

The Better Man

By MAY CHRISTIE

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III.—FASCINATING DOLLY MORTIMER.

Once tete-a-tete inside the taxi. Reggie pursued his suit. He had the gift of words—and plausibility. Friendship was the great thing in married life. "Getting on" together. Why, they'd get on like a house on fire, hadn't they always done so?

Compatibility of temperament? They had it. To a marked degree.

And Camilla always had enjoyed herself with him. She couldn't possibly deny it?

He would supply the loving. All of it. She needn't worry over that.

The pleasure-loving side of Camilla's nature listened rather eagerly to Reggie's wooing. The worldly side.

But a still, small voice kept asking her if this was all that life was going to hold for her? Were the Reggies of this world capable of rousing and sustaining

a "grande passion"—real romance. Vague longings had obsessed her lately. . . longings that she couldn't quite define.

And Reggie loved the social whirl of London Town so much! While she—Camilla—had begun to gauge its shallowness.

"Anyhow, you'll wear my ring—for just a week, say?" queried the tempter, artfully. "We'll have a trial engagement, and no one need know a thing about it? The sapphire looks so ripping on your finger, darling. Do consent and have a little secret between ourselves."

Camilla weakened. The ring was lovely, matched her frock, and fascinated her.

Besides, Reggie was a dear. Unstable, maybe. And very likely not disinterested. Camilla had a charming little in-

come that operated much as fly-paper does to flies.) But then she seldom or never met disinterested men, these hard-up days.

When they reached the smart, up-to-the-minute dance club that was their destination, the ring was still upon her finger.

"Dolly Mortimer is meeting us here for dinner, and bringing with her a chap who's just come home from Africa—a pal of her husband's, I believe," said Reggie blithely, helping Camilla to descend, and paying the driver. "Come on inside. We're late."

With a proprietary air, he marshalled the young girl through heavily-portalated glass doors into a garishly illuminated lounge that was gay with flowers and pretty frocks and laughter.

The music of a band came throbbingly across the heated air.

Reggie expanded as a sunflower does towards the sun. This was the life he loved—the mixer.

His glance, questing for Mrs. Mortimer and cavalier, went rapidly aroving. It would linger now and then, appreciatively, on some unknown but pretty face.

"They're aren't here," he said at last. "They've probably gone on downstairs to book a table. Let's vamoose, Camilla."

He led her down a thickly carpeted staircase into a glittering ballroom that was all grating couples, melody, perfume and color.

"Mon Homme"—the latest song-hit to intrigue a fickle public—was being hammered out on cymbals, drums and saxophones, and on a variety of instruments.

And on a wide, highly-polished surface that occupied the central portion of the hall, couples with a rapt look upon their faces glided, proucted, shimmied.

A small, blonde woman, exquisitely dressed, rose from a table on the edge of the dance floor and waved to them.

"There's Dolly. All alone, too." Camilla's escort steered the girl through a maze of little tables till they reached their goal. "Hello, there, Dolly. Where's your cavalier?"

The small, blonde woman made a dainty "moue." Then she favored Camilla with a brilliant smile, held out two fingers to Reggie, and said, in a high, plaintive voice, "Oh, where's the wretch has gone to telephone. As a matter of fact, I do believe it was just an excuse to get away from me. He disapproves of all this sort of thing."

"And who is the mysterious 'he'?" Camilla asked.

"Oh, Elliot Glyn. He's a pal of Jimmy's fresh off the yacht." She giggled naughtily. "Brought me a message all the way from Durban from my better half. Says it's my plain duty to go out and join him. Don't forget you're coming, too, Camilla."

Tapping the floor restively with her high-heeled slipper, she added: "Take pity on me, Reggie, and let's have a little whirl before old so-bersides comes back!"

Next—The "Chap From Africa."

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MELLON'S

Proposed Freight Tariff is Opposed

Richmond Va., Dec. 29.—Voicing opposition to the proposed new tariffs of freight rates to Virginia and Carolina cities, which the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered in effect January 15, 1922, shippers and receivers of freight from various cities of Virginia, at a meeting here yesterday, declared the proposed rates were not justified by any traffic or commercial condition and unjustly discriminatory.

The new rates were proposed by the carriers and presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Resolutions were adopted asking the Interstate Commerce Commission to rescind the order putting the new rates into effect pending an investigation as to its reasonableness. A letter which will go to each member of the Commission, was drafted and reads in part as follows:

"In our opinion, the present freight rates are economically too high and, until they are lower, we cannot hope for business to return to conditions that are normal or near normal."

CANNOT AGREE WITH THEORIES OF DARWIN

Toronto, Dec. 29.—Professor William Bateson, world famous English biologist, last night threw a bombshell into the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by declaring that it was impossible for scientists any longer to agree with Charles Darwin's theory of the origin of species.

He declared that, while forty years ago, the Darwin theory was accepted without question, today scientists had come to a point where they were unable to offer any explanation of the genesis of species.

Professor Bateson admitted that his words marked him down as an agnostic, but maintained there was nothing left for the scientists of today but agnosticism, or as he called it, "oiscurantism."

