AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER. "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

the mask.

startled officials.

ed old millionaire.

ter of the house.

towards the door.

en challenge.

hallway.

the better!"

Iron Claw's," announced the man in

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to show that I'm still your friend, and at the same time

prove that this particular maid is your

enemy," called back the man in the

But that particular maid, realizing

apparently that events were shaping themselves into some final issue, lost

no time in loitering along the hallway

"If you're after that man you call

the Laughing Mask," she announced

in her shrill soprano, "you'll find him

here in this house, at this very mo

"In this house?" echoed the astound-

"You'll find him," shrilled the white-

room. And the sooner you get there

"Thats a lie!" thundered the mas-

"Then send those men and show

They rose as one man and moved

But they did not pass through that

door. They came to a pause, for the

very material reason that a man in a

yellow mask, holding a revolver in

his hand, confronted them from the

"Just a moment, gentlemen," this

nasked stranger suavely announced.

although the suavity of his voice was

somewhat discounted by the obviously

menacing position of his firearm.

Since denunciations seem to be in or-

alias Williamsburg Sadie, not only one

the city, but also an emissary and

Having made that speech, the Laughing Mask promptly swung the

heavy folding doors shut. He did so

before one of the astonished onlookers

could interfere. Then he turned the

key in the snaplock, and ran headlong

along the quiet hall. He all but col-

lided with Margery Golden herself. "Here's where I take time by the forelock," he grimly announced, as

he darted across the room to a huge old-

fashioned grandfather's clock which stood against the farther wall. The

astonished girl saw him swing open

the door and step inside the clock.

men from the central office were al-

ready in the room. And she had no

desire to make their task easier for

"That man came into this room!

leclared one of the older men, chal-

lenging the half-smiling girl with an

indignant forefinger. "Where is he?"

alm-eyed young woman.
"Well, he's here, and we'll get him,"

declared the man who seemed to be

the leader of the others. Then Margery

Golden's heart suddenly came up into

was hurrying across the room in the

his right hand go into his pocket and

whip out a revolver as his left hand

threw open the little black-walnut

door along the face of the clock. Then

she breathed again, for the clock was

But the man with the revolver had

"I thought so!" he suddenly called

opens through the floor. Quick, some

of you men, get down to the base-

Margery Golden was even able to

smile again.
"Wilson," she said, "be so good as

to show these gentlemen the way to

But Miss Betsy LeMarsh had com-

mandeered a hat and coat belonging

to her mistress, possessed herself of a

co case, which she discreetly stowed

servants' stairs, and slipped out

So preoccupied was she, however, in

putting distance between her and the

couse which she had just left that she

failed to observe a figure simultane-

ously and quite as eagerly emerging

from a basement window. Yet as she

hurriedly rounded the block, in eager

quest of a taxicab, this figure showed

an unmistakable interest in her move

hailed a taxicab and climbed into it.

the stranger in a yellow mask so cau-

tiously shadowing her made a signal

sine, which seemed to be casually en-

gaged in following his own move-

manded his driver as he leaped into

The man in the limousine sat tense

and silent, watching the flight for

mile after mile. Then, realizing that

it was taking them beyond the bounds

of the city itself, he drew shut the

side-blinds of his car, reached under

the seat and took from its hiding

similar to an actor's make-up box. Balancing this on his knees, he first

place a japanned tin box, remarkably

removed his mask of yellow cloth, adjusted a small folding mirror to

"Follow that taxicab," he

the still-moving car.

to the driver of a mysterious limou

And when she had finally

through the shrubbery.

away as she stole quietly down the

teweled ring or two and a small moroc

the basement. And then be so good

as to have Miss Betsy LeMarsh come

"There's a spring trap here that

dropped to his knees and was patting

interrogatively about the clock base.

"How should I know?" asked the

Then she turned quickly about, for the

agent of Jules Legar himself!"

them it's a lie," was his servant's braz-

demanded the puzzled girl.

SYNOPSIS

On Windward Island Palidori intrigues On Windward Island Palidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and cruahing his hand. Palidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Markery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares figures in a dublous attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery to tindifferent to his love. He saves her from Mauki's polsoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which falls to accompilish the desired nutrose. the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Mauki's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which falls to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time.

## THIRTEENTH EPISODE

## The Hidden Face.

Enoch Golden looked at the heavy shadows about his daughter's eyes. Then he seated himself heavily in the arm-chair which she had so abstractedly turned about for him.

"Margery," he said with an effort at sternness, "are you still worrying about that young Manley?"

For a moment or two the girl remained silent. "I can't help it, father," she finally

acknowledged. And she further discomfited her frowning parent by a suspicion of tears in her downcast "But I don't believe David Manley is

any more dead than I am!" the old millionaire finally and stoutly asder, will you permit me to point out

Then why has there been no word of him, no trace of him, since the night of that awful explosion?" to you that the young lady who has just addressed you is Betsy LeMarsh.

This question, apparently, was not in easy one to answer. But Enoch of the most adroit woman crooks in Golden was not to be lightly dis-

suaded from his task of consolation.
"I'll tell you what I believe, my girl. I believe everything's all right no matter what you think. Everything's going to come out all right. Before the week is out, if what the po lice tell me is true, we're going to have this man Legar safe behind the prison bars where he belongs. What's roubling me more than David Manley, just now, is the problem of this Laugiling Mask person. I had nothing less than a deputy commime up this morning, for the authoridown in Center street are convirced of the fact this Laughing Mask would be a better haul than even Legar himself. They claim to have a clear record against him, and in ten minutes I've got to face a delegation from the detective bureau and tell them for the twentieth time just how



Beside the Door Was the Figure of a Young Woman.

much, or rather, how little, I know about that mysterious stranger Later in her room Margery Golden, looking up, saw a figure in a vellow mask silently and pensively regarding

She could even see the smile which fitted for a moment about the fringe of the mask. Then the intruder's face grew serious again.

"You are unhappy?" he quietly in-"You seem to appear only on thos

occasions when I am," she slowly and thoughtfully replied. You are wondering at this very

moment if young Manley will ever come back to you. She colored a little as she stared

up into the masked face. 'Yes," she finally acknowledged.

"that is something I must know." "Why?"

She remained silent.

"Is it because you care for him?" The girl took a deep breath. Then she stared bravely up at her inter-

"Yes, it is because I care for hima great deal." she found the courage

He turned about and tip-toed to the There, carefully nursing the knob in the palm of his hand, he released the catch and swung the door suddenly inward. And crouched low in the hallway, close beside the door frame, was the figure of a young womwearing a housemaid's aprop

The startled young woman, on discovering that she had been detected to the act of listening at a keyhole sprang to her feet and fied like a shadow down the long hallway. "Why, that was one of our maida!"

"And also a secret agent of the

slowly but unmistakably became con verted into something repellant to the The next moment the limousine ame to a stop at the roadside.

"That taxicab has just turned in at the Bellaire inn," the well-trained driver called back to his master.

ics of the make-up putty therein con-tained. The clear-lined face which

I'll wager, where Legar himself is trying to keep under cover." "There's the woman herself, running up the steps," announced the

"So I notice. And that's the place

driver "So I also observe. And under the circumstances, I think it would be best for you to slip after her, as quietly and quickly as you can."

"Yes, sir!" "Then come back to the car and report to me the number of the room she asks for. Find out the number. whatever happens. For in that room, I imagine, we're going to encounter our old friend of the Iron Claw."

The Flash for Help.

of that shadowy house. She ran straight to the heavy folding doors Jules Legar was in anything but an amiable frame of mind, and when which shut off the library wherein Williamsburg Sadle was quietly ushshe knew, Enoch Golden was already ered into room 307 of the Bellaire inn, conferring with his circle of officers he greeted her with a malignant from the detective bureau. Opening scowl which she promptly and openly these doors, she confronted those resented.

> "You don't seem exactly crazy to see me," she announced as she watched Legar lock the door through which she had just entered. His right arm, she noticed, was carried in a voliminous white cotton sling.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from this dump?" he wrathfully reminded faced maid, "in Margery Golden's

"Well, I didn't come because I wanted to!" was the other's retort.

"What's wrong?" "Everything's wrong! Old Golden and a bunch of flattles in his house, and that Laughing Mask boob squealed on me to the bunch. So I had to beat it."

Legar swung about on her. "And you beat it straight here, in open daylight, leaving a paper-chase trail at your heels!" There was rage

"I tell von I left no trail. Fve got

the assortment of pigments and cosmet-"Put him in Red Egan and his acco first gazed into the folding mirror ing Mask bodily green-tapes-tood in the tried wing cha center of the r

"Now what'll h him?" demanded the par

"Leave him to gar, studying out of narman with the fr ly and studios to the chair in which the he sat, for the light m was none

"So you're the You're th who keeps a and the world, hero, we'll soon dead wall between the well, my v put your visor

Williamsburg slightly agape, lfway between watching the man with the over his enemy. ched Legar's hand as it rea to the mask of yellow cloth and the face which cealed.

ort but high Then a scre startled lips. seemed more pitched, burst fi For what she st like a charnel-ho human face. A tta discolored surface ran livid and The bulbous and distorted not now moist with sweat, seemed now like a fibroid tumor than an organ of flesh and bone. The coars sum of the mouth leered crookedly from a face that seemed leprous in its corruption. Even the eyes, bloodshot and small, seemed to stare out from under a gangrenous

And Legar drew back at the sight backed slowly away, staring at that face, until he came to the electric button set in the wall. He reached out to switch on the electrolier, for the truggle on the fire-escape landing had left a curtain hanging half over the window, and this made the light unertain. But even as Legar lifted his finger to the switch a sudden knock sounded on the door of the room.

Both Red Egan and the woman turned mutely to Legar. And as they looked, the knock was repeated, louder than before.

"Lock him in that closet," was the



"Just a Moment, Gentlemen," This Masked Stranger Suavely Announced.

my own scalp to take care of. And if | Iron Claw's whispered I've taken a chance to beat it up here

"Then, for the love of heaven, woman, don't holler so the whole house her mouth, for she could see that he will hear you! Speak quietly."

hardened face of that worldly wise young woman

"I guess you're kind o' losin' your contemptuously annerve. "Listen to me, my girl. I've been at

this game longer than you have, and I've learned there are times when even walls have ears. The woman laughed.

"Then you'd better get earmuffs on that window sill, for I've got a hunch

Her voice died away at the same moment that the smile vanished from

"Dont turn around," she said in a sudden startled whisper as she lobked down at her feet. "For there's a man's face starin' in at that window now.

Legar remained motionless. "What face?" he quietly asked. "Its the man in the Laughing Mask!" was the whispered response. Legar continued to stare at her, still

motionless. "That means he came up by the fireescape," meditated the fugitive. "And that means Red Egan must surely have seen him."

The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown the bandage aside and was running towards the window that opened on the fireescape landing.

On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal. wedged in between the window sash and the escape railing, a terrific combat was already taking place. Before Legar could get the window open the Laughing Mask, by an adroit jiu-jitsu movement of the body, succeeded in pinning the winded Red Egan down on the fire-escape platform. But already a second sentry of Legar's was swarm ing up the narrow metal stairway. and all the attention of the man in the mask had to be directed towards

his new adversary.

It was while countering the slaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of still another point of attack. For as he fought there, on his knees, astride the panting form of Red Egan, an iron claw reached viciously out over the window sill behind him, and fixed itself in his shoulder. The next m ment he was being hauled bodily in through the open window.

Ready hands were there to take pos session of that battered and breath the box lid, and busied himself with less captive.

"And throttle him at the first sound! and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk comin' to me!"

Legar, who had already crossed to the door that opened into the hall, waited there until the closet door had been locked and shut. He found a chambermaid standing

she asked in genuine alarm.

