WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

Sealed in its Purity Package

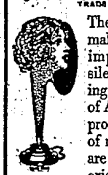
E3

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Atlas

TRADE MARK



The Atlas Speaker makes audible the impulses of the silent radio receiving set. The tones of Atlas Radio Reproduction whether of music or voice, are clear, true to the original, and adjustable for volume.

For literature send your name to the manufacturer.

Multiple Electric Products Co., Inc.

371 Ogden Street

Newark, New Jersey

Guarantee ATLAS Products

For that skin eruption

You can have relief within an hour

PERHAPS you have given up hope of getting relief from that maddening itching and burning, but Resinol does bring comfort when many other remedies have failed. One who has used this healing ointment writes—"Resinol Ointment is so soothing it stopped my itching at once and I got the first night's sleep I had had in weeks. Now my skin is well." What it has done for one it can do for others.

Resinol Soap contains the same soothing ingredients which enables it to thoroughly cleanse the skin yet leave it free from sensitiveness and smarting.

RESINOL

DR. HUMPHREYS' "77"

For Grip, Influenza COLDS

Dr. Humphreys' famous "77" is the generally accepted remedy for colds or grip. "77" fights a cold, keeps it away or drives it out. Keep "77" always handy. Ask your druggist for "77" today, or, write us.

FREE—Dr. Humphreys' Manual, (fifty pages.) You should read it. Tells about the scientific treatment of disease. Ask your druggist, or, write us for a copy.

Dr. Humphreys' "77," price 30c. and $1.00, at drug stores or sent on remittance (or rish) or C.O.D. parcel post.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEO. MEDICINE CO. 77 Ann Street, New York.

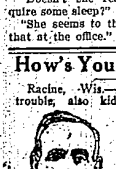
Modern Wife

"My wife wants to go to dances all the time."

"Doesn't she realize that you require some sleep?"

"She seems to think I ought to get that at the office."

How's Your Stomach?



Racine, Wis.—"I had stomach trouble, also kidney and bladder trouble for years. I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and can truly say my health is real good now considering my age, as I am over sixty. I can recommend the Golden Medical Discovery to anyone who is troubled as I was. I am very thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for my good health." P. H. Roche, 1940 Asylum Ave. All dealers. Tablets or liquid.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. and write for free advice.

The Mystery Road

CHAPTER XI—Continued

—13—

"If you want me to be happy," she whispered, "I shall always be happy because it is you—you—"

Gerald, a moment ago, had been full of good intentions, of good advice. Myrtille leaned toward him. Her silken body, sweet but throbbing with eagerness, prayed for his embrace. Her left arm stole out toward his shoulder, as though to turn his head.

"Gerald!" she whispered.

"Myrtille!" he begged, "you must not—"

Then all Gerald's good resolutions crumbled for the moment. Her lips were pressed to his, warm and sweet, passionate with the fervor which comes from the soul alone, which takes no count of lesser things than the heaven where, to the innocent, love only dwells. She rested in his arms, tumultuously happy. Somewhere in the field below was a bonfire of fallen pine boughs, and for years afterward the smell of burning wood, fragrant and aromatic, brought back to Gerald the memory of those few seconds. There was a flash of lights below from an approaching automobile. Gerald drew away, pale and a little remorseful. Myrtille's face was like the face of a child who has seen Heaven.

"We must get on," he said hoarsely.

She lay back in her place without moving until they began the last descent into the town.

"May I come to your party tonight, Gerald—now?" she whispered.

"No!"

She laughed quietly to herself. There was no longer any shadow of disappointment in her face.

"But you are very foolish," she remonstrated. "How can you think that it would not be well for me to be where you are? Besides, I want you to dance with me. There are very beautiful young ladies who come to your parties—Christopher showed me some of them at the opera."

"There is not one of them so beautiful as you," he declared.

She smiled happily.

"Will you think so tonight?" she asked.

"I shall think so all the time—and I shall miss you horribly," he assured her.

"Perhaps you will, perhaps you will not," she replied enigmatically. "You must put me down here. This is my corner."

She jumped lightly down, with only a touch of his fingers for farewell. Gerald, although he had set a stern face against the rush of ideas and anticipations which were crowding into his brain, felt a little pang of disappointment as she left him without further protest. He would never have allowed her to come, he told himself, as he drove off slowly. Yet at that moment he had a vision. He escaped a taxicab by a few inches.

