

"Please make
Father change his
smoking tobacco"



MEN go to their graves ignorant of the suffering an over-strong pipe has caused others. But now, we trust, Father will lose no time in discovering Sir Walter Raleigh, whose mild, fragrant blend is as popular with the smoked-at, as it is delightful to the smoker. This blend of choice Burleys has plenty of body and a very special fragrance. Yet it's so mild you can smoke it all day long, with only the sensation of increasing enjoyment.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(Hint No. 1) Don't switch tobaccos when you break in a new pipe. Stick to the same brand for 50 or more pipefuls. Mixing tobaccos in a pipe either strong or flat. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Dept. 53, The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco**

It's milder

Transferring Game

Deer have been brought from the West to replenish the big-game population of eastern forests, but without marked success. However, transfer of game from parts of the country which are overstocked to places where it is wanted is being done wherever practical.

Busy Department

In the fiscal year ended in June, 1929, the Department of Agriculture distributed more than 25,000,000 copies of publications.

He Was Thru

"The lights failed."
"What then?"
"Well—er—I didn't."

A girl in high-heeled shoes walks on her toes; but what of it? She likes it.

Laughter adds to beauty, but weeping never does.

**FAMILY DOCTOR
LEARNED THIS ABOUT
CONSTIPATION**



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

**THE
MASTER MAN**

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

Suddenly she began to cry. Everything had gone wrong with her, she told herself, sobbing stormily.

People always say that when for the first time trouble knocks at their door; they are so angry and sorry for themselves that they are firmly convinced that their whole life has been one suffering and failure.

Patricia had never known a moment's care or responsibility until Peter Rolf's death; she had lived her life utterly selfishly, and without thought for others; she had grown to believe that it was a state of things which could continue indefinitely; the shock of recent events had seemed like the destruction of her whole world; she felt herself utterly alone in the ruins of all she had believed to stand for happiness.

If she had been quite honest with herself she would have admitted that her greatest trouble now was the fact that she had quarrelled with Michael Rolf and made him dislike her; she could have bitten her tongue through with rage when she remembered how she had told him she would marry the dead man's son and get his money that way. What madness could have driven her? She began to pace up and down, wringing her hands; she knew that now there was very little to hope for from him; he was glad to see her humbled and disappointed; he would most certainly do nothing to help her in the future.

She thought of all the men whom she had known, and whom she might have married; she had dismissed them from her life one after another, with no thought for them save that they were not good enough; but now.....there was still Bernard Chesney.

He loved her, poor boy, in spite of everything; and the thought of his devotion warmed her sore heart; he would not fail her, she would show Michael Rolf that she had no need to fall back on him and his reluctant charity.

She sat down to write to Bernard.

For once in her life she felt a genuine affection for him; he would take care of her; he would save her from the hideous nightmare of a future which was lying in wait.

The Chesney's had plenty of money, and he was their only son. Marriage with him would not be such a bad thing.

She managed to put a great deal of sincerity and distress into her letter; she told him how unhappy she was, and that her one comfort was the thought of his parting words to her; she wanted him—would he come to her as soon as possible? There was nobody else in all the world who cared anything for her, or how troubled she was.

"I suppose you have heard by now that Mr. Milward and Michael Rolf are one and the same," she wrote. "I never liked him, and now....but I forgot that he is your friend. Come to me soon—your very unhappy Patricia."

She posted the letter and went back to the house feeling more confident and secure.

She had arranged her own future without help from Michael Rolf, and she would make him furious by engaging herself to his friend.

"If he thinks he can master me, he will see that he is mistaken," was the thought in her mind, as she settled down to wait happily for Chesney's reply.

He would not write, she was sure. He would come to her. She calculated the time. He would get her letter in the

morning, and of course would start at once—therefore she might expect him to lunch.

She felt almost happy as she waited. Life was not going to be such a bad thing, after all, if she made the most of its opportunities.

The morning brought her a letter from Mr. Phillips. He had had a visit from Michael Rolf, it appeared, and was very much surprised to find that he had been in England for some months.

"He tells me," so he wrote, "that he has already met you, and that you have spoken together about his father's will. I am sure you will find that the son is prepared to make provision for you, as I intimated, and he has instructed me that you are to stay on at Clayton Wold for as long as you wish, at his expense....."

Patricia crushed the letter in her hand. How dared he so condescend to her? She would not take a farthing of his money, or spend one night more in his house than she was obliged.

She would not answer Mr. Phillips' letter until she could tell him that she was to be married. She would not communicate with Michael at all—he could find out for himself if he was in any way interested.

She ordered an extravagant lunch for Chesney and when she thought it was about time for him to arrive she went down the drive to meet him.

It was a dull, thundery sort of day, sunless and oppressive.

The road that wound away to the village looked dusty and dry, and though Patricia walked to the drive gates a dozen times there was no sign of Chesney.

At two o'clock she was hungry, so had her lunch alone.

Mr. Chesney's car had probably broken down," she told the maid, conscious of the girl's surprised look. "He can have lunch later, when he comes."

But Chesney did not come and Patricia had her tea alone also.

"He must be away," she excused him to herself. "They will have to send my letter on to him. He will wire directly he gets it."

But the day passed and there was no message of any sort, and Patricia began to feel angry.

"Michael Rolf has seen him," was the thought that leapt to her mind. "Michael Rolf has said something to prevent him from coming."

She cried herself to sleep that night. They were only tears of anger. She really cared nothing for Chesney, but she felt thoroughly miserable, and she longed to see him, even if only that he might give her back her poise and confidence.

It seemed an endless time since she had left him that day by the river. She told herself in depression that she felt 10 years older than she had done when he lay at her feet and the gramophone played across the water.

When she said she lubb'd me, she didn't speak true: So I'm off with the old lub, an' on wid the new.

The silly lines beat through her head as she fell asleep, and were still haunting her when she awoke; she was thankful when the maid brought tea and letters.

Patricia sat up eagerly amongst her pillows; she did not hear the girl's "Good morning"—she was sorting the little heaps of letters through with trembling hands.

Was there—would there be? Then she sank back with a little sigh of relief, for there was one in Bernard Chesney's writing.

Now everything would be explained and arranged, and

she would be able to write to Mr. Phillips.

Already she began to think of her wedding—necessarily quiet it would have to be, unfortunately! She drank her tea, pulled the pillow more comfortably beneath her head and opened her letter.

It began: Dear Miss Rolf... and for a moment Patricia's heart seemed to stop beating. What was the meaning of it? He had always called her by her Christian name. She forced herself to read on:

"I am dreadfully sorry that I shall not be able to come and see you, as I should very much like to do, or to answer your kind letter in the way which I feel it should be answered, but by the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to America, where I am going on business for my father's firm. I should have written to tell you before, but everything has been arranged so suddenly, and I know that you have your own affairs to occupy you without being worried by mine. Yes—I knew about Milward, or rather Michael Rolf, as I suppose we must now call him. He is a fine chap and, as you know, one of my greatest friends.

"Kindest regards. Yours ever sincerely,
Bernard Chesney."

Patricia closed her eyes with a little feeling of faintness; it was a dream, she was sure it must be a dream; she was not fully awake yet—soon she would be thoroughly roused and find this letter just a phantom imagining.

She lay quite still, hardly daring to breathe; then she opened her eyes desperately, and they again fell on the formal, written words.

"...You have your own affairs to occupy you, without being worried by mine..." She sat up in bed with a stifled exclamation, and the haunting song began again in her head:

When he said he lubb'd me, he didn't speak true; For he's off wid the ole lub an' on wid de new.

She hid her face against her clenched hands. He had sworn that if she loved him, he had said that if she wanted him she had only to send or write, and now...he had gone to America to escape her, the whole letter was just a subterfuge, an excuse; it was either that he had no use for her now he knew she had lost her money or—that Michael Rolf had interfered!

It was a terrible shock to Patricia's pride; she felt as if everyone must know about it, and be laughing at her. She stayed indoors all day and refused to see anyone.

The servants at Peter Rolf's had never liked Patricia, chiefly because she had never allowed them to do so, but they knew all about the will now, and were vaguely sorry for her.

Patricia did not want pity. The kindly commiseration in the eyes of the maid who waited upon her scorched her pride. That she should have come to this! That even Bernard Chesney, who once would have been beside himself with joy at the thought of marrying her should have gone to the other side of the world to escape the now doubtful honor.

In the evening a letter came from Michael Rolf; he was staying in town, he told her, but should be coming down to Clayton Wold in a day or two. In the meantime he had seen his lawyer and had arranged to allow Patricia \$500 a year and to give her the freehold of a small house about a mile from Clayton Wold.

"You will not be separated from your friends if you live there—" so he wrote. "And of course, I will have the place done up for you as nice as possible. I hope this will be an agreeable arrangement."

Patricia tore the letter to shreds and flung them from her. Oh, how she hated him! To coolly suggest pensioning

wealth is unimpaired. There will be many cases of individual hardship but no hardship like that which is almost normal in other countries. In very large degree the present excitement on the Stock Exchange is concerned with a gambler's change of fortune in the distribution of surplus luxury money. The American people has been gambling furiously and it has been gambling largely with the surplus of its astonishing prosperity.

No doubt if fear and panic were admitted to get going the effects might be felt on the wages and profits of business. But there is no reason why they should be allowed

her off as if she had been a servant or a poor relation; to settle her into the house which had always been looked upon as a kind of minor dower house in the days of Peter Rolf; to her passionate pride and impetuosity it seemed that he could have offered her no greater insult.

To have all her friends pitying her; to have the whole countryside laughing at her downfall. She would rather die than accept such an offer! Why, in his father's lifetime she had spent more than \$500 a year on frocks alone.

She paced the garden in utter misery; there seemed nobody in all the world who cared what became of her.

There were other men who had professed to care for her, but after Chesney's letter she would rather have died than approach them in any way. She was sure that Michael had influenced Chesney—the more she thought of it the deeper grew her conviction that in some way he was responsible.

She took no notice of Michael's letter, and she had not written to Mr. Phillips. She hated them both—it made her write to think that these two men had met and talked over her future, and calmly decided how much she should be given.

Given! She would take nothing! She would rather starve than accept a shilling from this man who had so insulted her; she would work for her living if needs be. She looked at her hands, such white, useless-looking hands they were. How could she ever hope to turn them to any account?

She passed another restless night, hardly sleeping at all, and in the morning she felt ill and wretched.

When the maid brought tea Patricia asked hopefully if there were any letters.

"Only one, miss—" The girl laid it beside Patricia on the quilt.

Patricia looked at it eagerly, but the writing was only that of a girl friend, and she did not trouble to open the envelope until she was dressed.

But later, as she read the rather effusive lines, her face changed a little. Patricia had always liked Effie Shackle—they had been good friends, and she knew that Effie was fond of her.

"I am so grieved to hear of Mr. Rolf's death, you poor dear!" so the letter began. "It must have been a terrible shock for you. Would you like me to come and stay with you for a time till things have settled down a little? Or will you come and stay with us. Mother sends her fondest love, and says I must tell you how very welcome you will be. Come as soon as you feel able, and stay as long as you like with your loving Effie."

Patricia's spirit went up with a bound; she wondered why she had never thought of the Shackles before; she might have known how willing they would be to receive her; tears of relief rushed to her eyes.

Here was a real friend at last! She sat down then and there and answered the letter gratefully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Incomes of Five Million.

Millionaires are common in the United States today, even when stock market flurries are at their worst—that is, if by millionaires we mean a person having \$1,000,000. To be a millionaire really worth talking about these days one should have an income of \$1,000,000, and even that verges on the commonplace, for there were 290 of them in this country in 1927 and probably more in 1928.

To be really exclusive, one should have an income of \$5,000,000 or more, for there were only 11 such incomes piled up that year. The bureau of the internal revenue does not give us the names of the 11, but only the states in which they pay taxes. Here is a table of them:

New York1
New Jersey1
Illinois1
Pennsylvania1
Wisconsin1

Here's a fine chance for a guessing contest. Henry and Edsel Ford are ruled out, since Michigan is not in the list. But who's the Wisconsin man who in 1927 had an income of more than \$5,000,000? Most newspaper readers would guess Andrew Mellon as the Pennsylvanian, but who in New Jersey had an income in excess of between \$13,000 and \$14,000 a day.

to spread, for it is as true today as it was on September 1 that America has reserves of wealth and economic power the like of which mankind has never seen. These reserves and this power are untouched, and if men will only keep their heads on their shoulders and their shirts on their backs, the real business of America will go forward without serious hesitation.

Q. Where was the first social settlement in the world? R. E.

A. The first social settlement in the world was Toynbee Hall, which was founded in 1884 by Canon Samuel A. Barnett, in Whitechapel, East London



**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**

Costly Proposition

Mrs. Tapp—I've noticed that the farmers always have a man for a scarecrow.

Mr. Tapp—That's because they couldn't afford to dress a woman scarecrow.—Answer.

Exactly

Willie—Dad, what's a dead letter.
Dad—A letter that died at its post, my boy.

Few Can

Gregory—The doctor says I can't play golf.
Harrison—Didn't you know?

Sow an action, reap a habit—



**Miserable With
Backache?**

Too Often It Warns of
Disordered Kidneys.

A kidney irregularities, and a stiff, achy, worn-out feeling all too often warn of disordered kidneys. Don't take chances! Help your kidneys with Doan's Pills. Recommended the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:
Mrs. Frances Wittman, 653 Miami Ave., Kansas City, Kansas, says: "My back hurt so bad that mornings I could hardly get out of bed. The secretions burned and broke my rest at night. Doan's Pills made me feel as well as ever."

DOAN'S PILLS
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys.



**"Before My
Baby Came"**

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 808 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**