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Cascara-Bromide-Quinine
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For seven generations the National Household Remedy of Holland for kidney, liver and bowel troubles has helped make life brighter for suffering men and women. Begin taking them today and notice how quickly your troubles will vanish. At all druggists in 3 sizes.

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Prospector Tells of
Real Cold Weather

The recent news story from Alaska about the reindeer freezing in a cold snap of unusual severity has been verified by naturalists, who say that animals of the kind used by Santa Claus before the advent of the airplane frequently froze to death when feed was scarce and they lost their protective rolls of fat. But now comes the Seattle Times with a story of another color. It concerns the late Dan Patterson, famous gold miner, who in 1900 experienced weather that might be called really chilly. Dan's supply of kerosene ran out one day and he rushed into camp for a supply. On the way back to his cabin it became so cold the kerosene froze solid—so solid he put it in a gunny sack and toted it home on his back. He left the chunk outside his cabin and during the rest of the winter when Dan wanted a little oil he just went out and chopped a chunk off the block and melted it down.

Star-Gazing Fish

A curious fish which has eyes on the top of its head is known as the Star Gazer.

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ills. Frequent and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without the taste of the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

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Fletcher's
CASTORIA

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Sylvia of the Minute

By
HELEN R. MARTIN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER V—Continued

Meely decided that for at least a few weeks she could breathe freely, and feel comparatively secure from the danger of a visit.

And that very morning, just after recess time, as the children were trooping in from the playground, he walked in on her.

"Oh, dear, you here again!" she openly lamented as he, without offering her his hand, bowed rather curtly and drew forth a platform chair—not, however, seating himself while she stood, a courtesy to which she had, for so many months, been a stranger, that it thrilled her, to her amusement, almost as much as St. Croix' "manners" had thrilled Nettie the night before.

"I'm here," he grimly stated, standing behind his chair and folding his arms with a resolute, Napoleonic air that made her heart sink, "to hear you teach geography!"

"Here I stand—so help me Gawd!" she mocked at his determined mien. "Martin Luther!"

"And I don't leave this schoolroom until I have heard you!"

"Oh, gee!" she sighed.

He set his lips and stared straight ahead of him.

"I've had this school on my conscience since you yourself admitted that you can't teach. We can't let these children suffer from your—excuse me— incompetence. Will you call a geography class, Miss—Schwenckton?"

Did he or did he not hesitate over her name? She could not feel sure.

"But why this passionate interest in geography?" she complained. "Aren't you longing to see me teach spelling? I'll call a spelling class—"

"Geography, if you please."

"I suppose," she said accusingly, "you just want to expose me as not knowing any geography of the United States! Well, if you call that chivalrous—"

"I'm not here to be chivalrous, but to hear you teach."

"Why won't spelling do?"

"I prefer geography."

"Just because I jokingly pretended to think there were forty-seven states instead of fifty-seven!—and told you that when I was a mere child, I thought the Mississippi river ran east and west!"

"Exactly."

"Well," she said reflectively, "well, Mr. Creighton, before I take your request under consideration, will you tell me what is the extent of your power over my job? Can you take it from me?"

"I can advise your school board to take it from you. But," he hastily added, "of course I don't want to! I'd hate like the dickens—" Again he pulled himself up. "I should greatly dislike," he said primly, "to resort to such stringent measures."

"That's better—sounds more professional," she encouraged him. "Be professional or die!"

The children of the school were all acted now—rigidly upright in the presence of that magnate, the county superintendent—and Meely could no longer dally with the situation; she must decide what to do. She might repeat the successful geography lesson she had already given that morning on Italy—though a deliberate repetition of the whole performance would be so astonishing to the children as to be embarrassing to their teacher! For Venice, she had given them the songs of the gondoliers, and impersonations of Portia and Shylock; for Naples, street beggars and coral workers; for Rome, impersonations of Caesar and Mark Antony with tales of gladiators interspersed; for Florence, impersonations of Savonarola and the Medici. Much more than the school had been able to digest at one dose, but she had enjoyed it, feeling how cleverly she was going it—ah, there was the rub! She did it too cleverly, too professionally. She could not risk offering it to Marvin Creighton.

Well, then, nothing left but to try to give a geography lesson in the prosaic, uninteresting way she had seen it done in a school she had visited, where the teacher, for a weary half hour, had had the children telling glibly what states enclosed other states. What had the teacher called that—a certain word she had used?

"I'll bore this man so he'll keep away from here for the rest of his life!" she determined.

"Zebilla," she addressed the brightest girl of the class that she summoned to stand before the desk, while she and the superintendent now sat behind it, "enclose the state of Pennsylvania."

Zebilla looked blank. "What's that I'm to do?"

"Enclose Pennsylvania," repeated Meely confidently.

Zebilla still looked unlightened—even dazed. "I wouldn't know how to. I don't know right how you mean—enclose it!"

Meely saw she had gotten the wrong word. "I mean—surround it; tell what states, if any, surround it—or

what bodies of water, or whatever does enclose, surround or circumscribe it!" she explained desperately.

"Ach, do you mean, Miss Schwenckton, I'm to bound Pennsylvania?"

"That's the word—yes, bind it."

A snort from the county superintendent was a signal for the amazed school and they broke into a roar of laughter that revealed to the embarrassed teacher how seriously she had erred. Her face flushed crimson. She hated this monster sitting on her platform laughing till the desk shook!

She rapped for order. The school became quiet. "Proceed," she said to Zebilla coldly.

"Pennsylvania is bounded on the north—"

When Zebilla had finished, Meely took as long a time as possible in drilling her to pronounce the letter V by catching her lower lip between her teeth. She prolonged this drilling to the point of absurdity, for if she called on any other pupil of this class to bound a state, she herself would have to keep her eyes glued to the map to see that they got it right. With Zebilla Zook that had not been necessary, for Zebilla could be depended upon to answer correctly. She always knew her lessons with depressing thoroughness. So it was not until the poor girl became restive and resentful under her prolonged drilling that the teacher desisted.

"Bind Connecticut, Hiram," she at last proceeded most reluctantly.

"Connecticut is bounded on the north by Massachusetts, on the east by Rhode Island—"

"Oh, come, an island can't bind anything. What is an island, Hiram?" she asked, very pleased at Hiram's blunder, for here she could be sure of her ground; she did at least know the forms of land and water!

"But Rhode Island," said Hiram, gazing at her almost in horror, "ain't no island—"

Her finger on the map, she could see for herself, now, that it wasn't—and turning hot and cold with consternation, she yet tried to save herself. "Very good, Hiram—I was trying to catch you up! Of course we all know how it came to be called an island? Zebilla?"

But Zebilla, her stand-by, failed her, there—she did not know!

"I'll ask the class," said Meely hastily, "to look that up for next lesson."

She feared she was not succeeding in her plot to "bore" the superintendent. She saw, in a quick side glance, that he looked anything but bored. Indeed, he seemed to be enjoying himself. Probably he'd stay the rest of the day! Oh, how she hated and despised him! Conceited pedagogue!

After a few more states had been bound (her eyes and finger fastened the while to the map) she heaved a sigh of relief and dismissed the class to their seats.

"Now you've had your heart's desire and have heard me teach geography. What further," she inquired with dignity, "can I do for you?"

"I leave it to you," he bowed, making no move whatever to go.

She decided to call up a reading class. There were no serious pitfalls for her in American literature. That is, if she could manage to resist the temptation to act out the reading lesson, in case it happened to be a "piece" (as the pupils would say) that lured her to a dramatic execution of it!

She settled that danger by ordering the class to turn to a speech of Theodore Roosevelt. And too late she realized her mistake. The speech abounded in political allusions which none but a native American would understand. If only no one asked any questions! They so seldom did manifest curiosity about anything—but it would be just like the perversity of fate to inspire one of them to show off before the superintendent.

A hand was raised—the youngest little girl in the class. "Please, Miss Schwenckton, what does G. A. R. mean?"

Meely beamed with pleasure, for this was a question she could, as luck would have it, answer with conviction.

ing intelligence. She rejoiced that little Becky had been moved to ask it.

"The G. A. R. is a society of American women," she blithely replied, "the Granddaughters of the American Revolution, whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"Well," said Meely feely, as she stood with the superintendent behind her desk at the end of the morning session, "I suppose that awful conscience of yours will force you to advise the school board to discharge me for incompetence!"

"They were practically alone now, those of the pupils who did not go home for the noon meal having gone out of doors to eat their luncheon.

Mr. Creighton shook his head. "No, I can't be expected always to act disinterestedly for the good of society—I'm only human, after all—and yours is the only schoolroom I've ever visited that hasn't bored me to death! Whenever I'm dull and need a riot of fun, I can just drop in here and hear you teach geography! No, I cannot rise to such heights of altruism as to recommend your dismissal! It's asking too much! I'm only human—"

"Well, believe me," she retorted resentfully, "you'll not get a chance to sit 'round here tramping fun of me—I'll resign!" She turned away laughingly—but she was too good an actress not to know that he was not tall enough to look haughty impressively—and suddenly, without warning, she found herself crying. Desperately she fought to control herself, more mortified at such a childish display than she could possibly feel over perfectly excusable ignorance of a vast patchwork quilt of states, or of the fine distinctions between American alphabetical symbols—D. A. R.'s and G. A. R.'s! Useless information anyway!

But the strain of the morning had been too much for her and she could not stop crying. Her breath came in little gasping sobs, her shoulders heaved, she fumbled for her handkerchief—and not finding it, she jerked open a desk drawer, dragged out a towel and buried her face in it.

"Oh, but my child!—you poor kid!" Mr. Creighton unprofessionally and very remorsefully exclaimed. "I didn't want to hurt your feelings! Oh, please!" he begged in distress, laying a reassuring hand on her arm. "Come, come, don't cry! You're not going to be thrown out of your school—and I swear I won't laugh at you any more!"

She wiped her nose and her eyes with a corner of the towel. "I'd better resign!" she said dolefully, "or you'll be lying awake nights thinking of all the education those children are missing just because you were too weak to withstand a girl's tears!"

"Well," he said ruefully, though gently, "you have got me up a tree, you know! How you ever got a Kutztown Normal school diploma on your knowledge of United States geography—"

She showed signs of weeping again, so he hastily veered off. "All right, let's never mention geography again! I do admit that the pupils in your school are more alert and wide-awake than any children in the county! There, doesn't that comfort you?"

She smiled dazingly through her tears. "Oh, but then I'm a success as a teacher!—since the whole purpose of teaching children must be to brighten up their wits, not to stuff states and names into them! It is not what I pour into them, but what I lead them to give out!"

"Ah, yes, but there's a lot of necessary drudgery in teaching which can't be side-stepped, my child; which really must be done. So if you'll be good and get down to hard work here—"

"But indeed I do! These things I do, yet do not leave the higher matters of the spirit undone. I do assure you."

He looked skeptical, but evidently did not feel it safe to pursue the subject, her bright eyes looking too ready to shed tears again.

"I'm keeping you from eating your lunch," he suddenly said, reaching reluctantly for his hat and coat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard to Get Around

Ignorance Like This

Dr. Van Fardleah of the American medical commission, recently assigned to work in the Near East, remarked that medical effectiveness in the Orient would never be established until the masses were better educated.

"A peasant woman," he said, "had several children and when one of them was taken ill, we insisted that the others be vaccinated. Much against her will, she finally consented.

"Two days afterward she stormed into the relief hospital and upbraided us because one of the recently vaccinated children was dead.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, "but how could he be dead? He was all right when we vaccinated him."

"He fell down and broke his neck," scoffed the woman. 'A lot of good vaccination does.'"

Quart of Water
Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salt if Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

Pigeon Liquidated Debt

Pigeons were welcome visitors at the window of the Cincinnati (Ohio) apartment of Mrs. Anoretta Fitch, always receiving a few morsels of food until their hostess discovered they had begun to eat her cherished window plants. Then she put up a screen to shut out her feathered callers. A few mornings later a single pigeon came to the window and hovered about on the sill as if to attract her attention. She shooped it away, but it came right back and dropped a shiny, new dime on the sill and flew away, not to return.

Oh, Transparent Man

Doctor—You had better be X-rayed. Patient—There's no need. Get my wife—she is always able to see right through me.

A Very Woman

"Is your wife fond of listening in?" "No; Margaret much prefers speaking out."

The product of a tight shoe or an oak tree is a corn.

WESTERN GIRL
STRENGTHENED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Manchester, So. Dakota.—"I was in a terribly weak and run-down condition when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it and after a short time I felt better. We are a family of five and live on a 360-acre farm, so I have quite a good deal to do both indoors and out. At first I was unable to do anything and had to have a girl, but after taking the Vegetable Compound I finally gained my strength back and also gained considerable in weight. I will gladly answer letters from women in regard to your medicine."—Mrs. ORTO J. GREY, R. F. D., Box 20, Manchester, So. Dakota.



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To Cool a Burn
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not cooled. All dealers.

Benevolent Sneeze

A sneeze relieved C. A. Kinney, eighty-three years old, of Seneca, Pa., from the effects of injuries he suffered in a fall downstairs about two years ago. He had been unable since to move his head and neck freely. Then came the sneeze, something snapped, and his head and neck functioned normally.

Revenge is not so sweet as a change of scene that utterly shuts out the object of vengeance.

Broadcasts Good News

Whittier, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription" and the "Golden Medical Discovery" have been used in our family off and on for a long time and they have always given us entire satisfaction. I have taken the "Favorite Prescription" and so has my mother. It was a wonderful benefit to us. I think it has no equal.

"My father always took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' when he felt run-down, and it never failed to build up his general health in a very short time."—Mrs. J. & H. H. W. Whittier, 118 S. Whittier Ave.

If your druggist is out of the "Medical Discovery" or "Prescription," send 66 cents to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a package of the tablets.



Are You Listening In?

The SUNSET-DYTTIE Singers are broadcasting a program of original songs, duets and quartets over Columbia Radio-gram stations at 8:30 p. m. every Thursday (Eastern time) beginning Thursday, March 11. 5000 Free Quizzes for users of SUNSET-DYTTIE is now in full swing. Prizes announced at each broadcasting from 15 Radio Stations.

If your dealer does not stock SUNSET-DYTTIE and DYTTE (please let this write and let us know).

Send to Stamp for GOLD NEWS, a new 4-page policy publication—it contains full particulars of this interesting contest. Remember SUNSET-DYTTIE and DYTTE should be in every home where people love color. Write today! Address Dept. B, North American Dye Corporation, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 9-1928.

Bobby's Explanation

Little Sister—I wonder why February has 29 days every fourth year? Little Brother—Don't you know, silly? It's so that people born on the 29th of February can have a birthday once in a while.



DEMAND
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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 Monacetteside of Salicylic Acid

Tradition Bars Jews' Union With Gentiles

The American Hebrew says that the tradition against intermarriage among Jews is traced back to Abraham, who ordered his estate manager, Eliezer, to obtain a wife for Isaac from among his, Abraham's, own people, in Aram. It should be added that this is only a tradition. It became a practice among Jews at the time they returned from the Babylonian exile in the Fifth century before the common era. Intermarriage, however, has taken place among Jews at all times. The reason why Jews have clung to the tradition of Abraham and the enactment of Ezra lies in the psychology of group consciousness, especially as this is welded by the religious ideal. The belief of the Jews that they are a people chosen by God to disseminate knowledge of Him and His moral and

ethical will among the peoples of the world is also a great factor motivated by the desire to hold to its mission in the world and, probably, also by the fear lest intermarriage should weaken the force for carrying out its mission.

Vain Search for Treasure

An Australian miner spent part of his life in the bush trying to find a mine his partner found and died in desolating. But he never succeeded, and, eventually, the bushmen stumbled on his skeleton. A party of French scientists narrowly escaped death from thirst in the Sahara seeking traces of a lost caravan of precious stones that never reached Timbuctoo, and was supposed to have been overwhelmed by a sandstorm, lost its tracks, and missed the wells.