A Resounding Knock at Opportunity's Door!

It might be a good thing if those people who wuit so patiently for opportunity to knock at their door would give a good hard knock at opportunity's door. This Micawberlike attitude of always wait. erlike attitude of always waiting for smething to turn up has its drawbacks. While these waiters are biding their time at home, others are out carving their destiny by virtue of their own hands and talents. Like many other proverbs, the saying that "opportunity knocks once at every man's door" has been abused. Opportunity is more often found by those who go looking for it. -Voice Writing.

To Alkalize **Acid Indigestion Away Fast**



People Everywhere Are Adopting This Remarkable "Phillips" Way

The way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach condition

quick relief, from stomach condition arising from overacidity, is to alkalize the stomach quickly with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

You take either two teaspoons of the liquid Phillips' after meals; or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes, gas from hyperacidity, "acid headaches"—from over-indulgence in food or smoking—and nausea are relieved. You feel made over; forget you have a stomach.

Try this Phillips' way if you have any acid stomach upsets. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Only 25; for a big box of tablets at drug stores.



MILK OF

When Our Parents Pass On When our parents are living we feel that they stand between us and death; when they are gone, we ourselves are in the forefront of

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Remember the name! It's FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR! Double acting. One set of ingredients quickly soothes, relieves tickling, hacking, coughing... coats irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set reaches the bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up a cough due to a cold and speeds recovery. For quick relief and speeded-up recovery, ask your druggist for double acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. Idealforchildren, too. Geta bottle today.

Nobleness Refines Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—Thoreau.

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Thousands of women have found it helpful to take Cardui. They say it seemed to ease their pains, and they noticed an increase in their appetites and finally a strengthened stance to the discomfort of

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Try Cardul. Of course if it doesn't help you, see your doctor.

WNU-4

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess weste to stay in the blood, nd to poison and upset the whole

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the idneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genine, time-tested Doan's at any drug



WEDNESDAY

My sleep Tuesday night was so soft and sweet-it was the rock garden I am sure which produced this result—that when Sarah Darbe brought my tray, into my room, I was conscious first of self-reproach. I thought at once of Bessie. "Oh Sarah," I exclaimed, "I feel more like myself today than I have since Saturday. How did Bessie sleep?"

"Not at all well, Mrs. Avery," Sarah declared. "Whatever it was that Doctor Geary gave her, it wasn't strong enough. She sort of dozed off the first part of the night, but she waked up before midnight and I think she walked the floor the whole rest of the night.

Inside something seemed to break off from my psychology and disappear in the depths of my mind. As though that mind-slide revealed a writing on a wall, conviction took hold of me, held me close. "Something will be done, Sarah. Call up Doctor Geary at once and tell him that Bessie slept no better last night than the night before. Tell him to come again."

After Hopestill had departed for tennis with Caro and after Sylvia and Nancy Burton had withdrawn to their favorite playground, I found myself sitting idly in a chair, waiting. It was no use to start working in my old garden. It was no use to start working in my new garden. For I knew that the instant I got started, Patrick O'Brien would arrive. I did not mind his ing so far back, it didn't seem to coming day after day like this. I welcomed it. And so, all I said when Patrick came into the room, was, "Good morning, comrade! I've been waiting for you."

For the first time, Patrick showed signs of inward stress. His face was as fresh as ever, but his eyes looked a little hollow.

"Is there anything new today?" "I'm giving my whole thought

now to finding out who it was, if session. any one, hiding in the bushes when Margaret Fairweather left the Spinney. If I can lay my hands on that guy, I think I've got the thing sewed up. You see, it's getting pretty close to midnight now. I've been over Mattie Stow's list backwards. forwards, sidewards and every which way. I've been over the list anything tonight." of people who live on the Head. similarly. I've talked with every member of the force until they've begged me to lay off them. They day I went with Big Hattie in her saw Tony's car come over the Head and saw it go back. They saw Walter Treadway and Molly leave in her car. They did not see them come back. And there you are. Nobody has mentioned seeing Margaret-except Tony. But that was easy enough. The force didn't extend down to her house and she, all in black and the moon behind a cloud, could easily enough slip along the road into the path which led into your Spinney. I'm going around in circles, Mary.

Nothing I think of makes sense.' "No," I agreed, "nothing has seemed to make sense so far and yet every day something occurs that makes the whole situation a little clearer."

"Yes. I think of that a lot. And it helps to think of it."

At this precise moment, Sarah entered the room. There was a strange look on her face. For the first time in my life I saw Sarah Darbe frightened.

"Mrs. Avery," Sarah said, "Bessie has just asked me to ask you if she could come in and talk with you and Mr. O'Brien."

