DETROIT WOMAN SPENT A FORTUNE

Mrs. Rice Declares That Trouble Followed Her for Fifteen Long Years.

ENJOYS LIVING NOW

"Tanlac Is Making a New Woman of Me, It Has Done Me More Good Than All Other Medicines," She Says.

Mrs. L. C. Rice, 128 Selden street, Detroit, Michigan, declares that she has derived more benefit from five bottles of Tanlac than from medicines and treatments which have cost her a small fortune in the past fifteen years. Her statement follows:

"I have suffered for the past fifteen years with disordered kidneys and stomach trouble. I had such awful pains that at times I couldn't help crying out loud. My feet and lower limbs would become numb and swollen until I couldn't walk and would have to take to my bed. I couldn't sleep on account of my nervousness and would often get up and walk the floor, when I was able to walk. I took all kinds of treatments and spent a small fortune, but didn't get any relief.

"The five bottles of Tanlac I have taken made me feel a hundred times better already. I don't suffer any pain or inconvenience from my kidneys at all now and my stomach is in fine condition. My blood circulation is better and my limbs don't get cold like they did. I don't claim to be entirely well yet, but I eat heartily, sleep well and enjoy life more than I have in years. Tanlac is rapidly making a new woman of me, it has done me more good than all the other medicines I have taken in fifteen years."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

Activity of Russian Women.

As Russia was the first country where women were given control over their inherited property, and as Petrograd has had for some years the largest medical college for women in Europe, it is not strange that women have taken such an active part in the military campaigns. In all the revolutionary movements the women students have been more dangerous perhaps, to the government, than the men. It is believed that the majority of the women amazons are revolutionists and that their military experience was sought for the opportunity it gave them to spread their doctrine.

Memorial to Tom Thomson.

A fitting memorial has just been erected in the wilds of Algonquin park to the late Tom Thomnson, the distinguished young Canadian artist, who was drowned there last July, says the Toronto Globe. On the hill overlooking Canoe lake, where Thomson lost his life, and whose beauties he had transcribed for an ever widening circle of admirers, there now stands a cairn built from native stone, and on its face a brass plate with the following inscription:

"To the memory of Tom Thomson, artist, woodsman and guide, who was drowned in Canoe lake, July 8, 1917.

"He lived humbly but passionately with the wild. It made him brother to all untamed things of nature. It drew him apart and revealed itself wonderfully to him. It sent him out from the woods, only to show these revelations through his art, and it took him to itself at last.

"His fellow artists and other friends and admirers join gladly in this tribute to his character and genius.

"His body is buried at Owen Sound, Ontario, near where he was born. August, 1877."

There's one good thing about golfers—they never have time to talk about their neighbors.

Sunday piety will not make up for six days' depravity.

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—10—

"He is sound asleep," she said smilingly. "He thinks I am someone named 'Elinor,' and he calls me that. As my own name is Sarah, it's rather pleasant."

Ward had been shot on Sunday night. By the following Wednesday he was out of danger.

On that same Wednesday the rector of Saint Jude's brought himself and his rheumatism back to his parish.

For three days Elinor had hardly slept or eaten. Never once had she been in Ward's room, but always, day and night, she was just outside. When on that Wednesday evening the doctor said Ward would live, she went down once more into her garden.

Many times during those three days had Elinor tried to pray to Ward's God and found herself voiceless and inarticulate. But now, out of the depth of her great relief, came welling the first prayer of her life. She stood waist-deep among her phlox and larkspur.

"I thank thee," she said. "I thank thee." . . .

Nothing had been heard of Huff. The assault on the assistant rector of Saint Jude's had been of a line with the other mysterious happenings around the village. The little town was hag-ridden with fear. Extra constables had been sworn in, and from the hall, during her long night vigils, Elinor had seen many lighted windows, where there had been but the one.

The problem of her future began to obsess her. It was plainly impossible to stay on here—not that she feared exposure; she was quite past fear—but the thought of going on with her life was intolerable. To meet Ward, to see again the scorn and loathing in his eyes, more than all, to continue to deserve them—those were the things that to Elinor seemed worse than death itself.

All the philosophy that old Hilary had taught her failed her now. The revolt of the individual against the made for the masses—what had it brought her but isolation and grief? Of what use was revolt? All must go through the mills of the gods. She knew that now. There were no exceptions. And something else she had learned: that if one is to live through great crises one must have a higher power to turn to for help. She had felt it vaguely at the time of her father's death. Sitting outside Wards door she had known it. Every breath had been a prayer to something, she knew not what, to save him.

"I thank thee," she said again.

The phlox and larkspur quivered about her as if under the touch of a gentle hand.

Boroday had been free for three days, but beyond a telephone message announcing his release she had heard nothing of him. Over the wire he had advised extreme caution. She judged from that that things were not going well.

She knew that Huff's reckless crime would demand a scapegoat. There were bound to be arrests. All this Elinor knew quite well. It was in such an atmosphere that she had drawn her earliest breaths—the play of cunning against cunning, wit against wit.

She did not send for Boroday. She dared not. But because the intimacy between her and the middle-aged Russian had always been very close he seemed to feel her need. And so on that Wednesday night, an hour or so after midnight, he came.

Old Henriette came down and tapped softly at Elinor's door.

"Boroday," she whispered. "He has rung from the arbor."

That was one of old Hilary's devices: a hidden wire from the arbor to the house. It prevented collisions. Unless otherwise summoned, no member of his band ever came directly to the house.

Elinor went out and found him there. He bent over her hand and kissed it, as was his custom, and then realizing that she was crying, he held out his arms and she went into them. Very tender was the Russian with her that night, very fatherly. He put her into one of the arbor seats and sat down beside her.

"Now tell me," he commanded, "everything from the start. It was Walter, I know. But why?"

When she did not speak, the Russian nodded.

"Jealousy, of course, but what madness!"

There in the arbor, with her hand between two of his, Elinor sobbed out the story of the pearl and her attempt to return it, Huff's threat against Ward, Ward's evening visit, and the scene between them; and last of all, the shot that nearly ended everything in this world for Ward and for her. Boroday listened quietly; better than old Hilary ever could, he understood. He had been reared on an ancient faith.

"He is recovering?"

"Yes."

"And he cares for you, of course?"

"No, I think, perhaps, before he knew—"

"Bah!" said the Russian, and rose. "What sort of love is that which changes? I have seen the man. If he cared at all, he still cares."

He stepped to the door of the arbor and drew a long breath. Over on the next hill, sleeping through all this turmoil, lay old Hilary. Under these same stars Huff fled the law, Ward tossed on his bed, Elinor sat despairing and ashamed. What did it all mean? What was the answer?

Perhaps, had he known it, old Henriette could have told him—Henriette, who had begun to measure her days from the end and not from the beginning, and who now sat on the edge of her bed mumbling. Between her fingers she ran the beads of an old rosary which she had found beneath a carpet.

"I had thought," said Elinor wistfully, "that if I could get away somewhere and start all over again, perhaps some day I might be good—like other women. I can never go back to things as they were before."

"No," said the Russian, "I can see that. But make no mistake. You are good as few are good."

"I could sell the house and—and I do not want the jewels. If only you and the others would divide them."

But Boroday would not hear of this. To a certain extent he was reconciled to her going away. Things were closing in on the band. Before long they would probably all have to separate. It were better that Elinor be in safety.

So for a long time they discussed ways and means, available money, the question of a home for old Henriette.

"In some ways," Elinor said, "I feel as though I am deserting him." She glanced toward the graveyard where old Hilary slept. "But all I can think of now is to get away, to forget everything."

"When will they be able to move Mr. Ward?"

"In a week, I should think."

"Then, in a week," said Boroday, "where do you think of going, Elinor?"

"I had hardly got so far. Anywhere but here."

"We shall have to plan for you."

He picked up his soft hat and Elinor rose.

"Good night, Elinor."

"Good night. I am always happier for having seen you."

He watched her back to the house, then went down the steps into the road.

There had been a dinner at the country club that night. The chief had attended it, unknown to hostess and guests, to the extent of sitting in the grillroom during the evening and carefully watching the men who came and went. He had dined quite alone in the grill. From where he sat he could see the dinner-party guests on the verandah. There were noticeably few jewels to be seen. Over his chop and lager beer the chief smiled grimly.

After that he shook dice for a short time with a young Englishman named Talbot, an interesting fellow. From him the chief got the club view of the jewel robbery.

"It's been coming to us for a long time," said Talbot, shaking the dice. "Long ago I advised some of the women who had famous pearls to have copies made and keep the originals in their banks, but they disliked the idea of wearing imitations."

"I see."

