



Desperate Wives

have been known to boil their husbands' pipes in lye. This kills the lingering authority of over-strong tobacco, but good-bye pipe! Well, it's time those husbands discovered Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's a blend of choice tobaccos mellowed to a surpassing mildness and flavor, and wrapped in gold foil to keep it fresh. And fragrant! Wives positively love it.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco



It's milder

Specialize

It is impossible for a man who attempts many things to do them all well.—Xenophon (430?-350? B. C.)

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Enthusiastic for It

Mrs. Gossip—Can you keep a secret? Mrs. Gabley—I'll gladly help and get some others to help, too.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolivase is applied. It heals quickly without scars. No and No by all druggists, or send 50c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Official estimates place the Hungarian corn crop at 75,000,000 bushels, 25,000,000 bushels more than in 1928.

Denver Boy is a Winner



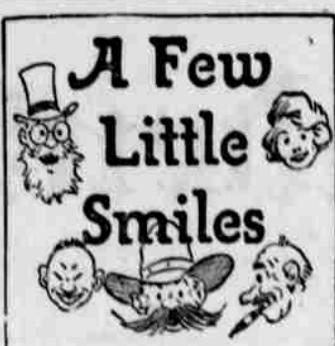
Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 2855½ Wolff St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 5-1930.



FEELING HIS WAY

A suspicious looking man approached the front door and asked: "Are the people of the house in?" "They're all away," said the maid. "Have you renewed your dog license?" he asked. "We don't keep a dog." "I see. Are your electric lights in order?" "We only burn gas." "Well, I've come to tune the piano."

PETTING FOR TWO



She—Do you think petting is bad for one?
He—Maybe—but it's great for two

So We Understand
The cigarette she smokes
She says is toasted;
But by reformers she
Herself is roasted.

No Inside Left

A man not feeling well decided to visit his doctor.
After the examination the doctor enquired, "What is your occupation?" "I'm a professional footballer, sir. I play 'inside right,'" replied the fellow.
"Well, give it up," advised the doctor, "or you'll have no 'inside left.'"

Punctual

Mrs. B (hearing a clash and jangle from the kitchen)—Goodness! What was that noise?
Mrs. D—Oh, that's Bridget. Promptly at eight she stops work and then she drops everything.

After Hours

The Boss—I find you've stolen over \$500 worth of stock in the week you've worked here. And you were said to be honest as the day is long.
The Culprit—Sure! I was, but you put me to work on the night shift.

NOT PORTABLE



"Did Tom take his typewriter on that business trip with him?"
"No. She's not a portable type writer."

Especially With a Club

Life is a game of cards.
Act well your part.
But don't play the deuce
With anybody's heart.

Astute

"I hear you went with your wife to see the smart models in gowns."
"I did."
"And were they smart models?"
"Very. They paid no attention to me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Intoxicated With Love

"Jerry smashed his car yesterday and was taken to court."
"Really! What was the charge?"
"Driving while under the influence of woman."—Bystander.

Another Record

Bandmaster (talking of field day): "Yes, and we were tired. The band had to stand the whole day long."
Wit—Why, that's nothing. D'you know, in our park at home you can see a band-stand for months on end.

A Falling Market

Hardfax—What do you mean real estate is coming down?
Everbroke—All my castles in the air are tumbling.

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WNU Service

CHAPTER VI

Life is no bowler of roses for the schemer of schemes. Ellen Tolliver was not the first to make that discovery in actual experience. There could be no possible question but that she had figured the family future along the most pleasant as well as profitable lines, and yet it grew increasingly difficult to hold her recalcitrant subjects to the designated stars. Take Miriam, the sensible twin, for instance, frivolling away the precious hours of her life out at Pay Dirt in the company of a mere can grocer. And it was not merely that she did those things, she enjoyed the doing. That was the painful side of the situation.

