English Woman's Code Carried to Extremes

For the most part the English woman regards the use of cosmetics, the proper care of the hair, the proper wearing of clothes, as turning a woman into a professional in the most deplorable sense of the word. says Harper's Magazine. She runs house and herself on the assumption that she must be an unsullied amateur first, last and all the

In consequence one often feels that, whereas in France even the plainest women never give up, in England even the most potentially beautiful are like as not never to begin.

Now it is quite possible that Amertean women are too professional in their pursuit of the art of being and looking charming and that this accounts for the 12-in-a-box feeling one sometimes has on the sidewalks of Fifth avenue. It is certain that a lady hiker in rough tweed breeches, silk hose, thick walking shoes and lipstick has an amphibious air as she takes the train for an outing up the Hudson.

It is also certain that the English woman know better how to dress for certain practical purposes such as getting wet in the rain. But it is a thousand pities that her cult of misguided amateurism prevents her from taking the little trouble that would make her natural charms irresistible.

An old father, who had a weakness for gambling, called his children round his bedside.

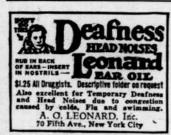
"You must all promise me," he said, "never to touch a card. Above all, I would warn you against play ing baccarat. It is a game which will cost you a fortune, waste your time and ruin your health. Do you all promise me never to play baccarat?" "Yes, father!" in chorus.

"And remember-if you do play, always take the bank!"

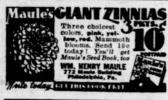


Complexion Curse

in her once—avanaidmires pimply, blemished skin. More and blotches
women are realizing that pimples and blotches
are often danger signals of clogged bowels—
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American Hotels Corporation GEORGE H. WARTMAN, Manager



Man From the North

By TESS FULTON

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WNU Service POLLY read the letter and tossed it

carelessly to her roommate. "Darling, here's a chance for one of your infernal practical jokes," she suggested, her cold eyes hiding in their darkness a faint twinkle. "That's from Allan Dyer. I met him last summer up North. He was good looking enough but a bit rusty in appearance -said he was camping on the lake and he looked it; and besides, he was poor. The man who interests me is the boy who can pay the waiter's check without looking as if he won-

dered how much it left him." Carol smiled as she picked up the letter. "Your bright idea, icy one, is for me to carry on your correspondence with him; is that it?"

"He writes an interesting letter, and you can string him along; and when I go up there next year, I can have him to play around with."

"Polly, you're heartless!" "Mebbe so, little one, but this is a heartless age."

Carol mused over the letter. It was chatty and interesting, and suddenly she decided to answer it. Polly informed her, immediately, that Allen had never seen her handwriting, so the hoax would work.

Carol wrote the reply, employing some of Polly's characteristic phrases amused and pleased herself at the way her letter shaped itself.

A week later, Allan's reply came, and Carol learned something of his life. It seemed he was working in a lumber camp, and the letter told of his life there.

The letters began to interest her keenly, although she took care to keep the discovery from Polly who found the letters only mildly interesting and soon stopped reading them,

Slowly a personal note-crept into the letters. Before she realized it,

the same mood was upon her.
"Here's a nice situation!" Carol told herself one evening. "Writing Polly's letter to a chap who evidently is thinking of her tenderly, while I'm beginning to think of him the same way! I'll drop him!"

But she found it much easier to say It than to do It.

Polly left for a two weeks' trip for her firm, and with her bright, somewhat cynical presence absent from the room, Carol found it easier to dream and muse over the man to whom she was writing.

Polly had been gone only a few days when Carol went to the door to learn from the maid that "A man from the North" would like to see her.

Carol was stunned. "But she isn't here. Kate!" Kate grinned. "He said if Polly

wasn't here, he liked to see any friend of hers."

Carol thought a moment. "Send him up, Kate," she said with decision, but her mind was fluttering.

Carol went to the window. A long. powerful-looking roadster was at the

curb. "It can't be Allan," she told herself. The door opened into their living

room, and a man, brown of face, and almost filling the doorway, faced her. "I'm sorry to learn that Polly is away, but glad that you are here." His gray, fine eyes were friendly. "You see, I'm right from the woods, hungry for a good time, and I hope you will run around with me a little-some

plays, dances, etc." Carol laughed inwardly as she thought of the loke on Polly.

