John's Mother Praises Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't ngree that no half-Bick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain When your merit. child is billous, head-



achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thou-Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaba, Nebraska, says: "Til hever forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup, Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was disgusting this business of man-mad when he was just a baby. He suf. ness might be, it certainly wrought fered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble pearance. quick. I have used it with him for rolds and little upset spells ever sinca I consider him a Fig Syrup boy." Insist on the genuine article, See that the carton bears the word "Call-

Superficial Flesh Wounds Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your mone for the first bottle if not suited.

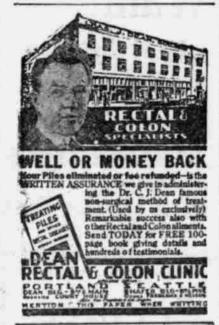
Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



used a year.

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashloned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derange ments of the sys-

tem so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



Aviation Note "Just the same, man will never fly

like the birds." "Oh, I don't know. Beats the par

rot right now."



A Sour

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity complete ty checked, and the elgestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to to get married, and keep house, and worry about your diet and experience | go to indies' aid?" a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is Important. Imitations do not act the



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GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

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Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER IX—Continued

But nothing of these thoughts showed in Ginger's piquant face when she greeted the members of the house hold at breakfast on Monday morning After all, she could not well announce to Hiram Buckworth-a rejuvenated Hiram Buckworth It was, too, all genial affability, radiating pervasive good cheer-that if he had arranged for Marjory to enter the ministry. they, the Tollivers, had no idea of sands of Western mothers praise it. spending money to make a school teacher out of her. So she blded her time, taking a great inner satisfaction in Marjory's quickened radiance, her breathless brilliancy, her vivid joy. and admitting to herself that however

> To Eddy Jackson she relieved herself of the burden of philosophy which had evolved from her painful expe-

wonders in Marjory's physical ap-

"You know, Eddy, we really haven't fornia." Over four million bettles any right to run other people's bustness-not even when we can do it a

whole lot better than they can."

"No?" he ejaculated incredulously "Absolutely. Even if they make a mess of it-why-there you are! Let them. One may be able to foresee the the end, and to know far, far better than they where her conduct will

"You'd better switch to the first person," he interrupted kindly. "You're getting in pretty deep."

"Well, anyhow, I can't run other people's lives-not Marjory's, nor anybody else in the world. It's too much like trying to play Heaven, I suppose." But she sighed a little.

But while she schooled herself to accept, even with a pleasant satisfaction, the digression of her sister, there was one phase of the family affairs that she would never accept-the fact of her father's blindness.

"He can't be blind forever," she as sured her own heart stoutly. "He simply cannot. He is too good, and too young, and 'oo very, very dear. He shall go to all the doctors in the world, one after the other, until be finds the one that can perform miracles. Everybody says they do perform miracles now, the doctors and the surgeons. And they've got to do one for father. Just as soon as be gets stronger, and a little less worn out, and there is a little more money in the trunk, then he shall begin.

When she came to discuss her new scheme of family economy with her father she encountered an unexpected

"You must see yourself, father, it is just nonsense to spend money to make her a teacher, when she is going to

marry a church." "Ellen, you must be mistaken-she is too young-"

"I'm not mistaken, father. I know this man-business as far as I can see I'm not so dumb. Besides-she just as good as told me. Oh, I don't think they'll be in any burry about it -but it's on it's way."

Mr. Tolliver was silent for a moment. "I never thought of that," he said slowly. "She is so young. And so beautiful. He is a fine chap. Then that is why she told me if it could be arranged any way she would rather go to regular college than to normal school."

"College! College? Marjory? And with us retired on pension?"

"She sald she would work her way." "Work! Marjory? Father, why, she's -she's crazy."

"No. in love."

"College! And work her way! Why, father, the only thing in the world she hates more than study is work." "Oh, that was before she was in

"Well, I hope you put your foot down hard-'

"Ob, I did. I told her I would make

the arrangements." "Oh, father, you would! It's so like you. Retired on pension-and college

-and-operations-" "Oh, there's no hurry about the operation. But college can't wait-espe-

cially, if she is in love." "But, father, darling, don't you see? What's the use to spend all that money on her when she is just going

So her father sat down with her, very quietly, and talked it all over. He sald that Marjory was right. She must go to college. She would need the experience, the knowledge of books, of people, and of things. Especially, in these troubled times, would she need complete equipment so that in case she were thrown upon her

living, with dignity, with ease, even with pleasure. "Oh, you needn't worry about that," argued Ginger. "Methodist ministers may not always be crazy about their wives, but they don't divorce them

own resources she could earn her own

They wouldn't dare." He smiled at her. "I wasn't think ing of divorce," be sald. "But sup pose her husband died. Or supposehe became blind.

burned in her eyes.

