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Worked and Prayed The young negro who was picked up off Cape Hatteras after drifting ten days in a small launch preached about the shortest sermon known on the favorite text of many preachers: "Faith without works." To inquire as to how he passed his time, he replied: "I was pretty busy praying and pumping."



After Colds or Grip

See That Your Kidneys Get Rid of the Poisons.

DOES winter find you lame, tired and aching—worried with backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage?

These are often signs of sluggish kidney action and sluggish kidneys should be neglected.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Doan's are endorsed the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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

Food for Thought "What are you doing for a living?" "I live on air." "A flutist or an aviator?"—Lustige Kolner Zeitung.

BEST WAY TO KILL Rats and Mice. Always Use Stearns' Electric Paste. Money Back if it fails.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 11-192



Sylvia of the Minute

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Well," she said with a long, deep sigh, "me I ain't got nothin' to be proud of—but my kar'kter!"

"Your—what?" "My maur'l kar'kter." "You mean your character?" "Uh—huh. It's all I got."

"You've got something else—" He reached for her hand, drew off her cotton glove and clasped her fingers. "You've got—"

But she worked her hand free of his and drew on her glove again. "My fingers is cold."

He frowned. She might be glad he wanted to hold her hand!

"You not only have my mother, but your father, on the scent!" he reproached her. "What did you do to make him suspicious?"

"It was that there futch—Aunt Rosy tol' him about it. Did he—was he to see you?" faltered the girl—and the suspense in her voice was not assumed.

"No, but I had this letter from him." He drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to her. "Read it—and see what mischief your fudge has made all 'round, my dear!"

It was a pathetic little note, Meely felt—poor Mr. Schwenckton anxiously endeavoring to protect his wayward child, yet equally anxious to avert disunion with his powerful neighbor by casting on him any base, unfounded suspicion; pointing out to St. Croix the impossibility of any safe or honorable relation between him and his daughter, due to their unsurmountable differences in station, wealth and education. Somehow, the most pathetic part of it to Meely was the poor man's struggles to write intelligent English. "Whiles we have always been in comfortable circumstances, yet limited, but honest and honorable."

"Our females in our family being ever virtuous and very chaste and never disgraced us, though many temptations."

Meely remembered, as she found the words all spelled correctly, how assiduously the farmer had, one evening, to her mystification, been consulting the dictionary and how he had asked her to spell for him several long words.

She was relieved to find that Nettie was referred to only as "My daughter," and not by name.

"Poor Pop!" she sighed as she returned the letter to its envelope and passed it back to St. Croix, "he means so well by us children!"

"So you see, Meely, you've got to be careful. No more fudge!"

"I never conceived it would give all this here trouble!" she lamented, on the verge of tears.

St. Croix looked a shade less astere. "Where'd you get the spiffy coat?" he asked. "Looks for the world like English tweed."

"It's the teacher's. She lent me borrow the loan of it off of her."

"Now, look here! Why can't you say simply that she lent it to you—instead of all those superfluous words—she let you borrow the loan of it off of her! Ye gods! She lent it to me." That says what you mean, doesn't it? Five words instead of a dozen!

"Ach, well!" pouted Meely, looking again as though she were on the verge of tears—and then suddenly, to her consternation, she quite uncontrollably snickered—crushing her hand against her mouth to keep from laughing hysterically. Fortunately for her, he took it for a suppressed sob.

"There, there, my dear!" he said half impatiently, half remorsefully. "Never mind! You're past teaching anyhow! Look here, Meely, why haven't you ever mentioned that the teacher boards with you? You've talked of everyone else in the household."

"Well, you see, I had afraid you might want to be given an introduction to her and she's so pretty, I had jealous."

"She is a pretty little thing. But I wonder," he grinned, "what my brother, Marvin, thinks of such a little ignoramus teaching a district school! I didn't know they had such crude teachers as that in the schools!"

"But she's awful good in geography! She can bind every state on the patch-work quilt!"

"Quilt!" "You know—the map. And sums! You had ought to see her do sums once! My—goodness! To be sure, she can't talk wery correct. She gets her w's and w'e's mixed terrible! But United States history! Why, she knows even the footnotes, now mind I'm tellin' you!"

While she talked, he watched her with shining eyes, but it was her ravishing self, not Nettie's proficiency in sums and footnotes, that caused the shining.

"I declare, Meely, in that coat you could pass for anything at all! You look positively like a swell! Patri-dan, actually!" He laughed, little

dreaming, of course, that the girl understood why he laughed; why he thought it funny that Meely Schwenckton should look "patrician, actually!"

"And if I really was so pa—high-toned like I look in this here coat," she responded wistfully, "you could marry me then! Ain't, Mr. Creighton?"

"Marriage isn't the happiest relation between a man and woman, Meely—there is a freer, happier relation," he said insinuatingly—ingratiously.

"But since I ain't high-toned," she broke in, "why do you take all this here worry and trouble to meet up with me?"

"You're always asking me that, Meely! I've told you—you know—"

"No, I don't. If you think I'm common—too common to marry—then what is it about me you like so good?"

"Well, if you've got to have an answer, I suppose, Meely," he said, re-



"Well," She Said with a Long, Deep Sigh, "Me, I Ain't Got Nothin' to Be Proud of—but My Kar'kter!"

garding her appraisingly. "It's that you're so absolutely feminine!"

"Feminine? Well, but my goodness!—what would you expect?"

"It makes you, to most men, my dear, so irresistible! I can't understand how you've gone this long without being married. Why haven't you married, Meely?"

"Ach, I ain't got no curiosity!" He winced. How blatantly vulgar she could be!

However, she had given him his cue—a wedge to break down barriers. He found himself surprised at his own sense of reluctance to come to the point with her, to put his quest to the test; an undefined apprehension of disappointment—though of course that was ridiculous—surely she "loved" and desired him, or why had she been risking so much to meet him here? Surely she was flattered at his desiring her!

He suddenly snatched her to him with passionate kisses—so fiercely that this time she was too helpless in his hard grip to avert his lips—and into her ears he poured out words not in her vocabulary—she could only guess their meaning; could only surmise that now at last he was telling her what all along she had known—that he took her for a "hussy!"—and although through all these weeks she had been expecting this climax, yet it came to her now with a shuddering shock.

In vain she struggled to free herself from his arms and his appalling words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health for Females in Open-Air Exercise

There seems to be no reason why a woman or girl should not get as much enjoyment out of life as any man or boy. Too many of our sex consider themselves hothouse flowers. If the weather is cold or stormy they will not venture outdoors. The sun must be shining and the weather warm before they will spend any time outside.

Whether it is cold or warm, calm or stormy, every woman and girl should spend at least three hours daily in the open air. Not merely resting, but walking, washing or playing some game. Being in the fresh air is all right in a way, but to get 100 per cent value out of the good air, one should exercise in it. Even if the exercise consists only of deep breathing, this, at least, exercises the lungs. I find that too many women neglect their breathing. They very seldom take a deep breath. It is easy to get into the habit of taking the deep

"Let me go—or I'll scream!" she managed to gasp at last.

He was not too far gone to know the danger of her threat—their hill-top, though isolated, being not too distant for a scream to be heard from the valley below.

Panting, baffled, he dropped his arms from about her, his face distorted with a mingled resentment and an anguish of hungry yearning. But he clutched her skirt lest she get up and run away. She only moved, however, a few inches from him on the log, her whole body trembling, her face deathly white.

"If you touch me, I'll scream!" she gasped.

He could not find breath to answer her.

"Can we," she asked scarcely above a whisper, "talk this here thing out, Mr. Creighton?"

"What's there to say? I want you! You surely want me!—I'll amply reward you—"

"You mean—buy me?" "Of course not—any more than you'll buy me. We want each other, Meely! I'll reward you for the risk you take—reward you well—"

"Do you mean you'll give me—money?"

"A pile of it—that you can put away for your marriage—"

Meely started—this was an amazing world that was being revealed to her! She had not dreamed how far some men would go, how ruthless they could be, in degrading a girl.

"For my marriage!" she breathed. "Ach, Mr. Creighton, I didn't know you thought that low-down of me!"

Before the look of utter dismay that had come into her face, he actually felt, to his own bewilderment, a momentary embarrassment. Was she going to be sentimental and scrupulous? That would make things much too difficult—he had certainly not anticipated having to wrestle with scruples!

"I don't think 'low-down' of you, Meely. We love each other—"

"Love? But I'd think, Mr. Creighton, that if a man loved a girl he'd protect her, not hurt her!"

"But love never hurt anyone, Meely! It enriches and blesses—because it gives ecstasy! Ecstasy, Meely!"

"Supposin' you had a sister—would you go ahead and tell her to take such blessing and riches and ecstasy as you're offerin' me? Would you?"

He ignored this ridiculous question. "Meely, love should be as free and natural to us as breathing this autumn air! It's a glorious adventure—"

"But if it's that—a glorious adventure—why make it a sneakin', ugly bargain that you gotta hide and be ashamed of all your life?"

"Ashamed? Look at those birds—and all the other wild, free things! Are they ashamed? Then why should we be ashamed when we're only yielding to our natures that God gave us—"

He found himself reasoning with her just as though he believed she were seriously putting up all these objections!

"Yes, well, but the birds mate," she answered, "and live in a nest and hatch young ones. That's what love is—a home and children, living and working together and bringin' up children. Nothing else is good enough for me, Mr. Creighton, thank you!"

"Oh, Meely, you don't realize!—a free, spontaneous love like ours can be so much more beautiful than the deadly dull, stale marriage relation!"

"Beautiful! Sneakin' and hidin' for fear we'll be found out!—and goin' against the Nature you talk about!—for it's goin' against Nature when you darren't have a child. And you call that love! That ain't love, Mr. Creighton. It's—well, what would you call it? I don't know what you'd call it!"

"If all you see in love (a lovely young creature like you!) is child-bearing!"

"But that's what love's for, ain't it?—if it's Nature you're plaguin' me to follow. And you offerin' me money yet for my marriage! As if even a common man would marry me if he knewed I was a loose woman! Even a workin' man, Mr. Creighton, wants his kids' mother to be a good woman!"

"But there's no 'right' or 'wrong' in love, Meely—love is so divinely above those superstitions! Love is—"

"I ain't thinkin'," she broke in, "so much about whether it's right or wrong. It's whether it's good sense for a girl to give herself to a man that thinks she ain't good enough to marry him! What's it worth to a girl?"

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Scapegoat Used to Carry Off Smallpox

The ancient Hebrew custom of loading the sins of the people on a scapegoat, which bore them off into the wilderness, has a modern parallel in a certain district in central India. It is not sins, however, which the modern scapegoat is required to carry off, but smallpox. When an outbreak of smallpox occurs in a village, the inhabitants resort to the ceremony of "Niesal." A female goat is bought by public subscription, and is adorned with the particular type of ornaments usually affixed to the image of a goddess. The goat is then apparently looked upon as an incarnation of the goddess of the disease. The animal is supposed to remove the epidemic as she is passed on from village to village until she reaches her own temple, or is devoured by wild beasts on the way.

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. 30c.—Adv.

Touched Trapper's Heart

A trapper at Orange, Texas, placed a trap in what he thought was a mink trail, but one morning he found a big muskrat fastened in it. After the animal had been killed, the trapper observed a nest which had been prepared by the mother rat while fast in the trap, as she had three feet free. Within the nest was a new-born litter of rats. "I'd give the price of a good many furs if I had seen the young muskrats before I killed their mother for her hide," said the trapper.

An Early Start

First Millionaire—Do you remember making your first money? Second Millionaire—Yes, had a fairly good income as a child by taking my cantor oil without a fuss.

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