WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablets.

Mrs. Helen Simpson, 571 E. 8th Ave., Eugene, Oreg., said: "When a girl growing I suffered from functional disturbances and was weak and nervous. I got so thin and pale that my people thought I was going into a decline. I was too miserable and weak for anything. My mother had taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when she was a girl and it benefited her so much that she gave it to me and after taking this medicine I grew well and strong and developed into womanhood without any more trouble."

Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Irish Genius Wins

An Irishman in the Argentine is making roads of calcined sand which may practically be described as glass.

He is R. H. King, a Dublin civil engineer, who, finding stone almost unobtainable, brought his bottle-making experience in Ireland to bear.

Huge traveling furnaces, blowing terrific heat into the sand, leave in their trail calcined strips that withstand the heaviest traffic.—Nation Magazine.

How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectually protect you against Colds, Influenza or Grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infections.

Get a 25c Box at Your Druggist's

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Eligibility

The wise professor was correcting examination papers. He came to one that had "William Jones, English 4" in the upper left-hand corner and just below, "I'm the captain of the football team." The rest of the paper was blank. The wise professor marked it A-plus and went on with his work.—Life.

His Forte

"There's a young man I know who makes little things count."

"How does he do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school!"

When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Banana and Wisdom

"Fruit of the wise" Linnaeus called the banana, says the Nature Magazine, because tradition has it that when Alexander the Great crossed into India he found the pundits discoursing under the shade of its giant foliage.

Covetousness is a sort of mental gluttony.—Chamfort.

SAFE! SURE!

From Baby Days to Manhood His Mother Guarded Him

"My son, now a grown man, still uses Glessco for coughs and colds. When a baby it overcame a cold for him which had hung on all winter," writes a grandmother from Maine. * * * * *

From baby days to old age coughs and colds can easily be broken up and stopped—*croup can be relieved without vomiting* and whooping cough eased and lightened—good health guarded by Glessco—a physician's prescription, time-tried and proven. Ask any doctor—any trained nurse—about its beneficial properties. Try it in your own home and know how quickly, safely and surely it acts. Then keep it always at hand for every member of the family. Contains no opiates. Your druggist or general store has Glessco.

DR. DRAKE'S **GLESSCO**

Cough and Croup Remedy

The Double Cross

By A. E. THOMAS

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THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk audiphone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rollo Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes tossing a coin to determine which shall first propose to Doris. Waterman wins. Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Waterman's plan to desert her. Waterman says he is penniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise that Doris will not tell the source of her information. Doris is convinced of Stanley's duplicity and is broken-hearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He is going to India. Wilson, aware of Waterman's crookedness, leaves his employ. The latter begins to importune Doris for money. Bromfield, the gambler, is pressing Waterman for payment of gambling debts. At Waterman's urging Doris wears her magnificent diamond necklace to the opera. That night it disappears. Doris' father enlists Bromfield's aid in tracing the stones. Stanley returns to New York with an East Indian friend, Swami Ramanara. Doris realizes now that she loves him, and always has. Made desperate by Waterman's conduct she suggests separation or divorce. Waterman refuses to consider either Stanley calling on Doris, feels all his old love for the girl awakened. He invites her and Waterman to his country home the following Saturday. Toying with the audiphone which had been in use in Stanley's old office, the machine reproduces the conversation Waterman had with Nina Morgan when the conspiracy was arranged, and Stanley's eyes are opened.

CHAPTER XI

—13—

Mr. Alexander Colby had the gift of patience. In the last few weeks, however, it had been severely tried in the matter of his daughter's marriage. For, though she had not opened her lips to him upon the subject, he knew perfectly well that the marriage was an irretrievable failure.

He knew where Waterman spent many of his evenings. He also knew quite well the business difficulties in which his son-in-law was involved. He had no doubt whatever that his daughter's husband was upon the brink of a business failure that would not bear too close examination. But Doris had not spoken. Some time, he thought, she must speak. The point was, when? And though Mr. Colby was a patient man, he found himself growing restive.

He had learned the day before from Doris that Stanley had come back and after some thought, at the luncheon hour that day, he had stepped into the vaults of his bank and extracted from his personal deposit box a certain package. This he had taken to his office, and locked up in the little safe that stood behind his desk. "Just as well to have it there," he reflected, "in case—"

On Monday Stanley had returned from India. On Tuesday he had visited his house in the country. On Wednesday morning he called at Mr. Colby's office. The lawyer was just finishing the last of the morning's post when Stanley was announced.

"Hm," he reflected. "Here comes my horse again. Left at the post on his first start—Well, maybe there'll be another race."

He supposed Stanley had come to consult him about some business affairs, as he had frequently acted for him in a legal matter. He welcomed him with a smile and an outstretched hand, rising as he did so.

"Well, my lad, here you are again, eh? Come over here—let me look at you."

He led Stanley to the window and spun him around on his heels. "You look pretty fit—lean, brown, bright-eyed—all that sort of thing!"

"Thank you, sir. Yes, I'm very well indeed. And you?"

"Well and lonesome," replied the lawyer, sitting down again.

"Lonesome?"

"What else would you expect? I've lost Doris. Isn't that enough to make a man lonesome?"

The smile died from Stanley's face. Its disappearance was not lost upon the lawyer. Suddenly all his patience departed. "Jim," he said abruptly, "why the devil didn't Doris marry you?"

This was the last speech in the world that Stanley had expected to hear. It paralyzed his faculties for the moment, but presently he was able to say, "I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Colby, as I see it—I suppose it is because she prefered Rollin."

"Yes," muttered the other, "I suppose that's so—I suppose that must be so. But so far as I am concerned I wish to God you had kidnaped her and taken her with you, screaming, if necessary, to Tibet, or Timbuctoo, or Tierra del Fuego, or any other dismal place where the Watermans cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Stanley took a strong hold upon himself. He was stirred to his depths but this did not prevent him from seeing with startling clearness that the lawyer was equally moved. But he did not know what to say, and in a moment the elder man controlled himself.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Forget what I've said. It's none of my business yet—maybe it will be some time, but not now. I shouldn't have spoken as I did. I know how close the friendship is between you two."

A sardonic gleam flashed across Stanley's face but still he was silent.

"I suppose," resumed the lawyer after a brief silence, "you heard of our great loss?"

"Such as?"

"Such as ancestral jewels of high degree." The lawyer was again his genially ironic self.

"Oh, yes," said Stanley, "I read about it in a newspaper that somebody sent out, I suppose about three months after the theft occurred. I'm ashamed to say that I forgot to say anything about it to Doris when I saw her the other night. Was the matter ever explained?"

"Not publicly," replied Mr. Colby.

Stanley sensed something peculiar in the lawyer's answer, and he asked, "What do you mean—not publicly?"

"I mean, Jim, that I have a definite idea upon the subject."

"I read in the newspaper that the police had declared it to be an inside job."

"The brains of the police," declared Mr. Colby, "are for the most part

"By This Time I Understand Thoroughly My Son-in-Law's Character and I Know That He's a Rotter."

manufactured by the Portland Cement company. But in this case their conclusions happened to be correct."

"One of the servants?"

"No."

"You interest me."

"I meant to." The eyes of the two men met for an instant, and then the lawyer rose and turned to the little safe that stood behind his desk, swung back the door upon its hinges, opened a drawer, carried it to his desk, and took from it a parcel wrapped in common brown paper and tied carelessly with a bit of red twine. He fumbled it a bit—to tell the truth, his fingers shook a little. But in a moment the knot yielded, and the paper was unfolded, revealing a chamois bag. This also the lawyer opened, thrust his hand within, seized the contents, and threw them upon the desk. There lay the Colby necklace!

Stanley stared with his mouth open. Presently he found a cigarette and lit it. He waited, but the lawyer said nothing—merely kept on staring at the jewels. Stanley was the first to speak.

"And why, may I ask," he said, "did you steal these jewels?"

"Don't be an ass," retorted the lawyer. "You know who stole them as well as I do."

"No, I don't."

"Well, if you don't, then you are the ass, not I."

Stanley reflected a moment before he inquired suavely, "Is it possible that you refrain from mentioning the name of the thief because of my long friendship for him?"

The lawyer did not answer. He seized the jewels, thrust them back into the chamois bag, drew the running cord that closed the bag. "Jim," he said, "have you seen my son-in-law since your return?"

"Once."

"And when was that?"

"On Monday evening when I called on Doris."

"See anything unusual about him?"

"I saw that he was drunk."

"That, I regret to say is not unusual."

Forty-eight hours earlier this announcement would have come as a shock to Stanley. Now it produced no impression on him whatever. His mind was busy on another tack.

