

24 Hours Ends COLDS

A "common cold" may result in grippe or flu. At the very first sign, go to a drug store and get a box of HILL'S. Take promptly. HILL'S breaks up a cold in 24 hours because it does the four vital things at once—stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels and tones the system. Red box, 30 cents.

HILL'S
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Quickly Relieves Rheumatic Pains

12 Days' Free Trial

To get relief when pain tortured joints and muscles keep you in constant misery rub on Joint-Ease.

It is quickly absorbed and you can rub it in often and expect results more speedily. Get it at any drugist in America.

Use Joint-Ease for sciatica, lumbago, sore, lame muscles, lame back, chest colds, sore nostrils and burning, aching feet. Only 60 cents. It penetrates.

FREE Send name and Address for 12 day trial tube to Pope Laboratories, Desk 2, Hallowell, Maine.

Joint-Ease

LEONARD EAR OIL



Garfield Tea

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

Are You Listening In?

The SUNSET-DYTIM Singers are broadcasting a program of original songs, duets and quartets over Columbia Radio-Station Radio Stations at 8:30 p. m. every Thursday (Eastern time) beginning Thursday, March 1. \$1.00 Free Contest for users of SUNSET and DYTIM is now in full swing. Prizes announced at each broadcasting from 12 Radio Stations.

PISO'S Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective remedy—35c each. And, for a permanent cure, see PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

For Wounds and Sores

Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All Right With Her

In the campaign to obtain the 1928 Republican national convention for Kansas City this year, Arthur Hardgrave, president of the chamber of commerce, sent messages to members of the National Republican committee, asking suggestions.

Through an error one was sent to Mrs. Frances G. Farley of Wichita, Democratic committeewoman for Kansas.

This was her reply:

"Acknowledging receipt of your wire of the 24th. Respectfully advise that it will be all right with me if the Republican party fails to hold a national convention this year."—Kansas City Star.

COLDS COST MONEY

It is estimated that a sufferer from colds loses three days' time from work in a year.

FORTIFY YOURSELF AGAINST COLDS, GRIPPE

Tone up your body with

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

All Dealers. Liquid or Tablets.

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN
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WNU Service

CHAPTER V—Continued

—13—

"Oh, I say! Stop and have sandwiches and coffee with me!" she suggested chummily—not at all as a subordinate addresses a superior officer. "I can't bear eating alone—it's almost gross, isn't it? Will you? I've heaps—we'll have a jolly lunch! I've a thermos bottle of hot coffee, good strong coffee that I made myself," she chattered as she began to set things out on the flat desk-top, feeling exhilarated at a bit of normal human association and talk after her weeks of strained, artificial relations. With this man, if they kept off of pedagogy, she could be herself—up to a certain point at least (though of course she would have to watch her accent). She almost snatched his hat and coat away from him as she directed him to draw up his chair before the array of dainty sandwiches, coffee and fruit which she had spread out.

"But," he said as he placed their chairs and they sat down, "why is my company all of a sudden so welcome? An hour ago it was, 'You here again!'"

"Well, since you know the very worst about me, I can enjoy a chat with you. I've been dying for a man to talk to! I've been almost driven to flirting with the wooden Indian in front of the village cigar store!"

"Flirting? I'm afraid I can't play up. Don't know how. Afraid I've always been rather a stick with girls," he said dolefully, his eyes on her glowing face and creamy neck encircled by a fluffy, fluted white ruff. What a brute he had been to make her cry—anything so dainty and sweet!

"I wouldn't presume to flirt with the county superintendent," she reassured him, "who knows the very worst about me!"

"The very worst—you're sure?"

"What further do you suspect me of? Not knowing the Presidents in order? Well, I don't. Nor the Twelve Apostles either. And I can't name off-hand the Chinese dynasties for the past five thousand years. Have some coffee!"

She poured him a second cup and his heart thrilled to her as he saw how gay she now looked after her tears. He himself was lonely enough, in all conscience, and this bit of companionship with such an engagingly impudent child was, to say the least, very diverting.

"You made this coffee?" he asked.

"Teach that to the girls of your school and I'll advise your trustees to raise your salary—and if they taste your coffee they'll do it!"

"You put good coffee before learning and call yourself an educator! Men do like their comforts, don't they? I wonder why I'm teaching school anyway, when American cooks are paid such huge wages. What do American cooks do with the millions they earn? Buy country estates and retire?"

"American cooks?" he repeated reflectively. "How about foreign cooks? English cooks, for instance?"

She felt a betraying warmth in her cheeks. He suspected her! No wonder, the way she so often spoke of American things, as though she were not an American!

"I should think," she answered calmly, "that with the terrible unemployment we read of over there, cooks ought to be cheap. I'm told, Mr. Creighton," she changed the subject, as she leaned back in her chair with a sandwich in her hand, "that you're a terrible idealist. How do you manage it?"

"I don't. Though the alternative is so self-destructive! Do you (am I to conclude), like most young people of this day, imagine yourself a cynic?"

"How can one escape it?" I have a cousin who was a radical Socialist until he married a rich wife. I have an uncle who was a liberal in all his ideas until a fellow-professor at his college was expelled for his liberalism—when my uncle changed his views. Believe in liberals with ideals? No, it's asking too much!" She shook her head over it hopelessly.

"Did you never know anyone," Creighton asked, "to sacrifice something for the sake of his ideals?"

"You?" she inquired, looking at him over an expanse of sandwich at her lips.

"Heavens, no! I was thinking of—Mr. E. D. Morell, for instance."

"Editor of Foreign Affairs," she nodded—then instantly regretted her too-ready knowledge of this English editor. Wasn't the mention of him a bait? Would an American be apt to know of him? "Of course," she hastened to add, "liberals all over the world must take heart from Mr. Morell's steadfast courage and heroism!"

"Yes—but he isn't very much known in America—how did you come to know of him?"

"Read about him in The Nation."

He looked surprised. "I'm sure," he said, "you are the only teacher under my jurisdiction that has ever even heard of that paper!"

Conversation with him was, after all, too full of pitfalls, she decided. She was glad when the children's returning to the schoolroom obliged him to take his leave.

Her curiosity as to how much he suspected was fairly consuming her.

CHAPTER VI

Aunt Rosy was again at the Schwencktons', and it was manifest that her brother-in-law was not "overly pleased" at her unexpected visit.

Conversation at supper, in spite of her efforts to sustain it, seemed to languish. No one but Aunt Rosy seemed to be in the mood for this friendly chatting.

"Susie tol' me about your holdin' up young Creighton and takin' his watch off of him, Sam," she said, "and if I was you I wouldn't like it so well that that fast young fellow got a foothold in here with Nettie so lovelick she don't know half the time what she's about—"

"I don't know what you mean by a 'foothold,' Aunt Rosy," replied Mr. Schwenckton irritably. "He ain't been round here since."

"How do you know he ain't? This after, when I got here, I seen Nettie makin' stich chocolate futch and—"

"Yes," broke in Susie in a tone of grievance, "and mind what she done



"Flirting! I'm Afraid I Can't Play Up. Don't Know How. Afraid I've Always Been Rather a Stick With Girls."

yet! She cooked my fire out, so's I had to build it fresh to cook my supper!"

"And when her futch was done a'ready, did she offer some to me and Susie? She did not! And what's more, I don't see none of it bein' passed 'round to you neither! What did she done with that there futch? Why, I seen her packin' it all up nice in a white box and hidin' it good away! Who for? That's what you'd better find out, Sam Schwenckton! Who for?"

Nettie, her face crimson, muttered something about "a big nose" and "buttin' into other folks' business"—but her father interferred.

"Be peaceful, both of you. I won't have no wranglin' at our meals. Till supper's through a'ready, Nettie can tell me who the futch is for."

Nettie, flashing a look of hate at Aunt Rosy, subsided into a sullen silence.

Aunt Rosy was certainly a very disturbing element in this household. It was because of her presence here this evening that Mr. Schwenckton found himself, greatly to his astonishment, not to say bewilderment and distress, "up against" the younger generation in a way that was a shocking revelation to him of how times had changed. Incredible it seemed to his patriarchal ideas of family life that his own young daughter should dare to defy him—but here was the fact before his very eyes—Nettie stubbornly refusing to answer his questions as to what she had done with the futch she had made. She admitted that it was already disposed of. But neither commands, threats nor coaxings would elicit anything further from her.

Meely was pledged for a rendezvous, about school-closing time, with St. Croix in the woods on the hilltop. This would be her first meeting with

him since their wordless encounter in the Schwenckton kitchen the night of the "holdup" and Meely, as she hastened after school to the hill, was tingling with curiosity as to what he would have to say of that dangerous moment which they had managed to come through so untravellingly.

She was pretty sure that poor little Nettie's fudge had been made for St. Croix. "For all I know, he has been seeing her and has discovered that I am the teacher!" she speculated.

Not that she believed he had been seeking Nettie. He was, for the time, too engrossed in herself. But Nettie, in her adolescent infatuation, may have been thrusting herself upon him and St. Croix would not be overscrupulous in accepting gifts the gods offered.

"I'll find out about that fudge," Meely resolved, "and if he is taking advantage of that ignorant child, I'll protect her!"

She wondered, as she went on her way, whether St. Croix would notice the coat she wore. The season having advanced too far for her gaudy voile frock, without a wrap, she was in a bit of a predicament, for her jacket suit was far too stylish for the Meely of St. Croix' mental gallery and the only other wrap she had was this half worn-out coat she had used on the steamer en route for America, an English tweed that had once been such a first-class garment she feared St. Croix would instantly detect its quality and style—he was so observant and informed in such matters—well, rather!

If he did notice that her coat was a good English tweed and ask questions, how on earth should she explain? She would have to trust to the inspiration of the moment.

"It's almost unbelievable that I've come through so far without his discovering me! I'm—some—actress, I am! They'll certainly have to notice me when I get to Hollywood!"

He was there ahead of her at their meeting place and the nipping air of the hilltop had acted as an irritant to both his passion and his temper. It was getting much too cold for these out-of-doors meetings and he knew of no place under a roof where they could get together without risk of detection—especially as Meely's father had grown suspicious for some reason; he had brought old Schwenckton's funny letter with him to show her; as a warning that she must be more careful; he would demand an explanation from her as to what she had done to rouse her father's suspicion.

"Was there no way that he could have the girl except by taking her away from her home altogether? But of course he wasn't going to get himself into that kind of a mess! Absurd to think of it!"

St. Croix still felt confident that when he nodded his readiness, Meely would be only too glad and eager to come to him. Why he had put it off so long was a mystery to himself. Something about her all along had seemed to check his being precipitate—though probably she was just as impatient at his dallying as he himself was.

But the time was surely ripe now and he must delay no longer.

"I'm very displeased with you," he began as they sat huddled together to keep warm, on the big flat log. "What on earth made you do such a reckless thing, my dear, as to send that box of fudge to my home? My mother got hold of it! Don't ever do such a fool thing again, Meely! What on earth made you break out like that?"

"Ach, well—you see, you gimme them swell handkerchiefs and so I wanted to pay you back."

"Of course it was nice of you to make the candy for me—but to send it to my home! My mother asked all sorts of questions—she's awfully worried—"

"She must be awful stuck-up if you're so scared of her knowin' you travel with me! But I knowed folks a'ready that's got twicet as much as she's got and they ain't so proud that they're ashamed to know me!"

"My mother isn't 'proud,' Meely—she's the gentlest, sweetest, dearest—"

He spoke with such feeling that Meely, who so seldom saw him show feeling for anyone but himself, was impressed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Embryo Lawyer Puts Up Successful Plea

Apparently lawyers are born and not made, if a delightful yarn published in the Manchester Guardian correctly illustrates the development of the legal mentality from a start in the cradle, writes the London correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. There had been a certain liveliness in the nursery just before bedtime, with the result that some of the furniture was broken. There was a fog of highly conflicting evidence in the nursery, and father decided that, failing a full and accurate account of what had happened, an anticipated holiday at Scarborough should be canceled.

After some moments of deep thought his young son, who will probably some day be lord chancellor, summed up the position in a sentence: "I have said I didn't do it, but if I can't go to Scarborough unless I say I did do it, I think I had better say I did it; but, if I did do it, I don't know I did

it." Father is reported to have retired from the discussion at this stage, without risking further discomfiture by cross-examination.

Dustin, the Resourceful

Harrison Gibbs tells of a night when the stage manager neglected to place a mattress outside the castle walls as a landing place for Dustin Farnum when he made a spectacular leap in some melodrama. Farnum landed with a thud audible all over the theater. To stave off the laugh he thought fast, with the result that almost immediately he peeked over the parapet and remarked, "The lake is frozen!"

Salt of the Earth

The entire evaporation of the world's oceans would leave a layer of salt 285 feet thick.

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NEW SPRING STYLES ARE READY

Smartly styled for the new season—made of the finest leathers, best of workmanship—and the famous W. L. Douglas quality built into every shoe.

Now being displayed in 120 Douglas stores in the principal cities and by reliable shoe dealers everywhere. When you buy Douglas Shoes, you get with every pair the known reputation of the name "W. L. Douglas"—a name that for more than half a century has always stood for quality in shoes, at prices lower than most others charge. A fair good square retail price stamped on the sole of Douglas shoes at the factory, guarantees honest value.

Men's \$5 to \$8—Women's \$5 to \$8—Boys' \$4 to \$5

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Science Wins Victory Over Freak of Birth

A successful operation on what might be called incomplete Siamese twins has been reported to the medical Journal, Lancet, of London, by Sir John Bland-Sutton. An account of the case was sent to Sir John, himself a consulting surgeon at the Middlesex hospital, by a medical correspondent in India. Attached to a Hindu boy baby at birth was a parasitic "brother" possessed of the full complement of limbs, but minus head, lungs and heart. A month after birth the parasite was growing rapidly so that the parents sought surgical aid for the relief of the child. The operation was performed and when last heard from the child was well and developing normally. Such cases, said the British surgeon, should encourage surgeons generally to separate conjoined twins and spare the fully developed individual not only a life of bondage, but the ignominy of being exhibited in public shows.

Righting a Wrong

Keeper (speaking of new arrival at asylum)—What's the matter with this fellow?

Superintendent—He says the air is free and goes around releasing it from people's automobile tires.—Judge.

Has Many Applications

There are three different meanings to the word "yankee." It was first applied to natives or citizens of the New England states, particularly those of old New England families. Then it was applied by people of the Southern states to all the people of the North—states, in general. Lastly, it is applied by the people of other countries to all citizens and inhabitants of the United States.

Headaches from Slight Colds

Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the headache by curing the cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 20c.—ADV.

Relieved His Mind

When Sylvester Wronbleak of Ashland, Wis., saw what appeared to be a large wolf sneaking through the brush he shot the animal and brought it to the county seat for the \$300 bounty. The affidavit was all made out and the money was about to be paid when Dan Smith came in and said the animal was his police dog. He also said other things, which cannot be printed.—Indianapolis News.

When a man's temper is ruffled his brows are usually knit.

You will never have a friend if you wait for one without a fault.

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



William T. Tilden 2nd to protect his throat smokes Luckies

"During the course of some of my stage appearances, I am called upon at intervals to smoke a cigarette and naturally I have to be careful about my choice. I smoke Lucky Strikes and have yet to feel the slightest effect upon my throat."

William T. Tilden 2nd

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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Bid yourself of "creeping ill." Put your body in trim by cleaning up your blood from the slowing down poisons poured into it by inactive kidneys, liver and bowels. You may rely upon the famous old Dutch National Household Remedy—in use since 1696. The original and genuine.

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