They did play around-a gay, gor geous week. He seemed to have plenty of money that he spent freely but wisely, and he certainly was good company.

"Oh, this is awful!" Carol moaned one night, as she tossed her evening dress aside. "I'm in love with him and he's in love with Polly! And when Polly gets here-Gosh I what a mix-up!"

She saw no solution, but one came the next evening. They were at a corner table in one of the delightful places he knew. He had been musing

"Carol, I was lonely up North at the camp. You see, my father owns the business, and I was up there winning back after a bad dose of pneumonia The letters that came, so cheery, amusing, pulled me out of dark hours; I made up my mind that the girl who wrote them should play with me and be with me all the rest of my life. Now are you willing?"

Carol ceased to breathe. "But-my dear-I-how did you know I wrote the letters? I-really-"

A strong, steadying hand lay upon her trembling one. Through a friend I learned that Polly had gone on a business trip, but the letters came from your address just the same; and besides, the last of the letters sounded to me-well-as I know you now," he said gently.

"But Polly-" she began.

"The point of it is-do you care a bit for me?" he said quietly. The somewhat dizzy world around her cleared. She was looking into the strong but tender face of the man she loved. She let her hand turn and

"Of course I do, Allan. I have since your first letter arrived."

Close Measurement

The thickness of the glass wall of radio tube or electric light bulb can be measured without breaking the glass, by means of an optical thick-

Russians Easily Lead World as Tea Drinkers

Of the three great national drinks of Russia, tea is first in the affections of the Russians, vodka second and kvas third. Russians take their tea viciously hot, in glasses. For butter-fingered foreigners there are

tea glass holders of filigreed silver. To make tea in the Russian style you must get whole leaves-small, but not crushed-of the choicest quality. Pour boiling water into your glass with your left hand as you sift in a few leaves from your right. As the leaves settle, fragrant amber trails arise. Let it strengthen to your taste. If you like sugar, take it tween your teeth and sip the tea as the peasants do-hold a lump bethrough it.

The tea habit is everywhere; it grew because Russian water is badneeds boiling. The first time I was on a Russian train and it stopped at a way station, all the Russians got off and ran like the devil. So I got off and ran like the devil, too-with no idea why, or where to. I found myself in line at a faucet of boiling water. There is one on the platform of every sizable railroad station in

The passengers take this water, in a variety of containers, and go back to their seats to make tea. It fortifies them for the rigors of travel on railroads which remain the world's most haphazard.-W. B. Courtney in Collier's Weekly.

How Acid Stomach Makes Itself Known to You

HERE ARE THE SIGNS: Frequent Headache Feeling of Weakness

WHAT TO DO FOR IT:



TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets — one tablat for each teaspoonful as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts at once to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll

and other distress. Try it. You'n feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy—genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "PHILLIPS'" is on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM



Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

Bronchial Irritations Need Creosote

For many years our best doctors have prescribed creosote in some form for coughs, colds and bronchitis, knowing how dangerous it is to let them hang on.

Creomulsion with creosote and six other highly important medicinal elements, quickly and effectively stops coughs and colds that otherwise might lead to serious

Creomulsion is powerful in the treatment of colds and coughs, yet it is absolutely harmless and is pleasant and easy to take.

Your own druggist guarantees Creomulsion by refunding your money if you are not relieved after taking Creomulsion as directed. Beware the cough or cold that hangs Always keep Creomulsion on hand for instant use.

Cuticura Talcum Cooling Refreshing

Fragrant and refreshing oriental balsamic essential oils comprise the medication of Cutleura Taleum. Instantly upon touching the and cooling work and your skin is protected against irritation.

Price 25c

Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. S, Malden, Mass.





THEORY

Squirrels were breaking into the attics of suburban homes in quest of lodgings. Mr. Flubdud was demanding of all he met any reason why the squirrels should be seeking out his home as headquarters. Finally one

thus addressed advanced a theory." "I don't know, unless it is because squirrels go where there are nuts."-Louisville Courier,

Night Delivery

"My poor husband is a letter carrier and he has his work so much on his mind that he walks in his sleep. "Thinks he is delivering mail, I

"Yes. Fortunately, before he has gone far he blows his whistle and wakes himself up."-Boston Transcript.

