

Uncle Phil Says:

Ill-Temper Is Extravagance
 Ill-temper costs business more money and friends than any other trait of character.

Don't map out a big program of doing good; just do good each minute as you go along. It counts up amazingly.

Solitude may induce loneliness, but it was La Bruyere who said, "All our misfortunes come from our inability to be alone."

Who finds a friend has found a gem; who is a friend is a diadem. You are doing pretty well if you are just. You are doing more than pretty well.

Self-Reliance and Self-Conceit
 There is as much difference between self-reliance and self-conceit as there is between the north and south poles—all the difference in the world!

A long day of hard physical labor brings greater peace of mind than any philosophy.

We travel to jar our thoughts out of the rut which we can't get out of.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust, unburnish'd, not to shine in use; as tho' to breathe were life.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

Present Pleasures
 So use present pleasures that thou spoolest not future ones.—Seneca.

If You Have a Child ASK YOUR DOCTOR THIS



Ask Him Before Giving Your Child an Unknown Remedy

Practically any doctor you ask will warn: "Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first."

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia," the standard of the world is established. For over half a century many doctors have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." Safe for children. No other is "quite like it."

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Now also in tablet form. Get the form you prefer. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Modest Heroes
 Most of the heroes who get no publicity don't want it.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing, etc. Soothe and soothe irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up coughs and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse, before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

IF used when retiring, relieves smarting scalding sticky eyes by morning.



WNU-4 5-37

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Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains At All Drugstores Jan. Daily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.



MURDER MASQUERADE BY INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

THURSDAY—Continued

"Oh I know now," Sylvia announced. "Doctor Marden wore it on his shoe."

"Sylvia," Patrick went on, "did you see anybody go out of the Stow house the night of the masquerade—I mean anybody besides Molly Eames and Walter Treadway?"

I remembered now that Patrick had asked Sylvia a similar question once before. However, he had not waited for the reply and I had not thought it important.

Sylvia leaned her head back against Patrick's chest. She looked up into his face, smiling her most sunny smile. "Yes," she answered. "Doctor Marden."

"When did you see him go?" Patrick asked in a friendly way. "And what door did he go out of?"

Sylvia snuggled close against him. "You see," she went on in the most confidential manner, "I went out into the kitchen. Nobody was there. All the girls had gone downstairs into the cellar to—I forget what—Oh, I know, they wanted to look at the ice cream."

Patrick made big eyes at her. "All of them?" he asked in an astounded voice.

"Every one of them!" Sylvia replied with finality. "You mean that there wasn't a single one of the girls there?" Patrick kept it up. "Not Sarah, nor Bessie, nor Caddie, nor Jessie, nor Little Alice—"

"There wasn't anybody but me," Sylvia asserted. "Wasn't that wonderful?" Patrick commented.

"Go on and tell me about Doctor Marden," he said. "Well, Doctor Marden came out into the kitchen."

"Did he see you?" "Yes."

"What did he say?" "He didn't say anything. He put his finger on his lips—just like this." Sylvia's tiny forefinger and thumb moved upwards to press her lips close but the lips pouted outwards as they emitted a gentle, "Sh—sh—sh!"

"And didn't you say anything?" Sylvia's eyes grew sparkly with mischief. "No, I didn't say a word. I just did this." She put her forefinger to her lips and emitted a "Sh—sh—sh!"

"And then what did Doctor Marden do?" "Well, he went out through the pantry and into the garage and I heard him open that little door in the back wall of the garage."

Idiot! all of us! Suddenly I remembered that little door! Of course Patrick had posted no policeman there. It was extremely unlikely that any guests would enter that door, would even remember its existence—if indeed they had ever known of it. Mattie herself rarely used it.

"I should have thought Doctor Marden would have got all dirty going out that way," Patrick commented.

"Oh," Sylvia explained, "he wore his long dark cape. It was in the garage."

"How do you know he put it on?" "He came back to the door of the kitchen and he said, 'Sh—sh—sh!' and he put his finger to his lips again. And I said, 'Sh—sh—sh!' and I put my finger to my lips."

I knew the garment very well. The heavy, dark cape that the French peasants wear. Doctor Marden's tall, thin figure in that dark blue cape and the dark blue beret which matched it was an accepted detail of the Second Head roads.

"And did you see Doctor Marden come back to the party?" Patrick asked.

"Yes."

"Did he come back soon?" "Yes."

"Was it a long time like this?" Patrick put his hands about a yard apart. "Or a little time like this?" Patrick drew his hands towards each other until the space of a foot lay between them.

"It was a little time like this," Sylvia answered. With the utmost care, she placed her slim, brown little paws first about nine inches apart; then about six.

Patrick kissed her. "And were you still in the kitchen when Doctor Marden came back?" "Yes."

"Who was there?" "Who lots and lots and lots of people!" "I forget," Patrick mused aloud, "was Doctor Marden in Mrs. Stow's house when they unmasked, Sylvia?"

"Oh yes!" Sylvia said. Over Sylvia's head again Patrick looked at me questioningly. Again I nodded assent.

suggestion, alien in manner and clothes, which expatriates so often acquire unconsciously; his deep dark coloring; his distinguished, irregular aquiline; Patrick with his perfect athlete's figure, so light in pose, so perfect in poise and balance, his sun-shot Irish coloring, his regular Celtic features.

Patrick explained, "I want to ask you some questions, Doctor Marden. I ventured to suggest that you come here as I have been using Mrs. Avery's home as a sort of annex to the police station. It makes the whole business a little less unpleasant and we have no kibitzers. You realize that more evidence in this Blaikie case comes in from time to time. Then we have to go over what everybody else has said and check up. I wanted to ask you a few more questions in regard to Mrs. Stow's masquerade."

"Quite!" Doctor Marden assented. He sat down.

I arose. "I think I'll ask you to excuse me," I said.

Both Doctor Marden and Patrick raised restraining hands. "I would very much prefer to have you stay, Mrs. Avery," Doctor Marden declared courteously.

I looked toward Patrick. "It's what the doctor wants, as far as I'm concerned," he said with a gesture of the shoulders typically Irish and amusingly like the French shrug.

"I must tell you, Doctor Marden," Patrick added, thrusting his keenest glance across the space between them, "that in case of suspicion being turned upon you, anything you say here may be held against you and that there is a witness present."

Doctor Marden made a deprecatory gesture outward of his long, slender hands. "Ask me anything you want, Mr. O'Brien. I shall avail myself of your suggestion and answer only the questions I wish to answer."

I became conscious of mounting excitement. Everybody else who had submitted to Patrick's interrogatories under my roof—Sarah Darbe, Bessie Williams, Molly Eames, Walter Treadway, Margaret Fairweather—had said in effect: "Ask me anything you want. I shall tell the whole truth."

Perhaps Doctor Marden felt that he had made a false step; for he immediately added, "I have no anticipation that you will ask me any question that I shall not prefer to answer fully."

"Doctor Marden," Patrick began, "at what time did you go to the masquerade?"

"Somewhere between half-past nine and ten," Doctor Marden answered.

"How did you get there? By car?" "No. It was such a beautiful night and as there is only concrete road between our house and the Stow house, my granddaughter suggested that we walk. Besides she thought that there might be some difficulty in parking."

"What time did you get home?" "I left earlier than my granddaughter. Half-past twelve I should say."

"Doctor Marden, between the time you arrived and the time you went home, did you leave the Stow house?"

Doctor Marden answered instantly, "Yes."

"Well, for no reason or several, just as you choose. I am not much of a dancing man, Mr. O'Brien, and after I'd been there about an hour, I began to find it very hot and also I wanted a smoke."

He smiled and Patrick met his charming candid amusement with a warm Irish appreciation.

"What time was this?" "I should say about half-past ten—certainly not much before and certainly not much later."

"By what door did you go out?" "Through the kitchen and out the little door in Mrs. Stow's garage."

"Why did you go out so secretly?" "In order to be alone. My head was buzzing a little with the warm air and I didn't want anybody to come with me."

"Did you put on your outer clothes?" "Yes. I retrieved my long cape and beret from the garage where I left them when I came in."

"Did anybody see you go out?" "No! Yes!" Doctor Marden considered; smiled reminiscently; smiled with that tender gentleness which I might describe as my favorite of his many charming expressions. "Mrs. Avery's little niece, Sylvia. She had gone out into the kitchen. For some reason, none of the maids was there."

"Did she recognize you?" "Yes. I lifted my mask."

"Did she speak?" "Before she could say anything I put my finger to my lips and she kept perfect silence."

"Where did you go?" Patrick asked next.

"I took a little stroll," Doctor Marden answered, "through the meadow which stretches between Mrs. Stow's and Mrs. Avery's house."

"You were in costume, Doctor Marden. Did your walk injure it? I mean, dew, vines, weeds, etc.?" "There's a very pleasant little path between the two places," Doctor Marden informed Patrick politely.

I had a feeling that I was watching the preliminaries to a duel of two skilled fencers.

"I went through the opening in the hedge, across Mrs. Avery's drive, across the lawn in front of her gardens and onto the path lead-

ing to what Mrs. Avery calls the Spinney."
 "Did you see anybody on the place or on the road?"
 "Nobody."
 "Go on!"
 "I walked into the Spinney. As I entered I heard voices." He paused politely. "Does this interest you, Mr. O'Brien?"
 "Very much. Whose voices were they?"
 "There were two voices. One was a woman's. I did not recognize it. The other was a man's—Doctor Blaikie's."
 "Did you hear what they said?"
 "I heard nothing!"
 "But as you got nearer—"
 "When I realized that there was a tete-a-tete going on in the Spinney, I stopped, started to turn back but the voices stopped and I heard footsteps retreating. I waited a minute and kept on until I came across Doctor Blaikie."
 "You did not see the lady at all?"
 "No."
 "You spoke with Doctor Blaikie of course."
 "Yes—for several minutes."
 "And then you went on?"
 "Yes."
 "Was your conversation a long one?"
 "A very brief one."
 "What was the nature of your talk?"
 "It's one of those talks that you can't reproduce because really nothing was said. I knew that a lady had just left the Spinney. I think he knew I knew that. I don't know whether he was embarrassed or not. I was a little conscious of the situation. I think I told him that I'd come out because the house was so warm and that I wanted to smoke."
 "Had you lighted a cigar yet?"
 "No. But I told Doctor Blaikie that I was going back to the house and I asked him to join me in a smoke."
 "What did he say to that?"
 "He said no; that he was returning at once to the dance."
 "Did you go after that?"
 "As I remember, that was my last remark."
 "You left Doctor Blaikie in the Spinney?"
 "Yes."
 "Had he turned—had he started to leave the Spinney?"
 "No."
 "By what path did you go out from the Spinney?"
 "I continued along the path that runs beside Mrs. Avery's Little House; then up onto the road and then back to the Stows."
 "Did you smoke on the way back?"
 "Yes—one cigarette."
 "Did you meet anybody else on the way back?"
 "No."
 "How did you enter the house?"
 "By the garage door—as I left it."
 "Did you leave your cape and cap there?"
 "Yes."
 "Did anybody see you come in?"
 "I think nobody noticed it; for the reason that the kitchen was full of masks. They had come out, I think, for water."
 "You were there then at the unmasking?"
 "Yes."
 "And what time did you say you went home?"
 "About half-past twelve."
 "You walked home?"
 "Yes."
 "Did you go straight up the Head?"
 "Yes—exactly the way I came."
 "When you were in the Spinney, did you hear any noise in the bushes, let us say, or among the trees?"
 "I heard nothing."
 "Don't you yourself think, Doctor Marden, that it's a little strange that you did not volunteer this information the first time I talked with you?"
 Doctor Marden smiled. "I think it might seem so. But what would you have done, Mr. O'Brien? There was a woman involved. I didn't know what sort of trouble I might get her into."
 "Well, of course you realize," Patrick advanced, "that some people might say that you invented the woman to save yourself."
 Doctor Marden bowed in a polite acquiescence. He made no comment.
 "What to your best knowledge and belief was Doctor Blaikie's frame of mind while you talked with him? Did you get any impression?"
 "He gave me the impression that he was extremely happy—triumphant, definitely triumphant. I might say, he breathed, he emanated triumph."
 Patrick's thick-lashed eyelids dropped. He seemed to reflect deeply. "Well, I guess that will be all," he said. "Wait a moment though. I'm the poorest hand in the world at remembering figures." He reached into his waistcoat pocket, brought out the little red leather notebook. "I'd like to take down the hours as you remember them—of your arrival and departures from the Stow house."
 (TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Hollywood "Rifts" and "Probes"

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

—Out here, our two favorite headlines are "Rift" and "Probe," one signifying that some ideal marriage between movie stars has begun to split at the seams and the other that some functionary has been in office long enough for the professional investigators to start investigating.

In between, somebody is either trying to put Sister Aimee McPherson in a hole or get Tom Mooney out of jail. So far, neither undertaking has succeeded, but folks keep right on trying.

Last month, it was Sister Aimee's turn. This month it's Tom Mooney's.

But when other sources of news fail, it's fine to be able to fall back on good old reliable "Rift" and dependable, staunch old "Probe."

Poor Lo's Renaissance.
 THE government says the surviving Indians are actually increasing in number. I started to add that this proves the Indians are holding their own, but since we've left them very little of their own to hold, I stayed my hand.

The Navahoes always have been the most independent and aloof of all the tribesmen. For the most part, they continue to live a nomadic existence, following their ancient beliefs and ceremonies, refusing to be caged in towns, yet, numerically and in material possessions, they outgrow any other tribe.

Can it be that the white man's culture, which we so jealously strive to cram down the gullets of red people and black and brown and yellow, isn't always what the victims need?

But, of course, to say that is practically to admit our civilization might have a few tiny flaws in it, whereas we know it to be the one perfect creation of man, and for proof point to its crowning achievement, the late World War.

The Spoils System.
 THIS isn't a criticism, it's a timid little prediction based on all the political experience that the past yields to us:

Pledges of curtailment in governmental expenditures, as emanating from White House sources, are undoubtedly sincere. But Andy Jackson or whoever it was first coined the line, expressed the correct idea when he said that to the victor belonged the spoils—and not to let them spoil too long either.

So it shouldn't surprise anybody or deeply shock anybody, except the few G. O. P. boys still scattered through congress, if Pennsylvania and Missouri and certain other states should go right on getting plenty out of the treasury for continued relief work on behalf of Senator Guffey and Mr. Pendergast and such-like benefactors of the human race. Not that the ins are any greedier than the outs; they're merely improved in sagacity since the days when nearly all the smart wolves seemed to be Republicans and nearly all the half-witted sheep seemed to be Democrats.

But Passamaquoddy might as well make up its mind to being sort of neglected from now on. Maine, she ain't been actin' right.

France's Inconsistency.
 FRANCE has just lent a vast sum to Poland, and Poland, it is admitted, will use the money to increase its war strength. If Poland should repudiate the debt and default on the interest, a howl will go up from "La Belle France" that'll ring around the world.

But, of course, it will continue to remain an evidence of soulless greed for Uncle Sam even to intimate that France might pay us a little something on account against the enormous amount she owes us for borrowed money which she has used to build up her army and also, it would appear, to pass along to Poland so that Poland may build up hers.

If consistency be a jewel, France is practically out of jewelry.

IRVIN S. COBB
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Has Many Waterfront Lots
 The City of Miami Beach, situated on a peninsula about nine miles long and one mile wide has, perhaps, more waterfront lots than any city in the world — not excluding Venice. Beside the Atlantic ocean on one side and Biscayne bay on the other, there are some half a dozen waterways cutting hither and thither through the island city.

All-Woman Jury Fast
 The first all-woman jury in the history of the State of New Jersey recently sat in the jury box in Second District court of Newark. The jurors took only 15 minutes to make their decision.

Home Heating Hints By John Barclay Heating Expert

Keep Furnace Ashpit Clean—Get Better Heat, Prevent Costly Repairs

SOMETIMES we are prone to grow careless and get the idea that all a furnace ashpit is for is to receive ashes as they come from the grates. As a matter of fact, however, receiving the ashes is but one of three important things an ashpit does. Besides holding ashes, it performs the very

necessary function of receiving air from the cellar and helping distribute it uniformly throughout the fuel bed.

Those things being true, it is dangerous to neglect keeping the ashpit clean. Accumulated ashes will cut off incoming air circulation and hamper the complete combustion of fuel, creating troublesome clinkers. An ashpit that is choked up with ashes is quite liable to overheat the grates, resulting in their warping or breaking. This, of course, means an expense in replacing the damaged grates.

So, I say again, don't take chances. Keep the ashpit cleaned out. Take a few minutes every day to remove the dead ashes.

Early Hardships
 The Kansas pioneers lived hard lives. They had no fountain pens to leak on their fingers. No telephones to ring while they were taking baths. No motor cars to get flat tires or run out of gasoline. No radios to burn out tubes or be overcome by static. No brush salesmen to ring their doorbells. And no newspapers to make them mad. It took real men to stand up under such hardships.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain

If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
 For MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA—LUMBAR CHEST COLIC

Crushed Virtue
 Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice; but Adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

DON'T RUB YOUR EYES

Rubbing your eyes grinds invisible particles of dust and dirt right into the delicate tissues, making the irritation just that much worse. A much better way, as thousands have discovered, is to use a little Murine in each eye—night and morning. Murine may be depended on to relieve eye irritation because it is a reliable eye preparation containing 7 active ingredients of known value in caring for the eyes. In use for 40 years. Ask for Murine at your drug store.

In Mutual Sympathy
 Nature has concatenated our fortunes and affections together with indissoluble bands of mutual sympathy.—Barrows.

At Your Best! Free From Constipation
 Nothing beats a clean system for health!

At the first sign of constipation, take purely vegetable Black-Draught for prompt relief.

Many men and women say that Black-Draught brings such refreshing relief. By its cleansing action, poisonous effects of constipation are driven out; you soon feel better, more efficient.

Black-Draught costs less than most other laxatives.

BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

FROM GIRL TO WOMAN

Min. J. A. Hager of 1132 Wilkerson St., Charlotte, N. C., said: "I owe much to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the help it gave me when I was just a girl. I would have a great deal of suffering, due to minor functional disturbances. My mother had me take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and its tonic effects proved to be what I needed to stimulate my appetite and to relieve my disturbances." Buy now of your dealer.