



THE MASTER MAN

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

Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

To Cool a Burn

Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild, purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like it for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. At druggists—only 25c. Make the test tonight. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Poser

A northern reporter, interviewing Governor-elect Pollard of Virginia, asked:

"What do you suppose would have happened if the Pilgrims had landed down in your part of the country?"

"According to the English geography of the time," smiled Doctor Pollard, "the name Virginia was applied to the region that became New England and that is the name used in the Mayflower company in referring to the new country."

"If the Pilgrims hadn't thought they were in Virginia, they never would have stayed in New England."

Wasted Energy

Yeggs who were either too stupid or too excited to read wasted a lot of futile effort on a safe at Norristown, Pa. They dragged the heavy safe from the office and lugged it into an alley, where, with chisels, they attacked the combination. Eventually they got it open, to find it empty. In plain view, fastened to the door of the safe, was a card giving exact instructions how to open it.

Sentenced for Life

"Gosh, Smith was certainly unlucky in his divorce suit."

"How's that?"

"Why, he got the custody of the mother-in-law."

To criticize all the time, bores over the other critics.



Is Your Rest Disturbed?

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances. Help your kidneys with Doan's Pills. Used for more than 40 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

John Greener, 29 N. Sheridan Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was troubled with headaches. The kidney secretions burned and contained sediment. I felt tired out and had no energy. Doan's Pills put me in good shape and I have used them several times with good results."

DOAN'S PILLS

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

"I can't tell you how glad I was to hear from you," she wrote. "If you only new how utterly wretched I have been. Of course, you have heard that Mr. Rolf died without leaving me a shilling, and that his son, whom we all believed to have died years ago, gets everything. He has behaved deplorably to me, and though he said I could stay on for the present at Clayton Wold, I shall be only too glad to accept your kind invitation, and come to you instead, until I can make some sort of arrangement for the future. Please give my love to Mrs. Shackle, and thank her so much for her kind message. I will come on Thursday if that will be convenient to you. Mr. Rolf has been down to see me, of course, and today he offered me £500 a year and the little dower house to live in, but, needless to say, I am refusing. I could not bear to live anywhere round here except at Clayton Wold, and as for taking any money from Michael Rolf, I would rather die! I am so happy to be coming to you—I am longing to see you and tell you all that has happened. Yours ever affectionately, Patricia."

She had just dispatched the letter when Michael Rolf arrived; she heard the sound of his car in the drive, and her first impulse was to refuse to see him, but the thought of Effie's letter gave her more assurance. He should not find her downcast or distressed; she would just tell him that she had better friends to turn to than he could ever be. She did not rise from her chair when Michael came into the room, and she was quick to notice the little frown that crossed his face.

"I wrote to you from town," he began rather abruptly. "I hope you got my letter."

"Yes, thank you." She spoke very quietly and almost in a friendly way, and Michael was relieved. He thought she was going to be amenable and listen to reason after all; he had dreaded having another scene with her; since their last meeting he had felt that he had not behaved quite kindly; after all, she was young, and she had been abominably spoilt.

He pulled up a chair and sat down opposite her.

"I hope my suggestion was agreeable," he said anxiously. "We can make the little house quite pretty and comfortable, and you are more than welcome to any furniture you care to take from here"—he hesitated. "I assure you that I really want to make things comfortable for you. I can't see that we need be bad friends—I hope you will believe that I shall do everything possible for your happiness."

Patricia's eyes gleamed. "You have already begun to do that, haven't you?" she asked quietly.

He looked at her, not understanding.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean by advising Bernard Chesney not to have anything to do with me, by advising him to go to the other side of the world rather than marry anyone so worthless as I am!" She laughed bitterly, rising to her feet. "It's rather a farce, isn't it, Mr. Rolf," she asked. "You see I'm not quite so easy to deceive as you thought. I know perfectly well that you went straight to Mr. Chesney after you left me the other day, and that . . ."

