Dates filled with cheese or nuts make a good accompaniment to serve on fruit salads.

Mix ingredients for ginger ookies with cold coffee instead of rater. It improves them.

A clove of garlic rubbed around the salad bowl will season the salad, but will not give it too strong a flavor.

Instead of sewing ribbon belt to a buckle to be worn on wash dresses, use a snap fastener. Buckle may then be easily re-moved when washing.

Crumbled dried bacon is deli-clous when added to egg omelet. Left-over bacon can be used this

Don't whisper in a sick person's presence, and don't look gloomy after the doctor's visit. Imagination runs riot when one is ill and sick people miss nothing.

To remove marks on paint which have been made with matches, rub them with lemon, then with whiting and finally wash with soap and water.

• Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

Living Our Careers
Speaking of careers, life is a career. Study every step.

ONLY LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

will do these 3 things... and all for . . . 5¢

Clear your head

Soothe your throat Help build up your

ALKALINE RESERVE

Failure, Then Success Failures may be the forerunner of greater success.

Don't put up with useless PAIN Get rid of it

When functional pains of men-struction are severe, take CARDUI. If it doesn't benefit you, consult a physician. Don't neglect such pains. They depress the tone of the nerves, cause sleeplessness, loss of appetite, wear out your resistance.

help you, as thousands of women id it helped them.

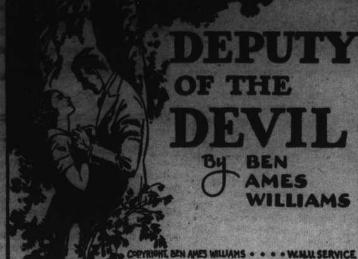
as easing certain pains, Cardul aids, ling up the whole system by help-men to get more strength from the cy cat.



FEELS LIKE NEW! ANKS TO ELEVER WIFE,

MTO-NICH

1-37 Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood



Dr. Greeding, a wealthy and talented middle aged surgeon, is possessed of seemingly supernatural powers. Occasionally he can wish for something extraordinary to happen and have the wish fulfilled. Greeding meets Ira Jerrell, a wealthy business friend of his own age, who tells him he loves his daughter Nancy and would like to marry her. Dr. Greeding is pleased and tells Jerrell he has a clear field. Nancy, however, is in love with Dan Carlisle, a professor at the University who has little means. They discuss marriage, but decide to delay talking to her father about it. Nancy, who has been playing tennis with Dan that afternoon, tells her father she had been playing with a girl friend. Greeding knows this is untrue and is secretly enraged. Stepping into his wife's room, his eye falls on a marble statuette which he dislikes. He picks it up, wishing he could smash it to bits. Suddenly it is snatched from his grasp as by an invisible force and burst asunder. Mrs. Greeding is greatly disturbed over the mysterious destruction of the statuette. The doctor reveals that Ira Jerrell wants to marry Nanoy. On the way to a dinner party a car cuts in front of Greeding's. He angrily expresses the wish that the driver would break his neck. An instant later an accident occurs in which this very thing happens. At the dinner the Greedings meet Prof. Carlisle, Dan's father, and his daughter Mary Ann. Dr. Greeding is intrigued by Mary Ann, who is a surgical nurse. Mrs. Greeding tells Prof. Carlisle about the destruction of the statuette and he indicates it might have been caused by a "poltergeist." a "racketing, mischievous spirit." Dr. Greeding induces Mary Ann to take a position in his office. Eventually he finds he loves her. Jerrell continues to see Nancy, whose love for Dan is unchanged. The Greeding sinvite the Carlisles, to dinner. Dr. Greeding discusses with Prof. Carlisle the subject of "poltergeists," the doctor telling of some J his sown experiences, but attributing them to a friend.

CHAPTER III-Continued

"That's outside the bounds, of course," he commented, not smil-

"I wonder whether it is," Doctor Greeding stubbornly demurred; and he said thoughtfully: "You know, the human body has an infinite capacity to rise to emergencies. If a man loses sight, or hearing, his other senses become more acute. If a vein is destroyed, even the jugular, others take up the burden. If fingers are amputated, the thumb redoubles its usefulness. Isn't it possible that in some cases, when a man approaches old age and the impairment of his muscular strength, he may by way of com-

have been eliminated, unless as their strength failed they learned other ways to defend themselves. For instance, to imagine a wound, and have that wound appear—"

and have that wound appear—"
And he said, his eyes gleaming strangely: "A man able to do that would be a dangerous enemy."
Professor Carlisle said reflectively: "I expect he would be more dangerous to himself than to others. The world seems to be organized for the general rather than the individual benefit. Probably some counter-force would arise to deal with him."

"Yet it's a fascinating thought."

"Yet it's a fascinating thought,"
Doctor Greeding insisted.
Professor Carlisle retorted gravely: "I should be inclined to remind such a man that he who eats with the devil will need a long

There was something monitory in his tone; the Doctor felt it, and suddenly wary, was silent. Before he could speak again, Mrs. Greeding came to the door.

"You two have been alone long enough," she suggested. "Dan and Nancy have disappeared, and Mary Ann and I are talked dry. Professor, I thought you might care for bridge?"

bridge?"
"By all means," Professor Carlisle assented, and rose so quickly
that Doctor Greeding suspected the
other man was gisd to see an end
to this conversation. They settled
at the table in the other room, the
Doctor and Mary Ann as partners.
But almost at once the telephone
rang, and Ruth came to call Doctor
Greeding. When he returned, it was
with apologies.

nind. After all, it's my job, you

"I don't know at all," the older woman argued. On the surface here was in her words no more

there was in her words no more than solicitude for Mary Ann.
"Surely your regular work is—"
But Doctor Greeding interrupted.
"Tosh, Myra," he said cheerfully.
"A doctor's work is never done; and a nurse is just as much abused as a decter. doctor. Come, Mary Ann."

And Mrs. Greeding yielded,

though reluctantly. So they were presently upon the road.

CHAPTER IV.

There was in Doctor Greeding when he set out tonight with Mary Ann a deep intoxication which he rigorously controlled. They took the roadster, and the top was down. The long miles unrolled in a ribbon. before their wheels, and the night was jeweled by the headlights of

was jeweled by the headlights of approaching cars. Apple orchards were bright with belated blossoms along the roadside, and the night was warm and fair.

Doctor Greeding drove rapidly and surely, and Mary Ann slipped down low in the seat and relaxed there, her wrap loose about her shoulders, her hair flying in the breeze. He told her the nature of this summons. "The idiot is an old friend of mine, or I wouldn't go," he explained cheerfully. "Some one friend of mine, or I wouldn't go," he explained cheerfully. "Some one else could do it just as well, or he could wait till tomorrow. But his wife is alarmed, wants me."

She nodded, and he said in amused irritation:

"The visited us at the lake last summer. I told him then that this operation was inevitable. Tried to persuade him to take care of it; but he's a headstrong old man."

And he added after a little; "You and Dan must come up to the lake

And he added after a little; "You and Dan must come up to the lake sometime. And your father. We've a pleasant place there: an island of our own, a couple of good boats, tennis court, golf near by if you want it, target-shooting and so on."

"I like tennis," she confessed. "Dan and I often play." She spoke sleepily, relaxed and at ease beside him.

"We see up for all of August"

"We go up for all of August," he remarked. "You can take your

had thought only of himself and through his veins. "Let me drive. I'm awake now."

sudden caution, he curbed his tongue, and they were silent for a while. Through Newburyport, and ly, breathlessly.



the morning they set out on the return to Cambridge.

They had been urged to stay the night, but Doctor Greeding would not. "I've five cases scheduled for the morning," he explained.

On the road again, Mary Ann said: "You might have been wiser to stay. There aren't five cases. There are only two, and Doctor Mayhew could do them."

Doctor Greeding chuckled. "He shall," he assented. "I intend to sleep till noon. But I wouldn't miss this drive home with you."

"I expect a night's sleep would have done you more good," she insisted, smilling as though his words were a jest.

He shook his head, intoxicated, alive; and after a little, he began to talk. He was in a confidential mood; and he found himself telling her about Ira Jerrell and Nancy.

"But don't repeat this to Dan," he warned her. "That brother of yours is so conscientious he might feel bound to step into the background and give Jerrell a clear field. I don't want him to do that. ground and give Jerrell a clear field. I don't want him to do that. I want Nancy to make up her own mind, freely, between them."

"I know Dan feels he—isn't good

enough for Nancy," she admitted, and added loyally: "Personally, I think she's lucky to get him. Dan's a peach!" She looked at him, sur-prised. "But I didn't know you knew about them?" she said.

"I have Nancy's confidence," he retorted; and she nodded. He continued: "Did I take the right attitinued: "Did I take the right attitude? Would you have said the
same? Do you feel that—a girl
makes a mistake to marry a man
twenty years her senior?"

She was silent for longer than he
liked. He looked at her, smiling.
"Tell the truth." he insisted.

"Not if she loves him," said Mary Ann at last. She added, almost reluctantly: "Not if there is no-reason why she shouldn't love him." And after a moment she re-marked, half to herself: "Somemarked, half to herself:

marked, half to herself: "Sometimes a girl is wiser to choose a proved man. Then she knows what she is getting. Young men may change as they—mature."

He laughed in a sudden swift delight; but when she asked why he laughed, he would not tell her. Silence embraced them again, drawing them together; the car ran smoothly. The moon now was low; and Doctor Greeding's eyes fixed upon the flowing road in a sort of fascination. He drove automatically, his thoughts elsewhere.

It may have been that for a moment he slept. But at a certain point where the road forked and their way lay to the left, he kept straight ahead; and where just beyond the fork, this right-hand road turned, he did not turn. The car

yond the fork, this right-hand road turned, he did not turn. The car plunged through a shallow ditch and into the meadow beyond. His foot jammed home on the brakes, and he came to a breathless stop, thrown forward against the wheel, Mary Ann in a heap on the floor of the car beside him.

He was in dismay. "Are you hurt?" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry!

He was in dismay. "Are you hurt?" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry! I must have gone to sleep!"

She scrambled up on the seat again. "I don't think so," she declared, laughing. "No, I seem to be all here. My eyes were closed. I had no warning."

ly, breathlessly.

She withdrew her hand, abruptshe withdrew her hand, abruptly; but his eyes held hers. He thought that even in the moonlight he could see her cheeks flaming. Then she spoke defensively, laughing, her head high. "Give me the wheel," she insisted. "You men are all idiots—don't know when you're tired. Come!"

He did not trust his voice. With-out speaking, he got out of the car and went around to take the other seat. She backed into the road

seat. She backed into the road again.

"Now shut your eyes and do go to sleep," she commanded.

He obeyed her; he did shut his eyes. But he did not sleep. It seemed to him he had never been so wide awake before. There may be in the mere circumstance of sharing together even a passing peril something mystic and compelling in its effect on man and woman. For a moment, it might have happened that he and Mary Ann would die together; it seemed to him now that after that moment, their two lives could never take completely separate ways again.

But if Mary Ann had any such thought or feeling, she did not betray it. Somehow she found the proper road again; somehow she brought them back to Cambridge. For all that time he neither spoke nor opened his eyes; but his thoughts were a millrace. Only when she stopped the car did he rouse from his abstraction.

"Can you manage the rest of the way alone?" she asked lightly then.
"Or shall I take you home and tuck you in?"

They were, he saw, at her fe-

Impulsively, he lifted her hand to his lips; and then he saw the startled light in her eyes, and was quick with a word to make that gesture meaningless.

ture meaningless.

"This is for a good little girl," he said. "Good night!"

She turned away, quickly, in something like flight—darted toward the house. He waited till she had disappeared, before driving on toward his own home. The car he left at the side door.

Upstairs, he undressed slowly, trying to face and measure this new passion in his life. When he came into the bedroom he and Mrs. Greeding shared, gray dawn was in the windows. His wife roused sleepily; her face was an unlovely mask of cosmetics, her hair awry.

"Ned?"

"Yes, Myra," he said shortly.

"Yes, Myra," he said shortly.
"What time is it?"
He protested irritably: "What difference does that make?"
"It's ridiculous," she protested, "for you to be out all night. You

could have sent Doctor Mayhew!" He got into his own bed without

replying.
"I believe you like this sort of thing," she asserted. "I declare,



Cotton Sagged Steadily; But Dr. Greeding Continued to Buy.

Ned, you ought to have some sense "Don't talk, Myra," he said sharply. "I'm dead tired. Let me sleep in the morning."

"It's morning now," she reminded him. "And I sha'n't close my

ed him. "And I sha'n't close my eyes again, you may be sure of that. You might have some consideration—" Her voice went on, unheard, till suddenly a word fixed his attention. "—and driving all over New England all night with Mary Ann! Is that necessary? Of course, I understand; but people are so ready to think and say unkind things about a girl who works—"

when a man approaches old age and the impairment of his muscular strength, he may by way of compensation develop such a—power?"

"Old men acquire wisdom," the professor pointed out. "That is weapon enough!"

"But in a primitive society," Doctor Greeding urged, "old men, when their increasing weakness made them a burden to the tribe, would be at the island, them a burden to the tribe, would be at the island, bat thought only of himself and through his veins. "Let me drive."

She scrambled up on the seat kind things about a girl who works—"

He made no reply; but he was conscious of a rising tide of anger at her chidings. He checked and conscious of a rising tide of anger at her chidings. He checked and "I must have gone to sleep," he repeated.

She touched his hand, on the wheel. "You're so desperately tired." she said gently. His blood, the tribe, would be at the island, had thought only of himself and through his veins. "Let me drive."

whom incredibly, he loved!
Incredibly; and also with a great futility. Doctor Greeding was essentially conventional, accepting the depart standards of his world, the decent standards of his world, abiding by them. No matter what he might feel for Mary Ann, he

he might feel for Mary Ann, he would still cleave loyally to Myra, so long as they both should live. Or—so long as Myra should live! Thus insidiously, as he lay half dreaming, there crept into his thoughts a hideous possibility, one of those monstrous specters which need only to be recognized to be need only to be recognized to be abhorred . . . Yet which, if a man contemplate them long enough, may cease to affright him, may come to wear an aspect treacherously beau-

Sometimes, in retrospect, it is

sometimes, in retrospect, it is possible to say that on a certain day, or even at a certain hour, there occurred in an acquaintance a fundamental change; to recognize that he became from that moment another person, almost a stranger.

There was this summer such a change in Doctor Greeding, but even those who knew him most intimately were not afterward able to fix definitely its beginning. His wife's death, it was sometimes suggested, might have been the cause; but Mrs. Greeding had in fact herself remarked the difference in him, and had more than once spoken of it to Doctor Greeding himself, before she died.

To each of the people who knew him best, this change presented itself in a different guise. Paul Master, through whom Doctor Greeding made his occasional investments, saw it in the shape of a reckless turn to speculation. Doctor Greeding had in such matters always heretofore been willing to hear advice and to be guided by sane counsels; but Associated Cottons was not the sort of security calculated to appeal to a conservative man, and Greeding had always been conservative. When during May and June he steadily increased his purchases of this stock, Master was more and more perplexed and uncasy. Cottons sagged steadily: but

Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

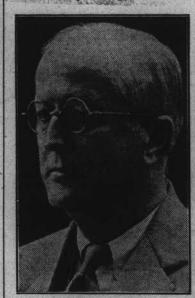
Work Known to Millions; Column Popular in This Newspaper.

New York, N. Y.—With the death of Arthur Brisbane Christmas morning, the world lost its most widely known and most widely read newspaper writer and editor. The veteran commentator, whose column "This Week" appeared regularly in this newspaper, died of heart dis-ease while he slept. He was

seventy-two.
True to the Brisbane tradition, he kept up the terrific pace of his work to the last. When he was stricken late in the afternoon of Christmas eve he had almost finished his column, "Today," which appeared in many large daily newspapers, prin-cipally those of William Randolph Hearst's string. He was forced to call upon his son, Seward, 22, to complete
it. It was the first time in his life
Arthur Brisbane had not finished
what he had set out to write.

Millions of Readers.

It was only a few hours afterward
Mr. Brisbane fell asleep in his Fifth avenue apartment. At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse. In the apartment his entire family had gathered — his



ARTHUR BRISBANE

wife, Mrs. Phoebe Brisbane, whom which Mrs. Phoese Brisbane, wholm he had married in 1912; his son, Seward, and his four daughters, Mrs. J. R. K. McCrary, 25; Emily, 18; Alice, 14, and Elinor 12. The great

editor never awakened.

Probably no one knows how many millions of persons read Mr. Brisbane's verse, analytical comments upon the news of the day. It is estimated the statement of the day of the day. mated that 25 millions read his daily column. Additional millions followed with satisfaction the weekly column syndicated by Western Newspaper Union to this and many other lead-

ing weekly newspapers.

Mr. Brisbane was wealthy. It is reported that his yearly salary at the time of his death was \$260,000. In addition, there was the return on his extensive real estate holdings.

Arthur Brisbane was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864. He attended the public schools and then, forsaking a college education, he became a reporter on the old New York Sun at 19. Yet his rise to the position he held in the world of journalism at the last was not the Horatio Alger type of success story, with glory crowning the hero after countless tear-jerking tribulations. He was good and he was successful from the

It was not long before he was the

start.

It was not long before he was the Sun's London correspondent. After five years, there was a shake-up on the paper and the management cabled him to return. He said he would if they made him managing editor. Managing editor! He was just 23. They made him managing editor. And so well did he execute his job, Joseph Pulitzer took him over to the New York World, which, under the Brisbane directorship, soon became the most influential organ of public opinion in America.

"Greatest Journalist of Day."

When William Randolph Hearst came from California and bought the New York Journal he hired Mr. Brisbane—at a reduction in salary of almost 50 per cent. But there was an agreement that as the circulation increased, so would his compensation. His earnings on the World were multiplied in almost no time.

The association with Hearst became a life-long friendship, and Mr. Brisbane soon became regarded as next to Mr. Hearst said: "I know that Arthur Brisbane was the greatest journalist of his day."

If was Arthur Brisbane who was credited with bringing the trend of newspaper style "down to earth." He believed that newspapers should be written for the ordinary man, not the intelligentsia. He wrote that way—and his columns appealed to college professors as well as to merchants and farmer.

He dictated his 1,000 to 1,200 crisp, unwastedwords daily in half an hour to an hour. There was a dictaphone beside him wherever he went. He would even wake up in Pullman

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Pattern 1097

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Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Gild Their Teeth

The ladies in old Japan and also of today, to some extent, gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of the Muscovite may be, she would think herself ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese used to have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown. — Chicago Tribune.



cles in your legs, arms back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, a bottle of Hamlins Wizard Oil and quick relief. Rub it on—rub it fort. Will not stain. At all dr

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Blood will tell, especially if it
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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phiegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedles have falled, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now, (adv.)

Conscience Better Guide One's conscience often kn One's conscience often knows better than his brain.

When You Need a Laxative

Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

onstipation. If you have to take a larative oc-asionally, you can rely on BLACK-DRAUGHT



