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 Baby Carriages & Furniture

Ask Your Local Dealer
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 Illustrated Booklet



The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
 (Woodward-Halsford Co.)
 Detroit, Michigan (19)

**MRS. ABBEY PROUD
 OF HER BIG GAIN**

Weight Increased 39 Pounds and Nine
 Years' Trouble Ended.

"I hardly see how I endured such
 awful suffering, and if it hadn't been
 for Taniae I don't believe I would be
 here today," said Mrs. Mollie Abbey,
 of Jennings Lodge, Ore.

"For nine years everything I ate
 caused gas to form so that it almost
 drove me distracted. I didn't dare eat
 any fruit and for four years if I even
 drank a glass of cold water I would
 suffer dreadfully. No one who didn't
 see me can imagine the awful condition
 I was in.

"But Taniae changed all this and
 now I'm simply feeling fine. My appetite
 is splendid. I eat anything I want,
 have actually gained thirty-three
 pounds and have so much strength
 and energy I easily do all my house-
 work. Taniae is a wonderful medicine."

Taniae is sold by all good druggists.
 —Advertisement.

"111" Cigarettes



They are
GOOD!

10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

**Be a
 Private Secretary
 or an
 ACCOUNTANT**

YOU can prepare for a
 high-grade office position
 in a short time under our
 instructions. Write for Bulletin
 A-14, explaining courses
 and tuition rates. Opportu-
 nities to work for board and
 room while attending. "The
 School that places its gradu-
 ates in 'better positions.'"

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
 411 W. Grand River Ave., Detroit
 Older and Best Known Business School in Mich.

New Hair

to replace old
 should be grow-
 ing. It will grow
 if you use
 this.

Do not get bald, get Old Hair—It's
 such more pleasant. All good druggists, 10¢,
 or direct from HESSLE-LELAND, Chicago, Newark, Tenn.

OFFICIALLY
 recognized by making
 our new special personal coverage Anatomical
 Analysis and Hair Examination. Annual premium
 15.00. Write NATIONAL
 CASUALTY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

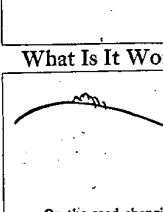
FARM WANTED
 Will sell with equipment
 and price. W. R. Callaway, P. O. Box 75, Cincinnati, O.

LADIES—Make money in your spare time.
 We sell agents for Justice Household Medical
 Products. Experience not necessary. Write
 for information. J. C. BROWN, 11709 St. Clair Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

HANDY JACK—ONE MAN CHANGES
 front and rear wheels on ground. No jacking
 wagon and oil. P. Loring, Fremont, Neb.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32-1922.

What Is It Worth to Change a Tire?



On the road changing a tire is not an especially
 pleasant task.

The dust or mud, the grease and grime, the tedious
 delay—all are things we like to avoid.

But the time to think about these things is when
 you buy the tire—not after the blow-out occurs.

For some tires blow out much more easily than others.
 Outward appearance counts for little.

It is the material in the tire and the construction
 of it that determines its strength.

Goodyear recognizes these facts and all Goodyear
 Tires are made of long staple cotton.

Take the 30 x 3 1/2 Cross Rib Clincher Tire here illus-
 trated, for example.

It is made of Egyptian and Arizona cotton, the
 fibers of which average 1 1/2 inches long.

Many 30 x 3 1/2 clincher tires are made of short
 staple cotton from 1/2 inch to 1 1/4 inches long.

This means less strength and greater danger of
 blow-outs—more tire troubles.

Yet this high grade guaranteed Goodyear Tire
 costs only \$10.95.

You can buy some tires for even less than this but none
 with the fine materials and construction of this one.

Can you afford to take a chance on more frequent
 tire troubles for the sake of the slightly lower price
 of cheaper tires?

GOOD YEAR

10c Changes Last Year's Frock to New
 Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish

The Mardi Gras Mystery
 By
H. BEDFORD-JONES

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The tale of a carnival
 joke that led to grim realities.

CHAPTER I.

Justin Fell pushed aside the glass
 curtains between the voluminous over-
 draperies in the windows of the Chess
 and Checkers club, and gazed out upon
 the riotous streets of New Orleans.

Half an hour he had been waiting here
 in the lounge room for Dr. Cyril An-
 seley, a middle-aged bachelor who had
 practiced in Opelousas for twenty
 years, and who had come to the city
 for the Mardi Gras festivities. An-
 other man might have seemed irritated
 by the wait, but Justin Fell was quite
 untroubled.

"Wizard!" The doctor laughed in
 unison. "It's about that amount."
 "The Masquer is a piker," he
 said, in his careless voice.

"Oh? A piker when he can make a
 hundred-thousand-dollar haul?"
 "He's a dreamer that those figures rep-
 resent value, Doctor. They don't. All
 the loot the Masquer has to do since
 he began work is worth little to him.
 Jewels are hard to sell. Of course, the
 crank has obtained a bit of oil, but
 not enough to be worth the dirt."

"Yet he has got quite a bit," re-
 turned Anseley thoughtfully. "All the
 men have money, naturally; we don't
 want to find ourselves bare at some
 carnival moment! I warrant you've
 a hundred or so in your pocket
 right now?"

"Not a cent," rejoined Fell calmly. "One
 ten-dollar bill. Also I left my watch
 at home. And I'm not dressed; I don't
 care to lose my pearl studs."

"Oh?" Anseley frowned. "What do
 you mean?"

Justin took a folded paper from his
 pocket and handed it to the physician.

"I met Mallard at the bank this
 morning. He called me into his office
 and handed me this—he had just re-
 ceived it in the mail."

Doctor Anseley opened the folded pa-
 per; an explanation broke from him



"A Hundred Piker—When He Can Make
 a Hundred Thousand Dollar, 'au!"

As he read the note, which was ad-
 dressed to their host of the evening,

"Joseph Mallard, President,
 'Ester-National Bank, City."

"I thank you for the masque that
 you are giving tonight. I shall be pre-
 sent. Please see that Mrs. M. wears her
 diamonds—"

"THE MIDNIGHT MASQUER."

Anseley glanced up. "What?" this
 some time.

"Mallard pretended to 'talk so,'" he
 said. "I'll have a brace of d'arvies
 inside 'a' house tonight, and others
 outside."

Ever since the first ball of the year
 by the 'Twelfth Night club' this Mid-
 night Masquer, as he was termed, had
 been the New Orleans griping in ter-
 ror, destruction and vivid suffering.

During the past month he appeared at least
 once a week: now at some private ball,
 now at some restaurant banquet, but
 always in the same garb: the helmet,
 huge goggles and mask, and leathern
 clothes of a service aviator. On these
 occasions the throbbing roar of an air-
 plane motor had been reported, so that
 it was popular gossip that he landed
 on the roof of his designated victims
 and made his getaway in the same
 manner—by airplane. No machine
 had ever been seen, and the theory
 was believed by some, 'hoor' it, at
 others.

Doctor Anseley glanced at a watch,
 and deposited his cigar in an ash tray.

"We'd best be moving, Fe. You'll
 want a dominion."

"I ordered one. It'll be here in a
 minute."

"Do you seriously think that note is
 genuine?"

Fell shrugged lightly. "Who knows?
 I'm not worried. Mallard can afford
 to be robbed."

"You're a calm one!" Anseley
 chuckled. "Oh, I believe the prince is
 as high as the church spire. You've met him,
 I suppose?"

"No. Heard something about him,
 though. An American, isn't he? They
 say he's become quite popular in town."

Anseley nodded. "Quite a fine chap.
 His mother was a Frenchman—she
 married the prince de Gramont; an in-
 ternational affair of the past genera-
 tion. De Gramont led her a dog's life,
 I hear, until he was killed in a duel.
 She lived in Paris with the boy, sent
 him to school here at home, and he
 was at Yale when the war broke out.
 He was technically a French subject,
 so he went back to serve his time."

"Still, he's an American now. Calls
 himself Henry Grand M. and would

drop the prince stuff altogether if these
 French people around here would let
 him."

A page brought the domino. Fell
 discarded the mask, threw the domino
 left the club in company with the
 others.

They sought their destination aloft
 —the home of the banker Joseph Mal-
 lard. The streets were riotous, filled
 with an edginess, laughing crowd of
 rappers and merry-makers of all ages
 and sexes; content twisted through
 the air, horns were deafening, and
 laughing voices rose into sharp screams
 of unrestrained delight.

At last, at last, St. Charles avenue,
 with the Mallard residence, a half-
 dozen blocks distant, the two compan-
 ions found themselves well away from
 the main carnival throng.

As they walked along they were sud-
 denly aware of a little figure approach-
 ing from the rear; with a running leap
 and an exclamation of delight, the fig-
 ure forced itself in between them,
 creating an area of other man, and
 a bantering voice broke in upon their
 train of talk.

"Forget!" it cried. "Forget—where
 are your masks, good gentlemen? This
 game of hide-and-seek is not to be played,
 but not a domino you refuse to mask!
 And for forget you shall be my escort
 and take me whither you are going."

Laughing, the two fell into step,
 flanking at the sides the figure between
 them. A Columbine she was, both
 cloaked and masked. Encircling her
 hair was a magnificent scarf shot with
 metal designs of solid gold—a most
 unusual thing. She had a look of
 it was evident that she had recognized them.

"Willingly, fair Columbine," responded
 Fell in his dry and unimpassioned
 tone of voice. "We shall be most happy
 indeed to protect and take you with
 us."

"So far as the door, at least," inter-
 rupted Anseley, with evident caution.
 But Fell only laughed aside this wary
 limitation.

"Nay, good physician, farther!" went
 on Fell. "Our Columbine has an excel-
 lent passport, I assure you. This gauzy
 scarf about her raven tresses was
 woven for the good Queen Hortense,
 and I would venture a random guess
 that, clasped about her slender throat,
 lies the queen's collar of star sap-
 phires."

"Oh!" From the Columbine broke a
 cry of warning and swift discom-
 fort. "Don't you dare speak my name, sir—
 don't you dare!"

Fell assented with a chuckle, and
 Anseley regarded his two companions
 with sidelong curiosity. He could not
 recognize Columbine, and he could not
 tell whether Fell was speaking of the
 scarf and jewels in jest or earnest.
 Such historic facts were not uncom-
 mon in New Orleans, yet Anseley never
 heard of these particular treasures.
 However, it seemed that Fell knew
 their comparison, and accorded her as a
 fellow guest at the Mallardhouse.

"What are you doing out on the
 streets alone?" demanded Fell, sud-
 denly. "Have you any friends or
 relatives to take care of you?"

Columbine laughed and peered out, and
 she pressed Fell's arm, condolingly.

"Have I not some little rights in the
 world, monsieur?" she said in French.

"I have been mingling with the dear
 crowds and enjoying the life, before I
 could be buried in the dull splendors of
 the rich man's house. Tell me, do you
 think that the Midnight Masquer will
 make an appearance tonight?"

"I have every reason to believe that
 he will," said Justin Fell, gravely.

Columbine put one hand to her
 throat, and shivered a trifle.

"You—you really think so? You are
 not trying to frighten me?" Her voice
 was no longer gay. "But—the jewels—
 if they are taken by the Masquer?"

"In that case," said Fell, "let the
 blame be mine entirely. If they are
 lost, I'll make good; but if they are
 lost with them, fear not! I think that
 this party would be a rich haul for the
 Masquer, eh? Take the rich man and
 his friends—they could be picking
 the crowd!"

"Contented you, Fell?" exclaimed
 Anseley, uneasily. "If the bandit does
 show up there would be the very devil
 to pay!"

"Her Curiosity."

The audience held its breath with
 amazement as the acrobat swung high
 above the rostrum, held only by a frail
 cord looped around one foot.

Somewhere among the spectators a
 little girl arose from her seat.
 "Mamma," she shouted, breaking the
 silence, "can you do that?"

The lady tried to quiet her, but the
 child persisted in demanding whether
 or not her mother had ever climbed
 ropes or done anything of this sort.
 At last, embarrassed by the attention
 which the child was attracting, the
 mother jerked the child into the seat,
 warning, "You just wait until I get
 home!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the little disturber,
 "then you're gonna try it?"—Judge.

His Stuff Called.

Young Lawyer—"I haven't lost a
 case yet." Rival—"Oh, you'll get a
 case some day."

No one is so severe enough for
 anyone to be willing to have it ceded
 by a tornado.

**HER AILMENTS
 ALL GONE NOW**

Mrs. Sherman Helped by
 Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg-
 etable Compound

Lake, Michigan.—"About one year ago
 I met with irregularities and a weak-
 ness and at times was
 obliged to stay off my
 feet. I doctored with
 my family physician
 and he finally said he
 could not understand
 my case, so I decided
 to try Lydia E. Pink-
 ham's Vegetable Com-
 pound. After I had
 taken the first
 bottle I could see
 that I was getting
 better. I took several
 bottles of the Vegetable Compound
 and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash
 and I am entirely cured of my ailments.
 You may publish this letter if you
 wish. —MRS. SHERMAN, Route 2,
 Lake, Mich.

There is one fact women should con-
 sider and that is this. Women suffer from
 irregularities and various forms of weak-
 ness. They try this and that doctor, as
 well as different medicines. Finally they
 fail Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and
 Mrs. Sherman's experience is simply
 another case showing the merit of this
 well-known medicine.

If your family physician fails to help
 you and the same old troubles persist,
 why isn't it reasonable to try Lydia E.
 Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

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No one is so severe enough for
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Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work
 twice as hard. Backache usually comes
 from weak kidneys, and if headaches,
 dizziness or urinary disorders are added,
 kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy,
 gravel or Bright's disease set in.

Dr. Foster's Kidney Pills have brought
 new life and new strength to thousands
 of working men and women. Used
 as recommended, the worst over.

Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Christ Rick, sta-
 tionery, 214
 Inches St., Mt. Cle-
 mentine, Mich., says:
 "I had a lame back. A
 sharp, stinging pain
 ran all the way down
 when I stood over a
 counter. I could not
 get up and when I
 got up it felt as if
 I had been run over
 with a steam roller.
 I had a doctor and
 a slight swelling in
 my back. After using
 Dr. Foster's Kidney
 Pills I was cured."

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 Sold Everywhere. **DR. FOSTER'S
 KIDNEY PILLS**
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**VICTIMS
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Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid
 troubles are most dangerous be-
 cause of their insidious attacks.
 Heed the first warning they give
 that they need attention by taking

**GOLD MEDAL
 HAARLEM OIL
 CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for these
 disorders will often ward off these dis-
 eases and strengthen the body against
 further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists.
 Look for the name Gold Medal on every box
 and accept no imitation.

**ASTHMA
 HAY FEVER**

BRONCHIAL TROUBLES
 and other respiratory ailments. Try
 "Breath of Life" — Best Remedy
 for Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping
 Cough, etc.

Dr. J. C. BROWN, 11709 St. Clair Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Cuticura Soap
 and Ointment
Clear the Skin

Scalp 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tubes 25c.

DR. J. C. BROWN'S WEEKLY SALARY addresses
 everywhere in every line at home. Editor
 of "The World" says: "Cuticura Soap
 is the best remedy for all skin diseases."
 Full particulars 25c (post). Send
 publisher, 7100 Michigan, St. Louis, Mo.

Some thrills await you in the
 next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pope's Good-by to Cardinal Gibbons.
 I cannot help recalling an instance
 where a lady, a guest at the White
 House at luncheon, asked the late Car-
 dinal Gibbons whether he really be-
 lieved that the pope was infallible in
 all he said. The cardinal smiled and
 answered: "I can only respond to
 that, madame, by saying that when
 the pope had me good-by by the last
 time he said, 'Addio, Cardinale! Ji-
 bones!'—Maurice Francis Egan in the
 Review of Reviews.

Circular Slide Rule.
 A circular slide rule that can be
 carried in a coat pocket is the inven-
 tion of a San Francisco man, a mag-
 nifying glass aiding in reading it.