"Mr. Colby," he asked, "has the person who stole these diamonds any notion as to their present whereabouts?"

"None whatever," replied the lawyer promptly.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely certain."

The lawyer hitched his chair closer to the one in which Stanley was sitting. "Jim," he said, "I'm going to be frank with you. What I say will grieve and shock you, and perhaps you will be angry with me. Your friendship with my son-in-law is almost proverbial among those who know you both. And yet you know me well. You know that I am not a man to take sudden and violent dislike to any human being, nor a man who forms positive conclusions upon insufficient evidence."

Jim nodded, and Mr. Colby hurried on:

"Now, I am going to say things to you that I have never said to any human being. When my daughter married I made up my mind never to interfere in her marriage in any way except on her request. I have kept that promise to myself. I have seen things going from bad to worse, until now I know that the marriage is a wreck and that Doris' happiness is ruined. By this time I understand thoroughly my son-in-law's character and I know that he's a rotter. He is a libertine, a liar, and a drunkard. He is also a thief. Now," and he glared defiantly at Stanley, "what have you got to say?"

Somewhat to his surprise Stanley murmured only one word, "Nothing."

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Colby. "His public disgrace I can and will prevent for my daughter's sake. She cannot possibly know more than a part of what I have told you. Any affection that she once had for him must long ago have died—yet she has done her best to save him. But she knows by now that she has failed. Yet not one syllable of complaint has passed her lips. This cannot go on much longer. Some time, and the time will not be long, she must come to me for comfort, as she used to do when she was a tiny girl and had fallen down and bumped her little nose. And when she does—" He finished with an expressive gesture.

This time it was Stanley who hitched his chair nearer to the lawyer. He spoke for five minutes without interruption. When he departed a quarter of an hour later, he carried with him the little chamois bag.

Leaving the lawyer's office Stanley walked two blocks south on Broadway. He turned to the left and in the middle of the block turned in and was carried twenty stories up. Issuing from the elevator he walked in to his old office and inquired for Mr. Waterman.

"Name, please," said an office boy whom he had never seen before. He gave his name, and was taken directly into his old private office—now Waterman's.

"Here you are," said Waterman gaily, rising and giving him his hand. "Seem like home to you, eh?"

"Yes—yes."

"Always liked your private office the best, so after you'd gone I moved in here. Well, how are you? Hope you're going out to lunch with me?"

"Sorry," said Stanley. "Can't. I've got to go uptown."

"Too bad. How about dinner at the club?"

"Can't make it. You see I've got the Swami more or less on my hands, and until I get him launched I've got to stand by."

"How about tomorrow?"

Stanley swiftly reflected. His visit to Waterman was the last thing he wished for, yet he had made the appointment from design. It was imperative to the success of the course upon which he had now embarked that Waterman and Doris should spend the week end at his home in the country. Everything hung on that. He therefore wished to do everything in his power to make Waterman feel at ease with him. So he answered:

"Yes. I'm free for lunch tomorrow. Anywhere you like."

"Fine," said Waterman. "Make it the Strollers club. Never see anybody there you know. We've got a lot to talk about, and we shan't be interrupted."

"Yes," agreed Stanley. "You're right. We have a lot to talk about. And don't forget," he said, as he turned to go, "you're coming down to the country on Saturday."

"Sure," agreed Waterman promptly. "Wouldn't miss it for anything."

As he spoke he slapped Stanley on the shoulder in his old hearty, friendly way. His hand rested for an instant within six inches of the Colby diamonds!

* * * * * * *

Thus far, Waterman reflected, the week end party at Stanley's country house had been entirely successful. Waterman had not come upon the visit without some trepidation. So far as Stanley was concerned, it is true, he felt no uneasiness. He had seen nothing in his old friend's manner to alarm him in the least. There were, to be sure, moments when he sensed a difference, but after all, he reflected, they had not seen each other for over a year and, say what you would, absence did change people.

The Watermans had arrived late the previous afternoon by motor from New York. They were welcomed not only by Jim himself, but also by Mrs. Hutchinson, Jim's only sister, who had motored over from her own country house a dozen miles away, to complete the party, at her brother's request.

There had been no opportunity for intimate talk. Stanley had taken care of that. His mind was so filled with the thing he had to do that very night, that he had no wish for a tete-a-tete either with Rollin or with Doris. His main concern was to keep Waterman in blissful unconsciousness of the blow that was about to fall upon him.

Waterman reflected that, after all, it was a good thing for him that Jim had come back. Jim had always been his good fairy—no doubt he would continue to be so.

In another room, just across the wide hall, reflections of a quite different character were at that same moment occupying the mind of Doris. She, too, was dressing for dinner—not with her usual deliberation, but with urgent haste. She felt that she must, in some way, manage to get a few moments alone with Jim. There were certain things that must be said between them. She had in no way altered her point of view regarding her husband, since the day she had asked him to consent to a divorce. Her eyes now fully opened to his character, she had felt only contempt for the transparent efforts he had since then been making to restore himself to her favor. She read his mind all too clearly. And when, upon their return from the country club that afternoon, Waterman had settled himself in her dressing room as if for a friendly chat, she had peremptorily cut him short and dismissed him. And now she was feverishly dressing.

There came a tap on her chamber door, and Mrs. Hutchinson came in. "Sorry to interrupt you," she said, "but I've got to go home at once, and I don't want to go without saying good-by. George has just telephoned that Langdon—that's my eldest boy, you know—is sick in bed."

"Oh," said Doris, "I hope it's nothing serious."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Always a Murmur

The hum of industry never wholly drowns the murmur of unemployment.—Boston Herald.

Lots of men who claim to be gentlemen don't work at it.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Dine well and wisely and the cares of life will slip from you; its vexations and annoyances will dwindle 'nto nothingness."

"Practice not your art; It will soon depart."

SEASON FOR ENTERTAINING

The season of hospitality and good cheer is here. Time for planning is essential. Making memoranda will save time and worry. The memory is not always dependable. When things are accomplished check them off. When entertaining friends for week-end arrange the schedule of menus for the entire time, so that there will be no hurried meal-planning. Lists of friends to be remembered, games and entertainment for the young and older ones, all planned out beforehand will save the last minute rush when always unexpected things turn up for attention.

The hostess must be a cheerful and happy one, for a dead tired lady spoils the otherwise perfect occasion.

The table decorations for the winter season may be very simple or otherwise as one desires. If the woods are near enough, beautiful princess pine, ground pine and berries may be gathered for occasions. Keep the greens in a cool place, sprinkle occasionally to keep them from drying out and they will keep for weeks. A few greens from the woods with the round cinnamon candles make very pretty table decorations with but little expense or trouble.

If the pine is not obtainable, get smilax from the hothouse and use the candles as berries.

For the first course some prefer fruit cocktails, others those of a more substantial kind.

Grapefruit cups may be used with cracked ice to hold the small cups of cocktail sauce, the oysters arranged around on the ice.

Serve oysters on the half shell and other appetizers with very thin slices of buttered bread cut into rings or ovals.

Green peppers filled with condiments add to the cocktail service.

Caviar Bouchees.—Spread fried circles of bread with caviar. In the center place a pitted olive, green or black, filled with minced red pepper. Hold the olive in place with a drop or two of mayonnaise.

Sardine Bouchees.—Spread fried circles or dominoes of bread with the following mixture: Pound two sardines in a mortar with a small quantity of cheese; season with salt, pepper and a little chili vinegar; add if liked a few chopped oysters. Spread this mixture on the prepared bread and garnish with cooked egg yolks, put through a sieve, and finely minced parsley.

Seasonable Dishes.

This is the season of the year when there is much feasting and good times; the peak of the party season and the time when all good women need help to prepare menus to delight the family and guests.

When serving chicken roasted to a golden brown serve with it:

Caribbean Waffles.—Take two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, one and one-third to one and one-half cupfuls of milk, six tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two cupfuls of banana pulp. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then add the egg yolks, milk and banana pulp. Be sure that the fruit is fully ripe and free from all signs of green tips. Beat well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and then the butter. Bake a little longer on the waffle iron than the usual waffle. Serve with strained honey or sweet lemon butter, made thus:

Lemon Butter.—Cream five tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and a little of the lemon rind. Serve in balls.

Surprise Cakes.—These are nice for parties. Prepare any good batter for white cake, fill muffin tins and bake. When cold cut off the tops and scoop out the centers and fill with flavored, lightly sweetened whipped cream, replace the tops, cover with frosting with chopped maraschino cherries or nuts.

Potato Chowder.—Try this on a cold night and see how the family will enjoy it: Pare four large potatoes and cut them into neat cubes. Chop fine one small onion and a tablespoonful of parsley. Arrange the potatoes, onion, parsley in layers in a kettle, add a pint of boiling water and cook covered closely until tender. Prepare a thin white sauce, using one tablespoonful each of flour and butter and pour over three cupfuls of milk.

Steamed Raisin Pudding.—Mix and sift one cupful each of graham and white flour, one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, and one beaten egg. Mix well and add one cupful each of currants and raisins which have been well dredged with flour. Pour into greased mold and steam for three hours. Serve hot with a hard sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

But We Know They Do

An authority on ostriches denies that they bury their heads in the sand to escape notice. This spoils a splendid comparison that has become endeared by long usage.—Minneapolis Journal.

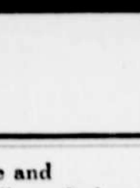
Or Enduring It

For all too many of us, middle age means that period of life when we spend a good share of our time anticipating some new ache or pain.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

History of Fire and Light Through Ages

An important English firm engaged in the manufacture of matches are the sponsors of a vastly interesting but little known museum devoted entirely to the story of man's struggles down the ages to preserve to himself those most blessed gifts of the gods—fire and light. In many thousands of exhibits the tale is graphically told, the exhibitors having been at pains to present the collection in strict chronological order and logical array. It is said to be the most complete collection of its kind in the world, a boast that no one who had seen it would deny. For many years a private collector, Mr. Edward Bidwell, now over eighty, industriously assembled most of the exhibits. Others have been added, other collections embraced, until now the detailed catalogue prepared by Mr. Miller Christy, an authority on the history of fire-making appliances, already comprises over 250 pages.

Denver Mother Tells Story



Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.

See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation, give them a little California Fig Syrup. It regulates the bowels and stomach and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act as Nature intends them to. It helps build up and strengthen pale, listless, underweight children. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it's purely vegetable, so you can give it as often as your child's appetite lags or he seems feverish, cross or fretful.

Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it. A Western mother, Mrs. R. W. Stewart, 4112 Raritan St., Denver, Colorado, says: "Raymond was terribly pulled down by constipation. He got weak, fretful and cross, had no appetite or energy and food seemed to sour in his stomach. California Fig Syrup had him romping and playing again in just a few days, and soon he was back to normal weight, looking better than he had looked in months."

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.

Diamond Mart May Move

As the result of the threatened suspension of diamond-cutting by the World Diamond Cutters' union of Antwerp, Belgium, and Amsterdam, Holland, the diamond markets of the world may be moved to South Africa. This was the prediction of F. W. Beyers, the minister of mines, which was made during his speech while laying the foundation stone of the diamond-cutting factory at Kimberly, South Africa, recently. He warned the organization that if the boycott materialized, South Africa would train a sufficient number of cutters to carry on the industry unaided.

X-Ray Wonders

X-ray cinemas showing a broken bone in the process of knitting and similar subjects heretofore outside the realm of photography are made possible by a new camera developed by Dr. Arthur C. Pillsbury, naturalist and photographer of the university of California.

The first motion picture with the X-ray camera showed the growth in the interior of a rose. It took seventy-two hours to film, taking one picture at a time in intermittent exposures.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Choice

Dusty—De lady gimme a piece of angel cake and a pair of old shoes.

Rhodes—Which are yer goin' to eat? —Pathfinder Magazine.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

SUFFERING ELIMINATED

15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE of PILES ELIMINATED or FEE REFUNDED. Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.

TREATING PILES

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

PORTLAND SEATTLE

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 1-1929.

Good Story Told by Cleveland on Himself

For some unknown reason, it appears that a Presidential candidate must prove his prowess as a fisherman or he doesn't stand a chance to be elected. Hence the pathetic attempts of both Coolidge and Hoover to appear at home in trout outfits.

As a matter of fact, the only genuine fisherman-President was Grover Cleveland. And of all the fish yarns, those he told on himself were the best.

Once, on a foggy Massachusetts morning he slipped out of his bed, bright and early, groped around until he found his boat and rowed out to sea.

"I rowed and rowed and rowed," he confessed to his host, later, "and presently the sun began to shine through the fog. And there, right in front of my face was the shore. I had forgotten to untie the boat."—Los Angeles Times.

Expressing It in French

The Saleslady—That lot of lingerie waists we got from New York don't seem to go very well.

The Manager—Advertise 'em as our latest importations from Paris, the "pique-about" model.

Danger comes the sooner when it is despised.—Syrus.

ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly *and in a hurry* try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid