

WAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

To Avoid Infection
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited

Peace Offering
"Dad, what is a peace offering?"
"Anything from a box of chocolates to a fur coat."—Hamburg Hummel.

Stop the Pain.
The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly without scars. Buy and use by all druggists, or send 25c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—Socrates.

"Pimples All Disappeared"

Portland, Ore.—
"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever taken. My blood was impoverished and I had stomach trouble. Sometimes when I would be lying down gas would come up and I would smother and have terrific pains. Also I broke out with little pimples caused by bad blood. I was just all run down in health but after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a while my blood was good—the pimples all disappeared—and I have never had another spell with my stomach since."—Mrs. Emma Dixon, 424-9th St. All dealers.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

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

Even a man may be emotional—if he isn't married.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"Certainly not. It wouldn't look well. He knows there's quite a family of you, so it would be too pointed just to throw him headlong at Marjory's complexion, as you might say. No, you'd better have Miriam on hand, too."

Ginger leaped to her plans with young enthusiasm. "Now, we must rush the thing through with a lot of snap," she cried. "Sweep him right off his feet—and sweep Margie off too. For you know—wait till I see if anybody's around! You know, Eddy, she's awfully gone on—You know who—Preacher! Wait, till I close the door! Yes, he's nice, but he can console himself with Miriam. Such a sensible girl ought to be a great consolation to religion."

Eddy's invitation for them to come out to Pay Dirt for dinner at the farm she negated after a moment's consideration.

"No. Too prosaic. Your mother is so practical. She and Miriam would be sure to talk of canning fruit, or frying chickens, or what not. No, you bring him here. I don't know how in the world I'll get rid of Hiram, but I will. I'll get rid of father, too, for he'd be sure to give it away. He's so honest. Make it rather late—the furniture doesn't show up so well—I mean so badly—when it is dark. Come for dinner, but not too early. Come in the gloaming."

"All right. What time is the gloaming?" asked Eddy.

Ginger hung up the receiver. Then she went straight to the attic. This was opportunity tapping at their door. Tapping? Why, it was fairly screaming for admittance. A cool million—Eddy was right—hot million would be better, a fiery million, a boiling million, a skyrocket million. She unlocked the doll's trunk. The precious cache had been rifled often, and pretty thoroughly, in the last three weeks, but a steady stream trickled into it every day. And this was to be an event in the lives of every one of them, a thing to remember forever, as long as they lived.

Ginger, with that springing imagination of hers, could already see Marjory, with softly silvered hair and the delicate rose flush of old age on her peach-bloom cheeks, recounting to the grandchildren clustered at her knees—beautiful children, all with golden curls and dimpled cheeks, and all about the same size, clustered together like the cherubs in old religious paintings—"and this party was planned, and paid for, for my sake, by my dear little sister Ginger Ella. And there I met—"

She filled her shabby purse with money, all dimes, and went down town. There was buying to be done, much buying. But there was one small detail that required her first attention. At the dry goods store she went into the private office of the president, to pay her Methodist respects to Joplin Westbury.

"Hello, how's everybody?" he greeted her cheerfully.

"Oh, just fine, thanks. Father's getting a double chin. The twins are fine, too. They go to college in just ten days now. I'm fine, too."

"How's our young preacher?"

"I don't know. I don't see much of him. I think he's blue—or lone some, or something. You see, he feels that he's sort of out of things, because he's not a regular preacher. I dare say he thinks the members sort of snub him on that account, and leave him out of their church talk, and all."

"Why, that's too bad. I suppose he doesn't want to intrude—with you father there, and all. We like him first-rate."

"But you never do have him come to your house to talk church—the way you used to do with father, do you?"

"Well, you tell him to come around and see me. Tell him I especially asked for him. I'll pretend he's been neglecting me, and put it off on him. You tell him I want to know why he never comes around to talk church!"

"When? Tonight?"

"Well—yes, tonight." "He'll be pleased," said Ginger gently. "He's so young. He just loves to go about with father, and hobnob with the old pillars, and feel you are all salt of the earth together."

"Maybe your father would like to come along."

"He'd love it. If you really want him."

"Of course I want him. I want both of them. They've been making me run everything myself, and I don't like it."

"Early this evening? Right after dinner?"

"Tell them to come for dinner. I'll call my wife right up, and tell her we're having all the preachers for

dinner. Don't you want to come along? When it comes to running things, you can put it over the whole board, if you ask me."

"Oh, Mr. Westbury, what an idea! It's nice of you to invite me, but I can't come tonight. I have some personal business to attend to."

From his office, Ginger plunged into an utter orgy of buying. For the first time in her life, she abandoned herself to reckless spending. She bought an alligator pear. There were only two in town, and she bought one of them. She had never tasted an alligator pear, but she knew it was something elegant. She bought a jar of ripe olives. Ripe olives were not common in Iowa, but she had seen them advertised in her systematic study of the magazines. She bought salted almonds and after-dinner mints. She bought an angel food cake. In the furniture store, she bought two small rose-colored lamps for the living room. In the dry-goods store, she bought two pairs of white silk stockings, silk-to-the-top. Miriam didn't really need them, of course, but one could not well show partially between twins.

