

BAYER ASPIRIN
is always **SAFE**



Beware of Imitations

GENUINE Bayer Aspirin, the kind that doctors prescribe, millions of users have proven safe for over thirty years, can easily be identified by the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe and sure; always the same. It has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and druggists everywhere. It does not depress the heart. No harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

Headaches Neuritis
Colds Neuralgia
Sore Throat Lumbago
Rheumatism Toothache

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoacetic acid ester of salicylic acid.

Bite It

"Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?"

"Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose."—*Union Pacific Magazine.*

Church on Water

A "floating church," made from a steamer to serve the bargemen of the River Spree in Germany, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

In a city, there is always some public institution that is in need of money. No rest for the taxpayer or the philanthropist.

Candy making is one of the least hazardous of the specialized industries, both from accident frequency and severity.

If a law has no sense in it, putting "teeth" in it only results in a toothache.

Reformers are not content to think what they like; they want everybody else to think it.

An effeminate man trying to act hardboiled is the best fun.

An observant female is a whole public opinion in herself.

War brings out the best in men—and also a lot of flapdoodle.



**There May be
Poison in YOUR
Bowels!**

STEP out tomorrow morning with the fresh buoyancy and briskness that comes from a clean intestinal tract. Syrup Pepsin—a doctor's prescription for the bowels—will help you do this. This compound of fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other pure ingredients will clean you out thoroughly—without griping, sickening or discomfort. Poisons absorbed into the system form souring waste in the bowels, cause dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drug stores sell.

**DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative**

PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

(Copyright by Evelyn Campbell.)
WNU Service

THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's ne'er-do-well father dies when she is seventeen, leaving her little beyond some worthless stock certificates. These she takes to her father's friend, Senator Converse, to dispose of. After a whirlwind courtship Linda marries Courtney Roth. Too late she discovers he is a penniless adventurer living by his wits. Roth dies in Switzerland. Linda continues to live like a woman of wealth. The senator supplies her with money, keeping up the fiction that her stock is yielding it. On a trip she meets Brian Antsey. He helps her out of an embarrassing situation.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Their eyes met—hers cool and mocking and his a little hurt and bewildered. Suddenly they realized how little they knew of one another, yet they were wasting time in generalities. And tomorrow this would be over. The stiff worldliness of a flying train would obliterate all this.

He drew her to a window outside the radius of the big red stove where the other travelers were unhappily congregated. The panes were covered with lovely frost castles and play peaks that reminded Linda of Switzerland. But Brian obliterated all this with his warmed handkerchief. A little town drowsing with its covers half over its head was revealed. Lights winked through the drift that was beginning again. Dark smoke from burdened chimneys coiled slowly upward. Belated figures huddled in shapeless wraps hurried past.

"Do you like it?" he asked when she had been silent a while.

"I would like to go and walk there," she said in a subdued voice.

This time they borrowed gaiters from the landlady's daughter—huge, knee-high cloth and red overalls lined with thick cheerful red wool. Their owner called them "arctics," and cheerfully helped to fasten straps. Linda so clothed could scarcely lift her feet, and when a red knitted shawl was tied around her head and neck she gasped and called herself a mummy. The group of women beside the stove murmured together and looked at her superciliously, but Brian Antsey seemed to consider these precautions merely sensible.

Out of doors a piercing still coldness pressed their lungs until they gasped out words that were frost-nipped before they left their throats. Linda was trying to say she could not endure it—she must go back—but he took her hand and drew her stumbling after him along the beaten paths of the little town.

Little houses hidden by Christmas trees; larger houses shouldering the storm; lights everywhere, warm and inviting.

"I want to see inside," Linda pleaded childishly, and then they began a game that only children or lonely grownups ever play, creeping carefully over the muffling snow they would reach a window and peer fearfully within. Sometimes they saw a little family, father, mother and children, and sometimes it was a young mother alone rocking her baby. Then there would be young people watching one another shyly and secretly, married or about to be married—it showed upon their revealed faces that this was all that mattered. But it was all pantomime, silenced by walls and windowpanes. They could never bear a sound from those moving, voiceless lips.

They went too far in this engrossing game, and found themselves at the edge of the town where life suddenly ceased in the midst of blank fields. Linda was exhausted.

"I must rest," she gasped, and leaned against a fence post.

"But how can we know that they are happy?" she asked bitterly, when she could speak. "We only saw the outside of things. It might have been frightful inside those houses."

He looked at her in a troubled way. "We've come too far. I intend to carry you back." He seemed to have forgotten what they were talking about.

Linda started and laughed nervously. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. She looked around. They were utterly alone in the midst of an empty world. Distances magnified by the intense whiteness and stillness became enormous.

She remembered that she did not know this man; he was a stranger. In the gloom she could not see his face, but only the bulk of his broad shoulders and the length of his arms. Strange, evil, terrible thoughts surged upward in her mind. All the arms that had reached for her hungrily, greedily, in these elusive years were there around her. She bit her lip to keep from crying out, realizing that her exhausted voice could make no headway in that thickened air.

He took a step toward her, and she put out her hands feebly. He put his arms around her and lifted her lightly and easily. She could not struggle; life and strength were ebbing from her. Under her breath she whispered something, trying to fight the unreasonable terror that had her in its possession.

"Just put your arms around my neck," said Brian. "I can do this easily."

She obeyed because she had no

strength. She was an inert bundle of clothes and helpless body. He could have done anything, carried her anywhere, for she had no resistance. But instead, he stepped out on the path and began to walk steadily toward the town again.

She could hear the easy measured murmur of his heart. She closed her eyes, and imagined she was lying against a warm wall—his breast was like that. His arms were like a cradle.

She remembered she had been afraid, and wondered why. That silly terror was as far behind her as weariness, for now life was coming back—strange life that searched out the remotest nerves of her body and turned them into fine quivering strings. She felt his arms tremble, and her cheek against his breast told her his heart was pounding. Suddenly she was hot and gasping.

"Put me down," she cried, struggling. "I am so heavy. You must be half dead."

But, no, he was not even a little dead. He let her slip to the ground but his own hands fell to her shoulders and clung there. His eyes lighted with queer yellow sparks held her own. She felt ashamed and writhed under what she read there, for she knew that he knew about her fear and what she had feared.

They walked slowly back to the hotel. Nearly all the lights were out, and they realized they had given grounds for scandal when they saw the face of the proprietor. Before his shocked eyes they went up the stairs and stopped before Linda's door.

"I will see you in the morning?"

"Of course," she stifled a yawn. She was thinking of something that gave her an ugly shock. She had to see him in the morning; she had counted upon that, and it would have been so much nicer to let him go now.

"Wait," she was turning to open her door but she had to obey his voice. It was wistful again. "I wish you'd believe in things again. It's easy if you try."

She laughed.

CHAPTER IV

Flutterings

Linda was dining with Senator Converse.

"I told Henri to see to the duckling himself," he grumbled, "and see what he has brought. No wonder you're not eating. Where is he?" He glanced around the room, but Linda interfered.

"There is nothing wrong. Pray don't make a scene," she said in her icy sweet voice.

She never touched anything when she dined with him. To watch him pawing over his food, ordering more and devouring it with his eyes, was too much. The dinners were always perfect, and she felt Henri's eyes, humid with reproach upon her every moment. But unless she could have closed her eyes and ears throughout the meal she could not conquer the distaste with which Converse always affected her.

Their meetings, intermittent and infrequent for two or three years, had begun to occur with some regularity. Linda did not dread seeing him as she had before Courtney Roth's time. Something hard and brittle, like a thin shell, had grown over her spirit in this time so that words and looks—even the contact of his hot hands—could not reach her. She did not fear him. There were remote fastnesses within her where she could retreat and where he could never follow.

The unlucky duckling had gone its way when the senator, mumbling behind his napkin, wanted to know the reason to which he owed the pleasure of her society.

She flushed slowly, playing with her fork.

"Why are you so certain that there is a reason? Perhaps I was only bored."

He gave her the little glance she hated. Those small eyes from their ledge of flesh seemed to know everything.

"Nonsense, my dear; all women want something besides food when they telephone an old man and ask him to dinner."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous Beauty Is Hibiscus

It has been written of one of Florida's wild flowers that it "is probably the most gorgeous of all the plants indigenous to the United States." This superlative praise was given to a tall hibiscus that opens crimson flowers five to eight inches across, says Nature Magazine. Like several other species of wild hibiscus, this crimson-flowered one blooms in the borders of swamps in summer, at a time when low grounds in many places are gay with the southern red lily, whose upright solitary flower, of red and yellow spotted with purple, tops a stem set with many narrow erect leaves.

Peace for Pants' Sake

"Mother," announced Donald, as he burst in from school, "I had a fight with Jimmie today."

"Mercy!" gasped his mother. "What in the world?" Then she queried, "But who won this fight?"

"Oh, neither one of us," explained Donald. "We just quit. You see, I happened to look down, and found I had on my new pants. Of course, I knew I mustn't fight in them, so we quit."

Port of London



The Thames at the Tower Bridge, From the Air.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

LONDON the city is a Mecca for travelers and is known, from books and stories, throughout the world. London the port is comparatively little known, yet in world economics it is even more important than London the city. The story of this great port involves the ships that crowd the Thames from the Seven Seas, the varied piles of products from all corners of the world that are set down on London quays and docks, and the facilities for handling this mighty business of providing necessities and luxuries for a great block of the world's consumers.