"Then a woman isn't satisfied to have a string of pearls; she must have it announced in all the papers. Of course crooks all over the country read about them, and naturally their fingers itch."

"I understand," said the chief, "that the Bryant pearl has been recovered."

"Yes, and good work on the part of the force," was Talbot's comment. If the chief smiled under his heavy mustache, if there was the faintest possible twinkle in Talbot's eyes, who was there to see?

Talbot took the chief down to the station in his gray machine. They had chatted very pleasantly. But just opposite the steps from Elinor's garden they blew out a tire. The car swerved, suddenly throwing the light from the lamps along the bank. Standing in the shadows, and thus unexpectedly revealed, was Boroday.

Talbot brought the car to a stop and jumped out. The Russian had gone on down the hill.

"Awfully sorry," said Talbot. "Looks as if you'd have to walk down. Perhaps you will find another car to pick you up."

"I shall rather enjoy the walk," said the chief, eyes ahead in the darkness. "Whose place is this?"

Talbot glanced up and around.

"I'm afraid I don't know anything about the village." He opened the toolbox.

The chief took two or three steps along the road and turned. "About here, wasn't it, that the Episcopal clergyman was shot?"

"I cannot tell you that either. It was somewhere along this road."

"Good night," sang the chief cheerily, and started down the hill.

Boroday had come out of the Hilary Kingston place. He knew that. Right here, almost where he stopped, was where Ward had been found. Then, in spite of old Hilary's death, the band was still using his house! Things were closing up. Boroday trumped on down the road. About one hundred yards behind the chief followed.

Talbot, hammering at a recalcitrant tire, filled the air with the short, angry raps of his hammer on the rim.

The Russian had an almost uncanny sense of pursuit. More than once in his life it had saved him, and now he knew he was being followed. He made no attempt whatever to throw his pursuer off the track, but went directly to the station. There he got an evening paper at the closing news stand and glanced over it, standing under an arc light. For all his engrossment he saw quite distinctly the figure of the chief as he crossed the track and took up his station behind a pillar of the trainshed. Boroday was thinking hard. It had been that unlucky swerving of a machine on the hill that had betrayed him. He knew that now. And he had just come out of the Kingston place. It was bad, very bad.

Boroday rode all the way into the city with the chief a dozen seats behind him. The chief did not follow him home. He knew where he lived, and he could lay his hand on him when he wanted him. He was going to want him now pretty soon. The Russian knew that, too.

When he had entered his apartment and turned on the light, he found Huff standing by a window. The boy ducked back as the light went up.

For a moment the two eyed one another. Huff was unshaven, sunken-eyed, dirty. The contrast between this wild-eyed boy and the tall Russian was strong.

"Well?" said Huff defiantly.

"Sit down." Boroday's tone was kind. He went to a closet and got out a bottle of vodka.

"When did you have anything to eat?"

"I am not hungry."

Nevertheless Boroday forced on him a little bread and meat.

"I didn't know you were out until tonight," Huff said at last, pushing his plate away.

"Where have you been?"

"Drinking my head off in a dive on Fortieth street," said Huff savagely. "I'm all right now."

"What got into you, Walter? For you to turn on us like that—to expose everyone of us, as you have—"

"She was in love with him. I wish I'd killed him."

Very patiently, Boroday told him what had happened. Over the matter

"Bury Them in Old Hilary's Grave."

of the Bryant pearl he passed as lightly as he could. But Huff realized the significance of Elinor's placing it in the almshox. He went rather white.

"We would have got off with the country club matter well enough, but this murderous frenzy of yours has finished us all. We'll have to break up and get away. I want you to go out to Elinor's tonight."

"She will not see me."

"I think she will," said Boroday. "I want her to get away the first thing in the morning. Let her empty the vault."

He hesitated. Elinor's fortune in jewels was becoming a menace. Whoever took them in charge was possibly putting a halter around his neck.

"Bring the jewels to me, if you have a chance. If it seems better, perhaps you'd better bury them out there."

"Where?"

"You might," said the Russian thoughtfully, "bury them in old Hilary's grave."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUSTRALIANS GREAT HUNTERS

Knowledge of the Habits of Animals Makes Up for Crude Weapons and Lack of Endurance.

In endurance and speed the Australian aborigine is not the equal of the American Indian, and his weapons of wood and poorly fashioned stones are effective only at short range, says the National Geographic Magazine. But as a hunter the native Australian is marvelously adapted to his environment. His success lies in an intimate knowledge of the habits of the animals on land, in the ground, in trees and under water, and his wonderfully developed power of observation.

He decoys pelicans by imitating their cry, catches ducks by diving below them, locates an opossum in a tree by marks on the bark or by the flight of mosquitoes, finds sharks by observing the action of birds and follows a bee to its store of honey.

Any animal which leaves a track however dim in sand, on rock or in grass falls an easy prey to the native. Children are taught to track lizards and snakes over bare rocks and to find their absent mothers by following tracks too indistinct to serve as a guide for any European. When a white man is lost in the desert or a child strays from home the final resort is to secure a "black tracker."

Can't Dodge That.

"De man dat dodges work," said Uncle Eben, "generally gets hit by trouble."

You can never tell. Many a man gets to the top and still isn't above suspicion.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear

Last Word in Winter Millinery.

Early in October, from the trimmers' tables in great fashion centers, come the final messages concerning winter millinery. After that those who create styles must begin to think of hats for southern tourists and hats for spring; for once the holidays are over, there is a demand for headwear to be worn under southern skies. The late September and early October offerings in hats for winter wear sum up the successes in materials and shapes and trimmings offered for the season.

Velvet-covered shapes and others in which velvet joins hands with beaver, metal brocade or satin, to make the body of the hat, are all equally good style. Metal laces and small, brilliant flowers in metal and satin, or in composition that suggests porcelain—and always fur; these are everywhere in the rich and dressy hats which fashion approves for winter. Ribbons, some of them with gold or silver corded edges, and metallic ribbons in narrow widths, add their indispensable part to the very beautiful millinery which we are privileged to choose just now.

A great variety of shapes promises one at least that is becoming to every face. They are nearly all of medium size or small. There are no extremes one way or the other. One of the smaller hats appears at the left of the group above. It has a narrow, drooping brim and a draped crown. Ribbon edged with chenille sewed in rows over the shape is extended into a long point that folds over and is sewed to the base of the crown at the right side. After so much elaboration in making, this hat must content itself with a simple sash of velvet ribbon about the crown.

A wide-brimmed hat at the center of the group combines two colors in the shape. The brim is of a dark velvet and the crown of light hatters' plush. The crown is not smoothly covered and is soft at the top—characteristic of the season's modes. A very large bow finishes the end of a velvet sash for trimming. The brim is extended at the left side and turned back to the crown.

A very full and carefully managed display of velvet covers a shape with a narrow brim, shown at the right of the picture. The brim lifts to a point at the front. So much is made of the velvet in this hat that it needs only a fancy pin to finish it.

Representative of Today's Coat Styles.

There are a number of soft, heavy cloths made for coatings this season and used for coats and suits as well. They vary in thickness, but all convey one impression—that of comfort and warmth. The selection includes bolivia, kersey, wool velour, broadcloth, pompom, velvet and plush, with bolivia and wool velour, or weaves much like them, in the lead. Rich brocades and satins for evening wraps are another story.

But whatever the outer wrap is made of, and whatever its mission, there are at least ninety-nine chances in a hundred that it is fur-trimmed. We wonder just where all the fur comes from and are convinced that fur-bearing animals will become extinct, but fur we must have. Sometimes it is used lavishly and sometimes sparingly, but its presence saves the day for the coat or suit, no matter if it is only in narrow bandings on collar and cuffs.

A smart long coat of bolivia cloth shown in the picture is typical of the season's coat styles. It is long and straight-hanging, with a section of a belt across the front and back and an unbelted portion at the sides. At the ends of the belt, back and front, there are small cloth-covered buttons set in a row. Within ten inches of the bottom of the coat, at the sides, very wide bands of Hudson seal are set on. Wide cuffs and a big muffler collar of this fur add to the beauty and warmth of the garment. At the middle of the belt across the front a buckle, covered with the same, finishes the adornment of this very smart and up-to-date model and it may be taken as a representative and first-class example of today's coat styles.

Julia Bottomley

Novel Use for Handkerchief.

One way to make use of an embroidered handkerchief for other than its original purpose is to cut a circular piece away in the center so the handkerchief may be slipped about the neck and serve as a collar. One side should be opened and then fastened on the shoulder.

Should the handkerchief be too small for this treatment then three-quarters of it may be used to make a sort of yoke for the dress front.

This will give a square outline, the contour of which may be varied by lengthening the bib with a berthe of lace, preferably filet or venise.