



"A fly in the milk may mean a baby in the grave"

In these grim words, the South Carolina Board of Health cries a warning to mothers.

Flies bear germs, and a single germ in a milk bottle breeds a deadly million in a few hours.

In the long trip, the many handlings from the cow to your door, there are so many chances for that first germ to get into your baby's milk.

It is only by boiling milk that you can kill these germs but your baby can't digest boiled milk.

If your baby cannot have its mother's milk, don't give him cows' milk, indigestible or impure. Give him the only safe substitute—

Nestlé's Food

Nestlé's is pure, rich milk right from healthy cows, milked in sunny stables, purified and changed so that the tiniest, frailest baby can digest it.

It only requires the addition of cold water and two minutes' boiling to prepare it.

Do what thousands of other mothers have done! Feed your baby on Nestlé's 12 times at our expense.

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which she would have considered an evidence of weakness.

"Where's he at now?" asked Benny interestedly. He really desired to help her.

"Well, Lizzie Bannock of The Bannocks, society iron jaw act, saw him eatin' a swell dinner in Chicago with this party, and you know Liz and I were in livin' pictures in bronze at the old Bella Union in San Francisco; and she ain't the one to deceive a pal. When she walked over and said was n't he ashamed, Walter told her to chase herself, and Liz leadin' her little Gus, who's been brought up extremely refined, and he knows it! They were laughin' and carryin' on, and shakin' hands. But Lizzie ignored his fresh manner, and said she was goin' to wire me, and for him to look out for divorce papers; and then he said he was makin' his fortune as much for me as him, and did n't want no more argument—so Liz called him a scandalous dawg and left."

"It sounds as if he does n't amount to much, Sandy," said Benny thoughtfully. "I can't see how a man who knew where his wife was could stand it to be away. I looked the whole West over for Dollie, and I'd look some more, only it seems useless."

"The Sisters Flitter wrote me that they saw him holdin' two zebras outside the station at Akron, Ohio—"

"Zebras? Are you sure of that, Sandy?"

"Flora Flitter's knowed him since they went to school down in the Hook together. Catch her bein' mistook—the dark woman was standin' on the platform with him, too, all veiled so thick Flora could n't get any notion of who she was. Would you s'pose he can be goin' into the circus business?"

"No, it's not circus," said Benny. "I'm getting a hunch, but I may be wrong. Been reading the papers lately?"

SANDOWLINA said she had no heart for reading. With a melancholy air she felt her muscles, observing that the spring was quite out of them. Benny strummed the piano. Sandowlina restlessly moved to the window, looked down into Twenty-eighth street, and with a cry fell against a convenient chair.

"It's him an' her, an' they've went into Howe an' Hamlin's!" she screamed, and Benny leaped to the window. In the center of an engrossed crowd stood a light open carriage drawn by two zebras. Benny and Sandowlina saw the Howe and Hamlin piano-rooms suddenly emptied of rehearsing artists, and attendant pluggers and pianists. A reception was evidently in progress in the hall.

"She's got a mask and a long black wrap on, an' she's stole my Walter!" wailed Sandowlina.

A movement of those watching the zebras revealed to Benny a sign that hung from the back of the vehicle: "Get that big ballad hit, *I Was Not Meant For You*, by the masked empress of lady songwriters, who drove these wild zebras, the gift of a king, from Chicago to New York. Published by Howe and Hamlin, the live wire boys."

"I want my Wally," bleated Sandowlina; but Benny remained oblivious to the suffering of his stricken friend. He stared at the zebras with bitter envy. Ned Howe, once his own office boy, astonishing the world with a scheme like that, and at the season when publicity was most necessary!

"I thought when I heard that song the other night it was like Walter's *I Want a Little Cottage, Dear, an' You*—he only got twenty bucks for it 'cause it was all rags that year—so it's plain he's wrote the music an' her the words," gulped Sandowlina.

Benny had decided that he would immediately lay siege to the gifted genius behind the mask. She must

be lured from the other firm, and the time to start was now!

"Sandy," he said earnestly, "get yourself controlled. This is a case for diplomacy, and if you go after him and bawl him out, it'll only make him ugly. I'll call on Howe in a fraternal way and congratulate him on the swell manner in which he's handled his ballad, and ask to be introduced to his new writers. You come with me, and when you get a look at your husband, in a quiet tone say, 'Walter! You here, and with this lady, and you a married man?' It'll just about settle him with her. Meanwhile, as I won't be supposed to know your private affairs, I'll talk to the lady and get the right dope on that matter, and some other little things—and you must promise not to lay a hand on her, too."

SANDOWLINA indicated the return of her self-control by clenching her teeth and hands, and nodding violently. Benny then escorted her down four flights of stairs to the street, and across it to Howe and Hamlin's. As they reached the entrance, the wide doors were slammed and locked, while a voice yelled from inside. "Mr. Howe can't see nobody, and Mr. Hamlin's out of town!"

"You open that door!" said Benny angrily. "What's the matter with you? Tell Mr. Howe Mr. Von Linden wants him."

"An' I want my husband, an' if he ain't gave to me we'll get the police!" shouted Sandowlina, kicking lustily at the doors. The spectators still grouped by the zebras laughed and cheered. The voice answered: "We ain't got your husband! Leave that door alone or I'll have you pinched for creatin' a disturbance!"

"Come away, Sandy, you're only making it worse," said Benny with a glitter in his eyes. "I'll look into this later."

They retired to the Von Linden and Nolan sheet music department, which was on the ground floor, whence they gloomily regarded the opposite building. Benny was summoned to the telephone, and while conversing he heard Sandowlina say, "Ben, quick—they're gettin' in the carriage. Walter, Walter, stop! Walter!"

He got to the street as the zebras were swiftly trotting into Broadway. Sandowlina, heading a straggling band of newsboys and corner loafers, was in desperate pursuit. As Benny regretfully contemplated the chase, an automobile rolled by, and in it sat the four members of That Harmonious Four, who sang Benny's songs and receipted each week for a goodly check. He yelled, they stopped, and he tumbled in.

"Catch those zebras, Herman," he requested, and Herman, the second tenor, nosily ordered the chauffeur to slow down only when he saw a policeman. At the corner Sandowlina, panting, was taken aboard, and she was so winded that her incoherent exclamations greatly excited That Harmonious Four.

"I seen him hand her in like she was a queen on a throne an' him her slave—my own Walter!" sobbed Sandowlina. "If he wants notoriety ain't his own wife got a signed statement from Martin Beck as to her drawin' capacity, an' a stand of pictures in the lobby of Porter's Union Square, an' I never saw a bill I was n't a hit on—I defy him to say different!"

"But who is she?" asked her hearers eagerly, to which she answered sadly, who, indeed?

At Thirty-fourth street the auto was caught in traffic jam, the zebras far ahead, when Benny ordered the driver to turn back, adding abruptly: "It's no use wasting more time—what, Sandy? Well, if we can't catch him, we—great guns, look at that, will you?"

A 24-sheet in garish red and yellow glared from a blank wall behind

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