The port of London has developed as her ships have developed. In her 2,000 years of history she has known the long, rakish Viking boats, the little wind-driven ships of the Continent, smacks, frigates, clippers; and since the advent of steam and the gas engine, great mechanical greyhounds of the sea of ever-increasing size.

The smaller ships of the past centuries found it possible to anchor in the Thames or to tie up to her wharves and quays. But as ships became larger and more numerous the great tidal range of the river was found to be more and more troublesome. It was then that London began the construction of the great closed dock system which gives her the most extensive area of artificial ship basins in the world.

A quay or wharf is merely a wall or platform along the shore of a river or inlet. A true dock is constructed by digging into the bank to construct a basin into which the harbor water flows. A lock and water gates usually connect the basin with the outer water. When ships are floated into the dock at high tide the gates can be closed, shutting in enough water to float the ships even when the water has dropped far below the necessary level outside. In some modern docks the water level can be maintained or even raised above the high tide level, by gigantic pumping plants.

Growth of the Dock System.

London's system of docks, now so extensive and elaborate, grew by very slow degrees. The first little wet dock, dug at Blackwall about 1695, was used merely to outfit ships. Samuel Pepys mentions it in his diary. Next, about 1700, came a larger dock used merely as a protected anchorage for ships that were to be long in port. This basin came to be frequented by whaling ships in the Greenland trade and was long known as the Greenland dock. The whalers soon realized that unloading and the taking on of supplies could be better accomplished in the dock than in the river. Blubber factories, storage facilities, and all the ill-smelling accessories of whaling grew up around the basin, which thus was first to take on what are the elementary docking activities of today.

These beginnings of the dock system were constructed within a few miles of London bridge. From them the system has developed, principally down the river into deeper and deeper water. The West and East India docks were built about 1800. They now embrace 127 acres of water basins, millions of square feet of warehouse space, and more than five miles of quays. The so-called London docks, the nearest basins to the bridge, are relatively small, covering 35 acres of water and 65 acres of land. The Surrey Commercial docks, built around the original Greenland dock, consist of 147 acres of water, 230 acres of land, and 5 miles of quays.

Royal Docks the Largest.

The Royal docks, six or eight miles below London bridge, are the heart of London's dock system, and the most extensive enclosed docks in the world. They consist of the Royal Victoria dock, built in 1855; the Royal Albert dock, completed in 1880; and the King George V dock, opened in 1921. Together they embrace 245 acres of water and extend along the river for three miles. More than half a million tons of shipping has been berthed in these connected docks at one time.

Twenty-six miles below London bridge is the most remote of London's shipping basins, the Tilbury docks. These were opened in 1896 to accommodate the largest of the vessels entering the port and those of the deepest draft. Its new entrance lock is approximately of the dimensions of the great locks of the Panama canal, with a depth of 45 feet 6 inches below high water. It is in the Tilbury docks that the greatest of the trans-

ocean passenger steamships berth—ships of close to 22,000 tons.

London is not dependent alone on enclosed docks. Along the 60 miles of river which supply the city with potential port facilities, are many miles of open wharves and quays. To these comes a constant procession of barges, coasting boats, and even sizable steamers.

For the past 19 years the great dock system of London has been under public ownership, managed by the Port of London Authority, a corporate body, whose members are in part appointed by the admiralty, the London County council, and other public organizations; and in part are elected by taxpayers and groups particularly interested in the port business. The Port Authority also controls some open wharves, but the greater portion of this is under private ownership.

Vast Streams of Trade.

With its river, its scores of miles of wharves and docks, and its vast warehouses and vaults, the port of London is a gateway and a treasure house through which and into which pours a stream of goods ranging from the bare necessities and the crudest raw materials to the most costly products of loom and factory, artist and craftsman. In part the value and volume of London's sea-borne trade are owing to its geographic situation between continental Europe and the Americas; in part to the city's status as head and heart of the world-wide British empire.

Many of the docks and warehouses devote themselves to certain specialties. The old Greenland dock and its neighbors are concerned largely with the Baltic, White sea, and Canada trade, for the most part made up of timber and grain. To the West India docks come thousands of tons of sugar, scores of thousands of gallons of rum, and hard woods. Sugar is also unloaded by the thousands of tons at the East India docks along with the spices, silks, rugs and dozens of other commodities from the East.

