

## This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, sallow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

## 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.

**PISO'S**  
for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—15c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

**Setback for Convicts**

Convicts in Louisiana state prison institutions once more will don the telltale striped uniform after having gone without the characteristic prison garment for more than ten years. The restoration of the striped suit was ordered by Gov. Huey P. Long, who was influenced by the recent killing of Herman Baker in a robbery in New Orleans. Baker, shot to death while robbing an aged storekeeper, was a "furloughed" convict and had been at liberty several weeks. The governor also ordered all "furloughs" discontinued unless ordered by his office.

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

More than forty years ago, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nervine, 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 soon increased, and another factory was added. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world and Pastor Koenig's Nervine is sold in every land and clime.

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

Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1645 No. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

**To Greater Heights**

Institutions may crumble and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth.—George Bancroft.

If it is true that poetry runs in the blood it must be in the poetical vein.

## Feel Good

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try **NR**—Nature's Remedy—all-vegetable corrective—not just an ordinary laxative. See how **NR** will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lousy, poison feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—

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**Consolidated Electrical Industries, Inc.**  
First National Bank Building  
Detroit, Michigan

# FLASH

The Lead Dog

By GEORGE MARSH

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### SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Creole comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued

By nine o'clock it was light enough to distinguish objects down wind, and Brock started. Had he been well supplied with provisions, he would have weathered the blow in camp, but to wait one—two days, until the norther blew itself out, while he and Flash grew weak from hunger, was not to his liking. While he yet had his strength, he would try for his trapping camp, where there was a little flour and dried meat, and fish for Flash. It could not be far, not more than ten miles, and if the wind eased they might make it by night.

For two hours, the dogged youth, with the nose of his husky at his heels, pushed into the blustering wind. At length, weak from hunger and exhaustion, he crossed a small valley where the drifts rose shoulder-high but the wind-bank of the ridge ahead eased the going. He knew he must find a camping place soon and weather it out, for his legs were stiffening. The grub at the end of the trap-line was still miles away. He must hold up for the night and wait for the norther to blow itself out. He couldn't buck this wind loaded with shot. He was beaten.

But there was no cover here. He would freeze if he stayed. They must get over the ridge and down into the thick timber. Head down, body doubled on his thighs, the desperate lad plunged into the pin-pointed barrage which beat the blood, like sand blasts, to his frost-blackened face.

At his heels crawled a dog.

Through the white maelstrom of the exposed ridge they battled; now flattened to the snow as wind flattens grass; now reeling forward until, again bent to their knees, they sought breath for another effort. On and on went the pair, boy and dog, fighting for every white yard they wrung from the bludgeoning wind, as they sought the sanctuary of the spruce. There, at last, they won their way, and, side by side, on the snow gasped for breath as the norther thundered over them.

Rested, Brock wiped the ice from his tortured face with a blue hand. By instinct and the feel of the tails of Brock's shoes, the husky had held to his master's heels. Tenderly the boy freed the inflamed eyes of his dog from the crust which blinded him. Then, where the spruce stood thick and no drift was making, Brock dug a hole, lined and covered it with boughs and cut wood for a fire.

"We'll wait it out here, Flash," he cried. "There's a little left for supper—then—we starve; but we'll wait it out here."

Ravenous with hunger after the hours of grinding toil against the force of the wind, dog and boy finished the pitiful half-ration of food which remained, and curling before the blazing logs, slept the sleep of exhaustion.

To Brock's surprise and joy, he opened his eyes at dawn to find that the blizzard had blown itself out and the show had ceased.

"Hey, you Flash!" he cried to the dog who had dug into the snow at the side of the hole. "Wake up, you old sleepy head! Today we have a real feed."

Brock was weak from lack of food but the thought of the meal he and Flash would share at the trap-line that day, drove his hunger from his mind. Drinking the water in which he had boiled his tea bag, he lightened his belt over his empty stomach and started on legs stiff from the exertion of the day before.

On the brow of the first ridge he mounted, Brock stopped to set his course. For a long space he gazed to the north and east, then his brows contracted as a puzzled look entered his eyes.

"By the great horned owl, Flash," he announced to the dog whose eyes watched the boy with interest, "I don't see one darned land-mark."

Brock got out his glasses from the sled and slowly swept the surrounding country. Every hill and couple-gon spruce or jack-pine, every ice-locked pond, every reach of frozen muskeg, he studied for some land mark he had noted on his way south

west along the great barren. But his search was in vain. He was in a country he had never seen.

Somehow he had been tricked by the wind. It had shifted and he had followed the shift. He had probably worked far to the east, but not more than ten miles. He hadn't made much more than that against that wind. So he turned into the northwest.

Through the short hours of the sub-arctic December day, they traveled over the frost blanket of snow which had buried the country. But when the sun drifted into the lead-colored haze, smearing the western horizon, and Brock made camp, the wind-burned features of the boy's face, scarred by the whip of the blizzard, were sober with doubt. That day he should have reached or seen the ridge at the end of his lines and the barren to the south. As the light faded and the spruce filled with purple shadow, Brock now realized that in the two days of blinding snow with a masked sun, he had worked far to the east or west—which he did not know.

And the last of the food was gone! How long could he travel without grub? Starving as they were, he and Flash could make the trap-lines and home camp—if he only knew in which direction they lay. But to wander—lost!

Supperless, the two friends slept, while out under the glittering stars stole the clawed patrols of the forest night, pitiless eyes scouring thickets and moonlit reaches for that which would still the ache of their hunger. Ghostly shapes, like gray shadows, drifted noiselessly through the stinging air, talons tense for the swift thrust at hapless mouse or rabbit.

"Flash, you look hungry," said Brock in the morning, with a wry grin, as he tightened his belt, and started into the north. "Today we hunt as we go. A couple of rabbits would taste pretty good, eh?"

If only they could run into caribou, thought the boy. But the presence of wolves on the flanks of the migration doubtless had scattered the deer far and wide.

At noon, Brock built a small fire and rested. While Flash as yet showed little effect from his lack of food, Brock was fast weakening. The ache of his clamoring stomach had now ceased but in its place stole a heaviness—a numbness into his limbs. He wondered how long he would be able to travel, searching for the river and lake, if he failed to strike game; two—three days, possibly another, then a starvation camp, where day by day, he would weaken, until he could no longer cut wood to keep his fire and the numbness of the white dead, would find him beside his dog. Poor old Flash! He would still hang on, for a husky starves slowly. And then again, before the husky was too weak, he might find rabbits, or caribou, or work back to camp and Gaspard.

Filling his stomach with hot water, with a shrug Brock turned to the dog. "Flash, like a fool, I got you into this mess. Now I'm going to get you out. Come on, old boy, and we'll shoot some supper."

Before dusk dropped like a blanket on the Kiwiedin wastes, Brock shot two rabbits, which he shared with Flash, and that night, for a space, the fear "o" his heart was dulled.

Wrapped in his robes by the fire, Brock's harassed thoughts thrashed back and forth over the days just passed. Often he had heard his father say that busiercraft, backed by nerve, would, in the end, bring any lost man home. What beat them was tending nerve and head at the same time.

Well, ruminated the boy in the robes, if nerve would drive him to the Yellow-Leg, he would make it tomorrow or the next day. Then it would be a case of having the strength to reach the camp on the headwaters. But his strength was going fast. To the best of his belief he had wandered east, past his trap-lines, in the blinding snow. If only he could meet caribou! What a feast he and Flash would have on red meat!

Then, there was Gaspard! Already, in search of his missing partner, he would have visited the trap-line camp! But Brock's trail to the big barren had been wiped out by the snow. Poor Gaspard!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Tommy Objected

Little Tommy, Jr., of Overbrook became balky at donning new short hose that his mother insisted upon.

"But the weather is so nice I should imagine that you would be glad to wear these cool white hose instead of the heavy long ones you have been putting on," she admonished.

Tommy continued to squirm and dissent. Mother asked him his objection to the change.

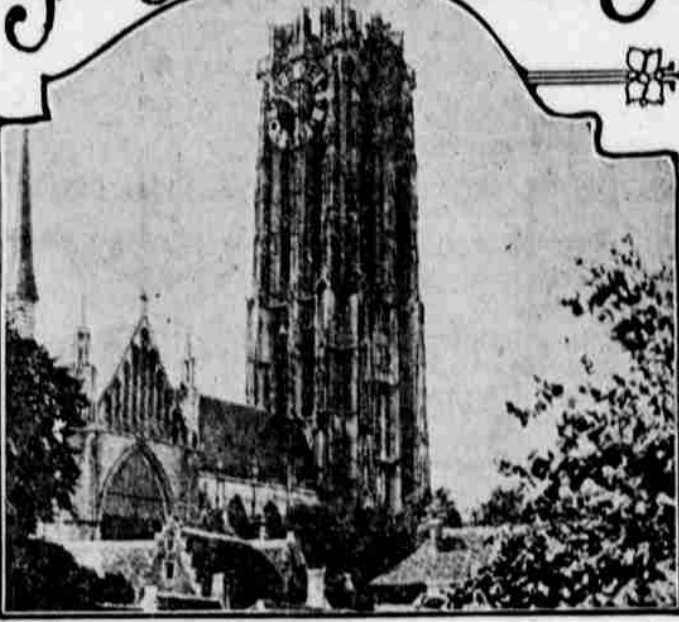
"Ah-h," he grumbled, "when I wear 'em I've got to wash my knees as well as my feet before I go to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Not a Busy Spot

The railway station in the British empire with the least traffic is probably Oodnadatta, in Australia, which has one train in two weeks.

It is sometimes hard to love a man who loves his enemies too vociferously

# Singing Towers



St. Rombold's Singing Tower, Malines.

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

THE dedication by President Coolidge recently of a carillon or tower of bells in Florida centers attention on these sources of music and on the region in which they were developed: a strip of land that extends from the North Sea shores inward for 50 miles or more in plains which are largely just above high tide.

On every side one sees scores of cities, towns, and villages. In the foreground these are clearly defined, but in the middle distance they become less distinct, and on the horizon in soft and misty outline they almost disappear. In every such extended view, above town hall and city gate and ancient church, rises dominant here a rugged tower, there a tall bell tower or a graceful, slender spire. And each of these skyward-soaring structures becomes for the traveler a singing tower if, on nearer approach, he finds it crowned with that majestic instrument of music called a carillon.

The word "carillon"—pronounced "car'lon," with the "o" as in "atom"—and the derivative, "carillonneur," are French in origin, but now generally accepted in English.

Landing at Rotterdam, one finds the tower of St. Lawrence's church, whose old bells make not merely a great musical instrument, but by their melodies express the spirit of the country over which they sound.

The traveler should mount the circular stone stairway leading to the heights of tower after tower to see the bells of carillons in all their beauty of decoration and arrangement. He finds himself among a great company of bells, fixed upon a heavy framework and extending in parallel rows, tier above tier, completely filling the great tower room.

### Bells Ranged in Tiers.

The little bells hang in the highest tier; the big bells just clear the floor; the intermediate sizes hang in tiers between. The largest bell of all is taller than a tall man and it may weigh four, five, or even six or eight tons. The smallest bell has a height of 10 or 12 inches only and perhaps a weight of less than 20 pounds.

Soon it is realized, however, that of greater consequence than number, or size, or weight, is the pitch relationship of the bells; for the bells of a carillon always progress by regular semitone or chromatic intervals. The carillon of St. Lawrence's tower has these intervals complete through more than three octaves, except that the two lowest semitones are lacking.

The arrangement and character of the bells first attract the observer's attention. Then he begins to study how the music is produced. He soon discovers that a carillon is played in two ways:

First, automatically by a revolving barrel connected with a tower clock, which starts the music at the hour, the half hour, and at the quarters, and sometimes even at the eighths.

Second, by a trained musician, a carillonneur, seated at a keyboard like that of an organ. Six and even more notes can be struck in chords on the carillon keyboard, and, so delicate are the adjustments, that sustaining tones on the lighter bells are easily accomplished by "tremolando."

Automatic playing of simple folk songs, chiefly on the light bells, with now and then the addition of a deep bass tone, is what the traveler constantly hears as he wanders through old towns in Belgium and Holland.

The tower of St. Lawrence's church was begun in 1448, and the city placed a carillon in it in 1600. In the tower of the Rotterdam Bourse is a smaller carillon of 27 bells, also more than two and a half centuries old. A third carillon in Rotterdam has just been placed in the new city hall. It is larger, both in weight and in number of bells, than any carillon made in the last 100 years.

### Cities Own the Carillons.

Rotterdam's three singing towers, rising one above the city hall, one above the Bourse, and one above the church of St. Lawrence, gives one a clue to the variety of structures which may possess a carillon. And further investigation shows that similar music has floated for more than two centuries over the city gate at Enkhuizen, the Royal palace at Amsterdam, the Weigh house at Alkmaar, the Cloth hall at Ypres (destroyed dur-

ing the World war), the University library at Ghent, the Wine house at Zutphen (burned in 1921), and the Abbey at Middelburg, and that the spires of not a few of the historic churches of the low countries are singing towers.

Finally, one discovers the important fact that wherever a carillon hangs, its bells are owned by the city, its carillonneur is an official chosen by city authority, and the tower itself is under city control.

At Delft the carillon is in the spire of the new church, called "new," though over four hundred years old, because it was begun a century later than the old church, nearby. Here, far above us, are to be seen nearly four octaves of bells, ranged in rows above and on both sides of the dial of the tower clock.

By making The Hague his center a traveler can easily reach every part of Holland's carillon region in day journeys. One morning the trip may be to Gonda. There, in the great church, one may see the wonderful sixteenth century glass windows, the finest in Holland, abounding in glorious color, allegorical design, and historic interest, and listen as the carillon plays far above.

Only half an hour from The Hague is Leiden, where the singing tower crowns the low and very beautiful town hall. The Pilgrims, who, after leaving England, lived for a time at Leiden, undoubtedly heard this music, for the city has had a carillon since 1578. Twenty-five miles beyond Leiden is Haarlem. There the carillon is in the tower of the old church, famous for its organ and models of historic ships suspended high in the groined arches of the ceiling.

Amsterdam, the commercial capital of Holland, is first among present-day cities in the number of singing towers it possesses. The Royal palace, the old Mint tower, the Ryks museum, and the Zuider, the West, and the old church spires all have carillons.

### St. Rombold's Is Best of All.

Most glorious of all the singing towers is that which rises above St. Rombold's noble cathedral at Malines (Mechlin). A few years ago Malines celebrated the anniversary of the 35 years of service of the distinguished carillonneur Josef Denys—"the Paderevski of the carillon." Ancient guilds with superb banners and modern societies of every kind marched in the procession. Thousands of people filled the old streets. Houses and public buildings everywhere were gaily decorated.

This impressive pageant was but the beginning of events which filled four days, during which came the inauguration of the School of Carillon Instruction, free to all the world; the meeting of the first Carillon congress ever assembled; the opening of the Exposition of Carillon Art, lasting through September, and the playing of visiting carillonneurs from France, Holland, and Belgium.

On Sunday noon, in the crowded town hall, the burgomaster presented to Denys a gold medal from the city, and there the American ambassador to Belgium spoke.

Malines is midway between Antwerp and Brussels and distant only half an hour from each, so that multitudes from both these cities attend its carillon concerts. Of late many have gone also from much greater distances in Europe and from all parts of the world. A program of the music to be played at each concert is published months in advance. And while the great master plays, all is quiet, even in the Grand place.

In the world today are 150 odd carillons. Of these 134 are in Belgium and the Netherlands. The rest are scattered in other parts of Europe, the United States, and Canada.

### Stockings and Sovereigns

Up to the time of Henry VIII, king of England from 1509 to 1547, hose were made out of ordinary cloth, says an article in Popular Knowledge. The king's stockings were made out of taffeta, cut and seamed together. Although travelers from Spain told of wonderful hose woven out of silk, Henry never had a pair of them. His son Edward VI had one pair, and when Elizabeth came to the throne she fared better still. After trying silk hose it is said that she "never wore cloth hose but only silk stockings" until her death in 1603.



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### Short-Time Lady

Ad in Philadelphia Paper—"Wanted, mother's helper, refined from 1 to 6 p. m., daily."—Boston Transcript.

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