And there was Marjory. Hiram Buckworth remained a pleasant and comradely member of the household, cheerfully paying ten of his fifteen dollars into the general coffer every week, and obviously counting this not so much a hardship as a privilege. Miss Jenkins liked him, Mr. Tolliver liked him, the members of the church liked him. All the young daughters of all the influential members developed a strange assiduity along lines of religious activity. On the surface, things seemed to progress with a sweet serenity which should have been highly satisfactory to everybody concerned.

But Ginger Ella, casting about her with keen eyes that saw everything, and a keen mind that suspected even more, knew intuitively that all was not well, not in the church, where were heard vague murmurings, indefinite suggestions, and were seen strange and significant looks, nor in the paragonage itself, where Hiram Buckworth looked too often, and too long, upon the slender white hands of Marjory Tolliver. This was a bad sign, one of the very worst. Hiram Buckworth was good looking, Marjory had always been man-mad. The situation held all sorts of horrible possibilities. Ginger renewed her vigilance.

Hiram Buckworth, good looking, brilliant young student, had deliberately chosen the ministry as his life work. She tossed him a scant respect for that choice, which, although it accorded him a high mark for character, in no way entitled him to a permanent place in her plans for the family's future. Being a seminary man, with special study at Oxford, he would begin perhaps at a thousand dollars, or twelve hundred if he was lucky, and would progress upward, slowly, perhaps as far as two thousand, twenty-five hundred, possibly— he was so very good looking. If he married, he would instantly, according to time-honored Methodist paragonage statistics as figured by Ginger, become possessed of a minimum of three children.

Small good would be one of his estate to the impoverished and needy Tollivers. Encouraging him was a deliberate throwing away of their one resource. It was the wilful churning of their oil well. It was the burning of their liberty bonds. Ginger reconnoitered carefully. She did more than reconnoiter. She hunted. She was all present, all-pervasive, all-observing. If Marjory and the young minister inclined for a stroll in the moonlight, Ginger inclined also. If they sat in the shade of the ramblers on the veranda, Ginger sat with them, bored, but unyielding.

Had she washed dishes all these years merely to save the fair hands of Marjory for the dishes of Hiram Buckworth and a minimum of three? The attic saw little of Ellen Tolliver during these days. She met the postman, thanked him warmly for the letters he gave her, and flew to the attic. The dimes crashed into the dolls' trunk, and Ginger returned to her veranda vigil.

In a way considerable disappointment attended the accumulation of funds for the blind. Rarely did she receive more than five contributions in a day, a stony fifty cents. Lovely daughters cannot be sent to finishing schools, shabby paragonage cannot be done over, suffering eyes cannot be operated on by expensive surgeons, upon a paltry five dimes a day. Not that Ginger frowned upon her receipts, far from it. It was only that she had hoped so greatly.

In the three weeks of Mr. Tolliver's idleness in the country, he had acquired a thick coat of unaccustomed tan, and five full pounds in weight, with such an increase of strength, enthusiasm, and ambition, that he was inclined to feel ashamed of his continued idleness. Word from town that a special committee from the official board wished to meet him at the paragonage on Thursday evening for a discussion of important church matters, gave him real pleasure.

Eddy Jackson drove him in, with Miriam, and feeling, with his usual tact, that the family would like to be alone for a few hours of intimate reunion, he pleaded important business, and left them, promising to return for them at eleven o'clock. And, after their modest supper, they sat, the three girls and their father, in the

pleasant old living room and waited for the coming of the committee.

"They want that last two thousand raised," said their father, smiling, "and so do I. But I am sure the people will contribute it of the own free will, in gratitude, on the day of the dedication."

Presently came Joplin Westbury, alone, ill at ease, but obviously a man with his mind made up.

"Well, Brother Tolliver," he said, "it's good to see you again. You are looking better. Eyes any stronger?"

"I think so, yes, I am sure of it. I feel much better. What hour was appointed for the meeting? Isn't the rest of the committee late?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, the rest of the committee is not coming. Brother Dawes was called out of town on business—late this afternoon, and Brother Macken is in bed with an attack of acute indigestion. Not that I believe a word of it myself. They just backed out, that's all."

"Is the meeting postponed, then?"

"Well, no. You see, I was the chairman anyhow, and I can do as well without the committee. We'll just have it out by ourselves."

The girls rose quickly. "We'll run upstairs if you will excuse us," said Miriam.

"No, don't go," said Joplin Westbury quickly, evidently not at all desiring to be left alone with his gentle, unseeing pastor. "You stay right here. It's a family matter, as you might say, and we'll just have it all right out in the open."

Mr. Tolliver sat very still, a rigid figure against the faded blue velvet of the big chair, his head bent forward.

"You see, we had a meeting of the official board Monday night."

"You did! Why, I could have come in for it."

"Well, we just had it by ourselves. In fact we've had several. Well, there's no use beating about the bush," continued the embarrassed official.

"You see, Brother Tolliver, that while all our people like you, and like your work—like your whole family, in fact—still— Well, you can see that a blind man can't run a church—not rightly—not a fine new church like this one of ours. Now that we've put so much money into this new church, we've got to get in the crowds to fill it up, and help pay the expenses. And a blind man—"

Mr. Tolliver did not move. "Yes, Brother Westbury. Go on," he said gently.

"Well, you see how it is. And since the Congregationalists have started to hold meetings of their own in the Odd Fellows' hall, they've taken about a dozen of our good payers, and we've got to get in others to take their places. Now you see how we're fixed. We like you, first-rate, but we've got to work for the church, first and last. Well, we waited, and hoped you would get over it. We wrote to the doctors, and they say you've not got much chance—not one in a hundred. You're all run down, and you need a long rest—maybe a year, maybe two years—to build you up."

"But perhaps an operation—it would be expensive, but—"

"We asked about the operation. They just talked about that to cheer you up. An operation wouldn't do any good. Your eyes are just plain worn out. You'll all worn out—that's the straight of it."

"I see."

"Well, we talked it over with the district superintendent, and he hadn't a word to say against you, Brother, nor any of us either for that matter. But you see how it is. The new church and all. So he said we would fix it up at the conference this fall, and they'll retire you according to the books—I don't know just how it is, but they pay you right along, and— it's all down in the 'Discipline.' And you'll get a good long rest, and we'll get in some fresh young chap to draw the crowds and fill up the new church."

"But—but it's father's—the new church is," gasped Ginger, unable to endure the dead silence that hung so blackly over the little group.

Joplin Westbury turned on her sharply, evidently glad of a chance to switch the tide of his talk from

the stricken minister. "No, Ellen, it's not your father's church. It's not our church, it's God's."

Ginger wilted suddenly. "Yes," she assented. "Yes, of course. I wish we could let God run it."

"Ellen," reproved her father gently. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—" she stammered nervously.

"Yes, never mind. We know you meant nothing wrong. You are quite right, of course, Brother Westbury. It is all true. A blind man would only be an encumbrance—in a new church like that. I should have resigned before—but I kept hoping I would recover. And I had my family—"

"Oh, you'll be taken care of, Brother Tolliver, don't you worry. You won't be allowed to suffer, you nor your family either. Just you remember that. It's all down in the 'Discipline.' The conference will take care of you."

"How soon— When do you—"

"Well, now, Brother, we figured we would just keep you right along until conference, on full salary and everything. And you can just rest up in the country, and let this young Buckworth do the preaching. We like him first rate. And we want you to preach the dedication, we're absolutely unanimous on that—nobody but you for the dedication, for as you might say, it's your church. That is, you understand, you raised the money and all."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much."

Awkwardly, the trustee made his good-bye and hurried away. He did not look back. Miriam walked with him to the door, shook hands with him. She even smiled. Then she slipped back and joined the hushed little group.

"Father," begged Ginger, in an anguished tone, "don't be shocked—please don't. Remember what the doctors said."

He put out his hand to her, with a sad smile, and she crushed it between both of hers.

"You see, there is no hope," he said. "They were only pretending that I had a chance."

"No, father," contradicted Miriam sweetly. "No, they were not pretending. They said you had a chance, and they meant it. They said the only way was for you to become so strong and well that your eyes also would grow strong and well. They did not deceive you. You did have—you have got a chance. I asked them a dozen times, and they told me honestly."

"And as far as money goes," cried Ginger, more cheerily, "I have quite a few little secrets of my own. It is two months till conference. By that time, old darling, I shall probably be able to take care of you myself."

He smiled at her again. "Dear Ellen," he said gently. "If only those slim little hands could carry out the kindly projects of that eager little heart we should never want for much in this world."

"Oh, but this time I really mean it—I mean—I am quite sure—" The disclosure of her hopes trembled at the tip of her tongue—her eyes gazed rapt and luminous. But her sisters, so used to her daring dreams, and her extravagant promises, paid small heed. Their thoughts were upon the sordid reality of the present moment and its disappointment.

"It's a good thing the wedding is over," said Marjory. "Ellen would never have gone, if she had suspected this."

"Boarding Mr. Buckworth will help out quite a little," said Miriam. "As for us, as long as we stay at Pay Dirt, we're simply gorging ourselves among the feshpots of Egypt."

Ginger shook the rapture from her eyes, closed her teeth firmly upon her secret. The time had not come for her triumphant pronouncement.

"Well, as Old Jop says—" she began. "Ellen!"

"I mean Brother Westbury. Eddy Jackson calls him Old Jop. Well, as he says, the conference will take care of us. What will we get, father? Where is the 'Discipline?' Let's look it up."

"She ran upstairs for the book."

"I should have resigned," said her father drearily. "I knew I could not minister to them properly. But I did keep hoping."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Historic Buildings in Finnish Town of Turku

Turku was Finland's first capital. Christianity was first taught there, and the first Christian converts were baptized in the River Aura. The old cathedral and the oldest castle in Finland are to be found in Turku, and nearly all the historic homes of the Finnish nobility are in or near the city.

With the exception of the cathedral and the castle, modern Turku has been built since the disastrous fire of 1527, when the old town was almost entirely destroyed in a blaze that burned for five days. Both the castle and the cathedral are grim structures with little exterior ornament. The cathedral has a long, narrow vaulted

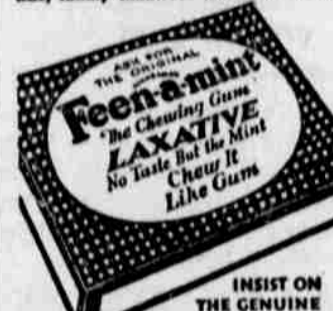
interior and most of the immense treasure which was once kept there has disappeared.

Part of the castle is now a museum and is furnished with pieces of old Finnish furniture. Visitors can still see the dungeon, six fathoms deep and black as pitch, where prisoners were kept. In the great central hall is a high gallery from which a cruel ruler once had unruly subjects hurled to the floor below. One cell in the castle is still known as the malefactor's resting place.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

It's hard for a woman to forgive another for having done her a favor.

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.



Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

People devoting their time "to the public service," sometimes aren't asked to.

Retain Your Good Looks

How frequently a woman thinks, "Am I still attractive?" How much thought and study she devotes to her looks! That's natural. A woman hates to think she is growing day by day less charming and attractive. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION helps to preserve in a woman the charm and health of youth. It contains no harmful ingredient. This splendid herbal tonic is sold by all druggists in both fluid and tablet form.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice. For 10c Dr. Pierce will send you a trial package of tablets.

FEEL GOOD?

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lousy, peevish feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT!



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One of the things medical science might explain is why an operation always seems to loosen up a woman's vocal chords.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is expelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take. Any drug store has the genuine, pre-riptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia