Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim

Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

The Reason

"Why do you buy more shoes at this time? You have eleven pairs in the closet."

"I know, but I need the box for a picnic lunch."—Detroit News.

Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Dressed for It

Mabel—Now that I'm all dressed, where shall we go?

Jack—Let's go swimming.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

Only weakness asks sympathy.

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

STOP THAT COUGH
the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness.
30c at all druggists
Use Hale's Toothache Drops.

DON'T GO THIS

Deafness HEAD NOISES

RUB IN BACK OF EARS—INSERT IN NOSTRILS....

Leonard EAR OIL

Descriptive folder on request.
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Coffee Urns Long in Use

As far back as 1691 urns were in use in the Boston Coffee house. One of the largest manufacturers of coffee urns today claims to have made copper-tinned coffee, tea and water urns with tinned copper baskets or percolators as far back as 1855. They were heated with steam coils, alcohol lamps or gas burners.

Civilization and Scent

The ancients interested themselves almost entirely in the heavier, more crude scents—as musk, myrrh, incense; the scent of flowers is seldom mentioned in their poetry or literature, which leads us to think that the subtlety of this last born of our senses is being evolved with civilization.

Famous Treasure House

The Freer Gallery of Art, comprising the Chinese and Japanese art treasures and the Whistler paintings and etchings acquired by the late Charles L. Freer, are a part of the Smithsonian institution, although housed in a separate building provided by Mr. Freer.

Company of Thought

Unthinking heads who have not learned to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are active are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Human Nature's Attributes

Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendencies of the inward forces which make a living thing.—Mill.

Cannot Escape Consequences

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves.—Eliot.

Canal Much Used

The first official passage through the Panama canal was made on August 15, 1914. It was made by the steamship Ancon. Since then thousands of ships have used it to go from one ocean to another.

No Love Without Hope

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—Walter Scott.

Happiness Highest Aim

I believe the inventions of the future, no matter how marvelous they are going to be, will avail us nothing unless human happiness is also increased.—Roger W. Babson.

Punishment Enough

Theft of a library of 15,000 volumes is reported from a San Francisco home. The thief, when and if caught, might be sentenced to read 'em.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Book's Slow Progress

German professors are writing book that will take 750 years to complete at the present rate of progress. It is the great standard encyclopedia of the animal kingdom.

And the Rest Honking

If all automobiles in the world were placed end to end, the fellow in the front car would probably be waiting to figure out a left turn, as usual.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Women Individualists

No man goes so far in his individualism as to have a special hat made different from those of others; but women do. They are the individualists.

Triumph for American

Prof. B. S. Hopkins of the University of Illinois is said to be the first American to discover a chemical element. He discovered illinium.

Food for Thought

Poor in abundance, famished at a feast, man's grief is but his grandeur in disguise, and discontent is immortality.—Young.

France's Slice of China

Cochin-China is the southernmost state of French Indo-China. It has an area of about 20,000 square miles.

Ineffective "Cussing"

Cussing is a silly waste of effort. Note how little effect it has on the weather.—Lansing State Journal.

Record Brook Trout

The prize specimen of brook trout weighed 14½ pounds, and was taken in the Nipigon river in Ontario.

About Ourselves

Those gifts are always most acceptable which the giver makes precious.

SUFFERING ELIMINATED

15 years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. L. S. 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
DEAN BLDG. 5th & MAIN — SHAFER BLDG. 2nd & UNIVERSITY
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes merchant ship Sachem is sunk off Portugal by a British frigate. His crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl who conceals her identity. He learns from her, however, that she is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon hoping to find a vessel America bound. He meets Capt. Chater, of the American ship True Bounty, an acquaintance. Chater offers him a berth as mate. Fellowes refuses, knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of the True Bounty. Cara induces him to sail as mate. Fellowes falls in love with her. The True Bounty is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Capt. Collishawe. Despite his American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—5—

"'Makes it worse for you. A native-born Englishman shipping with the enemy! 'Might be excusable if you were an ignorant feller, 'didn't know any better. Humph! Some captains would flog you on general principles."

A red mist swirled in front of Fellowes' eyes.

"If I'd had a weapon, you wouldn't have taken me," he snarled. "You trapped me, didn't you? That cur Chater put you up to it—he was afraid I understood his plotting.'

"That will do. Another word, and you'll go in irons."

Something exploded in Fellowes' brain. It wasn't only Chater who had betrayed him. Cara— He choked.

"If you don't like words, try this," he gasped, and his fist shot up to Collishawe's jaw.

The Englishman pitched backward, long limbs asprawl, as Clinch and half a dozen more bluejackets closed in on Fellowes. Something like a grunt went up from the awestruck crew of the Badger. Collishawe lurched on to his feet. There was a puzzled look in the eyes of the Badger's captain, an expression almost of uncertainty.

"Easy with him," he directed Clinch. "Don't maul him. Here! Stand him up." And as Fellowes was dragged erect, cursing and fighting with all his strength: "Why on earth did you do that, man? 'Tis mutiny to strike your officer."

"You know why! Crimpin' Collishawe, that's what they call you! You didn't even press me like an honest Englishman. No, you crimped me like any lick-spittle, pot-house shipping agent. To clear the road for yourself!"

Collishawe met Fellowes' glance squarely, and so they fronted one another for several breaths.

"I should have liked to ignore your offense," Collishawe said finally. "You seem to labor under a misapprehension—"

"Oh, no," mocked Fellowes. "I know what you're up to—trying to cover the tracks of a pair of traitors."

Collishawe's hands clinched tightly.

"You misapprehend me," he repeated. "I regret I cannot— But discipline must be maintained. Clinch, this man is to have fifty lashes—at once."

Fellowes went limp in his captors' grasp. A clammy sweat dewed his face, sweat brewed by a volcanic gust of hate that rocked him to the soul. His eyes glittered insanely. His voice came hoarsely:

"I'll kill you. Wherever you go, however long it takes to run you down, I'll kill you, Collishawe."

"Give him an hundred lashes, Clinch," Collishawe answered bleakly.

He turned and strode aft, ignoring Fellowes' silent resumption of the struggle with Clinch's assistants.

"Easy, all, lad," admonished the bosun. "If the cap'n doubles your ration again ye ain't likely to worrit much over your troubles. A undred lashes is fair nasty. But cull yerself lucky, at that. Yet the first man I ever seed strike an orf'cer, and live."

"The dog," croaked Fellowes. "I'll kill him—"

"Oh, no ye won't, me lad! Not arfter a undred lashes. Now then, what's the use o' fightin' us? We're only a-doin' of our d'oosty. Ere, strip 'im, a couple of ye."

It occurred to Fellowes as the rough hands of the sailors pawed his garments that to continue resistance must only add further to his indignities. Whatever he did, his punishment would be administered. He must suffer. Very well, he'd suffer silently. Better so. He'd not squander in idle resistance the energy which should feed the fires of hatred burning now in his heart with a high, relentless flame. Hate! He'd hate so long as life pulsed in him. He'd hate unswervingly, consumingly, with all the power of his spirit, each one of the group who had brought him to this pass—Collishawe, Chater, Cara Inglepin and the father who had begotten her. He'd spend his life, his money, his strength in revenging himself upon them, one and all. But most of all upon her!

Something welled up in his throat and he felt a stinging in his eyes.

"Cryin, eh?" Clinch rumbled in his ear. "All right, lad. Let er drip. I've seen stouter men sweepin' like babies under the cat."

Fellowes shook the tears from his eyelids.

"The Englishman doesn't live can make me cry," he answered grindy. "Get on with your—duty, you called it? I shan't resist you."

"That's the proper spirit! Ere ye are, now—ands over yer end, and a turn round the wrists. Urt ye? It hadn't oughter be tight, yer'll wiggle main and when Kitty starts to kiss ye, jest"

The red mist, with the salty moisture, had cleared from Fellowes' eyes. He was conscious of weariness, mental and physical; yet his body had acquired a peculiar lightness. Around him on the deck were grouped scores of sailors, an inhuman similarity in the ring of tanned faces and muscular bodies, all wearing the identical blue uniform. His watchers might have been hewed from a single pattern—except for two, who stood together a short distance for'ard of the mast. He observed this pair particularly because one of them was a negro, a giant of a man. The negro's companion was equally ugly, very short, monstrously broad, with comical, bowed legs and long, apelike arms.

Of all those on the Badger's deck this pair were the most brutal in appearance, ostensibly the most debased; but in some unexplainable way they imparted to him a message of sympathy. Their eyes signaled encouragement in his ordeal, and he felt mysteriously heartened. He saw, without trembling, Clinch striding aft, stripped to the waist like himself, in one gnarled fist a short stock of wood from which depended nine knotty chunks of brownish rope. He saw the officer of the deck, Mr. Curry, move nearer, aversion plain in his testy attitude. Then, out of the tail of his eye, he saw Clinch step back, with a loud: "Ready, lad! This is the count, sir—One!"

To save himself, he could not help flinching from the nine simultaneous bites of the cat. He strained in toward the mast, arching up on his

"The Dog," Croaked Fellowes, "I'll Kill Him—"

toes, and as he raised himself to the limit of his height he saw outboard above the bulwarks the True Bounty bearing away on the opposite tack, one superb tower of canvas leaning to the pressure of the wind. Then he had sunk back upon the balls of his feet, and Clinch's crisp "Two" preceded the whistle of the lashes cutting into welts the first blow had raised, but this time he managed to keep from flinching. God, how he hated her!

"Three!" he lashes coiled lovingly around his flanks, criss-crossing the welts, drumming on his ribs, flicking the hair out by the roots. "Four!" Fire burned all over his back and sides, and reached to his belly. His body quivered under the agony of it. But inside him burned a fiercer fire. He raised his head indomitably and gasped over one shoulder at Clinch:

"Why don't you hit hard, man?"

Clinch paused in the midst of a blow, almost abashed.

"'Ard?" he echoed. "Don't be nasty, lad. 'Ere's five—and ninety-five to come."

"No talking," called Mr. Curry.

Fellowes huddled closer to the mast, bracing himself to the shock of the lashes. Presently he tasted the salty moisture again on his lips, and licked them with his tongue. He mustn't cry. Mustn't give this d—n Britisher the satisfaction of it. But the moisture wasn't tears. It was blood. At the next blow he saw it spurting over his shoulders. The red paint of the mast was flecked with it. He glanced down, and saw specks of blood on the clean white deck.

He laughed.

"Butcher Collishawe they'll call him after this," he said in a tired voice that was distinct in the oppressive silence. . . .

"Thirty-five," counted Clinch, "thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight."

Fellowes was one broil of agony from his loins to his shoulders. He lay along the butt of the mast, hanging limp from his fettered wrists. For a while the strain on his arms had hurt him. Now, it was simply one part of the complicated torment that was his being. His hearing had gone with his sense of sight. He didn't know when it was that the count of "Fifty!" tolled, and Clinch's voice boomed at his ear:

"D'ye 'ear me, lad? Ye can take yer other fifty later. We'll 'ave the surgeon up for ye. Yer back's cut to pieces."

"Go on," croaked Fellowes, forcing open bloodshot eyes. "Kill me if you can. That's what he wants."

Mr. Curry's voice was fretful.

"If the man insists, you'll have to go ahead, Clinch. Here, fetch him a pan of grog, one of you."

A new voice pierced Fellowes' dwindling consciousness, a soft, plaintive voice, almost womanish in its husky musical quality:

"Yah, mars'r! Cuffee got him rum."

Fellowes felt the rim of a pannikin at his swollen lips, and sucked thirstily. The raw stuff burned his swollen throat, and he coughed—and every muscle in his torso throbbed and stabbed. He throttled a groan.

"More," he pleaded.

"Ye'll git it, friend," promised another new voice. "This here's Tom Grogan of Phillydelphy, P. A. I'm astandin by, along of my nigger, Cuffee, here. Easy does it! That's nuff."

Gradually, Fellowes rallied under the stimulant. "Thanks," he managed to say.

Mr. Curry shouted testily:

"If he won't have his punishment postponed you'll have to resume, Clinch."

"Aye, aye, sir," Clinch acknowledged reluctantly. "Ready, lad."

Fellowes tried to smile, but all that he could contrive was a crooked little grin.

"Ready," he assented. "And I want you to finish the hundred. Understand? Finish!"

"Fifty-one!" counted the bosun.

Fellowes groaned as the dripping cat slashed into the pulp of his back, but he straightened by a mighty effort of will, and the following blows drew no sound from him. At the seventy-sixth he sagged limp, hanging from his tortured wrists. He revived with salt water sluicing over his head, smarting in the wounds that furrowed him. He felt as if he were dying under the reiteration of the lash, and before long a numbness assailed him. A rather pleasant numbness. He was aware distinctly of another deluge of water, of voices arguing, of a recurrent nervous shock. And at last oblivion relieved him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Marie Antoinette Made Blue Flower Popular

One of the most popular patterns for china during the last years of the Eighteenth century was a little individual sprig of blue cornflower sometimes used in combination with a green leaf and sometimes without. This pattern was so much used at the Chantilly potteries that when copied by the English potteries it was known as the "Chantilly Sprig." Later the name was shortened to "Sprigged China." However, the design was first made at Sevres and owed its origin to Marie Antoinette.

This young queen of France took a great interest in the porcelain works at Sevres and frequently visited the Sevres factory, where a great deal of porcelain was made at her order for her rustic farm of Trianon.

Marie Antoinette's favorite color was blue, and one day while visiting the Sevre works she mentioned that Sevres had produced nothing but roses, tulips and jonquils and no blue flowers.

Hoping to please the royal lady Hettinger gave orders to have painted on the dishes the little blue corn flower that she loved so much. Instantly on its appearance the tiny blue sprig became the rage. Chantilly took it up and all the large potteries in England followed suit.—Kansas City Times.

Poor Place for Doctor

Many centuries after the time of the Greeks and the Romans cabbage was still so highly thought of as a health giver that the story was told of a doctor going to settle in Denmark, who when he saw fields of cabbage everywhere lost heart, deciding that Denmark would be a poor market for his services. But an English writer of half a century ago recounted with apologies instances of the high regard in which the vegetable had been held. His age, said he, looked on all members of the cabbage family as hard to digest and affording little nourishment.

Canadian Metropolis

Years before adventurous white men penetrated inland into America Indians gave the name "Toronto" to the place where trails and water routes converged at a bay of Lake Ontario's northern shore. Toronto means "place of meeting" in the Indian language, and thanks to the amazing progress of modern transportation it has grown from a tiny settlement where goods were brought for exchange to one of the largest cities in Canada and a great railway centre with a population of nearly 700,000.

Doc's Secret

Faith is still the prime requisite for healing. Subconsciously you know it and you reinforce your own faith on the basis of your doctor's tones.—American Magazine.

"Makers of the Flag"

On Flag day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, then secretary of the interior, made an address which ended: "I swung before your eyes as a bright gleam of color a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for their headaches to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.

Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many uses of Bayer Aspirin. Protect yourself by buying the genuine. Bayer is safe. Always the same. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN

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

It Wasn't Her Fault

He—Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason.

She—I always leave things as I find them.

War's First Victim?

It is believed that the first boat sunk in the World war was the San Wilfrido, a British ship sunk by a mine, August 3, 1914.

Life looks rosy for him

Health worth more than fortune

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly."

Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York.

Heir to millions

Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. Certainly it could do no harm — for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it. Be sure you get the genuine. Sold only in sealed packages.

Hits the High Spots

Willie—"Pa, what is a grasshopper?" Pa—"That dull lawn mower of ours!"—Judge.

The United States bureau of fisheries is conducting an intensive study of marine products as feedstuffs for farm use.

Some grown folks are harder to amuse than some babies.

Coming Across

"The Slowpays are home from Europe. They came across in five days."

"It must have taken some expert pressure to make that deadbeat come across in less than ninety days."

Service

Guest—This steak is so thin that I can read through it!

Waiter—Yes, sir. What do you wish to read?—Detroit News.

Heed Early Warning!

Don't Let Kidney Trouble Get a Firm Hold.

DOES every day find you lame and achy—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and should not be neglected.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use *Doan's Pills*. Endorsed the world over. Sold by good dealers everywhere.

Doan's Pills
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Keep your skin clear

SOAP *to cleanse* · **OINTMENT** *to heal*

with **Cuticura** SOAP AND OINTMENT