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Brings a Ray of Hope to Childless Women



Lowell, Mass.—"I had anemia from the time I was sixteen years old and was very irregular. If I did any housecleaning or washing I would faint and have to be put to bed, my husband thinking every minute was my last. After reading your text-book for women I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and have never felt better than I have the last two years. I can work, eat, sleep, and feel as strong as can be. Doctors told me I could never have children—I was too weak—but after taking Vegetable Compound it strengthened me so I gave birth to an eight pound boy. I was well all the time, did all my work up to the last day, and had a natural birth. Everybody who knew me was surprised, and when they ask me what made me strong I tell them with great pleasure, 'I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never felt better in my life.' Use this testimonial at any time."—Mrs. ELIZABETH SMART, 142 W. Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.

This experience of Mrs. Smart is surely a strong recommendation for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is only one of a great many similar cases.

Renew your health by purifying your system with



Quick and delightful relief for biliousness, colds, constipation, headaches, and stomach, liver and blood troubles.

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Heat expands and cold contracts; that is probably why the days are longer in summer than in winter.



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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 19–1921.

Bull-Dog Drummond

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By Cyril McNeile "Sapper"

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

"THOSE DEVILS."

Synopsis.—In December, 1918, four men gather in a hotel in Berne and hear one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Hocking, American, and Steineman and Yon Gratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Guy, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson. Capt. Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, signing "X10." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a band headed by Peterson.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

—3—

"'Admiring my treasures?' he remarked. 'Pretty things, aren't they? I couldn't speak a word: I just put them back on the table.

"'Wonderful copies,' he went on, 'of the duke of Melbourne's lost miniatures. I think they would deceive most people.'

"'They deceived me,' I managed to get out.

"All the time he was staring at me, a cold, merciless stare that seemed to freeze my brain. Then he went over to one of the safes and unlocked it. 'Come here, Miss Benton,' he said. 'There are a lot more—copies.'

"I only looked inside for a moment, but I have never seen or thought of such a sight. Beautifully arranged on black velvet shelves were ropes of pearls, a gorgeous diamond tiara, and a whole heap of loose, uncut stones. And in one corner I caught a glimpse of the most wonderful gold chaliced cup—just like the one for which Samuel Levy, the Jew moneylender, was still offering a reward. Then he shut the door and locked it, and again stared at me in silence.

"'All copies,' he said quietly, 'wonderful copies. And should you ever be tempted to think otherwise—ask your father, Miss Benton. Be warned by me: don't do anything foolish. Ask your father first.'"

"And did you?" asked Drummond.

She shuddered. "That very evening," she answered. "And daddy flew into a frightful passion, and told me never to dare to meddle in things that didn't concern me again. Then gradually, as time went on, I realized that Lakington had some hold over daddy—that he'd got my father in his power." Her hands were clenched, and her breast rose and fell stormily.

Drummond waited for her to compose herself before he spoke again. "You mentioned murder, too," he remarked.

She nodded. "I've got no proof," she said, "less even than over the burglaries. But there was a man called George Dringer, and one evening, when Lakington was dining with us, I heard him discussing this man with daddy.

"'He's got to go,' said Lakington. 'He's dangerous!'

"And then my father got up and closed the door; but I heard them arguing for half an hour. Three weeks later a coroner's jury found that George Dringer had committed suicide



"Admiring My Treasures?" He Remarked, "Pretty Things, Aren't They?"

while temporarily insane. The same evening daddy, for the first time in his life, went to bed the worse for drink."

The girl fell silent, and Drummond stared at the orchestra with troubled eyes. Things seemed to be rather deeper than he had anticipated.

"Then there was another case." She was speaking again. "Do you remember that man who was found dead in a railway carriage at Oxhey station. He was an Italian—Giuseppe by name; and the jury brought in a verdict of death from natural causes. A month before, he had an interview with Lakington, which took place at our house: because the Italian, being a stranger, came to the wrong place, and Lakington happened to be with us at the time. The interview finished with a fearful quarrel." She turned to Drummond with a slight smile. "Not much evidence, is there? Only I know Lakington murdered him. I know it. You may think I'm fanciful—imagining things; you may think I'm exaggerating. I don't mind if you do—because you won't for long."

Drummond did not answer immediately. Against his saner judgment he was beginning to be profoundly impressed, and, at the moment, he did not quite know what to say.

"What about this other man?" he asked at length.

