RISES IN DEFENSE OF FLIRT

According to English Author, Fickleness Is Simply Natural Desire to Be Liked by All.

"I like being adored," she said, "even though I dislike the person who adores me."

"You can express that more simply by saying, 'I'm a flirt,'" said Philip.

"But it's such an ugly word. Besides, everyone likes being adored; everyone is a flirt in that sense. It's only the people who never are adored who call it flirting. They would like to be adored, but as they can't, they call the rest of us rude names. But it's no use going about trying to be adored because nobody has the least idea as to how to set about it. It's not the least use being kind and honest and amiable, for that only makes you mildly popular, while the most disagreeable people get worshiped. And it isn't any good being beautiful, I dare say beauty hurries people up, because there is obviously something rather attractive about it, but it's not a bit of good by itself. Perhaps brains have got something to do with it, or is there a sixth sense which directs it all?"—From "Lovers and Friends," by E. F. Benson.

Day-Long Dissimilarity.

A negro couple stood once again before the probation officer.

"Now, this," the officer said to both, "seems to me to be a case where there is nothing very much the matter except that your tastes are different. You, Sam, are much older than your wife. It is a case of May married to December."

A slight pause, and then Eva, the wife, was heard to remark in a tired voice:

"I—I really doin' know what you means by yer sayin' May is married to December. If yer goin' to talk that way, it seems to me to be a case of Labor Day married to de Day of Rest."—From Everybody's.

Out.

"I can truly say, madam," began the educated-looking prisoner, "that I shall actually regret the day my sentence expires and I leave these walls."

"Ah," breathed the sympathetic visitor, "I had heard this was a model prison, but I never dreamed that it instilled such gratitude and depth of feeling in its inmates. And how much longer does your sentence run, my poor man?"

"Life, madam."—American Legion Weekly.

The Hardest Ever.

The Professor—"The diamond is the hardest known substance, inasmuch as it will cut glass." The Cynic—"Glass! My dear sir, a diamond will even make an impression on a woman's heart."—Town Topics.

Most of the fun we have in life isn't the kind we are looking for.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

If You Suffer from Kidney or Bladder Trouble Read this Advice.

Lansing, Mich.—"For backaches and congested kidneys Dr. Pierce's Anuric is the best remedy I have ever known. It not only relieved me of these ailments but also strengthened my bladder marvelously. I certainly do recommend Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets to all persons suffering with kidney ailments and bladder weakness."—Mrs. Jane Foster, 209 N. Cedar St.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. Send 10c for trial pkg. Anuric.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

New Shoes Old Shoes Tight Shoes

all feel the same if you shake into them some

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking and dancing, Sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Be a Pinch. Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By Camilla Kenyon

Pictures by A. Weil

COPYRIGHT — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

COOKIE'S "HA'NT."

Synopsis—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgleshy-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel and is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it. The dead sailor's map is produced.

(CHAPTER VI—Continued).

—8—

It was fortunate that Cookie knew nothing of the solitary grave somewhere on the island, with its stone marked with B. H. and a cross-bones, nor that the inhabitant thereof was supposed to walk. If he had, I think the strange spectacle of a lone negro in a small boat rowing lustily for the American continent might soon have been witnessed on the Pacific by any eyes that were there to see. And we could ill have spared either boat or cook.

Yet even though unvexed by this gruesome knowledge, after two or three days I noticed that Cookie was ill at ease. As the leisure member of the party, I enjoyed more of Cookie's society than the rest. On this occasion while the morning was still in its freshness he was permitting me to make fudge. But his usual joviality was gone. I saw that he glanced over his shoulder at intervals, muttering darkly to himself. Also that a rabbit's foot was slung conspicuously about his neck.

Having made my fudge and set the pan on a stone in the stream to cool, I was about to retire with a view to conducting a limited exploring expedition of my own. The assurances of Mr. Shaw—not personally directed to me, of course; the armed truce under which we lived did not permit of that—had convinced me that I had not to dread anything more ferocious than the pigs, and the wildest of them would retire before a stick or a stone. Besides, I boasted a little automatic, which I carried strapped to my waist in a businesslike manner. Mr. Vane had almost got me to the point where I could shoot it off without shutting my eyes.

