



### TONIGHT— Your skin can be made more attractive!

Whatever the condition of your skin you can begin tonight to make it more charming.

Like the rest of your body your skin is continually changing. As the old skin dies new forms. Every day in washing you rub off dead skin. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin fresher, clearer, and more attractive by using the following treatment regularly.

#### Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to the face and rub it into the pores thoroughly always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits of the above treatment for your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the regular use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

#### Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for sample

For 4c we will send a sample cake.  
For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial  
Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

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and samples of the Woodbury preparations.  
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"Why not sell the Lenox Avenue place?" suggested he.

That was an idea indeed! The property in question was beginning to need extensive repairs. It was time to sell it, anyway; and it didn't bring in twelve per cent.

The girl listened as Turner outlined the conditions to her; and she began to realize what a wonderfully bright commercial mind he had. She herself never would have thought of turning over the money in that way. But it must be remembered she was just a girl, with no business about her beyond knowing how to buy millinery and dress goods. So she consented to the transaction.

At the end of the month she had one hundred thousand dollars more in Turner's brain mine; and fifty thousand dollars left of the property her father had willed her. Before a year had elapsed Marvin Turner had that, too, and he was quite well satisfied with himself. He went to church regularly and spoke about business integrity before the young men, exhorting them to live upright lives and never to cheat in business.

He was prosperous, and looked it, did Turner. He had nothing to worry him, beyond the question of getting back the stock in Miss Harding's possession. While she had it, there would always be something hanging over him. But he had paid the dividends regularly—in cash. He had used the power-of-attorney fiction so that he would not have to start an account in the name of the mythical mining company and check against it.

All in all, he was not much afraid of being identified with the concern, once he got back that stock. There would be only the girl's word against his; and he planned that she should never suspect him.

Of course, she would lose almost all that she had, but many people do that. Also, wasn't he apparently deeply interested in the copper? Wouldn't the two of them sympathize with each other in their losses? Of course. And so Marvin Turner let things slide until a dividend time was near. Then he called up Miss Harding on the telephone.

At this point Miss Cummings, the blonde stenographer, enters seriously into the calculations. She had grown suspicious of late. You couldn't fool her! That Harding girl wasn't coming in so often merely on business. Nope, you couldn't fool the blonde stenographer. She had worked downtown too long; she knew what perfect devils those married men were. And in her mind there was a continual suspicion that almost any day she might come downtown and find her employer gone, having eloped with his pretty client.

So it happened that when Marvin Turner telephoned from his inner office, Miss Cummings listened in on the instrument upon her desk, the outer and inner telephones being on the same line. She heard Miss Harding's clear "hello," and then the rumble of Turner's voice. "I have had news for both of us," he began.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I have received a circular letter from the Eastern Consolidated Mines Company addressed to all stockholders, announcing that, for the time, dividends will be passed."

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed the girl.

"It seems that the vein in the Alta mine has run onto other property and there will be litigation. Then the Nevin mine has petered out—oh, they certainly have plenty of trouble—" The voice broke off. Softly the door from the inner office opened and Turner looked out, catching his stenographer in the act of listening.

"Ah," he said, "I thought so. I'll see you later about this. Kindly hang up that receiver."

"I—I—" began the girl, but Turner had gone back into his room. She flushed hotly.

"He got me right that time, the mean thing," she muttered. "I bet I get fired!"

She was quite right about it. After he had finished his telephoning Turner told her that he could not keep her any longer. She tried to excuse herself, but he would not listen.

"You lack a sense of honor," he told her. "You are dishonest and I cannot

trust you. What you did amounted to stealing—getting information that was not intended for you."

"Oh, I don't know," she flashed back, "I ain't the only crook downtown."

"What do you mean?" he sharply asked.

"Take it any way you want to," she snapped back. She had in mind her suspicions concerning him and his client, but of course he did not know that.

"I mean to know specifically what you refer to," he thundered, advancing toward her.

"Don't you touch me," she cried, "or I'll holler. You let me go. I ain't goin' to say anything, but I ain't been workin' around here all this time without keepin' my eyes open. And that's all there is to it."

Once outside, she called up a certain swain, yclept Harry, who toiled in a Broad Street brokerage establishment, and the two went to luncheon together.

"He called me a thief," she complained, "and I never took nothin'. And besides, hasn't a lady got a puffet' right to rubber, once in a while?"

"Sure," replied Harry; "anyway, they all do. It must have been something he didn't want you to know about, or he'd just have scolded."

"It was a mine busting, or somethin'," she said. "She must be in it good and deep, by the way she talked."

"What mine was that?" the boy asked.

She thought a moment, then:

"Oh, yes, I remember. It's the Eastern Consolidated Mines Company. All the stockholders was wrote letters, he said; that there wasn't goin' to be any more dividends."

"I never heard of that one," said the boy.

"Say," she exclaimed excitedly, "when he told me I was a thief, I says: 'Oh, I says, 'I ain't the only crook downtown.' And what does he go and do? He goes and worries about it and tries to make me tell what I mean. See?"

"Uh-huh," responded Harry. Then, after a moment: "Come along down to the office and I'll look up that Consolidated. Maybe it's just one of those crooked concerns that's all on paper. Every office building down here is full of 'em. If it's true, you got something to get back at him with."

"All right," agreed the girl, "I'll go." So the two of them trotted off to search out evidence of Marvin Turner's villainy. And they were more successful in every way than they had anticipated. Not only was there no record of any Eastern Consolidated, but old-time copper operators, when appealed to, shook their heads and vowed that the company did not exist.

Finally Harry went to Fitch, one of the partners, and told him of Turner's conversation with Miss Harding.

"Boy," ordered Fitch, "get her on the phone. I don't know the girl, but I've heard that man Turner's name mentioned once or twice lately. And, taking a snapshot at it, I'm of the opinion that she ought to be warned."

Presently he was barking into the transmitter.

"This is Fitch," he told Miss Harding, "of Fitch and Thompson, brokers. I learn that you are holding some Eastern Consolidated Copper. That right?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Come down and see me," the broker advised, "and bring your certificates with you. As far as I can find out, that concern is all on paper."

She was not long in making the trip. And Fitch, being a man of action, was not slow in causing things to happen. A very well-known detective was hastily summoned—a man whose specialty was the criminal side of Wall Street.

"What do you make of it?" asked Fitch, after he had related the story.

"Does he know he's suspected?" questioned the officer, turning to the girl.

"I believe not," she replied. "I said nothing to make him suspicious. You see, I really did not have any idea that there was anything wrong."

"Then," the detective decided, "I'll get a search warrant and search his office. If we find the stock book there, or any literature pertaining to his fake mine, we've got him. And you come with me, Miss Harding. Your presence will help to make him break down."

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