"I can tell you very little about him," she answered. "He came to The Elms—that is the name of Lakington's house—three months ago. He is about medium height and rather thick-set; clean-shaven, with thick brown hair, flecked slightly with white. His forehead is broad, and his eyes are a sort of cold grey-blue. But it's his hands that terrify me. They're large and white and utterly ruthless." She turned to him appealingly. "Oh! don't think I'm talking wildly," she implored. "He frightens me to death—that man: far, far worse than Lakington. He would stop at nothing to gain his ends, and even Lakington himself knows that Mr. Peterson is his master."

"Peterson!" murmured Drummond. "It seems quite a sound old English name."

The girl laughed scornfully. "Oh! the name is sound enough, if it was his real one. As it is, it's about as real as his daughter."

"There is a lady in the case, then?"

"By the name of Irma," said the girl briefly. "She lies on a sofa in the garden and yawns. She's no more English than that waiter."

A faint smile flickered over her companion's face; he had formed a fairly vivid mental picture of Irma. Then he grew serious again.

"And what is it that makes you think there's mischief ahead?" he asked abruptly.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "What the novelists call feminine intuition, I suppose," she answered. "That—and my father." She said the last words very low. "He hardly ever sleeps at night now: I hear him pacing up and down his room—hour after hour, hour after hour. Oh! it makes me mad. . . . Don't you understand? I've got to get him away from those devils, before he breaks down completely."

Drummond nodded, and looked away. While she had been speaking he had made up his mind what course to take, and now, having outsat everybody else, he decided that it was time for the interview to cease. Already an early diner was having a cocktail, while Lakington might return at any moment. And if there was anything in what she had told him, it struck him that it would be as well for that gentleman not to find them together.

"I think," he said, "we'd better go. My address is 60A Half Moon street; my telephone 1234 Mayfair. If anything happens, if ever you want me—at any hour of the day or night—ring me up or write. If I'm not in, leave a message with my servant Denny. He is absolutely reliable. The only other thing is your own address."

"The Larches, near Godalming," answered the girl, as they moved toward the door. "Oh! if you only knew the glorious relief of feeling one's got some one to turn to . . ." She looked at him with shining eyes, and Drummond felt his pulse quicken suddenly.

"May I drop you anywhere?" he asked, as they stood on the pavement, but she shook her head.

"No, thank you. I'll go in that taxi." She gave the man an address, and stepped in, while Hugh stood bareheaded by the door.

"Don't forget," he said earnestly. "Any time of the day or night. And while I think of it—we're old friends. Can that be done? In case I come and stay, you see."

She thought for a moment and then nodded her head. "All right," she answered. "We've met a lot in London during the war."

With a grinding of gear wheels the taxi drove off, leaving Hugh with a vivid picture imprinted on his mind of blue eyes, and white teeth, and a skin like the bloom of a sun-kissed peach.

For a moment or two he stood staring after it, and then he walked across to his own car. With his mind still full of the interview he drove slowly along Piccadilly, while every now and then he smiled grimly to himself. Was the whole thing an elaborate hoax? Somehow deep down in his mind, he wondered whether it was a joke—whether, by some freak of fate, he had stumbled on one of those strange mysteries which up to date he had regarded as existing only in the realms of dime novels.

He turned into his rooms, and stood in front of the mantelpiece taking off his gloves. It was as he was about to lay them down on the table that an envelope caught his eye, addressed to him in an unknown handwriting. Mechanically he picked it up and opened it. Inside was a single half-sheet of notepaper, on which a few lines had been written in a small, neat hand.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, young man, than a capability for eating steak and onions, and a desire for adventure. I imagine that you possess both: and they are useful assets in the second locality mentioned by the poet. In heaven, however, one never knows—especially with regard to the onions. Be careful."

Drummond stood motionless for a moment, with narrowed eyes. Then he leaned forward and pressed the bell.

"Who brought this note, James?" he said quietly, as his servant came into the room.

"A small boy, sir. Said I was to be sure and see you got it most particular." He unlocked a cupboard near the window and produced a tantalus. "Whisky, sir, or cocktail?"

"Whisky, I think, James." Hugh carefully folded the sheet of paper and placed it in his pocket. And his face as he took the drink from his man would have left no doubt in an onlooker's mind as to why, in the past, he had earned the name of "Bull-Dog" Drummond.

CHAPTER II.

In Which He Journeys to Godalming and the Game Begins.

ONE.

"I almost think, James, that I could toy with another kidney." Drummond looked across the table at his servant, who was carefully arranging two or three dozen letters in groups. "I've got a journey in front of me today, and I require a large breakfast."

James Denny supplied the deficiency from a dish that was standing on an electric heater.

"Are you going for long, sir?"