Thus equipped, I was about to set off into the woods. I had turned my back on Cookie and the camp, when I was arrested by an exclamation:

"Miss Jinny!"

I turned to find Cookie gazing after me with an expression which, in the familiar phrase of fiction, I could not interpret, though among its ingredients were doubt and anguish. Cookie, too, looked pale. I don't in the least know how he managed it, but that was the impression he conveyed, dusky as he was.

"Miss Jinny, it mos' look lak yo' 'bout to go perambulatin' in dese yere woods?"

"I am, Cookie," I admitted.

The whites of Cookie's eyes became alarmingly conspicuous. Drawing near in a stealthy manner he whispered:

"Yo' bettah not, Miss Jinny!"

"Oh, nonsense, Cookie!" I said impatiently. "There's not a thing on the island but the pigs!"

"Miss Jinny," he solemnly replied, "dey's pigs and pigs."

"Yes, but pigs is pigs, you know," I answered, laughing.

"Dey's pigs and pigs, chile—live ones and—dead ones."

"Dead ones? Of course—haven't we been eating them?"

"Yo' won't nevah eat dis yere kind o' dead pig, Miss Jinny. It's—it's a ha'nt!"

The murder was out. Cookie leaned against a cocoa-palm and wiped his ebon brow.

Persistently questioned, he told at last how, today and yesterday, arising in the dim dawn to build his fire before the camp was stirring, he had seen lurking at the edge of the clearing a white four-footed shape. It was a pig, yet not a pig; its ghostly hue, its noiseless movements, divided it from all proper mundane porkers by the dreadful gulf which divides the living from the dead. The first morning Cookie, doubtful of his senses, had flung a stone and the spectral thing had vanished like a shadow. On its second appearance, having had a day and a night for meditation, he had known better than to commit such an outrage upon the possessor of ghostly powers, and had resorted to prayer instead. This had answered quite as well, for the phantom pig had dissolved like the morning mists. While the sun blazed, what with his devotions and his rabbit's foot and a cross of twigs nailed to a tree, Cookie felt a fair degree of security. But his teeth chattered in his head at the thought of approaching night. Meanwhile he could not in conscience permit me to venture forth into the path of this horror, which might, for all we knew, be lurking in the jungle shadows, even through the daylight hours. Also, though he did not avow this motive, I believe he found my company very reassuring. It is immensely easier to face a ghost in the sustaining presence of other flesh and blood.

For a moment I wavered in my determination. What if the island had its wild creatures after all? But neither lynx nor panther nor any other beast of prey is white, except a polar bear, and it would be unusual to meet one on a tropical island.

I decided that Cookie's pig was after all a pig, though still in the flesh. I thought I remembered having seen quite fair pigs, which would pass for white with a frightened negro in the dim light of dawn. I consoled Cookie as best I could by promising to cross my fingers if I heard or saw anything suspicious, and struck out into the woods.

For all my brave words to Cookie, I had no intention of going very far afield. From the shore of the cove I had observed that the ground behind the clearing rose to the summit of a low ridge, perhaps four hundred feet in height, which jutted from the base of the peak. From this ridge I thought I might see something more of the island than the limited environment of Lantern bay.

As the woods shut out the last glimpse of the white tents in the clearing, as even the familiar sound of the surf died down to a faint, half-imagined whisper mingling with the rustling of the palms overhead, I experienced a certain discomfort, which persons given to hard and unqualified terms might have called fear. It seemed to me as if a very strong cord at the rear of my belt were jerking me back toward the inglorious safety of the camp. I fingered my automatic and marched on up the hill, trying not to gasp when a leaf rustled or a coconut dropped in the woods.

I gained the summit of the ridge, and stood upon a bare rock platform, scantily sheltered by a few trees, large shrubs, rather, with a smooth, waxy leaf of vivid green. On the left rose the great mass of the peak.

"Yo' Bettah Not, Miss Jinny!"

From far above among its crags a beautiful foamy waterfall came hurtling down.

I had not dreamed of getting a view so glorious from the little eminence of the ridge. Here was an item of news to take back to camp. Having with great originality christened the place Lookout, I turned to go. And as I turned I saw a shape vanish into the woods.

It was an animal, not a human shape. And it was white. It had, indeed, every distinguishing trait of Cookie's phantom pig. Only it was not a pig. My brief shadowy glimpse of it had told me that. I knew what it was not, but what it was I could not, as I stood there rooted, even guess.

Would it attack me, or should I only die of fright? I wondered if my heart were weak, and hoped it was, so that I should not live to feel the teeth of the unknown Thing sink in my flesh. I thought of my revolver and after an infinity of time managed to draw it from the case. My fingers seemed at once nervelessly limp and woodenly rigid. This was not at all the dauntless front with which I had dreamed of meeting danger. I had fancied myself with my automatic making a rather pretty picture as a young Amazon—but I had now a dreadful fear that my revolver might spontaneously go off and wound the Thing, and then, even if it had meditated letting me go, it would certainly attack me. Nevertheless I clung to my revolver as to my last hope.

I began to edge away crab-wise into the wood. Like a metronome I said to myself over and over monotonously, "Don't run, don't run!"

I did not run. Instead, I stepped on a smooth surface of rock and slid downhill like a human toboggan until I fetched up against a dead log after a confused interval during which I vaguely believed myself to have been swallowed by an alligator. While the alligator illusion endured I must have lain comatose and immovable. Indeed, when my senses began to come back

The Strange Beast of the Jungle Was a White Bull-Terrier.

I was still quite inert. I experienced that curious tranquillity which is said to visit those who are actually within the jaws of death. There I lay prone, absolutely at the mercy of the mysterious white prowler of the forest—and I did not care. The whole petty business of living seemed a long way behind me now.

Languidly at last I opened my eyes. Within three yards of me, in the open rock-paved glade where I had fallen, stood the Thing. Yes, there it was—only now it had put an ear back and was sniffing at me with a mingling of interest and apprehension.

The strange beast of the jungle was a white bull-terrier.

Abruptly I sat up. The terrier gave a startled sidewise bound, but paused again and stood regarding me.

"Here, pup! Here, pup! Nice doggums!" I said in soothing accents.

The dog gave a low whine and stood shivering, eager but afraid. I continued my blandishments. Little by little the forlorn creature drew nearer, until I put out a cautious hand and stroked his ears. He dodged affrightedly, but presently crept back again. Soon his head was against my knee, and he was devouring my hand with avid caresses. Some time, before his abandonment on the island, he had been a well-brought-up and petted animal. Months or years of wild life had estranged him from humanity, yet at the human touch the old devotion woke again.

The thing now was to lure him back to camp and restore him to the happy service of his gods. With another alluring, "Here, doggums!" I started on my way. He shrank, trembled, hesitated, then was after me with a bound. So I brought him triumphantly across the Rubicon of the little stream, and marched him into camp under the astounded eyes of Cookie.

At sight of the negro the dog growled softly and crouched against my skirt. Cookie stood like an effigy of amazement done in black and white.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny," he burst at last, "am dat de ghost-pig?"

"It was, Cookie, but I chanced him into a live dog by crossing my fingers. Mind your rabbit's foot. He might eat it, and then very likely we'd have a ghost on our hands again."

"Yo' go long, Miss Jinny," said Cookie valiantly. "Yo' think I scared of any ghos' what lowes hisself to be a live white mong'ol dog? Yere, yo' ki-yi, yo' bettah mek friends with ol' Cookie, 'cause he got charge o' de grub. Yere's a li'le fa' ma'ow bone what mebbe come off'n yo' own grandchile, but yo' ain' goin' to mind dat now yo' is transformulated dis yere way." And evidently the reincarnated ghost-pig did not.

"You are impertinent. Let me pass!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Iron Currency.

Sword-shaped bars of iron were used by the ancient Britons as money, and many of these are now found in British museums. A recent investigation shows that six different denominations were used, distinguished by their sizes.

Hail Men With "Pep."

"Men with 'pep' rush in where angels fear to tread." Even "in the piping times of peace" the cast "modest stillness and humility" to the fourth remove and "let their action imitate the tigers." They advance upon our civilization like an army with banners. "Brashness" we used to call it, with affectionate contempt and tender pity; "pep" we hail it now, and laud it with loud hosannas.—Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Puzzling.

A gentleman of foreign birth, recently in Indianapolis, was telling a party of friends some of the difficulties encountered in mastering our language.

"Now, for instance," said he, "you say b-o-u-g-h spells bough. Then c-o-u-g-h spells cough. According to the pronunciation given bough, if I should have a severe cough, would I say I had a cough in my chest?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hats off to the past; coats off for the future.—A. S. Alexander.

If You Need Strength and Reserve Power Take TANLAC

The World's Greatest Tonic

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

50¢ Postpaid Coin or Stamps

This simple little device can be used to test the action of any make spark-plug without removing the plug from cylinder. Simply by touching one wire of the tester to terminal cap and the other to the packing nut at base of the plug you learn at once if the plug is O. K. When the plug is working right a fat spark will jump across the gap into tester.

This tester does not short-circuit the current like other methods of testing.

Perkins Spark Plug Tester Corp.
350 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Free—Blue Bird Water Set, pitcher, 6 glasses. Sell 20 pkgs. Clean-E-Z Washing Com., 10c pkg.; return $1; we send Water set prepaid. Clean-E-Z Products Co., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

A Trying Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow

Phila., Pa.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I was weak, nervous, dizzy and had headaches. I was troubled in this way for two years and was hardly able to do my work. My friends advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am very sorry that I did not take it sooner. But I have got good results from it and am now able to do my housework most of the time. I recommend your medicine to those who have similar troubles. I do not like publicity, but if it will help other women I will be glad for you to use my letter."—Mrs. FANNIE ROSENSTEIN, 832 N. Holly St., Phila., Pa.

Detroit, Michigan—"During the Change of Life I had a lot of stomach trouble and was bothered a great deal with hot flashes. Sometimes I was not able to do any work at all. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in your little books and took it with very good results. I keep house and am able now to do all my own work. I recommend your medicine and am willing for you to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. J. S. LIVERNOIS, 2051 Junction Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The critical time of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 50, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia. Heat flashes or waves of heat appear to pass over the body, cause the face to be very red and often bring on headache, dizziness and a sense of suffocation.

Another annoying symptom which comes at this time is an inability to recall names, dates or other small facts. This is liable to make a woman lose confidence in herself. She becomes nervous, avoids meeting strangers and dreads to go out alone.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women at this time. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. Let it help carry you through this time of life. It is a splendid medicine for the middle-aged woman. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

His Wit Rewarded.

An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which 15 shillings were demanded. He offered 12.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to sell it to thee at that price."

"As you live!" exclaimed the countryman. "Then live more moderately and be hanged to you."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I have sold hats for 20 years, and my 'As I live' trick has never been found out till now; thou shalt have the hat for nothing."—Boston Transcript.

Children call a spade a spade until they learn that grown folks won't allow it.

During the reign of peace on earth most nations are plotting to secure another piece of it.

Poverty is not a disgrace if it comes from paying your debts.

Woman is the fairest creature on earth—also the unfairest.

No one suffers in silence if he thinks the government is to blame.

A good many bachelors are wearing socks with peekaboo toes and heels.

"If" is a small word, but the most unsatisfactory one in the dictionary.

The man is very poor who has nothing that he cannot lose.

When hypocrisy stacks the cards on vanity somebody's self-conceit is due to get a jar.

Some bear their troubles cheerfully, some complainingly and some disgustedly.

He who works when he does not have to work, will not have to work when he does not want to work.

Genuine BAYER Bayer-Tablets Aspirin

Aspirin

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Headache	Colds	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid