

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. What is an incantation?
2. What is an antitoxin?
3. On what island was the labyrinth of the Minotaur?
4. What is a locomotive's pilot sometimes called?
5. Does Holy week come before or after Easter?
6. Is Japan north or south of the Philippines?
7. What does "irascible" mean?
8. Who was the first emperor of modern Germany?
9. What was the latest territorial acquisition of the United States?
10. Who wrote "Old Wives Tale"?
11. What is prunella?
12. What large group of British Islands lie southeast of Florida?

Answers

1. A formula for magical words.
2. A substance neutralizing poison.
3. Crete.
4. The cow-catcher.
5. Before.
6. North.
7. Prone to anger.
8. Wilhelm I.
9. The Virgin Islands (bought from Denmark).
10. Arnold Bennett.
11. A strong cloth.
12. The Bahamas.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Disappearing Virtues

Our Virtues disappear when put in competition with our interests, as Rivers lose themselves in the Ocean.—La Rochefoucauld.

SORE MUSCLES

MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER Feels like a



Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

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WIZARD OIL
FOR MUSCULAR ACHE AND PAINS
DUE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDS

Evil of Self-Pity
No subtler habit of evil is there in the world than that of self-pity.—Bright.

Miss REE LEEF says:

"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved"



DOLLARS & HEALTH

The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.



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Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of magnesia. Tasty, too. 20c, 35c, 60c everywhere.



MURDER MASQUERADE

BY INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

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THURSDAY—Continued

He reached into one pocket and then another, another and another. "I cannot keep a pencil," he muttered.

I moved in the direction of my desk. Before I could reach it, however, Doctor Marden had offered Patrick a fountain pen. Patrick busied himself a moment or two writing, handed the pen back. "Thank you very much, Doctor Marden. I won't detain you any longer."

"Oh by the way, Doctor Marden—" Patrick reached into his pocket again—"do you recognize that?"

Doctor Marden answered instantly, "Yes."

"Does it belong to you?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see it?"

"The last time I noticed it was when I put on my slippers to go to the masquerade. It's one of a pair of old paste buckles that I bought some years ago in Paris. I lost it that night."

"Had you any idea where you lost it?"

"I thought it must have dropped off in that walk I took. It seems to me that had it been lost in the house, I would have noticed it."

"Did you make any attempt to find it?"

"Yes. I got up very early Sunday morning and went over the road I took, to see if I could find it."

"Don't you think that that might look suspicious?"

"Perhaps. But I suppose I would also think that whether it looked suspicious or not would depend on my standing in the community—my reputation for decency and honor. I am perfectly willing to admit that I didn't want to be involved as a witness in this case. Naturally I did not want to get into it. Moreover, the buckle is an extremely valuable one. It is part of a set and although that was not in view of the great tragedy, of momentous importance, it was of some importance."

"Well," Patrick decided, "I guess that will be all."

Doctor Marden arose. He bowed to Patrick; came over to my side; bent low over my hand. "Dear lady," he said, "I cannot tell you how much I think of you in these distressing days."

Something in his voice brought the tears to my eyes again. Then with his quick, light step, he started to go.

"I'm afraid, Doctor Marden," Patrick said his last word, "I shall have to ask you not to leave the Head until I give you permission."

"I give you my word I shall not leave it."

"Well, Mary," Patrick said in a weary tone. "It all makes sense. Here we have a perfect design—Torriono first, Margaret next, then Marden. No one of them seems to have told anything but the truth. They're all dying to tell the truth. If somebody would only lie, maybe I could get the answer. Of course Margaret said she thought she heard something stirring in the bushes. Marden apparently noticed nothing like that. Now there may have been another person involved or any number. For that matter, Margaret Fairweather may have returned and—Oh, I don't know who killed Ace Blaikie. I'm no nearer knowing than I was Saturday. Who's that?"

Vaguely in the back of my mind I had heard Doctor Marden drive off. In the back of my mind I heard a second motor turn into the drive. It stopped. Presently a light, swift step came through the hall and into the living room—a light, swift step—strangely stiffened by determination.

"I've come back to tell you the rest of my story, Mr. O'Brien," said Myron Marden. "I haven't told you all of it yet!"

ago, she was a widow. She had been widowed twice and both times under tragic conditions. Her first husband, Theodore Prentiss, also a New Yorker, was thrown from his horse a month after their marriage. He died instantly. She became the mother of his posthumous child—a boy, Theodore Prentiss. Five years later, she married again—Addison Dacre. He too was a New Yorker. While they were traveling in France, he died in Paris of a case of pneumonia. She was pregnant at the time and the shock brought on the premature birth of a little girl who was to be named Eleanor Dacre. I was established as a physician in Paris and I was called in on the case. This was immediately after the funeral—I never met Addison Dacre.

"Mrs. Dacre was a beautiful woman—a very lovely woman. I felt that if the child died, her very reason would go. I threw myself heart and soul into saving that premature little waif—and I did save her. I took care of her for months. Of course that constant attendance brought Mrs. Dacre and me very close. By the time Eleanor was a year old, we realized that life meant nothing to either of us without the other. Six months later we were married quietly in Paris. My practice was there and we have lived in Paris, except for our holidays, ever since. My wife died two years ago and, after I had a little recovered from my grief, I decided to return to America. But I am running ahead of my story. I must go back to Eleanor.

"There could not possibly ever have lived a more lovely child than Eleanor. And when I use the word 'lovely,' I use it advisedly. She was lovely in face and figure; lovely in heart and spirit. I adored her.

"A beautiful child, Eleanor grew to be a beautiful woman. I do not think that this is prejudice. Everywhere, her appearance made a sensation. That was not entirely due to her beauty perhaps. It was partly her coloring. It was the most delicate blonde I have ever seen—ethereal. Often Mrs. Marden and I discussed the proper adjective to apply to Eleanor. She was not angelic nor seraphic nor cherubic. She was too tall to be fairy-like. She was sprite-like. Her hair was the palest gold, her features what we used to call mignonette, her eyes deeply violet.

"The French always stared at her and in Spain and Italy she created such a sensation that she did not like to go out on the street alone. She had courage enough,

He paused and looked inquiringly at Patrick. Patrick nodded. He did not speak. I knew that no more than I would he have interrupted the flow of that story.

Doctor Marden went on. "My wife threw herself into war work too. For four years she worked daily at the American Ambulance in Neuilly. Eleanor—perhaps now I had better tell you about Eleanor."

"Eleanor was a natural nurse. She never took a course in nursing, but I taught her everything I knew. She volunteered when I did and the French sent her to the hospital at Courcy-sur-Seine. She stayed there for about a year. I saw her only at irregular intervals. I had an occasional permission from the front and then she and my wife and I would try to manage a reunion at our home in Paris. But I did not see much of Eleanor during the first months of the war. I went through what many husbands were going through in France then. I saw my wife getting more and more fatigued—nervously exhausted. But Eleanor stood up to it marvelously. But every time I saw her, it seemed to me that she had become more of a woman, more and more beautiful. Then Ace Blaikie appeared in her life."

Again Doctor Marden came to a pause and now he did not cover his face with his hands. He presented, unscrupled, the hard bitter eyes, the tight-shut lips; the setness of every line and curve.

"I know that you, Mrs. Avery, are acquainted with the factors of Ace Blaikie's war experience because I've heard you discuss them so often."

"And besides," I reminded him, "my husband was in France."

"Well then, I will merely say that it was while he was in the Foreign Legion that he met Eleanor. It seemed to have been a case of love at first sight. Certainly with Eleanor. And as she afterward told me, Doctor Blaikie said it was so with him. But when it comes to Doctor Blaikie and love—"

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"—he did not know really what love was. On that side he was not man but beast. At any rate they met as often as his permissions and hers allowed. What happened of course was that Ace Blaikie discovered that in order to possess my daughter, he must offer her marriage. Understand—" Doctor Marden's voice shot to us a peremptory order. "Understand that this was not a subject that Eleanor would discuss with any man. He had to learn that—to sense it. And he was apparently extremely acute in sensing the reactions of the other sex. At any rate they were married secretly. That was before the United States came in. It was in the summer of 1915. I will not go into all the ins and outs of this. I will say only that marriage in France is a very complicated matter. Ace Blaikie had made friends with a French officer who had a long pull. He fixed it so that Ace and Eleanor were married secretly.

"Presently Eleanor found herself pregnant. She told me afterward that there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to bear a child. It was several months after this discovery before she saw Ace Blaikie. At their first meeting, she told him that she was going to make their marriage public. She could see, as she told me subsequently, that Ace Blaikie was appalled at this discovery. He tried to get her to withdraw from the hospital and go to America. And if not to America, to Italy or Spain. Eleanor steadily refused. Finally, she told him if he gave her no help, she must apply to me—that the marriage must be announced. Thereupon, he told her that she was, in reality, not married at all. That, a few years before, he had secretly married in the United States an actress by the name of Drina Demoyne."

"Drina Demoyne?" I interrupted. "I've seen Drina Demoyne. Why, what was it I read about her just the other day? She died recently."

"Yes," Doctor Marden answered. "Her death has a great bearing on this story. That revelation of Ace Blaikie's was really Eleanor's death warrant. She never saw him again. But she communicated with me once. I got a permission and came back from the front. She told me the whole story. My wife and I had but one idea—to save Eleanor's reputation. Now it happened that my wife's son by her first marriage, Theodore Prentiss, was living during the war in a remote village in southern France. He volunteered for both the French and American armies. But he had always been an invalid and he could not be used either as a soldier or in any civilian capacity. He was married and his wife was pregnant. I sent Eleanor to them. My step-son's wife died bringing a dead child into the world. Theodore survived her only six months. In the meantime, Eleanor bore a perfectly healthy baby whom she named Caroline after my wife. This was the Caro whom you know. Before he died, Theodore suggested a plan. We carried it out. We registered her in the Marie de Laitry as Caroline Blaikie. We registered her under that name as an American citizen, with the consul of Versailles. I can show you that she bears that name on her passport. But we told all her friends in Paris and have told them ever since that she was Theodore's child. As soon



"Do You Recognize That?"

but she hated the little incidents which occurred here and there along the way. I will not say that Eleanor was an angel, although she was a kind of modern angel. She was too vigorous to suggest that sort of thing. But she was absolutely honest. She was sweet. She was kind. We worshiped her—my wife and I."

Doctor Marden came to a full stop. He put his hand over his eyes and sank back into the past. Presently with a deep sigh he emerged into the present again.

"When the war came, I enlisted as a volunteer in the French medical service. I will say here that we are a medical family, so to speak. Before the war was over, there were a half dozen Mardens working in France. When the United States came in, I was transferred to the American service."

as I could get leave, I took my wife and daughter to Spain."

He paused. For an instant he bit his lower lip as though to fang out of it the emotion which made it tremble.

"There my daughter killed herself."

Neither Patrick nor I made comment. He himself made no further comment. "When we returned to Paris, however, there was never any question of Eleanor's not being Theodore Prentiss's child—Caroline Prentiss. And so she grew up. She has no more idea of her relationship to Ace than you had before I told you this story. As she is a minor, I got her passport. She has never seen it."

"Concealing her real name from Caro has been one of the minor troubles of my life. But I've accomplished it. I brought her up in Paris, as you know. But as she grew older, I wondered about her forbears in America. I knew that people thought of Ace Blaikie as a rich man. I knew that he had property in Satuit, Massachusetts. I began to wonder if, as he grew older, he would not want his only child—if only child she were—to inherit that property. At first I put this thought out of my mind. But

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Then He Took Up His Story Again.

it kept recurring. It troubled me. I finally found it was keeping me awake nights. Sleepless nights began to recur a little too often. I made inquiries and found that Ace Blaikie was not only accepted as a bachelor but that nobody knew that he had ever been married. Ultimately I decided to come to the United States, to establish myself at Satuit. It made things easy for me because I had never met Ace Blaikie. In the war some doctor started calling Eleanor "Sister Dora," after an old novel, the heroine of which was a nurse. I confess I have never read it. Ace Blaikie never called her anything but Sister Dora. Although Eleanor's name was Dacre, the name of Marden might of course linger in Ace Blaikie's mind. Still, as I said before, there had been at least half a dozen physicians named Marden working in Paris during the war. Last spring, as you both know, I came here to Satuit. I met Ace Blaikie socially, of course, although I made no effort to meet him. Caro's name was neither his nor mine. If the coincidence of a physician from Paris by the name of Marden gave him pause, he did not let me know it. He may have thought of me only as one of the Marden connections in Paris.

"In the meantime I studied my man. I found that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful, charming and estimable young girl. That girl became Caro's most devoted friend. I confess to you I did not know what to do. If he married, Ace Blaikie was likely to have children. In the matter of inheritance, his legitimate heirs would of course take precedence over Caro. And the last thing in the world I wanted—for Caro's sake—was a scandal. I let the sunner drift by in a welter of inaction."

He paused again and seemed reminiscently to survey that long direful period. Then he took up his story again.

"And then Drina Demoyne died. The newspaper accounts of her career said that she had married but once—to an actor, Allan Banks. This was before the war. They said that once the two separated for a few years, but were never divorced. Subsequently, they came together again and lived together until Miss Demoyne died. She left him all her property. I have in my possession Banks' affidavit that he never was divorced from Drina Demoyne. Ace had mistakenly thought he committed bigamy in marrying my daughter but Drina Demoyne had actually committed bigamy in marrying him. That changed the whole complexion of affairs. Caro was no longer illegitimate—that is, provided Ace Blaikie had married no other woman. She was the heir to his estate.

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Doctor Marden went on. "My wife threw herself into war work too. For four years she worked daily at the American Ambulance in Neuilly. Eleanor—perhaps now I had better tell you about Eleanor."

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"And besides," I reminded him, "my husband was in France."

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UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson
© Western Newspaper Union

Father of the County Fair

IF YOU remember pleasantly that high spot in the days of your youth—"going to the county fair"—you should remember gratefully the name of Elkanah Watson. For he was the "father" of this typically American institution and he is all the more worthy of honor because he labored in the face of difficulty and prejudice to bring it into being.

Watson was born in Massachusetts in 1758 and his natural Yankee shrewdness was enlivened by travel and adventure. Finally he settled down on a farm near Pittsfield, Mass. But he could not be content there and, as he said, "to fill up the void in an active mind led me first to conceive the idea of an agricultural society on a plan different from all others."

So in 1807 he secured the first pair of Merino sheep ever brought to his state and exhibited them under a great elm in the public square in Pittsfield. They attracted so much attention that he decided it would be a good thing to invite other owners to show their livestock. But he soon discovered that this wasn't so easy for the farmers were afraid to take part in such an exhibition lest they be laughed at.

However, after three years he got 26 of them to sign an "appeal" for a cattle show and this was such a success that an agricultural society was formed with Watson as president. The next year he began the fair with a parade and closed it with "a pastoral ball." Also prizes to the amount of \$70 were offered. By the next year the premiums had risen to \$208 and the fair was so popular with the men that he decided the next thing to do was to make it "respectable" by getting the indorsement of the clergy and the women.

But that was more difficult for the clergy regarded such things as "frivolous" and women's place was still very much in the home—not in the public eye. But with the aid of his wife he finally prevailed upon them to exhibit their weaving and sewing and be present when the awards were made. When they did that, the success of the fair was assured and for the next 12 years Watson labored to extend the idea into other states. By 1819 he had induced the legislature of New York to pass an annual appropriation of \$10,000 to aid new societies in staging fairs and from that time on the county fair became an established American institution.

"The Spirit of '76"

IT STARTED out as a humorous sketch and it ended up as one of the most famous of all American paintings. That is the story of the patriotic picture, "The Spirit of '76." The story of the painter is equally interesting.

Archibald Willard, while serving as a soldier in the Union army, often amused himself by making sketches of army life to send back home. After the war he painted a huge panorama of war scenes which he began exhibiting. But people wanted to forget about the war and his venture was a failure. So he went back to his home in Wellington, Ohio, and got a job with a wagonmaker, painting decorations on the wagons and occasionally doing the same work on the gaudy circus chariots of that period.

Willard also continued making sketches and one came to the attention of James F. Ryder, a Cleveland photographer and art dealer. He encouraged Willard, made chromos from several of his pictures and from their sale Willard was able to study art in New York.

In 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Centennial, Ryder suggested that Willard draw a picture appropriate to the celebration. So the artist set to work on a humorous picture showing three rural musicians at a Fourth of July celebration and depicting the two drummers as having imbibed too freely in honor of the occasion.

Then his father, who was the original of the middle figure, the tall drummer, fell ill and it was apparent that he would not live long. Willard reproached himself for having his father a figure in a comic picture of that character and the idea of "The Spirit of '76" was born in his mind. He worked furiously in the daytime to complete the picture and at night sat by the side of his father. But the elder Willard did not live to see the finished product nor to learn how he was to be immortalized as the white-haired patriot in his son's great picture.

Ryder made reproductions which were sold at the centennial in Philadelphia and they attracted so much attention that officials of the exposition sent for the original. During the time it was on exhibition there were always crowds gathered in front of it. Since that time reproductions of it have been sold by the hundreds of thousands. Willard painted many other pictures before his death in 1918 but none of them ever became so famous as "The Spirit of '76."

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"Well then, I will merely say that it was while he was in the Foreign Legion that he met Eleanor. It seemed to have been a case of love at first sight. Certainly with Eleanor. And as she afterward told me, Doctor Blaikie said it was so with him. But when it comes to Doctor Blaikie and love—"

The expression on Doctor Marden's face deepened so horribly that it was as though the blood behind the flesh had turned to ink.

"—he did not know really what love was. On that side he was not man but beast. At any rate they met as often as his permissions and hers allowed. What happened of course was that Ace Blaikie discovered that in order to possess my daughter, he must offer her marriage. Understand—" Doctor Marden's voice shot to us a peremptory order. "Understand that this was not a subject that Eleanor would discuss with any man. He had to learn that—to sense it. And he was apparently extremely acute in sensing the reactions of the other sex. At any rate they were married secretly. That was before the United States came in. It was in the summer of 1915. I will not go into all the ins and outs of this. I will say only that marriage in France is a very complicated matter. Ace Blaikie had made friends with a French officer who had a long pull. He fixed it so that Ace and Eleanor were married secretly.

"Presently Eleanor found herself pregnant. She told me afterward that there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to bear a child. It was several months after this discovery before she saw Ace Blaikie. At their first meeting, she told him that she was going to make their marriage public. She could see, as she told me subsequently, that Ace Blaikie was appalled at this discovery. He tried to get her to withdraw from the hospital and go to America. And if not to America, to Italy or Spain. Eleanor steadily refused. Finally, she told him if he gave her no help, she must apply to me—that the marriage must be announced. Thereupon, he told her that she was, in reality, not married at all. That, a few years before, he had secretly married in the United States an actress by the name of Drina Demoyne."

"Drina Demoyne?" I interrupted. "I've seen Drina Demoyne. Why, what was it I read about her just the other day? She died recently."

"Yes," Doctor Marden answered. "Her death has a great bearing on this story. That revelation of Ace Blaikie's was really Eleanor's death warrant. She never saw him again. But she communicated with me once. I got a permission and came back from the front. She told me the whole story. My wife and I had but one idea—to save Eleanor's reputation. Now it happened that my wife's son by her first marriage, Theodore Prentiss, was living during the war in a remote village in southern France. He volunteered for both the French and American armies. But he had always been an invalid and he could not be used either as a soldier or in any civilian capacity. He was married and his wife was pregnant. I sent Eleanor to them. My step-son's wife died bringing a dead child into the world. Theodore survived her only six months. In the meantime, Eleanor bore a perfectly healthy baby whom she named Caroline after my wife. This was the Caro whom you know. Before he died, Theodore suggested a plan. We carried it out. We registered her in the Marie de Laitry as Caroline Blaikie. We registered her under that name as an American citizen, with the consul of Versailles. I can show you that she bears that name on her passport. But we told all her friends in Paris and have told them ever since that she was Theodore's child. As soon

as I could get leave, I took my wife and daughter to Spain."

He paused. For an instant he bit his lower lip as though to fang out of it the emotion which made it tremble.

"There my daughter killed herself."

Neither Patrick nor I made comment. He himself made no further comment. "When we returned to Paris, however, there was never any question of Eleanor's not being Theodore Prentiss's child—Caroline Prentiss. And so she grew up. She has no more idea of her relationship to Ace than you had before I told you this story. As she is a minor, I got her passport. She has never seen it."

"Concealing her real name from Caro has been one of the minor troubles of my life. But I've accomplished it. I brought her up in Paris, as you know. But as she grew older, I wondered about her forbears in America. I knew that people thought of Ace Blaikie as a rich man. I knew that he had property in Satuit, Massachusetts. I began to wonder if, as he grew older, he would not want his only child—if only child she were—to inherit that property. At first I put this thought out of my mind. But

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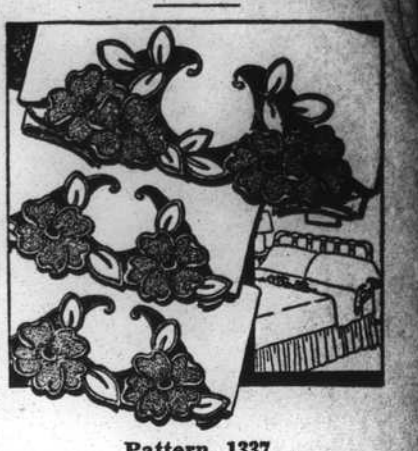
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