"I don't know, James. It all depends on circumstances. Which, when you come to think of it, is undoubtedly one of the most fatuous phrases in the English language. Is there anything in the world that doesn't depend on circumstances?"

"Will you be motoring, sir, or going by train?" asked James prosaically. Dialectical arguments did not appeal to him.

"By car," answered Drummond. "Pajamas and a tooth-brush."

"You won't take evening clothes, sir?"

"No. I want my visit to appear unpremeditated James, and if one goes about completely encased in boiled shirts, while pretending to be merely out for the afternoon, people have doubts as to one's intellect."

James digested this great thought in silence.

"Will you be going far, sir?" he asked at length, pouring out a second cup of coffee.

"To Godalming. A charming spot, I believe, though I've never been there. Charming inhabitants, too, James. The lady I met yesterday at the Carlton lives at Godalming."

"Indeed, sir," murmured James noncommittally.

"You d—d old humbug," laughed Drummond, "you know you're itching to know all about it. I had a very long and interesting talk with her, and one of two things emerges quite clearly from our conversation. Either, James, I am a congenital idiot, and don't know enough to come in out of the rain; or we've hit the goods. That is what I propose to find out by my little excursion. Either our legs, my friend, are being pulled till they will never resume their normal shape; or that advertisement has succeeded beyond our wildest dreams."

"There are a lot more answers in this morning, sir." Denny made a movement toward the letters he had been sorting. "One from a lovely widow with two children."

"Lovely," cried Drummond. "How forward of her!" He glanced at the letter and smiled. "Care, James, and accuracy are essential in a secretary. The misguided woman calls herself lonely, not lovely. She will remain so, as far as I am concerned, until the other matter is settled."

"Will it take long, sir, do you think?"

"To get it settled?" Drummond lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. "Listen, James, and I will outline the case. The maiden lives at a house called The Larches, near Godalming, with her papa. Not far away is another house called The Elms, owned by a gentleman of the name of Henry Lakington—a nasty man, James, with a nasty face—who was also at the Carlton yesterday afternoon for a short time. And now we come to the point. Miss Benton—that is the lady's name—accuses Mr. Lakington of being the complete IT in the criminal line. She went even so far as to say that he was the second most dangerous man in England."

"Indeed, sir. More coffee, sir?"

"Will nothing move you, James?" remarked his master plaintively. "This man murders people and does things like that, you know."

"Personally, sir, I prefer a picture-palace. But I suppose there ain't no accounting for 'obbies. May I clear away, sir?"

"No, James, not at present. Keep quite still while I go on, or I shall get it wrong. Three months ago there arrived at The Elms, the most dangerous man in England—the IT of ITS. This gentleman goes by the name of Peterson, and he owns a daughter. From what Miss Benton said, I have doubts about that daughter, James." He rose and strolled over to the window. "Grave doubts. However, to return to the point, it appears that some unpleasing conspiracy is being launched by IT, the IT of ITS, and the doubtful daughter, into which Papa Benton has been unwillingly drawn. As far as I can make out, the suggestion is that I should unravel the tangled skein of crime and extricate papa."

In a spasm of uncontrollable excitement James sucked his teeth. "Lumme, it wouldn't 'alf go on the movies, would it?" he remarked. "Better than them Red Indians and things."

"I fear, James, that you are not in the habit of spending your spare time at the British museum, as I hoped," said Drummond. "And your brain doesn't work very quickly. The point is not whether this hideous affair is better than Red Indians and things—but whether it's genuine. Am I to battle with murderers, or shall I find a bouse party roaring with laughter on the lawn?"

"As long as you laughs like 'ell yourself, sir, I don't see as 'ow it makes much odds," answered James.

"The first sensible remark you've made this morning," said his master hopefully. "I will go prepared to laugh."

He picked up a pipe from the mantelpiece, and proceeded to fill it, while James Denny waited in silence.

"A lady may ring up today," Drummond continued. "Miss Benton, to be exact. Don't say where I've gone, if she does; but take down any message, and write it to me at Godalming postoffice. If by any chance you don't hear from me for three days, get in touch with Scotland Yard, and tell 'em where I've gone. That covers everything if it's genuine. If, on the other hand, it's a hoax, and the house-party is a good one, I shall probably want you to come down with my evening clothes and some more kit."

"Very good, sir. I will clean your small Colt revolver at once."

Hugh Drummond paused in the act of lighting his pipe, and a grin spread slowly over his face. "Excellent," he said. "And see if you can find that water-squirt pistol I used to have—Son of a Gun, they called it. That ought to raise a laugh, when I arrest the murderer with it."



