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Depend on a doctor's judgment in choosing your laxative. Here's one made from the prescription of a specialist in bowel and stomach disorders. Its originator tried it in thousands of cases; found it safe for women, children and old folks; thoroughly effective for the most robust man. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It is composed of fresh herbs and other pure ingredients. You can get it, in generous bottles and ready for use, at any drugstore.

For Barbed Wire Cuts
Try HANFORD'S
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Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

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The Mutiny of the Albatross

By WYNDHAM MARTYN
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WNU Service

THE STORY

Floyd Urwin and Howard Bettington take dinner with an old college chum, Alfred Gibbons, financial ragsman. Urwin produces a written pledge taken by the three at college to help each other in adversity, explaining that he needs financial assistance to educate his son Bob and daughter Mary. Gibbons scoffs at the "legality" of the pledge, but agrees to make a place for the daughter in his organization. Mary Urwin is stenographer to a wealthy debauchee, Elgar Radway. Calling at Gibbons' office, as arranged, Mary is asked to betray her employer's secrets and refuses. Radway plans an ocean voyage to recover from his losses. He asks Mary to accompany him. She declines. He kidnaps her and taken aboard a vessel. His clothes are found by Gibbons, a fugitive from justice, who dons them and goes to Bettington's studio, and there falls to his death. Bettington finds he is aboard Radway's yacht. Bettington is questioned by a man known as the "Boss." He follows the stranger and was howling at the door. The body being identified as Bettington. The "Boss" intends to hold Radway for \$1,000,000 ransom.

CHAPTER V—Continued

When the Boss bent his eyes on Metzger, the engineer leaned back in his chair and sunk his yellow teeth in the cigar. Metzger had sworn to unmask the riddle he was compelled to call the Boss, the man who had tapped him on the shoulder, disclosed his power and commanded him to become the engineer of the Albatross. Metzger was sitting in the corner of a West street saloon not far from Fulton street. He had more money in his pocket than his appearance indicated and was afraid to spend it. He was wondering to what town he should go and disperse it. It must be some town where he would be sure of not meeting certain detectives who had their suspicions concerning him.

The entrance of a stranger, a small, smiling, well-dressed man, put an end to speculation. The stranger had whispered in his ear certain charges against a man whose name was certainly not Metzger. Yet the man, who had engineer's papers calling him Metzger, dared not deny. He rose, followed the stranger and was howling at the door. Metzger followed him. He killed a man, took his woman and became a chief engineer in the same evening. This fondness for women may yet be his undoing.

"Next, Mr. Leary commands your attention, Doctor. When I suggested that he should accompany us as first officer he refused. Then I spoke of the sad wreck of the Pendennis on the Manacles, when so many were lost. Without a word, Leary reconsidered the situation. As a murderer we must reckon Mr. Leary in the wholesale way of business."

Leary's confusion was not due to any heart pangs over the ship he had cast away for a share of the insurance money. It was inarticulate rage that he dared not beat into pulp the smiling face and still that sneering voice for ever.

Leary pointed to Bettington. At any rate, he was not afraid of Bettington. "What's the idea of letting him in on all this?"

Metzger nodded vehement approval. "It's putting a weapon in his hand," said Metzger.

"He, too, has his history," said the Boss. "Gentlemen, this is the celebrated Andrew Orme, once of Yale and later of San Quentin. You have done murder; so has he. His use here on board is a double one. First, as ship's surgeon and, second, as a forger of first rank."

Metzger looked at him with respect. He remembered the trial years back. No wonder he looked coldly on commonplace crooks like Sam. In all things Metzger liked class.

Bettington was vastly relieved that the mistake in his identity remained undiscovered. This interview had banished for ever the hope that the Boss was insane and had begun an adventure which would end in failure. Assuredly these three men were not to fail because of lack of brute courage. There were others whom he had not yet met, subordinates of these three who would stand or fall with them. He was wondering if the tasks demanded of him might not yet betray him as an impostor, when the Boss rapped on the table.

"The main reason why we are here tonight," he said, "is to correct certain impressions which are held by some of my men. You, Leary, were gratified that I allowed you to take one of the guest rooms from Bar Harbor to New York. Mr. Hallett was scandalized, but knows better than to try conclusions with me. The same thing applies to you, Metzger. You used the room the doctor has now."

Metzger looked at Leary. What did the Boss mean? They were already in their usual quarters.

"You probably were not aware that those rooms were planned by a for-

mer owner who placed dictagraphs in so that he might overhear what was said about him by two guests whom he suspected." The Boss took from his pocket a pad of paper. "Metzger said on many occasions that there was no reason, because I commenced a voyage, I should ever finish it. Leary said that it would not take him ten seconds to pick me up, break my neck and dump me into the ocean."

He turned to look at the two men. Their confusion was intense. They knew denial was useless.

"Don't give yourself such concern," the Boss admonished; "it was a perfectly natural thing to say. Self-preservation is the first law, one is told. I could put you each one in danger of your life and you know it. I am not in the least offended. I have no doubt the doctor here has his own plans for my sudden death, and that Sam, although he has resisted temptation, will eventually fall into it."

Bettington looked at the man with amazement. He was calm and cool. His smile was unabated. He looked at four men, whom he believed to be murderers, and unrepentant, and defied them. With what weapon, Bettington wondered, was this to be accomplished.

"What a fool I should have been to come into a ship like this without safeguarding myself first! In my home city there is a lawyer who attends to my business. Recently he made my will. When this voyage is over I shall go back and destroy a letter on which it says, 'Not to be opened until one year from date.' In that letter is an account of the life and works of each of you gentlemen. I have also given myself the trouble to pen memoranda concerning our cook, Kenzie, the second engineer, Graumann and Hamner. I shall talk to them tomorrow, but I think you will find it advisable to watch over my health very carefully. If I am killed you go back to prison, all of you."

"What do you want us to do?" Leary asked anxiously.

"Do your duty without giving Hallett cause for offense. I don't want his suspicions to take such shape as will make Radway distrustful."

"That d—n boy, Bob, is in the way," Sam grumbled. "We're all like one happy family down there in the fore-castle and we have to keep mum because of him. I believe he's been planted there for a purpose."

The Boss shook his head. "Mr. Radway told me all about it. He is the girl's brother, sent on board as a sort of chaperon."

"She may need one," Sam sniggered. "She's sure a little beauty!"

"None of that," said the Boss sharply. "We are here to make money and not to fool with women. Don't stare at her, Sam; I can see you give her a frighten her. I'll break any man here who disobeys my instructions."

"A man has his rights on sea as well as land," Metzger observed impartially. "If I see a pretty woman on shore I stare at her, and if I see a pretty woman aboard I do the same thing. Sam likes chickens, I don't. I'm all for class. Radway's wife—she's class."

The Boss was impatient for them to be gone. He waved them to the door. "I only insist you disarm suspicion, and God knows, with faces like you three carry, that's hard work. I don't want you and Sam fighting over a girl."

"Me and Sam?" said Metzger. "We're not rivals." Metzger had decided by this time he did not like the doctor. He remembered what innumerable occasions there would be for him and Mrs. Radway to meet and it made him exasperated that his duties were not of a different sort. "The Doc here and I are the ones that would get scrapping, ain't we?"

Bettington turned his back on him. When they had gone, he looked at the Boss.

"If those two brutes got loose, there'll be h—l to pay."

"I keep them chained," said the other. "I'm glad you seem to be getting on with those women. I'm keeping Radway quiet. Find out what those women friends Mrs. Radway has. You may have to write to them later and the use of any pet names is always advisable. It should not be difficult for you to find out what I want."

"Why not?" Bettington asked coldly.

"Because Mrs. Radway is a woman and women always trust the wrong man, as their history proves. She thinks you are the soul of probity because your face masks your soul so well. Those men who have just gone advertise the seven deadly sins whenever they look at one, and are less dangerous."

"I like Mrs. Radway," said Bettington. "And no matter what I have done, according to your ideas, no woman need be afraid of me. You were right to warn Metzger. You may as well tell him that if he tries to force himself on Mrs. Radway, I shall give him a beating."

The Boss leaned over the table and looked the other man full in the face. The hands were clenched and the voice that spoke was sharp and metallic.

"You heard what I said about quarreling over women? You risk a great deal by taking that tone to me."

"Less than you think," Bettington answered. "I know his remark would puzzle the other, and he was right.

"Do not let us misunderstand one another," said the Boss with a more cordial manner. "You and I stand to secure enough money out of this to make ourselves independent for life. . . . The others here are pawns on the board and can be sacrificed when the time comes. We must not imperil our success by misunderstanding. I do not want Mrs. Radway insulted and I don't want Metzger in one of his jealous rages to go to Hallett or Radway and talk. . . . There is always such a possibility in the air."

"And if it happened?"

"I—let loose, as you observed. In real peril, your Mrs. Radway is in real peril. Now she may possibly have to endure Metzger's staring at her. Make up your mind which is the more real danger!"

Unquestionably the Boss gave good advice. Bettington felt that a man had never been in a more difficult position than that in which he found himself. To tell Radway what he knew was only to precipitate mutiny. And to wait until the plot matured, seemed almost criminal. Unfortunately

"That d—n Urwin boy," the other said impatiently. "He's a nuisance to the men. I don't think it's anything bad."

Bob, looking very pale, had a scap wound. Examination proved it to be less serious than the forecastle had assumed. The dressing of it was well within Bettington's range of skill. He had tied miles of bandages in his day.

"Now, my lad," he said kindly, "how did this happen?"



"I Have Just Had a Delicious Swim."

Hal Hallett was one of those honest and obstinate men who imperil undertakings very often by their suspicions of what they do not fully understand. It would be very difficult to explain the situation to him and prevent him from disclosing his knowledge by an accusing face and a greater severity of demeanor.

The Boss broke in on his reflections. There was a fire in his voice no longer the sharp assurance of the commander. Almost, Bettington thought, he detected an air of diffidence.

"You had the reputation of being one of the greatest surgeons of our day," he began. "Supreme skill always commands my respect. I had no idea of your ability until I read, almost a year back, an article in the *Lancet* on the operation they call by your name."

"One can't give up work of that sort for ten years and get it back. Blackport, Maine, killed all that."

Bettington could see that the Boss's eyes were fastened on the painter's hands.

"Those long sensitive hands of yours don't show me that you have lost your skill. Some time when we are not so tired, I want to have a long talk to you about certain surgical matters. I may need your help."

Bettington was startled.

"You'll need a higher aid than mine, if it's anything serious."

"It is not a major operation, but it needs a man with the skill you used to demonstrate. I shan't need you yet. This business must be accomplished first. If you do what I want I will give my word that I shall forget all your past life. You will be free."

"You forget that you told everything to those three men?"

"They may not be in a position to bear witness against you. They are outlaws, remember."

Bettington went to his room in no calm frame of mind. The Boss had evidently decreed wholesale death. But for the moment the time was not come for action. Not until a month had gone by would Clements attempt to extort his ransom.

CHAPTER VI

The Surgical Smile

Bettington was awakened next morning by the consciousness that the Albatross had stopped and was rolling gently. He rose and dressed quickly, and ere he had finished the yacht was under way once more.

On deck he was surprised to see Elgar Radway striding up and down briskly. There was an amazing look of vigor and health about him. He came cheerily to the other's side.

"I have just had a delicious swim. It invigorates one. I dived down an enormous distance and left all my aches behind me."

So that was why the Albatross was stopped. Bettington followed the owner to the saloon. It was his habit to eat sparingly at breakfast. Plainly it was Radway's habit to eat a huge meal. He was concerned at the other's small appetite.

"Take a dip with me tomorrow morning and you'll eat better. I eat a great deal because I work a great

deal and need the fuel. The worker, if he works hard and at high speed, must eat and drink all he can."

"There's a limit somewhere," Bettington warned.

"That's the difficulty," the capitalist admitted. There was already that burning sensation at the pit of his stomach.

"Clements!" he called. "A little of that old cognac; not a pony—bring it in a cocktail glass."

"Clements seems a remarkable man," Bettington hazarded. He was anxious to know more of him.

"A disbarred lawyer," Radway answered. "Had a gambling place of the highest class at Saratoga, once. He must have lost it all or he wouldn't need to attend to the catering and so on, and wear a livery. Odd smile of his, isn't it? I believe it's a kind of phrase we used to hear of the smite that wouldn't cause off."

Under the influence of the old French brandy, Radway's discomfort was dulled. He was beginning to find Bettington was an entertaining talker when he chose, and frowned when Clements said that a trifling accident to a member of the crew demanded the doctor's attendance.

Bettington followed Clements with justifiable misgivings. Suppose he should find that some had accidented the crew, and that his command. Would his crude first-aid methods betray him to the alert eye of the Boss?

"What is it?" he demanded, as he followed Clements through the saloon door.

"That d—n Urwin boy," the other said impatiently. "He's a nuisance to the men. I don't think it's anything bad."

Bob, looking very pale, had a scap wound. Examination proved it to be less serious than the forecastle had assumed. The dressing of it was well within Bettington's range of skill. He had tied miles of bandages in his day.

"Now, my lad," he said kindly, "how did this happen?"

Bob explained that Sam wanted a photograph of his sister, and when he would not give it, had taken it by force and in the struggle knocked him down. Bob was very miserable.

"Wait here," Bettington commanded. "I'll see what can be done."

Captain Hallett received him, as usual, with a great deal of suspicion. Bettington explained the nature of the accident and its cause.

"If you would allow this lad, Bob Urwin, to take advantage of your nephew's kindness and berth with him in the wireless room, where there is plenty of space, I should be greatly obliged."

"That's a clever way of planting a spy amongst us," sneered Hallett. "How am I to know what you are saying is true?"

Bettington set a guard on his temper. He tried to realize how Hallett must be chagrined continually by the authority which Clements was allowed.

"But the boy is the brother of your owners' secretary."

"He stays where he is," said Hallett.

"One minute," Bettington cried. "Ever since I've been aboard you've shown hostility to me. There has been absolutely no reason for it. Why have you done so?"

"Because you're a friend of Clements, and he has undermined me with Mr. Radway, as I've no doubt you are trying to."

"I've not given you enough thought for that," Bettington answered. "But I may as well warn you. I shall ask Mr. Radway to let that boy come out of the forecastle."

He sought out Radway and put the thing before him.

"Do as you please," Radway said idly.

Bettington went back to his first patient.

"I've got leave for you to shift your quarters. The wireless operator told your sister he'd take you in hand. Take my advice, and keep out of people's way. I refer particularly to the

Bilingualism in Africa Amusing to Americans

One of the first features to strike an American visitor to South Africa is the country's bilingualism. As he steps off the boat at Cape Town he is confronted by the double admonition, "No Smoking—Nie Rook Nie." Walking up Adderley street, principal thoroughfare of the city, he is told to "Keep to the left—Links houden." If he wants to mail a letter back home he must by a "stamp—poseel," and if he buys more than one stamp he will find that while one is inscribed "South Africa," the next is marked "Suid-Afrika." At the railroad station he will find that the name of the city is given as Cape Town and Kaapstad, and the dining cars are labeled "Dining car—Eetsaloon" on a railroad known both

as South African railways and Suid Afrigannse Spoorweg. And so on. Every official or semi-official notice in the union is printed in two languages—English and Afrikaans. Meanwhile the Englishman grumbles about having to pay extra taxes to meet the cost of reprinting notices in Afrikaans, and the Dutchman wonders why the expense of using English as well as his own language should be tolerated.

Sophisticated Boyhood

It may be the age in which we are living that is responsible. You can't tell. But in the light of observation the sophistication of the nine-year-old becomes an actuality.

Witness the following:

A window display of a tire house. Toy automobiles scooting around at an amazing speed. Crowd composed almost entirely of adults peering with obvious amusement.

Two urchins approach from the background. One of them elbows his way to the front. The other is not so successful.

"What is it?" yells the one from the back.

"Aw, just a tire advertisement," says the other with disgust.

Guard the Tongue

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thin; if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If then desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

skipper, who resents my interference, and the owner, whose temper varies according to the time of day."

The boy forgot his pains in the prospect of being able to leave the society of the crew and see his sister.

Presently Radway went below. When Bettington came on deck it was deserted. He took the opportunity to make an investigation of the Albatross.

Metzger was not in the engine room. Bettington looked anxiously at Kenzie. He was planning ahead and needed allies. He wondered what hold the Boss had upon this engineer who seldom, or ever, left his engines, except to sleep.

The cook welcomed the chance to talk. "What's good for a sick stomach, Doc?" he inquired.

"Fasting," he was told. This time Bettington had a good look at the chief. He was a very fat man and his eyes were too close together. The first glance showed him a gross, jovial man; a closer inspection showed him to be scheming, sensual and vain.

Bettington went from the galley depressed. In order to feel assured of success in case he had to declare open war against Sam, Metzger and their commander, he had at least to remove the disparity in numbers by recruiting some of the men to his cause. So far he could only think of Silvers, minute representative of the insubstantial Cherry Hill district which lies along the river east side of New York's waterfront. Bettington knew the gamins of that district. Silvers had probably started life, feeling the hand of the law was against him. He would readily fall in line with those who arrayed themselves against established order.

On his way to his own quarters Bettington saw Clements.

"By the way," he began, "I wanted to ask you about meals. Am I supposed to dine with the Radways?"

"No," said Clements. "You mess with the officers. That is Hallett, Leary, Metzger and Hallett's nephew. I usually mess in my room. I'd like you to share lunch with me today. There are certain business matters I want to discuss."

"Very well," Bettington answered.

It was eight bells when Silvers brought luncheon into the room. At half-past twelve the lad had removed the dishes.

"I have half-an-hour before I need put on that damnable jacket and ask Hallett if he wants a second helping. I beg you to believe, Doctor Orme, that I am not a servant by accident but by design."

"I know all that is interesting of your career," Clement went on. "Do you know anything of mine?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never. I'm sure of that. My memory for faces is unfailingly good."

"And yet," Clement went on, "my face has been in almost every big newspaper in the world. There have been rewards for my apprehension which in the aggregate exceed those ever offered for another man."

Bettington smiled politely. It was as though he did not want to awaken the other from a pleasing delusion.

"I see you do not believe me. That is part of my triumph. Did you ever hear of Reuben Beardsley?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"And yet you had no more sincere admirer. He was in one of your classes in surgery. To him there was no such operator in the world as Andrew Orme."

Bettington said nothing. This resurrection of another man's past was apt to prove embarrassing.

"That's all left behind long ago," he observed at length. "How could I ever hope to get famous as a surgeon with San Quentin hanging over me?"

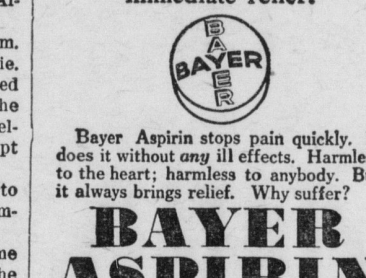
"You will have no need to make money when this trip is done," the Boss reminded him. "Your pupil, Beardsley, is dead."

"Too bad," Bettington murmured. "He was young to die." It seemed a safe comment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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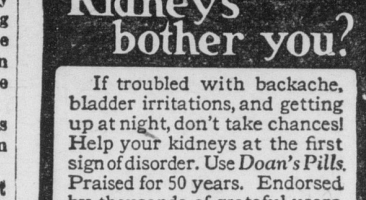
K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connell process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist on K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All Druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you, K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

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A Rare Case Blinks—Bill's wife has the utmost confidence in him, hasn't she? Jinks—Say, she even lets him buy his hats and suits without going along to do the choosing for him.

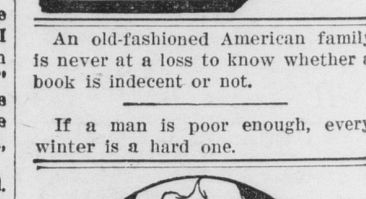
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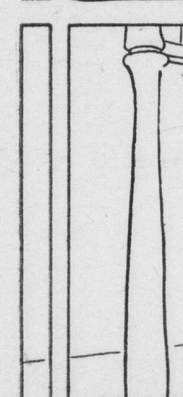
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FINNEY



THE FEAR

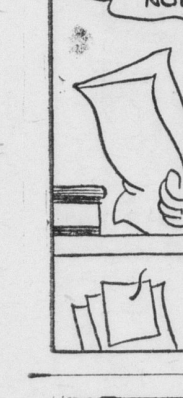
THEY PARTY AFRICA EVENING



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