

If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean that you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or 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.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water.



Baby Was So Ill She Couldn't Eat

"I got your Baby Booklet and have certainly found it helpful," writes Mrs. G. G. Gray, Box 82, R. F. D. No. 8, E. Chattanooga, Tenn.

Price 50c at all druggists.

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TEETHINA Builds Better Babies

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CURED In 6 to 14 Days

All Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of ITCHING, BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES. Cures ordinary cases in 6 days, the worst cases in 14 days.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Inviscating Tonic.

A Raw, Sore Throat

eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain and won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Brings quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. Jars & Tubes



Will Not Blister Better than a mustard plaster



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

CHAPTER X—Continued

-14-

At last a cheerful whistle in the lower regions drew him down a flight of stairs to what appeared to be an underground storeroom. Here a bulky, overalled individual, looming large in the semi-darkness, stopped in his labor of pushing about some boxes and regarded Laurie with surprise.

"Are you the watchman?" asked the latter, briskly. "I am that."

"I came in last night with Mr. Shaw, and I spent the night here. When I woke up," added Laurie dryly, "I found that my host had moved."

"You're a young lad," he said, with friendly sympathy. "Tis a pity you've got into these habits."

"Then all I know is, he moved in three days ago, and he moved out two hours ago. What he did between times I don't know, but he paid for the room for a month in advance, so nobody's mournin' his loss."

"Divil a word did he say. He was in a hurry, that lad. He had a gang of three men with him, and they had the place empty in ten minutes. I lent 'em a hand, an' he gave me a dollar, and that's the last I saw of him."

"How about that hat?" interrupted the restive victim of this homily. "Have you got one handy?"

"An' a fine grand hat it is!" he earnestly assured the newcomer, as he handed it over.

Laurie took the hat and put it on his head, where, being too small for him, it perched at a rakish angle. He dropped the bank note into his own shtik hat, and handed them to his companion, who accepted them without visible emotion.

Laurie rushed through the early East side streets. He was not often abroad at this hour, and even in his anxiety it surprised him to discover how many were abroad so early in the morning. The streets seemed full of pretty girls, hastening to factories and offices, and of briskly stepping men and women, representing types that also would ordinarily catch the attention of the young playwright.

he could, and must. To remain in his present state of suspense a moment longer than he need do was unthinkable.

In a surprisingly short time he was in the studio building, facing the man Sam had called Henry, a yawning night elevator man who regarded him and his questions with a pessimism partly due to the lack of sleep and fatigue.

"No, sah," he said. "Miss Mayo don't receive no callers at dis yere hour. No, sah, Sam don't come on tell eight o'clock. No, sah, I can't take no messages to no ladies what ain't out dey beds yit. I got to pertek dese yere folks, I has," he ended austere.

"That's all I want," agreed Laurie. "Knock at her door and ask her if Mr. Devon may call at nine and take her out to breakfast. Tell her he has something very important to say to her."

"Yaas, sah." The guardian was all humility. He accepted the bill, and almost simultaneously the elevator rose out of sight. The interval before its return was surprisingly short, but too long for the nerves of the caller. Laurie, pacing the lower hall, filled it with apprehensions and visions which drove the blood from his heart.

"She say, 'Yaas,' he repeated. "I done say what you tol' me, and she say, 'Tell de genman, Yaas, jes like dat.'"

"All right," Laurie dodged and strode off. For the first time he was breathing naturally and freely. She was there. She was safe. In a little more than an hour he would see her. In the meantime his urgent needs were a bath and a change of clothing.

That was his plan. It seemed a good one. He did not admit even to himself that under the air of sangfroid he wore as a garment, every instinct in him was crying out for the sound of Doris' voice. Also, as he hurried along, he was conscious that a definite change was taking place in his attitude toward Herbert Ransome Shaw. Slowly, reluctantly, but fully, he had now accepted the fact that "Bertie" represented a force that must be reckoned with.

