

## Drugs Excite the Kidneys, Drink Water

Take Salts at First Sign of Bladder Irritation or Backache

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we often eat too much rich food. Our blood is filled with acids which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, begin drinking lots of good water and 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 salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.



### RECTAL COLON SPECIALIST

**SUFFERING ELIMINATED**  
15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean

NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF PILES ELIMINATED or REFUND.  
Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC  
2001 N. W. 17th St., Miami, Fla.

The Attraction

"What makes Florida so popular in winter?"

"The golf stream." — Cleveland News.

## Coughing STOPS

Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly, ends irritation quickly! GUARANTEED. Never be without Boschee's! For young and old.

**Boschee's SYRUP**  
At all druggists

Should Be a Sculptor  
Smith—That barber is an artist. Jones—I should say he was. Look at my face. He always works in a few cuts with his stories.



## Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

## GINGER LITHIA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

But the sparkle had gone from their merry plans, and it was a relief when Eddy started the motor for the ride back to town.

"Won't you come along, Alex?" invited Ginger pointedly. "We are late one more."

"Oh, no, thanks. Miriam promised to take me in herself along about midnight. My doctor prescribed more Pay Dirt for me."

At the end of the driveway, they looked back. Miriam sat on the high gate, Alexander Murdoch standing her with one hand, while he swung the gate beneath her with the other. Their father smiling, waved farewell.

"Poor father," mourned Ginger. "What would you call it but preacher's luck, to lose his eyes just when there's the most to see?"

A dull supper at the parsonage, followed by the usual evening service at the church.

Tub Andrews hurried up to them after the service, offering himself as an escort home—a mere formality for those few safe intervening feet.

"I don't think we ought to," objected Marjory. "You see, the minister is staying with us—and I think we ought—I don't think it would look well for us to go off and leave him—"

"Ginger can take him," suggested Tub generously. "She can give him pointers on running a church—Ginger can give pointers on running anything."

"But Ginger is so young," stammered Marjory. "I feel that I am rather the head of the house now and—"

Hiram Buckworth himself appeared at that moment. "Girls, if you will excuse me," he said gravely. "I will walk over with Mr. Westbury. We are discussing some church business."

"Hurray for Jop," chimed Tub "that suits me to a T. We've got some church business of our own to talk about."

Hiram hesitated a moment, biting his lip as though he felt annoyance, but nodded at last, and went away not without reluctance. And Marjory yielded her smiles to Tub Andrews, clinging meanwhile to Ginger to ensure her accompaniment, as they walked slowly homeward. On the familiar old veranda, Tub started at once, cheerfully, in the direction of the hammock.

"You can't stay tonight, Tub," said Marjory, with a smile warm enough to soften her dismissal. "I have to send you right straight home. I have been under the weather for a day or two, and Miss Jenkins didn't want me to go to church at all. She has ordered me to bed."

Tub, complaining loudly, submitted perforce to his ejection, and sauntered away, whistling lugubriously.

Marjory still clung to her sister's hand.

"Ginger, wait a minute. Sit! Don't let him hear you. Let's sit in the hammock a while."

They sat down, huddled together, and waited in silence until the sound of Tub's footsteps and Tub's whistling subsided into the darkness. "Ginger, I want to ask you something. Will you just sit here with me and talk until—Mr. Buckworth comes home? And—Ginger, if he comes over, and sits down—he always does, you know—would you mind—would you just as lief—You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"Go to bed, you mean?"

"Well, you see, Ginger, I want to ask him about something."

"I see. I'm to talk my head off until he gets here, and then I'm to go to bed."

Marjory squeezed her arm about her sister's waist.

"You see—Well, you see, Ginger, it is like this. You remember that night when you crept downstairs—how long ago it seems!—and he had his arm around me? Well, Ginger, I didn't care a bit because you say it didn't make any difference to me. But I think it embarrassed him, or made him angry, or something, for he hasn't so much as looked at me since."

"I see," said Ginger daily. "I want to tell him that you—you didn't think a thing of it—a little thing like that. I think maybe he thinks I feel bad about it."

"You don't do you?"

"No." Marjory's voice sank to a whisper. "Not a bit. I like him."

a silly name for a farm," said Ginger. "Just like Eddy Jackson. Who else would do such a dumb thing? Pay Dirt. Everybody knows a farm is worth an acre, and if it didn't pay, nobody would farm it. Oh, hello, Mr. Buckworth. Home so soon? It's lovely tonight. Won't you come and talk to us?"

"Not tonight, thanks. I am tired. Pleasant dreams." And he passed inside.

"The girls sat very still for a moment. They heard him say good night to Miss Jenkins, and go up the stairs. Marjory's tense arm about Ginger's waist relaxed suddenly. Her quivering breath was more a sob than a sigh. Her shoulders rose convulsively.

"You—can go now. Thanks, Ginger. I'll sit here a minute, and listen to the night."

Ginger went in without a word. She was a stricken soul. She climbed to the studio, and counted her store of dimes. She looked at her complicated page of multiplication and addition. She sat for a long time, figuring, thinking.

Obviously, Marjory and the richness of a wealthy husband were to be denied them as success. Marjory was forever lost to her plans for the future. All the years of washing dishes for the sake of Marjory's hands had been in vain. All her dreams of a romantic figure breezing mysteriously into their commonplace circle were dissipated into thin air.



### "Ginger, What Do You Mean? Is Marjory Engaged, or Isn't She?"

Ginger was practical enough to admit defeat when she met it, and Marjory was her Waterloo. Marjory, beautiful peach-bloom Marjory would marry a minister, and her future would be that of catering to a Methodist church, and a parsonage minimum of three.

In that hour, Ginger Ella rose to great heights of resignation. She relinquished all her dreams of fortune, of fame, of social supremacy for her beautiful sister. She would be satisfied to see her merely happy. She smiled. She went down the wobbly ladder without a moment's pause, for her decision was made. She knocked at the door of her father's room, now occupied by Hiram Buckworth.

Silence prevailed within. Ginger knocked again.

"Who is it, please? Just a minute. He opened the door with one hand as he struggled into his coat with the other. Ginger, all uninvited, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began gently. "I was just going to bed," he interrupted rudely.

"You misunderstood what I told you," she persisted patiently. "I didn't say Marjory was engaged—exactly—"

"No. You merely said it was understood."

"But I didn't mean a man. I meant money."

"Money?" He was entirely puzzled. "Yes. You see, we have always been so very hard up. Father did not go to seminary as you did—he didn't even go to college. He only gets about as much money now after all these years as you will get at the very start. And it takes so much for his eyes, and the furniture is simply falling to pieces, and you can see yourself we haven't any clothes."

"Yes, I know, Ginger," he said without sympathy. "But what has that to do with—her?"

"She is so beautiful. So we naturally decided that she had better

marry a millionaire. You must admit she's got the looks for it."

"Ginger, what do you mean? Is Marjory engaged, or isn't she?"

"Not engaged—not exactly. But it was all understood—we talked it over, and we all agreed—we girls did, that is, father just laughed at us—that Marjory should marry money, lots of money, millions—"

"And she's not engaged to that—fat young Andrews—or anybody else—"

"Certainly not. There's no man mixed up in it at all. Just money."

If looks could slay, the career of Ellen Tolliver would have ended at that moment.

"Why, you little devil!" he ejaculated irreverently, and flung her roughly out of his way.

"She's still in the hammock," called Ginger meekly.

Then she went immediately to bed. She wept for a while, softly, for it is natural that youth should abandon its dreams and its expectations of great riches with reluctance. But in the end she smiled, and stiffened her little shoulders beneath the white sheets. Very well, then. Plainly the future of the entire household devolved upon her, and her alone.

"Selah," she whispered into the darkness.

### CHAPTER IX

A great peace, a sort of subdued grandeur, descended upon the turbulent spirit of Ginger Ella, for she had schooled herself to accept life as it is, and mold it to her own pattern as opportunity came. That the opportunity would never come now, as concerned Marjory, she was well aware, but without resentment. After all, perhaps one had no right to attempt to mold human lives, free souls, like herself. As for Miriam and the grocery clerk, she yet had hopes. Alexander Murdoch was leaving on this very day, and Ginger did not for a moment believe that the sensible twin was so deeply interested as to disqualify her for interest in more intriguing figures—granted the appearance of such figures.

Get her away—that was the best method. Ginger was adjusting herself to a new impression of the sensible twin. So still she had always seemed, so subtly impenetrable, that in contrast with Marjory's radiance she had appeared more of a liability than anything else. But there was something strange about Miriam. Ginger did not understand it. She remembered how Tub Andrews, even in the gorgeous presence of Marjory arrayed for the beauty pageant, had succumbed to Miriam's stillness. She remembered how Alexander Murdoch, a mere grocer, of course, but still no doubt possessive of the usual male inclinations, had passed over Marjory with a passing cordiality, to plant himself immovably at the un-dancing feet of Miriam. Strange about her! Strange about everything, Ginger thought.

"The world," she concluded largely. "It all goes jeebeee jeebeee. The grocers grovel to brats, and the preachers plect beauty. It's all wrong."

But perhaps when the twins found themselves away from the confining familiarities of Red Thrush, away among strangers, at the normal school—with clothes that became girls of their profession, and their looks—clothes paid for from contributions to the home for the blind—But another annoying thought arose to disturb the even tenor of her plans.

At the normal school they would meet only teachers—primary teachers, teachers of geography, teachers of Latin, English and algebra. Ginger sighed. It was unfortunate, but it was the best they could manage this year—what with the operation, and the retirement on pension. Besides, an embryonic teacher could supplant the can grocer in Miriam's heart, no doubt a little later on, the new conqueror could also be conquered by, say, an embryonic financier. She must hope for the best. As for Marjory—Marjory, whose beauty, and whose married fortune were now forever denied them, why should they, from their limited funds, provide the money to send Marjory to normal to study to be a teacher, when she would be no teacher? Why learn pedagogy, when all her future held was the accommodation of her person to missionary societies, and ladies' aids, and the minimum of three?

The finger of relentless logic pointed in another way. Let Marjory prepare herself for keeping a parsonage by keeping a parsonage—their own. She could take Miriam's place as servant to their father, thus leaving Ginger free for her own further schooling and for the conduct of her favorite charity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is, time or research has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun-worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone Circle is the little stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on June 21—namely, at the summer sol-

stice—the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer. At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in solitude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

Record Bone  
Some idea of the immense size of prehistoric reptiles can be gathered from the fact that it took sixteen men to lift a bone of one discovered in Africa.



## That COLD

Colds come suddenly. You can often end them just as quickly! Take Bayer Aspirin the moment you've caught one. A single sneeze should be the signal, or the first sign of congestion or headache, or soreness. Exposure to cold and wet isn't half so serious when you've learned to protect yourself with Bayer Aspirin. For the speedy relief of colds, headaches, neuralgia or neuritic pain, and even the acute suffering caused by rheumatism, there is nothing so sure and so safe as genuine Aspirin tablets stamped Bayer. They make a marvelous gargle, too. See proven directions in every package.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer, Manufacturer of Monrovia, California, U.S.A.

<b>More Likely Amount</b> Taking up once more the clergyman's question, "What would you do if you had \$1,000,000?" my answer is, "First, I would count it over rapidly to make sure that it wasn't just \$7.30 as I expected."—Elmer C. Adams, in the Detroit News.	<b>New High in Philanthropy</b> Gifts to philanthropy in the United States during 1929 reached the tremendous total of \$2,450,720,000, or an increase of \$120,120,000 over 1928, the previous highest year, according to the John Price Jones corporation of New York.
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To manufacture talk doesn't cost so much that the conversation is dragging. Some women change their minds so often that they soon wear them out.

## An Ailing CHILD

Are you prepared to render first aid and quick comfort the moment your youngster has an upset of any sort? Could you do the right thing—immediately—though the emergency came without warning—perhaps tonight? Castoria is a mother's standby at such times. There is nothing like it in emergencies, and nothing better for everyday use. For a sudden attack of colic, or the gentle relief of constipation; to allay a feverish condition, or to soothe a fretful baby that can't sleep. This pure vegetable preparation is always ready to ease an ailing youngster. It is just as

## PISO'S for COUGHS

PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used for 63 years. 35c and 60c sizes.

## Way to Happiness Simple says California Physician

After 28 Years' Practice Describes Natural Treatment which Keeps People Well

## Dr. Dobson's Discovery

"The remedy I am speaking of is colorless, tasteless, harmless to the most delicate alimentary tract, from infancy to old age. It is non-habit-forming, and it is essential to the smooth running efficiency of the human body, which needs lubrication just like any other machine."

"This remedy is Nujol."

"Most human ailments can be traced to the alimentary tract for either the main or the contributing cause, and most of these disorders can be prevented or cured through proper cleansing and regulating by the administration of Nujol as per instructions on the bottle and wrap-

per, or as ordered by the physician or nurse."

Nujol Laboratories considers it a privilege to publish Dr. Dobson's endorsement of Nujol.

Physicians and nurses themselves use and advise you to use Nujol regularly to clean the poisons out of your body (we all have them), because those poisons are what make us feel headachy, depressed, low in our minds.

It is always safe to use Nujol, because it is not a medicine; it contains absolutely no drugs; it cannot hurt even the littlest baby; it forms no habit; it is non-fatiguing. Nujol is harmless internal lubrication.

**What This Should Mean to You**

In the last few weeks we have had over 5,000 letters from people all over the world, telling us how Nujol has helped them to happiness and success by keeping their bodies internally clean. You can buy Nujol in sealed packages at any drug store. It costs but a few cents, and it will make you feel like a million dollars.

Start Nujol tonight. Use it regularly for two weeks, and learn the joy and the happiness that comes from buoyant, zestful health!