

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love... Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS. PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates.

Colds / N. At first sign of a cold, take N. NATURE'S REMEDY—the laxative that thoroughly cleans your intestines.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

To Avoid Infection Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Binding Job Jim—My friend Jones is a tub-dasher for a railroad company. Jim—What does he do? Jim—He looks after the ties.—New York Central Magazine.

The average farm hen lays fewer than 60 eggs a year, principally from March to June, the season of lowest prices.



Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort: for the sake of those around you, endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Meteors Hold Key To Universe, Says Harvard Observer

The importance of the study of meteors and meteorites in man's effort to understand the nature of the universe was emphasized by Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard observatory, in a lecture recently in the new commons hall auditorium of the college of the City of New York.

Cites Fall of Meteorites "Our contact with the outside universe comes only through two media, light and meteors," said Professor Shapley. "The meteors that filter down through the atmosphere as meteorites provide opportunities for significant chemical analysis. It is estimated that a 1,000,000,000 meteoric particles collide with the earth's atmosphere every 24 hours, and all but the largest and slowest are burned in the atmosphere."

"Prolonged studies of the numbers and motions of meteors (shooting stars) will contribute a test of theories of the origin of the earth, especially of the planetary hypothesis. The planetoids are one class of meteors."

"There is a close connection between the clouds of meteors moving across the solar system and the great diffuse nebulae of the Milky Way. The nebulae are believed to be factors in the evolution of stars and therefore studies of meteors will help to interpret the nature of the nebulae and their role in the evolution of stars and planets."

"Studies of the brightness of shooting stars indicate the earth's atmosphere 50 miles above the surface is about the same temperature as at the surface itself. Further knowledge of the upper atmosphere will come through theoretical studies and observations of the brightness of meteors."

Stone 100,000,000,000 Years Old In the course of his lecture Dr. Shapley showed his audience a small stone thought to be unnumbered ages older than the stones of the earth's crust, older, indeed, than the earth itself and whose secrets, Dr. Shapley said, are the same as the ultimate secrets of the origin and existence of the material universe.

The small stone, which started wandering through space some 10,000,000,000 years ago, according to the estimates of astronomers, is a meteorite, one of a shower of shooting stars, that traveled at a speed of 35 miles a second and finally caught up with the earth, itself speeding along at 20 miles a second. In 1867, when it landed in central Poland, most of the older members of the shower were completely burned by the friction with the earth's atmosphere, but the one exhibited by Dr. Shapley survived and was finally brought to the attention of scientists.

The meteorite, Dr. Shapley said, moved toward the earth in hyperbola, proving that it came into the solar system from outer space. It is such stones, Dr. Shapley emphasized, which carry in them the story of the nature of the material universe in times before the earth and other planets were formed.

The Archangel Blunder.

From New York World. As the 75 bodies of Americans killed in the Archangel-Murmansk sector are distributed to a dozen states, multitudes of Americans will ask why these men were ever sent to Russia. No one doubts that the American-Allied intervention there was one of the most blundering episodes of the World war. Some think that it was theoretically justifiable, some hold that it was so unjustifiable as to be almost criminal. Few believe that it was anything but futile and tragic in its results.

It was an episode which can be understood only if we recall the extraordinary results of the Russian revolution. When Russia and Germany signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk in March, 1918, the Allies and Americans were preparing for the last desperate struggle on the western front. The treaty enabled Germany to transfer her eastern forces to France; it made possible her systematic exploitation of much of Russia. As the Allies watched the growing subservience of the Bolsheviks to Berlin, they cast about for means of checkmating German designs on Russia's resources. Japanese troops, with American and others assisting, took control of Vladivostok. An expeditionary force of British, French and Americans was dispatched to the Murman coast and Archangel to prevent the Germans from establishing submarine bases on the White Sea, protect the vast Allied stores from falling into German hands and shield the Murmansk railroad from Finnish-German attack. Had this been all, much might have been said for it. But it was practically impossible to prevent such an expedition from interfering in Russian domestic affairs; demands were made for a junction with the Czechoslovak forces west of the Urals; and aggressive designs developed and were maintained even after German defeat.

The American government proclaimed in August of 1918 that it believed military intervention in Russia would only make the situation worse and that it would cooperate in military action only to guard stores and give "acceptable" aid to the Russians in organizing self-government or self-defense. Our forces were shortly in an altogether false position. Some Allied leaders were dreaming of Russian dismemberment; yet withdrawal was difficult and slow. These American soldiers died gallantly, yet they died in an enterprise which cannot be recalled without chagrin.

Avoiding Trouble. From Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig. Conductor: Constable, I have a drunken man in my car, and he won't pay and I can't get him out of the train.

New and Nervous Constable (looking at burly drunkard): Here, conductor, I will pay for him.

Practical Use. From Leeds, England, Mercury. Circus Manager: What's wrong now? India Rubber Man: Every time the strong man writes a letter he uses me to rub out the mistakes.

THE MASTER MAN BY RUBY M. AYRES Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

"You will stay here, naturally. I am sure it will be his wish that you should stay here for the present, at all events."

Patricia did not answer. She felt as if she were caught in a trap from which there was no possible escape.

She looked down at the slim white hands lying in her lap, and a wave of bitterness swept through her.

What would become of her? If she had to earn her own living she would starve! She had never been taught to do anything—she had always had a maid to wait upon her.

There was only one way out of the tangle—marriage!

She thought of Chesney; she did not care for him, but he was fairly well off, and anything would be better than having to walk out of her present luxury to face an unknown future in which poverty seemed the overwhelming factor.

There were other men who had wished to marry her, but somehow at the moment Chesney seemed to stand above them all. His boyish admiration had touched her heart as well as appealing to her vanity; she liked to read the adoration in his eyes whenever he looked at her; she was glad now to recall his last words—"If there is anything I can do for you please don't hesitate to ask or send for me..."

A desire to laugh seized her. Supposing she sent for him and asked him to marry her! Milward would be furious, anyway, and it would be some sort of satisfaction to know that she had angered him. She thought again of the way he had treated her when they last met; no man had ever dared to speak to her in such a manner before. A little choking sob of anger rose in her throat.

Mr. Philips looked up from the papers which he was stowing away in his dispatch case, and his eyes were very kind. "Don't worry too much," he said. He laid his hand for a moment on hers. "Don't worry too much, my dear young lady; things will turn out all right for you in the end, I am sure."

She raised her tragic eyes to his face. "All right for me!" she echoed. "With not a shilling in the world, and nowhere to go..."

He did not answer, perhaps he did not know how to answer, and presently he went away, leaving her alone in the silent room.

Patricia sat quite still, staring before her. She looked back over the years that had gone, and their memories seemed to mock her. Everything she had wanted in the world she had had! Nothing had ever been denied to her, and now...

A servant came to the door: "If you please, miss, a gentleman to see you."

A wild hope flashed through Patricia's mind that it might be Chesney. She would have been thankful for his presence then, grateful for the love with which until today she had only intended to amuse herself.

"Who is it?" she asked eagerly. The maid came closer; she held a tray with a card on it. Patricia took it up eagerly—it was Milward's.

She flung it down again with petulant anger and disappointment. "I will not see him," she said. "Tell him I will not see him."

The maid turned to go. Patricia sat drumming her fingers on the chair arms. How

dared he come here after what had happened? And why had he come? She had not asked him to visit her; had certainly not wished it. Why, then, had he come? She turned quickly. "Marie, wait! Ask Mr. Milward to come in."

He should not think she was afraid of him at all events. She did not rise when Milward entered, and he had to walk the length of the room to her.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, a little uncertainly. "But I was driving past this way, and so I ventured to call." He looked at her pale face. "I am afraid you have been ill," he said gently.

Patricia laughed. "No!" She looked away from him, then suddenly she rose to her feet and swung round.

"The other day," she said passionately, "you taunted me with being utterly heartless and selfish. You said that I had everything in the world I wanted and so I never troubled to consider anyone else. Well, perhaps, it will please you to know that I have nothing any more! Nothing! Mr. Rolf has not even left me the proverbial shilling! Even this frock, which I am wearing for him, is not mine and I cannot pay for it. He has cut me out of his will and left everything to his son..."

