

GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful

Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seven years old I had to stay at home from school, I finally had to quit school, my legs were so weak. I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I can not tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know that the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Mrs. FRANK SELLERS, 510 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters. For over half a century, women have praised this reliable medicine. Soil in a forested area absorbs more water and holds it longer than soil in an open area unprotected by vegetation.

COLDS Grippe and Flu

Any cold may end in grippe or flu. Take prompt action. Take HILL'S at once. HILL'S breaks a cold in 24 hours. Because it does the four necessary things at once: Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones up the system. Colds rarely develop if HILL'S is on hand to check them at the start. Try HILL'S in the red box. 30 cents. Be sure! Get HILL'S in the red box. 30 cents.

HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Sure Relief

What You Know about BELL-ANS for Indigestion

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

For Piles, Corns Bunions, Chilblains, etc. Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

If the statistics favor your side you believe them; if not, you quote what Mark Twain said.

A set of resolutions adopted at a mass meeting are not so greatly alarming except to a politician.

Mothers, Keep Your Health Up to Par

San Bernardino, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is such a help in motherhood. I am amazed that every woman does not take it during expectancy. Before my first child came I suffered with a continuous pain in my left side. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthened me and I had a fine healthy child, without the pains that most women suffer. Also my strength returned rapidly afterwards. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic and nerve worthy of the highest praise."—Mrs. Mary J. Queen, 252 E. 4th St. All dealers. Large bottles, liquid \$1.25; Tablets \$1.25 and 65¢.

LEONARD EAR OIL

FOR DEAFNESS and NOISES Price \$1.25 At All Druggists Do this: FRANK ABOUT "DEAFNESS" ON REQUEST. DR. LEONARD, INC. 405 N. 10TH ST., NEW YORK

DR. STAFFORD'S LIVE TAR FOR BRONCHITIS

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 2-1928

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good. Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that, and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for



Stop Coughing The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat becomes. Give them a chance to heal.

Boschee's Syrup has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it. 30c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. Y.

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purify Vegetable Laxative move the bowels free from bile and soothe the stomach after effects. They relieve the system of constipation which causes that dull andaching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists Use and Sell Best Packages.

CORNERS



Ends pain at once! In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The way to wickedness is always through wickedness.—Seneca.

Headaches from Slight Colds Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 35c.—Adv.

No oculist can remedy the short sightedness of a selfish person



Tired and Achy Mornings?

Too Often This Warns of Sluggish Kidneys. DOES morning find you stiff, achy—all worn out? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? Too often this indicates sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Users everywhere endorse Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

FOR BRONCHITIS

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective cough-syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Idle Island

By ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awakening from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. On an exploration of the island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of a drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attacked "nerves." Gay, unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. He asks her to let him take it, but Gay refuses. Next day, after a night spent with "Auntalmiry," Gay finds the picture has been taken from the cottage.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"There you have me in a nutshell. The island dynamite, burner and bomber. Got anybody you want blown up? Rand's home."

"Rand who?" she asked. Gay was amazed, that having heard the words a hundred times "When Rand comes home," she had never felt sufficient interest to inquire. "And who is Rand?" Many times again would Gay Delane hear those words, but never again without a thrill of personal interest, hope and joy.

"Oh, you're another Wallace." "I am not only another Wallace, I am a whole section of them. The Wallaces run in branches. I'm the third branch. All the other branches twinkle off into uncles and aunts, and nephews, sons and cousins. But I'm a whole series all by myself. It's quite a distinction."

Gay laughed as she pressed the electric button that turned the heat into her tea kettle. "We'll have a party," she said. "We're so glad Rand's home. And while we are waiting for the water to boil—tell me, where does your series fit into the total ensemble of House Wallace?"

Randolph Wallace's version of the family history, a very facetious, flip-sart and slangy version, began with the first Captain Wallace who was his great-grandfather. The present Captain, he explained carefully, was really his great-uncle, although he called him Grand, because, as he explained, "all the other Wallaces call him Grand, and it avoids confusion." The administrator, Mrs. Alice Andover, was his great-aunt.

"Your voice, except that it has some expressiveness, is rather staccato of Maine," Gay said thoughtfully. "But you do not seem like the others. You are different."

"My father committed a faux pas," he confessed. "He married an actress from New York who was up here with the actors' summer colony one year. I," he said slowly, "I am the combustion that results from the union of Manhattan and the state of Maine.—It has been a warning to the whole state," he added modestly.

"Your parents—" Gay prompted, satirized with his flippancy tale. "We were all out in a boat together. I can sort of remember it, though I was a baby. Sudden squall—boat went over—Strange, isn't it? They were both strong, able-bodied, good swimmers, used to the sea. I was a baby. But I floated ashore in my mother's arms. She was dead, my father was dead. But I had come home."

"Oh, that is very sad," Gay's eyes had darkened with her ready sympathy, her slim hands twisted together. He smiled at her. To hide her sudden emotion, Gay turned quickly to the serving of tea. But her desire for information about this surprising person was limitless. She wanted to know about his education, where he had gone to school. The grammar grades in the island schoolhouse, it seemed, he had persisted doggedly through, and took a great deal of quiet satisfaction in explaining that the three missing bricks beneath the window on the southeast corner had been removed by his own hands at the age of nine years, to facilitate his departure from the seat of learning when the teacher reached for the well-known educational birch branch. He entire high school course he had encompassed, if not with honor, at least without serious mishap, in the city of Portland. "And then, darned if I didn't go to college," he told her. "But don't blame me. I had to go. My late lamented Grandfather Wallace put it into his will that I couldn't inherit until I went to college. Left me an infant in arms, as you might say, the arms of a guardian. Guess who? The administrator, darn her. That's what set her so stuck on administrating, she did such a good job with me."

"It wouldn't hurt you to go to college." "Going to college would be simple enough. I had to go through.—I did.—Bowdoin. I hated to go there, I thought it was required for graduation. But Grand was dead set on Bowdoin. Well, I went. It did me no harm. I've never even written vers libre. Though sometimes I feel it now when I look at you."

Gay frowned at him, but he smiled disarmingly. He was a pleasant smile. His lips were thin, their curve half-cynical, half-humorous, very sensitive. The vaulted mustache was but a shadowy outlining fringe. His skin had been fair no doubt, save for the rich coat of tan that covered him. His hands were hard and brown, small for their strength, smaller than her own. She noticed quickly.

When he said at last, reluctantly, that he must go and see Auntalmiry she went with him to the door. "Come again," she told him pleasantly; "come often."

"I feel myself slipping," he said sadly, "slipping. However, I am no coward. I'll come." Later in the evening, Gay went down to the Pier grocery store. On every lip was the laughing word, "Rand's home." But whereas before she had taken no notice, now she experienced acute interest, paused breathless at the name, and drank in every word that fell from native lips on the subject of Randolph Wallace. The combustion of the union between Manhattan and the state of Maine was not entirely approved on the island, she gathered, but altogether loved, although the island never openly acknowledges its loves.

As the dusk fell she went out, alone, unafraid into the little whispering forest, and walked up and down, slowly,



The Present Captain, He Explained Carefully, Was Really His Great Uncle.

deep in thought. The island seemed changed to her, warmer, softer. She felt vaguely troubled, vaguely pleased, strangely stirred. When her thoughts turned to the amazing young man and her surprising encounter with him her lips curved into tremulous smiles and her eyes brightened with pleased expectancy. She shook her head at herself warningly. She was not deceived. She knew these symptoms. She liked but feared them also.

For the first time, the practical boyishness of her costume was distasteful to her, and when she got up on the morning after Rand's return, she put on the first time since she came to the island she discarded her knickerbockers and slippers and slipped on slacks and a slinky shirt. Half ashamed of the instinct that prompted her, but none the less obedient to its guiding, she took from her trunk a costume that was one of her chief treasures, an improved Japanese style, all in black and navy blue, the trousers long and wide, the coat, which was really an over-blouse reaching to the knees, richly embroidered, all soft lines and delicate curves. With faintly blue and gold slippers and shoes, slinky hose. It was a delectable studio concoction, designed for theatrical effect, inspired for the enravishment of an audience.

Gay changed her easel, considering now not so much the allowance of good light for her work as unobstructed view for herself, and sat where by the slightest turn of her eyes she could command the entire slope to the orchard below, and the lane that led from the pier to the Captain's house. Whoever ventured forth, must pass that way.

At ten minutes to eleven he came down jauntily and crossed into the orchard. Gay leaned forward. Did he turn left to the Apple Tree? No, straight toward the Lone Pine he made his way. Once he stopped to pick and taste and toss away a little green apple. Again he paused, to answer the eager calls of the boys at the pier. But he came on.

He came to a sudden halt outside the window, and stood a moment, spellbound. She looked up, then, and smiled. "You are blotting out my sunshine," she said. "I fondly hoped that I was bringing it," he returned impudently. "Don't get up. I always come right in."

He suited action to his words, and came and sat in the window-seat close to her elbow. Gay turned about in her chair and regarded him pleasantly. "Is Auntalmiry here?" he asked apologetically. "No, she isn't. Isn't she at the Apple Tree?" "Well, I didn't really stop to see. I thought I'd better inquire here first. So she isn't here. Dear, dear, all that long walk for nothing."

"Not for nothing. I am just going to have my breakfast, and you shall have coffee with me." Without moving from her chair, Gay swung up a wide tray that hung to the wall, and connected the electric toaster. As she gave him a cup of coffee

their fingers touched, and their eyes met lingeringly. Rand's speculatively smiling, Gay's a little cloudy. As they drank their coffee slowly, she studied him furtively, noted his easy slouch in the comfortable window-seat, marked the brown arm on the window-seat. But she avoided meeting the merry gray eyes beneath the dark curling lashes. "Do you flirt, Mr. Wallace?" she asked suddenly. "Hope to tell you I do," he answered warmly.

"Oh! Then you need no warning. We have quite a wicked little flirt in the neighborhood, and I was going to warn you. But since you do, you can take care of yourself."

"Oh, I thought you meant yourself. I thought it was a sort of 'Help Wanted' like the newspaper ads. I was willing to apply."

Again the friendly, smiling silence. To one like Gay, whose religion was work, whose god accomplishment, it came as a distinct shock to know that this one, with the strong hands, the ready wit and the smiling eyes, was an idler, a dawdler on the face of the earth, that he had no profession and wanted none, no business and was glad of it, no ambition and delighted in its absence. He called himself a retired gentleman, and said it was a poor island that couldn't support at least one; in fact, he said, the entire state of Maine united to support him.

"But don't you do anything? You don't just loaf, do you?" "Loaf! Certainly not. Bums loaf. Landed gentlemen—retire."

Gay scrutinized him gravely, remarked the muscular arms, the straight shoulders, the vigorous tan, the deep and understanding eyes, and said he was an idler in the rugged land! She shook her head regretfully. "A world full of things to be done," she said slowly. "And you do nothing."

He explained that for ten weeks he had been doing the coast of Canada with a photographer in a fishing schooner, getting pictures. He had returned to the island to finish up a little work he was doing on a motor launch, for Bemis, a lumber man at Bangor. He was to get the boat ready, and with a couple of men as crew, take it to Miami in readiness for Bemis when he went down for the winter season later on. He had expected to finish the job on the island, he said, in three days, but now he was beginning to feel it would take him a week.

He said he had gone with MacMillan on one of his trips to the Arctic, had been to the Arctic circle twice, in fact, but he didn't like it. Said it was too cold. Wished somebody would plant the next pole in Florida or Mexico, nice warm place to look for things. He had served in the World War, and had served overseas seven months. He said he did not like that either.

"Why not?" Gay was a little bitter. "Were you afraid? Or are you a pacifist? Or perhaps you had to get up too early in the morning?" "No, I didn't mind those things. It was the uniform. I couldn't stand the uniform. The collar made my neck itch. My neck itched for fifteen months without stopping. One gets tired of it, that's all."

Gay's eyes were dark. She felt saddened. This aimless, planless, hopeless, dear young man, violated her highest ideals, outraged her finest feelings. He was utterly impossible, she told herself furiously. But when her eyes met his, involuntarily she smiled. Impossible, but how pleasant to have him there in the window-seat at her side, drinking her coffee, smiling at her with the dark gray eyes beneath those softly curling lashes.

"Ridiculous, she said to herself, that a man should have gray eyes and curly lashes. This aimless, planless, hopeless, dear young man, violated her highest ideals, outraged her finest feelings. He was utterly impossible, she told herself furiously. But when her eyes met his, involuntarily she smiled. Impossible, but how pleasant to have him there in the window-seat at her side, drinking her coffee, smiling at her with the dark gray eyes beneath those softly curling lashes.

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Big School of Whales Stranded in Scotland

The "false killer" whale, one of the most mysterious big boys of the deep, unseen in European waters for sixty-six years and believed by many scientists to be extinct, has come into sight. One hundred and twenty of these whales wandered up the Dornoch firth, Scotland, and then proceeded to forget that there are such things as tides. The tide ran out and the whales were found within a mile of the famous salmon leap on the River Shiu, and carcasses of others were scattered over a distance of thirty miles.

The last record of the false killer whale as a living animal in European waters was the shoal which entered Kiel harbor in 1801 and the several specimens which were found the next year on the coasts of Holland, Denmark and Sweden. Since then the species has been seen very infrequently in Tasmania, Travancore and in the southern hemisphere.

Italian Fascists Get Chance to See World

A young Italian who lately finished his university course and means to take up architecture as a profession has been one of the first to benefit by Mussolini's order that every Italian merchant ship should reserve two berths free on every voyage for young Italians desirous of seeing the world. They can choose their route and the extent of the journey, paying only about 18 or 20 lire a day. This brings "the grand tour" within the reach of the professional classes and will surely serve as a liberal education.

"Book and rifle make the perfect fascist." Mussolini often reminds his young followers, and now he adds the traveler's compass to the emblems of excellence.—Chicago Journal.

Australia's Cattle King

A man who owns so many horses that he recently destroyed 4,000 of them because he couldn't sell them and they cost too much to keep is, at seventy years of age, visiting London. He is Sir Sydney Kidman, the veteran cattle king of Australia. He began his career as a teamster at \$2 a week. Now he owns 30 ranches covering more than 50,000,000 acres of land; more than 100,000 cattle and 10,000 horses; 1,500 camels and thousands of donkeys and sheep.

New York for Bluebird

According to a report from Mrs. Charles Cyrus Marshall, of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, to Nature Magazine, votes taken under the auspices of the federation have given the bluebird first place in the race for state bird. Bob-white was second, and although the robin and oriole were both popular, they were left behind in deference to Virginia and Maryland respectively. Legislation establishing the bluebird as the official state bird is planned.

For Croup What Would You Do?

Here is a physician's prescription used in millions of homes for 35 years which relieves croup without vomiting in 15 minutes. Also the quickest relief known for Cough, Croup and Whooping Cough. If there are little ones in your home, you should never be without a bottle of this valuable time-tested remedy, prepared by the best children's specialists. Ask your druggist now for Dr. Drake's Glomox. See inside the bottle.

Needs No Winding

A clock is operated in the Polytechnic Institute of Zurich, Switzerland, which does not need to be wound. Its running power is provided by a mechanism set in motion each time there is a variation in temperature of two degrees.

A Criticism

A minister, in addressing his flock, began—"As I gaze about I see before me a great many bright and shining faces." Just then 87 powder puffs came out. Compliments are the red fires that light up life's dingy scenery.

Cuticura Heals Irritating Rashes

Don't suffer with rashes, eczemas or irritations when Cuticura Soap and Ointment will quickly relieve and heal. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Nothing quicker or safer than Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all skin troubles.

CARBUNCLES Cause DEATH

It is a dangerous disease, sometimes fatal. Take prompt action with home-made ointment or expensive operation. Use application CARBUNCLE. It is scientific and quickly stops pain and draws out core. Get a generous dose from your druggist today and keep it on hand. Money back if not satisfied. Don't accept substitutes—ask for CARBUNCLE by name. SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff, Itchiness, Falling Hair, restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. It is the best hair dressing in the world. Sold by all Druggists.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. In use by most of the great stars. Illinois Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

DON'T NEGLECT

Inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE. H. A. RUCKEL, at all New York City druggists.

Garfield Tea

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

How One "New Woman" Helped Out Dan Cupid

"I am learning to be a womanly woman," Patricia said, "because I like to be abreast of the fashion, and I am certain that 'a true, sweet woman' will soon be all the rage. Mind you, it is much easier to learn to do without stays (corsets) than to accustom yourself to wearing them, so I have bought a pair, and I wear them for half an hour every day. The first day I had them on, a man came to lunch, and I had no time to change, and in the middle of lunch I fainted dead off. "When I came to, he was holding me in his arms, and I murmured, 'Oh, please, silt my stays!' and the most wonderful look came into his face, and he told me later that I was the first woman to remind him of his dear, dead mother. He went all tender and foxy, and since then he has done nothing but beg me to marry him."—From "Gin and Ginger," by Lady Kitty Vincent.

The Shirker

Commander Fitzhugh Green, who has established in New York a kind of travel bureau for outfitting explorers, said at a recent wedding breakfast: "Explorers love exploring, but they hate the dull, hard work of getting their equipment together. They're like bachelors in a way. "The mother of eight grown-up daughters turned to a wealthy bachelor one evening and said in a menacing voice: "With your liking for the fair sex it's strange that you have never married."

Heredity Counts

Good marks in school "run in families," if the grades of a hundred brothers and sisters in the University of Oregon are any testimony. The record of related students selected from the period since 1919 were examined by Dr. R. R. Huestis, assistant professor of genetics, and T. P. Otto to test the principle that individuals of the same heredity brought up in the same environment react in the same way. Brothers showed greater divergence than sisters, while the girls had consistently higher grades than the boys. Doctor Huestis wrote in a report of the test to the Journal of Heredity.

Relationship

"They say that pity's akin to love." "A sob-sister, I suppose."