BODY OF AMERICAN DOCTOR IS HONORED

Mexico City, Dec. 29.—(By The Associated Press)—President Obregon has ordered official honors for the late Dr. Howard B. Cross, of the Rockefeller Institute, who died at Vera Cruz from yellow fever, and the body will be brought to the capital today. In his orders to the Sanitary Department, the President referred to Dr. Cross as a martyr to science.

From the time of its arrival here until the afternoon, when the ceremony will be held, the casket will be held under a guard of honor headed by Dr. Gabriel Melillo and Dr. Alfonso Pineda, president and secretary of the Sanitary Department.

After the ceremony, the body will be placed on a train and started for Enid, Okla., where burial will take place.

HIS WISH GRATIFIED AND MULTIPLIED TOO

Parry Sound, Ont., Dec. 29.—Forty years in the penitentiary was the sentence imposed by Police Magistrate Moore yesterday on Stephen Sowsliuk, who pleaded guilty to smashing twenty-one windows "in order to get a term in a nice warm jail for the Winter."

He was convicted of ten charges and sentenced to serve a term of four years on each, the sentences to run consecutively.

WILL INVESTIGATE.

Toronto, Dec. 29.—W. E. Rancey, Attorney General of Ontario, announced last night that he would conduct an investigation into the case of Stephen Sowsliuk, sentenced at Parry Sound to serve forty years for window smashing. He described the penalty as "extraordinary for such an offense."

CAUSEY FAMILY NOW SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

Mrs. G. L. Causey, whose leg was broken Monday night when J. D. Paxton, game warden, ran into her with a motorcycle, was reported as resting satisfactorily Thursday morning.

According to Mr. Causey, he, his wife and members of their family were walking along the highway near Irwin's Creek bridge on the Dowd road when Mr. Paxton dodged around from behind a Ford car they were following and ran into them.

In addition to Mrs. Causey's injury, their four-year-old daughter had her collarbone broken and the little two-year-old son was badly bruised and scratched. Everyone in the party was struck except Mr. Causey, though none seriously injured.

"IN THE COURSE OF DUTY."

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—Four United States prohibition enforcement agents have been poisoned in the last three weeks from illicit brandy, which they consumed in the course of duty, but none was made seriously ill, it was announced yesterday from the office of E. Forrest Mitchell, district prohibition enforcement officer.

'AMERICA'S VENUS' IS TITLE GIVEN HER AS WINNER IN PERFECT WOMAN CONTEST



An interesting study of Miss Gertrude Eggert.

Miss Gertrude Eggert of Fresno, Cal., has been adjudged America's most perfectly formed woman in a contest conducted by a well-known magazine. Her daily program, to which she attributes her perfect health and figure, consists of a cold bath, breakfast, aesthetic dancing, rest, a brief walk, lunch, ju jitsu or other exercise, shopping or visiting, dinner and then a quiet evening at home.

BEAUTY CHATS

GOOD GROOMING.

It is so important for a woman always to look well-groomed, that I feel I cannot talk too much about it. It is not a question of money or time, it is only a matter of knowing what sort of clothes to wear and how to wear them. If she is carefully well-groomed, the poorest girl will look better dressed than her wealthy and careless sister.

Perhaps it will help if I gave a list of the things to be careful about. First, there is the hair. It is just as easy and just as quick to comb the hair neatly as it is to do it up in a slipshod fashion. If you have the sort of hair that runs to straggly ends, wear a hair net and learn to adjust it properly. Then when you have finished combing your hair, take up the hand-mirror and look at the back of your head.

Second, hang down the neck and hairpins that show will keep you from looking well groomed.

Second in importance are the hands and gloves. Stained or soiled nails are never seen on a well-groomed woman. It takes less than two minutes every day to keep the nails nice looking. As for gloves—a fresh, clean pair of fabric gloves are better than an old shabby pair of kid ones. Gloves and shoes should always be immaculate.

Third in importance is the way that the clothes are put on. The shirt-collars must be tucked in neatly, the collar must always be immaculately fresh and dainty, the skirt must hang with an even hem and the petticoat should never show. These are tiny matters and one might think them too obvious to mention. Yet in every crowd of girls in a homebound trolley at night, some need this advice.

Black-eyed Susan—If your complexion has even a few pimples it proves that the digestion is upset or else that the system is constipated. The yeast's laxative and should clear the skin. However, if it does not seem to have this effect, take a tablespoon spoon of white mineral oil every day and be careful of your diet. Try not to eat foods that are badly cooked or too rich or too sweet. Drink plenty water every day and get outdoors for, at least, two hours daily.

If you follow these directions you will have a clear and healthy complexion. The freckles are not a disfigurement, but if you do not like them you can bleach some of them by using cucumber juice or peroxide of hydrogen.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.



CALOMEL GOOD BUT NEXT DOSE MAY SALIVATE

It is Mercury, Quicksilver, Shocks Liver and Attacks Your Bones.

Calomel salivation is horrible. It swells the tongue, loosens the teeth and starts rheumatism. There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic—a perfect substitute for calomel. It is a pleasant vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can not salivate.

Calomel is a dangerous drug, besides it may make you feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tonic instead and you will wake up feeling great. No salts necessary. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tonic acts better than treacherous calomel your money is waiting for you.

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