

LIFT OFF CORNS IT DOESN'T HURT



Get rid of every corn and callus for few cents



Drop a little Freezone on an itching corn, instantly that even stings hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't pain one bit. Yes, magic!

Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much-talked-of other discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

SAY, Dad, did you stop at Bold's and get the French pastry?—(Advertisement.)

Superfluous Hair Now Removed Roots and All!

A boon to women troubled with superfluous hair is the new electrolytic process. It is totally unlike the depilatory, electrical and other methods heretofore employed for the removal of hairy growths. It is the only thing that enables one to remove the hair completely—roots and all—in one's own home, without the assistance of an expert. The result can be doubted, for the user sees the hair-roots with her own eyes. A stick of electrolytic, with easy directions, can be had at any drugstore. It is entirely harmless (a child could safely eat it), odorless and non-irritating. It is an instantaneous method, and so thorough that the skin is left perfectly smooth and hairless, bearing not the least evidence of its former disfigurement.

SOMETHING DOING

BY VARICK VANARDY Copyright, 1919, by The Macaulay Co.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Cora Denningham is brought by her parents from her home in San Francisco to New York to marry a man she has never seen. The first night after her arrival she is attracted by the only lighted window in the apartment house opposite, known as the Mandarin. In the single letter written her by the man her father has commanded her to marry, Graeme Sutherland enclosed a portrait of himself. Cora thinks she recognizes him in the person in evening dress whom she sees in the uncurtained window across the way. She is also attracted by a mysterious limousine which stops at the apartment entrance, and from which a burly, roughly dressed individual, who also appeared in the lighted window, carries a burden which looks like a person helplessly ill. The next day Cora goes to the Mandarin, a portrait painter, to whom she has been given a letter by a San Francisco woman friend. The object of the visit is to seek his aid in securing marriage with Sutherland. While she is telling her story to Moreau, the latter's man, Feltner, brings in a paper containing the news that Sutherland has been found dead in his room. It is evident that Sutherland committed suicide, because of the terrible carbolic acid burns about the mouth and face. These are indications that the paper states, the body could be identified only from the fact that it was found in Sutherland's room, dressed in his clothes, and on it personal letters and papers. It was discussed by having seen Sutherland's window lighted, expected to find him in when he called. Not receiving an answer to his knock, Denningham forced an entrance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Thus it would appear that Cora Denningham had not been the only person who had seen the light in Sutherland's apartment, at midnight. Her father, from another room in the suite, had seen it also, the difference being that he had looked for it, knowing where it should be found.

We already know that Cora was able to give Birge Moreau a fairly good description of the man with the repulsive face and bearing; of his huge apelike frame, his stoop shoulders, and generally repellent personality; and when she added to that a vivid and detailed recital of the incidents that happened three hours later, the artist became at once profoundly interested.

He was, nevertheless, careful not to disclose to her the significance of that information, but before she left the studio he recovered the newspaper, and gently gave her an outline of the news it contained.

"You see, Miss Denningham," he concluded, "that neither my advice nor assistance is now necessary to interfere with your marriage to Graeme Sutherland."

When she had gone, Moreau summoned Feltner, who followed him

into the bedroom.

"I am going out at the Blank at entrance," Moreau told him, which meant that he was about to assume the character of Crews. "Put the balance of the day you will disconnect the bell at the door, hang out the 'working' sign, and—I am here, but busy, and not to be disturbed."

And Feltner, who, as assistant, confidante, alter ego on occasion, and all things that were helpful and fortunate and for reforming crooks. These latter were Moreau's—or Crews's—specialty.

An hour later Crews strolled leisurely thru the rear doorway into his place below Washington square. He was in shirt sleeves. Crisp, wavy, iron-gray hair was disheveled above his handsome profile, until one caught a view of the other side of his face and saw the hideous blemish that nearly covered it.