I looked for what seemed a long interval straight into Sarah's eyes. By this time, Sarah had got herself under control. Never has that affectionate gaze met mine with so neutral an expression.

"Tell her to come in!" Patrick and I said together.

In a moment the two girls appeared in the doorway. I had been shocked by Bessie's appearance the day before, but I was doubly shocked now. Her face had gone

"Sit down, Bessie," I said. Sarah Darbe started to leave the

room. "Don't go, Sarah!" Bessie screamed and then immediately reverting to her normal soft-voiced accents, "Can Sarah stay with me, Mrs. Avery? It will make it so much easier for me."

"Of course Sarah can stay," I agreed. "Sarah, you sit on the couch beside Besste. I don't have to warn you, I am sure, that you must not speak unless Mr. O'Brien addresses you."

"Oh I understand perfectly," Sar-

ah Darbe assured me. "You have something to tell me, Bessie," Patrick said in his kindest tone. He smiled. Never is Patrick so Celtic as when he you, Ace Blaikie!' Doctor Blaikie need you."

smiles. I have never known a man to be so beguilingly winsome. could see Bessie relax a little.

"Yes, Mr. O'Brien," she faltered. "Well, now," Patrick said in a wheedling tone, "tell me your story in your own way. Take all the time you want. Don't be frightened. I feel quite certain nothing's going to happen to you, Bessie. 1 see you think you can tell me something that will help me in this matter. I hope you can assist me, for Bessie, I need help. It is strange-" he went on. Patrick was rambling, but deliberately rambling. I saw that he was trying to put Bessie at her ease. -how important little things are sometimes in matters of this kind how unimportant big things. Your story as a whole may not mean anything. And yet there may be one tiny fact that will point to others and they will point to still others, and before we know it-bingo —the whole mystery is solved. So Bessie, as I said, tell your story in your own way, but don't leave out anything. Don't leave out things that you think are unimportant." By the time Patrick had finished

see, a little reassured. She was ready to talk. "Yes, Mr. O'Brien," she agreed in a faint voice. "You see, Mr. O'Brien, what I have to tell you and Mrs. Avery happened a long time ago-oh in the spring. It was Decoration day. I didn't say anything about it because, happenme that it had anything to do with -what happened to Doctor Blaikie. But I got to thinking about it nights and it worried me and worried me and worried me. I couldn't sleep.

this address, Bessie was, I could

I've got to!" her voice ended on a wail, but it had grown shriller. Sarah reached out and took her hand; she held it the rest of this

Doctor Geary gave me some medi-

cine, but it didn't help any. I've

got to tell somebody! I've got to!

Patrick spoke at once, "There! There! There!" He soothed Bessie exactly as though she were a teething baby. "That's all right. It's all gone now. You're going to tell us what's on your mind and tonight you'll sleep like a top. Doctor Joe won't have to give you

As though this inspirited her, Bessie started her narrative, faircar to the cemetery in Marshbank. She had some flowers to put on her mother's grave. About four, we stopped at the Cutter house. Big Hattie wanted to see Jennie Snow for a moment—that's Mrs. Cutter's maid. When she got there she found that her cousin was calling on Jennie. She stopped to talk with her. I couldn't stay, because Sarah and I were going to the early movies, so I started to walk home. Instead of going by the road I cut across lots because it saved time. Well, as I came through Mr. Day's woods towards Locust Lane I heard voices-loud voices. I listened and I recognized the voices right off. They were Doctor Blaikie and Walter Treadway. Well, I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to listen to white folks fighting and I didn't want to step out onto the road so's they'd know I was there and I didn't want to go back. So I stopped jess where I was and waited for them to go

"They were walking then," Patrick put in. "Had they stopped?" "Yes, walking and talking at first," Bessie answered. "Then they stopped where they was. But they kept right on talking. Their voices was pretty loud. I couldn't help

hearing every word they said." "One moment Bessie," Patrick interrupted again, "you say it was Doctor Blaikie and Walter Treadway. Are you sure?"

"I saw them," Bessie said with finality. "They passed right by me. They didn't see me. They was looking at each other. But I saw them plain as could be." "You're sure?" Patrick said qui-

"I'm sure." Bessie replied.

"Go on!" Patrick ordered. "Well, I think they was talking about Miss Molly," Bessie went on. "They didn't mention Miss Molly's name but it couldn't have been anybody else-from what they said. As I stopped, Mr. Treadway was speaking. He said, 'You'll never marry her. By God, you'll never marry her!' Doctor Blaikie says, says he, 'And how are you going to prevent it? You know what I can And Mr. Treadway says, says he, 'I don't know how I'm going to says, says he, 'You haven't the guts | to kill anything, Walter, and you

My mind snapped back to Walter's well-known tenderness so far as animals were concerned. He was the only boy in his group who would not hunt.

"Mr. Treadway said, said he, 'You'd be surprised what I could kill to save her from you. And I'll do it if it's necessary!' Then they went past me down the road and I couldn't hear a single word more, but those words seemed to burn into me. Yes, they burned in. I've never been able to forget them. When Doctor Blaikie was found murdered, of course I thought of them at once. I didn't want to tell anybody. I was afraid it would get Mr. Treadway into trouble. But I had to tell. I couldn't go through what I was going through any long-

Patrick's first comment was an

oblique one. "Now you feel bet-ter, Bessie," he said, "don't you?" 'I sure do, Mr. O'Brien," Bessie agreed; and indeed her whole tense figure had begun to relax; the tightness was flowing out of her look. Patrick asked Bessie many questions, but he approached them by circuitous routes. He threw in comments by the way. He even told stories. By the time he had finished, one of Bessie's dimples had actually reappeared. But he managed to make Bessie tell her story three times and he had not managed to shake her in any detail. That brief conversation between Ace and Walter had indeed "burned" into her.

"Well, now I guess you can go back to the kitchen," Patrick concluded. "If you think of anything further, please tell it to me. Otherwise, put it out of your mind. 1 think you'll sleep all right tonight.'

"And now, Mary," Patrick turned to me, "I've got to get Walter and Molly over here."

Patrick and I sat in complete silence the few minutes that, after Patrick's telephone call, it took Walter and Molly to get to my house. Brief as the distance was, they came in their car. Automatically I wondered, as I had so often wondered before, if the younger generation would ultimately lose the



They Saw Tony's Car Come Over

the Head and Saw It Go Back. use of its legs. But that wonder merely filled the surface of my mind. Underneath I was thinking so many things that virtually I thought of no one thing. My thoughts cut and slashed and jagged each other in their maniacal way of the last few days. Over them all too, like the poison gas over a modern battlefield, hung a cloud of sick foreboding. The effect of my sweet night's sleep seemed to disappear. Again I felt myself trembling on a huge abyss.

What Patrick thought, I don't know. He sat with his head back, gazing at the ceiling of the room, his face blanked with his grimmest expression.

Presently Molly's roadster curved up to the door. "There they are!" Patrick exclaimed. Sarah ushered the Treadways in.

It seemed to me that day that every time I saw Molly Eames-Molly Treadway I mean-she was more beautiful than the last time I saw her. Something splendid had flowed into her psychology. Of course I know now that it was the certainty that she and Walter belonged to each other forever. Almost as definitely but not quite so obviously, Walter too had become another person. Happiness seemed to have cleared all kinds of mists from his mind. He walked with a different step. He met one's eye with a different look. Authority-that was it. Authority as definite as a golden aura exuded from him.

"Sit down, children," I said. 'Patrick wants to talk with you.' I myself did not sit down. think perhaps I'd better leave you aloue.

Involuntarily, Patrick made a restraining gesture. He started to speak and then apparently thought better of it. He looked inquiringly

at the Treadways. "Oh no, Aunt Mary," Molly re monstrated. "Oh no!" There was unfeigned emphasis in that second prevent it. All I know is that I am no. And Walter reinforced her with, going to prevent it-if I have to kill "Please stand by, Aunt Mary! We

"Of course I'll stay then." I sat down making myself and that huge uproar in my psychology as quiet

as possible. Patrick began, "Walter, when was the last time you came to Satuit, previous to your coming this time?

Walter answered without hesitation, "Not quite three months ago, I should say. Oh, I can tell you exactly. It was Memorial day.'

"How long did you stay that time?'

"Just a day!" "Did you spend the night?" I came in my car by night and I returned to New York

by night." "Did your people know you were

here "No."

"You didn't see them at all?" "I saw them, but they didn't see

"Where?" "I came up to the house at night and peeked in the windows. I wanted to see if mother looked all right."

I wondered why Patrick was asking questions so far from the mark. But I knew he had his own circuitous way of approaching the thing he wanted most to know. I waited.

"Did you see Molly?"

"Yes. I had two reasons for coming. One was to see Molly and I did see her." "When did you see Molly?"

"She met me at the Marshland station. She came over on the nine o'clock train. We drove the whole morning long and had lunch together. Then she went back on the 2:20 train."

"She came back to Satuit alone?" "I wasn't with her."

"Where did you go then?" "Well, I told you that I had two objects in coming to Satuit. The first was to see Molly and the second was to see Ace Blaikie. When I put Molly on the train for Satuit, went back there myself in my

"Did you see Ace?" "Yes, I had an appointment with him."

"How had you made that appointment?" "By mail."

"Can you remember what you said in the letter?"

"Not exactly. It was brief-only a few sentences. In effect, I wrote that there were some things I must discuss with him and that I would meet him in some quiet place where we could talk privately. I asked him not to tell my people that I was coming. That was all, I think.

"Where did you meet Ace?" "In Locust Lane."

"And what time?"

"Half past three in the after-"You two men were alone?"

"As far as I know." "Molly did not join you?" Walter gave a swift dissenting

nod of his head. "Was your talk with Ace amicable?" A sardonic smile brought strange

havoc to Walter's pleasant look. "Quite the contrary."

'How would you yourself describe your interview?"

Walter considered the matter with an appearance of great conin psychology it was characterized by all the emotions and in diction by all the phrases of two men who were ready to beat, each other's faces off."

"I get you perfectly," Patrick commented. "In other words, you had an argument."

"Yes. Patrick let silence seep into the room for a considerable interval. Then he said, "I've got to do something now, that I don't any more enjoy doing than you'll enjoy having me do. I hate to ask the questions I've got to ask. Of course, you know as well as I do, what my first question is going to be. want to ask you what you and

Ace were quarreling over.' Something apparently leaped suddenly into his mind for he turned like a shot to Molly. "Molly," he said, "I must remind you that as Walter's wife, you would not be compelled by any court of law to give testimony that concerned him.'

"But I want to tell everything." Molly replied with her splendid candid fearlessness. "If there's any detail which Walter can't remember and I can, I shall be very glad to supply it to you."

"Ace and I," Walter said, "were talking about Molly." "You had quarreled and were quarreling about Molly?" Patrick

suggested. "Yes, we had! We were!" Walter stopped short and looked at Molly. She looked at him. For a perceptible interval, the glances from those two pairs of young eyes

interlocked. Never in any human gaze had I seen such a passion of adoration and assurance as was in Walter's look; never such a worship and faith as was in Molly's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Amendment Thirteen

Amendment Thirteen of the Federal Constitution reads: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." amendment was adopted in 1865 to abolish slavery and is interpreted as applying only to a condition of enforced compulsory service of one person to another.

Offers New Opportunities



THE modern woman who sews interesting choice and it has what is really an enviable person. She has at her finger-tips an endless array of fashions from which to choose for her own and her daughters' wardrobes. Today's trio affords her new opportunities in several size ranges; in fact, there's something here for the mature figure, size 42, right on down to the tiny tot who just manages to fill "age 4."

Pattern 1987— This diminutive frock is for Miss Four - To-Twelve. Its easy lines, flaring skirt, and pretty sleeves are perhaps second only to its thru'-themachine-aptness, so far as the woman who sews is concerned. But this is all too obvious to mention. Better cut this pattern twice for all 'round practical reasons. It's intriguing in taffeta-a winner in gingham and linen. It comes in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 1% yards of 39 inch material plus % yard contrasting.

Pattern 1211- It is a smart frock like this that will turn the most immune young lady into an ardent seamstress almost over night. And rightly so, for it's plain to see how becoming are its princess lines, how flattering the wide shoulders and slim waist, yes, and how spicy the swing skirt. A pretty and colorful motif can be had in the use of velvet for the buttons and belt. Monotone broadcloth, black or royal blue, with the collar and cuffs of white linen, is a startlingly chic material for this model. It available in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 23/4 yards of 54 inch fabric plus 3/4 yard of 39 inch contrasting.

Pattern 1210- Which would you have, Madam, an artistic smock or a glamorous house coat? This pattern allows you to make this

********************* Ask Me Another

A General Ouiz

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service. 1. Into what stream tid Achilles'

mother plunge him?

2. What was meant by an "Indiaman'

3. Of what joint is the patella a part?

4. What is a biconvex lens? 5. What is a dormant partner? Where is Dartmoor prison?

7. What country was sometimes

referred to as the "Celestial Empire"? 8. What was a satrap? 9. Which is the "Bayou State"?

10. In what Dickens novel does 'Fagin' appear? 11. Who wrote "Miss Pinkerton"?

12. What is a ship's log?

Answers 1. The Styx.

2. A large ship in the Indian trade. 3. The knee.

4. One rounded on both sides. 5. One who supplies capital but takes no part in managing busi-

6. In Devonshire. 7. China.

8. A military governor. 9. Mississippi. 10. "Oliver Twist."

11. Mary Roberts Rinehart. 12. Its daily record.

you'll need to make either of the models illustrated here. The house coat has become womankind's most desired "at home" attire; so rather than be among the minority, why not turn your talents to this princess modelyou'll have it complete in a mere few hours and think of the countless days it will stand you in good stead as a really good looking wardrobe asset. It is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 (in full length) requires 5% yards of 39 inch material plus 31/4 yards of bias piping and 1/4 yard contrasting material for pocket.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty - third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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