

Radiographs

RADIO MAY RUN OUR LIVES

If radio keeps on developing much farther, we may find our lives being regulated by this new science from early morning until bedtime.

A glance at the programs of broadcasting stations already being followed leads one to this conclusion.



Radio lectures of all sorts are sent out at 10 o'clock in the morning, 2 in the afternoon and 8 in the evening.

There are talks during the day on fashions, on menus and recipes, child care, household economy, business psychology, besides the regular news, weather and stock reports. And in the evening comes the entertainment—all by way of the radio transmitting and receiving stations.

When radio becomes popularized sufficiently to justify its adoption, some such program as this may result:

6 a. m.—Setting up exercises; health talks.

7:30 a. m.—Breakfast menus and recipes.



8 a. m.—Automobile pointers.

9 a. m.—Lecture, "Business Psychology."

9:30 a. m.—Market and stock reports.

10 a. m.—Lectures for the housewife.

12 m.—Noon concert or other entertainment.

1 p. m.—Stock and market reports.

2 p. m.—More lectures for the housewife.

3 p. m.—Closing stock and market quotations.

5 p. m.—Reports on places of amusement for the evening.

8 p. m.—Regular evening concert.

This is merely a rough outline of a more detailed program of the future. For example, there is no mention of news reports during the day. That, however, could be most suitably broadcast during the breakfast hour.

News Reports.

That is just the time when the business man wants his newspaper. Clipping the headlines to his ears while munching his toast, he listens in on the happenings of the previous day. At the same time he may learn of the weather for the day.

If he has not heard all the news during breakfast, he listens to it on his ride downtown. Yes, there are already convenient receiving sets for automobiles—those that need no aerials, batteries or other cumbersome attachments.

For Housewives.

For the benefit of the housewife, her 10 o'clock lecture may be a talk on baby care, or on household economy, or a menu list for luncheon. And recipes for new dishes could be included.

At 2 o'clock also, the housewife may listen in on suggestions for dinner, with new recipes. Latest fashion designs could be broadcast at that time. And, so that talks for the housewife may not be confined to the home alone, she may receive a daily educational lecture and late news reports.

Thus it will be that radio will include all possible activities of humanity, from morning until night. People will be staying at home, more than ever, for it will be there that they will know the world best.

World's Best by Radio

By Maj. Gen. G. O. Squire, Chief, U. S. Signal Service.

These are the three developments in radio which I can see near at hand:

First, the simplification and standardization of the receiving set.

Second, the use of light and telephone wires as aerials for everybody.

Third, the use of local power systems for local broadcasting.

Through these three developments there will come to every man's home a stream of the best things of the world—a stream to be tapped and enjoyed when he wishes, to be shut off by the simple turn of a switch when he does not.

Thus will the radio engineer provide a new cultural background for humanity, a new and powerful agency for the advancement of mankind.

For enlightenment as to her intentions.

Lanyard spent his hours studying the Sybarite and particularly the chief engineer, Mr. Mussey, a heavy drinker, untidy about his person and exacting about his engine-room, a veteran of his trade and—was said—an ancient croney of Monk's.

One night at dinner Lane Delorme appeared in a summary toilette that would have made its mark on the beach of Deauville.

The woman looked years younger than when Lanyard had last seen her. Nobody would ever have believed her a day older than twenty-five, no one, that is to say, who had not watched youth ebb from her face as Lanyard had when he told her of the death of de Lorgne.

Later that night, on deck, pressed to a hand upon his own raised Lanyard to discover that Lane Delorme had seated herself beside him.

"I must have been dreaming," he said apologetically. "You startled me."

"One night, my friend," the woman spoke in quiet accents and let her hand linger upon his with its insistent reminder of the warm, living presence.

"It is that one grows bored, eh, cher ami?"

"Perhaps, Lane."

"Or perhaps that one's thoughts are constantly at the Chateau de Montalais?"

"It amuses you, then, to shoot arrows into the air?"

"But naturally, I seek the reason. When I see you distract and am conscious of your neglect."

"I think it is for me to complain of that! Always you are with your two companions; always I am alone."

"Do you imagine for an instant that I class you with such riffraff?"

"And who am I that you should hold me in higher rates than any other man?"

"You should know I do," the woman breathed, so low he barely caught the words.

"Quite what I see to you, Michael; and then consider this, that of all men whom I have known you alone have never asked for love."

He gave a quiet laugh. "There is too much humility in my heart."

"No," she said in a full voice—"but you despise me. Do not deny that." She shifted impatiently in her chair.

"I cannot hope to escape my fate."

"But one imagines nobody can escape his fate."

"Men such as you, rare as you are, know how to cheat destiny; but never. It is my fate to have learned too late to love you, Michael."

"Ah, Lane, Lane!"

