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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

One Bad Egg

Adj. Helen Purviance, the famous and beloved "doughnut girl" of the trenches, has been transferred by the Salvation Army from Oswego to New York, and at a reception in New York she said:

"I like it here, but it was a wrench to leave Oswego—almost as bad a wrench as a divorce must be.

"A divorce, you know, especially where there's a fine, large family of children, is a very difficult operation. Yes, it's exactly like unscrambling an omelet to remove one bad egg."

Knights and Barons

The British title of baronet passes down from father to son, while in the case of a mere knights the title dies with the holder

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

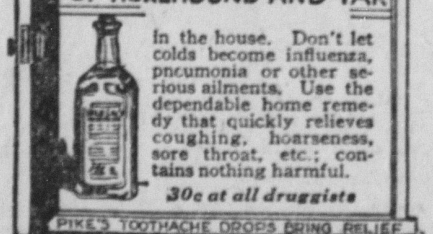


Camden Man's Amazing Message to Rheumatics

After Suffering Intense Agony for Many Years—He Wants to Tell Others.
Dr. Brigadell: I simply had to write and tell you what your wonderful Camphorole has done for me. For many years I suffered the tortures of Rheumatism as only those who have it know. The sharp pains were so severe, I could not sleep. I had to get up and rub. It almost drove me crazy. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine I was told to take, which only left me worse. I could not rest any longer. I am a steamfitter by trade and had to give up my work. Seeing your advertisement in a paper, I thought I would take another chance and told my daughter to get me a package of Camphorole. You can imagine my surprise after using Camphorole. I started to get better right away. After using two jars of Camphorole I am well and happy and have gone back to work. I shall never forget the day I took a chance on Camphorole. After all the years I suffered, it was good to be well again. Robert W. Teedala, 2517 High St., Camden, N. J.



KEEP HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR



Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ill and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNTS' SALVE fails in treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, BURNING, WORMS, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 75c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau
Copyright by W. G. Chapman

CHAPTER XII—Continued

She lit her lamp, but her fingers slipped over the glass, and it fell to the floor with a crash that startled all the echoes in the old building. The smoky wick flared up. Joan turned it down with difficulty until the blaze was extinguished, and staggered to the bed, amazed at her weakness.

She could not keep her eyelids open, and she let them close wearily. But sleep was far from her, and still she listened. And after while an unmistakable sound reached her. Somewhere within the institute she heard a key turn in a lock.

It was the slightest distant sound, but it cut the darkness like a knife. And to her mind, the sound, which might mean nothing, might be, indeed, the key of Lancaster's door, seemed like the snap of a trap.

She slept and could not waken. Or, rather, she did not sleep, could not have slept; yet sleep had paralyzed her limbs and left her brain untouched; and her mind seemed preternaturally acute, so that she felt and saw everything that was happening in the building.

Someone was coming along the passage, as on that night before. The hand was upon the door. Through her closed and paralyzed eyelids Joan yet seemed to see the figure of a madwoman. Something was in her hand. It was the revolver which Joan had left upon the little table beside her.

Mrs. Dana stood over her, the weapon aimed at her, while her eyes sought her face.

Was she dreaming? Joan had waited through agony of centuries, and the woman was gone. Once more there was silence everywhere. And still she lay there, helpless, feeling all and knowing all, and that it had been no dream, but the prelude of worse to come.

It was strange, but she did not once picture Lancaster as in danger. It was as if the unchained spirit of evil, impotent to harm him, sought another victim. She waited, it seemed for aeons. And the blow fell.

She heard a man's scream of fear, dinned through her ears distantly, with the accompanying pistol shot. Yet she was unable to stir, and it passed into her memory, as of something infinitely long ago. Presently there came the hum of voices, chattering cries, bare feet that ran wildly along the corridor without, hands at her door.

It was Mrs. Fraser's voice. Now, with a mighty effort, Joan shook herself free from the spell. She staggered from the bed and groped her way across the room.

Nobody was at the door now, but when she unlocked it a whirl of smoke burst in. Smoke filled the passage. Upon the floor beneath a woman was screaming. There were voices outside, and the sound of men running along the passages, but Joan could not locate them.

She staggered through the smoke, feeling for the stairs. It blinded her. She fell into a wall, felt a rigid body before her, and perceived dimly Mrs. Dana's face, wearing a look of exaltation.

She had come too far; she had reached the door of Mrs. Dana's room. Through a break in the smoke cloud Joan saw that the door was closed. Behind it someone was hammering. Then Myers' screams broke through the din and confusion. He was battling against the door, and the strong door, built to resist such pressure, refused to yield. His cries were terrifying. Under the door came little creeping tongues of flame.

Joan caught at Mrs. Dana. "Come with me!" she mumbled. "Come!" The woman stood rigid as a statue. She felt like marble to the touch, but there was the same exaltation upon her face.

"Open the door!" whispered Joan with her last strength, and pointed. "Open it! Somebody is locked inside."

Myers was yelling as Joan had once heard a horse yell, trapped in a burning stable. The wood of the door was smoldering. Joan tried to reach the key. But the rigid body barred her way.

Lancaster had gone back; she could not speak, but he understood her. "The doctor's safe," he said, and as he spoke Joan saw Lancaster among a group of men who had gathered about something wrapped in a blanket. He rose and came to her. That was all Joan remembered.

And for days and nights her memories of the past were cut short with Lancaster's return that night, borne back by the power of her love, flung across the miles between them. She knew that he lived, and as the night-mare of the end filtered into her mind there came with it the sense of an abiding peace, as if the past was dead, with all its terrors.

Sometimes she felt that Lancaster was beside her; but when at last complete consciousness returned Joan found herself in bed in a strange house. Through the windows she could see the outlines of the familiar mountains, gilded in the red sunset glow against the blue of the sky. Beside her sat a figure which seemed to be so remotely of the past that it was difficult to refrain from laughing at the incongruity of the sight.

It was Jenkins, with his black head. As Joan stirred he turned toward her. "That's right, Miss Wentworth," he said heartily. "Now you've rounded



She Staggered and Fell Into Lancaster's Arms.

the corner, and I reckon the lane lies straight before you."

"The doctor did not steal that money," murmured Joan weakly. Jenkins laughed as if her words amused him immensely. "Why, Miss Wentworth, you've been saying that to me every time you woke these five days past," he said, "but I couldn't ever get you to tell me how you knew it."

"I don't remember saying it before," said Joan. "I reckon you've been pretty weak, Miss Wentworth. But tell me now how you know it."

"I don't know. Why, yes, of course I do. Doctor Lancaster couldn't steal anything. Where is he?" "I'll fetch him, Miss Wentworth. He wants to see you; he's been sitting beside you for days waiting till you really woke up."

"I'm not burned, Doctor Jenkins?" asked Joan in alarm. "Not the least little bit, Miss Wentworth. I'll bring you a mirror."

"No, I take you on trust. What made me so ill, Doctor Jenkins?" The doctor hesitated. The old obstinate look began to close down on his features. But Joan caught him by the arm ingratiatingly. "Come, now, tell me," she said.

Telephone to Teach Better Enunciation

Men who are trying to improve telephone service believe that the telephone will teach its users to speak clearly—not with one conversation, but in the course of time. And, certainly, business would be expedited with perfect enunciation over the telephone. Even a simple name like Dix, say, when passed over the wires may become almost anything—and then it is spelled for verification, thus: "D for Dan, I fo. lke, X for X-ray"—words as difficult as the one to be understood.

Progress in plain talking does seem to lag, in the opinion of The National Business. Any optimism in that direction is blighted by the hash in our daily speech. Ideas seem to have transmission as much by telepathy as by telephone. "Wasstuygottado 'nightuh?" But a jumble of letters will make sound and so may give a message to sophisticated ears. The eye is more expert than the ear at registering words. Whoever was fooled by the blanks in the penny dreadfuls of the long ago? The d—s were promptly accepted at their full orimstone content, but a curse by tele-

"Did he—did he inject morphine into me?" "No, Miss Wentworth," said Jenkins, unable to hold out. "It wasn't morphine. It was curare—the stuff that paralyzes the motor nerves without destroying consciousness." His face grew somber. "It doesn't leave traces, as morphine does, and that devil had put it into morphine bottles and made the doctor think he was a morphine fiend. They hoped to kill him more quickly, but somehow he got used to it, and I guess they were at their wits' ends when you came along. But I'll call the doctor, Miss Wentworth."

When he was gone Joan lay back on her pillows, looking out into the mountains. She knew what had occurred that night; in her drugged state she had seen the whole dreadful picture: Myers unlocking Mrs. Dana's door and leading her to her own room, where she had obtained the revolver; her journey to Lancaster's room, bent on her dreadful mission; the murder of Lawson, in the room opposite, instead, for reasons which would never be known, but were certainly providential.

She saw further, by the same intuition which told her that it had been Mrs. Dana's body wrapped in the blanket that night; Myers, knowing her to be drugged, and believing Lancaster dead, had waited in Mrs. Dana's room and given her the matches, on her return, with which to start the fire, hoping thus to make sure of his victims and cover up his tracks. And he had fallen into the trap he had baited. Strong as he was, there must have been a stronger Power fighting him with Mrs. Dana's arms that night when she turned the key in the lock and left him to die as he had willed Joan should die.

But Joan knew that no word of this would ever pass between Lancaster and her. And indeed, as she lay back and looked across the fields toward the mountains, she felt that something had turned that page, so that it had become not only of the dead past, but unreal in a way, and only the present peace existed.

She heard a quick step without. Lancaster stood in the doorway, came toward her, knelt at her side and took her hands in his. And with that even the memories of the past became tenuous, half forgotten.

"Dear, it has come true," he said tenderly. She lay happily in his arms, looking out all the time toward the sunset on the hills. There was so little to say, because their lives were only beginning.

"I don't want to go back to Avonmouth," she said at length. "Nor I, Joan. This is our country. It must always be our country. But—the fight, John?"

"I have stolen a march on you, my dear," he answered gayly. "I have fought out my fight while you were ill. I have resigned from the hospital; nobody guesses anything there; and I have convinced the trustees here, by my appearance, and by the presentation of certain papers happily discovered after the fire, that I am a responsible, moral person, honest enough to head the new institute which we are going to build—guess where?"

She looked at him. Then—"That village in the mountains," she cried happily. "Where our lives really began. I could not wish for anything better."

"And the patient is going to be our porter. And Doctor Jenkins will be house surgeon, resident, with his wife—Joan, he didn't tell you about Mrs. Fraser? Jenkins! Jenkins!" His voice rang through the little house. "Come in at once and face the fire like a man, instead of slinking away into your consulting-room, you ruffianly young benedict!"

[THE END]

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

CANCER DUE TO PROSPERITY

WHAT causes cancer? Nobody knows. But we do know some significant things about it. Ever since the invention of the microscope and the development of bacteriology, thousands of investigators have been trying to find some minute germ which could be held responsible for this awful disease. No one has found it. But we do know that cancer is a disease of prosperity. The simpler and poorer the community, the fewer cases of cancer. The richer and more prosperous the individual, the more elaborate, costly, and luxurious his diet, clothing, house and way of living.

As Williams points out in his Natural History of Cancer, it is seldom found in bodies living in a state of nature. Animals and plants may have cancer but it is practically always the cultivated varieties living under artificial conditions. Savages and wild animals very rarely have cancer. Even monkeys, most nearly akin to man, are immune until they have been kept in captivity for several generations. Yet the dog, probably the first animal tamed by man and the one which has lived longest and in closest contact with man, is the most subject to tumors of any animal.

Travelers among savage people and especially explorers who come in contact for the first time with primitive people, are practically unanimous in saying that cancer is very rare or quite unknown among such races. Medical officers, missionaries and officials all say that cancer is very rare among savages, but that it increases as civilized luxuries and ways of living are adopted.

On the other hand, vital statistics show beyond question that cancer is becoming increasingly frequent in our large cities, that it is especially common among the well-to-do and comparatively rare among the poor and that it is more apt to attack the over-nourished and hard-working individual.

The health authorities of North Dakota, for instance, found that the percentage of cancer among retired farmers who moved to town and quit work was much higher than among those who stuck to their farms and kept active.

So we don't know what kind of germ causes cancer or whether any germ does. But we do know that the simpler life you lead and the longer you keep working, the less likely you are to get it.

WHAT CAUSES COLDS?

THE general belief is that "colds" are caused by cold. Doctors, health officers—and teachers say colds are "catching" and are caused by germs. Which is right? Both.

When a baby comes into this wicked and dirty world there are no germs in its nose. But they appear twelve hours after birth and some kind of germs are found in the nose from that time on. The air breathed in through the nose contains dust, soot, germs, all kinds of things. The nose catches and strains out these impurities, so that the air that goes down into the lungs is clean, provided we know enough to keep our mouth shut and our nose open. Many different kinds of germs are found in the nose in healthy persons. What particular germ is responsible for colds? We do not know.

But we do know they are in the air and in our throats and noses practically all the time.

Then why don't we have colds all the time? For the same reason that we don't have any other disease all the time. Germs alone can't cause disease. They must get into the body to do harm. You may and probably often have tetanus germs on your skin but you won't have lockjaw unless those germs find a break in the skin, a scratch or a prick through which they can enter.

Here's where cold gets in its work. Cold air, damp air, fog, rain, drafts and winds lower the body temperature. It's the business of the nose, among other things, to help regulate the body temperature. So if it's very cold or damp or windy or what's worse, if there are sudden and extreme changes in temperature or moisture, the nose has to work overtime. A reasonable amount of extra work it can stand but when it is overworked it gets tired and congested. Then the germs—always on hand—begin to grow in the tired out and engorged membrane, the congestion gets worse.

That's why sudden changes, raw days, fog, dampness, drafts, chilling and other conditions that disturb our bodily temperature and our heat regulating apparatus—plus an ever-ready germ—result in this most common and aggravating affliction.

Would Interfere No More

"These 'ere floods," said the oldest inhabitant, "remind me of th' time when th' old passion prayed for rain. When th' rain did come it drowned two of his best cows, an' washed th' foundations from under th' vicarage. After that he went about sayin' that for th' future he'd keep quiet, an' jest let Providence run th' weather to suit itself!"—London Th-Bits.

Not Suited to It

Mrs. Keyhammer—"Don't you like my playing? You know, 'Musik hath charms to soothe the savage breast.'" Her Husband—"Meibe it hath, I s'pose I'm not savage enough."

Tell Your Shoe Repairman You Want

"U.S." SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

A Better Heel to Walk On
And for the best shoe sole you ever had—
USKIDE
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Zane Grey as Fisherman

Zane Grey holds the world's record in catching tuna fish, his latest catch being a monster that weighed, when landed, 758 pounds. The author had to tussle with it more than six hours before it was landed safely and weighed. Grey is enthusiastic in fishing and had special boats built, special tackle made, and spent many weeks studying the habits of the big fish, aiming to make a new record. He did.

The Proper Place

John—Where was the first maple tree?
Jim—In the ground, of course.

What happens to you 1,000 miles from home is always interesting.

Alabastine

Time

It's easy

to get perfect walls with Alabastine. Alabastine is a dry powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package. Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, brick, cement or canvas. It won't rub off, properly applied. Ask your dealer for color chart and suggestions or write Miss Ruby Brandon, the Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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