Horse Sense About Winter Oil Change

Cold weather creates new problems in lubrication. To overcome damaging wear, the motor oil must possess three essential characteristics: (1) low cold test to assure quick easy starts (2) ability to lubricate at all driving speeds (3) durability to stand up for reasonable mileage. Curiously enough these requirements are contradictory in that to assure one factor it is very easy to unbalance another.

The only safe rule to follow in preparing your car for Winter is to buy the very best motor oil, Acid-Free Quaker State.

The refiners of Quaker State were pioneers in developing motor oils for Winter use. Today in four great modern refineries the most modern equipment and methods transform the finest Pennsylvania grade crude into motor oils which make automobiles, trucks and tractors run better, last longer, the year 'round.

The low cold test of Quaker State Winter Oil assures smooth easy starts. Its purity frees you of worry about sludge, carbon and corrosion. Its ability to stand up is unequalled . . . you go farther before you need to add a quart.

It is merely commonsense to practice economy. And the accumulated experience of car manufacturers, engineers, and most car owners proves that the use of high quality motor oil is genuine economy. It is conservatively estimated by authorities that 80 to 90 per cent of all repairs to an automobile are caused by faulty or incorrect lubrication.

A wise man once said: "It takes 12 months and sometimes longer to correct a mistake on a farm." Just so, five minutes running with the wrong oil in the engine of your car the first cold morning this Winter can cause more wear and damage than all the miles you drove this past Summer.

Play safe with your motor investment. Ask your dealer to prepare your car for Winter with Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil of the proper grade for your community.—Adv.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.

Why not give it a chance to help YOU?

Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

Restrict Pleasures

Put only restriction on your pleasures—be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life.—Zimmerman.

FREE

4 cups of GARFIELD TEA

to show you the easy way to

KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

You'll like the way it snaps you back, overnight, to the feeling of "rarin' to go" fitness and inside cleanliness! Helps eliminate the left-over wastes that hold you back, cause headaches, indigestion, etc. Garfield Tea is not a miracle worker, but if CONSTIPATION bothers you, it will certainly "do wonders!" 10¢ and 25¢ of drugstores—or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES of Garfield Tea and Garfield Headache Powders to: GARFIELD TEA CO., Dept. 26, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Brave Heart

Never fear and never cry.—Benjamin Jowett.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—*life itself*—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use *Doan's Pills*. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on *Doan's*. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

A Sure Index of Value

. . . is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

© Ben Ames Williams.

CHAPTER X—Continued

—22—

The District Attorney's words in his closing argument came back to Phil in burning phrases:

"He decided to kill her. How do we know? Because he stole his son's revolver. If he wanted to carry a weapon for any legitimate purpose, he, a man of standing, would have asked for and would have received a permit; he would have bought a modern pistol, compact, easily carried, effective. Instead, knowing his son was away, knowing the absence of the gun would not be detected, knowing it was an old weapon that could not be traced, he chose to use that to commit the murder he had planned. He planned the murder, he arranged a pretext to explain his return to the office that night—the forgotten coffee-pot—in case he encountered someone on the way. He made an assignation with his victim. He met her there, he killed her, he staged a clumsy fake robbery . . ."

Phil's thoughts ran over and over the same words; and Linda suddenly was beside him. He had not heard her come. She said nothing; only took her stand there firmly, her arm through his, her eyes straight ahead.

He said at last, "Funny, but I feel better, now that it's over"

"Soon be spring," she murmured.

He exclaimed, surprised: "Queer you should say that. It's just what I was thinking."

"I know! People get to be that way, knowing each other's thoughts, sometimes." She added: "Barbara seems better. But I saw you from the window, so I came down."

He told her what Doctor Mainton had said. "And he wants someone to sit with her, talk to her," he explained. "You or me."

"I can't stay for lunch," she confessed. "But I'll come and be with her this afternoon."

Phil and his mother had lunch together, and at first they were silent, but at last she said:

"Phil, I've been meaning to speak to you. There is something we shall have to decide. You and I. You, really." And she explained Mr. Loran's demand for the dissolution of the partnership.

Phil tried to focus his thoughts on this new problem. "Shall we sell?" he suggested; and he said, with a sort of shudder: "I told Eli to sell the roadster—and give up the number plates. I want to get rid of everything."

"I understand, Phil. But—will you want to go back to college in the fall?"

He shook his head. "No. I never want to see the fellows I used to know."

"You must do something, son!"

"Why must I? We've plenty of money."

"Plenty," she agreed. "But—just spending money is not enough to make a life out of. Playing, killing time, making a business out of sport, no man can be content with that. I won't have you do that, Phil."

"I can't go back to college. Oh, I could, but it would mean leaving you alone here." He realized with a faint surprise that the thought of leaving their home was not to be considered. Their roots were here, roots deeply grown. His mother would stay here. "I want to be with you, mother."

"I'm afraid I shall need you," she agreed; and he saw her shiver uncontrollably, and she waited a moment before going on. "Of course," she said, "the first thing is to appeal; to use every possible means to save him. That may take a long time. I don't know much about such things. Mr. Falkran can tell us. But after that is over, I shall need you. I'll try not to be selfish. I hope as long as there are things I must do, I can keep going. But when the time comes that there is no more for me to do—" She smiled pitifully. "You'll have to pick up the pieces of me and put me back together again."

"I'll be here, mother. But I'll always need you more than you need me."

"But you must have work, Phil. So I think we should buy out Mr. Loran, let you take over down there."

"I don't know anything about the business."

"Good! You will have to work so much the harder. That is what you need." And she said: "Think about it, Phil. You have time. It need not be decided yet a while."

They did not speak again of his father until they left the table. Then, she asked in a low tone: "Phil, what did the Judge—" She hesitated, said at last, "Phil, when?"

He told her, hoarsely, "The week of July 1."

She said quietly: "That seems—very soon." Then she hesitated, turned away from him up the stairs.

Professor Brace came in that afternoon. It was a long time since he had called at the house. Mrs. Sentry was resting, and Phil, who was sitting with Linda and Barbara, went down to speak to the professor. He had gone out of the courtroom to overtake the other man, the day Brace testified, and as his mother directed had assured the professor that they did not resent his testimony; but Brace said now:

"I ventured to call, Phil. Your assurances the other day . . . And—I must ask about Barbara."

"Doctor Mainton says she's better."

"Does she know about my testimony?"

"No. We haven't told her anything much about the trial."

Brace said, half to himself: "I shall have to tell her, when she is better."

Phil protested: "Oh, don't, Mac! Let her forget the whole thing."

Brace shook his head. "I—want everything open and above board between Barbara and me. I think a lot of her, Phil."

Phil nodded awkwardly. "Sure," he agreed. "But that's no reason you have to—rake this all up again. It's all the more reason for letting her forget it if she can."

"I want to—to build a life together for Barbara and me. But not on a foundation of lies and concealments."

"You're too darned — conscientious, or something. You had to do it. You were as helpless as the rest of us. But why not forget it?"

"When can she see me, do you think?"

"Anytime, I suppose. But darn it, Mac, if youre going to get her all worked up—"

"No, I'll wait till she's herself again," the other promised.

When Professor Brace was gone, Phil returned upstairs, told Linda in whispers what the other had said.

She said, vehemently: "Oh, he's always so—positive, and virtuous, isn't he, Phil! I think it's better to—bend a little sometimes; not be so stiffly good all the time."

She stayed for dinner. Mrs. Sentry went early to bed, and Phil and Linda were with Barbara when the doorbell rang. Phil went down and admitted Dan; and Dan started to speak, then checked himself.

"You all right, Phil?" he asked in a low tone.

"Sure!"

"You look—different, changed."

Phil said gropingly, "Well, something's changed, I guess." He tried to explain. "Did you ever swim in a fast river, Dan? A strong current, with stuff drifting in it? You seem to be standing still, because the drift around you isn't moving. But if you look at the banks, they're racing past. See what I mean?" Dan nodded briefly, and Phil said: "It's been like that, these last months. As though we were all standing still—and yet racing, past something. Or maybe — toward something."

"And it's—different now?"

"Yes. Now I sort of feel as if I was—running under my own power again. Instead of just—drifting, I'm—going somew'ere."

Dan nodded. "I know what you mean. How's Barbara?"

Phil said: "Better, I think. I'm sure she is. She's sure father didn't do it, you know."

Dan made a rueful gesture. "How's your mother?"

"Asleep," Phil said. "Or at least she's gone to bed. She's sort of—caved in." And he asked: "Dan, why did Falkran put her on the stand and then not ask her anything?"

