

How You Can Remove Every Trace of Hair

(Toilet Talks) A stiff paste made with some powdered delatone and water and spread on a hairy surface about 2 minutes will, when removed, take every trace of hair with it.

GLASS OF WATER BEFORE YOU EAT ANY BREAKFAST

Wash poison from system each morning and feel fresh as a daisy.

Every day you clean the house you live in to get rid of the dust and dirt which collected through the previous day.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

Everyone, whether sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drugstore which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation.

Effective Tonic for "Nervous Men" and Women

BEFORE TAKING You have headaches, backaches, shattered nerves. Your ambition is gone, your energy is low, your confidence is gone, life seems hopeless.

AFTER TAKING Your health improves, aches are banished; ambition returns; blood circulates freely, powerfully; nervousness disappears, heart becomes normal, organic troubles corrected, vitality renewed, confidence restored and life becomes brighter, your friends find you of interest, admire your strength, your magnetism; which is another word for smiles and joy.

All this comes because your nerves, blood and vital organs feel the beneficent medicines in three grain Cadomene Tablets.

YOUR SYMPTOMS tell you that you need a powerful, vitalizing tonic to regain all that you have lost. Try



They are guaranteed to help you or money refunded by the Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio. "The Best thing in the world" for "run down" men or weak, nervous women. Price \$1.00 at all druggists. Six tubes for \$5.00 is full treatment.

OH! HAPPY FEET!

Ezo is the Quickest Acting Balm For Weary, Aching, Swollen, Burning Feet.

Did you ever dip your hot, sweaty feet into a bath of cold water? That's how EZO makes the feet feel—sweet, cool and full of comfort—minus the danger and shock of dipping the feet in ice cold water.

No fussy fummy-digs to bother with. No astringent powders or prepared foot paints. Just rub the poor, misused feet gently with EZO before going to bed and chase foot misery forever.

You can get EZO of H. C. Kennedy or any reliable druggist. Try it today if you want your feet to be happy and stay happy.—Advertisement.

Advertisement for the Gregorian Hotel, 351 1/2 Street, featuring 300 rooms with baths and a price of \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day.

Advertisement for George H. Sourbier, Funeral Director, located at 1210 North Third Street.

Silver Sandals

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

By Clinton H. Stagg Copyright, W. J. Watt & Co., International News Service.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

McMann had no sarcastic rejoinder, no sneering expletive. He had heard that tone before. It backed him up against the wall like a strong fist. He knew the blind man, after all, and in the instant he realized that he had been led on and on, after warnings.

"You said Bracken killed him," he declared, and the weakening showed plainly in the way he spoke. "I did," Colton pulled the tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses over his eyes and found a chair with his cane. "He did kill him. So did Silver Sandals. So did Ruth Neilton! And he killed himself!"

"What d'ye mean?" The backing down of the blustering police captain was almost ludicrous. "They all killed him, because they made possible his murder! Every one of them worked to help the real murderer. Every one of them would be adjudged guilty on the evidence of eyes. That's what I've been working to overcome. The murderer is as safe as the President of the United States himself. Arrest him, and these two persons and the girl would be found guilty by any jury in the land. But I'll get him!"

There was a passion in the voice of the blind man that the captain had never heard before. It was a new side that the police officer had never fully realized. For the first time he saw Thornley Colton as the district attorney had seen him—a bloodhound, a blind bloodhound. All bluster, all thoughts of bluster left McMann's mind. Once before he had accepted defeat momentarily, but the conceit of a score of years' experience had made him fight on. He had had to beat the blind man, and he hadn't cared how he did it. But now there would be no recovery. It was the end.

He turned to the detective, "Take 'em off, Tom," he said, and his voice was that of a man who is very tired. He spoke to Colton, then, and the words came slowly: "You're in charge of this case! Give your orders, and I'll go to hell, if you say so!"

The blind man understood what that confession cost. It was an acknowledgment of defeat from a man who had never acknowledged defeat before; from a man who had fought honestly or crookedly to make his own game win, because the game he played was his life's game, all he knew, or wanted to know. And he was putting himself under the orders of a blind man at whom he had sneered—treated with contempt at every opportunity! The police captain was a man when the show-down came.

"You'll make the arrest, captain," Colton said. There was no need for more. Bracken seemed to wake from his daze. The snapping of the steel bracelets and the plippers he had not even noticed. He had sat, staring, stunned, at the blind man, till he made that last statement. He jumped from the chair.

"You don't mean it!" he cried, and there was terrible pleading in the voice, that was broken and strained. "You know who killed him!"

Colton merely nodded. Silver Sandals had risen, and was holding toward him one of the sheets from the pad. To the last she was keeping her pose before the police. Not even this could startle her for a minute into forgetting. The blind man read what she had written, and crumpled the paper into a ball with his fingers.

"Yes," he nodded, and he was careful that she could see his lips move. "He will be in Poughkeepsie. I'm going to call the district attorney on the phone. He should be in at the death!"

The last sentence seemed to strike Captain McMann as suggestive. He opened his lips to speak, closed them again, and silently watched the problemist leave the room in search of the telephone.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Summons The Fee, wild-eyed with excitement, burst into Sydney Thames' room.

"Wake up, Sydney!" he cried. "Mister Colton's cleaned up the Silver Sandals thing, an' he wants yuh to see the finish."

The eyes of the secretary opened sleepily, stared at the boy blankly a minute, then he leaped from the bed. "Silver Sandals!" Thames repeated, trying to stir the memory that was not yet awake. Then events came back to him with a rush. "How did I get here?" he demanded dazedly.

"Where is the woman? The crowd? The girl? The murdered man I spoke to?"

"Mister Colton's got the woman. The crowd's locked in the front room here. The girl's downstairs, an' I know nothin' 'bout the last," rattled the boy.

"What time is it?" Thames asked. "What day? I felt the eyes, then saw a silver flash. I was stabbed, I guess."

"I'll tell yuh about it while yer getting dressed. As Sydney got into his clothes, The Fee rattled off the events so fast that the words tumbled over each other. It was difficult, at times, to follow the boy's story, so fast did he chatter; but when Thames got to his collar and tie he knew everything that had happened while he had been out of the world.

"So the district attorney has been taking my place?" mused the blind man's secretary. "That seems strange."

"He met us down to Silver Sandals' house, an' I'm an' Mister Colton's been goin' round together ever since."

"You say he's coming here?"

"That's what he — gee whizz!" The boy whistled. "I forgot to show yuh

the telegram." He dug into his pocket and extended the yellow paper.

"Telegram?" questioned Thames. "He couldn't telephone." A grin spread over the boy's face.

"How long ago did this come?" If Colton had telephoned the district attorney direct from wherever he was the official should have beaten the telegram.

"Five minutes," The Fee answered, and the grin was still on his face. "Yuh got time to see N'dine 'fore he comes."

The sensitive Sydney strode from the room, straight-backed, scowling. The Fee made a horrible grimace, and followed. Sydney wanted to run down the stairs, but the thoughts of the grinning boy behind him made his steps draggingly slow. In the hall below they met John with a tray.

"The girls just had a bite, sir," he informed Sydney. Thames cursed the minute of delay that caused, but he nodded smilingly. He took a step toward the door when the ring of the front bell halted him.

"I'll go!" exclaimed The Fee, and he darted past to answer.

It was the district attorney, and suppressed excitement was in his manner and voice. "Hustle along!" he commanded, and it was only the smile that took the sharpness from the words. "The waiter has been found!"

Sydney instantly bristled at the idea of taking orders from any one but the problemist. A sharp answer was on the tip of his tongue; then the words of the telegram flashed back to his mind. Unquestioningly, the blind man had said. Unquestioningly!

Sydney glanced longingly at the closed door, then took the coat and hat the boy had taken from the hall tree.

"Coming along, Shrimp?" he asked as he started toward the door.

"No, sir," the boy answered soberly. "I got a telegram, too. Mister Colton wants me to count the feathers in Ramesses' tail."

"What?" scowled Sydney. "Hustle!" exclaimed the district attorney, with what Sydney thought was unnecessary sharpness.

But he obeyed unquestioningly. "Know who the waiter is?" asked the district attorney as the car started across the city.

"Shrimp told me of the guide," Thames answered a bit shortly. The district attorney searched Thames' face intently for an instant, then he seemed to understand the shortness of Sydney's reply.

"Got me up in the air, too," he said. "Colton had me on the wire. Told me to hurry over and get you. Made me call off the detectives I sent to Poughkeepsie, and he issued orders through Captain McMann, as representing the New York police department, that any guard over the old man's house at Poughkeepsie should be instantly withdrawn. I don't understand it. Colton said that he had Bracken and Silver Sandals, and that both had confessed. Why doesn't he bring them down to the city? Any why does he want to look for a feather?"

What's What In Style

Coats longer — lapels narrower; shoulders have a touch of military squareness.

Buttons set higher and very closely spaced to emphasize the high waist effect.

Vests have a slightly lower opening.



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The Kirschbaum American

the place the district attorney knew? And why did he need Sydney Thames' eyes? The district attorney wasn't blind.

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"A feather?" put in Sydney, the instructions of the telegram and The Fee's words coming back.

official seemed strangely silent, and Sydney wondered.

The car was bowling along East Twenty-sixth street. It stopped before the grim-looking morgue building that was part of the grimmer-looking Bellevue group. The district attorney was important enough to get ready admission and courtesy; the morgue-keeper himself was on the job, ready and willing to do anything he could for so great a personage.

"Plain floater," was his casual comment, granted around a badly chewed cigar, as the body of "George Nelson, waiter, age twenty-seven," was pulled out on its slab. He pulled back the sheet. "Drunk," grunted the morgue-keeper again. "Fell in. Picked

him up around Peck Slip. In the water about twenty hours."

The district attorney nodded. The pseudo guide had evidently wandered into a saloon when he had run away from the blind man, had a few drinks, and had fallen into the water. He took a closer look at the bloated face.

"Jove! Now I remember him!" he exclaimed. "He was a hotel waiter that was to be a big witness at one of the gambling trials last winter. He disappeared. No doubt he got a job on Bracken's yacht. Of course he felt the lure of old New York, and he snapped at the chance to work in the Beaudemonte. Even in a state of hypnosis my appearance shocked him into remembering. He thought I was after him."

(To Be Continued.)

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bring Happy Days The way is



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