

**HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS**



Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

**Feen-a-mint**  
FOR CONSTIPATION  
COULD NOT DO  
HER CLEANING

Feels Much Stronger After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lankin, North Dakota.—"For nearly four years I was not in good health. My work is cleaning house and I work outside too and sometimes I could not do it. I read in the newspapers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken three bottles of this medicine. I am feeling a lot better and I recommend it. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—TILLIE TREANDA, R. F. D. #2, Lankin, North Dakota.



This Medicine Is Sold in Both Liquid and Tablet Form

**Bees Paid for Lodging**

For three years, unmolested, a swarm of bees has made its headquarters in an abandoned chimney at the R. W. Leib farm home, near Edna, Kan. When the insects were exterminated the other day in the interest of comfort for carpenters who were shingling the dwelling, the chimney was found packed with honey to a depth of six feet.

Alfalfa \$8, Red Clover \$8, Sweet Clover and Timothy \$3.50 per bushel. Mulhall, Sioux City, Iowa.—Adv.

**Test Her Strength First**

A young woman in a western state is charged with strangling her mate. The moral is: never marry a woman strong enough to strangle you; there are times when all of them feel like it.—Roanoke Times.

**Drugs Excite the Kidneys, Drink Water**

Take Salts at First Sign of Bladder Irritation or Backache

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we often eat too much rich food. Our blood is filled with acids which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, begin drinking lots of good water and get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

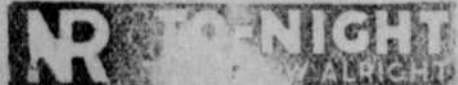
This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

**FEEL DIZZY?**

Headachy, bilious, constipated? Take **DR. NATURE'S REMEDY**—tonight. This mild, safe, vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You'll enjoy free, thorough bowel action without the slightest sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—acts as a laxative—only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE



**THE MASTER MAN**

BY RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

"Look here," he said cheerfully. "Don't cry, there's a dear! We're getting wet enough with the rain. My rooms are quite close—if you don't mind coming in for a minute I can get you something hot, some coffee or something, and send for a taxi."

Patricia shook her head trying in vain to check her sobbing.

"I'm all right—I was frightened—I think I lost my way—and there was a horrid man following me . . . if you can get me a cab, I'll go home."

"Home!" said Michael grimly. "And where is home, may I ask?"

His very pity for her made him irritable. It hurt him to see this spoiled beauty as he had first known her alone at this time of night, and frightened and in tears.

She answered him falteringly. "I'm staying in rooms just for the present—just till I get something to do."

He frowned down at her through the rain which was unkindly adding to the general discomfort of the situation by settling into a steady downpour.

"It's utter madness—this independence of yours," he began shortly. "Why on earth you won't listen to reason . . . thank the Lord, there's a taxi."

Michael dashed out into the road, and Patricia heard him arguing with the man. After a moment he came back to her.

"It's all right. Being a philanthropist he'll take us for three times the usual fare." He took her arm and helped her into the cab. He stood with one foot on the step waiting for her to tell him the address.

Patricia tried to dismiss him. "There is no need for you to come, Mr. Rolf—I can go alone quite well now I have got a cab."

"I mean to come," Michael answered hardily. "And if you argue the man will only think unpleasant things about us both, and turn us out in the road again. Now then—where are these rooms?"

She told him and Michael repeated the address to the driver before he clambered in beside her and slammed the door.

"I supposed you know your own business best," he said, as they drove off through the wet streets. "But, surely to heaven, there were other and more pleasant neighborhood in which you might have got rooms? Why didn't you go to a hotel?"

"Because I can't afford it. I've got to earn my own living, so I may as well get used to things right away."

Michael stifled an imprecation under his breath. He felt as if all this were his fault.

"I went down to Clayton this morning," he said, after a moment. "And, apparently, just missed you. Why didn't you leave a message to say where you were going?"

"I didn't want you to know." He laughed mirthlessly.

"You seem to take a positive delight in harassing me and worrying me to death," he said.

"There is no need for you to worry about me. I am quite capable of looking after myself," she retorted.

"It looks like it," he answered. "What would you have done tonight, for instance, if you hadn't met me? You were frightened to death."

"Because I had been followed—the man frightened me."

"I'd have frightened him if I'd have seen him," said Michael, grimly. "What made him follow you? Where had you been?"

"I had been to a theater. It was so lonely in—the rooms." A little shiver passed through

her. "I thought the evening would never pass. I couldn't have stayed there alone."

"It was better than going to a theater alone," he answered. "Other women go alone," she defended herself.

"Not women like you," he maintained. "I don't suppose you've ever moved a yard alone in London until today—have you?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she answered, coldly.

"It's got everything to do with it," said Michael. He jerked up the window, through which the rain was splashing.

"And next time you go, if you must go—take a cab home instead of trying to walk."

"I couldn't get one—all the men were pushing for them outside the theater."

Michael laughed ruefully. "Then the moral evidently is, take a man with you as well," he said. "Me, for instance."

"No, thank you."

He shrugged his shoulders. The car was slowing down—it had turned into a narrow, dark street. Presently the driver turned in his seat and shouted back something.

Michael let the window down with a run and leaned out.

Patricia heard the driver ask which side of the road it was, and she cycled out nervously; "I don't know—it's 53."

Michael got out. "I'll find it," he said. He walked along the roadway, the cab following at a crawl.

Presently he stopped. "Here it is," he said. There was dissatisfaction in his voice, and he looked up with a frown at the dark face of the house.

"Shall I wait, sir?" the driver inquired.

"No," said Michael. He paid the man and dismissed him; he followed Patricia to the door of the house.

"Is anyone waiting up for you?" he asked. Patricia laughed hysterically.

"No, I should think not"—a half sob caught her breath. "The landlady gave me a latch key—here it is."

She put it into Michael's hand, and after striking a couple of matches he found the keyhole and opened the door.

An atmosphere of damp foinoleum and paraffin rushed at them, and involuntarily he gave a little shiver of distaste.

Patricia looked at him. "I will say good night," she said unsteadily.

Michael passed her and went into the hall.

"You will not, till I have seen the sort of place this is," he said determinedly.

He struck another match and lit a gas jet which he discovered above his head, and by its yellow flare he looked quickly around.

The house seemed quite clean and tidy, but exceedingly poor; the wall needed repapering, and the linoleum was patched and shabby.

"My sitting room is on the right," said Patricia.

She sounded very weary. When Michael went on ahead of her and lit the gas in the sitting room she followed silently and sat down in a chair just inside the door.

Michael stood by the table; his tall figure seemed to crowd the little room uncomfortably.

There was a silence, broken only by the steady downpour of rain outside. Then Michael said, with a touch of hoarseness in his voice:

"And you prefer this to me—and what I have offered you?"

Patricia was very white, and there was a sort of crushed look about her. Something in the expression of her eyes at

that moment reminded Michael forcibly of a woman whom he had once known out in the back of beyond—a lady who had married a drunken rancher, who had beaten her and humiliated her and brought her down to his own bestial level.

She had looked at him with just such proud abasement in her eyes the first time he had seen her, and now—as then—he broke out:

"Why did you do it? Why, in God's name?"

A streak of red flushed Patricia's face.

"What else could I do? I have to live somewhere—and this is the only sort of place I can afford."

Her eyes swept round the room, with its cheap Tottenham Court Road furniture and hideous pictures.

"It's clean, anyway," she said, and a faintly mocking smile lit her somer eyes as she raised them to his.

Michael set his teeth. "Oh, I should like to shake you!" he said.

"You've said that before," Patricia reminded him.

"I shall say it again," he answered. "And next time I shall do it—you know what people say about the third time."

The cheap clock on the shelf began to strike 12; its gong was wheezy and discordant, and some loose piece of mechanism somewhere in the works parred in metallic fashion with every stroke.

"What sort of woman keeps this place?" Michael asked, as the last sound died away.

"She seems kind," Patricia answered reluctantly. "I think she was rather afraid of me—she told me she was Irish—her name is Irish anyway—Mrs Flannagan."

"It sounds as if she is coming downstairs now," said Michael grimly.

There was a heavy tread on the stairs and in the narrow passage outside.

Michael went to the door of the sitting room and opened it.

A short stout woman with round scared eyes stood there. She carried a candle in one plump hand and a poker in the other. She gave a loud scream when she saw Michael.

Patricia came hastily forward.

"It's all right, Mrs. Flannagan. I lost my way and this gentleman—this gentleman . . . she floundered helplessly, realizing the very lameness of her inability to explain Michael away.

Michael rose to the occasion desperately.

"My name is Michael Rolf," he said. "I have been to the theater with this lady. As a matter of fact, we are engaged to be married."

He heard the stifled exclamation which Patricia gave, and he smiled grimly. That was a distinct score for him anyway, and he went on calmly.

"I dare say I shall often call while Miss Rolf is here. I am glad she has found such comfortable rooms."

His reassuring smile and half a sovereign completed the victory and Mrs. Flannagan called down the blessings of her patron saint upon his head and retired.

She hoped she knew a gentleman when she saw one, she said. Her poor husband—rest his soul!—had been valet to a gentleman for twenty years, shure he had!

She creaked away up the stairs again, and Michael looked at Patricia.

"How dared you tell her such a lie?" she asked under her breath.

Her eyes flashed at him furiously.

Michael shrugged his shoulders.

"It was for your sake. It was the only thing I could think of. What would you have preferred me to say? That I had never seen you before in my life?"

tion to adventure; but at a time when all of them are accused of oversophistication it is only fair to say that in many times as a very real deprivation. There are boys in every entering class in every college who still suffer from homesickness some of them acutely.

Another fact should be remembered before the public draws its final conclusion about the undergraduate. The ordinary man reads about and sees the collegian on his least attractive side. Whatever may be said about the decline of class and college spirit—and much can be said on this score—it is still true that

She flushed crimson.

"I'll say good-night now, anyway," Michael went on. "Or I suppose it should be good-morning—"

Patricia did not answer. "And I shall come and fetch you away from this place tomorrow," Michael said again.

She turned on him like a whirlwind.

"You will not—I shall not be here."

"You will—if I have to walk up and down the path outside all night and see that you don't run away again," he answered calmly, though his eyes were not calm. "It may be fun for you—this absurd hide and seek business, but I hate it—I've got something else to do besides chase after you."

"Why don't you do it then?" she retorted.

"Because for the present it suits me not to," he answered. "Aren't you going to say good-night to me?" he submitted with a twinkle. "Seeing that we are—engaged?"

For a moment she did not answer, then she said:

"I will say good-night to you if you will promise not to stay outside all night."

"And I will promise not to stay outside all night if you will promise not to rush off again in the morning," he retorted.

Her eyes met his, and the anger in them died miserably away.

"Very well," she said listlessly.

"That is a bargain?" Michael asked.

"I have said so."

Michael held out his hand. "Thank you for that, anyway," he said with sudden softening. "And—may I come and take you out to lunch tomorrow?"

She hesitated. Her lips were tremulous; she was worn out and overwrought.

"It won't be any use trying to persuade me to leave here," she said with a ghost of her old defiance.

Michael laughed. He felt almost cheerful.

"I'm not going to try. After all, you might be in a worse place! I dare say the old lady will do her best to make you comfortable. One o'clock tomorrow then—will that do?"

Patricia nodded, and Michael turned away trying not to see the tears that were trickling down her cheeks.

He went back home feeling very bad tempered. He found a bright fire burning, and the comfort and luxury of his rooms struck him as a painful contrast to the surroundings in which he had left Patricia. He stood for a moment in the doorway looking around him with disgust. The two saddle-bagged armchairs drawn up so invitingly to the fire looked positively bad taste, he thought, as he took off his coat and flung it down. There had been no anarch in Patricia's room—no fire!

Michael remembered how depressing the steady downpour of rain had sounded as he and she stood and looked at one another in the uncertain gaslight—he could still hear the rain now pattering against the windows, and splashing on the stone sills, but it only seemed by contrast to add to the comfort and luxury of his rooms. He went over to the fire and sat down, on the arm of one of the big chairs.

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. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

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!

Friend Wife—What do you men know about women's clothes, anyway? Friend Hubby—The price.

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**After Winter's Colds**

Don't Neglect Your Kidneys.

COLDS and chills are hard on the kidneys. A constant backache, with kidney irregularities, and an aching, worn-out feeling all too often warn of disorder. Don't take chances! Help your kidneys with Doan's Pills. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's: E. J. Bush, 712 Graves Street, Charlottesville, Va., says: "A cold seemed to affect my kidneys and my back got so weak that I could hardly turn in bed. My joints were sore and lame and the kidney action irregular. I felt better immediately after using Doan's Pills and was soon well."

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

American Universities  
The total enrollment of the 226 institutions on the approved list of the Association of American Universities is 442,493. The University of California continues to lead in full time enrollments with 17,242 students attending the Berkeley and Los Angeles divisions, while Columbia, with 33,367 students, including home study and summer school enrollments, ranks first in total attendance.



**Kill Rats Without Poison**

A New Extremator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks  
K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety. It contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 575 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

**K-R-O**  
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Soviet Needs Sacks  
Patriotic Soviet citizens just now prove their patriotism by gathering up ordinary sacks and turning them over to the government. The collection of grain has been hampered to a considerable extent by the lack of sacks.

Sufficient  
Friend Wife—What do you men know about women's clothes, anyway? Friend Hubby—The price.



**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. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

**PISO'S for COUGHS**

PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing, and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used for 65 years. 35c and 60c sizes.

QUICK RELIEF