

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Ave. Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grand-children, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

STOP CHILBLAINS

The crippling annoyances of chilblains, that indescribable half numbness and half pain in the feet caused by exposure to snow or cold, quickly relieved by Carboid. Why suffer when a 5-cent box of Carboid will take the misery out of walking? Get a box at your druggists now. Your money back if not satisfied. SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.

Earnest Organizers Wanted—Club for "The New Psychology." Big inducements for local members. Solves personal problems. Profitable. Write 1168 Times Bldg., New York.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. 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.

Flood Brought "Gifts"

Many persons returning to their homes after the flood waters had receded in Vermont found unusual "gifts" in one house a cow was found, alive and contentedly reposing on a sofa in a second-story room, and in the dilapidated library in another dwelling stood a small, white marble statue of the Venus de Milo, unharmed and as beautiful as ever, but it had never been there before and no one knew where it came from.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On. Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 40c.—Adv.

Dangerous Incubator

"By doing away with the under-world poolroom," says a reformer, "we'll destroy the breeding place of gangsters and gunmen." Right! Let's kill the goose that lays the hard-boiled eggs.—Farm and Fireside.

Are You Really Well?

To Be Fit There Must Be Proper Kidney Action.

Do you find yourself running down—always tired, nervous and depressed? Are you stiff and achy, subject to nagging backache, drowsy headaches and dizzy spells? Are 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. Doan's are endorsed everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
ASTIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N.Y.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
Ask for Sample
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
10-45 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 7-1928.

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwenckton. Despite her seeming innocence and ignorance, she succeeds in keeping him at a distance, to his chagrin. Jealous, in the Schwenckton home, where she is boarding, is altogether unlike the girl who meets St. Croix clandestinely. She is the teacher in the neighborhood school, of which Marvin Creighton, St. Croix's brother, is superintendent. Meely learns that Marvin was to have married his cousin, a titled English lady, but, believing she was attracted by the Creighton wealth, had refused the alliance. It is the rumor that St. Croix is to take Marvin's place and marry the English girl. St. Croix's jealousy is aroused by Meely's report of an aged suitor for her hand. The girl cleverly decoys him into admitting he has no intention of marrying her. Marvin visits school in his official capacity as superintendent and discovers how shockingly little Meely knows about school teaching.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"No," she decided, "for he is really fastidious and Nettie's a hopelessly common little thing. And yet, if he can stand me and the dope I hand out to him—"

She did not know, however, that St. Croix, to his own wonder, never felt that she was "common" or vulgar; not even when she manifested the intelligence of a sheep or twisted the English language until his nerves were rasped; not even when she sat sprawling ungracefully with her feet far apart, nor when, after tasting an apple, she drew the back of her hand across her mouth.

She was a good actress, but there was that something inherent that nothing could disguise—

It was just when, relieved of Aunt Rosy's espionage, Meely was beginning to feel, in spite of the dangerous proximity of Marvin Creighton, more at her ease, less insecure in her equivocal position, that, on that very evening when she sat in the warm, bright kitchen, peacefully writing letters, she was to find the complexity and precariousness of her situation greatly increased by the outcome of an episode which was, at that same hour, in its incipency on a Sunbury street corner, eight miles distant.

Mr. Sam Schwenckton, having finished the business which had taken him to town, was about to enter his car parked on the edge of the town, and start for home, when a man standing on the corner, apparently waiting for a trolley car, approached him.

"Pardon me—how often do these cars run?" the man inquired in a tone of extreme irritation. "I've been waiting here twenty minutes!"

"It don't run no cars on this line after seven o'clock, mister. This here trolley line ain't doin' much business anyhow, so it stops till seven a'ready. You must be a stranger here—ain't you?"

"No—but I seldom use the trolley. Today, however, I had to leave my automobile at the repair shop. Are you, by any chance, driving out this road?"

"Yes, eight mile out."

"Will you, then, for a consideration, let me go with you?"

Now as the night was raw and wet, it would, Mr. Schwenckton felt, be only a Christian act to offer this stranger a seat in his car. Also, he liked company, some one to talk to on an eight-mile drive. But the newspapers were so full of holdup stories—and he was carrying a good deal of money—wouldn't he be taking chances?

The man looked so decent, however (what could be seen of him in the dimness) and Mr. Schwenckton had, as always when he traveled at night, brought his revolver with him—

He felt in his pocket and surreptitiously moved his pistol from his right-hand pocket to his left.

"I wouldn't want no such 'consideration,' mister. Just so's you ain't one of these here thugs you can read about in the papers—"

The man laughed. "You're twice my size. If I can trust you not to hold me up, I guess you're safe!"

"Yes, I guess that's so too. All right. Come on, then."

Mr. Schwenckton felt rather cheated when he found that the stranger, though sociable and agreeable enough, was not going to repay his hospitality by satisfying his curiosity as to who he was. All the leading questions with which the farmer plied him received evasive answers. This seemed to Mr. Schwenckton so suspicious that he frequently felt in his left-hand pocket to be ready in case of need.

However, he tried to put his apprehensions aside and to beguile the ride with friendly talk.

"So your car had to go to the shop, heh?"

"Yes, worse luck!"

"When I first got my car I drove her and drove her till I got the cold

in my chest and it near give pneumonia yet! Yes, anyhow!"

The stranger made a sound expressive of his sympathy. For a while they drove in silence.

"Funny thing happened in the bank today," Mr. Schwenckton resumed conversationally. "When I went in to get a check cashed—"

He stopped short in consternation—how tactless to mention having cashed a check!

"What was it?" asked his companion.

"Not much—a dollar or so. I spent it," said Mr. Schwenckton pointedly.

"I mean what was the funny thing that happened?"

"Oh, that! Well, a lady standin' alongside of me in the bank she handed in a check and the banker he said to her, 'What denomination?' and she says sort of snappy, 'Well, she says, 'I'm a Presbyterian, but I don't see what business it is of yours,' she says."

The laugh in which they joined over this yarn seemed to establish between them more confidence. Mr. Schwenckton, always warm-hearted, was sorry he had been feeling so suspicious of a fellow man and tried to atone by being as friendly as possible.

"Was you ever to New York, Mister?"

"Yes."

"That's a place I never seen. But my brother he was always set on seein' this here New York once, that you can read so much about in the papers. So at last his missus she says to him, she says, 'Pop, she says, you're gettin' on in life and if you don't go soon to this here New York, you'll be too old to go.' So, then, he said he'd go once. So she helped him get ready and start off. 'Now, mind you, write,' she says to him, 'and tell me how you like it.' So after a couple of days she got such a pitcher post card from him and he'd wrote on it, 'Mom, Yl, yl, yl, Pop.'"

Again their joint laughter seemed to bring them sympathetically close.

Since leaving the lighted town, the road had been very dark, for the night was cloudy and starless.

"Where do you want out, stranger?" Mr. Schwenckton presently inquired.

As he spoke, he took his hand from the steering wheel to have a glance at his watch—and as he did so, the man beside him gave an uneasy start.

With a shock of some horror, Mr. Schwenckton's fingers found an empty pocket where his watch should have been! Instantly he stopped his car and jerked out his revolver. "Now, then, you hand out that there watch and then you run for your life!" he shouted.

The man obeyed with alacrity, thrusting the watch into the farmer's outstretched hand, leaping from the car and disappearing in the blackness of the road.

Mr. Schwenckton, greatly shaken by so narrowly escaping being man-handled by a thug, his soul heavy with sadness at the desperate wickedness of man, went on his solitary way, musing on his own folly in having let his kindness of heart get the better of his prudence.

"It ain't safe to take up strangers these days—that it ain't! And me, I was always too trusting that way! Well, this here's certainly a lesson to me! Be kind to your fellow-creatures, yes—up to the danger point. That's all the further a fellow darat be a Christian these days!"

His despair over the perfidy of our human nature deepened as he reflected upon the "gentility" of the thief: his "nice" voice, his "educated" speech, his "polite manners"—what with his "Beg pardon," "Thank you very much—"

"A slick one, he was! I can't never trust no one's appearances again!" thought Mr. Schwenckton with a sorrowful shake of his head. "That's the worst harm a crook does—he spreads abroad a mistrust of man made in the image of Gawd!"

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Schwenckton, usually the most placid of men, confronted his family in the kitchen,

looking so white and agitated that Meely and Nettie sprang up greatly startled, and even Susie looked at him inquiringly.

"I was held up and robbed!" he announced. "Not two mile up the road yet!"

"Ach! Was you hurt?" cried Nettie in a fright, running to him.

"No, I ain't hurt. And I ain't lost nothin' neither! I held the crook up and got back what was stole off of me! That's what I done!"

"Ach, Pop!" Nettie gasped in mingled terror and admiration.

"Good thing I took my revolver with! It ain't safe, these rough times, to travel at night without a gun along!"

He told them, then, as he removed his hat, coat and gloves, just what happened—giving his story a dramatic climax. "Now, then, I says to him, 'you hand out that there watch and then you run for your life!' I says. And he did! With that there revolver of mine in his face, he done what I tol' him and pretty quick about it too! Yes, and I guess he's runnin' yet!"

"Yes, well, but," Susie stolidly spoke to him over her shoulder, "you didn't take your watch along. You let it at home. You forgot it. There it lays." She thrust her thumb backward toward a small shelf which held a convenient comb and brush for family use.

Her husband stared at her incredulously as she calmly rocked her sleeping infant—then, desperately hoping to prove her words false, he fearfully drew from his pocket the watch he demanded from the stranger, and slowly, reluctantly, he let his eyes fall upon it.

It was not his!

Such a watch it was as he could never hope, nor even wish, to own. Gold, jeweled, inflated.

In a stride he stood before the shelf and beheld his own accusing watch.

"I was sayin' to Nettie," said Susie, "that you'd be awful put out at goin' without your watch along."

"And I never once missed it!" the wretched man murmured.

"But—why, my lands!" faltered Nettie, "this here's got an awful look!—like as if you'd held that there man up and stole his watch, Pop!"

"And I don't know who it is to give it back!" Mr. Schwenckton's voice was agonized. "If I never find him, it'll make me feel awful conscientious to keep his watch! Yl, yl, yl!" he shook his head and began agitatedly to pace the length of the kitchen.

"Oh, you'll have no trouble finding him, Mr. Schwenckton," said Meely encouragingly. "He'll of course report to the police and they'll easily trace you up."

"Yes, and arrest me for a thief yet!" exclaimed Mr. Schwenckton. "I'll tell you!" cried Meely. "You report to the police, Mr. Schwenckton, and tell them of your mistake—and that you want them to find the man. That will see you."

Mr. Schwenckton stopped in his agitated walking to and fro, and looked at Meely admiringly. "You're got the head on you, Meely! I didn't think that far myself. Education's a grand help to a body in this here life! That's what I'll do this self-same minute!"

He went to the telephone, but found the line "busy."

"Delay may be fatal!" said Meely anxiously. "You must report it before he does. He has had a good deal of time already—all the time you've been home unloading your car and putting it in the garage—and the time you've been in the house—"

"Yes, well, but I don't think he'll be reportin' it wery soon—I started him on a good run and I guess he's still runnin'!"

It was at this instant that they were all startled by a rap on the kitchen door, and before anyone could answer it, the door opened and a wet, bedraggled and very tired-looking young man almost staggered into the room, closing the door behind him and leaning against it heavily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monmouth, N. J.

In Daze on Wedding Day

Three days after his wedding day, David J. James, who disappeared on the eve of the event, arrived at the home of his parents in Bridgen, Ireland. His clothes were wet, and he appeared dazed and was unable to give an account of himself. He could recall nothing about the arrangements for the wedding, but remembered being hit on the head while at work the day previous to his disappearance. The bride-to-be, Miss Ste. Hicks, had returned to her duties as nurse in the south of England, and the wedding guests, who were from out of town had gone back to their homes.

HEALTH HINTS

Keep your vital organs active and you can forget about your health. Aid nature and she will repay you with renewed life. Since 1696, the sturdy Hollanders have warded off kidney, liver, bladder, bowel troubles with their National Household Remedy—the original and genuine

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

When a Man Marries

"So you want to marry my daughter? Are you able to support a family?"

"I think so."

"Now think again, young man. There are seven of us."—Pittsburgh Sunday Telegraph.

For Pipe Sores, Fistula, Poll Evil
Hansford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All Dealers.

Radius Defined
Bill—"On what grounds does your father object to me?" Jenny—"On the grounds about the house."

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

Lucky Strike Cigarettes

Werrenrath, Concert Star, Finds Lucky Strikes Kindly To His Precious Voice

"In my concert work, I must, of course, give first consideration to my voice. Naturally, I am very careful about my choice of cigarettes as I must have the blend which is kindly to my throat. I smoke Lucky Strikes, finding that they meet my most critical requirements." *Richard Werrenrath*

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Rules That Govern Kinship of Cousins

In answering a correspondent's query, "What relation are the children of first cousins to each other? What relation to me is my first cousin's child?" the Pathfinder Magazine says:

"Reckoning cousin relationships is simple if you start out right. A cousin is one collaterally related by descent from a common ancestor, but not a brother or sister. Children of brothers and sisters are first cousins to one another; sometimes they are called cousins-german, own cousins, or full cousins. The children of first cousins are 'second cousins' to one another; children of second cousins are third cousins to one another, and so on. The child of one's first cousin is a first cousin once removed; the grandchild of one's first cousin is a first cousin twice removed, and so on. Confusion sometimes arises from the custom of some people who speak of

the children and grandchildren of their first cousins as second and third cousins, respectively, but the practice is only local. The correct and almost universal rule for reckoning cousins is as we have given it."

Taste and Invention

For generations past architecture has been so overlaid with extraneous matter that many authorities actually preach that in this branch of art it is in bad taste to invent. Correct architecture, they say, consists merely in reassembling borrowed forms. All of which is palpably absurd. If the Greeks had thought so there never would have been any Greek art. On the contrary, architecture, now as ever, consists in solving problems of utility as economically and appropriately as may be.—New York Sun.