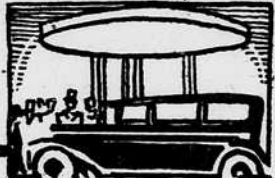


MAN MADE THE TOWN



by RUBY M. AYRES



FIRST INSTALMENT

It was intensely hot. In the big, somberly furnished consulting room, its blinds drawn closely against the midday sun which poured down on Harley Street, there seemed hardly a breath of air. A girl sitting at the table, idly turning the pages of an illustrated paper, pushed her chair back with sudden impatience. "How much longer is he going to keep us waiting, I wonder?" It's disgraceful, asking anyone to wait in a lethal chamber like this. The large overdressed woman in the armchair on the other side of the room roused herself with a sigh of regret from a doze which the heat and too large and too late a breakfast had brought upon her. "I'm sure it's a very nice room," she said vaguely. "Nice!" The girl flashed her contemptuous look. "Any place is nice to you as long as you can sleep in it," she said rudely. The large woman sighed again; her only protest against life was a sigh, and she had long since grown accustomed to her niece's disrespect. "The furniture must be most valuable," she said again in the same vague way. The girl glanced round the room with a frown. "Furniture which fools like us have paid for," she said irritably. "I don't know why we're here at all. There's nothing in the world the matter with me." Mrs. Gladwyn began fanning her plump flushed face with a daily paper which had been lying disregarded on her lap. "Six months ago you weighed nearly a hundred and twenty-five," she said without much interest. "Today you weigh—ninety-eight, is it? At any rate, you have only to look at yourself in the glass to see that you're wasting away to a complete shadow without any adequate reason for it, unless—" she paused, and a faintly malicious smile lit her sleepy eyes—"unless you're in love again," she added. The girl turned another page of the magazine before her with an angry little flick. "I don't believe in love," she said sharply. Diana's further answer was checked by the opening of the door and the appearance of a maid. "If you will please come this way, Miss—"

Bodily weakness, mental unhappiness, and a never ending fear that she was about to lose the only thing she had ever really wanted in life. It was these things that had kept her obstinately in London when everyone else was away at the sea, or on the moors, or down in the country. At twenty-two the only thing in the world which Diana really desired was another woman's husband. Diana, a little nervous in spite of herself, entered the "top man's" consulting room. He was big and rather clumsy looking, with grave steady eyes and a mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled. It did not smile now, but his eyes seemed to pierce through all the bravery of her carefully reddened lips and make-up, right down through her artificiality to the trembling weakness of her. Diana said nothing—she felt as if an ordinary greeting would be wasted on this man. She just stood and looked at him with an unconscious appeal in her eyes, till he said quietly: "Won't you sit down?" He indicated a chair close to his own and facing the window, so that the light fell full on her face. Diana obeyed, her hands clasped in her lap, and her heart beating in a queer, frightened manner. He seemed to realize this, for he said more gently: "Don't be frightened. I am not going to eat you." She flushed scarlet through all her pallor, and her eyes grew angry. Speaking to her as if she were a silly child with a cut thumb. She gave a little high-pitched laugh. "I'm not really ill. I feel rather a humbug coming here at all, but my aunt insisted. I've got rather thin, you see—but then, I was always thin. It's the hot weather, I think, and I don't sleep very well. London's always rather trying at this time of the year, don't you think? We generally go away, but this summer—"

She broke off, feeling suddenly very young and foolish and hating herself for it. It seemed so long since she had felt either young or foolish, and because the experience was strange

she also hated this grave-faced man who was responsible for it and who looked at her so searchingly. After a moment she rattled on. "I thought if you could give me a tonic . . . I fainted last night—not that that's anything, is it? But my aunt was nervous." The little high-pitched laugh came again. "As if fainting is anything important." He spoke then. "It depends entirely on the cause of the faint. Will you take off your hat?" She obeyed, holding it on her lap, and for a moment there was silence. In Diana's mind she was saying to herself dully: "I wonder what he is thinking. I wish he would tell me what he is thinking of me. Why doesn't he tell me? I hate being looked at like that—as if he were driving gimlets right through me. Why doesn't he say something?" He said something then. "How old are you?" "Twenty-two." His eyes said plainly, "Is that all?" and Diana blanched. Her glass had told her often enough that she looked worn and ill and older than the hated Linda, who could not be more than twenty-six, seeing that Aunt Florence had been present at her christening. But Linda was happy and healthy and care-free and had always enjoyed her life, while she . . . Suddenly the room began to grow dark and to swim about her, and though she clenched her teeth and pressed her feet hard upon the floor she could not control it or herself, and then for a little while everything was blank. . . . "Lie still. You'll be all right in a moment. Just drink this. No, lie still and keep your eye shut." She was glad enough to obey. She felt as weak as if she had just struggled through a long illness, weaker than she had felt last night when she fainted so suddenly in the middle of a crowded ballroom. Even the attempt to raise her head left her so exhausted that she felt almost dead. But the potent drink this man gave her was wonderful—it seemed to open fresh life and energy into her body, and presently she opened her eyes and smiled. He ignored that. "Better?" he asked. "Yes. Quite well, thank you. It was silly. I'm sorry. It must have been the heat." She tried to laugh. "Your consulting room was very hot," she said. "That was brandy, I suppose." "No." He kept away from her a moment, then, seeing that she had raised herself and was half sitting, half leaning against the cushions of the couch where he had placed her, he came back and looked down at her steadily. "Do you like plain speaking," he asked abruptly. She raised her eyes, very blue against the pallor of her face. "Why, of course." "Very well, then I am going to tell you that you are very ill, very ill indeed, and that if you wish to get better you must do exactly what I tell you—and at once." "Yes. Yes, of course." "Well—for the present I am not going to worry you with anything but just the simplest prescription, and in a week's time I will see you again. First of all, you will go away into the country." Her eyes dilated, and her hands gripped the cushions on either side of her. "The country?—when?" "At once. To-morrow—if possible to-day, and when I say country I mean the very heart of the county—a cottage on Dartmoor or in the Surrey hills, where there are no theatres or night clubs or picture houses. You will go to bed early—seven o'clock—and you will stay in bed till lunch-time every day till I see you again. You will be allowed no visitors—except your aunt, of course—and you are to do nothing except read and sleep. You will not write letters or receive any—and you will sleep with your windows wide open. You will have the very simplest food and no alcohol at all except what I order. As I said before, if you carry out my instructions you will get well again, but if not—" He broke off, for Diana had risen shakily to her feet. "I can't do that. I can't go away from London yet—not just yet. I will later on—perhaps next month, I promise. Can't you give me some medicine just to go on with? I promise to take

it regularly." "It's not medicine you want. It's rest and sleep and quiet. Why can't you leave London? Surely it's not such an attractive place in this scorching heat? I only wish I were free to leave it. I do for every moment I can snatch. It's a poisonous place this weather, and to anyone in your nervous state—" "I hate the country." "You hate the country?" He moved suddenly, laying a hand on her shoulder. "Be a sensible child," he said gently. "Do as I tell you. Go right away for three months, and you'll come back a different being, able to enjoy life and laugh again." She raised passionate eyes to his face. "I'd rather die," she said, and he answered, suddenly grave: "You may even do that if you refuse to take my advice." Diana picked up her hat, which had fallen to the floor, and began to put it on, by force of habit hunting in her handbag first for a little mirror and the inevitable lipstick. "It's very kind of you, Dr. Selfe," she began with a return of her artificial air—the lipstick was giving her back her poise. "But—" He interrupted bluntly. "I am not Dr. Selfe. I thought the secretary had made that plan to you. Dr. Selfe is away ill—I am taking his place for the time being. My name is Rathbone." "Oh!" So this was not the "top man"; how annoyed Aunt Florence would be, and yet Diana herself was conscious of relief. If he was not the "top man" it would account for the nonsense he had talked, of the way in which he had almost succeeded in frightening her; it had been most unprofessional when one came to think of it. She looked at him with different eyes. A big clumsy man, not a bit the orthodox Harley Street specialist; even his hair was rough, as if he had forgotten to brush it. . . . she looked away from him quickly, meeting once again his piercing regard. "The country! Ugh! Spiders and other nasty crawling things, and no hot water or soft beds. She drew on a glove. Rathbone said, "I hope very earnestly, Miss Gladwyn, that you will take my advice." "You are very kind." But she did not look up, and it was he who held out his hand. She took it after the barest hesitation; a strong, kind hand—capable and secure. A little sigh escaped her—she had never known what it was to feel really secure, life had always been such a hectic scramble. "If you would care to come and see me again, later on . . ." he said, and his voice was kind—the voice of a friend. Diana said with a sense of helplessness, "But I can't go to the country. . . . I hate it, and surely it cannot be good to do a thing one hates very much." "It's not possible to hate a thing you've ever tried," this strange man said quietly, and then, "do you know that line—" "God made the country, and man made the town?" "No." He released her hand. "Well, that's just the difference," he said. In the car Mrs. Gladwyn woke up sufficiently to ask questions. CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

food bill. The garden this year should be considered the most important acre on the farm because it is good health insurance as well as safe economy. "The urge to get the garden going can hardly be withstood now that signs of spring are apparent," says E. B. Morrow, extension horticulturist at State College. "We have three valuable publications which may be used by those needing information on establishing a garden and will send these to any one making application as long as the present supply lasts. These three publications give suggestions about starting the early plants, a manual of garden planting and cultivation, and a vegetable seeding guide. Citizens of North Carolina may have them on request to the agricultural editor at State College." However, in beginning the garden now, Mr. Morrow recommends the planting of asparagus, beets, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, garden peas, Irish potatoes, pepper, radish, sweet potato, tomato and turnips. Large one-year-old roots of the Mary Washington variety will give a start with asparagus. The Early Wonder and Detroit Dark Red are good varieties of beets for the early planting. If the first seeding is caught by a frost, another planting should be made immediately. Early March is not too late to make plantings of the second early cabbages such as the Copenhagen Market and the Charleston Wakefield varieties. The seedlings should have plenty of room and the young plants transferred to the garden as soon as possible. Carrots are as yet not generally popular but more could be used for health. The best varieties, according to Mr. Morrow, are Chantenay and Danvers Half Long. The other plants mentioned are well known and are standbys in most gardens. Early plantings should be made at once.

Drowns Self After Catching 40,000th Rat

Preston, Eng.—For fifteen years Houghton Hodson had few equals in the rat-catching profession. As official rat-catcher for Preston, working along the river docks, Hodson caught and put to death several thousand rats a year. It was not pleas-

WHAT IS EYESIGHT WORTH TO YOU?

At the slightest indication of eye trouble, you should have your eyes carefully tested by an expert. You will be repaid many times over in later life, as eye trouble, when discovered early, is easily corrected.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

W. H. LEONARD, SR.
50 Years An Optometrist
107 1/2 W. INNES ST.

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Demand this package

Genuine Bayer Aspirin, the kind doctors prescribe and millions of users have proven safe for more than thirty years, can easily be identified by the name Bayer and the word genuine.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe and sure; always the same. It has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and druggists everywhere. It doesn't depress the heart. No harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

Headaches, Colds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Toothache

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoacetic acid ester of salicylic acid.

Get Garden Going In Early March

At least twelve popular vegetables may be started in the spring garden and these will aid in cutting down the

PLENTY of Snap But No Bites

Purity you can see—Quality you can taste

None better at any price

TRY IT ONLY 5¢ Why pay more?

ant work, but he stuck to it grimly, always keeping count of his victims. Finally the figure rose to 40,000, a record. Hodson carefully drowned the 40,000th rat, then removed his hat and coat, jumped into the river and drowned himself. The coroner returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

:- CENTRAL ITEMS :-

Central Grange held its regular meeting Saturday night, Feb. 27, with a full attendance. J. H. Barringer, of Union Grange, gave a splendid and most interesting talk on, what is expected of a grange for the coming year.

Mrs. Albert Seaford spent last Sunday in Sanatorium, N. C.

Mrs. C. L. Cauble entertained at dinner the following guests: Mesdames C. L. Neel, G. F. Houch, J. E. Harrison, B. M. Cauble, Sam Sloan and daughter, Fannie. They enjoyed a sumptuous dinner and a delightful day together.

Rev. George Foyle Houck and wife spent several days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Houch.

Mr. Howard Poteat has mumps. We hope he is convalescent.

Miss Martha Houch is spending several months with her brother, Rev. George Foyle Houch, in Mill Gap, Va.

The regular meeting of the Central Grange will be held at the Central school house March 10, at 7:30 o'clock. The program will be in charge of the Central teachers: Misses Trexler and Robison. A large attendance is urged.

C. L. Neel has received a large order for Lespedeza seed. Other counties are "waking up" to the value of legumes as well as Rowan.

Mrs. Laura Jordan is critically ill, in the Salisbury hospital.

Mrs. H. Long, of Winston-Salem, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Wohlwin.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

INDIGESTION

"My work is confining, and often I eat hurriedly, causing me to have indigestion. Gas will form and I will smother and have pains in my chest. I had to be careful what I ate, but after someone had recommended Black-Draught and I found a small pinch after meals was so helpful, I soon was eating anything I wanted. Now when I feel the least smothering or uncomfortable bloating, I take a pinch of Black-Draught and get relief."

Clyde Vaughn, 10 Shippy St., Greenville, S. C.

Sold in 25¢ packages.

Theford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

WOMEN who are run-down, nervous, or suffer every month, should take Cardul. Used for over 50 years.

Inventor Of 'Lung' Retires From Navy

The Navy Department approved retirement application of Chief Gunner Clarence L. Tibbals, hero of several submarine rescues, who will leave the service on April 1. Tibbals, holder of the Distinguished Service Medal and the Navy Cross, is co-inventor of the "lung," a submarine escape device.

Reduce the Acid

SICK stomachs, sour stomachs and indigestion usually mean excess acid. The stomach nerves are over-stimulated. Too much acid makes the stomach and intestines sour. Alkali kills acid instantly. The best form is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, because one harmless dose neutralizes many times its volume in acid. For 50 years the standard with physicians everywhere.

Take a spoonful in water and your unhappy condition will probably end in five minutes. Then you will always know what to do. Crude and harmful methods will never appeal to you. Go, prove this for your own sake. It may save a great many disagreeable hours. Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians in correcting excess acids.

JOHN R. FISH, Agent

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
207 Wallace Building Phone 400
SALISBURY, N. C.

Shoes rebuilt the better way. All kinds of harness, trunk and suitcase repairing.

Fayssoux's Place
Phone 433 113 E. Innes St.

SUITS MADE TO MEASURE

GUERNEY MESIMER

107 W. INNES ST.
SALISBURY, N. C.

666

LIQUID - TABLETS - SALVE

666 Liquid or Tablets used internally and 666 Salve externally, make a complete and effective treatment for Colds. Most Speedy Remedies Known.

STAR LAUNDRY

"The Good One"

Launderers and Dry Cleaners
Phone 24 114 West Bank St.
ONE DAY SERVICE

GOOD COFFEE

EMPIRE

Hotel Coffee Shoppe

O. W. GWYN AND SON, Props.
The Best Dinner In Town.....50c
SALISBURY, N. C.

THE SMOKE SHOP

Phone 9167

NEWSPAPERS
MAGAZINES
FOUNTAIN SERVICE
5c HAMBURGERS 5c
218 S. Main St.
SALISBURY, N. C.

We clean, repair and recore all types of radiators. Why waste your radiator antifreeze? Now is saving time. Prepare for winter driving NOW. Let us repair or recore your radiator. Save time, trouble and money. We sell or trade new and second hand radiators.

East Spencer Motor Co.

THE CHRYSLER DEALERS
Phone 1198-J East Spencer, N. C.