mine. I called him Christopher Clover, and said that he was my husband—because I had always said that I would never marry. Lewis—he was so horrid about everything—used to tease me about my lover, until I got so tired of it, and so ashamed, that I put him away on a closet shelf.

"After we were all packed, and the trunks were locked, that last day, I found him there on the shelf. Gaby wanted me to carry him on my arm—that was done quite a bit over there. She thought it was chic; but I thought it looked silly. I was going to leave him in the apartment; but Lewis asked me to let him. Have him. I did. That is all. But—will you let me see the copy of that letter? Gaby read it to me only once.

I gave it to her.

"See," she said, eagerly, "he calls me righteous. See how he speaks of the doll and his—Lili. He wouldn't have spoken like that about a man nor said that he was behaving himself. See, too, he calls me a nun. If you'll be fair—it seems to me you can easily believe me."

"Honey child," I said, and spoke the truth. "I do believe you. It is sensible and reasonable. I believe every word you've told us."

"And you?" she appealed to Miss MacDonald.

"Your explanation is reasonable. You have told the truth about everything else in the letter. Certainly, I shall give you the benefit of the doubt."

"You won't tell John?" Danny pleaded.

"Of course not. Nor anyone else, just now. Shall we go back to the house?"

Danny and I sat still. "I'll run along, then," she said, and went away without us.

"Danny," I began at once, "you take my advice. You get to John as quickly as you can and tell him the truth about this. He loves you. He'll want to believe you. Men always believe whatever they want to believe. Don't you worry another mite about it."

"Have you noticed," she questioned, slowly, "that John has been different—very different, ever since—"

"We've all been different dear," I told her.

"Yes, I know. But—John has been more different. Mary tell me, am I silly? Have you noticed that John seems to be very much interested in this Miss MacDonald? He looks at her all the time. And he jumps about, waiting on her, rather as Chad used to do with Gaby. Of course, he feels that I have changed, too. And I have. I can't keep from showing how unhappy I am, and how worried. I suppose I constantly disappoint him. And yet. . . ."

"Danny," I said, "it is just this. Men don't wear well in times of trouble. They can't help it. It is the way they are mixed. So we women put up with it. We have to, if we put up with men at all. Everything is going to come out all right. But I want you to tell John, yourself, about your doll and not wait for someone else to do it."

"I'll try to," she agreed. "But we are so rarely alone together any more."

On our way back to the house, Sam and John overtook us. I got Sam to walk along fast with me, and left them lagging behind us.

"I'm a mite worried," Sam said, "about those two young folks. I don't quite make them out, here lately. I suggested to John, a while ago, that considering Danny's trouble, and all, it might be just as well for them to have an early wedding. Told him to talk it over with Danny, and that any date they set would be all right with me."

"I was all braced against being carried off and drowned in a torrent of gratitude. No sree. That young whelp evaded it. Said that he'd see; and that she'd say that right after so much trouble might not be a suitable time for a wedding. I'd give a pretty to know what he has on his mind. I can't think that the boy is just rotten fickle. And yet—he has been shining up to Miss MacDonald, here of late. Have you noticed it, Mary?"

"Noticed, nothing!" was the best that I could do.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

might at least prove moderately educational.

Q. Who was the engineer who built the Holland Tunnel? F. S.

A. Clifford M. Holland was the original engineer of the Holland Vehicular Tunnel, and this tunnel was named for him. After his death the work was continued under the direction of his assistant, Milton H. Freeman. Six months later, Mr. Freeman died, and the position of civil engineer of the project was given to Mr. A. Singstad, who saw the construction through to its completion.

## SWEETEN ACID STOMACH THIS PLEASANT WAY

When there's distress two hours after eating—heartburn, indigestion, gas—suspect excess acid.

The best way to correct this is with an alkali. Physicians prescribe Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

A spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid; and does it at once. To try it is to be through with crude methods forever.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. All druggists have the generous 25c and 50c bottles. Full directions in package.

### China Bars Greyhounds

Greyhounds, looked upon with favor by sportsmen all over the world, are not popular in China, according to Canadian Pacific steamship officials, as the Chinese government is determined not to permit the importation of racing dogs and the commissioner of customs at Shanghai threatens any attempt to land the dogs will result in severe penalties.

### Lone Deficiency

"Shakespeare's knowledge seemed to embrace every subject," said Mr. Buskin.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "About the only thing on which he appeared to lack information was the Baconian theory."—Washington Star.

### So Better Half May Live

"He cannot spend half his income."  
"How so?"  
"Half of it goes for alimony."

Let an outsider settle financial matters outside kin; otherwise there will be a row.

## When Rest Is Broken



### Deal Promptly With Kidney Irregularities.

Are you miserable with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache? Then don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold by dealers everywhere.



## After Nervous Breakdown

"I had a nervous breakdown and could not do the work I have to do around the house. Through one of your booklets I found how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped other women and I went to the drug store and got me six bottles. It has done me good in more ways than one and now I work every day without having to lie down. I will answer all letters with pleasure."—Hannah M. Eversmeyer, 707 N-16 Street, East St. Louis, Illinois.

Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

## FRECKLES Go Quickly...

From the time you make the first application they begin to fade like MAGIC. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail postpaid \$1.25 and 6c. A copy of Beauty Secrets FREE. DE. C. H. BERRY CO. 2973-5 Michigan Ave. Chicago

### In Re City Junktets.

From Minneapolis Tribune. The Tribune must confess that it shares with the city council a burning curiosity to know just how the cities of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus keep their drinking water drinkable. The little junket that has been arranged to this end for two employees of the city water department may seem, to be sure, a trifle premature, but in the event that Minneapolis ever pipes its drinking water from Lake Michigan or the Ohio river, the knowledge would be well nigh priceless. As a matter of fact, we

don't know why, with the Mississippi drying up the way it is, the city fathers couldn't profitably interest themselves in Lake Oksechochee, Florida, or Victoria Nyanza, both of which lakes may be quaffed, according to report, without a general anesthetic.

Still, since the city's immediate problem is to find some way of drinking the Mississippi without nausea or nose-holding it would seem of slightly more importance, for the time being, to engage in a little local research. We suppose that it is a matter of very small moment that St. Paul is drawing from exactly the same source as

Minneapolis a colorless, limpid liquid compound of hydrogen and oxygen which does not taste like swamp drainage and smell like musty dish towels. Even if we concede that Minneapolis has very little to learn from St. Paul, the possibility exists that the amazing success of the sister city in combating the Mississippi into a potable beverage may be well worth studying. A little research on the part of two water department employees would not greatly exceed the cost of four street car tokens, or approximately 30 cents, and the trip to St. Paul, if not as broadening as the one now in prospect,