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THE POISONED GIRL

BEGIN HERE TODAY
A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventure, finds a girl in evening dress in Grosvenor Square, London. The girl informs him that she has taken poison and asks him to help her. He asks her to answer "Go away." He asks a strange man to hail a taxi to take the girl to the hospital.

On the way to the hospital the girl fights to jump from the cab. Calling at the hotel, the novelist next finds he finds the girl conscious and is assured of her recovery by the nurse in charge.

The girl says she is Lady Grace Tasset of 216 Grosvenor Square and that her father is Sir Marcus of Goswyn. She says she has come to England with her lover, Carlo Scarlatti, pianist.

The novelist follows Carlo to Hotel Supreme, Brussels, where he returns to his sweetheart. Scarlatti says he has been married for several years to a woman named Mary. Scarlatti appears so Mr. George goes to the district of Chartres, France, the land of her birth, to hunt for her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHARTRES seems to be full of music mistresses, and not one of these is called Darbot. Inquiries at hotels, postoffice and police station, revealed no Darbots of any kind, musical or otherwise. Then I decided to advertise, and enlivened the happy periods of waiting by regular visits to the cathedral; this was the only possible amusement, together with sweet sirups in cafes. If I had not received a grateful letter from Lady Grace, I should have taken to liquor stronger than sweet sirups.

My advertisements for music lessons yielded a number of replies, not one signed Darbot. I realized that Madame Scarlatti, presumably reverting to the name of Darbot, might have chosen another city, that Chartres was perhaps not her home town. Thus you will picture me at Chateaudun, at Chateauneuf, at Chateau—I don't know what, raising amazement everywhere by my passionate interest in music mistresses. I found some, more and more of them. Completely demoralized, I began to call on them; some were red-haired, and some were fine. But no Darbot!

At last, having spent a month on this melancholy quest, writing daily to Lady Grace to keep up my courage, I arrived at Droux, a small town, where the hotel informed me, to my great relief, that there was only one music mistress in the town. Carried away by habit, I went to see her. She was fine, as Scarlatti had said, too fine. But her hair was black, and her name, alas, was Madame Bordat. I was in such a state that I took an elementary lesson in harmony and left the town.

SCARLATTI REELED AGAINST THE COPING.

It was in the train that my amanuency began to play with this visit, and that suddenly I saw the implication of the word Bordat. B-o-r-d-a-t, otherwise D-a-r-b-o-t, Mdaemoiselle

MOTHER!

"California Fig Syrup"

Dependable Laxative for Sick Baby or Child



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

FOR BURNING ECZEMA

Apply Zemo, the Antiseptic Liquid—Easy to Use

From any druggist for 25c. or \$1.00 for large size, get a bottle of "Zemo." When applied as directed it effectively removes Eczema, quickly stops Itching, and heals skin troubles, also Sores, Burns, Wounds and Chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying. Zemo Soap, 25c—Zemo Ointment, 50c—Advertisement.

Zemari turned to me.

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