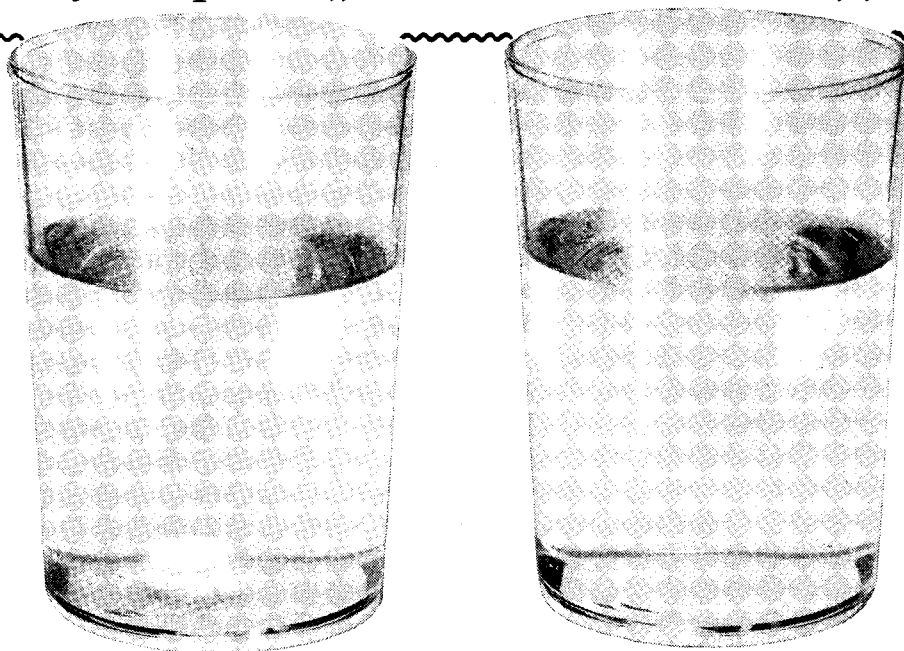


Remember This

When You Go Into a Store to Buy Aspirin

What Happens in These Glasses
Happens in Your Stomach

*This Shows in a Way Anybody Can Understand Why
Genuine Bayer Aspirin Offers Almost Instant Relief from Pain*



Put an Ordinary
Tablet in a Glass
of Water

See the Sediment
Note How Slowly
it Dissolves

Put a Genuine Bayer
Tablet in a Glass of
Water

Dissolves Almost
Instantly and Com-
pletely

*That's Why Genuine Bayer Aspirin "Takes Hold"
of Most Pains in 3 or 4 Minutes After Taking*

If you have a headache or any other common form of pain—rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia—you want to get rid of it as fast as possible—and in absolute safety.

Then—the first thing to know is this:—

Never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But always say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

The pictures of the two glasses above tell the story.

For what happens in those glasses happens in your stomach.

Because of a unique process in manufacture, Genuine Bayer Aspirin is made to dissolve

almost INSTANTLY in the stomach. Hence it starts to work almost instantly. And thus "takes hold" of the average pain or headache in as little as three or four minutes after taking. The fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.

Remember, it is Genuine Bayer Aspirin which lays claim to this unique, quick-acting property. So be sure you get the Real Article—GENUINE BAYER Aspirin when you buy. Naturally you want the fastest, possible relief—and that's the way to get it.

The sure, safe way is to see that the name BAYER is clearly stamped, in the form of a

cross, on any tablet that you take.

Keep that in mind when you buy. Carry in mind, too, that Genuine Bayer Aspirin Does Not Harm The Heart.

FOR ECONOMY
Bottle of 100



FOR POCKET
OR PURSE
Tin Boxes of 12



NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE



ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 34

Dill's
SINCE 1848
Best
TOBACCO

When you meet a pipe connoisseur who is also a tobacco connoisseur you usually find him smoking Dill's Best. If pipe pleasure means a lot to you, try Dill's.



always
fresh

"Amersham was in every way an ideal person. He was not stupid; he had some knowledge of mania, and when he saw the advertisement in the Times asking for the private services of a medical man with a knowledge of mental cases, he immediately applied, and had the good luck to get the job.

"The salary was a big one, and he was in clover from the start. But he must have realized his opportunities, and gradually increased his hold over the Lebanon family until he dominated the woman, and eventually her son."

THE chief constable interposed a question, and Bill Tanner shook his head.

"No, sir, there is no history of any early symptoms as far as the boy was concerned. He was not very brilliant, but he managed to pass through Sandhurst into the Army. The Indian medical authorities have a history of a slight sunstroke, which may have accelerated an hereditary weakness, but until he started shooting at his beaters there was not the least suspicion that anything was wrong with him. The Army authorities, of course, knew nothing about his father, though a great-grandfather had been confined in a lunatic asylum. In fact, there is insanity on both sides of the family.

"When the old lord died, her ladyship must have thought she'd got rid of a man who was becoming more and more of an encumbrance. We know that Amersham did not go to Mark's Priory for three months, and then the trouble in India came, and she was glad to send for him.

"He agreed to take charge of the boy and hush up the Indian matter, and the price he demanded was a quiet little wedding at Peterfield. I was rather puzzled as to why they went to Peterfield, but Lady Lebanon has a lot of property in the village apparently, and, in fact, the Lebanons control the parson.

"The marriage seems to have been one of convenience. There was no pretense of love or any associations of married life. But she did demand from Amersham a certain standard of conduct. Amersham had his own establishment, his own life. They had brought back Gilder and Brooks to look after the boy, and nothing very remarkable happened until the killing of Studd, which in one sense was an accident.

"What the boy had discovered was that there was a secret way out of the padded room where he was put at times. He had found the panel and the stairs leading down to a door which had been used in the old lord's time to bring him out into the grounds for fresh air. There are tiny grooved rails on each side of the steps into which the wheels of his wheel-chair fitted. This must have been before Gilder's time, because he was ignorant of the passage and the door.

"The vitality of young Lebanon was extraordinary. You can never have a better instance than what happened on the night of his death. Within a quarter of an hour he made an attempt upon a police courier, smashed his way into Mrs. Tilling's cottage, got back to the house and changed into evening dress—all within fifteen or sixteen minutes.

"When the boy came to the Yard I had no idea that he was anything but normal. He seemed a weakling, one of the pampered mother's darlings one encounters in every grade of society; a little insolent, perhaps, to his social inferiors in spite of his claim to democracy; but, generally speaking, quite a nice, wholesome young man.

"Why he came is pretty obvious. He

had killed Amersham in the night, and he wanted to make an early appearance before the police began their inquiries, and shoot the suspicion in any direction but himself. You and I have seen that happen scores of times in normal criminals, but it is extraordinary that this boy, with very little knowledge of the world, should have had the enterprise to do what he did.

"As soon as he was missed Lady Lebanon sent one of the keepers in search of him. Gilder had heard him talk about going to Scotland Yard, and followed him, and did not leave him till he was safe at Mark's Priory. They returned in the same car—I didn't know this till Gilder told me.

"His appetite for destruction grew. He had had only one bad outbreak before the murder of Studd, and that was when he smashed up the common room at Mark's Priory. The killing of Amersham was planned with remarkable ingenuity. It is probable that Lebanon had shown himself to the man he murdered a few minutes before he took his life. He waited outside, passing down through the passage, and when Amersham was halfway down the drive, at a point where he had to go slow because of a sharp bend, he leaped on the back of the car and killed him.

"On this occasion he didn't go straight back to the house. Either he lost his way—at any rate, he found himself in a belt of trees that runs parallel with the road, and continued up there till he was suddenly halted by Tilling, the gamekeeper. In a frenzy of fear Lebanon sprang at him. There is no doubt whatever that the gamekeeper must have recognized who his opponent was, for he put up a pretty poor show. He was strong enough to deal with Lebanon and one supposes—that is his story—that he only exercised enough force to restrain his master from doing him any harm. Tilling was shocked—probably more shocked than he was by the flirtations of his wife. It was he who took Lebanon back to the house.

LADY LEBANON was in a dilemma. For the first time her secret had gone outside a select circle that could be depended upon to keep it. She was already distracted by the knowledge that something had happened to Amersham. In fact, they were searching for his body—she and Gilder and Brooks—when Tilling came on the scene with this rather subdued youth.

"For some reason they were not able to find the spot to which Amersham had been dragged, and their first care was to have Gilder take the car and leave it on the roadside a few miles from the village.

"There remained Tilling to be dealt with, and Lady Lebanon, knowing that the police would be on the spot in the morning, and that possibly this gamekeeper might be a source of danger, decided to send him to her lodge near Aberdeen. She provided him with money and gave him his route, and Tilling went off, I should imagine, with his brain in a whirl.

"I think she could have taken the risk of his remaining on the estate, and she would have done so but for the fact that she knew this man was under suspicion, and that probably he would be subjected to a stiff cross-examination at my hands, and that to save himself he would blurt out the truth. Tilling went off on his bicycle to Horsham, and boarded a train for Aberdeen.

"That was the last of Lebanon's definite crimes. All that followed was ac-

cidental and arose out of circumstances which he regarded as desperate.

"Towards Miss Isla Crane—I discovered this afterwards—he had the bitterest animosity, and, although she isn't aware of the fact, and so far as I am concerned will never know, he had made three attempts on her life, and had planned to kill her the night he shot himself.

"With the cunning of a madman he did not tell Gilder his plan, knowing that Gilder, who had constituted himself a sort of guardian angel to the girl, would have done everything in his power to save her. But Gilder did know. You can't look after a madman for very long before you develop another sense, and he removed the girl from her room to his own—just in time. It was his companion, Brooks, who was almost strangled.

"The old lord's room, by the way, has three entrances—one by the bed, which was the way the murderer came in, and two others that had been screwed up, probably by Lady Lebanon's orders.

"That is all there is to tell you, sir. The only thing I want to add is a recommendation that Sergeant Totty shall be promoted acting inspector."

THE chief constable opened his eyes wide.

"Good Lord! Why?" he asked, shocked.

"I'm blessed if I know, but he'd better have it," Bill said.

"I see you have made a strong recommendation about Ferraby."

Bill smiled.

"I don't think we need worry about Ferraby. We shan't have him with us long."

The problem of Ferraby's association with the Metropolitan Police was at that very moment being discussed. Sergeant Ferraby was sitting cross-legged on a large settee in a certain house in Stevenage.

"I'll tell you my guilty secret," he said. "All the time I've been in the force I've been reading law. Even Tanner doesn't know that."

Isla was delighted.

"I think I'll pass the bar examinations, but it will be two or three years before I can dream of earning money, and I couldn't live on you."

She laughed.

"Spoken like a perfect gentleman," she mocked.

It was a new Isla Crane he was learning, someone very buoyant and vitally gay. He could hardly remember what she had been in those nightmare days at Mark's Priory.

"I was hoping that what that poor boy said at Scotland Yard was true—that the heir was a waiter or something in America, but apparently that was part of his invention. You're a rich woman."

She shook her head.

"Not yet. I may never be. Poor Willie left me an annuity, and some day I suppose I shall inherit the rest of his fortune. But that doesn't matter, does it—not really?"

He shook his head.

"Not really. If you could live in a small flat—I mean, if you could live on a few hundred a year—"

"It's not necessary," she said, "and anyway, I'm not afraid of living in a small flat on six hundred a year. I'm not afraid of anything except your being terribly heroic and putting off our marriage until you've made a fortune. If you did that I should be the frightened lady all over again."

THE END

But Not for Love

Continued from page 15

Since had not Pettina said to me in that unforgettable and only moment when her husband left us alone together, "Carlo—Carlo mio—am I so fat that you no longer recognize me?" and I, to her, with that well-known tact which has latterly earned me so many encomiums, "Madam, even though a head one, I am still a waiter. So why torture me, why tantalize me with the past?"

To which, however, nothing rebuffed, she had retorted, "Can the past ever die, Carlo?"—leaving me prey to such a storm of emotion that even now—and five more years have gone by since the day her feet first crossed The Fantastic's threshold—I shudder when I think of it. For though the girl I had so adored as Pettina Papricotti was now Her Serenely Transparent Countess von - am - zu - und - bei Veikesberg, and though I also had contracted holy matrimony, it was nevertheless becoming rapidly transparent to me that the soft fire of love was not yet extinguished between us.

AND on the day that her distinguished husband left hurriedly, without even pressing a *douceur* into my hand, for Manchester (where, also, it seemed to him that the sales of Schloss Veikesberg needed personal stimulation) I knew that I stood on the brink of a matrimonial catastrophe.

That very afternoon Pettina summoned me to her apartment. That very afternoon—though only after the expression of the profoundest scruples did I accept even a cigarette from her bediamonded fingers—she told me how money and a great name had tempted her to give up her career as a waitress at the Italienischer Café in Berlin—after the lamented decease, also attributed to stomachic disorders, of that other chef whom she had accompanied thither from Salsomaggiore; and how soon even the money, even the great name she bore, had turned to dust and ashes "because I married without love, Carlo. And when a woman such as I am marries without love, all life is dust and ashes."

After which—and with no warning except the faintest hiccough—she burst into floods of tears.

I did my best—what man, in my position, would not have done his best?—to stanch those tears. But for a long while my efforts proved unavailing; neither would she let me leave her until I had promised further meetings: so that when, late that night, I returned to Camberwell I could hardly face my dear one's trustful "And has my big Charles been faithful to his big Annie?"

Though heaven knows I had been faithful to her, except for the stanching of Pettina's tears.

Next day my own heart felt heavy. For among the further meetings I had promised Pettina was one for that very afternoon, during my scant hour of leisure; and all through luncheon—of which she partook, at my special request, in my restaurant—I pondered on the advisability of again visiting her apartment.

Then a few words in our own tongue, whispered while I was hovering, as in duty bound, at her elbow, informed me that our rendezvous was to be at the Memoriale Alberto, which splendid monument, visited among other sights of our great metropolis in company with her blue-blooded husband, had not failed to fire her with that artistic fervor which is in every Italian's blood.

At the Albert Memorial, accordingly,

some three hours later we met; and never shall I forget how well her nobly proportioned figure blended with the various groups of statuary which decorate the plinth of that splendid monument; nor the words she said to me as we wandered—arm in arm, her almost royal rank for the nonce forgotten—over the Hyde Park grass and under the Hyde Park trees.

"Carlo," she said. "Carlo adores me. He is faithful. But he is so old. He is so ugly. Uglier even than those two chefs—"

And I, "Do not let us speak of them, Pettina. This one, at least, is rich."

And she, "Not so rich as all that—though, God be praised, he carries a heavy life insurance."

And I, "Then, since he is old, there is always the future."

And she, stamping one of her feet, which had not suffered the same expansion as the rest of her body, "Pah, the future, Carlo. What matters the future to any woman? For us there is only the present; and," very softly, "the past."

"But my own marriage?" I went on—for I, too, on the previous afternoon had confided a little of my private circumstances. And at that her face went very pale under the big hat she was wearing—since with us Neapolitans marriage is very sacred, the slightest breach of its obligations being vindicable with death.

"But we are in England," she said at last, "and your wife is from Milan, where the blood does not run so hotly. And besides, she would never know—any more than *he* would ever know."

"There are our consciences, too," said I.

And she, "Shall love, then, bow down to conscience?"

And I, "Sometimes it must, Pettina."

But even as I spoke her arm pressed mine so convulsively that, just for a moment, I forgot my dear one. Yet when I next spoke it was very resolutely, saying, "It cannot be, Pettina. Alas, but it can never be."

Whereupon, I would have parted from her. But with her eyes flashing she restrained me; and for yet another half-hour we walked arm in arm, her transparency and my head-waiterhood alike forgotten, under the Hyde Park trees.

IT WAS nearly six before we separated—she to a humble taxi, I to an even humbler omnibus. But all the way back to the hotel, and all that night, I thought of her.

Sometimes I felt that I was going mad, as only we of the South can go mad, with sheer longing for those dear plump arms, for the dear vermilion lips of my Pettina. And when, on the following day, her husband returned from Manchester I had all I could do to restrain myself from scowling at him as he went heavily past me to the elevator.

For by then he had been with us the full week, and as yet he had not given a single *douceur*—not even to the luggage porter who had met him at the station. While as for his Schloss Veikesberg, of which we had at last procured a genuine supply, the stuff was almost undrinkable.

Yet that he himself drank of it—unless, of course, death by self-poisoning were excluded under the conditions of his insurance policy—gave me hope.

For while he lived, it seemed to me, Pettina could never be truly happy; and, Italian though I am by birth, I have yet been domiciled long enough in

(Continued on page 38)

SIMONIZ

Your Car!



It needs SIMONIZ to keep the finish beautiful

Millions of cars after years of service still look new because their beauty is protected with Simoniz. Weather and dirt have no chance to dull and ruin the finish. The mighty, weatherproof protection of Simoniz saves it from this wear and tear.

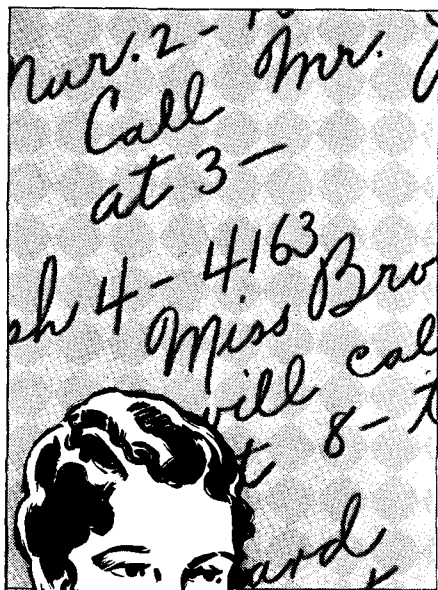
Simoniz your car. Then you can be sure that it will stay beautiful. And nothing takes the place of Simoniz. It guards the finish in all weather, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simonizing a car is easier, safer and more dependable. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener restores the lustre to the finish in a jiffy and without hard rubbing. Then apply Simoniz. It provides lasting protection that the finish must have to keep it beautiful.

But be sure to insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Your neighborhood hardware and auto accessory stores have them



MOTORISTS WISE—SIMONIZ

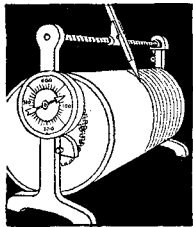


I'm a telephone operator

"... besides taking care of my board I have to jot down all sorts of messages ... numbers ... telegrams ... my pencil is kept as busy as my ears. I simply must have a pencil whose point won't snap in the middle of things. That would certainly ball me up!"

To this girl, as to all who work under pressure, an Eagle MIKADO pencil is a friend indeed! Its point stands up when hurry drives ... it's swift, smooth lead puts hand and nerves at ease ... it is incredibly lasting. You get matchless quality—constantly checked by scientific tests—when you say, "Give me a MIKADO."

On this revolving cylinder every MIKADO lead must make a smooth, black line at least 35 miles long.



5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

EAGLE MIKADO
THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY
LONDON—NEW YORK—TORONTO

(Continued from page 37)

England to learn that true spirit of English chivalry which alone can set the loved one's happiness above its own passion.

My passion, nevertheless, continued hot in me; and hardly anything but the thought of my own connubial dear one, and of our rapidly expanding business—for only the man's own wine of which, needless to say, I forbade the serving to other clients, could have counteracted the advertisement of his stay with us—prevented me from answering those many letters in which my Pettina begged, and begged again, that I should make another rendezvous with her.

THE fact that I did not reply to any of those letters, however, proves that, even at his most passionate, the great Charles was still master of himself. Nor did my self-mastery fail me till that day, when, answering the mere call of duty, I found that the message, "Count Veikesberg would be glad if the chef-de-restaurant could visit him in his apartment," had been a bogus one; found, to my horror, that it was Pettina and not her husband who had summoned me, and that Pettina was alone. "He has gone," she exclaimed the moment I had closed the door behind me.

"Gone?" I ejaculated.

"Yes. Suddenly. To Birmingham this time. After a big order. A thousand cases."

"A thousand cases," I repeated. "Impossible. Who would buy a thousand cases of that ... that rat poison, Pettina?"

At which she paled again; but controlling herself, said very simply, "In the English provinces I am told that they will drink almost anything. But what do we care, Carlo mio? What do we care—since now, we can be alone again?"

And on that, though I did my best to elude her onrush, she flung herself into my arms, crying, "Carlo. Carlo mio! Why have you been so cruel to me? Why have you not answered a single one of my letters? Carlo. Carlo mio! I adore you so. If you will not be mine here, if you are so afraid of your wife, let us fly together—let us fly away from this cold England back to our own warm South. Have you forgotten those potatoes I used to peel, Carlo? Have you forgotten the old osteria, and the guitars playing Funiculi-Funicula?"

"Could I ever forget?" I stammered.

"Then fly with me," she stammered back. "Fly with me. Listen. There are my jewels. I could sell them. And with the money we could buy our own osteria. Think of it, Carlo. Our own, our very own osteria!"

But at that, though Heaven knows she had tempted me sorely, I remembered not only the past, but Mussolini, and the bitter cup I had quaffed at the hands of his black-shirted myrmidons on the night I fled from Italy, vowing I would never return while such a tyrant ruled there; and sadly, holding her still in my arms, I repeated, "It cannot be, Pettina. Alas, but it can never be."

"Yet you love me still," she protested.

"Yes," I admitted. "I love you still."

And after that, I remember, we stood for a long while speechless, with her heart throbbing against my heart—till at last I put her away.

"What you ask," I said then, "is impossible. Never, never again till the glorious flag of a truer liberty once more unfurls its red oriflamme over our beloved country, can I, once Carlo but now Charles Cigarini, set foot on its sacred soil. And even if I could, even if I could fly thither with you, Pettina, we are responsible for the happiness of

others—of your Wilhelm, of my Annie. Their very lives are in our hands. Shall we break those lives, Pettina mia?"

"But our own," she sobbed. "Our own lives. What of them, Carlo? What of our happiness?"

And thinking of my Annie, who, as I have previously had occasion to suggest, is not so beautiful—and of her Wilhelm, who could not even reward extraordinary service with an ordinary *douceur*—I knew not how to answer her. Till the telephone on the ormolu table, ringing sharply, recalled me to my senses; and, motioning to her that she should answer it in person, I made to withdraw from a situation with which even my tact, it seemed to me, could no longer cope.

Yet hardly were my fingers on the door handle, and hers on the telephone receiver, than I turned again, hearing her stammer, "Ma no. Ma no! Morto? Impossibile!" and, running to her, caught her in my arms once more as she fell back swooning from the instrument which had just transmitted its fatal news.

That news—having laid her on the sofa—I confirmed with my own ears; and having done so, stood for a full moment very pensive; alternately thanking my stars that His Transparency, who had expired very suddenly after consuming his midday bottle, had done so in the train rather than on our own premises (for that kind of thing is always damaging in the hotel business); and wondering whether the little rise in our fortunes we had experienced during his stay with us would continue now that he was gone.

For if it did not continue, and provided His Transparency's life-insurance policy had not contained that clause which my own prudence would have inserted in it, I might yet be forced to fly, however dangerous the flight, with Pettina. Whereas if it did continue, it would ill become me to desert the post of duty—to say nothing of my dear one at home.

Meanwhile Pettina had stirred, and her eyes were opening, and she had begun to moan.

"Dead," she moaned. "My Wilhelm dead. But his Annie—Carlo's Annie—still lives. And he does not love me. My Carlo does not love me."

On which, realizing she was so distraught, I ran to where she lay and, flinging myself on my knees beside her, begged of her to control herself—for her own sake, no less than for my own.

"Silence!" I begged of her. "Silence, Pettina mia. Remember who you are. Remember the reporters. They must be sent for, and at once."

"But why?" she moaned.

"Because," I told her—and my voice trembled, "because this hotel is almost in the hands of the debenture holders and if we cannot get more publicity they will foreclose on us."

WHEREUPON—having begged her, if she still loved me, not to refuse a single interview—I stepped to the telephone again. And within less than twenty minutes the first of the reporters was knocking at her door.

Needless to say, I was not present at that interview nor at any of those which followed it. But when, on the following day, I read the result of them—and saw, on every picture page, the same photograph of our Royal Apartment in which the weeping widow was still hiding herself from a too sympathetic public—I knew that, well as Count Veikesberg had served us by his living presence, his untimely demise had served us even better.

And that very day, for the first time, we served more than a hundred luncheons; while on the day of the inquest, which happily passed off without mis-

chance—though by then Pettina's photographs were also in circulation—we actually suspended our free list of actors and actresses, though it was barely six months since the opening of our hotel.

Our hotel, at long last, was on its feet; but Pettina was still prostrate. Only for the funeral—and that only at my urgent request—did she emerge from the apartment which had given her sanctuary. And when—though only at her urgent request—I next visited her there it seemed to me that grief had almost shrunk those noble proportions back to the slimmer ones I remembered.

Yet, when with my well-known tact I told her as much, and congratulated her on her freedom, and on her inheritance into the bargain, all she could say was, "Of what use is money when it cannot buy happiness, Carlo? Of what use is my freedom to me when you are still tied?"

After which she again pressed me, with true Neapolitan vehemence, to fly with her; and when I again refused burst into such a paroxysm of sobbing that I was terrified lest her maid, who was washing her hosiery in the adjoining bathroom, should overhear.

"You do not love me," she sobbed. "You never have loved me. You are faithless. Faithless. And if I did not kill you for it—"

"It was only because," I reminded her, "you, too, were faithless. Because you left me—and for a common chef."

"If I did," she retorted, "it was your own fault. And if I leave you now, if I wipe the dust of this hotel from my feet and return to Veikesberg, there to live out my remaining years in solitude and seclusion, that will be your fault, too, Carlo. Because I love you; may Heaven and those reporters, whom I only let interview me for your sake, be witness that I love you—and should you but say the word, I will sell Schloss Veikesberg tomorrow and stay on here, here by your dear side, Carlo mio, waiting, waiting only for that day when some happy accident shall set you, too, free."

YET, although, as in duty bound, I spoke that word; and although, from that day to this, my dear countess has never deserted The Fantastic except for her annual vacation (being, indeed, on permanently reduced terms in view of her permanent advertising value), I wish to make it very clear that my relations with her are still, to quote another and even nobler motto, which I would gladly see painted all over the handy little motor car on whose gears my dear one still makes such delicious music, "Without fear—and without reproach."

I am devoted to her still; but only with the most discreet, the most distant of devotions. And if sometimes, more especially toward supertime, her dear eyes seek mine regretfully across the glowing lights of this restaurant over which I have the honor of presiding, there is no answering regret in my eyes.

For whenever that happens—and this spring it seems to be happening fairly frequently—I remember not only that my dear one may be waiting up to ask me whether her big Charles has been faithful to his big Annie, but also the fact, confided to me by Gelido Chianti on the day of His Transparency's funeral, that the bottle of Schloss Veikesberg His Transparency took with him on the train to Birmingham (which chanced to be one of those I had taken so much trouble to procure for him on the night of his arrival) had been uncorked by my Pettina (whom Gelido had also observed extracting a little phial from her dressing-case prior to recorking it) with her own fair hands.