"And See If You Can Find That Water-Squirt Pistol I Used to Have—Son of a Gun, They Called It."

TWO.

The 30 h.p. two-seater made short work of the run to Godalming. As Drummond thought of the two guns rolled up carefully in his pajamas—the harmless toy and the wicked little automatic—he grinned gently to himself. The girl had not rung him up during the morning, and after a comfortable lunch at his club, he had started about three o'clock. The hedges, fresh with the glory of spring, flashed past; the smell of the country came sweet and fragrant on the air. There was a gentle warmth, a balminess in the day that made it good to be alive, and once or twice he sang under his breath through sheer lightheartedness of spirit. Surrounded by the peaceful beauty of the fields, with an occasional village half hidden by great trees from under which the tiny houses peeped out, it seemed impossible that crime could exist—laughable. Of course the thing was a hoax, an elaborate leg-pull, but being not guilty of any mental subterfuge, Hugh Drummond admitted to himself quite truly that he didn't care a d—n if it was. Phyllis Benton was at liberty to continue the jest, wherever and whenever she liked. Phyllis Benton was a very nice girl, and very nice girls are permitted a lot of latitude.

A persistent honking behind aroused him from his reverie, and he pulled into the side of the road.

An open cream-colored Rolls-Royce drew level, with five people on board, and he looked up as it passed. There were three people in the back—two men and a woman, and for a moment his eyes met those of the man nearest him. Then they drew ahead, and Drummond pulled up to avoid the thick cloud of dust.

With a slight frown he stared at the retreating car; he saw the man lean over and speak to the other man; he saw the other man look around. Then a bend in the road hid them from sight, and still frowning, Drummond pulled out his case and lit a cigarette. For the man whose eye he had caught as the Rolls went by was Henry Lakington. There was no mistaking that hard-lipped, cruel face.

Presumably, thought Hugh, the other two occupants were Mr. Peterson and the doubtful daughter, Irma; Presumably they were returning to The Elms. And incidentally there seemed no pronounced reason why they shouldn't. But, somehow, the sudden appearance of Lakington had upset him; he felt irritable and annoyed. What little he had seen of the man he had not liked; he did not want to be reminded of him, especially just as he was thinking of Phyllis.

He watched the white dust-cloud rise over the hill in front as the car topped it; he watched it settle and drift away in the faint breeze. Then he let in his clutch and followed quite slowly in the big car's wake.

There had been two men in front—the driver and another, and he wondered idly if the latter was Mr. Benton. He accelerated up the hill and swung over the top; the next moment he braked hard and pulled up just in time. The Rolls, with the chauffeur peering into the bonnet, had stopped in such a position that it was impossible for him to get by.

The girl was still seated in the back of the car, also the passenger in front, but the two other men were standing in the road apparently watching the chauffeur, and after a while the one whom Drummond had recognized as Lakington came toward him.

"I'm sorry," he began—and then paused in surprise. "Why, surely it's Captain Drummond!"

Drummond nodded pleasantly. "The occupant of a car is hardly likely to change in a mile, is he?" he remarked. "I'm afraid I forgot to wave as you went past, but I got your smile all right. Are you likely to be long, because if so, I'll stop my engine?"

The other man was now approaching casually, and Drummond regarded him casually. "A friend of our little Phyllis, Peterson," said Lakington, as he came up.

"Any friend of Miss Benton's is, I hope, ours," said Peterson with a smile. "You've known her a long time, I expect?"

"Quite a long time," returned Hugh. "We have jazzed together on many occasions."

"Which makes it all the more unfortunate that we should have delayed you," said Peterson. "I can't help thinking, Lakington, that that new chauffeur is a bit of a fool."

"I hope he avoided the crash all right," murmured Drummond politely.

Both men looked at him. "The crash!" said Lakington. "There was no question of a crash. We just stopped."

"Really," remarked Drummond. "I think, sir, that you must be right in your diagnosis of your chauffeur's mentality." He turned courteously to Peterson. "When something goes wrong, for a fellah to stop his car, by braking so hard that he locks both back wheels, is no bon, as we used to say in France. I thought, judging by the tracks in the dust, that you must have been in imminent danger of ramming a traction engine. I wonder if I could help your man," he continued. "I'm a bit of an expert with a Rolls."

"How very kind of you," said Peterson. "I'll go and see." He went over to the man and spoke a few words.

"Isn't it extraordinary," remarked Hugh, "how the eye of the boss galvanizes the average man into activity. As long, probably, as Mr. Peterson had remained here talking, that chauffeur would have gone on tinkering with the engine. And now—look, in a second—all serene. And yet I dare say Mr. Peterson knows nothing about it really. Just the watching eye, Mr. Lakington. Wonderful thing—the human optic."

