

Get poisons out of system . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses because you chew it. Safe and mild for old and young.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION



Soviet Countries
The Soviet Union includes six constituent republics, the Russian republic (R. S. F. S. R.), White Russia, Ukraine, Transcaucasia, Turcoman and Uzbek. The R. S. F. S. R. includes 11 autonomous republics, Bashkir, Tatar, Kirghiz, Dagestan, Crimea, Yakutsk, Karelia, Chuvash, German republic on Volga, Buriat-Mongolia, Kazakhskia. The estimate of population in 1926 was 147,013,000; there were 182 different nationalities with 149 languages. The Tatars are Mongolians; most of the Afghans are Aryans; though some of the tribes of Afghanistan are of Mongolian origin.

SLEEPLESSNESS

When a thousand different thoughts keep you from falling into peaceful slumber, REMEMBER KOENIG'S NERVE. Contains no harmful forming drugs. For years a household word of nervousness, nervous indigestion, and nervous irritability. Associated All Over the World. AT ALL DRUG STORES. General FREE Sample Bottle sent on Request. Koenig Medicine Co., Dept. 32, 1045 N. W. 2nd St., Chicago, Ill. Formerly "Patent Koenig's Nerve."

The Hard of Hearing

There are 15,000,000 persons in the United States who are hard of hearing, according to Estelle Samuelson, instructor of lip reading at Columbia university. These partially deaf individuals, she says, constitute an enormous problem in retarded education, limited working ability and wasted citizenship.

Dash With Passport

After a girl left Enniskillen, Ireland, on a train for Derry to catch a liner bound for America recently, her friends discovered that she had forgotten her passport. Her brother mounted a motorcycle and speeded the 60 miles, arriving with the passport two minutes before the tender left the wharf.

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

To Be Exact

"What do you make a week?" asked a judge of an Italian organ grinder. "Twenty dollar, sure." "What, \$20 for grinding an organ?" "No, sure; not for da grind, but for da shut up an' go away." —The Recorder.

Willie Evidently Knew

Teacher—Willie, what is a skeleton? Willie (after carefully considering)—Please, sir, a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outside off. —Chicago Tribune.

Few Musk Oxen in Canada

There is but one herd of musk oxen upon the Canadian mainland. There are about 250 animals in the herd, which is now kept in the Thelon game sanctuary near Great Slave lake.



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 100 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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STORY FROM THE START

In the tall quiet home of Mr. Tolliver of Red Thrush, Iowa, his motherless daughter, Helen, Miriam and Ellen—Ginger Ella—were busy "grooming" their sister Marjory for participation in the "beauty pageant" that evening. With Eddy Jackson, prosperous young farmer, her escort, Marjory leaves for the anticipated triumph. Over-work has seriously affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She gives the money to her father to consult Chicago specialists. Ginger meets Alexander Murdoch. Mr. Tolliver returns, the doctors giving him little hope. Ginger gets an idea for a "Parsonage Home for the Blind" and solicits funds. She gets results at once. Helen is married and leaves the parsonage. Mr. Tolliver goes to Eddy Jackson's farm for a rest. Hiram Buckworth is engaged as substitute pastor.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Yes, such a nice man. That's your bathroom—you needn't be afraid to use it, it goes with this room. We have another one at the back. Marjory emptied the closet for you, and the bureau drawers are empty. We have supper at six o'clock, and—Oh, I forgot to introduce the girls. But they didn't come down, did they?" Beneath the bed, Marjory writhed in helpless fury at the poor woman's flustering anxiety. But she went out at last, and closed the door behind her. Marjory lay rigid beneath the bed, hating the young preacher, hating Miss Jenkins, despising herself for her childish curiosity. Her only hope was that quick-witted Ginger, misreading her, would guess her predicament, and devise a scheme to get the new boarder out of the room for a while. Unfortunately, Ginger was in a predicament of her own.

But Hiram Buckworth knew nothing of these unpleasant complications. He put his bag on a chair, and opened it leisurely. Then he went to the closet, and looked in. Crossed before the bookshelves, examining the titles of books, now and then taking out a volume for a brief inspection.

"Oh, dear heaven," prayed Marjory, "don't let him get inspired to write a sermon."

Hiram Buckworth left the bookshelves, and had a look at the bathroom. He was whistling softly between his teeth. No hymn the tune that he whistled, something light, something catchy, with rolling consonances. Presently he broke into song, low song, barely more than a hum, in a pleasant low voice.

"Now I ask you—very confidentially—Ain't she—sweet?"

Slowly, he removed his coat, shook it out, and hung it over the back of the chair, and took off his collar and tie. From his bag, he drew out a fresh lot of ties, and selected one with fine discrimination, his eyes flashing quick comparisons in color tones from spot to tie.

"Oh, I hope he isn't going to change his clothes," thought Marjory, and shut her eyes very tightly indeed.

Hiram Buckworth went to the bathroom, and turned west faucets into the tub. Marjory could hear the trickle of the water over his fingers as he tested the warmth of it.

"Very—confidentially—"

Marjory, beneath the bed, was bathed in cold perspiration. He came deliberately back into the room, took shoes from the bag, removed the shoetrees noisily, shook out fresh shirts and placed them in the drawer. Finally, from the rack, he chose a thick bath towel. Marjory watching through the sheltering lace fringe saw him return to the bathroom. The door—would he close it? His hand was on the knob. Yes, he pulled it—slowly. It was ajar—a little—just a very little—

The door slammed shut.

Not one moment did Marjory Tolliver linger beneath that bed. She gathered together all her little young muscles, and with one vigorous jerk, propelled her slim body from beneath the bed in the direction of the door, the hall door. She leaped to her feet, and flashed into the hallway Hiram Buckworth hearing the slight sound, the click of the latch, opened the bathroom door.

"Yes?" he called. "What is it?"

The door to the hall stood open. He crossed the room, and looked down the corridor. At the farther end, he saw, or thought he saw, the flying French heel of a white slipper.

"Haunted," he said to himself.

"That's nice."

But when he went back into the room, he not only closed the door, carefully, but turned the key in the lock as well.

"I ask you—very confidentially—"

—he whistled softly as he turned

back into the bathroom—"Ain't—she—sweet?"

Miss Jenkins had gone straight from her reception of the new minister to the rescue of Ginger Ella, for she had rightly interpreted both the sudden crash and the ensuing silence as indicative of disaster in that direction. Unfortunately for that young person, the apple barrel had nails in it, nails that stuck inward. Ginger, bleeding on both arms, bruised on both knees, and altogether furious, was further annoyed by the fact that she was pinned into the barrel by the turning nails. At every slight motion to extricate herself, there were ominous little sounds of tearing cloth specking ruin for the summer frock. With Miss Jenkins help, however, she managed at last, slowly, not without pain, to get herself out of the barrel with only a few minor rents and stains of blood upon the precious garment.

Some two hours later, Hiram Buckworth, with his most ingratiating smile, stepped out onto the rambler-shaded veranda, where his eyes fell upon a pleasant picture. Miss Jenkins sat in a low rocker, carefully mending



Hiram Buckworth Looked Hard at Marjory.

a torn new summer frock, while Ginger, in a plain flame-colored smock, sat on a stool smelling peas. And in the hammock, one arm foot crossed over the other, both white arms over her head, lay Marjory, so still and lovely that Hiram Buckworth caught his breath at sight of her.

"I beg pardon," he said pleasantly, "may I come out? I don't have to stay in my room until supper, do I?"

Marjory sat stiffly upright in the hammock. Ginger shook the dust of the garden from her hands, and set the pan of peas on the floor at her side. Miss Jenkins flushed and fluttered anxiously.

"Of course not," she stammered. "I mean, by all means. Come right over. I was going to introduce you to the girls, anyhow."

Hiram Buckworth joined the small group in the shadowy corner.

"This is Marjory, Marjory Tolliver," fluttered Miss Jenkins. "Not the old est—Helen is the oldest, but she's married—Marjory is one of the twins. And this is Ginger Ella, Ellen. I mean. We just call her Ginger. She's the baby."

Marjory indicated the other rocker with a graceful gesture of a white hand. "Do sit down," she said.

Hiram Buckworth looked hard at Marjory.

"Twins," he said. "It doesn't seem possible."

Marjory's lovely eyes questioned him mutely.

"Does she, the other twin, look like you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Seam of Burning Coal Keeps Mountain Warm

A unique Australian phenomenon is the "Burning Mountain" at Wingen in northern New South Wales, which scientists say has been on fire 1,000 years.

According to a party of geologists, who have just returned from an exploration of the mountain, says an Associated Press dispatch from Syd ney, there lies below the surface a burning coal seam. Long before European settlement in Australia "Burning Mountain" was known to the aborigines, and to them it owes its name, Wingen, signifying "fire."

The geologists report that the summit presents the appearance of the debris of a vast block of buildings consumed by fire with an explosion or

"Oh, no, no indeed, not a bit," chattered Miss Jenkins. "Just the opposite, you might say. Miriam is still and dark and—"

"Miriam is very brainy," interposed Ginger quickly.

"I thought there couldn't be two," he said, in a tone of great relief.

They talked together in the comradely fashion of paragon people the world over, as a family, one in spirit.

"I wish I could see your father today," he said. "I should feel more at home in his pulpit if I knew him personally. Don't you suppose we could rent a car tonight, and drive out to see him? If it is not too far?"

"Eddy Jackson would come for us," said Ginger.

"Tub Andrews would take us," suggested Marjory.

"Mr. Tolliver would be so pleased—such a nice man," said Miss Jenkins.

"Can't we just rent a car? I hate to bother your friends—and it wouldn't cost much."

"But when you take out ten dollars for board," said Ginger warningly.

"Or perhaps Miss Jenkins here forgot to tell you about it," Marjory added.

"I don't recall that she mentioned it," he said pleasantly. "It seems very reasonable indeed."

"But when you consider that you only get fifteen—"

Ginger's voice trailed off to a significant silence.

"But we decided that if you objected, we would keep you for eight," encouraged Marjory.

"I shouldn't think of objecting," he said. "Quite the contrary. I am sure putting up with me is worth even more."

"And I will do your laundry with the girls," added Miss Jenkins. "And there really isn't much to spend money for in Red Thrush."

They told him of their father, of his patience, his faith, his sense of humor. They told him of Joplin Westbury, and the new church. They told him of Eddy Jackson, at Pay Dirt.

"And whose boy-friend is Eddy Jackson?" he asked, reflective eyes on Marjory, sitting stiffly erect in the hammock.

"Nobody's. Eddy Jackson isn't that kind," said Ginger indignantly.

"I may as well explain Ginger. I mean Ellen, right at the start," said Marjory, laughing. "She is against boy-friends. She thinks they are simply disgusting. And she thinks the rest of us—even Miss Jenkins—are simply man-mad. Ginger thinks a man who 'paws' should be shot at sunrise. If not sooner."

He smiled understandingly. "And who, then, is Eddy Jackson?"

"Eddy Jackson," exclaimed Ginger, with one of her broad sweeping gestures, "is father's best and dearest and most intimate friend, a genuine character, and no base pretender."

In the early evening, answering their meek request over the telephone, Eddy Jackson, busy with his experiments, sent one of the college students in his car for them and they drove out to the farm. Eddy was still busy in the laboratory, but Mr. Tolliver waited on the porch for them, with Miriam, and—this to Ginger's speechless fury—Alexander Murdoch.

Without a word to any of them, she marched into the laboratory, completely spoiling a delicate experiment.

"Eddy Jackson, you double-crossed me."

"I did not," he denied, quickly following her line of thought. "I didn't invite him. He came out by himself this afternoon, and he looked at Miriam, and stayed. I don't think he'll ever go home again. And besides, you nobody tell me to keep him away from anybody but Marjory."

This Ginger could not deny, so, with her usual sang froid, she dismissed the entire subject, and led Eddy out to meet the new minister.

Hiram Buckworth stood with him cordially. "I am glad to meet you," he said, "and I am looking forward most keenly to knowing your father. I have heard nothing but the recital of his rare virtues since I reached Red Thrush."

"My father?" Eddy was nonplused. "You must be mistaken. I have no father, my father is dead—"

"Oh, I beg pardon. I see I am mistaken. I inferred that it was your father—they merely spoke of him as Eddy Jackson. Mr. Tolliver's particular friend and crony."

Eddy looked unutterable things. "Oh you mean me. I am Eddy Jackson. The only one."

"You? But, gracious, they said—"

Well, I understand—My mistake. I see, excuse me."

"I know," Eddy Jackson laughed. "You mean Ginger Ella. Sure. She puts me, and her father, and Moses in the same class. We're all arch angels together."

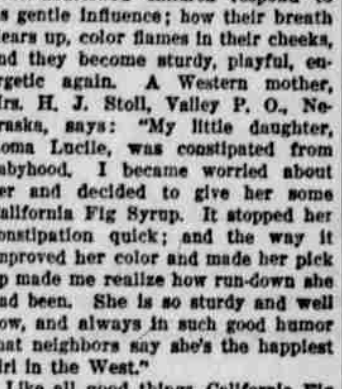
(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from pure prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.

It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Baby Lucile, was constipated from birth, and I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is imitated, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.



WELL OR MONEY BACK
Your Figs eliminated or fee refunded—in the event of a refund, we give in addition to the original amount, a \$1.00 refund. Send TODAY for FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
PORTLAND, OREGON
HASTING THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Mending Fishing Nets

Not for Modern Wives

The modern wife is handicapping fishing in the life district of Scotland. An unprecedented situation is developing in several fishing towns due to a shortage of women capable of mending the herring nets. The shortage became acute during the preparations for the fishing now in progress at Yarmouth, when great difficulty was experienced in obtaining the necessary assistance to repair the nets. When a well-known Cellardyke fisherman was asked to give a reason for the shortage, his reply was given in three words, "The modern wife!" The young fisher girls have never learned to mend the nets, and consequently the services of the older women, whose numbers are steadily diminishing, are in great demand. Apparently there is no desire among the young wives to learn this duty.

A Sign

Judge Thomas F. Graham, San Francisco's "great reconciler"—he has reconciled hundreds of parted couples—said in an argument about marriage:

"The young are too cynical about marriage. A girl of seventeen or so asked a grass widow of twenty-seven: 'When a good man makes love to you, is it always a sign that he wants to marry you?'"

"Yes, darling," laughed the grass widow, "and when he stops making love to you it is always a sign that the marriage has taken place."

Tough!

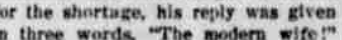
Chicken was served in the seaside boarding house, but—well, it might have been more tender.

"I don't know much about these things," one man was heard to say, "but I feel sure that bird came from a hard-boiled egg."—Lardon Tit-Bits.

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.



PISO'S for COUGHS

PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used for 65 years. 35c and 60c sizes.

"Debutante"

The word "debutante" means a "newcomer" certificate given to an importer—or an exporter—of goods to the effect that he is entitled to a drawback on the duty assessed.

HEADACHE?

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

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. At drug stores—only 25c. Make the test tonight. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT

Vacations Help Trees

Trees like human beings should be allowed to have a vacation occasionally, according to George P. Weldon, noted pomologist. Southern California's climate is too good for a number of varieties of peaches, apricots and apples, and if something happens to prevent the trees bearing fruit for one season they show renewed life and greater production the next season, according to Professor Weldon.

This "vacation" for the tree may be occasioned by a severe winter, which would cause the tree to lie dormant.



Is Your Rest Disturbed?

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances. Help your kidneys with Doan's Pills. Used for more than 40 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

John Greener, 28 N. Sheridan Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was troubled with backache. The kidney sections located and checked. I felt tired out and had no energy. Doan's Pills put me in good shape and I have used them several times with good results."

DOAN'S PILLS

Life in a Circle

New York state has just planted its first trees on its first state-bought land under the Llewellyt act, and 470,000 young trees are to be set out on 530 acres purchased in Cortland county, reports the Farm Journal, which observes: "Our ancestors toiled mightily to get rid of the trees and get the country into farm land. And here we go back-tracking to get the marginal farm lands back into trees. It's a great life!"

Largest Railroad Station

The Pennsylvania terminal in New York city is the largest under one roof, but the Grand Central terminal in the same city has two levels and twice as much floor space.—New York Telegram.

Interested

"What is your book about?"

"Marco Polo."

"And how does that differ from the regular game?"



Helped at Change of Life

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Small bottles 25c. Large bottles 50c. Sold by all druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Color and Promotes Growth. Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists. Parker Bros., Framingham, Mass.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes hair soft and silky. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hileco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 4-1930.