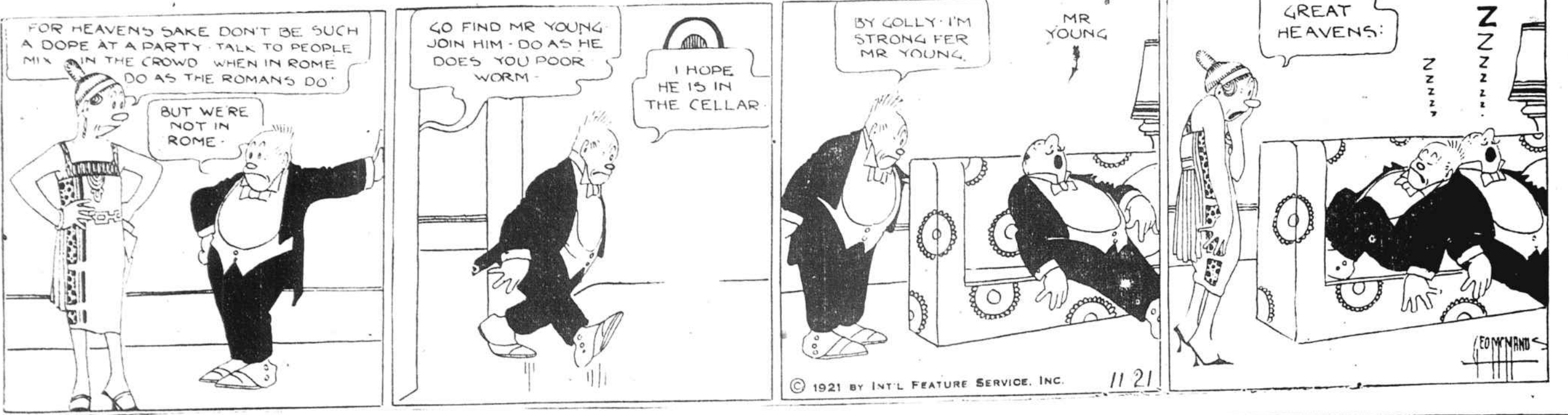


MODERN FEATURES FOR ALL THE FAMILY

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY GEORGE M'ANUS



The New Generation

By Jane Phelps

AGAIN MARGARET EXPLAINS THINGS TO JOAN

Chapter 43

Mrs. Walters was not content with telling Margaret she should dress in more youthful fashion, she helped her select materials and styles becoming to her. This necessitated many shopping excursions, from which Joan was barred, both because Mrs. Walters realized after talking matters over with Margaret that it was Joan's idea her mother was too old to wear fashionable clothes, and because she had Ted as a house guest on her hands.

"Don't let her make a monkey of you, Mumsie," Joan said after her mother explained that Mrs. Walters was to help her select some new clothes.

"You admire her, the way she dresses, why do you think she might make a monkey out of me?"

"Oh, she's different. She's always worn young things. But you look so much nicer in the kind you always have worn, then when you dress up like—oh, people are always hanking around you," Margaret knew Joan had Craig Forrester in mind, perhaps also men in general as when sitting Mrs. Walters at holiday time Joan had been jealous of the slight attentions her mother received from guests of her hostess.

Margaret Hayden smiled at Joan's remark, then her eyes grew somber, reminiscent. Had she been fair to herself? She had let Joan grow up thinking her mother was Joan's mother, nothing more. Not that her daughter did not love her, she did, devotedly. But she loved the mother in Margaret, not the woman.

"You see, dear, Margaret started, "when you were little you needed all my time and care. I had no time to think how I should save only to be near you. I had to be near you and your mother. I had no one belonging to me but you, and you were helpless. It is to wonder that I gave all my time and thought to you instead of clothes. I was busy making social engagements, unless I have appropriate clothes, but I am not to discuss the matter again, but I am finished—in as far as I can control it—with a lonely life while you are with your young friends."

"Well, dear, from how on I shall try to enjoy life. I cannot accept invitations to make social engagements, unless I have appropriate clothes, but I am not to discuss the matter again, but I am finished—in as far as I can control it—with a lonely life while you are with your young friends."

"Veranda, Mumsie, I haven't quite understood about the clothes. I have thought so many times since you have known Mrs. Walters. Yet sometimes I think I have been right not to want you to make yourself young. Having a daughter is different than having a son."

"Tomorrow—Joan decides to be fair to Margaret."

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



Intelligencer's Daily Pattern



BRAIN TESTS

By SAM LOYD

5 Minutes to Answer This.

| | | | |
|--------|----------------|----------|----------|
| WATER | TEA | COFFEE | SUGAR |
| BREAD | BUTTER | EGGS | MILK |
| MEAT | VEGETABLES | FRUIT | GRAIN |
| SPICES | CONDENSED MILK | SOAP | PAPER |
| GLASS | PLATE | CUP | SPOON |
| CHINA | IRON | STEEL | COPPER |
| ZINC | LEAD | ALUMINUM | SILVER |
| GOLD | PLATINUM | DIAMOND | GEMSTONE |

You remember that in Mother Goose Miss Muffet was very fond of curds and whey. She liked other things too. Listen.

When Miss Muffet visited the food show she ate seven different kinds of breakfast food and gathered ten pounds of sample packages. Then she stepped on the free weighing machine and found that her weight had increased ten per cent, whereas if she had eaten twice as much breakfast food the gain would have been eleven per cent.

"Can you tell how much Miss Muffet weighed when she visited at the show?"

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle.

The genius represents BARBOW STRAIT.

"I was just about to enlist."

"Even the Canadians turned me down."

"I gotta weak heart and—"

"And just when they signed the Armistice."

"I posted the draft board to let me in."

"Somebody had to stay at home."

Health Talks

By John B. Huber, A.M.M.D.

Live, work and sleep in fresh air.

ANEMIA

In anemia there is either undue thinning or impoverishment of the blood fluid, or decrease in the number of the red blood cells, or inability of the red blood cells to hold or "fix" the hemoglobin, the coloring matter of the blood. It is the office of the hemoglobin to oxygenate the life-sustaining gas for its use in our bodies. In other cases along with decrease in the number of the red blood cells, the white blood cells are greatly increased; this latter is leukemia, a very grave disease.

Primary or simple anemia is also called chlorotic or green sickness; this is not of itself serious and it is easily recovered from. The ailment affects mostly young women. Faulty hygiene, lack of the right kind of food, overwork, poor digestion, constipation, tight shoes and mental stress, anxiety and the like are the causes. Green sickness is not all infrequent among young women who have left their homes in foreign countries and have immigrated to far shores. Home-sickness, here seems to be strong in the ailment. In some cases there is defective development of the organs of circulation, the heart and the blood vessels.

The skin of such a sufferer is tinged a yellowish green. There is heart palpitation at the least excitement; and weakness of breath on the slightest exertion. Heart murmurs may be heard by the doctor; but these are not necessarily indicative and they generally disappear with the patient's recovery. Another feature is a peculiar venous hum which can be heard some feet away from the sufferer, whose jugular veins, in the neck, may be quite prominent. In some cases there may be gaiter-like swellings at the ankles. Such sufferers are very prone to hysterical or nervous attacks.

There should be no delay about the cure, but more serious ailments than the chlorotic, such as tuberculosis, may develop. Recovery depends upon the removal of the mentioned causes. Good food rest in the open air and the administration of iron are the right measures. Blood's iron may with benefit be taken after meals three times a day for several weeks. Oxygen inhalations, as prescribed by the family doctor, help in many cases.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN



100 True Detective Stories

No. 80—A VOICE FROM THE DEAD
Copyright, 1921, by The Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate.

"How long did you say it has been since this man drove you up to the door of the bank?"

"Not more than twenty minutes at the outside."

"That's hardly possible. He's been dead for two hours."

Dr. Balthazard, one of the most famous criminologists in France, a man who has solved a score of the most puzzling mysteries by a combination of scientific deduction and plain common sense, paused for a moment impressively. He did not believe that the man whom he was questioning was lying. For Jacques Benot had a record of more than thirty years of faithful service at the Surete Bank of Marseilles and, besides, there was no way in which he could have benefited by the crime.

Benot had driven up to the Surete Bank at noon, precisely as he had been in the habit of doing for the past eight years. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold had been taken from the vaults, to be transferred to one of the nearby branches. The car had started, had driven to its destination, and the bags which supposedly contained the money had been carried inside. Witnesses had seen Benot, and he had immediately rushed out to the car, only to find to his amazement that Jules Santon, his trusted chauffeur, had disappeared—though the machine was standing as he had left it.

A hurry call for Dr. Balthazard brought the criminologists within ten minutes, and his first action had been to search the motor car thoroughly. Every crevice of the body of the missing chauffeur jammed into a vacant space in the rear.

"Santon was killed just about two hours ago," continued Dr. Balthazard, "probably just about the time that the gold was transferred. Tell me everything that occurred at and before that time, no matter how trivial."

"Santon called for me at 11:30 as usual," Benot declared. "We passed a few remarks about the time that the gold was transferred. Tell me everything that occurred at and before that time, no matter how trivial."

"Santon called for me at 11:30 as usual," Benot declared. "We passed a few remarks about the time that the gold was transferred. Tell me everything that occurred at and before that time, no matter how trivial."

"There are plenty of guineas," was the answer. "And they all point in the same direction. The messenger desired to see you, but the president desired the head of the bank was busy—after you had been kept out of the way for a sufficient length of time. The man who 'accidentally' knocked you down was another member of the well-trained organization. The idea there was to attract your attention and that of any chance passerby long enough to cover the murder of your chauffeur. The substitution of the lead slugs for the gold was made while you were inside the bank, but they were careful to have someone made up to look like Santon, drive you here in order to give the others a chance to make their getaway. The moment you came inside here, the substitute chauffeur disappeared."

"But how was Santon killed?" persisted Benot. "There doesn't appear to be a mark upon his body, and he certainly doesn't appear to have been choked."

"That," answered Dr. Balthazard, "is where the organization made a fatal blunder. See— and he brushed the hair back from the top of the dead man's head. There is a small hole in the top of the skull, drilled as neatly as with a bullet, but made without any of the noise incident to the firing of a gun. There's only one instrument that will make a wound of that kind—a shoemaker's awl. If you'll look closely, you will see upon the polished surface of the rail behind the chauffeur's seat the outline of a human thumb. But not that peculiar impression halfway up. It was made by a callous place, a sure sign that the hand belong to someone accustomed to work at the shoemaker's trade. Santon is dead, but his body speaks as plainly as if he were alive, while the running board of the car bears additional testimony which ought to be extremely valuable."

"Along the side there you will see a strip of red paint, evidently left when the accomplice's car drew up too closely in order to affect the substitution of the lead for the gold. Santon keeps this car in perfect condition, therefore that paint must have been placed there within the past two hours. With the clue of the shoemaker's thumb, the use of the awl, and the color of the car, we ought to have little difficulty in rounding up at least the principals in the case."

"That the criminologist was correct in this reasoning was apparent within a few hours, for a wire along the roads, leading out of Marseilles brought before daylight of the stoppage of a big red touring car, along the side of which there was a deep gash in the paint, and the arrest of Chas. Lecomte, an ex-convict, who had been employed as a shoemaker during his term in prison, together with three others well known to the police. Inside the car, concealed precisely as had been the body of the murdered chauffeur, were the gold and missing, and the voice of Jules Santon, still forever in death, sent his murderers to the guillotine as surely as if he had been giving testimony in the witness stand.

SIDE TALKS

by Ruth Cameron

THE PEOPLE IT IS HARD TO FORGIVE

He of all the world creeps closest in our bosoms, in our favor and esteem who thinks of us most nearly as we do ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self, and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere as it is hollow in most other cases. The person whose doors I enter with the most pleasure and quit with most regret never did me the smallest favor. I did him an uncalculated service once and was nearly quarrelled over it— from health's "Spirit of Obligation."

I once knew a man who considered that he had mastered the gentle art of forgiving his enemies because he had hooped coils of fire on the head of a man who had done him an injustice, by holding him a position when he was out of work, and sending gifts of food and clothing to his wife and children.

That Benevolent Gentlewoman

If anyone has told him that he knew nothing whatever about the gentle art of forgiving, and that he resented the injury he had received as much as ever, he would have been highly indignant at such rank nonsense. But if you think of expressing "heavenly indignation" it is necessary to imply forgiveness!

The Other Man Never Forgives Him

Incidentally, the other man never forgave him the kindness.

All of which is by the way of procedure in this list I have made of the people whom we find it hardest to forgive and on whom it might be well to practice the gentle art of forgiving if we feel that we need the practice.

First, of course, the person who has done us a favor.

The person who will do anything for us except admire us.

The person who has seen us in a ridiculous light.

The person who can do whatever we specialize in better than ourselves.

The otherwise perfectly inoffensive person who has made the mistake of being our mother-in-law.

The woman who is the type our husband specially admires.

The man who is the type our wife particularly admires.

Our too-prosperous brothers and sisters or worse still, brothers and sisters-in-law.

(The George Matthew Adams Service)

By JACK RABBIT