

## SUFFERED PAIN FOR YEARS

Mrs. Jahr Finally Relieved by Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound

Howard Lake, Minnesota.—"I write to let you know that I have taken several bottles of your medicine in the last three months, and found it to be very good. I had pains and other troubles women have and was not able to do my work. Seeing your Ad. in the paper, I thought of giving Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I got good results from it and feel able to do my housework now. I used to have lots of pains, but after taking the medicine I am relieved from pains that I had suffered from for years. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends, and hope this letter will be satisfactory for you to publish."—Mrs. JENNIE J. JAH, R. F. No. 4, Box 51, Howard Lake, Minn.

**Free upon Request**  
 Lydia E. Finkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free, upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

**Cuticura Soap**  
 Pure and Wholesome  
 Keeps The Skin Clear

**Canada Has Own Flag**  
 Display of Canada's new "national flag" on formal occasions and officially has been made. The old flag for Canadian merchant ships was used for 30 years, but two years ago King George authorized the use of a new Canadian coat of arms designed for a quite different purpose and this has been appropriated for the new ensign. The main feature of the flag is the old union jack, with a combination of the crosses of St. Andrew, St. George and St. Patrick on which the new coat of arms is imposed.

It is better for a man to put his ship on a new coat than to have it on an old one.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
 NEVER HEARD AND COMPARED  
 TO OTHER FOOT-EASES  
 THE GREAT PAIN-RELIEVER  
 ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE  
 PREPARED BY DR. J. C. ALLEN  
 154 N. 2ND ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 Solely for medicinal purposes.

**Don't hesitate**  
 Drive horns, bustles, waists and corsets, rub your feet with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. It keeps your feet soft and smooth and makes your feet slip-free. It is a sure relief from itching, burning, chafing and dryness. It is a sure relief from itching, burning, chafing and dryness. It is a sure relief from itching, burning, chafing and dryness.

**BABIES LOVE**  
**MILK'S VEGEVITE SYRUP**  
 The Infants' and Children's Favorite  
 Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Contains many vitamins and is easily absorbed.

**WORMS**  
 In Children and Older Folk  
 causes many cases of constipation, flatulence, headache, nausea, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and emaciation.

# THE RED LINE TRAIL

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

**"JAMES CARR"**  
**SYNOPSIS**—Thrown from his yacht in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious into the home of a Miss Edith Grant. A doctor discovers he has been shot, fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions." He begs that Harry Archman, millionaire resident of the vicinity, be sent for, declaring he has important papers for him. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Akin, arrives, talks with Morbach, and leaves with a package he gives him. Morbach dies. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Akin is an impostor. Archman denounces Edith Grant as a girl endeavoring to snare his son Harry. Archman, it appears, has millions made in Chicago, has yielded to the importunities of his family—his wife, daughter Nellie and five other sons. He has had to move to New York in an endeavor to gain recognition by the Four Hundred. They have not succeeded. Mrs. Archman is bitter over her failure, particularly mortifying the fact that she has not been "taken up" by a Mr. Van Kull. Archman orders Nellie to get ready for a long journey with him. He refuses to reveal his destination to his wife, declaring it is "not his secret." Nellie tells Bea she is in love with James Carr, a youth working on Archman's ship, El Rio. She gives Bea a message for him. Archman and Nellie depart.

## CHAPTER IV Quick Decisions.

Muttering wrathfully to himself, Henry Archman strode out of the Grant cottage and sprang into his car. Nellie Archman, though as much exercised as her father, both by the accusations he had brought against Miss Grant and by the as yet unexplained presence of Carr, and his ambiguous admission, yet lingered for a moment to take a formal leave. Conventions still women more tightly than they do men.

"I am sorry," she said, "I cannot better my father. If I could I would have spoken to you. I am sure he will not see an honest man." "Thank you for your concern," she said. "I shall try to do my best." "Good-night," she said. "Thank you, Miss Archman," she said gratefully. "This is not the time nor the place for explanations, but I can assure you that your faith is not misplaced. Good-night."