Then she went swiftly home, and into the kitchen, where she rolled up her sleeves and went to work. She had no notion of announcing anticipated events until the two ministers were well out of the house, and dinner was ready. She realized that she could easily fool the men with this most timely invitation out, but her sisters would certainly suspect her of coyness. So she postponed her announcement, and in the meanwhile, she worked.

At five o'clock, she sought out her father and Hiram, deep in a discussion of recent progress in the mastery



"It's Nice of You to Invite Me, but I Can't Come Tonight."

of the air, and informed them that they had been invited out to dinner most importantly, and that Joplin Westbury expected them very early.

Hiram Buckworth seemed anything but pleased at this hospitable overture.

"But, see here—I can't go. I told Marjory I would—I think I'll call him up—"

"Oh, it is too late. Why, his wife has dinner all ready for you."

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" he demanded impatiently.

"Well, I didn't get home until very late, and you were upstairs. I hated to disturb you. And I supposed of course you would like to go."

"Well, of course, I would like it—some time—but tonight—"

"He said to be there before six, because they eat early, and he likes his food hot," she said. "Come, father, I'll brush you off a bit."

And she persisted in her assiduous kindness until she finally saw her father waiting off in the unwilling hands of Hiram Buckworth.

"I can't find Marjory," he whispered, dejectedly. "You tell her how it was—will you? And tell her I'll break away as soon as I decently can."

"Oh, don't do that. Marjory won't mind—she can wait until tomorrow night for—whatever you were going to do tonight."

And she stood grimly on the veranda and watched until they disappeared from sight.

"For it would be just like him to drop poor father right in the middle of the street, and come bounding back for a last look at the roof that shelters her—the base pretender," she said indignantly.

Durability of Leather Shown by Recent Find

The durability of leather was proved by the discovery, in the course of excavating for the foundations of the new Bank of England, of soles of Roman shoes, one of which bore clearly the impress of the official Roman eagle.

The soles evidently were those of the sandals worn by women and children. Bronze rivets were used to hold together two or three thicknesses of leather and no doubt accounted in part for the life obtained from the footwear, which must have been much greater in weight than present-day shoes. The old leather was in about the same state of preservation as might be expected of a modern shoe that had been on a rubbish heap for a couple of months.

Although nowadays leather is produced with more speed and less mechanical crudity, the processes of preserving, toughening and softening it

are not materially different from those practiced by the Romans in England about 2,000 years ago.

Desert Conditions Common
Deserts, in the sense of great areas that are at all times hot, dry and nearly devoid of life, are comparatively rare. But desert conditions, in the sense of high temperatures and shortage of water arise at times on almost all land areas. Seasonal deserts, areas that for a part of the year have an abundant water supply accompanied by a luxuriant vegetable growth, and through the remainder of the year have no water supply and can show only dry masses of dead leaves and stems, are common. Illustrations of such conditions may be found along any roadside in midsummer. They are very common in places where there is but a thin layer of soil over bed rock.

But when she was assured that their departure was final, she flew upstairs to the room where her sisters were industriously sewing lace upon bits of silk to accord with the very latest fashions in lingerie.

"Girls, hurry and get dolled up," she said. "Father and Hiram have gone out to dinner—to Jop West's—and Eddy Jackson is coming in, and I'm doing all the work myself, so we're going to pretend it's a party just for us."

"Put it off till tomorrow night," said Marjory, "so—father will be here."

"Can't, Eddy has some kid from some place—old school friend, or something—and he wants something to do with him, so they are coming here. Come on now, let's have a good time. Look, I bought you each a present—silk-to-the-top." She brandished the stockings before them. "A safe. Good ones."

Marjory's eyes were wistful. "They are just lovely," she said, "but I shan't waste them on Eddy Jackson and that child from some place. I'll keep them till tomorrow when—father is here."

"Since when has father shown such fondness for silk stockings? And if you don't put them on this very minute, I'm going to wear them myself. Aw, Margie, be a sport. Show Eddy a good time for once. Think how good he was to father."

Either the pleading or the threat was to good effect. Marjory hastily pulled off her shoes and stockings, and tried on the new silks-to-the-top. The shimmering whiteness of them, the silken softness, seemed to inspire her, to inspire Miriam, also, who quickly emulated her example, and inciting each other to further effort by this brave beginning, they entered joyously into the spirit of the affair. They brought out their entire wardrobe to make selections that would match the charm of the silk stockings—treasured bits of ribbons and lace, modest pieces of inexpensive jewelry. They tried things on, rearranged, experimented. They admired bizarre effects, offered criticisms, suggestions, helped to arrange each other's hair. Ginger, meanwhile, flew distractedly back and forth, between kitchen, dining room and bedroom, urging them on, praising the results.

It was five minutes before seven when they pronounced themselves perfect beyond the power of their possessions to improve one iota. And then they looked at Ginger, a flushed, perspiring Ginger, with tumbled hair and stary eyes, a Ginger adorned in a trim, cheap, flaming red smock.

"Mercy, Ginger, you are a sight. You'd better dress. They'll be here."

But Ginger had no intention of dressing. She was going to make this a real party, two and two, en tete-a-tete. She would wait on the table, passing back and forth as service was needed. As the girls, indeed, often took turns in waiting upon the table when there were guests, they quickly acquiesced, for as Ginger said, she was entirely too hot, and too tired, and too excited to dress.

She straightened her disordered hair, puffed her flushed face with a whisk of powder, and smoothed down the flaming smock. Beside the twins in their delicate coolness, their shimmering silken whiteness, she was like a hot and seething little fire.

At the sound of the siren at the gate, she ran toward the kitchen, while the twins, each with an arm around the other's waist, sauntered slowly down the stairs, softly singing, as the two men came briskly up the flagstone path.

But Ginger had not gone to the kitchen. Not all the way. She planted herself just beyond the base of the circular staircase, out of sight, but where a mirror on the opposite wall reflected the veranda entrance. Ginger was not one to miss the approach of a romantic figure. These things happen too seldom to be taken with nonchalance.

And as, in the mirror, reflecting the doorway, she saw that brisk approach up the flagstone path, black horror darkened her eyes, white anger paled her flushed cheeks.

The twins, cool, white and smiling, had descended to the bottom-most step. And in the open doorway, laughing, stood Eddy Jackson. And beside him—

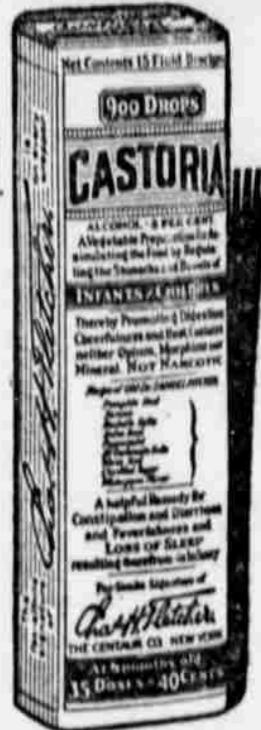
Miriam withdrew herself impetuously from Marjory's light clasp, and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, Alex—oh, you darling—you hateful thing—Why didn't you tell me?—Margie, it's Alex!"

It was the can grocer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Children Cry for it



Children hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and harmless as the recipe reads. (The wrapper tells you just what Castoria contains.)

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, use it to keep the system from clogging. Your doctor will tell you Castoria

deserves a place in the family medicine cabinet until your child is grown. He knows it is safe for the tiniest baby; effective for a boy in his teens. With this special children's remedy handy, you need never risk giving a boy or girl medicine meant for grown-ups.

Castoria is sold in every drug store; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

Fliers Say Courage Varies with the Way they Feel

AEROPLANE pilots tell us that their courage, their whole attitude toward flying, varies from day to day, with the way they feel. If they feel full of pep, healthy, they can try anything—nothing frightens them. Their nerve is unshakable; their skill keen; their flying is machine-like in its perfection.



Member of the "Caterpillar Club" earns his right to membership by 5000 foot Emergency Jump.

What is the matter with these brave people when they are not up to par? The natural poisons in their bodies have not been swept away. They are allowing their brains to be clouded and dulled by poisons which should not be permitted to remain in the body.

This is the lesson we can learn from airmen. It is the lesson that points to Nujol—the simple, natural, normal way—without the use of drugs or medicines to keep the body internally clean of the poisons that slow it up. Nujol is pure, tasteless, colorless as clear water. It forms no habit; it cannot hurt even a baby.

See how the sunshine floods into your life when you are really well. Get a bottle of Nujol in its sealed package at any drug store. It costs only a few cents and it makes you feel like a million dollars. Find out for yourself what Nujol will do for you this very night. You can be at top-notch efficiency and happy all the time. Get a bottle today.

Somebody in every business has to be the chief worrier.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

If it is a pose, it is done on purpose. If it is an attitude, it isn't.

The title of the emperor of Japan as the head of the Shinto religion is Tenno, which means, literally, King of Heaven.

You have got to be interested in something or somebody besides yourself to keep from being bored.



Miserable with Backache?

It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

DOES every day find you lame and aching—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected. To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed the world over.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

J. F. Parker, 115 Mansion St., Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "I gladly recommend Doan's Pills. My kidneys were not acting normally. The excretions were very irregular and I burned in passing. I would get up in the morning tired and stiff all over. I had a constant backache and headaches annoyed me. Since using Doan's Pills I have been in good shape."

Doan's Pills
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Insure Him a Healthy Skin through life by using

Cuticura Soap

{Cleansing, Healing, Soothing, and Antiseptic}

Shop 15c. Olmstead 25c. and 50c. Talbot 50c.
Preparators: Foster Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.