It was startling when seen for the first time; but, as is often the case in like circumstances, was apt to be forgotten, or, at least, ignored, with better acquaintance; as was, likewise, his mouthful of gold.

He nodded to the few patrons who were seated at the tables, and passed behind the bar.

Christy, who was wiping glasses, moved nearer, for he was well aware that when Crews appeared "on duty" at that hour, it meant that there was something doing for him (Christy) without delay.

"Headquarters, Christy," Crews said, rapidly, in a low tone. "Don't go yourself; send. I want to see the inspector himself about the Sutherland affair at the Mandarin last night. Ask him to saunter in with a pair of his men; he may want to send them out before he gets back to his office."

After which Crews caught the eye of Kedger, the Runt, who was seated at one of the tables, and signaled seen but once.

Fat That Shows Soon Disappears

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden; a hindrance to activity; a curb upon pleasure. You can take off the fat which it shows by taking after each meal and at bedtime one Marmola Prescription Tablet. These little tablets are as effective and harmless as the famous prescription from which they take their name. Buy and try a case today. Your druggist sells them at \$1.00 or if you prefer, you may write direct to the Marmola Company, 864 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich. You can thus say goodbye to dieting, exercise and fat.

CHAPTER III. Crews Delivers a Jolt. "Kedger," Crews said, when that furtive product of the Lower East Side leaned against the bar, "I want you to pay close attention to a description I will give you of a man I have never seen, but as he has been described to me."

"Sure," the Runt replied. "But what's the answer, Crews? You ain't bankin' on me bein' a clairvoyant, are you?"

"No, Kedger; but I am banking upon your remarkable faculty for remembering men whom you have seen but once."

Crews then described the second man Cora had seen in Sutherland's apartment the night before, just as she had described him.

The Runt announced, grinning: "Well, say! I'll tell you right now that I never seen but one guy in this burg that sized up to what you've been spellin' about, an' that's th' stiff slinger over to th' morgue, Abe Nutter's his name, but he's mostly hangs out around there."

"Stick around, I'll want you later," Crews said, and the youth nodded as he turned away.

Christy returned at that moment, and as he resumed his place behind the bar he said to Crews in an undertone:

"All right. He'll be here in a few minutes."

A few minutes afterward the street door opened to admit three men in citizen's clothes.

One of them stopped just inside of the door and swept a comprehensive glance about the room. Perceiving Crews at the far end of it, he walked swiftly in that direction, while his companions strolled leisurely to the bar and began a half-banter conversation with Christy.

"What's up, Crews?" the inspector asked, as he sat down opposite the saloon keeper.

Crews replied with deliberately selected words:

"I think, inspector, that I can throw something of a light into you about the Sutherland affair."

"Go ahead, Crews. What is it? The whole thing is queer so far."

"I know. Well, it's this: Graeme Sutherland is probably just as much alive today as we are. The acid was probably used on the body found in Sutherland's apartment long after it had become a corpse."

The inspector stared.

"That's a big statement to make, Mr. Crews," the inspector began, and flushed at the error he had so nearly committed. He continued without pause: "If anybody but you had made it, I'd be for sending him to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue for observation. Where do you get that dope, Crews?"

"Part of it—the beginning of it, in fact, came to me by accident. The fact that it did come to me before my informant or I knew anything about the discovery of the body at Sutherland's apartment is, well, interesting."

The inspector leaned back in his chair and waited without comment. Crews said, slowly:

"I will ask you, for the present, to overlook the fact that I omit the identity of my informant."

The inspector nodded. Crews continued, repeating the story just as Cora had told it to him in his studio, concluding with:

"The man described—Sutherland's caller—was an uncouth, grotesque, stoop-shouldered, huge-framed individual, with a repulsive countenance, and apelike arms. Just before you came in I called the Runt to the bar and gave him the complete description of the man as it had been given to me. He named the man."

"Wait a moment, Crews."

"Crews, is the man you were reminded of Abe Nutter, the morgue ghoul?"

"From the description given to you, three persons, you, Kedger and I, get the same idea."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

FUNERALS PASS BRIDGE ALL DAY

Wheelbarrows Carry Some of Warsaw's Dead

WARSAW, March 17.—This morning I watched Warsaw carry its dead "over the bridge"—the Praga bridge, leading to the burial ground. The living seemed to envy the lifeless.

All day long funerals cross. Some coffins are carried in hearse, more in carts and some in wheelbarrows and others in the arms of men and women.

There was the funeral of Marishka, 9-year-old daughter of a cotton spinner, who has had no steady work in five years. It was a very small coffin and it jolted about in the springless wagon Marishka's father borrowed from a neighbor.

"Marishka" was printed on the box in white. Her mother and her grandmother sat on the casket and jolted with it.

They didn't seem sorry Marishka died; they seemed glad, in a quiet, envious way. She would know no more the pangs of hunger and disease.

Many of the funerals that cross the Praga bridge are cheerful like that.

Rich men lifted tall fur caps, beggars pulled rag-tattered headgear and officers raised their gold-laced visors to the coffin of Marishka. They all knew her, now that she was dead.

Some parents are burying five and six children in a grave because they can't afford separate plots. The American money will lessen this death harvest from starvation and plague.

Delia Threw Her Arms Around Him. DETROIT, March 17.—On Detroit's busiest corner she threw her arms around his neck and held on for dear life. She was Miss Della Jibuto, store detective. She said he stole three silk shirts.

FUNERAL SERVICES for Clarence Hanford, pioneer of Seattle, who died Saturday, were held at the First Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon.

HAIR SOON TOO SHORT TO DO UP. A little "Danderine" stops your hair coming out and doubles its beauty.

YOUTH IS HELD FOR PROBE OF ROBBERY. Suspected of knowing who held up the Central cafe, Second ave. S. and Washington st., and escaped with \$2,200, Ed Harman, 18, is in the city jail Wednesday, where he is being investigated by the police. He was arrested early today on Railroad ave. and Washington st.

METHODISTS PERMIT CARDS AND DANCING. CHICAGO, March 17.—Without a dissenting vote a Methodist ministers' meeting here voted for repeal of the old blue law against cards, theatres and dancing.

SWEETENS HIS ROLL; MONEY IN SUGAR BIN. ST. LOUIS, March 17.—George Gelleschapp, grocer, used the sugar bin instead of a bank. A holdup man sweetened his roll \$100.

PRODUCTION OF OIL IN OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS showed a decrease of 33,000,000 barrels in 1919 from the preceding year.

LOEW'S PALACE HIP THEATRE CONTINUOUS 1 to 11. TOMORROW, FRIDAY and SATURDAY. HIPPODROME VAUDEVILLE. "WHICH ONE SHALL I MARRY?" An Allegorical Playlet in Four Episodes.

ROYAL FOUR. Hilarious Rural Funsters. EMMETT'S CANINES. The Acme of Canine Intelligence.

GEO. A. MACK. "Somewhat Different." HOYER BROS. & GIRLIE. Variety Singing Comedy Instrumental Music.

HARRY FISHER & CO. The Crazy Wheelman and the Little Sou-brette.

Feature Photoplay. GLADYS BROCKWELL. In "FLAMES OF THE FLESH" Story of a New England Puritan Who Shocked Gay Paris.

Matinee Daily—Children 10c. Sundays, Even and Holidays, 12c.

YOUR SPRING OVERCOAT

YOU may decide that the old one will do this time; if so, we congratulate you. But you may think you'd better have a new one. We congratulate you again. Because:

Hart Schaffner & Marx

have made for us some very stunning models in Spring overcoats that are going to make a lot of fellows look like "the real thing" this season.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

You'll find yours among them; your idea of fabric, color, pattern; your exact size and fit; and at a price that is a real value-giving economy.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes Shop

Corner Second Avenue and Seneca Street

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HAIR SOON TOO SHORT TO DO UP

A little "Danderine" stops your hair coming out and doubles its beauty.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Help your hair to grow strong, thick and long and become soft, glossy and twice as beautiful and abundant.

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Sweetens His Roll; Money in Sugar Bin

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Production of oil in Oklahoma and Kansas showed a decrease of 33,000,000 barrels in 1919 from the preceding year.

Bride-to-Be Is Taken to Bastile

ST. LOUIS, March 17.—Anton Scheusser led his bride-to-be to police headquarters, instead of the altar, when she told him she lost \$600 he gave her to buy a trousseau. Wedding postponed.

What causes Indigestion

An excess of acid in the stomach sours the food and starts fermentation. Distressing gases form. Your meals don't digest, but lie like lumps of lead. Then you have heartburn, flatulence, fullness, belching, headache, and real misery in the stomach and intestines.

A few tablets of "Pape's Diapepsin" bring relief almost as soon as they reach the stomach. "Pape's Diapepsin" costs little at drug stores.

Tells How Thin Folks Can Put on Flesh and Get Strong

People who have tried it—and hundreds of folks right here in Seattle have done so—say that if you are weak, thin, nervous, run-down and can't sleep nights, the quickest, surest and best way to get strong, put on flesh, have nerves of steel and be able to sleep well, is to take a 5-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with every meal. The almost invariably remarkable benefit following the use of Blood-Iron Phosphate is said to be due to the fact that it does two things—feeds the nerves and supplies iron to the blood. So uniformly successful are the reports from those who have used it that Owl Drug Co. as well as all other leading druggists now supply Blood-Iron Phosphate under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Inasmuch as three weeks' treatment costs only \$1.50 if you like it—nothing if it fails—every weak, thin, nervous, run-down, anemic man or woman should begin the use of Blood-Iron Phosphate today and get back on the road to health, strength and happiness without delay.

Warner's Safe Pills

have been the ideal Family Laxative for 40 years—a guarantee of reliability. Gentle in action, they are entirely free from injurious drugs, and are intended especially for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, torpid liver or inactivity of the bowels. Your druggist sells them. Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Price of Dentistry Does Not Control Its Quality—



The Demand of the Day Is Sanitation

Washington's leading dentist

And remember, I advertise under my own name, placing my reputation back of my work.

I have in Seattle the finest equipment in the city, and I have a clean, sanitary office. Cleanliness is very satisfying to the patient and I believe you will be more than satisfied with my efforts.

You certainly appreciate being free from infection; you certainly appreciate receiving the attention of graduate and licensed dentists—then to get the best work at a reasonable price is almost unbelievable.

I have patients who come in and expect to pay more than the price I advertise. I hear people say that "I have got the money, so why not pay more?" And they do pay more to some dentists in a small practice and a small experience. That is why so much dentistry is unsatisfactory. The price does not control the quality of dentistry. I have seen high priced dentists practicing without the aid of a dental nurse. A dentist cheap in one thing is just as cheap in another, and you do not know how it affects your teeth.

I have the equipment. I have nurses present at all times; then I know my instruments are sterilized, and when you patronize Dr. Wilson, watch and see how well I follow out my claims.

THE BEST CROWNS. \$5.00 Porcelain or Gold and made as all men of reputation make them.

THE BEST BRIDGEWORK. \$5.00 My methods are based upon the experience of the best men practicing today and I guarantee satisfaction.

BEST RUBBER PLATE. \$10.00 A guaranteed fit and any colored rubber you want. A plate made in this city's finest laboratory, correct in shade of teeth and size and shape. My facilities to give you what you want are the best in this city.

Obey That Ever-Insistent Impulse and Visit Dr. Wilson Today

DR. J. T. WILSON

810 1/2 FIRST AVENUE

Opp. Colman Bldg. Phone Elliott 1833

Lady Attendants