Michael rose to his feet. "Bernard is my friend," he said.

"And only that morning you had said that you wished to be mine," she reminded him.

Grundy Hasn't Progressed.

From Minneapolis-Tribune. Joseph R. Grundy, president of Pennsylvania Manufacturers association and a tariff lobbyist for a third of a century told the Senate lobby committee the other day that there should be a curtailment of the tariff making powers of senators from sparsely settled non-industrial states that do not pay much in the way of federal taxes. The senators sat up in incredulous amazement. Here was a man advocating that tariff rates be fixed by the states that benefit most from the tariff; that the constitutional guaranty of two Senate votes

"Don't you think it was rather a strange way of proving it? However . . ." she shrugged her shoulders, "it really doesn't matter very much."

He looked at her angrily.

"If it doesn't matter, I wonder you troubled to speak of it," he said, curtly. "And I am not in the least ashamed to admit that I told Chesney that you meant to marry him for the sake of a future and a position."

Patricia set her teeth. It hurt her to think how readily Chesney had believed it; how easily he had taken this man's advice against all that she had offered him. So much for his boasted love.

There was a little silence.

"We shall both be much happier now you are going to be reasonable," Michael Rolf went on. "I am very glad indeed that you will accept my offer—I am very glad . . ."

Patricia turned round.

"I have not accepted," she said, calmly. "I have no intention of accepting anything from you, either now or at any time. As I told you before, I am quite capable of arranging my own future."

His face flushed with anger.

"I am your natural guardian now my father is dead," he said. "It's preposterous. What in the world do you propose to do? A girl like you! I absolutely refuse to allow you to go your own way. You will have to take my advice and allow me to provide for you."

Patricia laughed.

"Shall I? We shall see!"

He paced the length of the room agitatedly.

"What do you object to in my offer?" he demanded presently. "If you think five hundred is not enough, I am willing to make it more. If you dislike the thought of the house I suggested there are others for you to choose from. For heaven's sake be reasonable! What do you suppose people will think of me, and, say, if it is known that you will take nothing from me!"

"Is that all you are afraid of—that people will say!"

"I am not afraid, I have never cared two pence for anyone's opinion, but this is beyond all reason. Come, Patricia, be reasonable! . . . I know you dislike me, but . . ." She interrupted.

"I don't. I just don't consider you at all." He bit his lip.

"You say hard things," he said, after a moment. "And I don't think I have deserved them at all. . . . If my father had left you Clayton Wold and his money, as you always believed he would I suppose you would not have refused to accept them?"

She looked at him.

"Certainly not! Why should I?"

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Then why refuse now? What difference is there? I am my father's son . . ."

"Mr. Rolf did not mean me to have anything or he would have said so in his will."

"He was an eccentric man. He probably did not know what he was doing when he made that will."

"I think he knew quite well," said Patricia quietly.

He paced away from her and came back.

"Has your—dislike for me—anything to do with your refusal?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't dislike you," she said, obstinately. He smiled cynically.

"Well, you will hardly pretend that you like me!" he submitted, dryly.

for each state, no matter what its population, be overridden for that purpose.

Yet Mr. Grundy's suggestion was surely in keeping with his known ideas on tariff making. On a previous appearance he had blandly assured the committee that tariff rates should mean to the consumer, as "the foreigner pays the tax."

Shades of Uncle Joe Cannon! Here is a man who still professes to think that tariff rates play no part in the prices paid over the counter by consumers. Here is a man who professes to think that an import tariff is a tax laid solely on the foreign producer of the imported

"I don't like any men," she answered, deliberately. "I think they are all selfish, horribly selfish—"

"And the women?" Michael asked.

She did not answer and he frowned impatiently.

"Aren't you going to offer me tea?" he demanded.

"It's your own house," said Patricia. "You have only to ring the bell and tell the maids what you want."

Michael came back to where she stood, and looked down at her with wrathful eyes.

"I should like to shake you," he said.

Patricia met his eyes steadily, though her heart beats were a little uneven, and the thought flashed into her mind that she was afraid of this man—afraid of the strength of his personality—but she forced herself to smile disdainfully.

"I don't think even you would dare to do that," she said.

Michael Rolf laughed.

"I hope for your own sake that this is not a challenge," he said.

He was so much taller than she, and so much stronger, that Patricia involuntarily fell back a step.

Michael turned away.

"I shall send Phillips to see you," he said, after a moment. "Perhaps he can persuade you to be sensible, where I have failed."

"It won't be any use," said Patricia, defiantly.

Mr. Phillips came and used every argument he knew, but it was useless. Patricia clung to her refusal.

"I have said I won't take the money, or anything else, and I won't," she said, over and over again.

"Then what are you going to do?" Mr. Phillips asked helplessly.

"For the present I am going to stay with my friends, the Shackles," Patricia answered.

"They are glad to have me, at any rate—" and for a moment tears swam into her eyes. "They really like me."

Mr. Phillips looked distressed.

"If only you would be reasonable!" he said.

"I am reasonable! Mr. Rolf never meant me to have anything, and so I will not take anything."

"I should like to shake you, my dear," said Mr. Phillips.

A ghost of a smile lit Patricia's quivering face.

"That is what Michael Rolf said," she told him, "but he didn't dare, any more than you would."

She parted with him on friendly terms. She liked Mr. Phillips, and was sorry he should be so concerned about her.

"I shall be all right, and very happy with the Shackles," she told him cheerfully.

But he shook his head, and went sadly away.

"If you'd only be reasonable!" were his last words.

Patricia went upstairs and began to pack. She was glad to be leaving Clayton Wold, and yet the tears rose in her eyes at the thought that this was the last night she would ever spend in the house that had been her home for so many years.

In the cool of the evening she wandered round the gardens, saying good-bye to each familiar spot. She had never realised until now how beautiful a garden it really was, and she stood still, with a deep sigh, to take a last long look at it all—the velvet lawns, and the flower beds, and the rose garden on the other side of the old yew hedge.

"Miss Rolf . . . are you there, please, Miss Rolf?"

Patricia started from her dreaming and turned. One of the maids was calling to her.

She went back reluctantly, brushing the tears away from her eyes. She did not want anyone to think that she minded leaving or that she had a single regret.

The maid approached with a letter on a tray.

goods. And probably he really does think so, for he works at his tariff lobbying without pay, and goes about it as earnestly and energetically as any zealot that ever consecrated his life to a cause.

A generation ago there used to be a lot of such talk. The foreigner paid the tax, so the public was told in the political campaigns of the Eighties. Congress, in its tariff labors, should be guided by the advice of "patriotic manufacturers" and should scorn the protests of rascally, not to say treasonable, importers, the public was told while the tariff battle of 20 years ago was raging.

Evidently the trouble with Old

"It's an express letter," she explained. "So I thought I ought to find you and give it to you at once, miss."

The envelope was addressed in Effie Shackle's writing, and Patricia smiled as she opened it.

It was like Effie's thoughtfulness to express a reply, she thought, and her heart warmed towards her friend.

But Effie had written—

"My dear Patricia—Your letter has just come, and of course we are all horrified to hear the dreadful news! We always thought that Mr. Rolf would leave you Clayton Wold and everything! How hateful of him, and whatever will you do? I am so sorry, but some cousins have just wired to know if we can have them for a month as one of the boys is down with scarlet fever, and they have to go away, of course; so in the circumstances I am sure you will understand if we ask you to put off your visit. Perhaps later on you will be able to spare us a weekend! Mother sends her love and says you must be mad to refuse Mr. Wolf's offer. How on earth do you suppose you are going to live if you won't take his help! In great haste, yours affectionately,

Effie Shackle.

CHAPTER IV

The maid who had brought Effie Shackle's letter to Patricia, pausing for a moment on the other side of the old yew hedge to admire the roses heard the sudden sound of desolate sobbing.

She looked round startled. As far as she knew there was nobody anywhere near but her young mistress, and it seemed impossible somehow to connect that broken weeping with Patricia. She was always so proud so reserved. But after a moment's hesitation, the girl retraced her steps doubtfully.

Patricia was crouched on the grass, her face hidden in her hands, her whole slender figure shaken with convulsive weeping.

There was not much of the haughty beauty about her at that moment, and the first impulse was to go to her and see what she could do to comfort her, but after the first quick step forward she stopped. Patricia would only be angry and resent it, and Patricia's anger was a thing to be feared, as all the servants knew.

So she turned away again, and went on towards the house. Something must be seriously the matter, she thought uncomfortably and her kind heart was distressed because she knew there was nothing she could do to help.

At the door of the house she encountered Michael Rolf.

She had never spoken to him in her life, but she admired him immensely from a distance, and privately she quite agreed with the under-housemaid, who was young and romantic and who devoured every novel she could get hold of that he was the "lost heir" type down to the ground.

She was rather pleased therefore when Michael spoke to her.

"I am looking for Miss Wolf—they tell me she is in the grounds somewhere—have you seen her?"

She answered readily enough that Patricia was in the rose garden, and then, impulsively she added—

"I'm afraid something is the matter, sir—" she hesitated searching his face with her kind eyes as if to make sure first whether he was likely to prove a sympathetic hearer. Then she went on quickly, apparently satisfied—

"I took Miss Rolf a letter a moment ago, and now . . . oh! she was crying dreadfully when I came away."

"Crying!" Michael flushed darkly, and without another word he strode off across the grass in the direction of the rose garden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is said to have been built without an oath being uttered.

Man Grundy is that he has not changed his mind, or welcomed a new idea, in a generation. He is still living and thinking in the era of John Dailzell, and Sereno E. Payne and Nelson A. Aldrich, and the other departed saints of tariff extremism.

Not So Sure.

From Tit-Bits. "Tom," said Bill, "are the rest of the chaps out of the woods yet?"

"Yes."

"And are the six of them quite safe?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling. "I've shot a deer."

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.



It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood, I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is limited, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

Spanish Palace Celebrates

One of the most striking displays during the exposition at Barcelona, Spain, last year was the illumination of the national palace. Eight powerful beams of light gave the structure the effect of wearing a diadem. In the center section and flowing down from the palace were several cascades of water supplying a large fountain spraying water 200 feet high. The light beams were visible for several miles.

SLEEPLESSNESS

Successfully Fought in this Scientific Way

When a thousand different thoughts keep you from falling into peaceful sleep—REMEMBER KOENIG'S NERVINE. Contains no habit-forming drugs. For years a household word of proven benefit in the treatment of Nervousness, Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.

AT ALL DRUG STORES  
Generous FREE Sample Bottle Sent on Request  
Koenig Medicine Co.  
Dept. 34  
1945 No. Wells St.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Formerly "Parson Koenig's Nervine"

What Did She Mean?

"Rather equivocal." Jack Connelly, the movie and movie-tone magnate, was discussing a new development in Europe's fight to bar out American films.

"We can't be barred out, especially now the talkies have come," he said, "for European audiences are too anxious to hear our talkies; but, all the same, this move was equivocal."

"It reminds me of the film star. She was being questioned for a passport."

"Single, married or divorced?" said the questioner.

"Naturally," said she.

Arsenic in New Fields

Arsenic, arch-foe of insect pests, is spreading out in its activities, seeking new fields to conquer. During 1928, while 60 per cent of the arsenic output of the country went into insecticides, 25 per cent was used for weed-killers and wood preservatives. The glass industry took 11 per cent more, requiring, like the insecticide industry, only highest grade arsenic.

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.