

Speculating Clerk

The New York Stock Exchange has ruled to forbid clerks of any member of the exchange, or of any broker, bank, trust or insurance company, from carrying any speculative account, directly or indirectly, unless the written consent of the clerk's employer is given.

This rule says, in effect, that in the judgment of the New York Stock Exchange (which you ought to know), speculating is dangerous for persons of small means.

Clerks and all others who cannot afford to lose—ought to see the significance of this ruling and take care that their savings are invested where they CANNOT lose them—but where they will earn the largest interest consistent with absolute safety.

The First Mortgage Bond Certificates of the

Urban Realty Mortgage Company

45-46 W. Congress St., Detroit
5% interest with absolute guaranty; and every \$1.00 of investment is secured by more than \$2 of improved and actual income-producing Detroit Real Estate—both principal and interest guaranteed by this company. \$100,000.00 paid-up capital.

Ask your banker's advice about a \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 investment in one of these 5% Guaranteed First Mortgage Bond Certificates.

Not a Breath of Suspicion.

Many men, though they may not care to confess it, need to guard against lapsus linguae. A case in point is that of a prisoner who was addressing a court over which Lord Russell was presiding. A very nice story the prisoner was telling of an offense alleged against him of which he was wholly guiltless—he, a man against whom had never before been a breath of suspicion.

"Prisoner, pardon me one moment," interrupted Russell. "You must speak a little louder! I cannot catch what you say. What was your last sentence?"

"And 'Six months, my lord,' came the amazing reply from that fatally facile tongue.

RED, ROUGH, PIMPLY SKIN

Quickly Cleared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant, super-creamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

No Foreign Element in the Case. "Why don't you have your own examined by an alienist?" "I'd rather have a good American doctor than any of those foreigners."

Getting Old Too Fast?

Life in the life body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and aches, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for drops, gravel, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Alice Miller, 493 Indiana Ave., South Haven, Mich., says: "I had a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and sharp catches in my back and sides. I also had bladder trouble and my kidneys acted irregularly. The kidney secretions were a most unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of all these ailments."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SALLOW SKIN

is one of the greatest foes of womanly beauty. It is quickly cleared by correcting the sluggish liver—with the aid of the gently stimulating, safe and dependable remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of the highest quality. For the hair and scalp. It is the only hair dressing that is not greasy and does not clog the pores.

PATENTS. Watson & Coleman. Patent Attorneys. 1000 Broadway, New York City.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48-1914.

The Destroying Angel

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er. His foot slipped on the hardwood floor, the ankle twisted, and he fell awkwardly, striking his head against a table leg with such force that he lay half stunned. An instant later his assailant came into the darkness about him, and then, alarmed by a racket of pounding on the hall door, fled successfully by way of the fire escape to adjoining roofs and neighboring backyards.

By the time Whitaker was able to pull himself together and hobble to the door, a brace of intelligent policemen, who had been summoned by the hall-boy, were threatening to break it down. Admitted, they took his safety into their care and, simultaneously, the revolver which he incautiously admitted possessing. Later they departed, obviously disgruntled by the unpromising conduct of the "crook" who had left no "clues," with a warning to the householder that he might expect to be summoned to court, as soon as he was able to move, to answer for the crime of keeping a weapon of defense.

Whitaker took to his bed in company with a black temper and the aroma of anarchy.

He entertained, the next day, several persons; reporters; a physician; a futile, supercilious, unromantic character, miserably designated a plainclothes man; finally his friend by now their acquaintance had warmed to real friendship. Ember.

The retired investigator found Whitaker getting into his clothes—a ceremony distinguished by some profanity and numerous grunts.

"Afternoon," he said, taking a chair and surveying the sufferer with slightly masked amusement. "Having a good time?"

"You go to thunder!" said Whitaker in disgust.

"Glad to see you're not hurt much," pursued the other, unabashed.

Whitaker withered him with a glare. "You're lucky to be alive," observed Ember, exasperatingly philosophic.

"A lot you know about it! I suppose you could lay this thug by the heels in a brace of shakes?"

"Just about," Ember admitted placidly.

Whitaker stared aggressively. "You mean . . . Drummond?"

The answer was a nod. "I don't believe it."

"You'll at all events do me the credit to recall that I warned you two months ago."

"All the same, I don't believe it was Drummond."

"You haven't missed any property, I believe?"

"No," Whitaker declared. "No. Let him alone—poor devil!"

"So presumably the fellow had some motive other than a desire to thrive."

"But my wife? Could you find her as readily?"

"Possibly," the detective admitted cautiously. "But I don't mean to."

"Why not?"

"Principally because she doesn't want me to. Otherwise she'd let you know where to look for her."

"True."

These fragments of dialogue are from a conversation that took place the month of June, nearly seven weeks after the farewell performance at the Theatre Max. Interim, Whitaker had quietly resumed his place in the life of the town, regaining old friendships, renewing old acquaintances. The mild excitement occasioned by his reappearance had already subsided; he was again an accepted and substantial factor in the society of his kind.

Gradually he began to know more hours of loneliness than suited his tastes. His rooms—the old rooms overlooking Bryant park regained and re-furnished much as they had been six years before—knew his solitary presence through many a long evening. July came with blistering breath and he took to the Adirondacks, meaning to be home a month. Within ten days he was gone again, drawn back irresistibly by a strange, insatiable craving of unfulfilled desire. Town-bred him, yet he could not seem to rest away from it.

He wandered in and out, up and down, an unquiet, irritable soul, tremendously perplexed.

There came one dark and sultry night, heavy beneath skies overcast, in August. Whitaker left roof-garden in the middle of a stupor performance, and walked the streets till long after midnight, courting the fatigue that alone could bestow untroubled sleep.

On his return a sleepy hall-boy with a cold collar on his neck, and his tenth-floor landing and, leaving him fumbling at the lock of his door, dropped clanking out of sight. Whitaker entered and shut himself in with the pitch-blackness of his private hall.

He groped along the wall for the electric switch, and found only the shenck of it, the hard rubber button having disappeared. And then, while still he was trying to think how this could have happened, he sustained a murderous assault.

A misadventure on the part of the murderer alone saved him. The bludgeon (or whatever the weapon was) mistaking his head by the narrowest shave, descended upon his left shoulder, leaving with numbing force. Notwithstanding his pain and surprise, Whitaker rallied and grappled, thus escaping a second and probably more deadly blow.

But his shoulder was almost useless, and the pain of it began toicken him, while the man in his grip fought like a devil unchained.

For some minutes the night was rendered wild and violent with the crashes of overturned furniture and the mad and thrum of struggling bodies. Then Whitaker broke free and plunged in the fog he imagined to be the direction of a dresser in which he kept a revolver.

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