

MRS. BASSETT ALWAYS TIRED

Now in Good Health by Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lansing, Michigan.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I needed it. When I first used it I was so badly tired that I could hardly walk across the room without crying. I was tired all the time. I think my trouble was coming on me for six months before I realized it. I read of your wonderful medicine in the paper, and my husband bought me a bottle, and after the first few doses I felt better, so kept on taking it until I was well and strong. I take it at times when I feel tired and it helps me. I will always have a good word for your medicine and tell anyone what good it has done me. I recommended it to my neighbor for her girl, who is sixteen years old, and it was just what she needed. She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day.—Mrs. E. F. BASSETT, 216 South Hayford Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

Do not continue to feel all run-down and half sick when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by druggists everywhere. It is a root and herb medicine and has been used by women for over fifty years.

Personal Reason

She—How is it you were not at Westend's reception?  
He—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.  
She—May I ask what it was?  
He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.

For speedy and effective action, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. 512 Pearl St. N. Y. Adv.

Worst Ever

Jack—A beautiful chorus girl married a scene-shifter.  
Bud—That proves how bad the present theatrical season really is.

Takes Out all pain instantly



CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all pain quicker than any other known method. Takes but a minute to quiet the worst corn. Healing starts at once. When the corn is gone, the pad comes back. If new shoes make the spot "touchy" again, a Zino-pad stops it instantly. That's because Zino-pads remove the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medicated, antiseptic, protective. At all druggists and shoe dealers—35c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone!

SKIN BLEACH

Results wonderful and sure. One complete box of KREMOLA will convince the most skeptical. Also cures freckles, redness, blemishes, and discoloration. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. 2, 507 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Frivolous Parisians

Paw plates for dogs of the idle rich are appearing on Paris boulevards. A little silver chain holds a half-inch silver plate on the left front leg of the dog. The plate carries the name and address of the owner. It looks, at first glance, much like a wrist watch, which may be the next step.

You May Have Noticed

"I suppose Easy Street is a happy place." "Naw, it runs right into Af-finity avenue."



MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator At all druggists Non-Narcotic, Non-Alcoholic  
Oakland, Neb., Feb. 23, 1920 Anglo-American Drug Co.  
Gentlemen: I am more than glad to tell you of my experience and result obtained from your wonderful Baby Medicine. Our second baby is now seven months old and has never given us a moment's trouble. The first and only thing she has ever taken was Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. She has four teeth and is always smiling and playing. Cutting teeth is made easy by the use of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Most sincerely, (Name on request) ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. 215-217 Fulton Street, New York

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

WYNDHAM MARTYN

STORY FROM THE START  
From the comfortable financial situation to which he had been born, Peter Milman, American gentleman of the old school, and last of his family, is practically reduced to penury through the misfortune of a friend, Hazen Brewer, whom he had unwisely trusted. The cause of the misfortune of his late host, Milman engages a French butler, Achille Lutry, who speaks no English, and is to replace Sneed, servant of long standing. By Lutry, Milman sends letters to Prof. Fleming Bradley, Floyd Malet and Neeland Barnes, men whom the world has classified as failures, once of high position. In response, the three call on him at his home.

CHAPTER III—Continued

By degrees Bradley found himself listening to Barnes' anecdotes with a less critical attitude. Barnes had humor. A handsome man, Bradley admired, courageous, popular with men and women alike and not burdened with sufficient mental power to enable him to feel he had a mission in life. He lived, no doubt, as his wealthy class does, simply for the moment.

In truth, Neeland Barnes had forgotten Lippsky entirely. The dinner was excellent. A fellow-countryman of Achille's had seen to that. The wines were superb. Barnes adopted an air of exquisite but lofty courtesy toward his fellow-guests. They said very little, but their table manners were reassuring. When the dinner should be finished, Barnes determined to lean back in his chair, survey Milman with a smile that had world-knowledge and kindly cynicism in it, and demand to know for what reason he was brought from Peekskill retirement. As one old New Yorker to another, Peter Milman would give his reasons.

"That's a very fine oil-painting over your head, Mr. Milman," said Floyd Malet, disturbing the train of Barnes' fancies.

"A relative of mine," Milman answered, "Capt. Oliver Milman. That was painted in Holland when he was a young soldier in England's wars with France. It is by Jordans, the brilliant fellow-student of Rubens. He joined his brother in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, just after that picture was painted. Later he fought in 'King Philip's war.' He was killed fighting for England against France in Pennsylvania. Historians know it as 'King William's war.' His brother disowned him for his godless ways of life. In revenge, Captain Oliver bequeathed him his entire fortune, which rescued the stern and righteous brother from beggary. But for Oliver Milman we might have become obscure farmers on Cape Cod. What the Milmans had, they owe to him."

Neeland Barnes launched into a bitter invective against righteous relatives. "Take it from one who knows," he concluded, "it is the black sheep who'll do a man a good turn when he needs it. I've found that my righteous relatives always gave me good advice and the shadier sort slipped me the coin."

"Some day a great lawlessness will sweep over the world," Malet declared. "I don't mean as a concerted action on the part of any Socialist or Syndicalist, but an expression of human unrest. We have been tied down too long. We have endured too much the oppressions of those in authority."

"We'll stampede, you mean?" said Barnes. "I'll be there."  
"Do you think," Peter Milman asked, "that there is any justification for the human herd stampeding because it is dissatisfied with its masters?"

"Certainly," Floyd Malet said. "Sometimes it is just to take the law in one's hands."  
"The law," scoffed Bradley, recalling certain earlier passages of his life. "The law. Now I'm a typical law-abiding citizen, but I cannot regard any man-made statutes as sacrosanct. What is law? A rule of civic conduct prescribed by the supreme power and prohibiting what is wrong. That's Blackstone's definition."

Neeland Barnes looked instinctively over the table to his host. It was his experience that all rich men supported those laws which kept the masses in order. In his own days of wealth he had done the same. But there was no frown on Peter Milman's face.  
"This is a discussion which interests me more than you can imagine," said Peter Milman. His guests noticed that he turned his head and glanced swiftly at Captain Oliver. "I usually have coffee and liqueurs served in the garden," he rose. "Think you may prefer it there."  
"A garden?" Floyd Malet cried. "A garden in Lower Fifth avenue?"  
"You shall see," said Milman.

NEW COAT SHOULD HAVE SMART BOW; BEACH ATTIRE IS GAY OF COLOR

WHEN buying that new coat for the vacation trip, see to it that there is a handsome bow somewhere in its make-up. The interesting part of the new bows are they keep one guessing as to where on the coat they will choose to locate. A bow is just as apt to be positioned on the shoulder as at the back of the collar or perhaps it may find placement where the coat fastens to one side, as instanced on the model here pictured. This coat of beige kasha is all that fancy would

present-day beach attire seems just like that—as if it dare not "go near the water." However, the enlightened know to the contrary. Thanks to modern invention, no wave can wash away the gorgeous glamor of color and design for the materials of which these resplendent garments and accessories are made are now processed to the point of being rendered waterproof. It is a fact, nowadays silks are being rubberized, likewise crotomes and even velvet is actually being rubber-



NEW SUMMER COAT MODEL

ized. So if the apparently conservative dresser is secretly beset with an urge for gay and hectic color, the beach is the place appointed by the mode, for a pageantry of attire as vividly colorful as the human eye can picture.  
The beach ensemble in the picture is typical of the trend to elaborate and fanciful effects. Beach coats are a favorite fashion topic of the day. The one illustrated is of crotone, flowers of yellow, green and red being printed on a tan background. The clipped wool collar and cuffs make the garment ideal for a chilly day.  
Favorite media for the beach coat include terry cloth, moire fabrics, hand-blocked linens, also tinted silks and crepe de chine. Most of the ray fig-



A GAY BEACH COSTUME

ing more or fall silk or crepe satin for the fur.  
The new summer coat models are most alluring, both as to fabric and color. There is a lovely new creamy beige shade which appears its hand-somest in heavy double-faced satin—used reversibly. The effectiveness is heightened by clever manipulation of the material.  
A coat of almond-green velveteen or of beige is another of the mode's novelties for summer.  
"Mother, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my child, but do not go near the water." The color splendor of

might have been construed in an of-fensive light." Neeland Barnes permitted himself to smile at being insulted by a gift of a hundred dollars. "I have never met any of you personally before, although I have heard Mr. Bradley lecture and have seen some of Mr. Malet's work. I also was thrilled many years ago by Mr. Barnes' horsemanship."  
"Very handsome of you to say so," said Neeland Barnes. "I flatter myself I could ride in those days."  
"What I am going to say may seem nothing whatever to do with me at first. It may even be that you will consider me guilty of some breach of good form when I mention certain matters in the past life of all three of you. If so, I beg you to believe I shall say nothing idly. I have a definite plan in asking you to meet, and I must tell my story in my own way."  
Peter Milman looked from one to the other of them a little anxiously. He was meticulous in matters of personal conduct, and he feared he might be exceeding his rights.  
"So far as I am concerned," said Fleming Bradley, "you have nothing to fear. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, although I cannot expect the world to believe that."  
"My reputation," said Malet, "is a trifle besmirched, but I have long since ceased applying whitewash. Juvenal says that to be poor is to be ridiculous. Well, Mr. Milman, I can plead guilty to the count."  
Peter Milman turned courteously to the third guest.  
"Don't mind me," said Barnes genially. "I am used to it. If you had had all the d-n silly relations I've had, you'd have no sensitive spots left. I have been worthless since birth." He chuckled. "But I've had a d-n good run for my money, even if this Juvenal person has my number up and the race lost. Rub it in, if it helps you. My wool is black, and I know it."  
"I'm afraid you don't exactly understand," Peter Milman smiled. "I am neither schoolmaster nor reproving relative. I merely wish to ask your pardon if I talk of things in your lives that may stir up unhappy memories."  
Floyd thought of his lonely room, his uncompleted work, and looked about him and sighed. He liked his unknown Peter Milman, with his charming manner and a dignity that had something forgotten and Victorian about it. Life had not given Malet what it had promised, and the disappointment had embittered him; but there was nothing disgraceful in what had brought him low.  
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