

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter from learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears that he is an intimate friend, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the reformation of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in his publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to meet her at the office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Some time soon, I hope. I'm sick and tired of it all here, Gloria. To-day it has seemed like the game isn't worth the candle. What do you think?"

"I'm all in the dark, too," was her answer. "Slowly and surely in the shadow of her shattered hopes and his unhappy conflict of duty and desire were they being drawn closer together than even they had been when they laughed with the spring and dreamed of the days to come in a radiant sunshine of unwisdomed love."

"I don't know what to think," Gloria went on in a low tone. "I don't seem to understand Belmont."

"Why don't you go away? Don't you want to?"

"What for? I know the life out there." She made a sweeping gesture which seemed to encompass all the world outside the four walls which shut them in together. "It wouldn't really satisfy me any more—to live as I used to live."

"Yet your life here—"

"No, this doesn't satisfy me either."

"In a word, Gloria, you're not happy."

Instead of replying directly, she asked with a dropping of her hands to her sides in a hopeless fashion:

"Is anybody in the whole world happy? Are you happy?"

"Don't you think I am?"

"I'm afraid not."

The appealing way she looked at him, her whole soul welling up in her eyes, brought him to his feet and set him to pacing nervously up and down. He looked fatigued, distressed, beside himself with care. She forgave him everything but his studied refusal to let her share whatever weighed upon him. Could he not see, she thought, how she yearned to tell him that whither he went there she would go also, that his joys would be all her joys and that his burdens would be divided with her, that love divided all sorrow and doubled all joy?

Wright could stand it no longer. He saw her before him, trembling with that same emotion that shook him, inflamed with the same fire that burned within him, mutely questioning him with her big, soulful eyes. How could he make amends for that month of neglect except by telling her what she long ago had guessed, but what more recently she had a right to doubt? He felt weak where he wanted to be strong. To hear from her lips that she loved him was all that he needed to make him invincible. With her acknowledged love in his heart there was nothing he could not do.

"Oh, Gloria, I can't tell you what a fight I'm making. You wouldn't understand. Business is business, out-

He stepped between her and the door, letting her take several steps forward, because they brought her closer to him, before he said:

"No, Gloria, you must hear me. I didn't mean to speak now, of all times, but it had to be some day, and perhaps it is all for the best now."

The woman leaned her hand upon the table for support, turning half away from him.

"Don't Joe, please don't," she murmured. "I must go."

"No, no, I must tell you. You've asked me if you could help me. I want you to help me; you can help me always. I love you. I want you to be my wife. I have loved you, oh, so long; and most of all, I've felt that you have needed me. Don't tell me that it was just selfishness, dear, that made me feel that my protecting arms should be about you always. Love is love, a law unto itself alone. We must recognize it and bow to it, because it brings us happiness."

He came a step nearer, but she did not turn to him. She stood half turned away, her eyes downcast, her lips parted into a smile. Her breath came fast and she could feel her heart beat. Then she heard him say in a lower tone, so gently:

"Nothing to say, Gloria? Can't you believe me?"

She turned to find herself gazing into his eyes.

"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

This answer was not enough. He had asked her to be his wife. Not yet had she replied.

"Say that you care for me, Gloria; tell me that you love me."

"I've always cared, Joe; I do love you."

"For better or worse?" He held out his arms.

"To the end of the world," she whispered as his arms were folded about her.

And as their lips met in their first kiss, Wright saw in her eyes the light that never yet has shone on land or sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

Even as Wright held Gloria in his arms there came back to him her words:

"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

They were like lead about his heart, and cautioned him that he must get her away from Belmont as quickly as possible. Words of love must be postponed, new-found bliss be treated as commonplace, until he had finished his hard task of persuading her to go away.

"You've made me supremely happy, Gloria. I want you to believe in me and trust me—always."

She smiled up at him, her love and confidence as she answered, "I do, I do."

"I want you to be happy, and I know you're not happy in Belmont. You must go away at once. I'll follow you."

"But why?" she questioned. The smile was still there, but surprise peeped forth from her eyes. "I'm happy now."

Wright laughed at her with that delightfully patronizing air of possession that lovers assume, caught her in his arms once more and kissed her.

"I know, dear, but you'll be happier. I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. Can't you trust me?"

"Yes, but father would—"

"He won't oppose your going. I know he won't." At thought of David Kerr and the fierce fight they were waging Wright became insistent. "Do this for me, Gloria. You can get a late train for St. Louis tonight. I'll have Mrs. Gilbert go with you. Next week I'll join you, and we'll make plans for the wedding."

"But, Joe, that's so foolish," she complained. "I like Belmont immensely now." Then she struck a more serious note. "Besides, it wouldn't be fair to father. He's put me through, and I'm not going to disappoint him. To go away—well, I feel it would be disloyal."

"You can write him we're engaged," he pleaded. "Then I'll go to see him."

Gloria could not altogether understand his insistence. Then, too, to send her away just after they had found each other was something she could not explain to her father.

Further discussion was put out of the question by the appearance of Judge Gilbert.

"Would you object to waiting for Mrs. Hayes in this office?" he asked, pointing to the room next to that in which the men had been conferring. He smiled as he added, "Mr. Wright came on business, you know."

"I think he transacted it with me, Judge Gilbert," she could not help replying. Then she asked Wright with a smile, "You won't be long?"

He walked with her to the door, to Gilbert's surprise, crossed the threshold and went into the little office. Somehow or other—such things are always mysteries, certainly they are accidents—the door seemed to close of its own accord.

"Wait for me a little while," he said, taking both her hands in his. "It's going to be such a glorious world for us. I never knew what happiness meant till now. To be wherever you were has always made life sweet, but now everything takes on a new meaning transmuting by the glory of being loved by you."

She loosened one hand from his grasp and put it over his mouth.

"Naughty boy, you must go back to work. You're playing truant here."

mustn't listen to you. When I listen to you, you make me forget everything but that I love you. And now I want to be alone and think."

To leave her for an instant was like having his life's sun in eclipse. At last she freed herself from his arms and bade him go. He had gone far as the door, his hand upon the knob, when she quickly crossed the small space between them, threw her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Remember, dear, in whatever you do, I'm with you. May my love and my confidence support you ever."

It seemed to him like a benediction. Again were his arms around her, again their lips pledged their hearts' lasting love. Gently he released himself from her embrace, and with a parting smile was gone.

Wright stepped into the library, his eyes upon Gloria until the closed door shut her from his sight. He turned to find himself face to face with David Kerr.

While Wright had been talking to Gloria, Kerr and Kendall had joined the attorney in the library. As soon as the editor saw with whom he had to deal, he recognized how hard pressed were his friends the enemy, since no go-between was employed. He was being asked to treat with the boss of Belmont himself.

"You know Mr. Kendall and Mr. Kerr," Gilbert said, without resorting to his social manner, as was his custom. This he knew to be a case of diamond cut diamond, and there was no occasion for any seeming show of friendliness.

"I had the pleasure of meeting them at your house."

It was easy to see from the direct opening of the conversation that there was to be little beating around the bush. Gilbert took a chair at the head of the long library table. Wright sat to his left, where he could see the door of the room in which Gloria waited for him. Opposite to him were Kerr and Kendall.

"It's been a hot campaign," were the boss' first words, "but we can afford to let bygones be bygones."

Wright was not to be led into any admission which might be used against him later, and therefore would not assent to this.

"What I can afford has nothing to do with it. The one question is: Can Belmont afford to give itself up to this terminal trust that leaves no stone unturned in its effort to steal the streets and parks of the town? That is only the first step. Where do you propose it shall end?"

"That's where you misrepresent our side, Mr. Wright," said Kendall. "The undertaking you speak of is perfectly legitimate, for the direct benefit of Belmont. I challenge you to prove that what you have accused us of being about to do is really the intention of this company. Nothing, sir, is farther from it."

"That's all been gone over," Wright said, turning to the lawyer at the head of the table. "There's nothing new to be said along that line. Was it for this you sent for me, Judge Gilbert?"

"No, I asked you to come over here to consider an offer for your paper. Is the News for sale?"

"That depends. For sale when applied to a newspaper may sometimes have an ugly meaning."

"Of course," Gilbert was quick to add, "I mean as a newspaper property."

"In dollars and cents, perhaps," admitted Wright, "but there are some things that have a greater value than mere money; peace of mind, for instance, and the deserved respect of the community, and honor. I can't sell out the people who are depending on me, the people of Belmont."

The men across the table looked at him as if they thought him crazy. They knew he had foolish ideas, but they had not dreamed he would let such an opportunity slip through his fingers. He was the owner of a newspaper that was losing money every day, and they had as much as asked him to name his own figure for his property. They could not understand how honor was part of the transaction in the sale of a newspaper, even in the last days of a strong fight against the organization. What should he care about the respect of the community when he had money enough to take him out of that community and keep him comfortable until he was ready to get another paper somewhere else to exploit his insane ideas of civic righteousness?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

may reach the height of his earning power younger in life. But he will not continue to rise beyond that. You know that the less a man has in his head the more he must depend upon his physical energy. Physical energy is on the wane after 40 or 45. The man of 65 who has to depend upon his physical energy to earn his living is certain to find himself in very poor circumstances. The man who has developed his intellect will at the age of sixty-five find himself managing to live without depending too much upon his physical energy. That is one reason why life grows more beautiful every year to the man who is educated, while the life of the uneducated man grows less beautiful and less interesting after he has reached the zenith of his physical powers at the age of about forty or forty-five.

EGYPT'S DEBT TO WORMS

Their Digging Through Thousands of Years Is What Makes Fertility of the Valley of the White Nile.

The fertility of the valley of the White Nile is renowned. British scientific surveys report that its remarkable productivity is due in large part to the diligence of earthworms, which have been digging it for thousands of years. Observations are recorded showing that during the active six months of each year the castings of the worms brought to the surface there amount to about 240 pounds an acre. Spread out evenly, this would make an appreciable annual layer. Darwin estimated that the castings of five years in England would cover the whole kingdom with a layer of new earth an inch thick. In the Nile valley the layer would doubtless be thicker were the worms equally numerous and busy, as appears to be the case, because the proportion of non-arable land there is much less than in the British Isles. It must be remembered, also, that, in addition to the beneficial service of stirring up the soil, admitting air and water more easily, and bringing deep deposits to the surface, there is a constant fertilization effected by the vegetable matter dragged into their burrows by the worms, much of which is left to decay where it will do the most good—Harper's Weekly.

Pampered Lapdogs.

The New York papers report that a wealthy woman well known in society circles went to one of the finest hotels in New York and engaged a suite of four rooms and three baths for three months at \$50 a day. There was a living room, a bedroom, and a bath for herself, a room and a bath for the maid, and a bedroom and bath for her "babies," as she called her three dogs, two Japanese and one a Pekingese spaniel.

Rising from their satin-lined basins in the morning, the dogs are bathed with scented water in the big white tub. After that comes breakfast with milk and toast. At luncheon the "babies" are served with lamb chops and creamed potatoes. Dinner consists of a bit of chicken, mashed potatoes, and a dessert of ice cream or some creamy confection. The fare of the dogs is fifty shillings a day, or more than \$45,000 a year—London Times.

"I'm a poor man, Judge Gilbert," Wright began slowly. "I couldn't refuse to consider an offer—"

He got no further, for Kendall exclaimed:

"That's what I thought."

"Wait a minute," Wright asked, lifting his hand in warning that he had not finished. "You interrupted me before I was through. What I say is this: I couldn't refuse to consider an offer from a proper quarter."

"What does the source matter to you?" Kendall inquired. "You're human. You want money as bad as any of us."

Before replying, Wright's gaze rested for an instant on the door behind which his heart's happiness waited. Her words came to him, strengthening him to meet the tempter: "Remember, dear, in whatever you do, I'm with you. May my love and my confidence support you ever."

"I may want money—need it—worse than any of you," he confessed. "But it must come only one way—honestly. 'Nothin' dishonest about sellin' a paper,' is there?" growled Kerr.

"I can't tell in this case until I hear what Judge Gilbert's offer is."

"It's simply this: I have some clients who wish to purchase your paper."

"Mr. Kerr and Mr. Kendall, I suppose."

"Does it make any difference to you?"

"It may to Belmont."

"What's Belmont got to do with it?" asked Kerr.

"A newspaper can't change hands like a stock of groceries," Wright reported impatiently.

"You know I want to be open and above board with you, Mr. Wright," soothed Gilbert. "So I'll tell you that Mr. Kendall and Mr. Kerr are interested in this offer. I know the paper's mortgaged. What'll you sell for, the purchasers to assume the mortgage and all other debts, and possession to be given this afternoon?"

Wright merely looked at him and shook his head. What he thought he almost hated to say. It hurt him to think that they could believe he would even listen to such a proposition.

"Then," continued Gilbert, "another basis on which to deal would give you nominal control until after election, but my clients would not expect the paper to be so vehement in its denunciations in the next few days."

"Judge Gilbert," the editor replied quietly, but with great earnestness, "that's an offer I don't thank you for. These men haven't enough money to buy my paper."

"You bought the paper," snarled Kerr in an ugly manner.

"Yes," came the answer right back at him, "but you want to buy my respect."

The two men glared at each other, but the boss did not deny the assertion. The elder man was beginning to rage inwardly. So accustomed had he become to the exercise of autocratic power in Belmont that he could not reconcile himself to being thwarted, especially when success was so vital to him.

"There's a good profit in it for you," was the conciliatory remark of Judge Gilbert.

"In dollars and cents, perhaps," admitted Wright, "but there are some things that have a greater value than mere money; peace of mind, for instance, and the deserved respect of the community, and honor. I can't sell out the people who are depending on me, the people of Belmont."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

sum total appealing to the average woman. And yet it does seem as if a large proportion of these very costly models might be successfully copied by many a tailor or dressmaker who would have been incapable of originating them. Even so, the beautiful materials would make the coat expensive, but at least the goodly sum paid for the maker's reputation and originality would be eliminated, and that means cutting down the price by at least one-half; while the profit of the importer who brought the model over, another large item, can be counted off the cost of the garment.

MARY DEAN.

IMITATION FURS AND CLOTHS

Coats of Serviceable Sorts Much Improved by the Form of Decoration Thus Made.

Plain and broadcloth plushes and velvets and velours are employed for many purposes. Plain plush is used for practical coats of the serviceable sort, while the broadcloth effects are used for dressier garments. Matelasse or striped velvets and velveteens printed in simple shaded stripes in imitation of corduroys are a new fancy.

Coats of velvet, plush or pile fabric have outworn effect. The fronts are widely wrapped and fasten with a single large ornament or a fancy button. Collars are quite large, and mostly of the shawl variety, though some are made to button high. Sleeves of practical garments in these materials are the regulation type, set in at the armhole. These in dressy coats are in the mandarin style, and some are quite extreme.

Colors in pile fabrics for coats are

mostly black, though taupe is well liked. Several shades of blue and beautiful golden tans are smart. There are also some striking designs in two-toned stripes and broadcloth patterns.

To Lengthen Children's Skirts.

A good way to let down the children's outgrown dresses is to cut them off straight about two inches above the hem and insert a piece of goods the desired width from three to five inches. If the dress is checked or plaid, insert plain goods of the predominating color. If plain, insert check or plaid to match goods. This has a very pretty effect.

Bungalow Curtains.

For a bungalow or shooting lodge or any cottage in the country where the daintiest effect with the least washing is desired in the way of curtains a most useful article is the Japanese towel. One of these blue and white towels hung at each side of the window with another tacked crosswise at the top as a canopy makes a very attractive window decoration.

IN FURS AND VELVETS

SEASON'S LONG COATS REACH EXTREME IN LUXURY.

One of the Best Models Fashioned of Ermine and White Silver Brocade — Prices May Be As High as One Likes.

Of the long fur coats for evening wear we have had much to say before, but each day brings out new models in fur and fur combined with velvet or rich brocade or plain satin or cloth.

Some of the coats have a deep yoke or enormous collar and cuffs of fur and a very deep band on the coat bottom, rounding up in the front and narrowing until it meets the collar, the central part of the coat being of velvet, satin or cloth.

One superb model in fur and brocade is fashioned of ermine and white silver brocade, the fur forming the deep yoke and peasant sleeves, while the brocade runs up and forms the entire lower part of the coat, and the big soft revers and cuffs which are turned back against the sleeves.

Whole coats of ermine are many. Sometimes the pure white ermine is trimmed in the black and white tails or perhaps the black and white ermine is trimmed in black fur, finest, best-schwarz, silky caracul or black fox. These fur coats are ample, luxurious, long or three-quarter, the right crossing far over the left, but so cut that the coat is drawn in toward the bottom to give the approved narrow silhouette.

Of gorgeous seal, breit-schwanz, taupe and sable coats there is no end; but these are not primarily evening coats as are the ermine garments and some of those of chinchilla.

When it comes to fur-trimmed evening coats, one hardly knows where to take up the tale. There are models in all grades of elegance and at prices ranging from \$40 up to a lofty point among the three figure prices. All depends upon the value of the materials used and the value of the name attached to the model. A famous designer charges well for his name and his ideas and when these expensive items are added to the cost of velvet, satin or cloth and fine fur, one has a

Model of draped velvet trimmed with fur. Collar and cuffs of lace.

CHOICE OF CLOTH OR SATIN

Model Would Make Up Handsomely in Either of Materials to Be Chosen.

This model is of cloth, or satin, ornamented on each side of the front with fancy stitching and cut with long shoulders, to which the sleeves are attached. The vest, with fancy collar, and the cuffs are of white satin, the collar finished with a turn-over of the material.

The fronts are faced at the top with a cravat of black liberty, which is knotted and finished with tassels. The tucked chemise is of white tulle or muslin, the collar finished at the top with lace.

Kewpie to Embroider.

How many mothers who have laughed with their children over the antics of the Kewpies know that these delightful creatures come stamped to embroidery? They adorn pillow tops, chignon scarfs and table covers, and the child's nursery or bedroom, and they have lost none of their selfishness by being transferred to heavy linen.

They are colored, of course, and are to be done in outline stitch, with coarse rope silk-work which goes pleasantly fast. Kewpie rhymes are printed below, describing the pictured action.

The alluring Drayton children come in this form also, and are quite as pretty as the Kewpies. But perhaps the cleverest of all is the sweet little September Morn child, standing up to her chubby knees in water, with the verse beneath:

"Oh, please don't think me bad or bold, But where it's deep, it's awful cold."

Pocket Needle Case.

Teach the little maid to carry a needle, case of the pocket-sized sort in her school kit. If she has always at hand the means of repairing a rip or a rent in her clothes she will gradually acquire the almost obsolete art of neat mending and it will become ingrained with her never to wear a ragged garment. The "pocket" needle case is the most easily carried is the cartridge-shaped affair, steel which unscrews to reveal a silver-plated thimble surmounting a reel wound with white, blue and brown threads, and a hollow receptacle for needles. But all the necessities for clothes repairing may be contained in a tiny leather-covered book having flannel leaves for holding needles and pockets for holding short-nosed toothpicks wound with threads.

Cleaning Embroidery.

To clean white embroidery without washing, sprinkle it thickly with powdered chalk and roll up for a few days. The chalk may easily be shaken out and the embroidery will be clean and will not have lost its new appearance.

BEAUTIFUL GOWN



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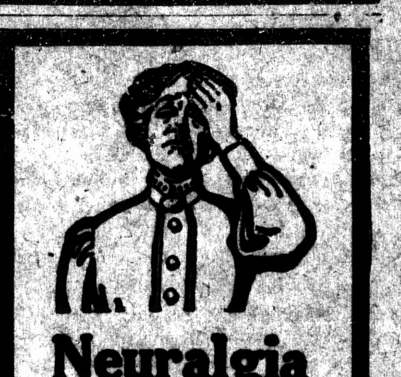
Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year. Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headache, dizziness, are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Early circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was bed-ridden. Doctors and expensive treatment of every kind failed. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me from the first and before long, restoring me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, FOSTER-McLEOD CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Neuralgia

sufferers find instant relief in Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the painful part—soothes and quickens the nerves. No rubbing—merely lay it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain

For Neuralgia. "I would not be without your Liniment and give it to all who suffer with neuralgia or rheumatism or pain of the nerves."—Mrs. Henry George, Boston.

Pain All Gone. "I suffered with quite a severe neuralgia headache for a month without any relief. I used your Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't had a headache since."—Mrs. J. A. George, Chicago.

Treatment for Croup and Croup. "My little girl, twelve years old, caught a severe cold, and I gave her Sloan's Liniment. She was on her way to bed, and she got up in the morning with no signs of a cold. A little later she had croup and she had the mother the Liniment. She gave him three drops on going to bed, and he got well. The croup was cured."—Mrs. J. A. George, Chicago.

At all Dealers. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sloan's Book on Nervous and Headache. Address: DR. J. C. SLOAN, Inc., Boston, Mass.

400,000 Settlers a Year

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$3.50-\$5.00 Women's \$2.50-\$3.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are famous for their quality and durability. They are made of the best materials and are carefully constructed by hand. They are comfortable and stylish, and they will last for years. They are sold everywhere, and they are a great value for the money.

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