

Safety First in Foot Gear.

There are \$5,000,000 worth of army buildings at the Presidio, San Francisco. These buildings all have steep shingle roofs. In case of fire, the chief has designed a sandal with metal spikes on the thick leather sole, which take a non-slip hold on the shingles.

What Men
Really Do
Prefer

Dorothy Dix

Tells the
Truth About
Old-Fashioned
Girls

The Quiet, Modest, Shrinking Girl Is Every Man's Ideal—But He Takes the Independent, Hearty, Healthy, Stylish One Out to Dinner.

A young woman asks this question: "What kind of girls do men, as a rule, like best—the modern or the old-fashioned kind?"



Broadly speaking, however, I should say that the favorite type of girl is the 1925 sports model, stream-line effect, artistically painted, a self-starter, a good hill climber and capable of making ninety miles an hour on the level.

Of course, I know that thousands of men will say that a girl of this class is too fast for them, and that she is upholstered too much, and that she is more for pleasure than for daily service, and that her upkeep is too much for them, anyway; and that what they want is a good, practical, old-fashioned girl of the type that used to be in vogue about the time of the Spanish War—the sort of a girl that mother was, with no foolishness nor flummery about her, and not so kalsomined up that you can't see what you are getting when you pick her out.

The quiet, modest, shrinking, domestic girl—darling little Alice-sit-by-the-fire—that is every man's ideal woman, just as the classics are his ideal literature and grand opera is his ideal music. But he leaves them all on the shelf, while he turns to the sporting page and comic strip in the newspapers when he has a few minutes to read, and then steps out with the flouziest girl he knows to listen to jazz.

Somehow our taste in people changes to meet the new fashions just as it does in clothes, and the characteristics that are admirable in one generation are as unattractive as the garments they wore. We can no more get up any enthusiasm for the manners and personalities of our parents and grandparents than we can for the bustles or hoop skirts, and Prince Albert coats, and peg-top trousers that they wore. They were all right. Probably better than ours, but old-fashioned. Not for us!

It used to be considered elegant and distinguished, for instance, for a girl to be fragile and delicate. She cultivated semi-invalidism. She minced at her food and ate no more than a bird. She would have been horrified at the thought of walking a mile, and she swooned at the sight of a drop of blood.

Can you imagine the men of today bothering with that type of girl? Not much. She would be left alone in her sofa. The only girl who has any bearing in these days is the husky, hearty, healthy girl, who can play golf all day and dance all night, and still be going strong, and who is just about as liable to faint at the sight of a wound as a butcher is.

In other days the helpless, clinging-vine type was the admired of men. The woman who sat down and wrung her hands was the one whom men rushed to support. It was considered a proof of feminine tenderness for a female to be able to turn on the hydrant and flood the place with tears.

Men don't hasten to wipe away the pearly drops that flow from the eyes of the human geyser now. They take to their heels and get out of the wet, and they have an actual contempt for the girl who doesn't know how to do things, and who isn't sport enough to take life as it comes without blubbering.

Ignorance was held to be a charm of peculiar fascination in the old-fashioned girl. A woman was supposed to be particularly appealing if she didn't know who was president, and never read a newspaper, and didn't have enough sense to handle money, or buy a railroad ticket, or take care of herself. Men are bored to death now with a woman who can't keep up her end of the conversation, and they consider the girl a burden who has to be taken care of as if she were a sick baby.

You see there are millions of girls in business nowadays, and they have changed man's ideal of what is desirable in women. The business girl is strong and healthy. She is snappy, and alert, and wide awake. She knows how to take care of herself financially and socially. She is independent and capable, and she makes a lackadaisical old-fashioned woman look like a last year's shirtwaist.

Men criticize her just as they criticize her short skirts, and they tell her how much better her mother was, just as they tell her how much more modest her mother's long trailing microbe-catching petticoats were; but it is the up-to-the-minute girl, wearing the latest hint from Paris, that they take out to dinner.

Look and see for yourself.

DOROTHY DIX.

RED ROSE

For particular people—Are you "Particular"? Then try this "particular" coffee

Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Wheels Within Wheels

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED MYSTERY.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

INSTALLMENT IX.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

RALPH HOWLAND, a wealthy businessman, is found dead in the library of his home, one morning. Dr. Avery, the family physician, comes to the conclusion that Howland was murdered by the application of a poison gas bulb, which must have been broken under his nose.

CONRAD STRYKER, the village halfwit, discovered Howland's body, and it is believed that he was in the library during the night.

MARY HOWLAND, Ralph's wife, has lost interest in life since the death of her little girl, Angela, who was a victim of the sleeping sickness epidemic, when she was five years old. The new tragedy seems to have affected Mrs. Howland's mind.

AUSTIN MAGEE, Howland's secretary, known to have talked to his employer late on the night of the tragedy, discloses the fact that Howland had reason to believe that through a curious chain of circumstances his daughter might still be alive.

IDA HOLMES CAMPBELL appears at the Howlands a few days after the murder, claiming to be Angela Howland, basing her claim on slight evidence. She tells of being found on a railway train by a Miss Jane Campbell, when she was five years old. Ida has a strange sense of having at one time in her life been carried by Conrad Stryker.

MARY HOWLAND eagerly accepts the girl.

LEONARD SWIFT, Howland's cousin, is his principal heir, unless Angela is found.

EDITH MILLS, Howland's very pretty stenographer, is seriously interested in Swift.

DETECTIVE GREEN is conducting the investigation of the case.

THE HARRISONS were formerly Miss Campbell's employers.

ESTERBROOK is the Howlands' lawyer.

Swift is convinced that Magee and Ida are in a plot together to do him out of the Howland fortune. He even suspects Magee of the murder. Ida and Austin are deeply in love with each other by now, and one night, while they are together, Swift overhears Ida telling her lover that she is an "imposter." Swift demands that she sign a paper to that effect. Magee disappears suddenly from the Howlands.

PENNINGTON WISE, master detective, takes up the case, despite Swift's evident disapproval. Angela begs Wise to aid her in obtaining her "rights."

CHAPTER XXI Zizi.

The sun parlor at Howlands was a most comfortable and attractive place, and here Mary Howland spent much of her time with Ida Campbell. "Mother," the girl said one day, "I want you to try to think up all you can about my babyhood. Tell me every little incident you can remember, no matter how trivial. For a great and clever detective is going to look into things—and if you and I play our cards right, maybe we can make him decide that I am your Angela child—and maybe he'll let me take my own home and use it."

"How do you do, Angela," Howland, said a new voice, and from the terrace a girl slid into the room and toward them.

Her skin was very dark, even sallow, and her black hair was parted and drawn down at the sides in Italian fashion. Yet she was not Italian, her speech was decidedly American, both in voice and accent.

"I'm Zizi," she said, and scooped down her little black frock, which, though short and scanty, yet seemed ample for her tiny slenderness. "How do you do, Zizi," and the girl she called Angela Howland flashed a smile at her. "You're Mr. Wise's assistant, aren't you?"

"Yes," and the sharp black eyes snapped, "and I'm an assistant that assists!"

"First of all, Mrs. Howland"—her crisp little voice grew gentler as she addressed the older woman—"I want you to recall everything you can about your baby, Angela."

"But I can't remember anything very special," Mrs. Howland said, wrinkling her brows in a pathetic effort to do what was asked of her. "You see, Angela was just a normal baby—she played with her dolls and ate her bread and milk like any child would."

"Yes,—and then she grew ill—" Zizi spoke carefully.

"Yes, Angela had the sleeping sickness, and she slept and slept—oh, for days and nights—and years—"

The clouded mind wandered a little, and Ida said:

"Must you bother her? Poor dear, it distresses her so."

"Must," Zizi said, doggedly. "And then your baby died—"

"Never mind, I'll get all that from Doctor Avery," Mrs. Zizi nodded her sagacious little head. "Now, tell me more yet of the baby. Was she a good child?"

"Yes, of course. But determined. And self-willed."

"How did she show this self-will?"

"Oh, no, Angela never was a cry-baby. But if she didn't like anything, she'd discard it. If I took her calling and the people didn't please her, she'd declare she was going home—and she'd go."

"Now as to Conrad," Zizi had quite evidently made herself acquainted with all the points of the case. "Was he fond of the baby? Your baby?"

"Conrad is a strange boy," Mary Howland spoke rationally enough now; "he is harmless and he is devoted to all children and animals. Yes, he loved my baby, and I was never afraid to have him with her."

"Did he ever carry her?"

"Carry her? Oh, no! We would not have let him do that. But he would sometimes walk beside her baby carriage or hover about when

Lane had her out walking. I'm sure he never touched her."

"He did," said Ida, a little obstinately. "I have only the vaguest recollection of it, but I am sure that boy carried me somewhere—some time."

"Anybody else with you?" asked Zizi, casually.

"No—we were alone—it was dark."

"Oh, no, dear," and Mary Howland smiled. "That couldn't be. You dreamed it."

"It may be a childish dream that has somehow stuck in your memory," Zizi said thoughtfully. "Now I want to tackle Nurse Lane. Where can I see her?"

"Go and fetch her, Angela, won't you?" and Mary Howland turned to the girl she believed to be her daughter.

Ida returned with the nurse, and it was easily seen that the woman came unwillingly.

"What do you know of Ida Holmes?" asked Zizi abruptly.

Only Zizi's eyes saw the least quiver of the stern mouth of the nurse, for she instantly quailed, and she said, in even tones, "I know nothing of the young lady, except that she appeared here with a preposterous story, claiming to be the child Angela."

"Why do you think she isn't that child?"

"Because I saw the little one die and I saw her in her casket. How, then, can it be possible?"

"You saw her die?"

"I did. No one else was present. Her mother was very ill, and Mr. Howland was at his wife's bedside."

"Did he know the little girl was so low?"

"I don't think so. But everything was so upset, Mrs. Howland was so very ill, the doctors were all driven to death by the epidemic, and nothing was normal. Why, Dr. Avery had time for no more than the shortest look-in, just to make sure that Angela was dead, then he had to go right back to Mrs. Howland. He told me to call Stryker."

"The idiot!" exclaimed Zizi. "Oh, no, ma'am, but the boy's father, He's our village undertaker. Well, he came as soon as he could, and he took the little body down to his rooms."

"At the casket was sent off to New Jersey that night?" Zizi asked.

"I don't know about that—but it was sent off soon. It all sounds heartless to tell of it—but there was so much to do—new cases breaking out all the time—our duty was to the living—not the dead."

"Come with me, nurse," and jumping up suddenly, Zizi put her skinny little arm through the large round one of Lane. Surprised into acquiescence, the nurse went off with the strange girl, and they disappeared inside the house, just as Pennington Wise came into the sun parlor through an outside door.

CHAPTER XXII Conrad Remembers.

"Will you introduce me to your mother, Miss—Howland?" he said, and though he made a slight pause before the name, yet he spoke it clearly, and with a smile at Ida Campbell.

"Yes, indeed," she said gayly, and then, "Mother, dear, this is Mr. Wise, the great detective who is going to get my recognition and my rights."

"It doesn't matter," Mary Howland said, for, as always after a scene of excitement, she was tired and therefore a trifle less clear-minded. "You are my baby—my darling, and nothing anybody can say or do can make you more so."

"But we want to make it clear to other people," Wise said, and then, turning to the girl, "Your mother is tired, don't let's bother her. Can you

not leave her—shortly, and go with me for a walk?"

"Yes, of course; I'll call Etta."

"It's this way," Wise began, as they strolled across the terrace, down toward the orchard. "I am always attracted by a case with a double mystery. Here we have the death of Ralph Howland and the question of your own personality. Until by no means sure Mr. Howland was murdered—and I am by no means sure you are Angela Howland."

"The big dark eyes turned to him in utter astonishment."

"Why," she cried, "why—Mr. Wise—I thought you were going to help me."

"I am going to help you—but only if you are going to tell me the truth—and, all the truth. Are you ready to do that?"

"Mr. Wise, if you are a detective, you will know whether I tell you the truth or not."

"Not necessarily. If you make a statement that I cannot prove or disprove, I am not clairvoyant that I know the truth. But why, Miss Campbell, should you tell anything but the truth?"

"Because the truth is not sufficient, such of it as is known, to carry my point—to prove my case."

"And so you think to do it by resorting to falsehood?"

"Not falsehood—oh, no!"

"What, then?"

"Oh, I don't know." She spoke almost pettishly. "Don't bother me with foolish questions, just let's get busy on the main issues."

"All right, we will. Where is Austin Magee?"

"I haven't the least idea—no, wait, that isn't quite true. I have an idea—but it is merely imagination on my part. Merely a thought—fostered by a wish. And I expect you to believe this—it is a thought, better left unspoken—until at least—unless unexpected transpires to show it's a right idea."

"They were walking on again now, and the piquant little face that peeped out from the fur collar was looking at him warily—it almost seemed cautiously."

"Wise studied it. Lovely, Miss Ida Holmes Campbell certainly was—but she was nobody's fool. More

than that, she was positively capable of making other people her fools—if occasion arose.

It was not likely that she could make a fool of Pennington Wise, but that astute gentleman reflected, she could come nearer to it than almost any one else he had ever seen—and he must keep his wits about him.

"Can you walk as far as the village?" he asked.

"Rather! I often walk there and back."

"Any objection to going to Stryker's?" asked Wise.

"Not the least; come along, it's on the next block."

To the undertaker's they went, and found the proprietor out, and the half-witted Conrad in charge.

"Do they let that innocent stay there alone?" Wise asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said Ida. "There's nothing for him to do, you know. He's just protection against petty thieves, I suppose."

"Conrad in charge," said the youth himself, with a wide, vacant smile. "Father back soon—Conrad looks after all right—all right."

He spoke in a peculiar sing-song, uninflected tone, and gave his words almost a rhythm by the use of repetition.

"Who is this, Conrad?" asked Wise, suddenly, indicating Ida.

"Andy—little Andy, little, little Andy—"

Quaint Characters of Paris Streets.

Paris still has its "old chair men," who give an old-time aspect to the streets as they go about collecting old chairs, which they take away to be repaired. Some ride bicycles, which become piled high like a pyramid before the mender starts on the home stretch.

MISSION CIRCLE ELECTIONS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, April 21.—The Mission Circle of the Methodist Church has elected the following officers for 1924: Supervisor, Mrs. George Cass; president, Miss Margaret V. Jenkins; first vice-president, Miss Stella Pond; second vice-president, Miss Dorothy Cass; recording secretary, Miss Cora Loudon; corresponding secretary, Miss Elsie Dyer; treasurer, Miss Lucille Clement; strangers' secretary, Miss Hope Dunton; superintendent of mite boxes, Miss Margaret Churchill; superintendent of Outlook, Miss Doris Wilson; superintendent of Christian Stewardship, Mrs. E. G. Gilham; pianist, Miss Mildred Wells.

Disordered Stomach

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will refresh your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of men and women suffer from Biliousness, Disordered Stomach, Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimples, Blotchy Skin. They are the result of Constipation. Genuine bear signature—Small Pills. Small Doses. Small Price.

At the Thomas Furniture Company's Big Sale—

Marshall Mattresses

advertised in yesterday's papers at \$26.95 Must Be Sold at \$29.50.

We regret the error which appeared offering Marshall Mattresses at this price, but at the time were unaware that \$29.50 is the standard price of this article—Dominion-wide.

THOMAS

FURNITURE CO., LIMITED

Bell Bulletin of Service Helps

Vol. I.

1924

No. 8

To sell the customer who is "out"

NEARLY every traveller misses some customers when he is making his rounds. One salesman, whose resourcefulness will likely land him in a Sales Manager's job some day, has devised an ingenious plan to keep from losing even one of these occasional sales.

He fills out and leaves at his customers a form he had printed to meet just such occasions.

Mr. Cox,

I regret you were not in when I called today. I will telephone your (office or residence) about A.M. P.M. (date).

Will you please check over your stock so that you will know your requirements when I telephone?

(Signed) John Doe, Grand Supply Co.

It is almost a foregone conclusion that he will get the order. But think of the effect on the customer, too! John Doe, who missed seeing him, is interested enough to call him by telephone, to get his order! If he calls after 8.30 p.m. he gets the evening rate.

These otherwise-missed orders count up in the course of a year, and it's so easy to get them by Long Distance.

C. H. BEARD, Local Manager.



Superior in every way



Three kinds - Black - Green - Mixed.

Genuine



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against one of the many imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."