As Nellie came out of the door Archman called to her impatiently. "Get a horse, Nellie," he ordered sharply. "Akin can follow in your car. I want to talk to you."

Nellie obeyed in silence. She expected her father to refer to the scenes at the cottage and she was ready and indeed curious to listen and learn.

Archman, however, disappointed her. He threw over the lever and the automobile leaped away like a live thing, splitting space like a hand-guided cannon ball. No swifter could it have gone had his driver been possessed by the seven devils of Scripture. No man could drive at such a pace and spare any attention to anything else. Nellie knew it and settled herself back to wait.

Not till the gates of his big stone house were reached did Archman slacken speed and turn to the girl. "I'm going to take you on a trip with me, Nellie," he said. "We'll start in an hour. Pack a suitcase with what you need most. We don't take any trunks."

Nellie's eyes widened. "Good gracious! Father—" she began. "I can't discuss the matter. It's an emergency. Get ready!" "But, father, where are we going? When will we be back?" "God knows. Not for weeks, certainly."

Nellie's face blanched. "I can't go away like that, father," she protested. "You must go. You heard the doctor's version of Morbach's message. You are the girl I am to bring. There's no time to lose. I must get you there before he dies."

Bea met him at the steps. "Oh, father!" she cried. "What's it all about?" Archman half paused. "I can't talk now, Bea," he answered, as he passed. "Ask Akin. He's just behind. Or ask Nellie. She'll want you to help her pack, anyway. Where's Harry?"

Bea clutched at her head. "Help Nellie to pack," she echoed. "Good gracious! Harry isn't home! He went out just after you did."

Archman's brows darkened. "I guessed as much," he growled. "Tell your mother I want to see her in five minutes. And help Nellie to get ready." He passed on up the stairs. Bea started after him. Then she ran to seek her mother and deliver the message. This done, she raced up the stairs to Nellie's room.

Meanwhile Archman had hurried into his office and sat down at his desk. He jerked the telephone toward him. "Long distance," he ordered curtly. "Give me New York—DeSBrosses, 58041. Quick, central!"

A moment later the phone tinkled and he picked it up. "Hello! Is this Captain Bunker? Good! Do you know my voice, captain? No! No! This phone may be out. It's leaked once tonight already, or it's got the credit of it. When can you put to sea? Yes! I know you need coal and stores and all that. What I want to know is the earliest possible moment you can be ready for a two thousand mile trip. Five days! Five days! D-n! Oh, very well! If you can't go now, now listen. I'll be at your house some time before morning. Wait up for me. I'll give you instructions then. Understand? All right. Make no mistake. That's all."

Archman slammed the receiver back upon the hook and looked around. "Come in," he ordered frantically. "Come in, Martha," he called. "I want to talk to you. The summons has come at last."

"What?" "It's come at last. It didn't reach me. The messenger was murdered and his papers have been stolen. But I've had warnings, and I can guess what he wanted to say. I've got to start at once."

"Mrs. Archman," he said. "Mrs. Archman," he said. "Mrs. Archman," he said. "Mrs. Archman," he said. "Mrs. Archman," he said. "Mrs. Archman," he said.

"I've explained all that I could or can. The secret isn't mine. When I brought the child home I told you that it was only for a time—that some day she would be required of us. The time's been slow in coming, but it's come at last."

"But why tonight! Can't you wait till tomorrow?" "Tomorrow will be too late. I've got to try to outrun the thieves who stole that paper. I'm going south by railroad and on my way they'll offer. I can't tell you how. The El Rio will follow as quickly as it can. I'll probably be in five days. Get Nellie's trunks packed and send them on board. I don't know whether I will come back myself or go on to Argentina. I don't know anything except that I must get Nellie away before the thieves have time to watch and follow me."

"But who are the thieves?" "I can't tell you. That is, I can't tell you who is behind the thing, though I guess, I know the actual thief. It's that Grant woman."

"Who?" "An actress who calls herself Edith Grant. She's snared Harry—" "Harry! My Harry?" "Yes! Your Harry." Archman spoke grimly. "I don't blame the boy very much. They chose their agent well. Morbach died in her house. Harry's mad about her. That's why I was talking to him about tonight."

"He—he isn't planning to marry her, is he?" "Maybe he is. But you can bet your last dollar that she isn't planning to marry him. No! Don't worry about that. She'll drop him when she gets through with him. And, after all, the quietest way to cure a fool is to give him his head."

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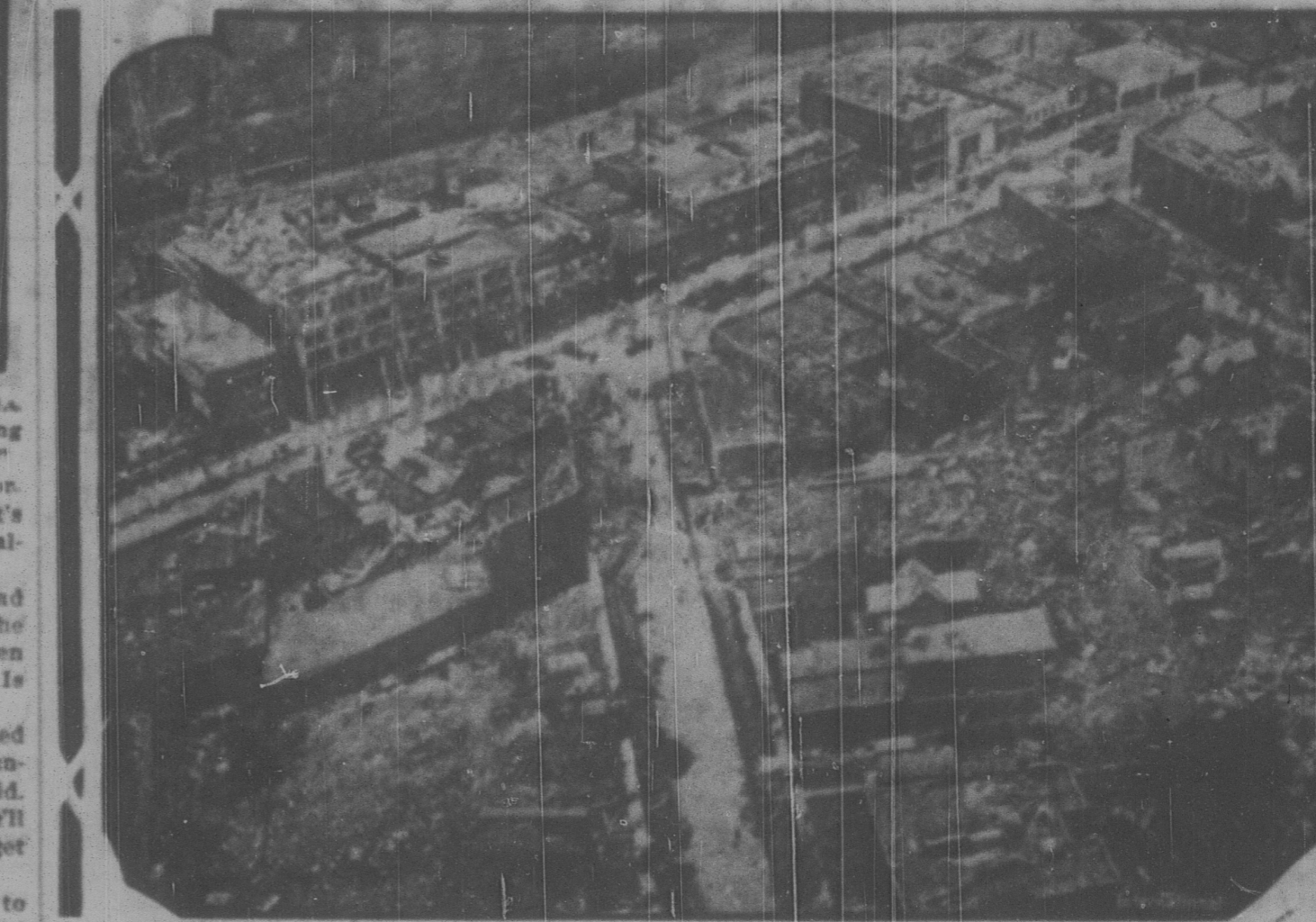
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## Lorain, Ohio, Swept by Tornado



Airplane view of the business section of Lorain, Ohio, after the tornado passed. Many lives were lost and hundreds injured.

## To Boost Sesqui-Centennial



Thousands of Philadelphians gathered in Independence square to rally to the cause of the Sesqui-centennial celebration. Uniformed hosts of 50 organizations paraded the streets of the city to the center of patriotic demonstration at the shrine of Liberty.

## Short Skirt Brings Ankle Corset



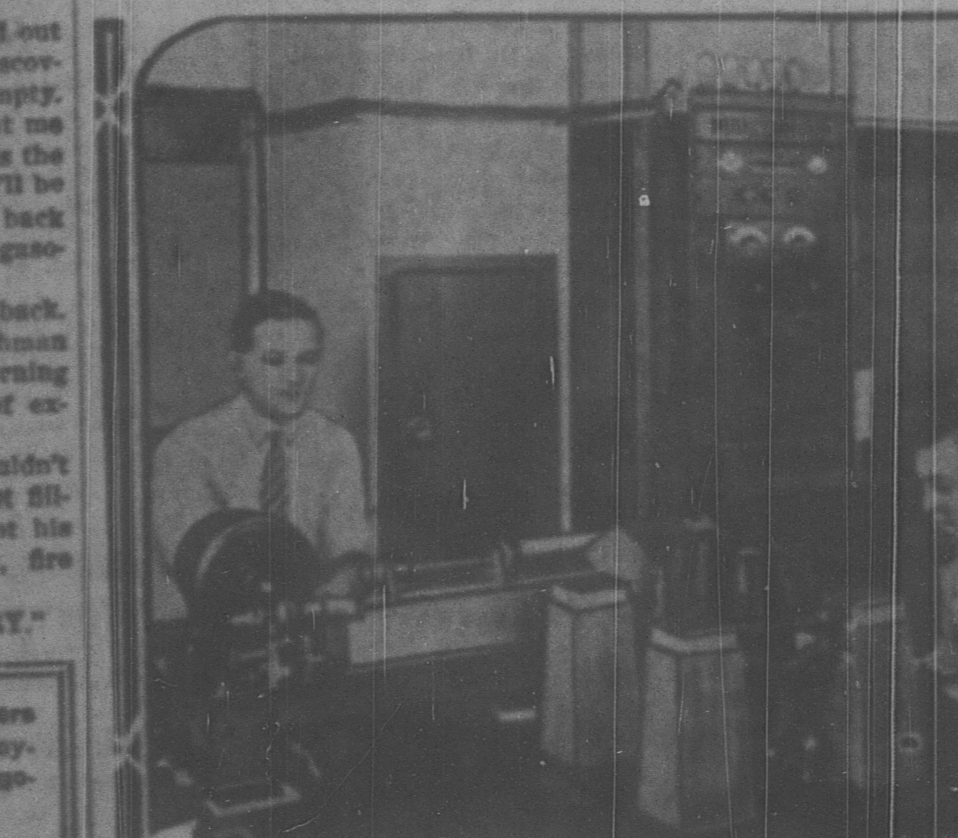
As skirts are to continue to be short, the ankle is coming in for a lot of attention. The girl who has somewhat ungainly ankles now each night puts on them these little corsets, which are both reducers and supports and eliminate puffiness.

## MEXICO DISLIKES HIM



H. A. Curran, British charge d'affaires in Mexico City, the order for whose expulsion by the Mexican government has caused Great Britain to sever all relations with Mexico.

## Radio Gift for Helen Keller



A campaign has been started to give radio sets to the poor blind children of New York. The first set was presented to Miss Helen Keller, who is well known the world over.

## LONG TRIP ALONE



Dimostrie Singonika has just completed a little boat in which he intends to sail around the world alone.