



Babies Recommend Mennen's---

IF they don't put it into words, they do better—they prove their argument in practice. Their sensitive skin knows and shows the difference between powder specially designed for their use and other kinds. The baby whose skin is regularly dusted with Mennen's is comfortable, happy, lovable—all the time.

But grown-up skin needs and enjoys soothing Talcum just as much as does baby skin.

The trouble is, most grown-up skins are neglected.

Think of being always comfortable as a freshly bathed baby—no skin irritation, no chafing from corsets or collars or belt or tight shoes—our bodies kept smooth and cool with a silky film of Mennen's Talcum Powder.

Just to start the next hot day—try Mennen's—a shower of it—after your bath. Use plenty of Mennen's Talcum to protect against sun and wind. If you've never tried it, you will be amazed at the comfort of a Mennen Talcum bath. Your clothes will feel loose and won't irritate your skin in hot weather. You won't know you have a skin.

If your feet trouble you in hot weather, shake Mennen's Talcum into your shoes and stockings.

Dust Mennen's between the sheets on a hot night. They will feel like sheerest silk.

Let Mennen's mean to you what it has meant to millions of happy babies.

Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula which has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need: Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed, and the new Talcum for Men, which is neutral in tint and delightful after shaving.

MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDERS

G. Mennen Chemical Company
Factory: Montreal.

Sales Office:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
Toronto.



A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Perhaps she has had them all her life. Now she'll probably go off into a trance-like sleep again."

"It's something between her and Jimmy," I put in. "Didn't you see how she clung to him? Didn't you see him whisper to her? Didn't you see his eyes just now?"

Creel nodded.

"He's in love with her, of course," he said; "has been since the moment he laid eyes on her; and she . . ."

"Do you remember how she looked the first time she saw him?" I burst out. "You didn't get the effect of it as I did—I never saw such loathing in a human countenance!"

"She said she couldn't go on," Creel explained to Davis; "sprang to her feet and tried to get off the boat. But it was too late—the engines started just then—and she quieted down. In fact, she sort of apologized afterwards—said it was nerves, or something like that. But I have felt ever since that, away down in her heart, she hated the sight of him."

"Yet she clung to him to-night," I said, feebly.

Davis was scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

"Then that is what the fight has been," he said.

"And you think he has won?" asked Creel.

"He thinks so, anyway," said Davis. "But I'm not so sure."

"By George, you're right!" Creel agreed. "That girl has got the devil in her if any woman ever had! She'll strangle him in his sleep some night!" "Yes," assented Davis, slowly, "I feel the same way . . ."

And then he stopped suddenly, for the tent-flap was raised and Jimmy came in. If he had heard that last sentence, he gave no sign.

"She's all right," he said, in answer to our look. "Sleeping like a baby. I feel dog-tired myself. I'll turn in, if you don't mind."

"I thought I would study these hieroglyphics awhile," said Davis, hesitatingly; "but if it will disturb you . . ."

"Dynamite wouldn't disturb me," Jimmy assured him; and he sat down on his cot and began to unlace his shoes.

Creel said something about having some work to do on the script, and gathered up his manuscript and took it over to the property-tent, where there was a table and a lamp. I sat down outside the tent, and got out my pipe and lighted it, in the hope that Mollie would smell it and come out; but she didn't; and at last, realizing how tired I was, I resolved to go to bed.

I found Davis, with his torch propped on a chair, bending over the coffin, intent on his study of the hieroglyphics; he greeted me with a nod so curt that it was the plainest sort of invitation to pass on. In the next cot Jimmy slumbered peacefully—on his side, I was glad to note—his back turned to the old Egyptologist. I passed on to the third cot, got out of my clothes, into my pajamas, and stretched myself out luxuriously.

It had seemed quite dark inside the tent as I came in from the bright moonlight, save for the reflected glow of Davis's torch; but as I lay staring up into the night, I gradually perceived that it was not really dark—that the wonderful night outside penetrated the canvas with a luminous glow . . .

How long I slept, I don't know; but I awoke suddenly with a start, and lay listening, with a strange sense of apprehension. I could hear some one breathing regularly at my left, so knew that Creel had come to bed without disturbing me. But from the other side I could detect no sound—and yet I remembered distinctly that when I first lay down I could hear Jimmy's breathing quite clearly. I peered cautiously in his direction; but the light was so dim, I could not be certain whether he was there or not. I might have stretched out my hand and made sure, but I dared not. Something held me back. I was afraid of what my fingers might encounter!

Beyond Jimmy's bed, I could see the coffin rearing its great shape against the open tent-flap—there was something sinister in the way its shadow fell across Jimmy's cot. Where was Davis sleeping, I wondered. Had he really rolled himself in his blanket on the ground, in order to guard his treasure? But what was it he feared? What could happen to it?

As I lay there staring at it, trying to muster courage to stretch out my hand into its shadow, it seemed to me that

its painted sides began to give out little flashes of light, and a sort of phosphorescent glow gathered above its gilded top, and hung there, gently waxing and waning. Perhaps there was a phosphorescent quality in the gilt—I had heard of such things; or perhaps . . . I shivered slightly. Where was it I had read that all decaying things possessed a certain phosphorescence?

I turned over impatiently and closed my eyes and resolved to go to sleep. Such imaginings were morbid—it was folly to give way to them. It made no difference to me whether Jimmy was there or not. Suppose he was not there—it was natural enough that he should have gone outside to smoke a cigarette, or get a breath of fresh air—yes, or keep an engagement for a meeting! Whatever the source of the phosphorescence, it was essentially the same thing, and absolutely harmless.

But there, in the silence of the night, all my senses seemed preternaturally quickened; an odor of musk and spices drifted across my nostrils; in the stillness behind me, I fancied I could detect a stealthy movement—a soft rustle, as of a woman's gown . . .

My eyes had snapped wide open again; and I lay there listening, listening; and a little stream of perspiration ran down across my temple and dropped off upon the pillow; my heart was hammering in my throat—I could stand it no longer—I turned and looked . . .

For a moment I saw only what I had seen before—the square coffin against the light of the entrance; the faint glow above it; the prickle of light along its side—and then my heart gave a sudden leap—for there *was* something else . . .

Above the coffin a gray cloud hovered—a translucent cloud, for it only dimmed the light behind it; a cloud whose edges I could not distinguish, but which nevertheless reminded me of a human form; a cloud which wavered uncertainly this way and that . . .

And then, against the light, I distinctly saw the occupant of the coffin sit up—I saw his head and shoulders coming, apparently, right through the lid; a strange white shape, but indubitably a man; and I saw him hold out his hand to the floating cloud, as though in welcome, and rise; and together they glided from the tent . . .

And then Creel and Davis were standing over me, the latter playing his torch into my blinded eyes.

"Take it away!" I gasped, and pushed the torch aside and sat up; and then from the farther cot I got a glimpse of Digby's frightened face.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" Creel demanded. "I thought you were being murdered!"

"The mummy!" I gasped. "It—it got away—it walked right out of the tent . . ."

I saw the panic in Davis's face as he stepped quickly to the coffin and ran his ray of light over it.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It hasn't been touched."

"You were dreaming!" snapped Creel. "Go to sleep again!" and he turned away to his cot.

"I *wasn't* dreaming!" I protested hotly. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. I saw the mummy sit up through the lid, and hold out its hand to the cloud, and they glided away together . . ."

"Look here, Billy," broke in Creel savagely, coming back and standing over me, "don't you go crazy, too! Two maniacs are all I can stand . . ."

"I'm not crazy! I saw it, I tell you . . . and there was an odor of musk and spices . . . and the rustle of a woman's dress . . ."

"There is a faint odor of spices about the coffin," broke in Davis; "there always is; and as for the rustle of a dress—well, the breeze in the palms outside would explain that."

"But it won't explain what I *saw*!" I said. "Besides, where's Jimmy?"

For the light from Davis's torch had swept across Jimmy's bed, and we had all seen that it was empty.

"I don't care where he is!" said Creel, still more savagely. "What you saw, if you saw anything, was that madman getting out of bed. Your heated imagination did the rest."

I couldn't deny that it *might* have been that; I *might* have got my perspective wrong in the darkness—but I didn't believe it. And then there was the cloud. I saw Creel's gesture of exasperation when I mentioned the cloud. "Anyhow, I think we ought to find

Vacation Days Made Miserable by Sunburn

SO busy packing—so busy rushing to get away "by Saturday Noon"—that we forget something.

Then, by Sunday night, or Monday morning—oh, tortures! Neck—arms—shoulders—smarting fire!

Get a packet to-day—of Mennen's Kora-Konia. Use it now—and then pack it so you'll be sure you have it with you. Don't take chances on a holiday made miserable by Sunburn, when such a simple remedy can be had at your corner Drug Store.

It was an eminent physician who first suggested to Mr. Mennen the big need for a healing powder which could be dusted on wounds, chapped and irritated skin, sunburn, diaper rash and scalds, to ease the pain, absorb moisture and prevent friction.

The result was Kora-Konia.

We want you to learn for yourself the almost magic power of Kora-Konia to relieve and stop skin discomfort. We want you to try it on sunburns or chafed limbs which drive you nearly crazy on a hot day, and see how the discomfort ceases and the skin becomes white again. Note how the powder clings to the skin all day, refusing to be washed or rubbed off. See how quickly Kora-Konia cures diaper rash or teething rash and how it eases the skin irritations of bed patients. The full size box costs 50 cents.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, lubricating, adhesive, slightly water-proof, soothing and healing.

MENNEN'S KORA-KONIA

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(Continued on following page.)