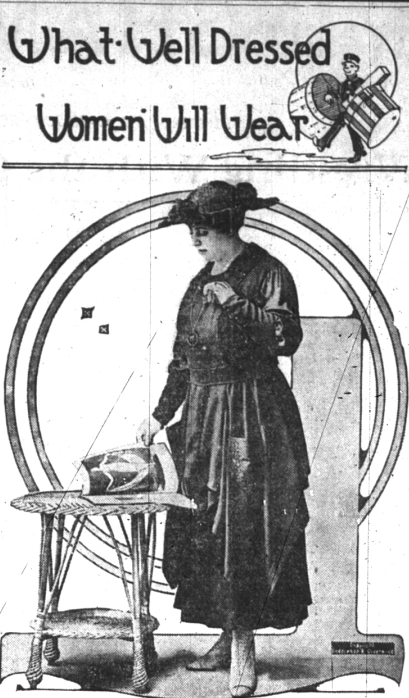


What Well Dressed Women Will Wear

By FRANCIS LYNDE



MODES ADAPTED TO FULL FIGURES.

Designers of apparel for stout women are confronted with two problems: one to make accepted styles becoming to full figures and the other to create styles exclusively for them. The first problem takes most of their time and thought, for all women like to dress in the mode, and the perverse modes continue to be designed for the slimmest of youth. But specialists are doing more than their bit toward making life happy for women whose figures have rounded out to the fullness of matronhood.

Just how successfully they can design becoming clothes is set forth in the costume of wool and satin shown in the picture. The undergarment is a pair of the sleeves are of satin, the overgarment of serge, and it might be of any of the more substantial women fabrics. Every line in this model shows careful thought on the part of its creator. The straight hanging satin skirt adds nothing to the size of the hips. A little carefully disposed fullness in the overskirt straightens the line from bust to hips and the pockets are placed where they will not widen the figure. By extending the overdress into points at the sides an almost straight line is achieved from bust to hips. The point on the deep cuffs makes the sleeves shapely and the narrow collar and short shoulder seam lessen the width of the shoulders.

Rows of small buttons on the sleeves and on the front of the overgarment center the eyes on straight lines. Sou-sole-brain makes a dignified finish and with the pockets proclaims the designer's allegiance to prevailing modes.

Was Laid Up on Bed

Doan's, however, restored Mrs. Vogt to health. Had she not used Doan's, she would have been a cripple for life. It was a relief to her to find that she was not a cripple for life. It was a relief to her to find that she was not a cripple for life. It was a relief to her to find that she was not a cripple for life.

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A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment clears the skin or scalp in most cases of eczema, ringworm, itching of children and adults. Make Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations and prevent such troubles.

What Can We Do?
The American Red Cross is organizing 20 base hospitals and preparing the equipment, supplies and personnel for them. The magnitude of this undertaking can be glimpsed when we consider that each unit has 25 surgeons, two dentists, 50 graduate nurses with assistants and attendants in the hospital, 1000 personnel to care for the wounded.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try **Murine Eye Remedy**
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AFTER SAVING THE LIFE OF DAINTY CORONA BALDWIN, SMITH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

Synopsis—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, bachelor society leader, engaged to marry Vera Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged to be the scapegoat for his guilty partner. Smith strikes Dunham, saves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up as a tramp sometime later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rockies and as John Smith gets a rough job. He soon attracts the attention of his boss by his evidence of superior intellect and becomes the company's financial adviser. He is asked to join the office staff and become a sort of financial auditor. About this time Smith saves the life of Miss Corona Baldwin, daughter of Col. Dexter Baldwin, president of the company.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I was born here in Timanoy, and you haven't been here three weeks; do you think I'd be afraid to go anywhere that you'd go?"

"We'll see about that," he chuckled, matching the laugh; and with that he let the clutch take hold, sent the car rolling gently up to the level of the general and across the rails of the main track, and pulled it around until it was headed fairly for the upper switch. Then he put the motor in the reverse and began to back the car on the siding, steering so that the wheels on one side hung the inside of one rail.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" questioned the young woman who had said she was not afraid.

"Wait," he responded; "I'll wait a minute and get ready to hang on like grim death. We're going across on that trestle."

He fully expected her to shriek and grab for the steering wheel. That, he told himself, was what the normal young woman would do. But Miss Corona disappointed him.

"You'll put us both into the river, and smash Colonel-daddy's car, but I guess the Baldwin family can't afford it if you can," she remarked quite calmly.

Smith kept on backing until the car had passed the switch from which the spur branched off to cross the trestle over the river on the opposite side of the river. A skilful bit of juggling put the roadster over on the ties of the spur-track. Then he turned to his fellow rider.

"Sit low and hang on with both hands," he directed. "Now" and he opened the throttle.

The trestle was not much above two hundred feet long, and happily, the crosses were closely spaced. Steered as he did, the big car went bumping across, and in his innermost recesses Smith was saying to his immediate ancestor, the well-believed bank clerk: "You swab! You never saw a day when you could do a thing like this!"

"You thought you had me tied up in a bunch of ribbon, didn't you?"

Miss Baldwin, who had frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "I'll take it up now and tell me which way to go. I don't know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raged, devouring the interspace, and the topping of the last of the ridges in a small, lowlying valley which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the distant dam, they came to the foot of the mountains.

There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Martin's telephone message had intimated them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly dug stakes. At one end of two of the claims were digging pertinaciously, and the third was tacking the legal notice on a bit of board nailed to one of the stakes.

Smith sent the gray car rocketing down into the valley, brought it to a stand with a thrust of the brakes, and jumped out. One moment he was a Stone Age man in him, which had slept so long and so quietly under the Lawrenceville conventionalities, was joyously pitching the barriers aside.

"It's moving day for you fellows," he announced cheerfully, picking the biggest of the three—the proper subject for the order giving. He looked at the Timanoy Ditch company's land, and you know it. Pile into the wagon as fast as you can."

The big man's answer was a laugh, pointed, doubtless, by the fact that the order giver was palpably unarmed. Smith's right hand was on his hip, and the blow landed in his chest, and when left to close in on him. In such sudden hostilities the advantages are all on the beginner. Having superior reach and a good bit more skill than either of the two takers, Smith held his own until he could get a few minutes of the smashing right-hand blow, but in planting them he took punishment enough to make him berserk and he practically invisible. There was a fierce mingling of arms, legs and bodies, sufficiently terrifying, one would suppose, to a young woman coming along in an automobile a hundred yards away.

The struggle was short in just proportion to its vigor, and at the end of two of the aggressors were knocked out, and Smith was dragging the third over to the wagon—into which he presently heaved her man as if he had been a sack of meal. Miss Baldwin, sitting in the car, saw her ally drive into the covered wagon and come out with a pair of rifle barrels, raising one long enough to smash the gun, one after the other, over the wagon wheel,

through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad."

"No; but you might meet those two men again."

"That is the least of my troubles," Miss Corona Baldwin, like the Missouri colonel, her father, came upon moments now and then when she had the ultimate courage of her impulses. "I should have said, you know, I'm a trouble in the world," she asserted, meeting his gaze level-eyed.

The polite paraphrases of the confined period were slipping to the end of his tongue, but he set his teeth upon them and said, instead: "That's all you know about it. What if I should tell you that you've been driving this morning with an escaped convict?"

"I shouldn't believe it," she said calmly.

"Well, you haven't—no, quite," he returned, adding the qualifying phrase in a low tone.

"Who had untied her veil and was asking him how it would be if he would come in and meet her mother. Something in the way she said it, some little twist of the lips or border of the eyes, touched the spring of complete recognition, and the familiarity puzzle was abolished instantly.

"You forgot that I am a working man," he smiled. "My gang in the quarry will think I've found a bottle somewhere." And then: "Did you ever lose a shoe, Miss Baldwin, a shoe with a little hole in one finger?"

"Dozens of them," she admitted; "and most of them had holes. I'm sure to escape prison for my own coming in and meeting mama and letting her thank you for saving my life."

"Meeting at all of course," he hastened to say; and with that he laid her good by rather abruptly, and turned his back upon the transplanted Missouri colonel, muttering to himself as he closed the portal gates behind him: "Baldwin, of course! What an ass, I was not to remember the name." And then, in the other half of it, too: it's Corona!

CHAPTER VII
Timanoy Ditch.
Smith had his vote of thanks from Colonel Dexter Baldwin in Williams' short-front office at the dam, the colonel having driven out to the camp for the express purpose; had the chief of construction himself was not present.

"You've landed us up with a tolerably heavy obligation, Smith—Corona's mother company," was the way the colonel summed up. "If you hadn't been on deck and strictly on the job at that railroad crossing yesterday afternoon, we'd have been in a bad way."

"Don't mention it, colonel," Smith broke in. "I did nothing more than any man would have done for any woman. You know it, and I know it. Let's leave it that way and forget it. The tall Missourian's laugh was entirely appreciative.

"I like that," he said. "It's a good, un-fashioned way of looking at it. You know how I feel about it—how any father would feel; and that's enough."

"Plenty" was the brief rejoinder. "But there's another chapter to it that neither of us can cross out; you'll have to come back to the ranch and see my mother on a matter of fact. Your Baldwin went on. 'I couldn't figure you out of that if I should try. I suppose you had a bunch of cattle in a sink-hole, was the ranchman president's confirmation of the camp guesses. "What in the name of the great horned owl can you do—more than we have done?"

"There are a number of things that might be done," said Smith, falling back modestly upon the presumably dead and buried bank-cashier part of him. "And if you can manage to stay in the game and play it out, there is big money in it for all of us, enough to make it well worth while for you to put up the light of your eyes."

"Big money?"—you mean in saving our investments?"

"Oh, no; not at all; it is catching the money," Smith put it gently. "Colonel Dexter Baldwin lifted his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair.

"Say, Smith; you mustn't forget that I'm not a fool," he said half-jokingly.

"But I shouldn't think you'd need to be shown" in this particular instance," was the smiling rejoinder. "The chance to sell you people water

from your own dam isn't the only thing or the main thing in this case. They are obliged to have this dam site or, at least, one as high up the river as this, in order to get the water over to their newly alienated grant in the western half of the park."

"You've got it straight," said the colonel.

"Very good. Then they're simply obliged to have your dam, or—Don't you see the alternative rock, colonel?"

"Heaven to Betsy!" exclaimed the breeder of line horses, bringing his fist down on Williams' desk with a crash that made the ink bottles dance. And then: "What a lot of fence-posts we are—the whole kit and blinn' of us! If they get the dam, they will water to us if they don't get it, we sell it to them."

"That's it, exactly," Smith put in quietly. "And I should say that your

"They Looked Like a Bunch of Hired Assassins."
Do you believe that Smith would be wise in taking an important position with the ditch company—especially if he really considers Frederick Erney, a result of the Lawrenceville affair? Wouldn't he be wiser if he disappeared from the new job?"

TO BE CONTINUED
PREDICTED TIMES OF DEATH
University of Pennsylvania, Provost Forecast Month and Year of His Demise Two Years in Advance.

I heard a regular army officer who was much of General Funston in the Philippines say half a dozen years ago that the general was a fatalist and entertained the expectation of the death of a civilian and never he killed in action, says a newspaper writer.

The most peculiar prediction about one's own death that I have heard concerned Dr. William Pepper, president of the University of Pennsylvania, Frederick Erney, a result of the Lawrenceville affair, and who was a young man transacted business with Stephen Girard and Nicholas Biddle, and entertained Daniel Webster, related the incident.

A couple of years before Pepper's death Mr. Erney asked the famous surgeon to perform a minor surgical connection with the American Philosophical society.

"Can't do it," replied Doctor Pepper, "because I expect to die before then. He then specified the month and year in which he expected his life to end."

"But," added the doctor after a pause, "you will live until September, 1901."

Both men died in the month and year predicted by Doctor Pepper.

Poor John!
"Hello! Is the gun mother dear?"
"Yes, Sue. What is it? Something awful must have happened for you to call me up at this time."
"I had a terrible gathering that much from the camp tonight."
"Well, it's no. We're just about as helpless as a bunch of cats in a sink-hole," was the ranchman president's confirmation of the camp guesses. "What in the name of the great horned owl can you do—more than we have done?"

Resistance of the Wind.
Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel at the Washington Navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEate show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 700 horse-power to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her against the water.

Method in His Madness.
Alice—When it's sweet of your husband to send you a man by wire? Agnes—"I haven't decided yet. I am suspicious that that telegraph operator was a woman."



What Can We Do?
The American Red Cross is organizing 20 base hospitals and preparing the equipment, supplies and personnel for them. The magnitude of this undertaking can be glimpsed when we consider that each unit has 25 surgeons, two dentists, 50 graduate nurses with assistants and attendants in the hospital, 1000 personnel to care for the wounded.

Besides the permanent equipment of these hospitals with the most modern apparatus for the care of the sick and for surgical cases, it is necessary to provide great numbers of articles that are quickly consumed by a hospital. These are the articles that are the things that women are making and will continue to make while war lasts. Every woman who helps in the work of the Red Cross headquarters has been deluged with letters offering to help in any way they can for their benefit one of the important chapters of the Red Cross has issued a circular of information concerning the work of base hospitals and in it a vivid picture is painted of the experiences of the wounded soldier from the time he falls until he reaches a base hospital. Here he must be given a circular of information concerning the work of base hospitals and in it a vivid picture is painted of the experiences of the wounded soldier from the time he falls until he reaches a base hospital.

All-White Hats in Demand.
As the season advances all-white hats are more and more in demand. No matter how firmly one may determine not to wear white, because it is always more or less of a matter of expense to keep white in pristine freshness, yet as dog days come we all forget our resolutions, realizing that there is nothing more attractive for summer than pure white, says a fashion writer. All-white hats are many times in vogue here. But the most attractive are those with brims be-

cause the midsummer that ought always to have a trim if it is to serve the purpose for which hats in warm, sunny countries were originally invented—to shade the eyes from sunshine.

Of the English women who have recently been instructed in carpentry at Byfleet, England, 20 are now said to be in France helping in the erection of huts for the soldiers.

In the city of Kerman, Persia, there are 1,000 rug and carpet looms.

Spotted.
Naval Recruit—Ship ahoy!
Officer of the Deck—Where away?
Naval Recruit—Far away.

A financial note says that money is easier. Perhaps it goes that way, but it comes about as usual.

An Enterprise Abandoned.
"I thought you were determined to turn the swords into plowshares."
"I reconsidered. A sword can't be cut much of a figure in modern warfare, anyhow."