"The matter? What should be the matter?" inquired the sleepy-eyed oc-"I thought I heard a scream, sir,"

explained the chambermaid, already "Not in this room, my dear," calmly

"I'm sorry if I was mistaken." ex-

It was Red Egan who stepped to Legar's side as the key was once more lently turned in the lock.

"Here's a signet ring I took off your man in there. Would that give you any tip as to who he is " Legar stood studying the ring, turn-

ing it over and over in his hand. "No," he finally announced. "But it'll let me send a tip to our old friend Golden. I'll send him that ring to show him we've got the Laughing Mask here. With it will go a note giving him his last chance to hand over that chart!"

"And who'll carry that note?" asked Williamsburg Sadie, out of the silence of apprehension which fell over the little group. "You will," calmly announced Le-

"Not on your Hfe!" was the girl's quavering reply. "I'm through with "But you're not through with

yet, my girl. You're going to take this note to Enoch Golden, and you're going to do it without any risk. I'll call up Golden myself and tell him he'll get it back, ten to one, if he makes a single move against you. And besides that, we've got him so beaten at this game that he's going to cry quits the minute he sees we've roped in the last of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll leave the country on condition he

coughs up the paper!"
"And s'posin' he does weaken and hand over that paper? Where do I

get off?"
"You come back here with it as fast as wheels can carry you. And if you move as quick as I want you to move, you'll just about get back in time to see the finish of your friend in the yellow mask!"

"Well, I want to be in on that finish!" announced the audacious-eyed body of the autom

But Betsy LeMarsh's friend in the yellow mask, for all his captivity, was cascade of bodies and metal through apparently preparing for that finish in a more active manner than was imaginary whistle blasts, and the grind of steel

he was locked in the narrow closet. driver threw on his brakes. he had undertaken a systematic search of its gloomy corners. That search, however, was rewarded only by the discovery of a group of insulat ed wires running along its outer wall. Yet these wires he examined with not a little care. And the examination led him to conclude, both from the nature of the wires and the heaviness of the insulation about them, that they were an integral portion of the lighting system of the hotel. That they were not "dead" he promptly discov ered by scraping away the insulation tissue and bringing two of the bared wires in contact. This resulted in an mmediate hiss and spark of light And that gave the prisoner an idea. By "breaking" the current, he knew, he could send a message needling through all the nervous system of the house. And at some one point, he felt sure, that methodic play of dot and dash in the light bulb would arouse suspicion and cause a search to be instigated.

It was, in fact, in the office of the hotel itself, where High-Collar Davis, the house detective, leisurely peruse an evening paper for certain racing returns close beside a rotund and obinlike room clerk in a red vest. that an electric bulb just above the register began to conduct itself in a nanner that was first mysterious and then challenging. High-Collar Davis, looking languidly

up from his racing charts, watched this light for several moments of silence. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he finally

ejaculated. "What's wrong?" asked the root clerk.

Instead of replying, the house de tective took out paper and pencil, and, carefully watching the winking and blinking bulb, wrote a number of letters down on his slip of paper.
"That's the first time," he solemnly

announced, "I ever saw an electric bulb talk Morse!' "Talk Morse?" echoed the other.

"Yes, talk Morse, or I never rounded the brass for two years. And here' what it has said, twice over. Helproom three o seven help help!"
The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this ouse, anyway?"
"That Virginian with his arm in a

"Then it's up to us to find out what's

going on in that room!"

The Laughing Mask, in the mean time, was no longer giving his atten tion to the wires along the closet wall. But with his pocket knife he had already removed the set screw from the door knob of the closet door. Then, swinging lightly up to the shelf that stood some five feet from the floor, he seated himself there opposite the door. By grasping the two heavy clothe hooks screwed into this door, and by planting his feet firmly against the sash on either side of it, he felt that he was not altogether at the mercy of his enemies, since by so bracing him-self he could hold that door shut against all intruders. Legar might break it down, it was true, but that would both take time and involve certain risks. And help might come at

the key turned in the lock and then and of Legar's quick oath of exasperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at it. At the same time hope rose in the captive's heart, for he could hear the muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in the closet could hear Legar's oath of exasperation. This was followed by the sudden impact of the heavy wing chair against the panels of the closet door. That blow, repeated again and through the wood. But that dignitary known as High-Collar Davis, being a gentleman not given to inactivity in moments of emergency, and being sufceedings behind the door which re-fused to open to his knock, promptly seized a fire ax from its vermillo painted rack in the hall, and sent it crashing through the panels of the door which bore the numerals 307.

Legar, seeing the door giving way before this determined onslaught, drew his revolver and emptied it into the backed away across the room to the open window. There he followed his already vanishing accomplices out on the fire escape, swarming down the narrow ladder after them as the outer door of the room gave way and a group of excited hotel attendants headed by High-Collar Davis, camtumbling into the room.

The man who emerged from the closet lingered only long enough to point out to them the fleeing figures already at the foot of the fire escape. Then he himself darted down through the hotel hallway, took the stairs on the run, circled out through the ro tunda, and springing through shrubbery and flower beds, leaped into a limousine drawn up at the side of the

"Follow that touring car those me have just piled into," he called out to his driver. "Follow it until we get into the city. Then swing past it and get to Golden's house before it does, whatever happens!'

But that touring car showed itself to be a much speedier vehicle than its unkempt appearance might indicate. And its driver seemed possessed of a sur-prisingly intimate knowledge of suburban side roads, for as the black limousine drew up on it the dust-covered open car suddenly swerved to the left, dipped into a narrow valley, and took the rise to the railway track like a swallow rounding a cliff head. Then the man in the yellow mask

stood up in his car, with an involun tary gasp of horror on his lips. For thundering along the curving track as the dusty touring car rose to the crossing came an even swifter-moving warning as it came.

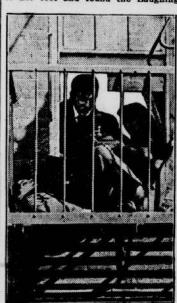
But that warning was too late. The pilot of the locomotive seemed to root like a boar's snout under the filmsy it and its human freight high over its shoulder. There was a momentary

ined by his captors. For, the moment against steel as the startled engine

"Did they strike?" asked the Laugh ing Mask's chauffeur over his shoulder. "Yes, they struck! But don't turn back. Keep going! For there's another car from that hotel following us, and we've still got to get to Golden's

house first." It was some twelve minutes later that Margery Golden, as she sat disconsolately in the quietness of her room, found herself confronted by an nannounced visitor.

"It's you!" she gasped, as she rose to her feet and found the Laughing



A Terrific Combat Was Taking Place

Mask standing a little breathless, tost inside her door.

"I'm sorry to startle you." he explained, "but as usual, they didn't give me any too much time!"

"But what has happened?" "The same thing over again. There are five men downstairs persu your father the Laughing Mask is a criminal, and those five men are deter mined to make me a prisoner."

"But why should they keep saying this?" asked the bewildered girl. "Because they don't understand."
"No, they don't understand," she re-

peated. Then she turned and stare at the masked face. "Nor do I alto-"But surely you'd trust me enough

to hide me away here until I can escape from them?"
"How can you ask me to trust you when you refuse to trust me?" "But I do trust you. I always

"Yet not enough to remove that The man standing with his back to the door remained silent for a momen

or two. Then he quietly reached and turned the key in the lock. "And you insist that I unmask?" "No, I do not insist. But if you be lieve in my honesty I also want to be

Again there was a moment of silence. "You are right," said the man in the mask. Then he crossed the room to the door of the white-tiled bath-room, laughing as he went. "But since my hands are clean, I also insist that

The girl stood puzzled as she heard he sound of a tap being turned and the splash of water.
"What are you doing?" she de-

A quiet laugh echoed out of the lit-"Washing my face," answered a somewhat altered voice, "and I'm afraid I'm rather spoiling your towel

with my make-up. The next minute the Laughing Mask, lenuded of his domine, stepped back

into the room. "Will you trust me enough new to help me get away?" he asked.

The girl stared round-eyed into the Bead company, and before an audies lift her hand, as though in wonder, to her brow. But the man in the door-way imprisoned that hand in his own and drew her a little closer to his "Will you trust me now?" he re

"Yes," she said, in a voice husber with wonder, as she felt his arms close about her. "I will always trust you!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEN WHO WILL NOT WORK

Army of Worthless "Panhandlers" I Supplies.

At the request of the police and the

Salvation Army officials most of the

'bread lines" in New York city are to be abolished and those which remain are to be under strict supervision This action follows an investigation made by officials of the police bureau of unemployment and of the Salava tion Army, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes. It was found that more than 300 men most of them quite able bodied, were living a life of lazy case by giving strict attention to the opportunities of fered in the bread lines. Scores of individuals who were "spotted" found at the Evening Sun's bread line at noon, at the bread line in Cooper square between 6 and 8 p. m., at Fleischmann's bread line at midnight. and at the Bowery mission, where free coffee and sandwiches are issued at 1 a. m. A systematic canvass of these 'regulars" was made, and all were offered employment at from \$1 to \$3 a day. Only five men in the more than 300 accepted. The others either pretended inability to work or simply aughed at the idea of going to work. It was found that many of them had been living lives of utter laziness for years, getting their food in the bread lines and spending their leisure either in the reading rooms of the public lipraries or in the low saloons of the lower Bowery, where they bought "pink elephant" whisky with nickels which they had begged on the streets

White Man's Burde The minister was carrying a bundle of old sermons under his arm. "What have you there, parson! queried a member of his flock.
"Dried tongue," replied the go

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinger hen bending, or an all-day back when bending or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to sus-pect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our deep and exercise and so fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, Thou-

ands recommend them.

A Louisiana Case F. M. Gheen, North
St., Leesville, La.,
says: "Backache came
on me often and when
I caught cold the trouble was worse. My
back was so lame I
could hardly get up
after sitting. The kidney secretions became
irregular and distressing in passage and I
was in bad s haps of
Doan's Kidney Pills.
They relieved me prom
short time removed the
soreness and made my
mal."

DOAN'S FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. The swelled head generally result

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment-Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday tollet preparation.

ddress postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv. When some people hit the bottle, they end in the jug.

Free sample each by mail with Book.

DON'T GAMBLE that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Wit ill applied is a dangere wapon. Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W.
GROVE. Curse a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The best is the cheapest in the end

SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stom ach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undig food, no dizziness, bloating, foul

breath or headache. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large-fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to surffive minutes how needless it is to suf-fer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach

doctor in the world.—Adv.

In these days of "off again, on again, gone again" discussions, with writing to the newspapers and telling how they can bathe, dress, powder and all the rest of it in so many (or so few) minutes, here comes a man" who put them all to shame. He is Richard Leslie of the American New York evening school of industrial art he gave an artistic illustration of how to design a dress by drapping it on the living model. With half a yards of yellow silk and as many of syrstal-beaded tulle, Mr. Leslie ma up a fashionable evening dress in about seven minutes. He could have done it in less time, he said, but he wished to have his students follow his

nethods.—New York Telegram. Score of Waterpower Projects. Chief Forester Graves anne oday that 20 new waterpower projects utilizing national forest lands began operation in the year ending June 30, and 40 applications for power project permits were received, including eight from Alaska. Forty-two per cent of the total developed waterpower of the ountry is from streams on national forest land, he declared.

An electric blower takes the place of towels in the washrooms of large industrial establishments.

## Why Wait

Mr. Coffee Drinker, till heart, nerves, or stomach "give way?"

The sure, easy way to keep out of coffee troubles is to use the pure food-drink -

Better quit coffee now, while you are feeling good, and try Postum, the popular American beverage.

"There's a Reason"