"Darling," she whispered. "But it is not altogether for the sake of the unpleasant and the unforeseen," he went on cheerfully. "She is so young. And Hiram is a brilliant student. Marjory will need training, and experience, and knowledge, to play her hand in his game."

As to the details, if could be arranged. Methodism makes education easy for the children of its ministers She could work-she said she was willing to work-for her expenses in the dormitory. There are funds to take care of those who must borrow. scholarships for those who will make

"But it is too bad to separate them," mourned Ginger. "They will have such a little while longer to be together. And twins are so very twinny,"

"Oh, we can't separate them. They

must both go." Ginger was appalled at his cheerful acceptance of this wildly extravagant measure. "Father, you-you're-you- Why.

father, the less we have the more we get ready to spend."

"Oh, well, it says ir the Bible, Be lieve that ye have received and ye shall have.' So if we just believe they've got their fingers on their education, they'll get it."

"I suppose so." In her heart, for Miriam's sake Ginger felt it was a very good thing. It would give her a much wider range from which to select a substitute for the can grocer. Besides, Miriam, except for her one aberration, was sensible. Education might really make something of her-she might go into politics, or literature, or-Ginger's imagination falled her. She knew the world offered wide avenues to brilliant

those boulevards finally led. The whistle of the postman brought Miss Jenkins to the veranda,

women, but she knew not whither

"Why, Ginger," she ejaculated, "who in the world are you writing to? There are sixteen letters for you. Sixteen-Ginger's greedy fingers took them away from her. "Oh," she sald nonchalantly, "I am tooking up a lot of things, and I have a heap of frons in half a dozen fires, let me tell you. Besides, you know yourself, father, I am too old to be questioned every time I write a letter."

"Dear Ginger," he said tolerantly. "I hope you strike Pay Dirt of your own. You deserve to."

Ginger was glad to make her escape without further discussion, and with her sixteen little white angels. Sixteen dimes tinkled out to join their brothers in the doll's trunk

"Pay Dirt, I'll tell the world," she crowed. "Why it beats Sunday collections all to pieces. And besides, that has to be divided with the poor and the church and foreign missionsand every cent of il is a straight haul for the parsonage."

She read the letters, slowly, one after the other, sixteen letters, such friendly sympathetic letters, wishing such good fortune to the parsonage home, calling down God's blessing upon it in such words of faith, that Ginger's eyes filled with tears.

"You darlings," she whispered, "You dear, good, Christian darlings."

In spite of her enthusiasm, she could not quite banish a slight uncomfortable pang of regret that the home was not catering to as broad a field as its kindly donors thought.

"But after all, it is a very good thing to help the blind. Even one blind. And perhaps if we get enough money we can start a big one later

CHAPTER X

All Ginger's bottest arguments could not shake her futher's determination. The small matter of his own vision must wait upon the education of the twins. The money they had saved during the sammer-thanks to his own vacation at Pay Dirt, and to the presence of Hiram Buckworth as a regular paying guest in the parsonage -must go to their equipment for college. As for himself, he was to be in no hurry. The doctors had agreed

Ginger clasped his arm. Quick tears | that the first thing for him to do was to become strong and robust, and to live at peace with all the world. This, then, was his present duty, and to it he bent all his energies.

Miriam, greatly to their surprise, evinced no real enthusiasm for college -Mirlam, the student, the win of judgment. It seemed to ber a wasta of time, she doubted if true education was to be derived from books. she was not yet sure what specific line she wished to follow as a profession. However, she yielded to their arguments, with the saving clause that she "might not go four years-a couple, anyhow-one can learn a lot in two years."

In this emergency, Mr. Tolliver departed from the established rule of the house, and arranged for a charge account at Joplin Westbury's drygoods store. He cautioned the girls, in conference with Miss Jenkins. to use it as sparingly as possible, but what other young girls had for college, the twins, too, must have.

Ginger and Marfory held their own counsel. They used the charge account only enough to allay the suspicions of Miss Jenkins and Helen, who was back in Red Thrush after her noneymoon, and living, strangely, in a small cottage some blocks removed from the parsonnge. But mostly they drew upon the contributions to the home for the blind. It burt Ginger afresh every time she drew a dime from the precious store that she had fondly hoped would bring the blessing of clear vision to her father but he had decreed flatly that the twins came first, that he and his affairs must wait. So Ginger obediently set berself to the accourrement of the twins,

Already they were registered at Iowa Wesleyan. Already arrangements had been made for them to live at Hershey hall, giving service in return for their accommodations Marjory at the telephone, Miriam in charge of the library. And already It was September, the public schools were opening, and the dedication of the new church was but one week away.

Mr. Tolliver and Mirlam were back in the parsonage now, a sunburned, ruddy pair, with vigor in their steps. and with appetites that boded ill for the overtaxed store of dimes.

On Tuesday of that week, Eddy Jackson called Ginger to the tele-

"Call out your brass band," he cried.

phone. "A farm hand, I suspect," she sald unpleasantly, "A false suspicion. He halls from

Ginger sniffed audibly into the tele-

New York."

"So did the can grocer. It seems it takes all kinds to make New York. "Well, his father pays enough income tax to buy the whole state of lows. And this chap nimself-thanks to the convenient death of a lot of remote relatives-is worth a gool million. Hot million, I'd call it, but he sava cool."

"Is be a cripple? inquired Ginger cautiously.

"No. He is not what I'd call an Adonis, but he is in good benith. He played halfback at college. de la not disabled in any apparent way Lead ing members of your sex have been known to make friendly overtures to him without much provocation."

in spite of her own best judgment, in spite of the many pitfalls she had found to await the unwary pursuer of romance and riches, Ginger's heart warmed to the chase. True, it had warmed in the past, warmed often and in vain. But after all, could so much hope, so much patience, and oh, so very much faith, fail in the end ro be productive of good results? Certainly the time was ripe for the smile of fortune. Had not suffering prevatied enough nights in the old parsonage to merit the joy that cometh in the morning?

"Oh. Eddy" said Ginger anxiousty. "I wish we could get rid of Mirlam. She's so likely to say something smart just at the wrong minute, and get his mind off Marfory's looks. Won't you take her out somewhere?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Warning That Caused Lion's Loss of Appetite

en in his honor on the occasion of a visit to Poland, says an article translated from L'Europe Nouvelle, of Paris, Gilbert K. Chesterton was called upon for a speech. "An early Christian martyr," said Chesterton. "stood in the arena awaiting the flons, and he prayed to his God to perform a miracle that would save his life. And God gave him a divine inspiration. The grating in front of the llon's den was raised and a great tawney heast appeared, sniffed the air, shook his mane, roared and bounded toward the waiting martyr. The Christian stood with folded arms and when the animal drew near was heard to mutter a few words. Immediately the lion recoiled and slunk back to

At the conclusion of a banquet giv- | tranquilly lay down. Nero gave a brief order and the Christian was dragged in front of the Imperial loge. 'What didst thou say? asked the emperor. What magic hast thou used that the king of beasts bath refused to harm thee? 'O Caesar, replied the Christian, 'I said simply to the lion:"Have a care what thou doest, fool, for after thou hast eaten they will call upon thee to make a speech," ** Where upon G. K. C., without another word. resumed his seat.

Rodin on "Toif"

"No sudden inspiration can replace the long toll which is indispensable to give the eyes a true knowledge of form and of proportion and to render the hand obedient to the commands the far end of the areas where he of feeling."-Aguste Rodin.

***** HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education,

State of Pennsylvania. *****

Tinkering THERE are some automobile own I ers who are forever pulling their machines apart and putting hiero together again. Evidently they do this under an inflated idea of their mechanical ingenuity, thus hoping to improve upon factory adjustments. As a general rule it is this type of person who is always complaining about his car's poor performance.

This tinkering business is bad snough for motor cars, but it is vastly worse for human bodles. The most that can happen to the automobile is that it will be rulned. And money buys another one, Human beings, on the other hand, are not factory products. When injured by tinkering they either remain that way, or pass out of the picture entirely and for-

Yet, in spite of this well known fact, it is positively remarkable how many tinkerers there are in the United States today. They divide themselves roughly into two classes. Those who show an undue affection for the home remedy and quack product, and those who permit that old bugaboo worry to influence their imagination to distressing proportions.

It is not at all surprising that with so many of these people around that at least 4 per cent (and this is a very conservative estimate) of those who visit doctors have nothing whatsoever wrong with them. Little wonder that advertised cure alls are so potent! Nor is it any puzzle to understand how so many unfortunates make themselves physically and mentally til through the power of a vivid imagi-

If people would only realize that to self-diagnose a real or supposed case of disease and then swallow a self administered dose from a beautifully inbeled bottle, represents about the worst type of tinkering on earth, there would be fewer deaths at the wrong time,

If for any reason, however, you conclude that you are ill, don't brood over it. Seek advice. If the physician pronounces you sound, let that be that, If actually sick, then follow the doctor's orders. Under no circumstances

"Breaking" the Kitchen

FAVORITE sport of the two A weeks vacation sojourner is to attempt to "break" the hotel kitchen On the theory that the ent-what-youplease plan is an invitation to exwith inughter in his voice. "I have a haust the food supply many guests. If truly romantic figure lined up for actions may be interpreted, are quite convinced that their capacities are equal to the challenge.

Vacation stomachs consequently are anything else but stemachs on vacation. In reality they are inflicted with gross abuse every time their owners are at table.

Admittedly, eating can be raised to the status of a high-class pleasure. But there is no "class" at all in turn-Ing this natural body function into a low sport. Which is exactly what happens when fat downgers, corpulent men and even average people consistently attempt to embarrass the food stock of a resort hotel.

And what is true of these dining room indiscretionists also applies to others who, while temperate at the hotel, commit a similar crime by stuffing themselves and their children between meals with all sorts of edibles and drinkables. Most certainly one does not want to

be disciplined too much when on the annual pligrimage. And there really is no need for it. Even tuxuries have their place. Palatably cooked fond has its right to reasonable attention, also. But to make eating the main joy of an outing is to overlook the real advantages of fresh air, rest and mental change.

Therefore, ent reasonably, Enjoy what you eat to the full. But don't try to "break" the hotel kitchen. You can't do it. Moreover, conceivably you may break yourself in the attempt (2) 1929. Western Newspaper Union.)

Nature's Long Process in Slate Production

Slate, so geologists tell us, was originally sediment deposited on the ocean bed or take floor by tidal current and mountain stream. After years of gradual accumulation this deposit was subjected to tremendous heat and pressure by some convolution of the earth's surface. A metamorphosis took place. Clay turned to silica and loose silt was compressed into fine-grained rock, so fine-grained, indeed, that even when completely immersed in water for 48 hours it absorbs less than one-half of 1 per cent

of its weight. Here, then, is the raw material for an ideal roofing. Being close-grained natural rock it is freproof, waterproof and so nearly weatherproof that the phrase "eternal rock" is a common synonym for everinsting. Yet had nature stopped her manufacturing processes at this point we would never have had any slate roofs. One more characteristic was needed to change that sedimentary rock into slate. So nature again applied tremendous pressure and produced cleav-



In Numbers "Have you good references?" "Yes, ma'am-207 of them."-Il Traraso, Rome.

Relieve coughs First dose soothes instants. Relief GUAR KLY
ANTRED.

10 with
Boschee's Syrup druggists

It Was Always Thus

Nan-Donald is certainly tickled with his new mustache, fsn't he? Belle (with shy blush)-Yes, but not half as much as I am.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it .- Adv.

Retort Courteous

The Haughty One-Do you know who I am?

The Other-No, don't you?

ONE PRESCRIPTION MADE FAMILY DOCTOR FAMOUS



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things,

Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.

No Trouble There

"You want me to produce 'Hamlet?" It will have to be rewriften around the personality of my star."



Feels Fine "Eight years ago before my last baby was born, I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got such good results that I named her Catherine Lydia. I have six older children and five grandchildren, too. I am 44, but people tell me I look much younger. I am now taking the Vegetable Compound again because of my age. I eat and sleep better and I do all my housework, and my washing. will do my best to answer letters."-Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana.