

## Oklahoma Girl Strong as Boy



"Louise Alice was fretful, nervous and all run-down from whooping cough," says Mrs. F. J. Kolar, 1730 West 22nd St., Oklahoma City, Okla. "The little I could force her to eat wouldn't ever digest. She became underweight, sallow and weak."

"Then I decided to try California Fig Syrup, and the results surprised me. Her bowels started working immediately, and in little or no time she was eating so she got to be a pest at the table, always asking us to pass things. Her weight increased, her color improved and she began to romp and play again like other children. Now she's the picture of health, and strong as a boy."

Pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable California Fig Syrup acts surely and quickly to cleanse your child's stomach and bowels of the souring waste that is keeping her half-sick, bilious, sallow, feverish, listless, weak and puny. But it's more than a laxative. It tones and strengthens the stomach and bowels so these organs continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Over four million bottles used a year shows its popularity. Ask for it by the full name, "California Fig Syrup," so you'll get the genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years.

## For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Man's first effort to control the Mississippi was by building levees. The first planters thus sought to protect their own plantations and passed the danger along to the next fellows. Gradually the levees were enlarged and extended until they now form a set of parallel banks long enough to reach from New York to Chicago. They have cost, so far, more than \$250,000,000.

## Large, Generous Sample of Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, in a small way, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nerveine, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales were small at first, but soon increased, and another factory was added to meet the increasing demand. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world and Pastor Koenig's Nerveine is not only sold throughout the United States but in every land and clime.

The manufacturers want every reader of this free offer to try the old remedy at their expense. They will send a large, generous sample to every one who mentions this article.

Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample.

Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1045 North Wells street, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

**Large Italian Families**  
Palazzuolo dello Stella, Udine province, Italy, with an average of more than nine children, all Fascist, to every family, claims to come closest to Mussolini's ideal of a prolific Italy. Its population is about 2,800, divided into 468 families. Of these, there are 10 children; one, 14; eight, 13; eleven, 12.

The lesser tribes, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, include eleven families with an even dozen; twenty-two with 11 offspring, and thirty-four with 10.

**A Leak**  
Ethel—She tries so hard not to let anyone know her age.  
Maybelle—She can't very well. You see, she is a twin, and her brother, the other twin, isn't afraid to tell how old he is.—Detroit News.

**Too Good to Be True**  
Mrs. Gaxippe—Poor Mrs. Nuckle-down! Her husband treats her like a servant.  
Mrs. Gazoof—What! Do you mean to tell me he gives her all his money and lets her boss the whole house?

## Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

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.

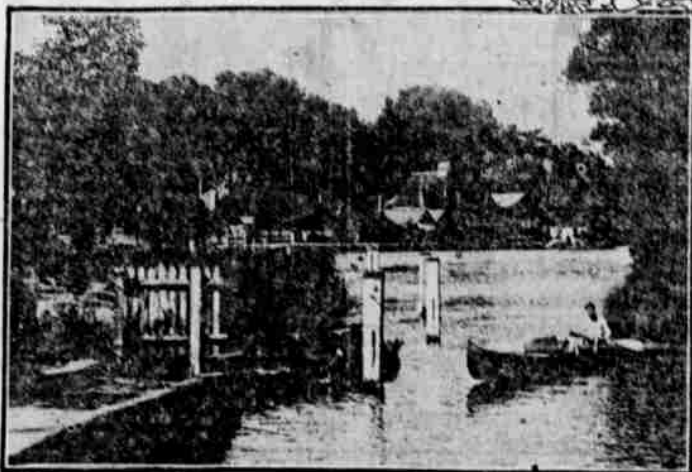
## How to Avoid INFLUENZA

**Colds** Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against Colds, Influenza or Grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (DR. Caldwell's) does more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infections.

Get a 50c Box at Your Druggist's

DR. CALDWELL'S

# ALONG THE THAMES



The Thames at Pangbourne.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

FOLLOWING the River Thames from its birthplace 75 miles west of London to that great metropolis, leads the traveler through a countryside full of history and tradition, and still retaining, in spite of its nearness to the throbbing port and streets of London, the atmosphere of bygone centuries.

At Cricklade the river is little more than a rivulet—in fact, the local people all refer to it as "the Brook." The first 11 miles to Lechlade is not really navigable water, and for most of the distance one must walk in the bed of the stream, guiding his canoe over the shallows, which occur every few yards. Where there is sufficient depth of water progress is impeded by the heavy weeds.

At Lechlade the river becomes navigable, though from here to Oxford traffic is scanty, and it is rare to see anything larger than a rowboat. The river winds its narrow, tortuous course between long, level meadows or rushy banks. Black and dun cattle wading in the shallows; an old bridge or a comfortable riverside inn haunted by anglers, for the river here is full of fish; a heron winging his slow way home—these are the most exciting scenes in a day's paddle. But though this country is not on the grand scale, it has a quiet beauty all its own, which is remembered when more spectacular places are forgotten.

Lechlade is a Cotswold town, built round the wide and sunny marketplace, from one side of which rises the sixteenth century church, with its spire so loved by the poet Shelley. The houses are of stone, brick being a rarity in the Cotswolds, and have an air of mingled spaciousness and dignity which is most attractive.

**Newbridge and Its Old Inn.**  
A steady, uneventful paddle of 15 miles brings one to Newbridge, which, like New College at Oxford and the New Forest, is of great antiquity, being in fact the oldest bridge on the river.

On the bank is the old inn bearing the quaint sign of "The Rose Revived." Its signboard was painted by Sir Hans Thorneycroft, and represents a rose in a glass of beer, in which liquid it appears to be flourishing greatly. Over the signboard is a small penthouse to act as a defense against the weather.

Four miles below is the ferry where Matthew Arnold saw the Scholar-Gipsy "crossing the striding Thames at Bablockhythe," and about a mile on the right the village of Cumnor, where was enacted the tragedy of Amy Robsart, described by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth."

At this point one comes in sight of Oxford, but as the river describes a great horseshoe curve, it is some time before he approaches the outskirts of the city. The sordid nature of the last two miles, covered with railways, warehouses, and gasometers, is only equaled by the memory of its departed glories.

On the left, where now is a cemetery, stood the great Abbey of Osney, and just below the old keep of Oxford castle rears its hoary head from among the hideous litter and lumber of a gas-works and a railway; yet it was the scene of one of the most romantic adventures of the Middle Ages.

In the year 1142 King Stephen was besieging the castle, in which was his rival, Matilda. A frost set in, followed by a heavy snowstorm, and the case of the garrison was desperate. But Matilda was a true Plantagenet. With four chosen knights, dressed all in white, she stole out of a little postern gate, and under cover of darkness fled across the frozen river and over the snows to Abingdon, seven long miles away, where help awaited her.

A little farther on the river divides and passes under the old Grand Point, or Folly bridge, the center of Oxford's aquatic life.

**Beauties of Oxford.**  
Oxford is one of those towns, which, like Rome, Prague and a few others, are really the property of the world, rather than of a single nation. It is impossible in so short an article to give more than a cursory glance at its many beauties. It should be remembered that, with Cambridge, it is the only example remaining of a university with a tradition of communal living in colleges, independent of the university organization, which goes back hundreds of years.

The city is a living link with whatever is or has been best in English life through the ages, and forms in itself an epitome of English social and national history.

There is the view from Carfax down St. Aldates to the tower of Christ church, where Great Tom still strikes, at 9 p. m., his 101 strokes, the number of undergraduates, as ordained by the founder of the original college, Cardinal Wolsey. Or climb the Radcliffe Camera and look at the city lying outspread, with the noble tower of Magdalen away in the distance.

Every college has some peculiar attraction and tradition of its own—the library at Merton, with its chained books; the old city walls in New College garden; the chapel of Christ church, which is also a cathedral—a unique distinction; the sun-dial at Oriel.

From Oxford the river runs to Ilfley, a little village two miles below. This stretch is the scene of the college bumping races—the Torpids in the Lent term and the Eights in the summer term. Both are eight-oared races, extending over a week, the boats starting in a line-ahead formation, 150 feet apart. In both sets of races the principle is that each boat endeavors to overtake and touch the one in front, and if successful takes its place on the succeeding day. Few sights are more beautiful than this—the crowd of undergraduates running on the tow-path, the long string of racing boats and the line of boats and barges crowded with bright blazers and pretty dresses.

Ilfley mill is probably the most photographed place on the Thames; and, with its mellow red roof guarded by the tall poplars, it is worth picturing.

**Paddling Through Charm and History.**  
Two miles below is Sandford, where from time immemorial the King's Arms has been the goal of undergraduate boating parties. Once through Sandford lock, one paddles on to Abingdon past the Nuneham woods, which in places here come down to the water's edge. Unfortunately, for most of the distance the banks are too high for a small boat to command an extensive view.

Abingdon has fallen from its high estate. In bygone days the abbots of Abingdon dominated the whole district; but their monastery vanished at the Reformation, and not even the site of it is now known.

Below on a backwater lies the little village of Sutton Courtenay, consisting of a long row of old English cottages, a village green, and a fine avenue of trees—a perfect specimen of the small hamlets which sleep by the banks of Father Thames.

A mile below is Clifton Hampden and "Barley Mow," an old thatched inn, one of the quaintest on the river. Its low-pitched roof, beamed walls, and latticed windows give it a really story book appearance, and inside the impression of unreality is intensified.

Below Clifton Hampden Dorchester lies, a mile away on the left, another instance of fallen greatness. In the Seventh century it was the scene of the baptism of Cynege, the first West Saxon king to become a Christian, and in the Tenth century it was the see of an enormous diocese which stretched to the Humber. In later years the Austin friars built a great priory here, of which the abbey church remains as one of the chief glories of the river. Dorchester has vanished from history for 500 years, but it remains a village of singular peace and charm.

The next few miles are somewhat lacking in interest. One paddles through Shillingford; Wallingford, a great strategic point in the Middle Ages, but now a sleepy and uninteresting town; under the Great Western railway bridge at Moulford, and then down a straight two-mile reach on which the Oxford university trials are rowed before the eight to row against Cambridge are selected.

Halfway down the reach is the Beetle and Wedge Inn, an old hostelry rebuilt about fifteen years ago and having its unusual sign prominently displayed.

**World Mainly Good**  
I have an honest conviction that those who occupy the world's best positions earn them honestly, and that politeness, and nearly always more than the usual honesty, follow distinction.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

# FLASH

The Lead Dog

By GEORGE MARSH

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W. N. U. Service

**SYNOPSIS**  
Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip.

## CHAPTER II

### On the Yellow-Leg Trail

Through the early afternoon the deeply loaded canoe followed the flat coast. From the stern Gaspard, the better canoeist, driving his narrow blade with the straight-armed lunge of the Cree, watched with frowning eyes the increasing blackness of the northern horizon.

The sun was hanging over the muskeg behind the spruce beyond the marshes when Gaspard glanced into the north and shook his head.

"We better find camp ground before de tide leave us," he warned. "We run up some creek."

"You're right," Brock replied. "We can't run the chance of getting the flour wet."

For a hour the paddles of the canoeists churned the gray bay water as they reconnoitered the flats ahead for a hospitable creek mouth into which they could run for shelter from the blow which threatened them at the turn of the tide.

As the muskeg smothered the sun, Gaspard stood in the stern, searching the beaches to the north. Somewhere ahead a friendly little river must cross the marshes to the sea, or a hospitable sand-splai thrust out to meet the tide.

"Loo's as if we had a night in the boat ahead of us," said Brock, as the stern-man sat down and silently took up his paddling again.

"If she blow hard when de tide come in, de boat will fill," was the gloomy comment of the other.

On they traveled, searching for a way in to a dry camp ground on the marshes, but in vain. Then, as the tide turned, the wind rose, and the bronzed faces of the canoeists set grim with the knowledge that the filling of their boat on the flats meant the abandonment of their winter on the Yellow-Leg. For without flour they dared not enter the unknown country.

Knelling in the bow, teeth clamped, the stubbornness of his Scotch ancestry battling all thought of failure, Brock drove his paddle with all the splendid power of his muscular arms and back. From the stern the sneaky Gaspard—taking them on the quarter—eased the nose of the able boat through the short seas. But loaded as they were, the stern-man realized that the rising wind would soon kick up a sea in which the heavily loaded canoe could not live. It was a matter of minutes. His decision was quickly made.

"Look out!" he cried, "we turn inshore!" And burying his paddle, with the prompt aid of Brock he swung the bow.

Blindly they drove the boat in through the thickening dusk as they shot into the white shoals they dropped paddles, seized their setting poles and pushed desperately on through the low-breaking flood tide. Suddenly the canoe stopped with a jolt, throwing the poles forward to their knees. A following wave lifted and swung the stern inshore. The next would wash over the boat, grounded broadside on, filling her.

Leaping into the water, desperate with the fear of the loss of the precious car, with a great heave Brock eased the bow off the hummock beneath it, and with Gaspard pushing at the stern, headed the lightened boat in over the flats where she grounded beyond the break of the waves.

"They're dry as a bone!" shouted Brock, reaching under the heavy canvas to the flour bags. "Whew! That was a close call!"

"Good 'ing de bench is flat here," cried Gaspard. "I tho't she fill for sure."

"The tide's not half full yet, is it?" "No, we got to float de canoe in, as de tide rises. You look out for de boat and I go back to high ground and build a fire."

So, with the stern lashed to a pole to keep the boat from swinging, Brock curled up in the canoe to wait for the tide to float her, while Gaspard went inland with kettle and frying pan, for the hours of toil since noon had left them desperately hungry.

It was not long before Brock saw a light flicker, back on the marsh. His empty stomach clamored for the tea and fried goods that Gaspard was cooking. Then for a space, his tired body conquered him and he dozed, to be awakened by the swinging of the canoe, aloft, again, in the tide.

Tumbling out in his water-tight seal skin boots Brock guided the craft through the shallows until she again grounded, and, lashing the boat to a setting pole, as started for the fire where he awaited him. As he crossed the marsh to the alder thicket which served as a partial windbreak for the fire, a chorus of yelps challenged his approach.

"Say, I'm half starved, cook!" cried the hungry youth as he fought off the

caresses of the welcoming dogs. "How about a little bite?"

Gaspard smiled as he turned the sputtering goose in the pan with his skinning knife. "You lucky you not half drown. You stake de boat when you leave her?"

"You bet. But she's far in now where there's no wash. I'll go back when I've filled this hollow, and bring her in as the tide rises."

So dogs and men ate their supper by the little fire of driftwood while the wind rocked the alders above them. After midnight, when the tide had turned, they brought their tent and blankets in from the canoe and rolled up for needed rest after the hard day.

By daylight, a kettle of goose was already bubbling over the fire, for the wind had cleared the weather and a long paddle up the coast lay before them. Again, with the dogs following the shore, the canoe headed up the coast.

"Tonight we camp at de Big Owl—tomorrow de Yellow-Leg," said Gaspard, settling into a vicious stroke.

"Right! Tomorrow the Yellow-Leg!" And the paddles churred the gray bay water as the boat sped up the low coast.

Late in the afternoon, the lean face of Gaspard widened in a grin as he searched the coast to the north.

"Dere she is, de Big Owl," he announced with satisfaction. "We mak' good tam today, eh, Brock?"

The following noon the voyagers reached the mouth of the Yellow-Leg, which, like all west coast rivers, debouches into the bay through a delta.

"The Yellow-Leg, at last!" cried Brock, standing in the canoe, hands shielding eyes.

"Big river!" replied Gaspard, "she got 'ree mouth."

"By golly, there's that schooner again!" Brock pointed to the north. Gaspard's black eyes studied the dark object on the water, far up the coast. "Wat she hang off dis riviere for?" he muttered.

"I'd sure like to run on up the coast and have a look at them," said Brock.

"No, we got big job ahead before de freeze-up, Brock." Then with a sweep of his paddle, Gaspard swung the bow inshore. "Here we go for de big hunt on de Yellow-Leg."

Day by day through the following week the canoe bound for the unmapped headwaters of the Yellow-Leg bucked the strong current. Often they were compelled to get out the tracking line, and, walking the shore, tow the boat up through water too strong for poles to push her. And nowhere on the shores of the wild river did they meet with signs of a portage or old camp ground.

As he watched the wilderness panoramas unfold before him, the realization that it was free country—untrapped, theirs, by the law of the north—thrilled Brock to the marrow.

Then one day the river forked. "Which way?" asked Brock.

"We tak' sout' branch," replied the stern-man. "Once, to de nord of Starving Riviere divide, my fader saw beeg lak'. It might be headwater of dis branch."

"He was headed for that lake country when he left your camp last winter, wasn't he?"

Gaspard nodded. "He went to look oavr de country for game sign."

"He couldn't have starved, Gaspard. He was too good a hunter; he must have met with an accident."

"No, he had plenty grub w'en he left an' he was best hunter een dis cuntry." Gaspard's voice roughened to huskiness as he spoke of the father he had loved. "Someth'ing happen—he nevalre starve so long as he can travel."

"Queer thing not a dog ever worked his way back—wolves, I suppose."

"Not a dog!"

For a space they sat in silence while the canoe drifted, the dark face of Gaspard Lecroix flitter with the memory of his lost father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Code Employed for Telegrams in China

The transmission and receipt of telegrams in China is not so easy as in western countries, because the Chinese language lacks an alphabet and expresses itself by characters and signs that represent words. In consequence, for purposes of telegraphing, an exact list has been made of signs in quantity sufficient for ordinary correspondence, and to each of the signs a different number is given which is transmitted by the Morse telegraphic system. The code consists of 3,800 ciphers, the whole forming a pamphlet of 40 pages, each one of which contains ten series of 20 characters with its corresponding number. On receipt of a telegram the operator looks up in his book the characters represented by the numbers transmitted by the apparatus and transcribes them into legible Chinese.—Washington Sunday Star.

## The Better Part

"We cannot choose good friends," said Ill Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "but must hope to live so worthily that good friends may choose us."—Washington Star.

Lay up treasures in heaven. No one on earth will try to rob you of them.

## TO RESIST THE ATTACK—of colds or grippe—put your system and your blood in order. Build up your health with that splendid herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has stood the test of sixty years of approval. The air we breathe is often full of germs, if our vitality is low we're an easy mark for colds or pneumonia.



One who has used the "Discovery," or "G. M. D.," writes thus:

"Spokane, Wash. Whenever I get tired, weak and all run-down, or my strength is all gone, I take a bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it brings back my strength, builds me up and makes me feel like a new person. It not only acts as a tonic but cures and builds up the blood. I always recommend the 'Golden Medical Discovery' as a tonic and blood purifier."—Mrs. J. J. Kraus, 613 N. Helena St., Field or tablets. All dealers.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

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Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve. 25c.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sold by all Druggists.

**FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 30 cents by mail or at druggists. Ilseco Chemical Works, Patheberg, N. Y.

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SUFFERING ELIMINATED  
15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean

NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF CURE. PILES ELIMINATED OR PERMANENTLY CURED. Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.

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**Muscle-Bound**  
Maudie—He's got a lot of culture, hasn't he?  
Mae—Yes, but it's all physical.

**Cold Need Cause**  
**No Inconvenience**  
Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

**Missed Death by Inches**  
The life of a fourteen-months-old boy who was attempting to crawl across the railroad tracks at Kansas City, Kan., was saved when an approaching train was stopped just as the front end of the engine extended over the boy. The baby, raising his head suddenly to see what all the commotion was about, bumped his head on the engine and started to cry, but his mother soon consoled him.

**A Gaining Religion**  
Mohammedanism is sweeping down over Africa rapidly. This religion has a great appeal to the natives' adoration of ceremony and dress. The first thing that happens when a village has turned Mohammedan is a general order to kill all pigs.



## WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 2-1929.