Myrtille waited until Gerald was out of sight. Then she crossed the square, walked a few steps along the Rue de Paris, paused before the curtained door of Madame Lenore's little establishment, and pushed it open. Madame Lenore herself came forward. There was something sinister, though not unfriendly, in the smile with which she greeted her visitor.

"What can I do for mademoiselle?" she inquired.

"Can I have the clothes for the evening which you showed me when I first came here?" Myrtille asked, a little anxiously.

"But certainly, mademoiselle," the Frenchwoman answered graciously. "Mademoiselle desires them for this evening?"

"I want to wear them tonight," was the happy reply.

"There are some other things mademoiselle will require," madame said, thoughtfully, "and it will be necessary for mademoiselle to have the coiffeur. Mademoiselle will place herself in my hands for the evening? I will promise that there is not a girl in Monte Carlo who will be half so beautiful."

"I want to look as nice as it is possible for me to look," Myrtille confided. "I will do just as you say, madame."

"Is it a party which mademoiselle desires to attend?"

"A supper party," Myrtille replied. "It is at half-past eleven."

"At the Hotel de Paris?"

"Yes!"

Madame glanced at the clock.

"If mademoiselle will return at eight o'clock," she said, "I will have a coiffeur here and give him instructions myself. Afterward, we will dress here. I live here—my assistant and I—on the floor above. It will not incommode us."

"I shall be quite punctual," Myrtille promised. "You are very kind, madame."

The unwilling admiration shone once more in madame's beady eyes as Myrtille turned and walked lightly away.

"It is a pity," she sighed, "that the girl is such a fool!"

Chapter XII

Once more Christopher and Lady Mary braved the night air on the terrace of the Villa Acacia. The latter pointed across the gorge to the villa on the other side, a shadowy-looking building, unlit and without any sign of habitation.

"I wonder what Gerald does without his little playfellow in the afternoons?" she observed.

Christopher frowned.

"I know what he did this afternoon. He took Myrtille over to Nice."

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"Myrtille?" Lady Mary repeated coldly. "Your little protegee?"

"Yes," Christopher assented.

"You young men will end by getting into trouble with the police or your own consciences."

"I am not in the least afraid of either contingency," Christopher assured her.

"Then why do you look so disturbed every time the girl's name is mentioned?" Lady Mary asked him, point blank.

"If I do," Christopher said, "as I tried to explain to you before, it is not on my own account."

Lady Mary laughed.

"You can't imagine that Gerald is likely to find her dangerous!" she scoffed. "Why, he was head over ears in love with that strange girl over at the Violette yesterday, and, besides, Gerald isn't vicious—you know that."

"Gerald is very weak sometimes," Christopher said bluntly. "He has been terribly spoilt, of course, and in this particular instance the trouble is that the child fancies herself in love with him."

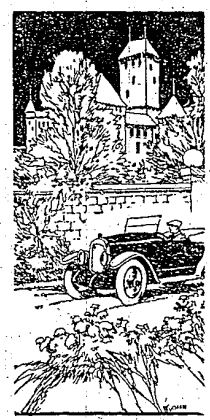
"In love with Gerald! How ridiculous!"

"You don't quite appreciate her, if you don't mind my saying so," Christopher declared, a little timidly. "She is extraordinarily innocent. All her life she has been starved for kindness and beauty. I don't think there was ever a human being in the world who needed help and counsel more than she does today."

"Shall I remove her from temptation?" Mary inquired, after a moment's reflection. "My maid has just broken it to me that she is going to stay here and get married. Shall I take your protege back to England in her place?"

"If only you would!" Christopher exclaimed eagerly. "You needn't keep her. My cousin is going to find a place for her as nursery governess, but she isn't quite ready yet."

Lady Mary considered the matter, leaning over the balcony, her head a little thrown back as though to en-



All the Time He Was Conscious of a Little Quiver of Excitement for Which He Could Not Account.

joy the perfume of the pines. Her thoughts wandered for a moment from the subject of discussion.

"I wonder whether I am glad to go home," she ruminated.

"We shall miss you," Christopher declared.

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Will you?"

"Immensely," he assured her. "I shall miss our tennis more than anything. To tell you the truth," he went on, "except for the tennis and the rather amazing golf, I don't think Monte Carlo appeals to me very much."

"You are no gambler," she observed.

"I haven't the faintest inclination towards it," he confessed. "I hate the things in life which I cannot control."

"Isn't that a little rash?" she ventured. "You might have to hate your own affections."

He was silent for a moment. She watched him curiously.

"I don't think I am the sort of person," he said, "who would be likely to be led very far by his affections alone. What about the child, Mary?"

"I will take her if you wish it," she decided. "She must be at the station at eight o'clock. You know that we have to make an early start. There will be nothing for her to do. Janet has packed and will arrange all my things for the journey."

Christopher drew a long breath of relief.

"You are a dear!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "You can't imagine what a weight this is off my mind!"

"I am doing it for your sake," Lady Mary told him. "I do not like the child. I disapprove most strongly of the whole situation. However, I will do what I have promised. We are going straight to Hinterleys. She can remain there until your cousin is ready for her."

Gerald came strolling out to them, pausing on the way to light a cigarette.

"What are you two conspiring about?" he inquired.

"I have been saying good-by to your sister," Christopher replied.

Gerald passed his arm around her affectionately.

"We shall miss you, dear," he said.

"I think I am really rather sorry to go," Mary confessed. "Father is getting quite restless, though. He never cares to stay in one place too long."

Gerald glanced at his watch.

"I must be off," he announced. "I've a few of my frivolous friends coming in to supper after the opera. Are you coming, Christopher?"

"I don't think so, if you don't mind, Gerald," was the apologetic reply.

For some unaccountable reason, Gerald felt relieved. He took his leave of his father and sister, started up his car, and drove through the scented darkness back to the hotel. All the time he was conscious of a little quiver of excitement for which he could not account. The Villa Violette, at which he gazed as he turned out of the avenue, was dark and empty. He thought of Pauline and sighed. The ghost in the empty seat by his side faded away. He was for a single moment a man, angry with himself, bitterly regretful.

"I was a cad to kiss her like that," he muttered. "All the same, a child has no right to such lips."

Gerald was met in the hall of the hotel by Charles, the maître d'hotel to whom he had left the arrangements for his supper party.

"If milord will be so kind as to ascend with me," the latter suggested, "I can show him the preparations I have made."

Gerald nodded and ascended to the first floor.

"This is the most convenient suite for milord," Charles explained, "because the door at the left-hand there communicates with milord's own suite of apartments, where his friends, if they like, can leave their hats and coats. I shall serve the supper myself. Everything will be as commanded. The supper table can be moved into a corner of the room at any time desired—as soon, in fact, as milord cares to start dancing."

Gerald nodded and dismissed the man. He stood for a moment in the center of the waxed floor, his hands behind him and a freshly lit cigarette between his lips. The sight of these preparations for the night's festivities had left him curiously unmoved. He could picture the whole affair—a little cosmopolitan crowd of giggling, shrieking girls, half French, half Russian, with a dash, here and there, of the Egyptian and the Italian. Nadine, with her pale cheeks, her eyes half green, half yellow, like the eyes of a cat, her alluring smile. Then there were Chlotilde and Phrynette, Parisians to the rosy tips of their fingers, blatant in their desires, frank and unashamed of the silken net they trolled. It was, after all, a dull game to play. The finesse of refusal had never seemed so flat, the ignominy of consent so repulsive. He thought of Pauline, cold as the snows, proud and indifferent, yet with the charm of hidden things in her clear eyes and delicate aloofness. Her indifference had hurt—how much he realized when he thought of the coming evening. And then, like a flash, his mood changed. There was the other type, as beautiful in its way, as serene, as wonderful in its strange, virginal passion, the lips that had clung to his with the frank offer of supreme, unselfish love.

He turned away, and, crossing the room, opened the door leading into his own suite. A wonderous—an amazing—vision confronted him. For a moment he was aghast. Myrtille, transformed as though by the wand of an artist, her gown, simple and unadorned, retentive of all the grace of her girlhood, yet exquisitely suggestive of the woman to come—Myrtille, her hair dropped low on either side of her oval face, a rolled lily, unspoilt and untarnished by the cunning fingers which had produced a veritable triumph. Her bosom was rising and falling quickly, her lips were parted. Then she began to laugh softly. Everything was right with the world. Gerald's look of transfixed admiration told her all that she needed to know.

"Will I do?" Myrtille asked demurely. "You are wonderful!" Gerald exclaimed. "But—what does it mean?"

"I have come to your party," Myrtille announced, "and even Monsieur Christopher shall not send me away. I went to Madame Lenore. She dressed me and she had my hair arranged. It was in droll. When I looked in the glass I scarcely knew myself. You are pleased?"

"I am more than pleased," Gerald answered, taking her hand. "But about this party. I am not sure—"

"You don't want me?" she whispered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Assyrian Horticulture

Many common plants and flowers are referred to in the ancient cuneiform tablets dug up in the ruins of Babylon and other Assyrian cities. Fifty more, many of them drug plants, have been identified quite recently through a study of the relative frequency in which the names occur, their therapeutic use, and the comparison of the word with the name of the flower or plant in other Semitic languages. Among the new plants believed to have been identified are the rose, the daisy, mustard, asafoetida, sumach, hemp, chamomile, apricot, cherry and mulberry.

MONARCH

DUTCH PROCESS

COCOA

Monarch has the rich quality and flavor that makes Dutch Process Cocoa so popular everywhere. This is a good thing to remember if you like Dutch Process Cocoa. When you ask for Monarch, you get the *quality* you want and at the same time pay only about half as much for it.

38¢

FARM HOUSE

AMERICAN PROCESS

COCOA

Some people prefer American Process Cocoa. Farm House Cocoa is made especially for those who do. It is a quality cocoa—healthful and nourishing. Farm House is priced about 50% lower than many other brands of similar quality. You save money every time you buy Farm House.

19¢

Quality for 70 years

Reid, Murdoch & Co.

Established 1853

Chicago, Boston, New York, Pittsburgh

Grocers—Monarch Coffee, Catsup, Sweet Pickles, Condiments, Fruits, Vegetables and all products of our kitchens are sold only by Regular Retail Grocers who own and operate their own stores.

We Never Sell to Chain Stores

Silly Superstition

There is no foundation for the belief that phases of the moon have any effect on the nervous system or on the health of individuals.

Evidently Not

"What's this here 'third degree'?"

"Ain't you married, man?"

Confirmed

He—"My doctor says I don't play golf." She—"So he's played with you, too?"—Answers.

Very

"Rudy is quite a live wire, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's perfectly shocking."—Utah Humbug.

Millions prefer Yeast Foam

Begin today to learn the most useful of home arts—bread-making.

Send for free booklet "The Art of Baking Bread"

Northwestern Yeast Co.

1730 North Ashland Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Cut Your Shoe Bills with USKIDE

YOU'VE always wanted a sole that would wear like this, and now here it is.

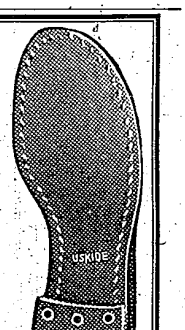
USKIDE—the wonder sole for wear.

Wears twice as long as *best* leather. Comfortable, healthful, waterproof, protects against slipping.

The hardest job, the toughest footing, can't faze USKIDE. It wears and wears and wears.

Tell your repairman you want USKIDE Soles on your shoes. Insist on new shoes soled with USKIDE. Look for the name on the sole—it's there for your protection.

And—for a Better Heel to Walk On! "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels. Made of Sprayed Rubber, the purest, toughest rubber known.



United States Rubber Company

USKIDE *Soles*

Winning for Detroit Fame for Hospitality

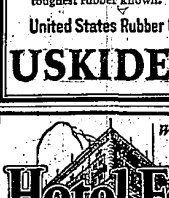
FIREPROOF—400 PLEASANT ROOMS

Hotel Fort Shelby

DETROIT

LAFAYETTE BLVD. AT FIRST ST.

Close to Detroit's busiest corner



Excellence of accommodations and a genuine spirit of hospitality have made this the preferred hotel of business men, tourists and family parties. *The Fort Shelby Cafe* is famed as "Detroit's finest restaurant". Moderate prices in cafe and coffee shop. *The Fort Shelby Garage* provides perfect accommodations for motorists.

Servidor Service

A compartment through which merchandise, clothing for pressing, etc., is delivered to and from your room without intrusion of employes. Private from excessive tipping. Running ice water in every room.

Rates per day: $2 and up Double, $3.50 and up

E. H. LERCHEN, JR. Secretary-Treasurer

SETH E. FRYMOYER Manager

Convenient to rail and water transportation Michigan Central depot one step close by