He inserted the latch-key into the door of his apartment with an inward prayer that Bangs would not be visible, and for a moment he hoped it had been granted. But when he entered their common dressing-room he found his chum there, in the last stages of his usual careful toilet. He greeted Laurie without surprise or comment, in the detached, absent manner he had assumed of late, and Laurie hurried into the bathroom and turned on the hot water, glad of the excuse to escape even a tete-a-tete.

That greeting of Bangs' added the final notes to the minor symphony life was playing for him this morning. As he lay back in the hot water, relaxing his stiff, bruised body, he thought came that possibly he and Rodney were really approaching the final breaking point. Bangs was not ordinarily a patient chap. He was too impetuous and high-strung for that. But he had been wonderfully patient with this friend of his heart. If it were true that the friendship was dying under the strain put upon it, and Laurie knew how possible this was, and how swift and intense were Bangs' reactions, life henceforth, however full it might be, would lack an element that had been singularly vital and comforting. He tried to think of what future days would be without Bangs' exuberant personality to fill them with work and color, but he

could not picture them; and as the effort merely added to the gloom that enveloped him, he abandoned it and again gave himself up to thoughts of Doris.

As he hurried into his clothes, a strong temptation came to him to tell Bangs the whole story. Then Bangs would understand everything, and he, Laurie, would have the benefit of Rodney's advice and help in untangling Doris' tangle.

Doris! Again she swam into the foreground of his consciousness with a vividness that made his senses tingle. He was sitting on a low chair, lacing his shoes, and his fingers shook as he finished the task. He dressed with almost frantic haste, urged on by a fear that, despite his efforts, was shaping itself into a mental pain. Then, half-brushed in hand, he faced his familiar mirror, and recoiled with an exclamation.

Doris was not there, but her window was, and hanging from its center catch was something bright that caught his eye and instantaneous recognition.

It was a small Roman scarf, with a narrow, vivid stripe.

CHAPTER XI

Doris Takes a Journey

Within five minutes he was in the studio building across the square, frantically punching the elevator bell. Outwardly he showed no signs of the anxiety that racked him, but prefronted to Sam, when that appreciative youth stopped his elevator at the ground floor, the sartorial perfection which Sam always vastly admired and sometimes dreamed of imitating. But for such perfection Sam had no eyes today.

At this early hour—it was not much more than half-past eight—he had brought down only two passengers, and no one but Laurie was waiting for the upward journey. When the

two tenants of the building had walked far enough toward its front entrance to be out of earshot, Sam grasped Laurie's arm and almost dragged him into the car. As he did so, he hissed four words: "She gone, Mist' Devon!" "Gone! Where? When?"

Laurie had not expected this. He realized now that he should have done so. His failure to take in the possibility of her going was part of his infernal optimism, of his inability even now to take her situation at its face value. Sam was answering his questions: "Bout eight, jes' after Henry went and I come on. An' aut'mobile stop in front de do', an' dat man wid de eyes he come in. I try stop him wid fum takin' de car, but he push me on one side an' order me up, like he was Wilson himself. So I took him to de top flo'. But when we got dere an' he went to Miss Mayo's do', I jes' kep' de car right dere an' watch him."

"Good boy. What happened?" "He knock an' nuffin' happen. Den he call out, 'Doris, Doris, jes' like dat, an' she come an' talk to him; but she didn't open de do'." "Could you hear what else he said?" "No, sah. After dat he whisper to her, 'hissin' like a snake.'"

Fox Fires No Longer Cause Childish Fear

Boys and girls nowadays seldom experience the thrill of seeing a mysterious light glowing dimly in the depths of the forest or gleaming from some half-buried rotten log in a lonely swamp. The cutting away of the forests and the draining of swampy land have cleared from much of the landscape the causes which produce fox fire. In early days, however, the feet of pioneer children often were sent scampering home in the twilight when their owners came unexpectedly upon a light which seemed to have no source, says the Indianapolis News.

Laurie set his teeth. Even Sam felt the op-edician in Shaw. "Go on," he ordered. "Den I reckon Miss Mayo she put on a coat, an' dat man wait. I tought he was gwine leave, an' I sho' was glad. But he stood dere, waitin' an' grinnin' nuff to spit his hair."

Laurie recognized the gria. "Bout two-three minutes she come out." Sam went on. "She had a big fur coat an' a veil on. She look awful pale, an' when dey got in de elevator she didn't say a word. Dey wa'n nobody else in de car, an' it seem lak I couldn't let her go off nobow, without sayin' somethin'." So I say, 'You gwine away, Miss Mayo?' De man he look at me mighty cold an' hard, an' she only nod."

"Didn't she speak at all?" "No, sah. She ain't say a word. She jes' stood stiff an' still, an' he took her out to de car, an' dey bofe got in."

"Was it a limousine, a closed car?" "Yaas, sah."

"Did the man himself drive it?" "No, sah. He sat inside wid Miss Mayo. The nigr what drove it was younker."

"What did he look like?" "I couldn't see much o' him. He had a big coat on, an' a cap. But his hair was yallah."

Laurie recognized the secretary. "Which way did they go?" "East."

They were standing on the top landing—by this time, and Laurie strode forward.

"I'll take a look around her rooms. Perhaps she left some message."

Sam accompanied him, and though he had not desired this continued companionship, Laurie fought a certain solace in it. In his humble way this black boy was Doris' friend. He was doing his small part now to help her, if, as he evidently suspected, there was something sinister in her departure.

Entering the familiar studio, Laurie looked around it with a pang. Unlike the quarters of Shaw, it remained unchanged. The room, facing north as it did, looked a little cold in the early light, but it was still stamped with the impress of its former occupant. The flowers he had given her only yesterday hung, their heads in modest welcome, and half a dozen eye-flashes revealed half a dozen homely little details that were full of reassurance. Here, open and face down on the reading-table, was a book she might have dropped that mlaute. There was the long mirror before which she brushed her wonderful hair and, yes, the silver-backed brushes with which she brushed it. On the writing-table were a pencil and a torn sheet of paper, as if she had just dashed off a hurried note.

In short, everything in the room suggested that the owner, whose presence still hung about it, might return at any instant. And yet, there in the window, where he had half jokingly told her to place it, hung the brilliant symbol of danger which he himself had selected.

He walked over and took it from the latch. In doing this, he discovered that only half the scarf hung there, and that one end was jagged, as if roughly and hastily cut off. He put the scarf into his pocket. As he did so, his pulses leaped. Pinned to its folds was a bit of paper, so small and soft that even the inquisitive eye of Sam, following his every motion, failed to detect it. Laurie turned to the black boy.

"We'd better get out of here," he suggested, trying to speak carelessly and leading the way as he spoke. "Miss Mayo may be back at any moment."

Keep Fit!

Good Health Requires Good Elimination. To be well, you must keep the blood stream free from impurities. If the kidneys lag, allowing body poisons to accumulate, a toxic condition is created. One is apt to feel dull, languid, tired and achy. A nagging backache is sometimes a symptom, with drowsy headaches and dizzy spells. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. If you have reason to suspect improper kidney functioning, try Doan's Pills—a tested stimulant diuretic. Users praise them throughout the United States. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Significant Diuretic to the Kidneys. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N.Y.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver, bowels

Give "California Fig Syrup" at once if bilious or constipated



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sore, breath bad, has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless, "fruity laxative," they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Handiest thing in the house

SAFE FOR CHILDREN For bumps, bruises, cuts, burns, chafing and rashes. Internally for coughs and colds. "Vaseline" Jelly is an invaluable remedy for many children's ills.

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Relieves constipation, biliousness, sick headache, A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE