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By Percival Christopher Wren Author of BEAU GESTE BEAU IDEAL

Chapter I STRANGE ILLNESS



ELLOW after noon sunlight flooded the beautiful yet austere consultation room. As the clock struck two, Dr. Charters followed by his secretary, a young woman, entered. Seating himself in his own corner, the Doctor swiftly signed the letters placed before him, and then, with the words:

"Miss Lauderdale in five minutes," dismissed the secretary.

Dr. Charters, drawing from his pocket a bunch of keys attached to a gold chain, unlocked a drawer, produced a book, unlocked the book and, leaning back in his chair, studied the last entry that he had made in it.

Dr. Charters, proprietor and chief physician of his famous Nursing-Home, was quite unlike the popular conception of an eminent physician.

getting better, and I hate that man at the door."

Dr. Charters inhaled a short, sharp breath, the sound of which was as that of a contemptuous snuff.

"Your going or remaining is for your uncle to decide. Your changing from Dr. MacAdoo to Dr. Studley is for me to decide. And you'll certainly not do it. What you have got to do is to get well. And you'll best do that by helping instead of hindering us."

"However," continued the Doctor, "I'll tell you uncle what you say. He's probably here now. That was why I sent for you."

"I should like to see him."

"I'll bring them to your room at 2:30."

"Is my aunt coming?"

"Do you want to see her if she's here?"

"No."

"Very well. I'll see you again on Thursday at three o'clock."

Dr. Charters touched a bell-bud and a tall, powerful woman, dressed as a nurse, entered the room.

The girl glanced at the nurse, with her too rose-pink complexion, and too coral lips, and quickly

diver, pretty and well dressed gentlewoman.

For an appreciable number of seconds, the gaze of Dr. Charters met that of Mrs. Lauderdale, as the blade of one fencer holds that of another, in silence and stillness, as each watches and waits.

The silence was broken by the woman.

"Is she getting better, Doctor?"

"I wouldn't say that."

"But she's going to, Doctor?"

There was a clear note of anxiety in Mrs. Lauderdale's voice.

"A difficult question. It depends on so much."

"On very much, Doctor?"

Dr. Charters slowly nodded his head.

Without speaking, she opened her hand-bag, and from it took a memorandum-case. She scribbled on one of its little leaves, and handed it to the Doctor.

Dr. Charters glanced at the paper, smiled and dropped it, a crumpled pellet, into the waste-paper basket.

"A thousand thanks," he said.

"Ten thousand," smiled Mrs. Lauderdale. "She's a dear girl."

"Yes, she's a dear girl," agreed Dr. Charters, rising. "When is her

Churches Protest Blossom Day On Easter Sunday

SALEM, Mar. 16 (AP)—Protests from the Portland council of churches and from individual ministers in the Willamette valley against the announced decision of the Salem cherries to hold their annual blossom day tour of the valley orchard districts on Easter Sunday, Saturday brought from Carl D. Gabrielson, King King of the Cherrians, the reply that blossom day had been but tentatively set for April 5 on the strength of reports from farmers that that particular Sunday would probably find the blossoms at their best.

Replying to a letter of protest from Rev. P. R. Sibley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Independence, Gabrielson wrote:

"I wish to assure you that April 5 has not been set definitely as blossom day for the reason that we cannot tell at this time whether the blossoms will be at their best on that day. We were aware that this date was Easter, but our report from the farmers stated that the blossoms would be at their peak on April 5. You will readily understand that it is necessary to hold the day when conditions are the best. It would be unfortunate, of course, if this happened to fall on Easter, but if it did we would either have to hold it on that day or call the entire program off. We hope that it will not be necessary to interfere with church services."

The protests from the Portland council of churches and the Portland Ministerial association were received by the Salem chamber of commerce Saturday morning and were immediately remailed to Mr. Gabrielson.

All of the complaints protest against the blossom day event on Easter on the ground that it would seriously interfere with church attendance on that day and some assert that the event would be an "inappropriate observance" of the day.

Military airports and seaplane bases in Italy have been opened to civilian planes.

WORLD FARM CREDIT URGED

GENEVA (AP)—Creation of an international bank for agricultural credits has been proposed to the League of Nations. The international institute

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SUPREME NUMBER 600
A New Spring
CHIFFON HOSE

Of sheerest chiffon—silk to the top—lisle back—graceful slende heel—new spring shades of Tan Clair, Cherokee Tan, La Fonda, Purple Sage; a pair

1.25

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Rev. 5:12.

GOOD NEWS

Good news is a word fitly spoken. It has value beyond that of gold and precious stones. The power of good news is as evident as the air we breathe, as necessary as meat and potatoes, and is as nourishing.

A word of approval, a smile of appreciation, and simple praise releases within us something briskly regenerative which kindles to flame the smouldering fires of ambition and aspiration. It is as though a weight has been taken from one's back.

Reality springs from the hard core of the impossible. Real accomplishments in this world have been inspired by the voice of a silver trumpet sounding good news.

Have you such a word for us? You, our friends and neighbors; have you a good word for us who are struggling to do a day's work well before the sun goes down? Say something to hearten us. Give us the word that will set us afire with resolution to do better and to go farther than ever before.

Be generous, spread your good news far and wide so that none within the sound of your voice will go untouched, uncomfited. Sing us a song of the first robin of spring delayed. Speak to us of the good we have done aforesaid, and prophesy of the great things we are to do by and by. Feed us with faith and arm us with courage, and we will go out and accomplish the impossible, and return singing songs of praise for the sustaining strength of your good news.

Be a harbinger of good news. Forget the bad news. Many of us are too conscious of our earthbound condition. It is ever present, weighing us down. Doubt and fear have tied clogs to our feet. Ignorance and misunderstanding have laid heavy burdens upon our backs.

We look to you who know us, who work beside us sharing the fortune of the day, to speak good news while our ears may still hear. Speak and set wings to our heels. Our great need is for the words that tear away the leaden sky and let the stars shine through.

Could you perform a greater service than this? Is there a higher calling than that of trumpeter of good news? Great is he who hews out the way, but greater still to the hearts of men, is he who whispers the right word of hope, inspiration and courage. Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world, has been born of the good news that some shining soul passed along the line.

When you start out tomorrow morning, try to see how much good news you can pass along, and the help you give your fellow men, will help you.—Senator J. V. Weber, Herald, Slayton, Minnesota.

THE NEW COOKING

The magnitude and number of canned-food concerns in the United States serve to measure the revolution that has taken place in the nation's food habits, which is often described as a social revolution.

On the merits of the change opinions continue to differ. It is still maintained that the exodus of the American woman from the kitchen has not only been for her own good but for the good of the nation and its institutions. It is still charged that the home and the nation, which rests on the home, are being sapped by housewives who feed their families with food from cans and containers.

Those taking the latter view are, however, seemingly having the worst of the argument. They cannot deny the visible mitigation of drudgery in the kitchen which has resulted from using prepared food. Nor can they deny that the modern housewife lives longer, retains her youth and beauty longer, and gets more pleasure out of life than the kitchen workers of grandmother's day.

But where the argument of the back-to-the-kitchen advocates falls down completely is where they are called to answer the proposition that old-fashioned housewives always did depend largely upon food from cans, or at least out of glass preserving jars. The only difference between the old and the new methods is that grandmother and the hired help spent the summer filling jars for the following winter and summer, while the modern housewife merely has to empty them. It is only fair, however, to qualify this comparison with the footnote that there is more home cooking and home canning being done today by housewives, young and old, than their critics know or are willing to admit.



"Uncle," said Marjorie, "I want to come away from here."

A tall, well-built and well-dressed man, he wore mustache, whiskers and beard, in addition to luxuriant locks.

Nor were the Doctor's hands of the type usually associated with physicians, for they were hairy and heavy, the fingers short and blunt.

The Doctor touched a button beside his desk; the door, or to be exact, two doors opened, and a beautiful girl, accompanied by the secretary, entered the room.

"Miss Lauderdale," said the secretary, and departed, closing the heavy doors silently behind her. As she did so it could be seen that a quietly dressed man sat on a heavy oak stool, once a monkish stall, beside the outer door which opened into a stone-flagged hall.

"Good afternoon Dr. Charters," said the girl, seating herself.

The Doctor studied the young face framed in curling hair, noting the healthy pallor of its complexion and the look of grave intelligence and sweetness.

"How are you feeling today?"

"A little better, I think."

"Evidently the medicine is agreeing with you."

"Yes, and the other was not. I felt worse every time I took it."

"How are you sleeping?"

"Much better again, since we changed the medicine and since—" he hesitated—"since I refused to have anything more to do with Dr. MacAdoo and his treatment. He wasn't doing me any good, doctor."

"Well, you're in my hands now; and we're going to be all right now, eh? And you'll do whatever I tell you, and take whatever I give you with implicit obedience and faith, eh?"

"Yes, Doctor," replied the girl after an almost unperceptible pause. "I can't understand it. I was never ill in my life. Until I had to go and live with my uncle and aunt. It began then suddenly."

"Do you suggest that your uncle's house is unhealthy situated? Anybody else ever ill there?"

"No, Doctor. Only I."

"It couldn't have been the house or the place, then. And of course you're no better here—yet."

"No. A great deal worse, if anything. I want either to go away, or to have Dr. Studley. I'm not

looked away again, as her mouth set mutiniously.

"Miss Lauderdale will go to her room now, Nurse Jones. Her guardian will see her in a few minutes, and then I think perhaps she'd better go to bed."

"Yes, Doctor. Come along, dear, and, smiling effusively, the nurse waited the girl away.

The Doctor touched another bell push and the secretary appeared.

"When does Sister Weidner return? Tomorrow, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. In the morning."

"Mr and Mrs Lauderdale here?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'll see them in three minutes."

Summoned by Charters Mr. James entered, leaving his seat in the hall. This was not of whom Marjorie Lauderdale had bluntly expressed her hatred. As he carefully closed both doors, it was evident that he was something more than *persona grata* to Dr. Charters, whose face beamed in a genuine smile. Not so that of Mr. James.

"Stand by for noozy old Lauderdale, Jimmy," said the Doctor. "Take him for a walk in the grounds ten minutes from the time he comes out from here."

With an imperceptible nod, Mr. James retired, reappearing a minute later to announce Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale.

Mr. Lauderdale, a weak, feeble minded country gentleman, stupid and devoid with the state department, greeted Dr. Charters.

"Well, Doctor, and how's my little Marjorie going on?"

"None wasn't built in a day—and Marjorie won't be rebuilt in a day—or a week. Or a month, I'm afraid."

"What the devil is the matter with her?" Lauderdale asked suddenly.

"There may be deep-seated and obscure nervous lesion, difficult to explain. I'll have a quiet talk with your wife in a minute," bedged the Doctor, and incontinently Mr. Lauderdale sprang to his feet.

At the door Mr. Lauderdale was received by Mr. James, and shepherded to the beautiful grounds which surrounded The Monastery on all sides.

At first sight, Mrs. Lauderdale appeared an ordinary, rather attrac-

birthday, by-the-way? We must have a little celebration."

"Oh, how nice of you! The first of September. An easy date to remember. Twenty-one, on the first of September."

"September the first, added the Doctor, and added, "Marjorie shooting begins."

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Lauderdale as her husband, accompanied by Mr. James, approached.

Up a flight of stairs the Doctor led his visitors, while Mr. James again seated himself in the chair by the consulting-room door.

Marjorie admitted them to her room.

"Hello, Uncle," she said, going to Mr. Lauderdale and returning kisses. "I'm so glad you've come."

"Good afternoon, Aunt Maud," she added, without offering her hand.

"How are you, darling child?" replied Mrs. Lauderdale kissing her.

"Uncle," she replied, "I want to come away from here."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Mr. Lauderdale with obvious relief. "Then you must be better, Marjorie. But we aren't to be hasty."

"No, no, Marjorie," agreed Mr. Lauderdale, pinching her cheek.

But Marjorie remained rebellious, and the slightest cloud cooled their usual friendly regard as, almost tearfully, she kissed her uncle good-bye and less affectionately bade his wife farewell.

Entering his consulting room and closing both doors, Dr. Charters proceeded to make upon the case-card of Miss Marjorie Lauderdale entries showing a swift downhill progress accompanied by marked mental deterioration. Suddenly raising his eyes, he realized that a tall, broad-shouldered, gray-haired man stood between himself and the open window. On his face was a look of menace and hatred.

In utter amazement the Doctor stared at the intruder exclaimed: "Half-hung Simon!"

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Threatening death, averted by a brain hunt. This memory—and more—surges against Dr. Charters tomorrow as his visitor continues.

wherever the vessel stops.

These couriers, especially those in Europe, live exciting lives. They travel on the fastest expresses and carry diplomatic passports. They must be ever alert. Their business is to get the pouches to their destination at all costs.

Each pouch means the same to them, for they never know its contents. The same care is given the pouch containing expert figures on automobiles as to the one containing diplomatic correspondence that might upset the whole world.

HOMES PRODUCE \$4,000,000. COLLEGE STATION, Texas (AP)—Farm wives and girls on more than 30,000 Texas farms in 119 counties produced \$3,876,535 worth of food, clothing and home furnishings in 1930.

Then there's the facetious dry cleaner who advertised: "We're Johnny on the spots."

In Washington

By Herbert Plummer
WASHINGTON—Uncle Sam exercises extreme caution when he corresponds with his ambassadors, ministers and consuls in foreign countries, and insists that they do the same thing when they write to him.

The state department has a postal system of its own, and highly efficient at that. It relies on its own system of communication in affairs diplomatic.

Suppose, for example, Secretary

Stimson desired to forward to Ambassador Dawes in London important state documents. These would be placed in what is called a diplomatic pouch (a miniature mail bag), locked and sealed with the state department seal, and rushed to New York.

The pouch would be turned over to the ship's captain and placed in his safe. When the vessel docked at Southampton, it would be met by an official of the American embassy who would get the pouch and carry it personally to London.

CAUTION

There are two keys to that pouch. One is at the state department in Washington, the other at the American embassy in London. Before the pouch is opened, the seal is examined. This provides a double check to make sure that the pouch has not been tampered with.

A different procedure is followed on the continent. There Paris is the distributing point for Europe. Diplo-

matic mail consigned to the various capitals of Europe is cleared through Paris by couriers.

There are two such couriers operating out of the French capital, and there are three routes they follow. These routes are the northern, which covers the northern part of Europe; the middle, which stretches over the central part of Europe; and the southern, which covers the southern part of Europe. One courier takes care of the northern and middle routes. The other has the southern.

ROMANCE

Diplomatic pouches for the Far East are consigned to the various capitals and redistributed from there. Pouches for South and Central America are distributed by air-mail and steamer. Here attaches at each capital meet the plane or boat to receive the pouches.

There is one diplomatic pouch that goes all around the world. At each point mail is picked up and delivered

wherever the vessel stops.

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HEAD COLDS
Melt in boiling water and inhale vapors; also snuff up nose.

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OVER 12 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Acidity
Upsets Your Stomach

If excess acidity sours your food and causes suffering from gas, heartburn, indigestion, coated tongue, an bitter lining, you are bound to feel grouchy, run-down, nervous, and can't sleep well. I want you to quit suffering right now, so come in and get what I consider the greatest medicine I have ever found. It's only six and 16. It doesn't stop gas, pain, etc., in a few minutes and soon make your stomach feel like new, you get your money back. Just ask me for Diotex. It's guaranteed.

Red Cross Drug Store—Adv.

would borrow on its own credit and lend on mortgage security through national agencies.

Last year Elmin again grew potatoes, and with the proceeds bought two heifer calves and a bull. One of the cows this year produced 306 pounds of butterfat.

Elmin will be graduated from high school next June. He intends to remain on the farm.

Watch Your Kidneys!
Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills.

Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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JOHN G. SMITH, 615 S. BELMONT AVE., BALTIMORE, MD., says: "I am glad to recommend Doan's Pills because they did fine for me. My kidneys didn't act properly and I was worried. The secretions scalded and contained sediment. I had sharp pains in my back and attacks of dizziness bothered me. Doan's Pills soon had me feeling like myself again."

Doan's Pills A Diuretic for the Kidneys

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