

Feen-a-mint



FOR CONSTIPATION
effective in smaller doses
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

It is a bitter disappointment when you have sown benefits to reap injuries.—Plautus.

If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water acids and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of good water.

There're Many Like Him
It was a sad day for the neighbors when they had Peter Tumbledown take

FAMILY DOCTOR MADE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS



Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, head aches, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

BEST MEDICINE SHE KNOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Ft. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I couldn't do my housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."



Mrs. BERTHA RIVERA, 2014 Folk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.

Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

"You must keep on hoping," pleaded Miriam.

"They like Hiram," continued their father. "They evidently want him."
"Oh, no," gasped Marjory. "Not Hiram, father. Not in your church."
"I like him myself," said her father gently. "Better him than—some others."

But Marjory shook her head passionately. "No, no," she whispered. "Not in your church."

Ginger hurried back with the "Discipline."
"Find it, Miriam. You're up on indexes."

Miriam deftly turned to the index, referred to section 341, hurried down to paragraph 2, and read aloud.

"The annuity claim of a Retired Minister shall be not less than one-seventieth (1-70) of the average salary, house rent excluded, of the effective members of his Conference who are Pastors or District Superintendents, multiplied by the number of his years of service in the effective relation, including two years on trial, as a member of an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—"

"Mercy," interrupted Ginger. "It's geometry. We'll have to wait till Hiram comes home."

"Why, it's very simple," explained her father. "One seventieth of the salary of our conference—we are not a very rich one, you know—is twenty-one dollars. Multiply that by—"

"X—darling, you forgot x," interrupted Ginger again.

"X is the number of years one has been preaching. My x is twenty-three. Multiply twenty-one dollars by twenty-three years, and it comes to four hundred and eighty-three dollars. But we have not quite enough money in our treasury to meet the claims in full, so the pro rata reduction would allow me about three hundred and twenty dollars a year. Approximately twenty-five dollars a month. That will hardly support a family."

"Oh, dearest, you have supported us long enough," said Miriam. "It is our turn now."

"Why, father, with your twenty-five a month, and my—er prospects—"

"Why, darling, we'll be—simply—jake." At eleven o'clock, Eddy Jackson came with Hiram Buckworth and the two men listened in silence as they told them, as indifferently as they could, of the purport of the special meeting.

"So that's what it was," Eddy said soberly. "I was afraid of it."

"They needn't offer me your church," said Hiram Buckworth stoutly. "I wouldn't accept it for any consideration—either financial or spiritual." Marjory glowed at him. "Unless," he added reflectively, "unless they would make some arrangement to let us both work along together, and use me as your assistant—until your eyes are restored."

"You couldn't work as my assistant, Hiram. You are too good a man for that. And I couldn't even assist you—blind as I am."

"I don't believe the church as a whole will stand for it," Eddy Jackson broke out, finally. "Old Jop has just talked them into this. And I'll bet I can talk them out of it. I say we just walk out on them and start a church of our own. They might keep most of the money, but we'd take most of the religion."

"An affectionate thought," smiled Mr. Tolliver. "But not a very Christian one. No, Eddy, this is the thing a minister accepts, and does not fight."

"Put up your sword, Peter," quoted Ginger softly.

"Well, if worst comes to worst," declared the young man, "I'll move the whole gang of you out to Pay Dirt, and install you in the lab. And we'll start a farmers' spiritual union."

Laughing at that, they walked slowly out the flagstone path to the curb.

"How's the private business coming along?" Eddy asked in a low voice.

"Rather slowly, in the face of such an emergency as this," Ginger Ella sighed. "I may have to forge an other link or so."

CHAPTER VII

A stricken silence prevailed in the sturdy little touring car that Eddy Jackson guided carefully along the country roads from Red Thrush to Pay Dirt. Not one word was spoken. But in the rear seat, Miriam, the sensible twin, sat with one of her father's hands crushed tightly between both of hers, and now and then she pressed it against her cheeks in a wordless passion of sympathy, longing to comfort. It was not until the car stood before the side porch of the big white house, and Miriam, with firm right hand, had led her father up the steps that Eddy spoke.

"Mr. Tolliver," he said awkwardly. "Don't worry. It's a raw deal, all the way round, but honestly—they mean all right. We'll do something about it, that's all."

"There's nothing to do, Eddy. And they not only mean all right, they are all right."

"And if it goes through the way they have planned, we'll start something on our own account. We're right in the midst of the farming district here, and a lot of these people don't bother to go so far to church. Pay Dirt is a— We'll build a little chapel of our

own, and run it to suit ourselves. I—don't want you to leave Red Thrush."

"You're a good friend, and a good man, Eddy," said the other gratefully. "But don't have me too much on your mind. It's all right. I will never do anything that does not completely accord with the policy of our church, you understand. Good night, my dear boy, and to repeat your own words, don't worry."

Silently, up the stairs to the right wing, Miriam guided his steps. She turned back the covers of his bed, carefully spread out the things he would need for the night, placed a fresh towel on his rack.

"Father, shan't I read to you a while?" she offered. "Until you feel tired enough to sleep."

"No, thanks, dear, not tonight. You're a nice girl, Miriam, but I don't



"How's the Private Business Coming Along?" Eddy Asked in a Low Voice.

want to be read to. I have many things to think of."

"But, darling—they aren't nice things."

"Well, some of them are. You, for instance."

"Father," her voice was low, almost apologetic, "father, you know we are so used to each other, you, and we girls, living together all the time, and arguing, and quarreling, and making up. We—never say the real things that are in our minds. But father, in our hearts, we—all of us—think you are just wonderful, father."

His arm tightened about her shoulders. "And I tease you girls, and laugh at your little tricks, and your vanities, and what Ellen calls your man-madness. But all the time I know you are the very best girls in the world."

"Oh, father, we aren't. Well, Helen, she is awfully good. And Ginger is good, too, in her funny way. But Marjory and I are not much."

There was silence between them, as each smiled tenderly into the darkness, thinking of the thousand sweet, ridiculous, whimsical, pathetic happenings of the shabby old Methodist parsonage. But after a little while, he sent her back to bed, and to sleep. But Wesley Tolliver himself lay awake all night, thinking of many things.

When Miriam entered his room the next morning she found him standing by the window, fully dressed.

"Oh, father, you're getting too smart for me," she said regretfully. But when he turned to look at her, the expression on his face sent a swift glad brightening over her own.

"Oh, father," she cried again. "You've thought of something! Everything is all right again, isn't it?"

He laughed quite merrily at her young eagerness. "Perfectly all right again," he assured her.

"Oh, tell me all about it," she begged.

But that, he denied her. "You must wait to share it with the rest of the family. How impetuous you are getting—why, you are quite another Ginger!"

So Miriam was obliged to content herself by straightening his tie, and giving a careful brush to his hair, before she led him down to breakfast. Here, apologetically, he asked an additional favor at the hands of Eddy Jackson.

"You have done so much, Eddy, and you are always so kind that I really hate to ask anything more of you. But I must go in right after breakfast to speak to my daughters. I shan't be gone long, but I must go. Now if you can't take me, or send one of the men, suppose I just telephone in for a taxi."

"Of course I can take you. Why, I haven't a thing to do," lied Eddy Jackson stoutly.

"Father!" ejaculated Miriam. "The way you talk of ordering taxis one would think you were a doctor or a lawyer at the very least."

So Eddy Jackson relinquished his experiments for another day, and after a few brisk instructions to the men, turned his small car toward town again. But he would not accompany the minister and his daughter into the house, said as had an errand uptown and would be back for them in an hour, realizing that this hour was to be a sacred one, and that even the presence of a friend as faithful as himself would be an intrusion.

It was Ginger who first caught sight of the touring car unloading its passengers at the end of the flagstone path, and her voice sent its summons ringing over the house.

"Margie, quit primping this minute. Come down. It's father! Father's come! Take off your curlers, Jenky. It's father!"

And their eager feet brought them swiftly, each in something of dishevelment, to receive the one who had left them so sadly the night before. He was no longer sad. He greeted them brightly, smiling warm affection upon them.

"What a grim and gloomy old parent I was last night," he began at once. "What a hopeless and our old curmudgeon you had to put up with!"

"Father, no!"

Then his voice deepened. "Girls, forgive me. I was surprised, and I lost my bearings. But just for a little while."

"You've got them again," crowed Ginger triumphantly.

He smiled at her. "Yes, I've got them again. But I shouldn't have lost them. Sit down, girls—Miss Jenkins—let's talk it over together. You see, it is like this. Years ago, before even Helen was born, I dedicated my life to the Lord's work. I dedicated my service, my time, my money—even my family. Well, what then? He has used me—a blunt and stubborn instrument many times—for all these years. If He has finished with me, what of it? If He wants me again, He will show me where, and how. What have I to do about it? Nothing. See how foolish I was."

"Father," gasped Ginger in a shocked low voice, "do you mean that you are not going to try—even to try—to get well any more? Are you just going to give up—and let go?"

"Most certainly not, my dear child. I am going to stay at Pay Dirt as long as I can, and get just as strong as I can. I shall go to Chicago for all the care we can possibly afford. And I shall pray without ceasing for God to bless the means we use. But the outcome—what difference does that make? None. If I am not to be used in Red Thrush any longer, what difference? Perhaps I shall be of service some place else. If I have completed by labor entirely, that is entirely satisfactory to me. I am perfectly content, I have no fears, not even for my dear daughters, for whom I wished to do so much. Foolish of me! Did I not dedicate my family cares along with the rest of my life? How foolish it was for me to worry."

"Of course it was. For I told you I would take care of you. Don't laugh! I mean it."

"I am not laughing, Ellen, I believe you. When the times come, I know that you truly will take care of me. And I am glad to have it to be sure of."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Souvenirs From Garden of Eden for Tourists

If, on your vacation you happen to stumble into the town of Quana at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers you may not be impressed by the scenery or the city but you will soon be informed that it is the site of the Garden of Eden and to prove it you will be shown the "Tree of Knowledge," says a writer in the Washington Star. The tree is merely a decayed trunk with a few scraggy branches and these will soon be out of business, but the natives have thoughtfully planted another tree nearby and this baby will probably do service as "the tree" when the older one has departed.

Anyone visiting this locality is presumed to have come to see the tree, for there is little else, and the children of the town are eager in their efforts to act as guides to visitors. The new arrival is at once spotted and

surrounded by the juvenile guides and almost dragged to the tree. Arriving on the ground the boys will bound into the branches and offer chips as souvenirs.

Pigs as Currency

A traveler who has returned to England from the Pacific has been telling some amusing stories of things that go on in the New Hebrides. Pigs, he says, are not only eaten on a large scale, but they are the standard currency in the island. There are certain ceremonies at which it is very important to have pigs, and they are frequently borrowed. The men who lend pigs are like money lenders, demanding interest on their loan, and when the pig is paid back it must be the size the pig that was loaned would have grown to during the time it was borrowed.



A COLD

As soon as you realize you've taken cold—take some tablets of Bayer Aspirin. Almost before your head can stuff-up, you feel your cold is conquered. Those aches and pains you felt coming on will soon subside. Relief is almost instantaneous! Even if your cold has gained headway, and your temples throb and your very bones ache, these tablets will bring prompt relief. It is better, of course, to take Bayer Aspirin at the very first sneeze or cough—it will head-off the cold and spare you much discomfort. Get the genuine, with proven directions for colds and headaches; neuralgia, neuritis, sore throat, and many important uses.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolitain of Salicylic Acid

How Much? We used to hiss public speakers. Today we merely twist the dial. How much better that is!—Acheson Globe.

Begin whatever you have to do; the beginning of a work stands for the whole.—Aurionus.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Cole's Carbolsalve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 50c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 50c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill., for a package.—Advertisement.

Perhaps "dough" became the slang word for money because it's always kneaded.

A man's mind sometimes runs to the contrary; a woman's always does.



Restless Children

Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as its taste. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given the tiniest infant—as often as there is any need. In cases of colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance, it is invaluable. But it has everyday uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset—this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed to set everything to rights. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.



Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC Aches and Pains

DISTRESSING muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old Musterole. Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. But relief is surprisingly complete, natural and safe when this soothing, cooling, healing ointment is applied generously to the affected area *once every hour for five hours*. Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many 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.

Use Cuticura

A household preparation for over half a century. Those who know the secret of skin health and beauty use Cuticura Soap and Ointment regularly to keep the skin and scalp in good condition. They also find Cuticura Talcum ideal for every member of the family.

Keep 16c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 10c. Prepaid: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Mahan, Mass.