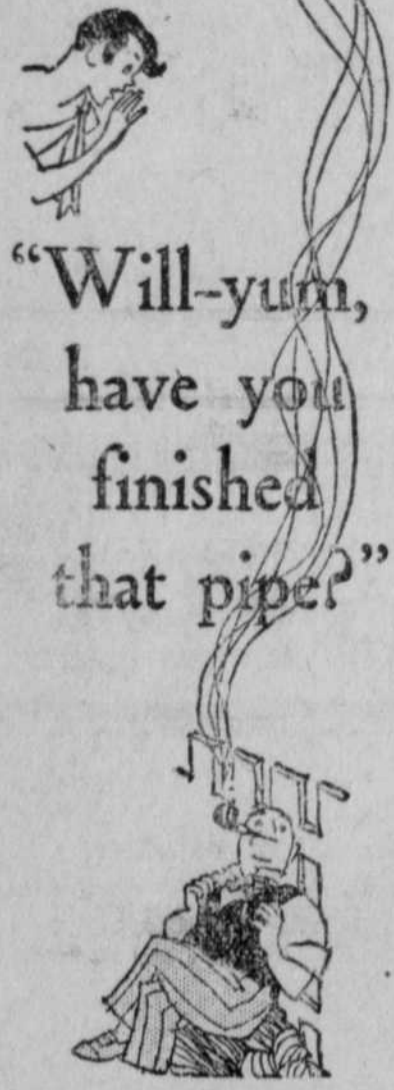


THE MASTER MAN

RUBY M. AYRES

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



YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the mildest, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.

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Cooperative plan yields tremendous profits raising and marketing bananas. Crop share basis. You do no work. \$5 monthly plus profits plus your investment that should earn \$500 to \$1000 yearly for you without further expense. This is a sound adequately financed conservatively managed operation. Best references. Investigation invited. Booklet free. MEXICAN AGRICULTURAL LAND CO. 500 Diamond Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Weights Weighty Problem

Officials of the Melbourne royal show at Melbourne, Australia, recently were confronted with what they considered to be a difficult scientific problem. They noticed that when 24 pounds of milk were taken from a cow which had been previously weighed the boy had lost only 18 pounds. The secretary of the Royal Agricultural society weighed himself carefully, then drank one pound of water. He was astonished to find that he had gained only 10 ounces in weight. The test was made before council stewards and Dr. H. McKenna, the surgeon to the Royal Agricultural society.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating. This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

It was nearly one o'clock, but he had never felt more wide awake in his life—what was the good of going to bed if sleep was an impossibility? He wondered if Patricia was asleep, and he thought again of her tears, which he had tried not to see, and he swore under his breath as he felt for his cigarette case. After all, it was her own fault—she might have had five hundred or a thousand a year, and her own house at Clayton, had she only chosen to be reasonable; it was by her own choice that she had gone to live at Mrs. Flannagan's perhaps the experience would do her good.

For ten minutes he smoked hard, and tried equally hard to persuade himself that it would undoubtedly do her good—but at the end of those ten minutes he flung the stump of his cigarette firewards and was up on his feet, restlessly pacing the room.

It was intensely aggravating that Patricia should weigh on his mind in this fashion—he wished once again that he had let Chesney marry her and ended his own responsibility. And yet he knew that even now he had no intention of letting Chesney know where he could find Patricia—Chesney was not the man to make Patricia happy—he was too slavish, too ready to lie down and allow her to walk over him.

In the rooms below his own, in spite of the lateness of the hour, some youthful spirit had started a gramophone going, and the strains of a ragtime coon song floated up to Michael Rolf with irritating clearness as he paced restlessly up and down.

"When she said she lubb'd me, she didn't speak true, so off I'm wid de ole lub, an' on wid de new."

Michael listened to the silly words with a feeling of familiarity—where had he heard them before? And then all at once he remembered—a gramophone had been grinding out the same record that day at Chesney's bungalow on the river when the news came of Peter Rolf's death. A lifetime ago it seemed; and he thought with chagrin of Patricia as she had been then and as she had been when he left her an hour ago at Mrs. Flannagan's.

And he knew that it was a sheer impossibility to leave her in those miserable surroundings.

That she would never accept help from him he was sure. In spite of her tears and distress that evening her pride was not broken—very far from it!

Michael sat up till it was almost light, turning over possible and impossible schemes, and at last he fell asleep in the big chair by the dying fire and only awoke in broad daylight when his man came in to pull up the blinds.

He stared credulously at his master's slumbering face, then he shrugged his shoulders and, stooping, shook him not very gently. Michael was on his feet in an instant. He laughed self-consciously, meeting the man's reproachful gaze. "I was late home," he explained. "I suppose I fell asleep by the fire. Get me a hot bath and breakfast."

He hurried through both, and was round at Mr. Phillips' office before Mr. Phillips himself had arrived.

"Not here!" he said disgustfully. "Why, what on earth time does he come then?"

The office boy pointed out rather resentfully that it was not yet nine o'clock and that Mr. Rolf was an early visitor. Michael laughed. "Oh, all right! I'll wait."

Mr. Phillips arrived punctually

ally on the stroke of nine. He had no idea," he said, agitatedly. "If he had only guessed, 'You couldn't have guessed' Michael interrupted bluntly. He rather liked old Phillips, and trusted him, even while he had no patience with his slow methods.

"Look here," he broke out again. "I've found Miss Rolf. I thought you'd like to know. It was quite an accident. I ran into her on the street." He laughed at the elder man's amazed face. "She's as obstinate as ever," he went on cheerfully. "She's living with a fat Irishwoman in a beastly neighborhood—and refuses to move."

Mr. Phillips smiled faintly. In that case I should be inclined to leave her where she is," he said. "A few weeks of—er—comparative discomfort may work miracles."

"It may and it may not," Michael agreed. "Anyway, I don't feel inclined to risk it, and that's why I'm here. I want to know if she's got any friends—not people like the Shackles—but genuine, decent people, preferably poor!—whose address you can give me."

Mr. Phillips cleared his throat and rearranged some perfectly tidy papers on his desk with irritating precision. "I know very little of Miss Rolf's friends," he said at last. "Let me see now—not the Shackles type, you say?"

"I do, most emphatically." "There was a little silence. —then Mr. Phillips said hesitatingly:

"There are some people—I can't quite remember the name—I know your father objected to them very much—because they were not what he called 'shabby genteel'—they lived—now let me see where did they live?"

Michael frowned impatiently. "If you don't know their name or where they lived—" he began, but Mr. Phillips interrupted:

"Kensington! they lived?" he said in triumph. "Kensington, I am sure it is! And their name—I believe it was Smith!"

Michael made a grimace. "There are probably thousands of Smiths at Kensington," he said with sarcasm; "so if that's all you can tell me—"

"Oh, but it isn't!" Mr. Phillips hastened to assure him. "At least, I can find out the real address and all particulars and ring you up. What time will you be at your rooms, Mr. Rolf?"

"I am going out to lunch." "If you will tell me where you are lunching I will send a clerk along with a letter."

Michael told him. "And these Smiths—what are they? Who are they?" he asked.

Mr. Phillips shook his head. "I'm afraid I know no more about them than that Mr. Rolf objected to them chiefly because Miss Rolf sent them money and clothes from time to time," he answered reluctantly. "It seemed to annoy him exceedingly, though why I never quite understood."

"My father objected to most things," Michael said a trifle bitterly, but his heart warmed towards Patricia—perhaps after all she had not been so selfish as he had believed. "I understood also," Mr. Phillips added, "that these people—the Smiths—thought a great deal of Miss Rolf."

"Naturally," said Michael, then wondered why on earth he had said it. He looked quickly at the lawyer and flushed rather self-consciously.

"Well, I'll be off," he added hurriedly. "You'll send a note along then?"

Raid Proof Ship to Foil Chinese Pirates

SHANGHAI—(AP)—Chinese pirates who for centuries have combined with typhoons to keep travel in the South China sea from being a boring business to mariners, will do well to steer clear of a new passenger steamer which a Japanese ship owner is having built for use in the waters infested by sea robbers. The vessel will contain none of the time honored safeguards

against piracy. Instead the resources of science will be called upon to foil any attempts to capture control of the ship while the wireless is summoning assistance.

Automatically removable companionways will lead from the boat deck to the bridge. Pressing of a button switch will charge these companionways and portions of the bridge with a high electric voltage that will mean death to the pirate who comes in contact with them.

The engine room will be automatically closed also, keeping its crew safe below deck and protect-

ing the most vital spot on the vessel. The wireless house will be isolated to prevent attackers from interfering with broadcasts for help.

The owner of the new vessel is so supremely confident in the efficacy of these measures that he will refuse no passenger because of nationality. But Chinese, as countrymen of the pirates, will have to undergo a search of their persons and baggage.

Chinese buccaners in times past were the veritable Vikings of the Orient. They ravaged coasts,

despoiled cities and set themselves up as rulers of considerable coastal territories. But with the coming of modern means of warfare they were routed from their strongholds and of late years have confined their efforts to the capture and looting of individual vessels.

Q. How far is it from Constantinople to Paris by rail? T. M. H.

A. It is about 1,900 miles. This is approximately the distance from Washington, D. C., to Denver.

He went back to his rooms. There was more than an hour yet before it was time to call for Patricia. He changed his suit and wandered up Regent street.

There was a great bunch of hot-house violets in Gerard's window, and with sudden impulse Michael went in and bought them. They would brighten up Patricia's dingy sitting room, and Chesney had once mentioned that violets were her favorite flowers!

Michael was just giving Mrs. Flannagan's address to the attendant when someone touched him on the arm, and a voice said with a sort of vague suspicion:

"Hullo! You! Who are you buying flowers for?" and turning swiftly, Michael found Bernard Chesney at his elbow. Michael flushed.

Chesney was the last person on earth whom he wished to see at that moment; but he managed a not very successful laugh and answered with suspicious haste:

"Hullo!—wait a moment, I'm just coming along—" He turned to the girl who was looking on impatiently. "Lend me the pencil and I'll write the address down," he said. He seized the pencil from her and hastily scribbled Patricia's name and address, then, seizing Chesney by the arm, marched him determinedly out of the shop.

His one idea was to get rid of him—the time was passing quickly and he knew that it would take him at least 20 minutes in a taxicab to reach Mrs. Flannagan's uninviting abode.

"I was going along to your rooms when I saw you," Chesney said. "What are you doing today? Will you lunch with me?"

A sleepless night had taught Chesney wisdom. He realized that he had made a mistake by quarrelling with Michael and that far better results could be obtained by remaining friends with him.

"Sorry—got a business engagement," said Michael briefly. "Tomorrow, if you like—" "Business engagement?" Chesney echoed, the vague note of suspicion once again in his voice. "You with a business engagement?"

"Yes." "Well, can't I come along too? I shan't interfere."

Michael looked at him squarely in the eyes. "That's just what you would do," he said calmly. "Meet you tonight if you like—or come around to my place if you care about it. I must run now—so long!"

He had turned away when Chesney caught his arm. "Is there any news of Patricia?" he asked, and his eyes were pathetic in their anxiety.

"Nothing since yesterday," Michael answered hastily. It was the truth, and yet it was a lie—he could have kicked himself with pleasure as Chesney turned dispiritedly away. He stood for a moment looking after him undecidedly. Why not recall him and tell him where Patricia was? She had liked Chesney and he knew that Chesney adored her. Surely it was the best and easiest way out of a responsibility which was daily becoming more irksome. He moved a step forward to follow his friend, then stopped. "I'll be dashed if I do," said Michael Rolf, and, hailing a taxicab, he drove off in the opposite direction.

He glanced hurriedly at his watch. Five minutes to one! Whatever happened he was bound to be late!

This was Chesney's fault. Michael cursed him roundly as he leaned out of the window and shouted to the driver to hurry. Patricia would never forgive him if he were late. But in spite of reckless driving and hair-breadth escapes round corners it was a quarter past one before the taxicab stopped outside Mrs. Flannagan's and Michael flung himself out and dashed up the steps.

It seemed an eternity to his

impatience before he heard steps in the passage—an eternity before Mrs. Flannagan opened the door a couple of inches. When she recognized Michael she smiled broadly and widened the gap hospitably.

"Well, I never!" she said regretfully. "And the young lady only just this minute gone!" "Gone!" Michael echoed blankly.

"Shure, yes! And it's herself that was put about," said Mrs. Flannagan sympathetically. "Kept asking me, she did, if the clock was fast—"

Michael cut in bluntly. "Where did she go?"

Mrs. Flannagan did not know. Neither did she know what time her lodger intended to return, but she cordially invited Michael to step in and wait, on the chance that Patricia might be back soon.

But Michael knew Patricia better. She would give him no second chance—he was sure. He went back to the waiting taxi. What the deuce could he do now? It was all Chesney's fault, confound the fellow.

"We came fast, sir," the driver said with a grin.

"We did," Michael agreed dryly. "But not fast enough."

He gave the name of the restaurant at which he had intended to lunch. She could not have gone far and they might overtake her.

"And drive slowly this time" he added.

But though the taxicab went at a snail's pace, and though Michael sat leaning forward staring at every pedestrian in the hope of discovering Patricia, he was doomed to disappointment. Presently he was sulkily eating his lunch alone.

It was the devil's own luck he told himself. Everything seemed to be against him; the next disappointment would be that Philips would fail him too. But even as the thought crossed his mind, a youth, hugging a bowler hat nervously under his arm, hesitatingly threaded his way through the rows of tables, and, spotting Michael fell upon him triumphantly.

"From Mr. Philips, sir—"

Michael grabbed the letter and tore it open.

"Dear Mr. Rolf,—The address you require is 41, Ilchester street, Kensington, and the name, as I thought, is Smith."

"No answer," said Michael. This was something to work upon anyway, and he finished his lunch with more appetite before he started off to Kensington.

Ilchester street proved to be so far out of Kensington proper that even the local police disclaimed all knowledge of it and it was only after making dozens of inquiries that Michael found himself ringing the bell of No. 41.

The bell was brightly polished, and the steps were spotless. He noted these facts with satisfaction before the door opened and a girl stood looking shyly up at him.

She was a slim, pretty girl, with wavy brown hair and dark eyes, that reminded him a little of Patricia's. He smiled with a queer feeling of friendliness towards her as he asked if Mrs. Smith was at home.

The girl nodded. "Yes, it's mother. Will you come in? I'll go and tell her. What name is it, please?"

"Rolf," said Michael, "Michael Rolf."

He saw the girl's eyes widen and the flush deepen in her cheeks, but she made no comment. She led the way into the front room, which, though poorly furnished, had an air of home comfort about it that struck Michael agreeably.

One could see at a glance that gentle people lived here, he thought.

He looked round the room interestedly. The carpet and chair coverings were shabby, but there were flowers on the table and a sleek cat curled up by the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

John's Mother Praises Doctor



There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4366 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

Superficial Flesh Wounds Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Colds/TONIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT For Sale at All Druggists

Thrifty Indians The Seminole Indians of Florida, instead of taking their game to the ice box, are taking the ice box to the game. The redskins of Collier county drive ice-filled trucks into the Everglades hunting grounds and rush their kill to the moving refrigerator, according to Paul C. Abritton, circuit judge of Sarasota county, who found that Indians are one up on their white brethren: By the time a truck is filled another is ready.

Lutherans Third in Size The Lutheran church's estimated world membership is 81,000,000 souls. It is third in size to the Roman Catholic church (estimated worldwide membership, 331,500,000); Orthodox Eastern church, 144,000,000 among all Christian denominations.—Time, the Newsmagazine.

ONE PRESCRIPTION MADE FAMILY DOCTOR FAMOUS



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.

Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.

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