He rambled on with a genial smile, watching with apparent interest the car in front. "Who's the quaint bird sitting beside the chauffeur? He appeals to me immensely. Wish to heaven I'd had a few more like him in France to turn into snipers."

"May I ask why you think he would have been a success at the job?" Lakington's voice expressed merely perfunctory interest, but his cold, steely eyes were fixed on Drummond.

Drummond gets busy and forces the fighting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HINDU IDEA OF "SEVEN SEAS"

Writer in Boston Herald Shows That Expression Is Older Than the English Language.

The question as to the origin and meaning of the term "The Seven Seas" having been raised in this column, I am surprised, says a writer in the Boston Herald, that as yet no one has called attention to the fact that the expression is far older than the English language, antedating even the science of geography as we understand it. In prehistoric Hindu thought our world consists as to its solid parts of seven concentric, continental Dvipas, whose names are Jambu, Plaksha, Salmali, Kusa, Krauncha, Saka and Pushkara. According to the sacred Vishnu Purana: "They are surrounded severally by seven great seas—the sea of salt water (Lavana), of sugar-cane juice (Ikshu), of wine (Sura), of clarified butter (Sarpis), or curds (Dadhi), of milk (Dugdha), and of fresh water (Jala). Jambu-dvipa is the center of all these, and in the copies of this is the golden mountain Meru." Jambu is the dvipa occupied by human beings. Meru the indescribably glorious north polar mountain by which the portal to the heaven or heavens is attainable.

In oriental literature, therefore, the expression "the seven seas" has no reference to the bodies of water named seas by our geographers, but is an interesting survival of the geocentric world view which we of the western nations have lost, but which all orthodox Brahmins and Buddhists still hold sacred and true. Its recent appearance in occidental literature is doubtless more due to Kipling than to any other writer.

Word "Negro" a Common Noun.

The word "negro," used to distinguish a black man from a white man, is a common noun, and is not capitalized. The words "Pole, Mexican, Russian," etc. are proper nouns designating the countries or nationalities from which white men come. In case the state or Indian nation to which the negro belonged was given, it would be written "an Oklahoma or Creek negro." In describing an incident in which a white man and a black man take part, they would be designated as John Smith, white, or a white man, and James Smith, negro, or a black man. The words are common adjectives and nouns, and are not capitalized.—Kansas City Star.

Ancients Knew of Compressed Air.

The principle of compressed air was known to the ancients, having been experimented with by Hero, who lived from 284 to 221 B. C. The compressed air pump was invented by Otto von Guericke of Magdeburg, in 1654.

Light Literature.

The Angler—I've bought a fly book for each of us.

The Novice—Do you suppose we'll have time to read it?—Boston Transcript.

Ignorance isn't bliss if you don't know a good thing when you see it.

Poor relations are almost as easy to accumulate as empty tomato cans.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Virginia Case



Frank E. Roat, blacksmith, 207 S. Payne St., Alexandria, Va., says "My back was weak and lame and I could hardly bend over or straighten up. I also had bad headaches. Nights I had to get up often, and when morning came I was all tired out. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and my kidneys acted regularly again and I got wonderful relief from the pains in my back."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

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New Life for Sick Man

Eatonic Works Magic

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Eatonic is the modern remedy for acid stomach, bloating, food repeating and indigestion. It quickly takes up and carries out the acidity and gas and enables the stomach to digest the food naturally. That means not only relief from pain and discomfort but you get the full strength from the food you eat. Big box only costs a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

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Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

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It Is a Powerful Tonic and Appetizer Will cure that tired feeling, pains in back, limbs and head. Contains no quinine, arsenic or habit-forming ingredient.

FRECKLES positively removed by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. At all druggists, or by mail, 50c. Send for free booklet. Dr. Berry Co., Dept. 10, Atlanta, Georgia

Hoary Old Asia.

The history of Asia goes back very far. One of the earliest events recorded and regarded as authentic is the founding of the temple of Bel at Nippur, 6000 B. C. The Accadian-Summerian kingdoms are placed at the head of the ruling powers. When they commenced is not clear but they continued to the year 2239 B. C.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

Probably Made Threats.

He—"Did you have much trouble learning to sing?" She—"Yes; especially with the neighbors."

Wisdom is the knowledge of knowing what to do next.—E. Markham.

Men can be but men.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

LUCKY STRIKE cigarette

It's toasted

The American Tobacco Co.

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