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LEARNED THIS ABOUT
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Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.



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RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

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**Weak After
Operation**

"About five months ago, following an operation for appendicitis I did not gain strength enough to be up and about. My mother and sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken five bottles and it has helped me to get strong so I can do my own housework now. I have recommended it to several friends who have been weak and run-down."—Mrs. Oscar Ottum, Box 474, Thief River Falls, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Ginger Ella

CHAPTER I

by Ethel Hueston
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
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WNU Service

"There are two whole columns on the disarmament conference—all figures, and quotations, and simply tremendous big words," said Ginger Ella in a discouraged tone. "Oh, here's a little bit of a column about the Elks' May day fete and beauty pageant." She settled herself to read with a smug little founce of eagerness.

"You may skip that," said her father. "We know all about the beauty pageant."

His daughter sighed resignedly. "I suppose you want Lloyd George and the Communists, although it does not look very churchy to me."

She read patiently, in a low clear voice, paragraph after paragraph, sitting on the couch beside the reading lamp, little, eager and slim—with eyes that just would wander, despite her best and most daughterly intentions, from the stupid newsprint to the simply fascinating goings-on in the opposite corner of the wide room, where Marjory, the pretty twin, lovelier than any picture, stood on a low stool, like a goddess lifted up, with her bevy of worshipers at her feet, while down on their knees before her, were Miriam, the brainy twin, and Helen, who was quite old and engaged to be married, and Miss Jenkins—clipping stray threads here and there, tucking, patting and pulling, in a vain endeavor to add greater charm to her girlish beauty.

But although Ginger's eyes would wander, the memory of her father, sitting still and limp, so patient, in the big chair at her side, his kind eyes closely bandaged, quickly brought her own straying orbs back to the onerous news. By rights it was Miriam's job to read the papers to her father. But Miriam, being a twin to Marjory, would naturally wish to assist in preparing her to win the Elks' club beauty prize.

"And this in spite of the frank warning of President Coolidge that the United States will regard any such move with extreme disfavor," finished Ginger, with a flourish. "Here's a paragraph on Mussolini and God. In my opinion it would look a lot smarter if you took that law off the shoulders entirely. Oh, excuse me, father, I'm so sorry. Here's a paragraph on Mellon cutting the tax melon—three hundred billions, no millions—Well, it doesn't interest us either way. Oh, here's a lovely write-up of the buffet supper that is to be served at the Elks' club fete at ten o'clock—bouillon, chicken sandwiches, tomato aspic—"

Reverend Mr. Tolliver smiled indulgently. He might not see, but what father but could feel the wandering eyes and the truant thoughts of a sixteen-year-old daughter on the eve of a beauty pageant.

"Put the paper up now, Ellen. I'm full of news. Suppose you play little bright-eyes for me, instead, and tell me what is going on over there, with all that snipping of scissors, and ob-ing and ab-ing."

"Oh, father!" Ginger doubled herself up rapturously, enfolding both her slim knees in her arms. "Oh, father, it is glorious! Marjory—honestly, father, Marjory is so pretty it doesn't seem possible. Miss Jenkins is down on the floor with five pins in her month, and her dress pulled up over her knees to keep from soiling it—"

Miss Jenkins, with guilty haste, covered the offending members.

"They weren't her best ones—they had little tops. But I saw a silk ruffe, just the same. You're really missing quite a lot, you know," continued Ginger wickedly. "You'd better take those five pins out of your mouth, Jenky dear, if you're going to gasp like that."

Only Ellen dared to call the sedate spinster "Jenky," and even she did it only in her more irrepressible moments, when she was most thoroughly a Ginger Ella. It was sixteen years ago, at the birth of this same Ellen, that Miss Jenkins had first come into intimate contact with the parsonage household, then in another parsonate. And upon their later transference to other charges, she had arranged her small matters and followed after them living her own life, keeping her own small home, teaching in the primary schools for a livelihood, but keeping in close and helpful touch with the Tolliver family, to which, in its entirety, she had given all the stored-up love of her lonely heart. With Helen and with the twins, she remained to the end firm and unyielding. But she was from the beginning surprisingly pliable in the hands of the wheedlesome Ellen.

"Well," Ginger went on, "she is wearing Helen's engagement ring, and Miss Jenkins' old gold chain. Eddy's mother gave her a perfectly spiffy lace handkerchief, and she has on my silk-to-the-top stockings that Mrs. Morris gave me."

For five days, the modest Tolliver household had simply fermented with excitement over the Elks' May day fete and beauty pageant. The Tollivers, without exception, knew that Marjory was absolutely the prettiest thing in the Middle West. Many other residents of Red Thrush Iowa, realized it also. But just prettiness was not enough to win this beauty prize. One required an admission ticket. The Elks' club was staging the event for the benefit of its various charities, and the admission was two dollars

and a half—including favors for the ladies, an elaborate buffet supper at ten o'clock, and participation in the beauty pageant. In spite of their confidence in Marjory's outstanding beauty, two dollars and a half for admission to a May day fete did not fall within the scope of a parsonage budget.

But the good fairy who watches over youthful beauty did not fall them.

On the twenty-fifth day of April, Eddy Jackson walked up the narrow flagstone path to the parsonage. Marjory was lying in the hammock, fast asleep, her magazine fallen to the floor at her side. Eddy Jackson, coming thus upon beauty unaware, was stricken momentarily dumb in its presence, and stared at her in such rapt awe that Marjory awakened in some confusion.

"Gee, Margie, but you're easy to look at," he said admiringly. "Why don't you go after the Elks' prize? It's fifty dollars in gold. And there's



"Oh, Father, It Is Glorious! Marjory—Honestly, Father, Marjory Is So Pretty It Doesn't Seem Possible."

not a girl in Iowa can walk in the same block with you. Why, if I was a judge, I wouldn't let anybody else enter the same contest with you. Go on, try it, bet you a dollar on it, and you can pay me out of the beauty prize."

"Heavens, Eddy, what would the members say if father called down to the Elks' club to enter his daughter in the beauty pageant?"

Eddy squared his shoulders. "All right, I'll do it myself. You and I'll go. I'll get the tickets right now." And he turned himself about and marched straight down the flagstone path, entirely forgetting that he had come with a message from his mother.

In a household whose financial limits were as circumscribed as those of the parsonage, the Elks' club beauty pageant was an event of no mean import. The prize itself was fifty dollars in gold, and there were additional trophies.

Even Mr. Tolliver, despite his seeming indifference, warmed slightly to the charm of fifty dollars in gold.

Marjory slowly revolved for final approval.

"There—it is perfect—another touch would be too much."

Reverend Mr. Tolliver stood up, and put out his hand. "Come here, Margie. Let me see if my pretty twin is as pretty as I think."

She crossed to him quickly, a little pain rising in the white throat with the thought of his helplessness, quick mist clouding the lovely eyes. His hand gently followed the gold face at her shoulder, fondled the soft curve of her hair, fingered the slender chain.

"It is not just prettiness, my child," he said affectionately. "You are fragrant, and wholesome, and sweet. That is your beauty. You don't need artificial adorning. Your loveliness is like a flower's—unaffected, unassumed, just born there."

Marjory, freed from his hand, moved

anxiously about before the mirrors preening herself pleasantly to their flattering reflections, and to the more flattering eyes of her sisters.

Ginger giggled. "Father, you ought to see her. Really you ought. She is so unaffected right now—just like a dower turning to the sun."

The low siren of a motor sounded outside. A flash of light leaped to Marjory's eyes, a quick flush to her cheeks.

"It's Eddy," she whispered. "Shut down everybody, and look natural. Don't stand about—gaping—"

Snuffing action to her words, Marjory dropped gracefully into a chair and toyed with the golden chain with an air of utmost indifference. The others, quickly, with more or less of grace, draped themselves about the room, Ginger turning her back to them all and to the door, burying herself in the details of the buffet supper.

"You see, father," she hissed scornfully. "You see? The whole family is man-mad, simply man-mad. Except you and me. Disgusting, that's what it is, simply disgusting. Natural as a flower—bump! You don't see the flowers flying off their stalks when a boy-friend bumble bee breezes in."

"Lo everybody," called Eddy's pleasant voice from the piazza. "Door's open—I'm coming in. Oh good evening, Mr. Tolliver, how are you? Good evening, Miss Jenkins. Gee, Margie, I pity the judges. I only hope they live to deliver the prize."

"Why, Eddy, how nice you look," said Helen warmly.

"Yes, thanks, I suppose I do. The white carnation was mother's idea, and I feel just like a banker. She says it is not often a mere hay rube farmer has a chance to step out with a Blue Ribbon, so she dolled me up. Hello Ginger."

Ginger had not so much as lifted her eyes from the paper.

"Oh, hello, Eddy," she said coldly. But this coldness on her part was merely assumed on principle, to show her disgust for the man-madness with which her sisters were afflicted. In her heart, she was fond of Eddy Jackson.

"Oh, you're all right, are you! That's a relief. I thought you'd be suddenly struck deaf, dumb and—er uh—" He floundered awkwardly away from the tender subject of blindness.

"It must be time to start," said Helen, her eyes on the clock. She had told Professor Langley not to come until eight-thirty—a late hour for callers in Red Thrush, but she was determined to do her sisterly duty to Marjory before abandoning herself to personal pleasure.

"Yes, I think it is," agreed Eddy. "It seems they check the beauties at the door, at eight, I think. I should have brought a truck to carry home the prizes, but—"

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Marjory. "You know I haven't a chance in the world, against all those lovely girls, and all those lovely gowns—"

"Huh," sniffed Ginger scornfully, under her breath. "You'd never think we'd spent that fifty dollars—in our minds—five days ago."

The girls followed them to the door as they went out, smiling admiration at Marjory—admiration, encouragement and hope.

"Shall I bring you a sandwich in my pocket, Ginger? Or would you rather have an aspic?" Eddy called to her.

Ginger ignored him.

The three girls stood together in the doorway until, with a last farewell of the siren, the car disappeared down the quiet shady street.

"A nice boy," said Helen quietly.

But with a full view of the living room before her, her quietness vanished. "This place is a sight," she said briskly. "Ginger, get the broom, and dust up that rug. Miriam, put away the thread and things."

"But what difference—this time of night—" protested Ginger.

"Horace will be here in ten minutes. Now straighten up for me, won't you, while I run up and straighten myself?"

"Most disgusting thing I ever saw. Man-mad. Simply man-mad. The whole gang of them. She doesn't care if you sit in a dusty chair, father—she doesn't care if Miss Jenkins has to look at a messy table and an untidy rug—she doesn't care if Miriam and I have to associate with her when her nose is shiny, but a man! Oh, no!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Name "Peony" Traced to Legend of Mythology

In the days of the Greek gods and goddesses, the peony first came to the world's attention. Leto, Apollo's mother, was the one to introduce it. Apollo was known as the god of healing and his son, Aesculapius, was the god of medicine.

It seems that a pupil of Aesculapius named Paeon was the physician of the gods, and to him Leto first gave the plant which he employed to cure Pluto of a wound received at the hands of Hercules during the Trojan war.

The fact that his pupil could surpass him in effecting such a cure made Aesculapius angry, with the result he attempted to kill Paeon, but Pluto, indebted to Paeon for his own life, res-

cued the physician of Mount Olympus from death by changing him into the plant that had saved his life. Until this day that plant bears Paeon's name and is known to us as the peony.

The history of the peony in China and Japan is of a sentimental nature. Fittingly enough, the words "Sho Yu," meaning "Most Beautiful," were applied to the herbaceous peony, while the tree peony held sway as the "King of Flowers."—Kansas City Star.

Has Its Uses

"The appendix is the only part of the human body that is of no use," says a writer. For the medical profession, however, it is a very profitable side-line.

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SCREEN-GRID . . . ELECTRO-DYNAMIC
Battery or House-Current



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look again . . . It's an Atwater Kent"

ASK any Atwater Kent owner if he ever does anything more than tune in, sit back . . . listen.

Service? He's bought the kind of radio that almost never needs it, the kind that you will find in most farm homes today.

It's as mechanically perfect as a well-made watch. Please look inside and see. Every part is precise—accurate to a hair's breadth. That's why you can expect uninterrupted performance month after month, year after year.

This holds true for the millions of Atwater Kent Radios sold in

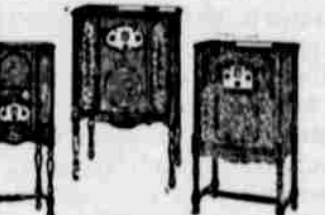
past years. It holds true for the greatest radio Atwater Kent has ever built—the new Screen-Grid Set—Electro-Dynamic, of course.

You can have this new set operated either by batteries or from house-current, in a compact table model or a wide variety of fine cabinets. Either type assures you a radio that lets you listen every time you turn the switch.

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Also IN COMPACT TABLE MODEL—For batteries, \$27. For house-current operation, from \$68 to \$100. Electro-Dynamic table model speaker, \$54.

**Small Boy Recognized
the Species of Snake**

Every night, at the Sequoia National park they have a campfire which includes an impromptu entertainment, and frequently a brief talk on the giant trees or some phase of wild life, given by some attaché of the park.

One night recently, the topic was reptiles and in the course of describing the various snakes that are to be found in California the speaker remarked:

"The particular snake to which I refer, is said to strike with mathematical precision."

"I know what that is!" piped up a small boy. "You're talking about an adder."—Los Angeles Times.

Touching Faith in Police

Little Joe Arciga, fourteen, of Los Angeles, has the trust of all small children, and especially in policemen. He reported to the police that his bicycle has been stolen for a month. "Why," asked the sergeant, "didn't you report it sooner?" Joe replied that he thought the police knew everything that was going on.

Train Makes Record Run

What is claimed to be the longest non-stop railway run ever made was recently accomplished in South America. A Beardmore-Diesel electric engine hauled a special train from Buenos Aires to Cipoletti, a distance of 775 miles, in 20 hours 37 minutes.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

All for That
"Yes, dad, I have a chance to embrace an opportunity."
"Fine, son. Give it a good hug."

American forestry experts will visit Europe to study methods in the famous forests of France, Germany, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland.

Shows Evolution of Horse

The history of the horse family, showing the evolution of the horse from a four-toed animal the size of a cat to the present large one-toed hoofed type, is illustrated by an exhibit in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago.

Supporting the Home

"It is evidently your ambition to keep running for office."
"A man must think of his family," said Senator Sorghum. "It's more than an ambition. It's a business."

Greatness in Simplicity

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

It is those who don't know how to do anything who clamor for the most inventions.

More sensesless, slang is, the funnier it is; as in "so is your old man."

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild, purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the bowel poison that causes the trouble. Nothing like MR for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

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At drugstore—only 25c. Make the test tonight.
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

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Removes Dandruff, Itching, Itching, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hilecoz Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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