"But you hold me in too much contempt to be willing to recognize the truth."

"On the contrary, I admire you extremely. I think you are an incomparable actress."

"You see!" She offered a despairing gesture to the stars. "It is not true what I say? I lay bare my heart to him, and he tells me that I act!"

"But my dear girl! surely you do not expect me to think otherwise?"

"I was a fool to expect anything from you," she returned bitterly—"you know too much about me."

Divided between annoyance and disquiet, he was silent. And all at once she threw herself half across the joined arms of their chairs, catching his shoulders with her hands, so that her half-clothed body rested on his bosom, and his averted warmth assailed his senses with the seduction whose power she knew so well.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

He turned on the gas, but the wheels only spun around in the mud. "I should have brought my chains," said the bunny. "But perhaps I can get out of the mud in another way." But he couldn't. He turned the turnip steering wheel this way and that; he dug and scratched some of the mud out from beneath the wheels, and even tried to put boards under them, but the auto only sank in deeper and deeper.

"Oh, dear!" cried Nurse Jane. "I'm so nervous! What's to be done? Are we ever going to get unstuck out of this mud?"

Uncle Wiggily was beginning to wonder that himself when, all at once, a cloud seemed to come over the sun, for the air grew dark. But it was not a cloud. It was thousands of black flying beetles that swarmed over the auto like a cloud. And as the beetles settled down on the ground the trees and the fences near by, one of them spoke, saying:

Uncle Wiggily

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Uncle Wiggily drove his automobile around to the front door of his hollow stump bungalow and called: "Ho, Nurse Jane! Are you ready to go for a ride with me?"

The muskrat lady housekeeper hopped out on the front porch.

"Will you drive carefully?" she asked, "and not make me hold my bonnet on with both paws?"

"I'll drive so carefully as never was!" chuckled Uncle Wiggily. "Come on, Janie! We'll have an adventure."

"Oh, you and your adventures," laughed the muskrat lady. "Well, you may drive me over to see Mrs. Twinstytail, the pig lady, and then go on and have an adventure by yourself. Then you may stop for me on your way back."

"All right!" said the bunny rabbit uncle, as he twinkled his pink nose like one of the headlights on his auto. Nurse Jane took her place beside Uncle Wiggily, and away they started, the wheels with the bologna sausage tires turning around and around.

"I think I have told you that Uncle Wiggily's auto had a turnip for a steering wheel, and bologna sausage for tires, and whenever the bunny wanted to go extra fast he just sprinkled a little pepper on the sausage tires."

"But don't go very fast now!" begged Nurse Jane. "I like to ride slow and enjoy the scenery."

"You shall ride as slowly as you please," promised Mr. Longears. "When I go adventuring I'll drive faster."

As Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane were driving along, all of a sudden the bunny saw beside the road a queer bug, large and black with shiny wings. The bug was caught in a tangle of dried grass, which was wound around its legs and, kick and struggle as it did, the bug could not get loose.

"Excuse me, Nurse Jane," spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he stopped the auto, "but here is a bug I must help, for he is in trouble."

"That's just like the dear bunny gentleman," whispered Nurse Jane to herself, as Uncle Wiggily hopped out of the machine. "He's always helping others."

"Take it easy, Mr. Bug," said Uncle Wiggily, as he went up to the place where the beetle was caught. "I'll untangle the grass from your legs, and then you'll be able to fly away."

It did not take the bunny gentleman long to do this, and soon the bug was able to walk out on the smooth road.

"Thank you, Uncle Wiggily!" buzzed the beetle, flitting its wings. "You did me a great favor, and some day I hope I may do one for you."

"I'll never forget you," spoke the bunny with a low and polite bow of his tall silk hat. Uncle Wiggily was polite, even to beetle bugs.

"Though I don't see," said Nurse Jane, as they drove on, "I don't see how a bug can ever do you a favor."

"You never can tell," remarked Uncle Wiggily. "It was a little adventure for me, anyhow."

But the bunny gentleman was soon to have a very different sort of adventure. He and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy were riding along in the auto, when, all of a sudden, the car skidded into a soft, muddy place in the road and stopped short.

"Well, what does this mean?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Ah, Lane, Lane!"

"Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose, looked first on one side of the machine and then on the other side, and said:

"We're stuck in the mud!"

"Can we get out?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Oh, surely!" answered the bunny. But this was easier said than done.

Uncle Wiggily, we have come to help you. Flying in the air I saw you get stuck in the mud. So I called thousands of my beetle bug friends, telling them that you helped me, and now it was my turn to help you. Just sit in your auto and we'll soon have you out."

"How can you help me?" asked the bunny.

"Why," buzzed the beetle, "we are mud bugs. Each one of us will roll up a ball of mud and toss it over in the field. Then the mud hole will be dried up and you can get your auto out."

In another instant each of the thousands of beetles was picking up a ball of mud in its jaws, rolling it about and then tossing it over the fence. In a short time all the mud was picked up, the hole in the road was dry and Uncle Wiggily easily ran out his car.

"Thank you, Beetle Bugs," called the bunny, as they flew away, and then Uncle Wiggily took Nurse Jane to Mrs. Twinstytail's house, and stayed there himself, for he said he had had all the adventures he wanted that day.

And if the molasses candy doesn't stay so late at the moving picture show that it turns into a chocolate drop, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the nuts.

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The Frances Shop

117 South Michigan St. Correct Apparel for Women

Alias the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance

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(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Lanyard sat up and took intelligent notice of the room. Phinuit chuckled, and consulted Monk in the face of one reasonable man to his peer.

"It's plain to be seen he wants those jewels—means to have 'em. Do you know any way we can keep them from him?"

Monk moved his head slowly from side to side. "None."

"Then you agree with me, it would save us all a heap of trouble to let him have them without any more stalling?"

Monk quietly opened a false door in a hollowed-out desk. Lanyard could hear the spinning of a combination manipulated by Monk's long and bony fingers. And presently he saw Monk straighten up with a sizable steel dispatch box in his hands, place this upon the desk, and unlock it with a key on his pocket ring.

"There," he announced with an easy gesture.

Lanyard rose and stood over the desk, investigating the contents of the dispatch-box. The collection of magnificent stones seemed to tally accurately with his mental memoranda of the description furnished by Eve de Montalais.

"This seems to be right," he said quietly, and closed the box. The automatic lock snapped fast.

"Now what do you say, brother dear?"

"Your debt to me is fully discharged, Lane. What is to prevent me from going ashore with these at once?"

"Nothing," said Phinuit, "but your own good sense."

"Ah!" said Lanyard—"ah!"—and looked from face to face.

"Do understand I am to consider myself your prisoner?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Captain Monk, inexpressibly pained by such crudity. "Consider Lanyard an invitation to be our honored guest on the voyage to New York."

Lanyard thought the matter over a little.

"Obviously, it would seem, you have not come to all this trouble—bored me 'till the yachts—merely to amuse yourselves at my expense and then knock me on the head."

"Absurd!" Lane declared indignantly. "As if I would permit such a thing, who owns you so much!"

CHAPTER XIX The Face in the Dark.

In the early days of the voyage, Lanyard felt confident of outwitting his companions, but was unable to evolve a satisfactory plan to secure the jewels.

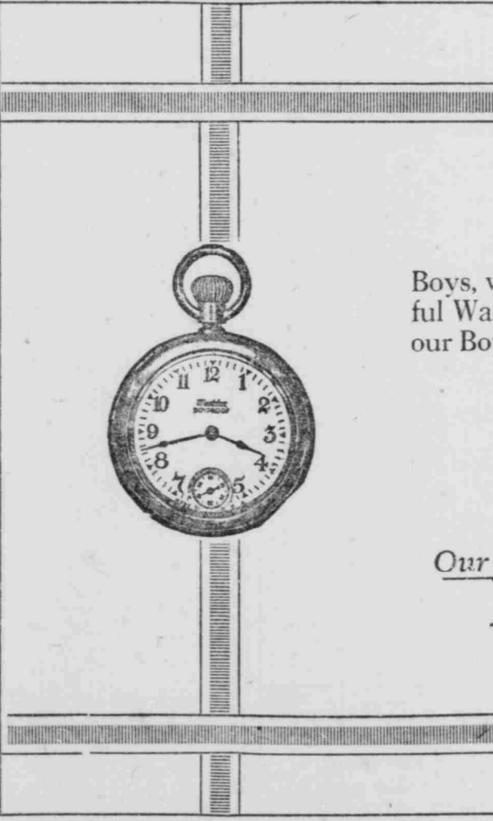
Not that he made the mistake of despising those two social malcontents, Phinuit and Jules, that rogue adventurer Monk, that grasping courtesan, Lane Delorme.

Lanyard accounted that, quiet uncommonly clever, resourceful, audacious, unscrupulous, and potentially ruthless, utterly callous to compunctions when their interests were jeopardized.

But it was inconceivable that he should fall to outwit and frustrate them, who had the love and faith of Eve de Montalais to honor, cherish, and requite.

Trying to put himself in Lane's place, Lanyard believed that he would never have neglected the opportunity to steal away from Paris while he slept; and leave him to gnaw his nails in the mortification of defeat. Why she had not done so, why she had permitted Monk and Phinuit to play their comedy of offering him the jewels, passed understanding.

But Lanyard felt assured Lane would not keep him waiting long



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