The quantities of goods that pass over London's docks and wharves is stupendous. The leading import in quantity is grain and meals; close to 70,000,000 bushels are brought in yearly, their value reaching \$125,000,000. Such dissimilar articles as tea and fresh and frozen meats lead all imports in value. More than \$165,000,000 worth of each arrives annually. The greater part of the tea is for consumption, the balance for re-export. The meat is practically all for consumption, and it is supplemented by a considerable quantity of home-grown meat.

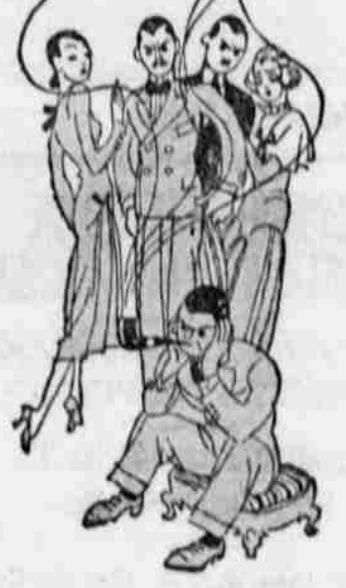
On to the docks pour each year tons and tons of butter valued at more than \$100,000,000, \$50,000,000 worth of cheese, and more than 1,000,000,000 eggs. There is a steady stream of wines and spirits in hogsheads, "pipes," barrels and bottles. Most of these find their way to the underground vaults of the Port of London Authority where there is complete equipment for blending, bottling, storing and aging. There are more than a dozen huge vats each with a capacity in excess of 20,000 gallons.

Fortunes in Warehouses.

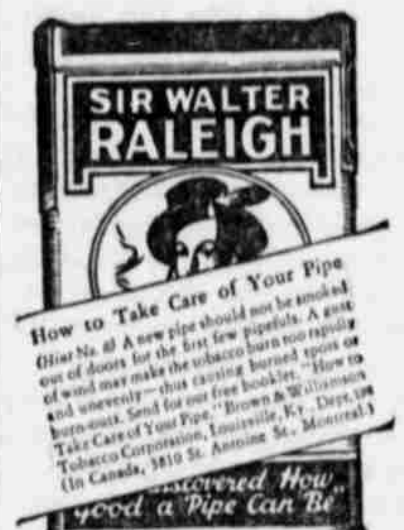
This is but a suggestion of the vast stream of goods that passes over the docks and into the warehouses of London. Enough tobacco is in storage to make a smoke screen for the navies of the world—the best tobacco that is afforded by the Americas, Greece, Turkey, Burma, China, Sumatra, Borneo, Cyprus and Africa. Other warehouses contain fortunes in rubber, ivory, metals, rare earths, drugs, perfumes, porcelains, fine fabrics and laces, feathers, furs and hundreds of other commodities that minister to the wants of a complex civilization. In 1928, the total net ship tonnage in and out of London was 55,423,681.

Although the London water front is called upon to care for ships and goods from all the world's continents and seas, it has not wholly a commercial flavor. The most important buildings in the empire, the houses of parliament, front on the river, and for miles along the banks extend the beautifully laid out embankments which furnish stately drives along the winding course of the river. The most famous of these is the Victoria embankment which extends between Westminster bridge, near the houses of parliament, and Blackfriars bridge, down the river near St. Paul's cathedral.

People just
don't distinguish



It's utterly unfair, of course. But if a man will smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold. Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant—yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-smoker. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleigh—as you'll discover when you try it.



IT'S 15¢—and milder

How Islands Got Name

If you think the Canary Islands were so named because the trees were full of yellow songsters, guess again. Large numbers of dogs roaming around caused King Juba II of the Mauretanias, who discovered the islands, to take the Latin name "canaries," meaning "dogs" and bestow it on the place.—Exchange.

A Prudent Suggestion

"Many people have suffered embarrassment because of their social aspirations."
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Before you insist on getting into the swim you want to make quite sure you are a swimmer."—Exchange.

Sunday at the Beach

"How did you find the water?"
"By looking between the bathers!"—Exchange.

Don't expect much of others. Then you can be pleasantly surprised, occasionally.

**Make dresses
bright as new!**

DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; **NEW!** Never a trace of that red-dyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing. Diamond Dyes owe their superiority to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make. Surely, But you pay no more for them. All drug stores—15c.

Diamond Dyes
Highest Quality for 50 Years

FINE 40 Acre Vegetable, Fruit, Poultry and rabbit farm, 2 good houses, fine soil, 5 miles north Miami, Fla. Price actual cost of buildings, \$16,500, mortgage \$4,300. 74 Acres Mountain Land, wonderful camp site, trout stream, waterfalls, 10 miles from Asheville, N. C. Most beautiful spot in Blue Ridge Mts. Price \$3,000, equity \$1,500. Will exchange one or both for a good farm well located in states of Washington or Oregon. A. J. KEELEY - CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.

