

The Great American Home



I BROUGHT THESE FLOWERS FOR YOU, SWEETHEART!

TAKE BACK YOUR RING! OUR ENGAGEMENT IS OFF! EVERYBODY THINKS THAT JUST BECAUSE THIS IS LEAPYEAR THAT I PROPOSED TO YOU!

SOMETHING DOING

BY VARICK VANARDY
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Corra Denningham, having been brought in by her father and mother from San Francisco to marry a man she has never seen, seeks the aid of Birge Moross, a portrait painter, to whom she has been given a letter of introduction by a Western woman friend. While begging Moross's man, Fitterer, brings a paper telling of Sutherland's suicide by poison. The news story goes on to state that the mouth and face of the dead man have been so terribly burned by carbolic acid that the body could not have been identified save for the fact that it was found in Sutherland's room, dressed in his clothes, and with many personal papers on it. This news upsets Corra, who, in addition to her own trouble, has told Moross of a strange thing she saw while standing at her bedroom window a little after midnight the night before. Noticing a single lighted and uncurtained window in the apartment directly across the way, she was attracted by the sight of a woman in evening dress entering the lighted room, followed by an unsmiling and powerful individual of whom she also saw a picture that she remembered in detail. As for the first man, she started to recognize in him Sutherland, who, having written her only once to inform her that he also carried across himself a picture of a woman, from which she saw the stocky man carried a burden that might have been a business person. Moross, meantime, is known as Crews below Washington square, where he runs a saloon which is the gathering place for reformed crooks. He appears there often in a disguise that is quite different from a business mark which he "makes up" on one side

of his face. Moross's hobby in life is amateur detective work, which actively he enjoys in the character of Crews and in close association with police headquarters. Corra's story having interested him, he starts a little investigation, puts two and two together, and decides that Sutherland is not dead, but has substituted a body from the city morgue. Moross is aided, in this conclusion because he recognizes from Corra's description of the stocky man one Abe Nutt, an employe at the morgue. Christy and Kedger, the Hunt, are reformed crooks whom Moross—as Crews—employs in helping solve his cases.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

CHAPTER IV

Crews Gets on the Job

It seems incomprehensible that the body of an unknown man could be substituted for that of a person so well known as Graeme Sutherland—that none among his acquaintances should have detected the fraud; yet, none did so. The truth was that no one who had known him cared to view the remains after having read the printed descriptions. The identifications made by employes of the apartment house were regarded as sufficient, particularly when taken in connection with the clothing, the letters and other articles that had been found upon the body.

Sutherland had never kept a valet. His apartment was cared for under the terms of his rental contract. Not one of his acquaintances had ever heard him mention parents, or other relatives, or, as a matter of fact, knew anything about him save that he was good company.

CHAPTER V

A Con-Man, a Yegg—and Crews

Nobody suspected that the sudden demise of Graeme Sutherland was a hoax—nobody but Crews. There were only two persons who manifested more than commonplace interest in his supposed death; they were Corra Denningham's father and a lawyer from downtown who had—

and proved it—that he had been duly and legally selected to take entire charge of Mr. Sutherland's affairs after death. All of this is just a little in anticipation of events as they occurred; but is necessary.

Crews, when the inspector had gone, called Kedger to the table. "I'm going to give you a stunt, Kedger," he told the ferret-eyed youth gravely. "Here's \$50 in small bills. First, I want you to find Baldy, the Con, and send him to me on the jump. Then, I want Jack Hawkins, tell him to be here not later than 5:30. Got all of that, runt?"

"Yep."

"Now, do you remember the girl dip that was in here one night about a year ago, when a fuss was started and Christy put the bunch of them into the street? I want here. They called her 'Baby Blue,' didn't they—the three who came in with her? There were four in the party, weren't there?"

"Yep."

"Who were the others?"

"Well, the Mex. was his pal, Crews. I didn't know the others. They're longed in New Orleans. They're here, yet; too, I see 'em once in a while."

"Do you remember what that row was about, runt?"

"Uh-huh. It was all on account of a swell guy from up the line who'd met Baby-Face, or Baby-Blue—they called her both up them names when they didn't call her Nera—all about a highbrow that'd met her and got stuck on her, at a dance the night before. Joe the Mex was ugly about it, 'cause he said she was stuck on him, the swell, too, see?"

Crews nodded. "Do you remember the swell's name, runt?"

"Sure. He blew in while they were chewing the rag about him. Mebbe Baby-Face had told him they was comin' here, an' he'd tagged along. That's what brought on the row."

"Oh, yes. I remember, now that you remind me. What was the swell's name, runt?"

"Why, it was that high-roller guy what gets his name in the papers so often—Sutherland."

Crews nodded again.

"Tell me what happened when the swell came in," he said.

"The door was opened, an' the swell came in; an' just as he done

that, Baby-Face chucks her cock tail into the Mex's lamp, and the Mex hands her one with the flat of his hand across her cheek; and the swell sees it an', say! he gets there like a rocket, an' lands his right on the Mex's jaw, and his left on the other guy's nose, before they knowed he was present an' vetal; after which he tucks Baby-Blue Nera's arm under one uh his'n, an' beats it fr the open air. Then Christy just nacherly fires the rest uh the bunch."

"Have you ever seen any of them here since then, Kedger?" Crews asked.

"Nope; that is, only just the swell; Sutherland. He's been blowing in once in a while ever since—only it's always in the mornin', before you show up."

"When was the last time that you saw Sutherland here?" Crews inquired.

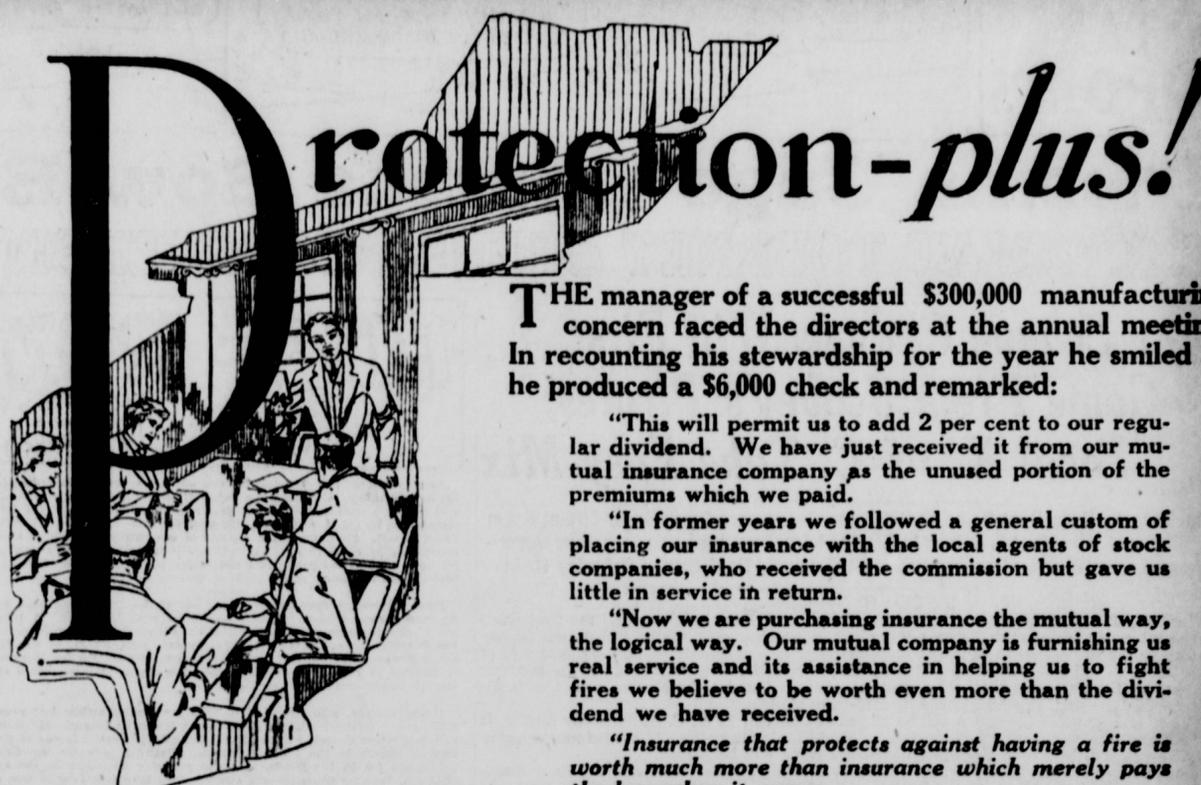
"Yesterday mornin', about 9."

"Have you seen a newspaper this afternoon, Kedger?"

"Nope."

"They say—the newspapers do—that Sutherland was croaked some time last night, Kedger."

"I'll tell the do! Whaddayou know about that?"



THE manager of a successful \$300,000 manufacturing concern faced the directors at the annual meeting. In recounting his stewardship for the year he smiled as he produced a \$6,000 check and remarked:

"This will permit us to add 2 per cent to our regular dividend. We have just received it from our mutual insurance company as the unused portion of the premiums which we paid.

"In former years we followed a general custom of placing our insurance with the local agents of stock companies, who received the commission but gave us little in service in return.

"Now we are purchasing insurance the mutual way, the logical way. Our mutual company is furnishing us real service and its assistance in helping us to fight fires we believe to be worth even more than the dividend we have received.

"Insurance that protects against having a fire is worth much more than insurance which merely pays the loss when it occurs.

"Until we were converted to the mutual idea we did not believe it possible that our employes could become so generally interested in fire prevention. Now they seem to realize that a fire loss to us means a real loss to them also.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Incidents like this are applicable to many an institution after it has adopted the service of the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association. We will gladly refer you to many companies that receive from \$1,000 to \$6,000 per year as the unused portion of their insurance premiums.

We are able to return these large dividends because under our service the policyholders of the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association have only about half as many losses as those insured in other companies.

These insurance advantages mean just as much to the householder, to the man developing a new business, to the school board with valuable property to protect, to the farmer, as they do to big business and big industries. Relatively they mean more to the man who is struggling upward than to the man who has arrived.

Thousands, from the smallest to the largest, are benefiting by Northwestern Mutual Insurance. Are You?

Northwestern Mutual

FIRE ASSOCIATION

F. J. Martin President Home Office, Central Bldg., Seattle, U.S.A.

Incidentally—how about your automobile insurance? Many insurers in the Northwestern Mutual Automobile Department have saved enough on their policies this last year (30%) to pay their license fees and the tax on their machines. Worth while, isn't it? See the Northwestern Mutual Booth at the Auto Show.

Phone, Elliott 827



NERVOUS ENERGY WAS EXHAUSTED

FACTS ABOUT NERVES

Exhausted nerve cells are renewed by the nourishment which they receive from the blood. If the blood is thin the nourishment carried to the nerves is weak and nervous trouble follows. Pain is the nerves' signal that food is needed. The pain may take the form of nervous headache, neuralgia, sciatica or nervous indigestion. A non-alcoholic tonic is needed to restore the blood and enable it to strengthen and vitalize the exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Marie Dye, who lives at No. 1154 East 46th street, Los Angeles, Cal., is sure that victims of nervousness will gain strength and health if they will only try the remedy which she found so beneficial. When seen recently at her home she said that the least excitement upset me and left me shaking like a leaf for an hour after. My sleep was broken and unrestful and some nights it seemed as though I heard the clock strike every hour. In the morning I felt exhausted and lacking in ambition and energy. I had frequent nervous headaches. My stomach rebelled at food and I had indigestion and suffered from palpitation of the heart. I tried several prescriptions but nothing helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which were recommended to me. There was a marked change for the better in two weeks and I was so encouraged that I continued taking the pills. I feel much stronger now. I can eat a good meal without distress and I sleep soundly and feel refreshed in the morning. I am no longer nervous and feel better than I have for years. I am confident that other sufferers from nervousness will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as beneficial as I did.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-building and nerve tonic and they meet the needs of pale, weak, nervous men and women who drag about, never quite well and never strong enough to meet the demands of the day's work. The pills are guaranteed to be free from harmful or habit-forming drugs. Get a 60-cent package today at the nearest drug store and be strong and well like other people. Write to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Box 1003, Shenectady, N. Y., for a copy of the booklet, "Diseases of the Nervous System," free to every reader of this paper.

HOOPER LETTER TO WILSON READ

Predicted Last April Revolution in Europe

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Publication of a letter written by Herbert Hoover, President Wilson last April created widespread discussion among senators yesterday as treaty debate entered upon what they believed to be its final stage.

Senators today were generally slow in offering formal comment on Hoover's stand.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Herbert Hoover, in a statement here characterized publication of a memorandum he prepared during the peace conference, in which he warned against American participation in various international commissions, as a "breach of good taste."

As to the views expressed in the memorandum, they were later modified as to the particulars of our having a representative on the reparations commission itself, because of the large economic control finally given to it over a great part of Europe and the complete necessity for the United States to be represented thereon at once in order to protect American interests, says the statement.

"Regardless of any personal point of view in this matter, there is to me nothing that is such a breach of good taste, or the very foundation of relations among government officials, as for them to issue to the press correspondence that may have passed between them and their superiors in

staying at the Mastodon. His wife, a daughter named Cora, 18, and a son named Hugh, 14, are with him.

"What is it that you want me to do?"

"His life's history, Baldy—and, particularly, the history of some sort of connection that existed between him and Graeme Sutherland, and which probably had more than a little to do with—what happened last night in Sutherland's apartment."

"So, that's it."

"You're the doctor. Keep Christy posted. Jack has just come in, and I want to see him."

Baldy took his departure, and Hawkins seated himself upon the chair thus vacated.

"Jack, the papers say Graeme Sutherland killed himself, or was killed, in his apartment at the Mastodon, last night. Have you read about it?"

"The body has probably been removed to an undertaker's by this time. Sutherland had no relatives, nor any very close friends. That means, Jack, that nobody will be inside of that apartment tonight."

"I'm gettin' wise. Go on, Crews."

"I want to see the inside of those rooms, Jack. I want you to do the fine work for me—and take me with you. I'll do the rest, after we enter Sutherland's rooms."

"I'm not so sure of that, but you be here at closing time. Bring your best kit with you, and—all of your nerve. You may need it."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

A Prejudice Overcome

The health of her sixteen-year-old daughter Marian was a constant source of worry to Mrs. Caxton. The girl was by nature delicate, and continued cough had undermined her vitality of late. One fateful day she came home with every sign of having another attack of cold.

Anxiety marked Mrs. Caxton's face as she entered the room of her sister, "What's the matter, Florence?" her sister asked.

"Marian," Mrs. Caxton replied, "she has caught another cold, and I am so afraid of pneumonia."

"Florence, I do wish you would try Weeks' Break-Up-Cold Tablets," began her sister.

"Weeks' Break-Up-Cold Tablets," Florence finished with a patronizing smile.

"Oh, I know you are going to say you have no confidence in prepared medicines. But our druggist knows that's not so. He says it's a cold medicine with every sign of having another attack of cold."

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"I know you are going to say you have no confidence in prepared medicines. But our druggist knows that's not so. He says it's a cold medicine with every sign of having another attack of cold."

LIBERTY MARKET

between Pike and Liberty Theatres

Sale of S. S. YALE and HARVARD By the Navy

There will be sold by sealed proposals, receivable at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12:00 o'clock, noon, 20 March, 1920:

Transport YALE, Transport CHARLES (ex HARVARD), now in the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Inspection may be arranged with Commandant, Fourth Naval District, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

These vessels formerly operated between San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego, also between New York and Boston.

Length 407 feet. Turbine driven, oil burning. 30-32 knots.

Appraised value \$250,000 each.

Ten per cent deposit required with bid in certified check, Liberty bond or surety bond. Sale will be to highest bidder. Bidder may state whether he desires to pay cash or partial payments extending over 5 years. Right to reject all bids reserved.

Catalog of sale and full information concerning the vessels obtainable from the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts or Commandant, Fourth Naval District, Navy Yard, Philadelphia. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of the Navy.

Telephone for Catalog of Sale

3-25-20

LET'S have lunch at Boldt's today. Advertisement.

MANY CASES OF RHEUMATISM NOW

Says We Must Keep Feet Dry, Avoid Exposure and Eat Less Meat

Stay off the damp ground, avoid exposure, keep feet dry, eat less meat, drink lots of water and above all take a spoonful of salts occasionally to keep down uric acid.

Rheumatism is caused by poisonous toxin, called uric acid, which is generated in the bowels and absorbed into the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid from the blood and cast it out in the urine. The pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly, cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work, they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate this uric acid which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles causing stiffness, soreness and pain called rheumatism.

At the first twinge of rheumatism get out of any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is said to eliminate uric acid by stimulating the kidneys to normal action, thus ridding the blood of these impurities.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithium and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism. Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which overcomes uric acid and is beneficial to your kidneys as well.