Smart Wardrobe in One Pattern



You can make yourself a mighty smart summer wardrobe right from this one pattern. Simplicity's the thing-shirtmaker frocks are "the top"-and here's a beautifully fitting model that may take many variations. Made in a tie silk or print it is perfect under coats now and on into summer-make it again as in the other sketch-with square neckline and loose sleeves, in a solid color. Then start all over and use a striped or checked silk or printed lawn. The material influences the frock to a great extent-and this is a perfect one for developing the lovely new fabrics.

Pattern 2197 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Sizes 16 takes 31/4 yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-bystep sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

EXPLAINING IT

"Yes, it is really remarkable," observed mother at the head of the table. "Clifford seems to eat twice as much chicken when we have vis-

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady visitor. "And, pray, why is that, Clifford?"

"'Cause that's the only time we have it!" replied the truthful lad.

And One Is "Stung" Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had been dis-

cussing an arrangement which implied the exercise of the "give and take" theory.

"You know," declared Mr. Barnes, "that it always takes two to make a bargain."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Barnes, "but only one of them gets it."

Many Like Him George-I always do my hardest work before breakfast. Fred-What's that? George-Getting up.

Counting Them Up Miss Pert-There are 300 reasons

why I won't marry you. Mr. Oldboy-Name them. Miss Pert-Fifty years and 250

pounds.



The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

__17__ "Coming!" he shouted thickly and seized a hammer and attacked the trunk lock. Ammunition must be in

The crowd milled, now, trampling the new snow, completely out of hand at this delay. Two or three aided Tim in his plea for at least temporary moderation but others rebelled and fought to get the post which would batter down the stair door. These weaved to and fro there in the packed throng, a quarrel within a quarrel.

And then came a hush, a quick, spreading hush which swept the crowd like a shadow; like a swiftly speeding shadow, wiping out sound as a shadow wipes out sunlight, breaking sentences in half. And then rose a quick popping of excited voices.

"Elliott!" "Here he is!" "Look!" "He's hurt!"

Bundled to the ears in a great overcoat, cap drawn low, supported on the one side by John Martin and on the other by Able Armitage, he came slowly, painfully out of the side street. He scarcely seemed to be aware of that throng; did not look either to the right or the left. All his energy was bent on moving forward.

He gained the middle of the street in an impressive hush. Then he murmured a word to Able and they halted. He looked about at his men and smiled a trifle weakly, but in his look was a quality which clearly indicated that love which strong men have for

"It's all right, boys," he said and only those in the first ranks could hear, his voice was that light. "They didn't get me . . . badly. I appreciate this . . . but want you to . . .

get back to . . . camp." He panted for breath and lifted his face to the broken windows above. Far back in that room he caught a glimpse of a face watching him-

cocked as though striving to hear. "It's my fight," he went on. "Not yours. . . . I don't want any . . . of you hurt. Go back. . . . Will you go . . . back?"

The crowd stirred. "You bet we will, Ben!" a man called. "Now that you're located if

you ask it, we will!" Tim Jeffers worked his way to Ben's de and put a hand on his shoulder. listening to what Able told him.

"Go home, boys!" Tim Jeffers called. "They knifed Ben last night but he's well took care of. You teamsters. get out your horses; we've found what we come for. To camp, every last Hoot Owl hand!"

Men relaxed. The post that was to have battered in Brandon's door was dropped. The mob was satisfied,

Slowly Ben Elllott made his way back to Dawn's home

As Tim Jeffers took his place beside the sick man, Able Armitage drew into the post office entry to watch the mob disperse. Emory Sweet was

"The king is dead!" Able muttered solemnly, staring at those broken win-

"Long live the king!" said Emory.

"Dead men tell no tales." "No, but sometimes a corpse will kick back!"

CHAPTER XIII

Furiously, Nicholas Brandon saw as the days passed the wreckage of his power pile up on a flood of public resentment, of loosened expressions of distrust and contempt and hatred which had grown and festered unobserved for

years. The man who had replaced the glass in his office windows that Sunday afternoon worked slowly and silently where, in other days, he had done odd jobs with swift efforts so that his labor might give his employer satisfaction, and had taken every opportunity to make talk with the town's great

On Monday as Brandon walked along the street he saw faces leering at him from windows, and men he passed averted their glances in a gleeful sort of embarrassment, or looked at him with surly, defiant glares.

In yard and mill he was conscious that his employees were thinking only of his fall. He discharged one man for loafing and the fellow only laughed

at him. . . . Laughed! "There's plenty room at Hoot Owl for good hands," he said and laughed

That mob yesterday had not wrecked the town as they had threatened but the ruin they left was of far more consequence. Their coming had stripped Brandon of everything but his material possessions and now these only

mocked him in survival. -Back in the office he paced the place like a caged animal.

Mail arrived. He took the packet of letters and drank deeply from his bottle again. He thumbed the letters absently, un-

til the script on one caught his eye. The envelope contained a single sheet of note paper and he unfolded it with trembling fingers. On the sheet was

"I never want to see you again. I

know now what the whole country has | known and been afraid to admit for years. I have thought you were my friend but now I know you are my worst enemy, as you are the sworn enemy of those I love most.

He stood for a time staring at the paragraph; then read it again and drained his whisky bottle. Such a note, now, was to have been expected by an ordered mind, of course, but his fevered brain had not foreseen any necessity for abandoning this, the most precious of his hopes. He trembled a bit and made a strange sound in his throat.

A meticulous office man was Nicholas Brandon, and though he had suffered the severest blow of his experience just now he mechanically went about his habitual procedure. He had received and read a letter. It required no reply. The next step in orderly procedure was to file it.

In the outer office were ranks and rows of letter files. But this letter did not belong there.

In the great safe to which only he had combination and keys reposed two files side by side. He took both out and placed them on the desk. He opened one and a cruel smile twitched his lips. It contained letters on paper of varying size, color and quality. He riffled through these, stopping now and again to read a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph. . . . Pleas, these were; a writing begging for help . . . and he smiled again.

In the other file were more letters, some yellowed by age and these older ones had been written in the unformed script of a child. . . . "Dear Uncle Nick," they all began. Always that, though the handwriting grew formed and mature until it was identical with that on the single sheet he had just read. These were Dawn McManus' letters to him, saved since her childhood.

He ran through them almost idly, his senses dulled by whisky and the calamity which had befallen him. A narrow slip of tablet paper fell out. He looked at the penciled note on one

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon .-- Dawn."

with her from school for Thanksgiving and had taken them to the hunting camp for a week-end.

Brandon had gone with the party and it was there that he had first remarked Dawn's emerging womanhood, that the desire for her had been kindled in his blood; there in the camp where her father, as the whole country knew, had been with Sam Faxon on the night when Faxon fled to his death. But Dawn had never known that. She had laughed and been happy at Antler lodge.

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon.-Dawn."

He read it again. It bore no date it was unsoiled; it betrayed no indication of the time that had passed since its inscription. The note had been left on his desk for him three years before. . . . He leaned forward sharply and his eyes narrowed. . . After a moment he straightened and smiled oddly. A look like relief, almost like happiness spread over his

Fine strength of body healed Ben Elliott's wound rapidly. By mid-week he was dressed and sitting before the fire with Dawn, talking of his return to Hoot Owl on the morrow.

"It's been so good, even under the circumstances, to spend time with you," he said gravely.

The girl flushed but made no reply. "And all the time I've been wondering, Dawn, why you wouldn't let me come. . . You've been so kind, so generous, so . . . so friendly. And yet, only a few days ago, you told me I must never come again. Why was it, Dawn? Why, when I love you

"Don't!" she begged in a light whis-

per. "Please!" "But it's beyond any power I have to keep still. I love you, Dawn, better | followed by misgiving and trouble. than life. Can you believe that, when I've seen so little of you? Look at me!"-flercely. "Don't you like it, Dawn, being loved?"

"Ah . . . Like it? It's wonderful, Ben. . . . It's too wonderful!" She averted her face. "And loved by me?"

"Yes, yes! It's all wonderful. It's too wonderful, Ben. Things like it just can't be!"

"Why not? It's wonderful, you say, and yet . . . Can't you explain?" She was fighting for self-control, now, and wrested her hands from his, backing away, white and shaken,

"You can't understand, perhaps. Sometimes I can't understand myself. Always I've wanted to be loved by . . . by you, Ben Elliott! It's given me the only true happiness I've ever had. "And then I had to remember what

I am. Can't you see that a girl who is known as the daughter of a murderer can't let any man love her?"

"That's foolish! . . . It's terrible, I know, for you to bear. But let me help, dear girl; let me stand by your

"No, no! I can't bear it! I couldn't | take a cloud to you and to your children. . . And it's all a mistake, all a lie! My father was no killer!" Her voice rose in sharp conviction on that. "He was kind and gentle; he never would hurt another. All these years I've know it and others know it, but just being sure in our own minds isn't enough. The whole world must know! Something tells me my father is alive somewhere, waiting, watching, suffering. . . . But until we can prove that or something else comes up to banish this cloud . . . No, don't kiss me again! I can't stand it, I tell you! I-can't stand it, Ben!"

Sobbing, she fled the room. "Well, that ought not to be impossible!" Elliott said to himself after a long, thoughtful interval. "Nothing

much is. . . ."
He made no further moves toward love making after that but far into the night he talked with Dawn of her father. She had not heard all of the



"I Can't Stand It, Ben!"

story, he realized. She did not know, for instance, that the tragedy which preceded McManus' disappearance took Happier memories, that brought; of place in Antler lodge; she did not the time Dawn had brought girls home | know how far her father had gone in his attempts to drown sorrow of his wife's death by drinking. But she did know that Faxon was dead, that her father was blamed and that a dusty warrant for his arrest on a charge of homicide still reposed in the county

> Next day he declared that he felt fit to drive back to camp and for an hour argued with Dawn, trying to win her promise that he might come again, but she begged him to stay away for a

> time, at least. Elliott did not go at once to the stable where his team awaited him. He entered the court house and went over the meager records of the case, but little that was new rewarded his search. The net yield of that search was only to impress him with the proportions of the new task he had set for himself and as he drove out of

town his heart was heavier than it had been in years. Putting the Hoot Owl on its feet had been a lark; shearing Brandon of his power had been hazardous but, after all, simple. . . . But this other was

something else again. That night Bird-Eye Blaine sat with Elliott for long and went over the circumstances leading up to Faxson's death. Men in Tincup commenced to whisper that Elliott was delving into the McManus case and the gossip reached Brandon who was locked in his office much of the time, now, soaked with whisky? He did not drink for many hours after the news reached him. He kept his head clear and planned.

CHAPTER XIV

Able told Dawn of Ben's activity, watching her face narrowly because he understood the obstacle that was between these two. He saw hope come,

It was on Friday that Dawn left Tincup, striking across country far from the road toward Hoot Owl. She was going to see Ben Elliott and

tell him that she must see him now, that her heart could have no peace without him; that he must come to her and let her stand beside him while he pried into the past and attempted to make it give up truth. At noon, on the edge of a swamp,

she sought shelter from the fitful wind, built a small fire and ate the lunch she carried. Then she went on, sighting her mill far away from the top of the next ridge.

Martin was alone in the office when she entered and started up so sharply at sight of her that the girl, in turn, was startled. "I'm sorry!" she exclaimed at bit

mystified. "Did I frighten you?" "No. Not frightened, . . . My thoughts were . . . far from here."
"Is Ben about?"

"Haven't seen him since dinner. Don't know where he went." Tim Jeffers, just down from camp. ALSO HARDER WAYS

What boys sent to the woods by Uncle Sam find out is that there are more ways in which they might make a living than they suspected.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.-Adv.

Possible, But Unlikely

WNU Service.

"Where's Ben at?" he asked Martin.

"I didn't mean to pry. . . . Prob-

ably he's gone to meet you, though.

"A note! Why, I . . ." Frowning, she took the paper and read:

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this after-

"Why!" she cried. "I didn't . . . But

"Oh!" She let the paper flutter to

"I wrote that! I wrote that years

ago!" she cried, struggling to speak

distinctly. "I wrote that note for Mr.

Brandon. . . Years ago. . . . How

did it get here? Who is calling Ben

"What's this?" Tim Jeffers asked

"Don't you see?" Martin cried and

his voice was thick. "Dawn wrote it,

all right. But he's sent it to Ben. . . .

It's a decoy! Tim, the lad's on his

way to the lodge alone and Brandon's

No need for more words, then! On

went Martin's jacket. From a corner

he snatched snowshoes and a pair for

"We'll go," he said to Dawn. "You

"But I'm going, too!" the girl cried

sharply. "I'm going. Oh, hurry, Tim!

ber. Another had gone that way to-

came to be there presented itself. The

quick conclusion at which he arrived

was that Dawn and others had gone

to Antler Lodge; that was where the

shot had been fired which sent Sam

Faxson to his death. Perhaps Able

had taken Dawn there. Hastily, be

The distance was a good five miles,

however, and part of the going was in

soft footing. So it was nearly two hours

after his start that he came in sight

of the building on the high bank of

As he went down the slope he saw

"Hello!" he cried, mounting a drift

withdraw!" a small voice warned but

before he could gather himself a blow

struck him and he went down under a

But as Elliott went down, with his

assallant on top, he drew his knees up-

ward, bowed his back and with a trick

of rough-and-tumble fighting used the

very impact which had floored him to

He heard him curse, saw the other

turn as he pitched across the floor and

"Brandon!" he cried hoarsely as a

At last he was face to face with the

man who had struck so many times

Brandon did not speak. He rushed

with head lowered. Great arms

wrapped Ben's body, a head drove into

the pit of his stomach, driving the

Use of Helium Gas

poisonous to the body, says Pathfind-

er Magazine. One of its important

uses is to reduce the nitrogen con-

tent (about four-fifths of all air) in

artificial atmospheres for use in deep

sea diving and other work conducted

under heavy atmospheric pressure, Ex-

periments conducted by the bureau of

mines show that such an atmosphere

enables workers to labor for longer

periods under higher pressures in

safety and comfort than in an ordi-

Carving of Human Bones

account for parallel customs among

primitive peoples who never met or

even heard of one another's existence

For example, one of the most common

practices of prehistoric man was the

carving of human bones. These carv

ings have been found in ancient graves

in almost every part of the world .-

Only some fundamental instinct can

Air with helium gas content is not

TO BE CONTINUED.

from the darkness and from behind!

heavy, living weight.

toss the man on beyond.

scramble to his feet,

savage joy swept him.

breath from his body,

nary atmosphere.

Collier's Weekly.

snowshoe tracks outside the place.

and stopping. "Hello, in there!"

took his snowshoes and departed.

We may be too late, now!"

roughly. "Brandon? . . . Callin' Ben

I must have!"-looking from one to

the other. "That's my writing."

was just asking."

used for a desk.

looked at Dawn.

noon.--Dawn."

to the lodge?"

off alone?"

planned it!"

tell Buller-"

wanted him!

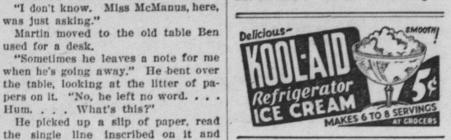
the Mad Woman.

the floor.

Hum. . . . What's this?"

This is a note from you."

No sane man wants a billion dollars, but it is possible that he may not be able to avoid accumulating it.



Anger a Handicap Anger openly expressed can keep a man poor.

Lady's Painful Trouble Helped By Cardui

Why do so many women take Cardui for the relief of functional pains at monthly times? The answer is that they want results such as Mrs. describes. She writes: "My health wasn't good. I suffered from cramp-Herbert W. Hunt, of Hallsville, Texas, wasn't good. I suffered from Cramping. My pain would be so intense it would nauseate me. I would just drag around, so sluggish and 'do-less.' My mother decided to give me Cardui. I began to mend. That tired, sluggish feeling was gone and the pains disappeared. I can't praise Cardui too highly because I know it helped me.". If Cardui does not help YOU,



expensive. At your druggist's. PETERMAN'S T FOOD

go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. In-



WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer backache, dizziness, rning, scanty or too frequent urina tion, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles; feel upset and miserable use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recom-mended by users the country over. Ask your neighbor!



Morning... **Headaches**



I'OR YEARS I've suffered sick headaches in the morning. I didn't realize until the doctor told me how many women are bothered with too much acid, and he recommended Milnesia Wafers. Since I've been using Milnesia I've felt like a new person. Haven't had a cold either, because when you get rid of the acids you don't get colds.

MILNESIA Wafers neutralize the excess acids that cause indigestion, heartburn and sick headaches. Each wafer is a full adult dose, children-one-quarter to one-half. Pleasant to take.

Recommended by thousands of physicians. Buy a package today-at all good druggists.

WAFERS