

time, I was too tired to be surprised at anything.

Just to make it easy for Hurlbut's boys, I told my driver to let me out at the corner. The car stopped too, a little ways down Second Avenue; but I heard the gears mesh again, almost before I'd started walking.

My brownstone is only four doors from the corner, and I took my time getting out my key. The car loafed by, backed up in

the dead end, and loafed west again—a big, innocent-looking straight eight, the sort of watchdog that can stay on anyone's tail-light, even if he's doing ninety.

And I wasn't doing ninety.

I didn't wait to check on where they'd park, or what arrangement they'd make for watching my door tonight. Hurlbut thought I knew something I wasn't telling—that was a big enough thought to sleep on.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### *Melody for Milk*

**S**WING it, maestro! Time for the baby to be fed. A little sweet jive, not too hot, while we soften up the morning bottle.

Not a gag, exactly. It seems that when milk gets into the stomach it forms curds—and the harder the curds, the longer it takes the milk to digest. So the idea is to soften up the curds. It's done not with mirrors but with music.

A patent was granted last year to a Mr. Edward W. Smith of Melrose, Mass., for a gimmick which softens milk by passing sound waves through it. First you separate the milk from the cow. Then you separate the cream from the milk until there's only one-half of one percent of butterfat left. At this point you're ready for the hep-cats, who should have been tuning up meanwhile in a corner of the barn.

Now take the skim milk and pass it through a chamber one-sixteenth of an inch wide, one wall of which is really a metallic diaphragm in disguise. Electromagnetic force causes this diaphragm to vibrate; the waves set up pass through the milk; and the milk, appropriately moved by these sweet vibrations, becomes soft and drinkable as anything. Or almost anything.

The last step is to pour the cream back into the milk. The cream, apparently, doesn't resent being left out of the jam session, and mixes nice as you please.

—Crockett Cooper

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## Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

### **This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

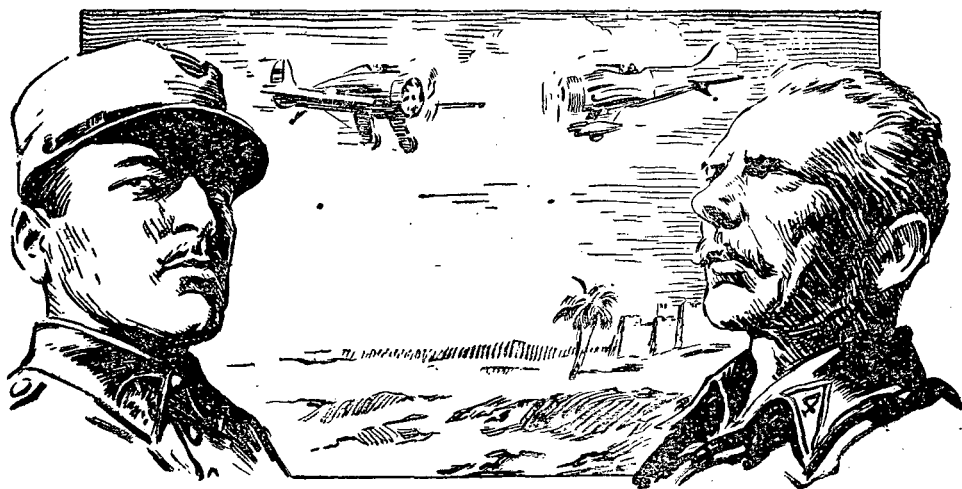
Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood,

when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

(ADV)



# The Blood Call

By GEORGES SURDEZ

Author of "Long Live the Emperor!", "The Coat of M'sieu Picart", etc.

Take this money, Legionnaire, and get back to your drinking. For on a September afternoon in 'seventeen, you killed my brother. . . .

**T**HAT night, a battalion of the Foreign Legion just returned from the advanced posts along the Saharan border would spend the accumulated pay of several months in the reserved quarter of a Moroccan mountain town:

A wise administration had taken the customary precautions, members of other corps had been forbidden to leave their barracks on that day, the risk of a serious riot had been cut down to a minimum. Nevertheless, armed patrols were kept busy maintaining a semblance of order.

"There will be nothing new for you to see," my friend Pierre had told me.

"After a long stretch of loneliness and privations, men will react along certain very defined lines when brought back in contact with comparative civilization. Flaubert's description of the Carthaginian mercenaries in the gardens of Hamilcal holds true, if you dress your chaps in khaki and put them in tawdry surroundings.

"I'll go with you in uniform. I admit that they may not have as strong a consideration for bones and cuticle as you have been accustomed to and that a lone civilian might very soon collect a black eye."

He was a captain of aviation. Consequently, Legionnaires would respect him; for Legionnaires, traditionally, are friendly to spahis and aviators, antagonistic to *tirailleurs*, artillerymen and sundry others. The dim motivatings of this state of affairs would fill sixty large volumes.

And even out of uniform, Pierre would have been a sufficient bodyguard because of a certain feline hardness in his slender, tall body that fighting men recognized.

He bore a name that had been famous in France for a number of months. His brother had been an aviator whose name had appeared often in the official war-news at one time, as often as the names of Guynemer, Dorme, Nungesser, Archi-nard and Fonck.