Don't Rush, 'Zeko

Young Corncrib-Ain't we going to a theater while we're in New York, pap?

Farmer Corncrib-Yes, Ezekiel, yes! Jest as soon as we've looked in all the store winders! Hev a little patience, boy !- Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

"Are you in the Social Register?" "I haven't ascertained," answered Miss Cayenne. "Since hard times struck it's as much as the family can do to remain in good standing with the telephone directory."

Catty

Jane-Jim's so original. He says things to me that nobody else would dream of saying.

Jill-What's he been up to nowasking you to marry him?-Montreal

Did His Part

An exchange tells of a speed maniac who ran head-on into a sevenstory office building, and, after regaining consciousness, weakly murmured, "I blew my horn."-Toronto

NATURALLY



"Daughter, here comes Mr. Jones,

what can you see in him?" "Well, when a man tells you that you are the finest ever and keeps it up day after day, you can see a good deal in him."

Acid Test

Clerk-Styptic pencil, sir? Fine when you cut yourself shaving. Customer-How is it on a salary cut?-Boston Transcript.

To Prevent a Yeln

to spend for it."

"What are you going to give your husband for his birthday?" "It depends on how much he wants

Many Busy Ones Now

"What is your occupation?" "It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit. I'm a bill collector."



Fifty Famous WIFE'S PART IN Frontiersmen

ELMO SCOTT WATSON

A Brave Man's Bluff

THE early fur traders were almost without exception a class of brave men, equaled in their daring only by their resourcefulness. Such a man certainly was Louis Chappieu, a French-Canadian voyager who shortly after the American Revolution had risen to the responsible position of agent for the British-American Fur company in charge of a trading post on the Menominee river where now stands the city of Marinette, Wis.

So long as he was dealing with the Menominee Indians who came to the mouth of the river by the hundreds at certain seasons every year to trade their mink, beaver, otter, bear and martin pelts for the white man's gewgaws, Chappleu had little to worry about, for they were unfallingly friend-

But there came a day when a party of Chippewas who ranged between the Menominee river and Lake Superior, arrived at the fort, and this day Chappieu happened to he alone. Before he was aware of their identity the Chippewas were inside the stockade and had filed into the warehouse where he was busily engaged at the time. From the black looks which they gave him, he knew the Chippewas were in an ugly mood.

Soon the Indians became abusive and crowded around him with cocked rifles and tomahawks and knives drawn ready for use. The trader realized that they were planning to kill him and loot the post, so he tried to placate them as best he could. But the more he talked, the more abusive they became and he knew that the first move he made as though to resist them would be a signal for them to attack.

Hopelessly outnumbered and with no help near, Chappieu's situation seemed desperate. But he was of the breed of men who do not despair easily. Suddenly his eye, roaming about the room, lighted on an open barrel of gunpowder in the center of the room, Quick as a flash he had drawn a pistol, but instead of firing at one of the Indians he stepped over and pointed the pistol down into the barrel of powder. Then he faced the Chippewas and told them that he would give them just two minutes to get outside the stockade. If they did not, he would fire and they would all die together when he pulled the trigger of the pis

For a moment the Indians hesitated Then to their ears came the ominous click of the pistol being cocked. One look at Chappieu's determined face told them what to expect. They de parted-hastily. The trader's bluff had worked!

Old Bill Williams, Ex-Preacher

and Lone Trapper A TOWN in Arizona bears and thousands of tourists know it as the place where they leave the main line of the railroad for the branch line which goes up to the Grand Canyon

Near by is Bill Williams mountain a 9,000 foot peak. It also perpetuates the fame of one of the most picturesque figures in Old West history. "Old Bill" Williams was an eccer

tric character who is said to have been a circuit-riding preacher "back in the states" before he took to the plains and mountains of the West as a lone trapper. This is the pen picture of him that one historian has left us: "A tall, stooped man of Missouri feverand-ague type; his thin, leathery face his nut-cracker jaws; his punch chin and nose; his small, sharp, twinkling eyes; his querulous voice; slovenly habits: elk-hide suit, black with came fire smoke and slick with grease; his piebald, humpnosed Indian pony; were familiar to trappers, traders and In dians from the Three Forks to the Gila and from the states to Califor nia."

Not an impressive figure, to be sure, but there wasn't a frontiersman of his period more cunning in outwitting and eluding hostile Indians or more redoubtable in fighting them when cornered nor a scout and guide more familiar with remote parts of the Rocky mountain region than he. For the latter reason it seems all the more unbeliev able that he should have made such a failure as guide for Fremont's expe dition around the head of the San Luis valley of Colorado in 1848, a failure which almost resulted fatally for the whole party.

The only possible explanation for "Old Bill's apparent unfamiliarity with one of his old stamping grounds is that he was old, infirm and half-blind from his many hardships of nearly 40 years on blazing deserts and in snow-filled mountains. After the rescue of the party, the old scout, feeling keenly the disgrace of his failure, fled once more to the solitudes of the mountains.

And soon afterwards the Indians "got" him-not in honest, open warfare but by treachery. In the spring of 1849 his body was found sitting against a tree in a secret recess of his favorite haunt, the Middle Park country of Colorado. There was a wound in his breast from a bullet fired by Indians he had considered his friends, the Utes. Their excuse was that he had betrayed their camp to hostile Arapahoes and the council decreed that he must die. They had exchanged rifles with him and as he sat in camp, unconscious of danger, one of the Utes had shot him.

C. 1973, Western Newspaper Union

MATE'S SUCCESS

World's Failures, as Seen by active impulse, but the man whose Psychologist.

While every normal man and woman strives to learn the secrets of suc-cess in life, how many pause to consider the causes of failure? Dr. Bernard Hollander, the psychologist, says the London Daily Mail, analyzed the reasons for failure while speaking at the London meeting of the South Place Ethical society. They ranged from sheer laziness and overweening ambition to the handicap of a bad marriage-the wife who is a millstone round her husband's neck.

"A man fails," said Doctor Hol-lander, "if his ideas are larger than his purse; if he trusts unworthy people; if he puts pleasure before duty and has too many or too expensive amusements; if he does not do today what he can possibly put off un-til tomorrow; and if he risks all his eggs in one basket when he is not in a position to watch or control it.

"Some men fail because they are given to dawdling, indecision, worrying or fretting, or have oversanguine expectations.

"A man is bound to fall if he has no sense of humor, lacks cordiality, does not know how to approach men, cannot take a rebuff good-naturedly, others we all think we can sing.

does not carry confidence or conviction, and when he is too long-winded in his conversation so that people

tire before he gets to the point." A good many failures in life, said Doctor Hollander, were due to overanimal nature was weak had no right to pose as virtuous, because

temptation did not exist for him. Success or failure in life depended also to a great extent upon the kind

of partner in marriage, "There is the nagging wife, the clinging wife, the domineering wife and the dull-witted wife who is something of a millstone round her hus band's neck," he said. "There is bound to be failure when

an aggressive, masculine woman marries an effeminate youth; when an independent and courageous man marries a helpless, stupid woman and an athletic, vigorous woman marries a dried-up bookworm.

"I have known girls to marry man for such trivial reasons as that 'he dances divinely.'

"Neither society, the state, nor hu-manity can continue to exist without the old-fashioned wedded couple bound together by a bond of love and affection."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Comfort in Company

Make this lip test



LOOK at them . . . and your cheeks, too, without make-up. Do they possess the natural glow of health, which comes from a sufficiency of rich, red blood? If they do, make-up is simple . . . if they don't read on . . . you may find one of the reasons why your

skin is not clear and rosy.

You cannot have red lips, rosy cheeks, energy and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition.

Lack of hemo-glo-bin, the red coloring of the blood, may also indicate a weakened condition of the body

...loss of strength ... poor appetite.
S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in restoring a low hemo-glo-bin content. If your condi-tion suggests a blood tonic of this kind, try S.S. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength.

S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes . . . the

If one is sure of the love of a woman, one examines to see if she is more or less beautiful; if one is uncertain of her heart, there is no time to think of her face.-Stendhal.

Beauty's Battleground

C The S.S.S. Co.

Beauty is not only a terrible, it is a mysterious thing. There God and the devil strive for mastery, and the battleground is the heart of men .-Dostoevsky.

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out all year, stable, good repeating prod-uct. Every can guaranteed, GENERAL DISTRIBUTING CO., HAGERSTOWN, MD.

OPPORTUNITY



To Questions

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DOCTOR'S ANSWERS

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