

"WINDS OF THE WORLD"

By RUBY M. AYRES

(Starts on Page One)

all the pretty things which the feminine heart is born to desire. She remembered afresh the badly her head ached—she heard Mr. Sturgess' voice faintly, as if it were a long way off; her hands seemed to move mechanically; it seemed an eternity till he said—

"That will do; you may go..."

She rose to her feet giddily; she gathered up her papers and turned to the door; she knew now that she sat faint; she bit her lip till it bled; she tried to control her falling senses; she reached the door safely—opened it—she stepped across to her desk. It was 1 o'clock, and three of the other four of Mr. Sturgess' clerks had gone to lunch; the fourth was at home with influenza. Jill had the room to herself; she wondered vaguely what would happen to her if she really fainted—she knew that Mr. Sturgess always went out of the office by another door; she tried to open the window—it was air she opened—a breath of fresh air to save her...

She struggled with the clasp, but it was stiff thru disuse; and suddenly everything seemed to crash together about her, and collapse into a gray mist which caught her with it, dragging her down.

She opened her eyes to cold water on her face—to someone vigorously dousing her hands; she tried to raise herself, but the feeling of sick faintness returned, and she closed her eyes again helplessly.

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Oxnard, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break. I had displacement of the uterus, and so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. Then some one told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until I was cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your wonderful medicine without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts by name if you like. I also used your Compound during the Change, and I can do all my own work but the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."—Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.

A great many women who suffered like this have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



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OWL DRUG CO.

For a moment she lay still; her hands were freed now—she heard someone move a step away from her. Presently she looked up. "Better?" asked a voice casually. Jill did not answer; she thought she was dreaming; somewhere in the mistiness of her brain floated the memory of the gray Sunday evening—the raucous voice of the fervid Salvationist, and the faintly amused smile of a man with an eyeglass. "Last Sunday night he was beating his wife—tonight he beats the drum!"

She laughed weakly, and with that laugh consciousness returned; fully, and she sat up, pushing the wet hair from her forehead.

She was still in the office, sitting at the ink-spattered table where she sat every day of her life, the same hard wooden chair, with the rumble of the street traffic outside; nothing was changed, nothing different, save that the tall man with the eyeglasses whom she had seen once before for a moment on the edge of the straggling crowd stood now leaning against the desk, the usually accented by the clerk who was absent thru influenza, looking down at her with a sort of impatient embarrassment.

"Better?" he asked again.

"Yes," she groaned for a handkerchief, but could not find water. "Take mine," said the man impatiently.

He handed her a soft silk handkerchief that smelt faintly of cigar smoke. Jill wiped her face; she laughed shakily.

"You needn't have made me so wet," she said.

"I'm sorry; it was all I could think of," he apologized. He went over to the window, and stood looking out.

Jill tried to straighten her hair; she was afraid to get out of the chair yet—she was not quite sure of herself; she began an embarrassed apology.

"I'm so sorry... so sorry to have given you all this trouble. I don't often do such a silly thing... but I've been up all night with my brother—he's an invalid—and I was tired, and so..."

"Please don't apologize," said the man; he spoke with rather a drawl; he turned round; he was vigorously polishing his eyeglasses on a second silk handkerchief; the one he had given to Jill was still screwed up in her hand in a damp ball.

"It was fortunate that I came in," he said after a moment. "I—er..." he paused, looked at her doubtfully. "It was fortunate that I came in," he said again.

"Yes," said Jill.

She was feeling better now; she rose to her feet; she kept one hand on a chairback to steady herself.

"Please, you won't tell Mr. Sturgess, will you?" she appealed earnestly. The man was screwing his monocle again into his eye.

"I—er... oh, no... certainly not," he said, politely.

"Thank you," she smiled at him rather nervously. "Employers don't like you to be ill—especially in business hours," she explained.

"Er—not in that way?"

He picked up the Homburg hat lying on the desk, and looked at the door.

"As Mr. Sturgess is not in—I suppose I'd better call again," he submitted laconically.

"Mr. Sturgess will be in at half-past two; and if there is a message..."

"Oh, no, thanks... nothing important, I'll look in again—later." He had opened the door now.

"You're—quite all right?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you." Jill took a step forward. "Will you please tell me your name?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Sturgess will be annoyed with me if I can't say who it was that called."

He looked back at her from the stone passage.

"Tallentyre... Cyrus Tallentyre."

"Oh," said Jill blankly.

She thought he was going, but instead he came back a step.

"I—er... haven't I seen you before?" he asked hesitatingly.

Jill smiled.

"Yes... Last Sunday, when we were both invited to have a dip in Jordan," she told him gravely.

Tallentyre chuckled; for the moment he no longer looked embarrassed or bored; Jill had the little pleasurable feeling that now he was looking at her and talking to her as he would to a woman of his own set; the thought gave her courage.

"Why did you stop and listen to him?" she asked interestedly.

He came back another step; he removed the Homburg once more, and put it down on a desk.

"Why did you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I don't know... I didn't want to go home for one thing."

"Neither did I," he said.

"Oh!" they looked at one another sympathetically.

There was nothing particularly good looking about Tallentyre; his face was a little too worn, his eyes too lack-luster, as if they had seen everything worth seeing in the world, and could find nothing further of interest. His hair was nondescript in color, and would have waved had it been allowed to; but a vigorous application of brilliantine had fattened it beyond hope of immediate recovery; his eyes were sleepy, and the constant wearing of the monocle had made curious lines about the left one; but he was tall, and well made, and had the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in London.

Jill admitted everything about him; she liked the lazy drawl in his voice; she liked the immaculate crease in his trousers; she wondered with a very real pang if he were thinking how dowdy and impossible she was; she wondered if he had noticed the cheapness of her clothes and the ugliness of her boots.

The color surged into her face; her eyes fell; she fidgeted uncomfortably. Tallentyre turned again to the door.

"I'll look in—later," he said; the door shut behind him.

Jill stood where he had left her, twisting her fingers nervously; she had never felt so unhappy in all her life; the few words she had exchanged with this man had roused again all the ambitious longing of her soul; it turned her sick to think she passed for a moment before going across to her desk, a little additional color in her face; there was no mistaking that voice—with its lazy drawl and slightly affected tone, whenever she entered the house.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I'll tell you what you might do while Alek takes his bath, tag=go out and hunt the eggs for me.

All right Missus Wilson.

They Did Their Best!

A few minutes later you mean to tell me you couldn't find any eggs, dear?

No—th chickens wuz scratching all around as hard as they could but they didn't find a single egg!

THE CRAZY QUILT

Talk dances! The latest! You talk your dances so easily, Mr. Bayrum.

It's natural for me. I'm a barber by trade!

May I have the pleasure of the next gab toddle?

I think I'll sit out that dance—my jaw is tired!

Listen my children and you shall hear—etc.

And she said I said she said it, and I said—

For the quiet chap who doesn't talk much.

What did Napoleon say when he met his Waterloo?

Hello Lou!

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

I understand you're leaving us today. Mr Duff— I'm sorry to see you go!

Yes, I'm going home but the rest of the family will stay a few days longer—good bye!

Now, be a good boy and mind mamma and daddy will see you soon!

I will, daddy!

He's always a pretty good boy, daddy!

Oh, Tom, here! Made a list out for you!

Good bye!

OPEN UP THE WINDOWS—HAVE THE LAUNDRESS COME—START THE ICE AND THE MILK—THE COFFEE IS IN THE CUPBOARD ON THE SECOND SHELF—SET THE ALARM CLOCK—DON'T LEAVE ANY LIGHTED CIGAR STUBBS LAY AROUND—WATER THE LAWN AND FLOWERS!

Tom's Vacation Is Over

Adventure of the Twins by Olive Roberts Burton

VACATION

Sprinkle-Blow sighed, "Say, kiddies," he said, "I don't believe I'm needed for a spell."

Sprinkle-Blow and Nancy sat down to rest on the big stone in the meadow under the shade of the chestnut tree. Mr. Sun was shining and everything was in tip-top shape, from Farmer Smith's sash-patch garden to the fields of waving corn. Farmer Smith had begun his harvesting; one field was full of little haystacks ready to be gathered into the big barn, and in another from there they would soon be hauled to the threshing to get the little, round grains shaken out.

Lovely fleecy white clouds sailed like great ships across the blue sky; nice little cooling breezes came playing round, and South Wind whistled to them lovingly. It was a lazy, lovely day, with bees a-droning a drowsy sing-song tune and birds gossiping about summer plans; thru the woods came the clinky-tinkle of the brook.

Sprinkle-Blow sighed, "Say, kiddies," he said, "I don't believe I'm needed for a spell."

"Oh, how do you do, Wally Woodchuck?" exclaimed Nancy to the little fat, furry gentleman standing near. "I think vacations are so interesting. Are you going to Niagara Falls, or the seashore, or to your grandfather's farm?"

"None of them," answered Mr. Woodchuck with dignity. (To Be Continued)

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

CHAPTER XII—I LEARN LILA AMES ISN'T HAPPY

"Lure"—I was caught by the word which came from Lila Ames' lips.

"Do you know sometimes I think that what we women think is love is only lure?" I said. "I believe that lure, rather than love, is at the bottom of the greater number of these tragic triangles. I think it isn't so often love for another woman which takes a man away from his wife, as it is simply the lure of her."

"And then," said Mrs. Ames, "the other woman flatters herself that she is attracting an affection which should belong to another, when really she is only a bit of cheap tinsel, dazzling for the time being."

A rather strained silence followed. Lila Ames was digging the heels of her slippers into the softness of a gay pillow, while I looked out over the hedge of lilac, white with blossoms, and wondered why I had deliberately said something which must indirectly offend my employer.

"You mean, I suppose, that your theory would apply—to Philip Ames?" her voice was scarcely audible. I turned sharply and searched her pretty face for evidence of the

"I'm not happy. I thought that if one could not find happiness within the conventions—then find it without. But mine seems to be always gone before I quite get there!"

There was nothing for me to say. Mrs. Ames had been big enough to accept my criticism for what it was worth; thus more and more that queer mixture of admiration for her personality and contempt for her type was taking hold of me.

"Something of a mess, isn't it?" Her laugh tinkled again, and she seemed all at once to have gone back into her glittering crystal veneer.

My luncheon was served at 2 o'clock on the pretty little window table in my room and while I ate I could hear on the other side of the door the rumble of Philip Ames' voice.

Doubtless he was having luncheon with Mrs. Ames in her room. She was chatting lightly and every now and then one heard that crystalline laugh.

I knew in spite of the laugh that

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By Mabel Cleland

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THE BASHFUL MAN

"I'm just as sorry as I can be, kiddies," daddy said, "but I don't think of one single little boy story, or an Indian story, or a cougar story—I think I'm about storied out."

Peggy snuggled up closer against him in the porch swing and said, "Well, just never mind, daddy, if you don't member any good ones, just tell us one 'bout a man or anything, so its early day."

Daddy looked like David when he grinned. He said, "Even a story about a man. You can't be as anxious as that to hear a story, not really?"

But Peggy assured him she was even as anxious as that, and so he told them the story of the bashful man:

"It's an old one," he began, "older than Seattle, older than the State of Washington. It was in the old days when this country was still the great Oregon country, when men were arguing and quarrelling and even ready to fight over whether the land was British or American territory."

"At this time, when only Indians lived in old Chief Seattle's country and bears and deer were easily found, there were every year coming into the West the wagon trains or little shiploads of settlers of missionaries to the west coast."

"Among these was a handsome young man. He was a good lad, upright and honest, and not lazy, but he had one misfortune—he was most awfully bashful."

"Now, in these days, when white men were few and red men were many, white men were mighty important, but white women! young ladies to be admired and courted, won and married, were as rare as strawberries at Christmas time."

"But this bashful man—whose name was Will—had a neighbor only 15 or 20 miles away who had a pretty daughter—Helen."

"Will was quite sure she was the prettiest and daintiest and cutest girl he had ever seen, and he thought quite a lot about her while he was clearing his land and getting his cabin built."

"And before he knew it, he was thinking of Helen as the one who would be living with him pretty soon in his new home. He thought and he thought about it and finally he made up his mind he would just get on his horse and go over and see Helen and tell her he loved her and ask her to marry him."

"So he polished his shoes as well as he could without any real polish and brushed his clothes and rolled up his blankets (one always carried his own blankets if one went for a visit in pioneer days), and started off.

(To Be Continued)

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THE BASHFUL MAN

Lila Ames was not happy, and I wondered why people will play with fire instead of keeping far enough away to see the horrible destruction of it.

I pitied Lila Ames, and the silent, weary man to whom she was married.

(To Be Continued)

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