She stopped breathlessly. "Well, are you pleased?" she demanded. Milward had fallen back a step. His eyes looked distressed and incredulous. "Oh, but there must be some mistake," he said earnestly. "I always understood that you—that..."

She made a gesture of impatience. "It doesn't matter what we understood, any of us! When I walk out of here it will be with nothing in the world belonging to me and nowhere to go unless"—a little gleam lit her eyes—"unless I marry Bernard Chesney."

That roused him, as she had known it would do. He broke out angrily: "You wouldn't... you couldn't be so unjust... when you care nothing for him—he would be miserable. To marry him just for a home..."

She laughed recklessly. "Well, and what else can I do? You showed yourself so very interested in my affairs the other day, perhaps you may have some better suggestion to offer." She looked at him mockingly. "I am not going to ask for your pity or sympathy—a second time."

Milward's eyes met hers gravely. "It is more a case for congratulation, don't you think?" he asked. "All this money and luxury have been the ruin of you. I know that you..."

He stopped. Patricia was laughing hysterically. "I suppose I might have guessed that you would say things like this," she said. "I suppose I might have known you would seize upon the opportunity to preach at me. Do you think I am going to accept what has happened without a fight? Do you think I am going to be content to be poor and nobody for the rest of my life? I am not. I tell you I am not..."

Her voice was broken with sobs now, but they were sobs of anger. "I am going to fight for what I have lost. I don't believe there is any son in Australia or anywhere else. I believe it's all a trick, a hateful trick to make me suffer, to pay me out. Mr. Rolf always hated me—I can see now that he did..."

felt started collecting newspaper clippings as a hobby and now he finds his work is attracting wide interest. Material from papers published in the four corners of the world has found its way into his books, for he makes a practice of selecting clippings from newspapers edited close to the scene of important events.

Bound in white duck, with pages of blue, green, orange and other colors, the books are attractive in appearance as well as offering a panoramic view of history in the making.

The material included in Mr. Millett's collection covers all types of news—any events in the international limelight. Aviation, sports, politics, inventions—all are mirrored in the encyclopedia; only stories of crime are not comprehensively covered. The novel "historian" explains that he sees no point in preserving "that kind of stuff."

Those engaged in the task of gathering the world's news agree that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh provides more newspaper "copy" than

Tears were running down her cheeks, but she brushed them angrily away. "But I'm not going to give in so easily," she laughed excitedly. "His son shall find that I am more than a match for him... I won't be poor, I won't, I won't..." She looked at Milward defiantly. "Even if I—if I have to marry him and get the money that way," she said. Milward's face changed a little.

"I don't think you will do that," he said very quietly. Patricia turned on him furiously. She was upset and overstrung by the shock and disappointment of the day.

"Oh you! you!" she said hoarsely. "What do you know about it? Why do you come here at all? I didn't wish to see you. You can't go on ordering me about as you did last week, you know."

The faintest smile crossed Milward's face, but it was gone instantly, and he said: "I have no wish to order you about. I only said that I did not think you would marry Michael Rolf for his money or for any other reason, because..."

"Because what?" she demanded stormily. Milward met her eyes steadily.

"Because I am Michael Rolf," he said.

CHAPTER III In the moment of blank silence that followed every drop of color seemed to fade from Patricia's face.

She stood staring at Michael with wide eyes and parted lips. Unprepared as she had been for his announcement, somehow she never for one moment doubted the truth of what he said.

Even when, after a moment, she forced herself to say shilly, "I don't believe you—" she knew quite well in her heart that she did believe him; that he was not a man to speak unless he had at first weighed the value of what he said; he was Michael Rolf, the son of the man whom she had hated, and already, with her impulsive waywardness, she had made an enemy of him.

Her deepest emotion was rage; rage with herself that some intuition had not warned her, and yet—how could she even have remotely guessed?

Even Mr. Philips had believed Michael to be in Australia; how, then, had it been possible for her to foresee that this man, whom she had snubbed and quarreled with during those weeks at the Chesneys, was the man who would have the power to make or ruin her whole future?

"I don't believe you—" she said again desperately. "Only this afternoon Mr. Philips said that Mr. Rolf's son was in Australia, and that he had cabled to him..."

"I don't believe you," she said again. "It's just a trumped up story to frighten me—to... to..." Her anger rose suddenly, the hot blood rushed to her face. "If it's true, how dared you pass yourself off as somebody else all this time? I suppose that was all part of your mean plan—to make me hate you, to get me to quarrel with you, and then... to turn round and do this!"

Michael shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "I had not the slightest idea that my father would ever leave me a penny piece," he said casually. "I neither wanted it nor expected it; he kicked me out of this house 14 years ago, and I never had the least wish to return. I always understood that he had made you his heiress. You can hardly blame me if he changed his mind and suddenly remembered my existence. Come, Patricia—be reasonable, and I promise you that we shall not quarrel..."

The soothing indulgence of his voice roused her to fury. "How dare you call me by my Christian name?" she cried passionately. "How dare you

speak to me at all? Do you think I care if you quarrel with me? Do you think I mind what you say or do?"

He smiled faintly. "I think perhaps you will when you have had time to realize the truth of those very melodramatic words you spoke to me just now," he said quickly. "When you said that you had not a penny in the world, I mean."

"I would rather die than take a shilling from you," she stormed at him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, there's plenty of time to refuse when I have offered it to you," he said coolly. In the meantime, I will see Mr. Philips and tell him that you are to stay on here for the present, until something can be arranged for your future."

"My future is nothing whatever to do with you," she broke in, her voice trembling. "I can arrange my own future."

His face darkened as he looked at her. "You mean by marrying Chesney and making him miserable for the rest of his life," he sneered.

Angry tears rushed to her eyes. "Fortunately, everyone doesn't see me as you do," she said. "Not that I care in the least what you think of me—not that I mind at all how much you sneer at me..."

"You seem to care a great deal," he answered coolly. "If not, why are you crying?"

She brushed her hands across her eyes. "You'd cry if you were me," she said stormily. You'd cry if you'd just been served such a trick by an old man who..."

She broke off, conscious of the anger in his eyes. "A man who took you from nothing and clothed you and looked after you all these years," he finished for her with anger. "What, in heaven's name, are you made of that you can't even find a spark of gratitude for all that he did for you?"

"He never liked me," she broke out. "I can see now that he must always have hated me."

Michael smiled rather cynically. "Without wishing to be rude, I must say that it is hardly to be wondered at if you treated him as you treat everyone else," he said.

Her eyes blazed. "What do you mean? I have heaps and heaps of friends who like me, and are always glad to welcome me—heaps of friends who will agree with me that your father has behaved abominably, who will take me in and be kind to me."

He turned to the door. "I am glad to hear it. It will relieve me of the responsibility of looking after you."

She followed his retreating figure with fiery eyes. "Why did you come at all if you didn't know anything of this, as you say?" she broke out impulsively. "Just to pry on me, I suppose; just to see what I was doing."

Young Rolf turned and looked at her across the room. She made a very attractive picture as she stood there back to the window and the rosy sunlight.

"I came," he said quietly, "to see if there was anything I could do to help you. I came as a friend."

"A friend!" she echoed scornfully. "Yes—in my ignorance," said Michael bitterly. He opened the door. "But you need not be alarmed," he added. "I am not at all likely to repeat the mistake." And he went out without a word of farewell.

Patricia flew to the window, and presently saw him driving away down the road in the same little car in which he had taken her to the station nearly a week ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Writes History Books With Sharp Scissors

Zanesville, Ohio.—"Writing" history with scissors and paste pot, with first-hand information published by the world's newspapers as source material, a Zanesville hotel man has compiled a novel encyclopedia of world events during the last 10 years. His history consists of seven books containing more than 16,000 clippings and pictures, and this array is steadily increasing. It was in 1919 that Harold E. Mil-

any one other individual and Mr. Millett's clippings seem to bear out this belief. There are more than 2,000 clippings and 1,000 pictures in the Lindbergh collection, by far the greatest single unit. The aviation book covers the story of flying from its inception to the epochal world flight of the Gratz Zepplin. One entire section is devoted to the exploits of women pilots. It takes 500,000 rosebuds to make one ounce of the oil of roses.