"He wanted to be able to say to the jury, 'Sentry testified that his wife knew these things. I called Mrs. Sentry as a witness, gave the District Attorney a chance to ask her whether that was true; but he didn't! Why not? Gentlemen, he didn't dare!' " And Dan pointed out, "You heard him, yourself, in his closing argument!"

"But why didn't Mr. Flood cross-examine her?"

"He knew they had a conviction without crucifying her."

Phil nodded. "Falkran wants to see mother about an appeal," he said. "I told him to wait a few days."

Dan hesitated. "Phil, if you appeal, you'll only drag this thing out. He hasn't a chance in the end. The State leaned backward to give your father every break."

"I still believe him, believe it was an accident."

Dan did not argue. "Can I see Barbara?" he asked.

So they went upstairs. Barbara's eyes met them in the door, held fast to Dan's. Dan took her limp hand, spoke to her; but Barbara made no sound.

"Shucks," Dan urged cheerfully, "you don't have to keep that up, Barb!" He told her gently: "It's all right. They won't ask you any questions now. You can get your voice back any time."

She turned toward him in a sudden access of vigor, and her lips moved.

"He Knew They Had a Conviction Without Crucifying Her."

"Can't talk?" he asked. She shook her head. "Sure you can, Barb! Nobody's going to make you say anything you don't want to; but you can say anything you want to say." And he urged: "Listen, Phil and your mother have enough on their minds without having to worry about you. You don't want to make it harder for them, do you?"

Her face contorted grievously, and her eyes filled. Dan bent close and tenderly. "There, sweet," he whispered. "It's all right. You're going to be better in the morning, sure as sure. Don't let me bother you, my dear!"

Her hand caught his fingers against her cheek, held his hand pressed there. Her brimming eyes besought him. Then suddenly she was tugging at him, tugging at his arms, trying to lift herself into his arms. And Dan looked at Phil and than at Linda, and Linda saw his streaming brow.

He muttered: "Phil—" Then abruptly he caught Barbara in his arms, bending over her, pressing her close; and her arms were tight about his neck, and her cheek and then her lips pressed his, and Phil and Linda were forgotten; and Linda touched Phil's arm, drew him away. They went out into the hall, away from the door. Low murmurs came to them.

Linda whispered: "She's so sweet, Phil. And Dan's fine!"

Phil said huskily: "Is she—does she love him? Or is it just—"

"Stupid!" she said, smilingly.

After a little, Dan came to them. "She went to sleep," he said in a low tone. "In my arms." His eyes were wondering, as if he had seen a miracle. "She didn't wake when I put her down." He looked at Phil, at once apologetic and defiant.

"She's so little, and hurt, and soft, and sweet."

Phil nodded. "It's all right, Dan," he said, then thought of his mother and amended, "At least it's all right with me."

Linda said: "Stay with her, Phil. Dan, walk home with me?"

So, together, these two departed; and outside the house, looking back, Linda said: "I'm glad, Dan. For both of you." She added, half-smiling, "I guess you know I wish Phil and I—"

Dan chuckled reassuringly. "I know. Don't worry. Give him time, Linda."

She asked huskily, "Did the Judge—"

"Yes," he said, in a low tone. "Usually the Court waits a few days before imposing sentence; but I think the Judge and District Attorney Flood thought it would be easier for them all here if he didn't have to come to court again." And he answered her half-uttered question. "The week of July 1. Unless they appeal."

"Will that do any good?"

"Just—delay, I'm afraid. Drag the thing out. Falkran hasn't got a single good exception. Flood leaned backward to be fair."

"It won't—save him?" He shook his head; and she cried: "Then I hope they don't! Oh, I wish it were tomorrow!" And she whispered penitently: "I shouldn't say that! Wishing him dead!"

He said: "Dying's nothing. I've got a friend, a doctor, and he says there's nothing to it. You just close your eyes and die, that's all. It's living that's hard. Mr. Sentry will be out of it, but they'll never be out of it, Lin." And he said explosively, rebelling at his own just-uttered words: "Yes they will! I'm going to get Barbara out of it if I have to—kidnap her." They walked in silence for a little, and he said: "They ought all to go away, change their names and take a trip, go around the world. Plan to be in China or somewhere when—by July."

"Oh, no!" Linda protested, near tears. "No! Don't let them go away. I have to be with Phil."

He squeezed her arm. "You know, Miss Dane, your brother Joe picked himself out a pretty good egg for a sister, if anybody should call you up to inquire."

She laughed tremulously, said then, "Besides, no matter where they went, someone would be sure to recognize them."

"I doubt it," he declared. "There's nothing so dead as yesterday's story. Inside of a month there won't be a line about the Sentrys in any paper in town."

They were come to her door. "Think so, really?"

"Sure! Newspaper stories are like the bumps a baby gets when he falls downstairs. They hurt for a while, but they're forgotten mighty quick."

"When you bring me a paper with nothing in it about them, I'll have it framed," she promised.

"That's a bet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Famed Orange Trees Grace Paris Summer; Brought Out From Versailles Winter Home

Although after the Commune of 1871 destroyed most of the buildings of the Tuileries, the surviving Imperial orangerie was turned into a picture gallery, that at Versailles, more closely associated with the kings of France, continued to perform its original function as the winter home for the orange trees in their enormous tubs, brought in each October from the Tuileries gardens in Paris, where they are on display each summer.

Mansart originally built it for Louis XIV, whose 600 orange trees were brought in the spring to line the broad paths of the palace gardens at his sumptuous galas.

There are not nearly so many as that today; but a few of those which are still there date back to the Grand Monarque, and more would do so if the prisoners whom the army of Versailles took when it was fighting the Paris Commune in 1871 had not been shut up in the Orangerie, and had not used the wood of many of the orange trees to warm themselves.

These trees of Louis XIV, as well as many of the later ones which were grown at Versailles, are said all to have been cuttings from a famous and venerable ancestor, which ended its life in the same orangerie just before the beginning of the present century, at the almost incredible age of 473 years. The seed from which it sprang was sown in 1421 at Pampeluna by the wife of Charles II, king of Navarre, of which Pampeluna was then the capital.

Later, the little tree was given by a queen of Navarre to Anne of Brittany, and it afterward came into the possession of the mother of Francois I. He eventually took it to Fontainbleau, and called it "le grand Connetable."

When Louis XIV had his orangerie made, he moved it there, and gave it the new name of "le Grand Bourbon." Neither the fruit of this tree nor that of those which have sprung from its famous stock has ever been known to ripen.

April Once Had Only 29 Days

There was a time when April had only 29 days. That was before Julius Caesar made changes in the calendar not quite 2,000 years ago. Caesar found he had 10 extra days to pass around, and gave one to April.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

CHICKS

ROCKS, REDS, & BR. CROSSES hatched from selected Blood-Tested Breeders. MILFORD HATCHERY Milford Road nr. Liberty Rd., Pikesville. P. O. ROCKDALE, MD. Pikesville 36-R.

Eye-Glass Attachment

EYE GLASSES HURT? SLIP? INSTANT relief from irritation on nose or behind ears. Millions enjoy comfort-grip cushions, 25c pair. Booklet free. EYE-GLASS ATTACHMENT CO., Dept. W., Box 135, Station N, New York, N. Y.

Patriotism Not Made

Patriotism can't be made by law. It is like falling in love. It is like religion. It acts heroically on faith and adoration. I want to see Americans living in their country with some reverence for it as it was given into their hands by the Author.—D. C. Peattie.

NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO ACID INDIGESTION

But Why Suffer? *Here's how you can "Alkalize" anytime—anywhere—the easy "Phillips'" way!*

WHY SUFFER from headaches, "gas," "upsets" and "biliousness" due to Acid Indigestion—when now there is a way that relieves excess stomach acid with incredible speed.

Simply take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets at first sign of distress. Carry them with you—take them unnoticed by others.

Results are amazing. There's no nausea or "bloated" feeling. It produces no "gas" to embarrass you and offend others. "Acid indigestion" disappears. You feel great.

Get a bottle of *liquid* "Phillips'" for home use. And a box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia *Tablets* to carry with you. But — be sure any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "*Phillips'*" Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

★ IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

Live Well

Our care should not be so much to live long, as to live well.—Seneca.

CONSTIPATED?

Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy, and miserable. Adlerika gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief.

Sold at all drug stores

Merchants All

Every one lives by selling something.—Stevenson.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING

Is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.