

Let
Sir Walter
bring peace
to your
household



YOUR pipe is in right with
friend wife the moment she
gets that new and milder frag-
rance of Sir Walter's favorite
mixture. A welcome blend of
choice, mild tobaccos, kept fresh
in a heavy gold foil wrap. Be
fair to yourselves, men, and fair
to the fair sex. Let Sir Walter
make your pipe a pipe of peace.

**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**

It's rye and It's milder

Curious

George Giraffe—I suppose you are
admiring my great height.
Tom Tortoise—No, I'm merely
hanging around to see you pull in
your neck.

From the Appearances

"I'm wearing my new gown this
evening. Where do you think we
should go?"
"Swimming."—Grit.

Dress slowly when you are in a
hurry.



After 40
Bowel trouble is
Most Dangerous

Constipation may easily become
chronic after forty. Continued con-
stipation at that time of life may
bring attacks of piles—and a host
of other disorders.

Watch your bowels at any age.
Guard them with particular care
after forty. When they need help,
remember a doctor should know
what is best for them.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin"
is a doctor's prescription for the
bowels. Tested by 47 years' prac-
tice, it has been found thoroughly
effective in relieving constipation
and its ills for men, women and
children of all ages. It has proven
perfectly safe even for babies. Made
from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pep-
sin and other harmless ingredients,
it cannot gripe; will not sicken you
or weaken you; can be used with-
out harm as often as your breath is
bad, your tongue is coated; when-
ever a headache, bilious, gassy con-
dition warns of constipation.

Next time just take a spoonful
of this family doctor's laxative.
See how good it tastes; how gently
and thoroughly it acts. Then you
will know why it has become the
world's most popular laxative. Big
bottles—all drugstores.

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

PARADE

—By—

**Evelyn
Campbell**

WNU Service
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THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's ne'er-do-well
father dies when she is seven-
teen, leaving her little beyond
some worthless stock certificates.
These she takes to her father's
friend, Senator Converse, to dis-
pose of. After a whirlwind
courtship Linda marries Court-
ney Roth. Too late she discov-
ers 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 Anstey.
He helps her out of an embar-
rassing situation. Linda learns
the real reason for Converse's
friendliness. The senator re-
sents her friendship for Anstey.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Why didn't you tell me you were
as hard up as all that?" he demanded,
harshly. He was genuinely alarmed.
Anything might have happened. "Why,
good G—d! girl, to think of you run-
ning about over the country without
a dollar in your pocket, borrowing
from strangers."

"Tricking them," she finished. Her
face had become muted. She slumped
wearily in her chair. "It is nothing
new. I have lived that way, done
things like that so many times. But
he doesn't know. He has no idea—"

"Have you returned the money he
loaned you?" Converse demanded sud-
denly.

She shook her head dumbly. Hum-
iliation could strike no deeper than
that.

When they were in the taxi he took
one of her hands in his hot palm and
filled it with bills. And, loathing his
touch, she must let her own hand lie
there inert.

Presently he said, "I am glad it
was Anstey. He's a decent chap, not
likely to take advantage of such an
experience."

"Who is he? How well do you
know him?"

The senator leaned back and lighted
a cigarette. He was comfortable
again, feeling the situation in his
hands.

"A promising youngster, but poor.
He's after a diplomatic job and has
asked me to help him. Perhaps I will
—perhaps not. Depends." He gave
her a narrow glance, but her long
lashes lay unquivering upon her im-
mobile cheeks. He added in a lighter
tone: "By the way, I'll tell Stevens
to take this out of your check when
he forwards it."

She began to fold the money into a
neat little square packet. "Do, please.
It will be less awkward."

Already the wall of pretense was
swung magically between them, and
she sheltered thankfully behind it,
flicking her bruises, but the senator,
looking over, was well content. It
had not turned out so badly after all.
Hurt women are weak women always.

CHAPTER V

Brief Happiness

It was exactly eleven when she
heard Brian's eager voice over the
telephone.

"I've been waiting two hours—"

"Waiting? For what?"

"For eleven o'clock. You said
eleven."

She laughed. "Are you always so
obedient? When you were a young-
ster, did you get all the cards marked
'For a good boy?'"

His voice sounded stiffish when he
replied, and she remembered that men
never like to be teased by the sub-
ject.

"I did not want to disturb you ear-
lier."

Linda laughed again with sudden
gaiety. This was so different from
the way men usually talked to her.
She told him to meet her at the Hiltz
at four, and presently the conversa-
tion was over and she had turned
away with cheeks that glowed faintly
and a light in her eyes.

She thought of him almost constant-
ly during the next few hours. There
was a great deal to do after her ab-
sence, and she had meant to stay in-
doors going over her wardrobe and
the great stack of letters that had ac-
cumulated in her month of absence.
She disliked both tasks, for the ward-
robe meant gowns that had lost their
freshness and the letters were nearly
all unpleasant bills. It was a relief
to think of Brian instead—he was so
young so alive with his open admi-
ration for her!

And he made her feel young! More
than once she had found herself think-
ing of herself as tired, worn-out—and
she was only twenty-four. Brian with
his capable eyes, his spontaneous smile,
his uncommon and real chivalry, gave

her back the years that had sunk, with
their hurts, into obscurity.

He came so eagerly to their ap-
pointment that he must have been
counting the minutes that kept it
away. But he found her changed;
paler than she had been in the flush
and glamor of the restaurant and an
air of weariness about her. She was
dressed exquisitely in a close black
velvet thing that made all the other
women seem to have something vague-
ly wrong about them. The moment
they faced one another across the
little table, Linda spoke of the tiny
lean he had made her.

"I wanted to return it myself," she
said softly, "and that is why I did
not send it to you at once."

He took the bills and folded them
away in a shabby little billfold that
she noticed was rather flat. From the
first she had gained the impression
that he was not very well off—one of
those poorish young men with a fu-
ture waiting to be carved by willing
hands. The thought made her smile
a little. It was easy to picture Brian
Anstey carving. His strong brown
fingers had a way of forceful grasp-
ing. Even the teacup looked extraor-
dinary fragile as he handled it.

He did not weigh the import of her
words; he was much too enchanted by
her eyes. They sat there playing with
their tea, and Linda Roth discovered
that she was happier than she had
been for a long time.

She told herself that this was in a
way a sort of holiday. She could not
afford to play with poor young men,
however charming.

But now she could breathe freely.
She knew that Converse would keep
his word and that in a day or two she



"Have You Returned the Money He
Loaned You?" Converse Demanded
Suddenly.

would have a check to tide her over.
She deliberately shut her eyes to the
miracle of how this was to be accom-
plished; the fantasy of the stock cer-
tificates had grown into a permanent
institution that could always be de-
pended upon. She felt amiable and
light hearted in spite of her pallor
and the delicate languor that was a
part of her. Brian's eyes made her
feel very young.

"What shall we do?" he asked,
when the pretense of tea was over.
"There aren't any windows to peep
into in New York."

"What nonsense!" she cried gaily.
"There are millions! But most of
them are so hideously expensive that
we mustn't."

"Not all of them," he reminded her,
losing his smile. "Did you ever ride
on the elevated?"

She shuddered. "Don't, please!
Those dreadful windows! I do not
like to think of them. No, our little
game belonged to the place where we
found it. We shouldn't see the same
things here."

"I wish you didn't hate poverty so,"
he said gravely.

"Who doesn't?" she said, rising. She
could not believe that he was in
earnest.

The day was warm for February;
there was a smothering, downy pres-
sure haze in the air—a warning of change.
They walked slowly along the avenue
where plenty of other women as well
dressed as Linda, but not looking it,
were also walking in spite of the
damp pavement. They were all look-
ing eagerly into shop windows that
had bloomed and flowered into spring.
These windows were miraculous.
Furs and laces; flashing jewels and
silk petticoats; wonderful hats and
delicate lace fans lounged gracefully
against their velvet backgrounds. An
insolent French doll in a wisp of Chan-
dilly wore a priceless sable around her
neck. Linda paused before one win-
dow where a single small hat perched
nonchalantly on a purple pedestal.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

But Brian was looking at the yellow
haze that touched the bare trees in
the dim park with the wretched veil
of mystery.

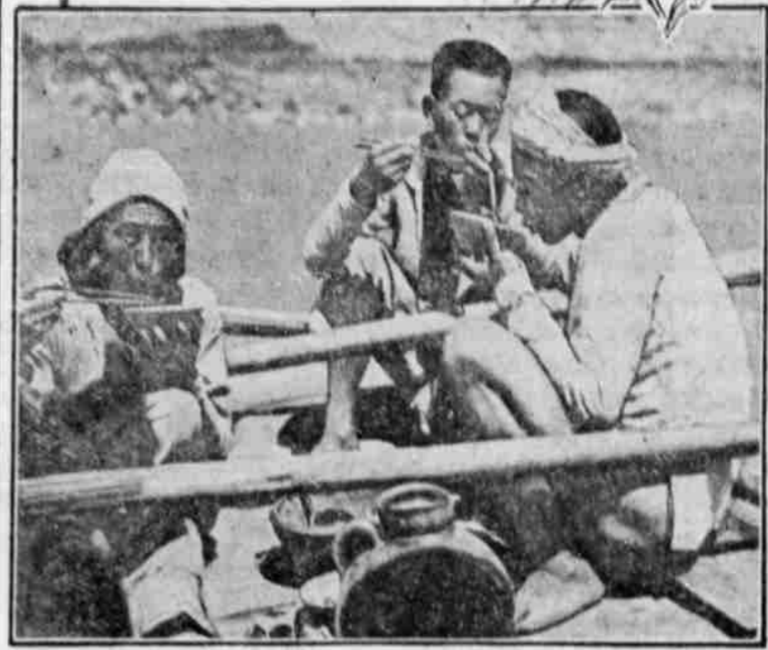
"I'm not rich, you know," Brian said
thoughtfully, "and I wish you didn't
hate poverty so that you could help
me come to a decision."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Color Sense in Fish

The bureau of fisheries says that
fish distinguish colors, but whether
they see as many colors as we do is
not known nor can we say that the
colors appear to them in the same way
that they do to us. It would be safe
to say, however, that fish can dis-
tinguish more than one color.

**Hunan Province,
China**



Yangtze boatmen near Hankow, China.

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

RECENT revolutionary activities
in China have been largely in
the province of Hunan, just
south of the Yangtze, and in
Changsha, its capital; and have threat-
ened besides the busy life of Hankow,
metropolis of Hupeh province, on the
north bank of the great river. Chang-
sha was captured by the Communist
forces and was systematically looted.

The resident of Changsha is noted
for his self-esteem. He considers
himself China's "top-side-man." Cap-
ital of a hilly province, one part of
which is occupied by a large lake
which acts as a reservoir for the
Yangtze floods, Changsha maintained
its exclusion of the "foreign devil"
until the beginning of this century.
Recently it has been closely linked
with New Haven, Conn., for there is,
just outside the rapidly disappearing
wall, in which the inhabitants once
took great pride, one of the best
Christian mission schools in China,
which is Yale's contribution to the
education of the Chinese who cannot
come to America.

In Hunan the necromancer has ex-
erted much power and Changsha was
so well protected by the lucky con-
stellation under which it was founded
and by the Holy Hill which guards
it, that it was thought a profanation
for the "foreign devil" to enter. In
1910 there were serious riots, mainly
directed against the growing commer-
cial power of foreign firms, but it had,
too, its astronomical accompaniments,
for it was the approach of Halley's
comet which touched off the explo-
sion.

Long before Yale established the
"Yale in China" college and hospital
in Changsha, the city was closely re-
lated to America for it was in the
capital of Hunan that many of the
freerackers which formerly announced
the Independence day celebration were
made. While maintaining its own in-
dependence, Changsha furnished the
explosives which enabled the Ameri-
can boy to proclaim his "Glorious
Fourth."

Much Coal in Hunan.

A large part of Hunan is an un-
worked field of anthracite and bitu-
minous coal and at Pinghsiang, which
is connected with Changsha by rail-
road, there is one of the mines which
furnishes fuel for the great iron works
at Hanyang.

Among the great men who have
been among Changsha's chief prod-
ucts the most famous was General
Tseng Kuo Fan, whose co-operation
with "Chinese" Gordon was largely
instrumental in putting down the
Taiping rebellion. General Tseng was
not only a soldier and a statesman,
but a literary man as well, and his
collected works of 156 books were
edited by Li Hung Chang.

Changsha lies on the north-south
China railway. Trains compete with
the light draft steamers which make
the 220-mile trip from Hankow. With
about 500,000 inhabitants, it rates in
peace time a province of 22,000,000,
and is one of the cleanest cities in
China.

Many of the streets are long and
straight and at one time the city it-
self was divided between two magis-
tracies. The bazaars are full of life
and interest, some of the candies be-
ing famous for miles around.

One of the interesting sights of the
city is the wheelbarrows that climb
stairs. Some distance ahead of the
regulatory wheel there is another
smaller one. In climbing over flagstone
steps or bridges, the handles of the
auxiliary wheel rises above the next
higher step. Then the wheelbarrow,
which often carries three or four hun-
dred pounds, seesaws from wheel to
wheel until the next level stretch of
flagstones is reached.

The Episcopal mission has a live
Boy Scout troop and the visitor who
watched tent-peging, fire rescue,
stretcher making and other Boy Scout
activities would marvel at China's
quick changes. For until after the
Boxer trouble, Hunan's capital ex-
cluded the dreaded foreigner from its
walls whose brick battlements, rising
above the site of a former wall con-
structed in 252 B. C., were themselves
built while Shakespeare was alive.

Hankow a Great River Port.

Hankow, about 150 miles north of
Changsha, is one of the world's great-

est inland ports. Lying 600 miles up
the Yangtze, the city is as important
geographically to either of the war-
ring factions as Chicago would be if
a civil war were raging in the United
States. Hankow has only one railroad,
but the rivers and streams of China
form commercial arteries from which
produce from nine provinces flows
into the Hankow markets, while the
port is equally important as a distrib-
uting point for foreign commerce des-
tined to the Chinese interior.

Hankow occupies the north bank of
the Yangtze where the Han pours in
its muddy torrent. On the opposite
side of the Han lies Hanyang, and
across the nearly two-mile-wide Yang-
tze is Wuchang, a venerable town
which was flourishing when Hankow
was a fishing hamlet. Both Hanyang
and Wuchang now are a part of
"Greater Hankow" with more than a
million and a half inhabitants.

The Hankow river front is an amaz-
ing conglomeration of shipping. There
are ungainly junks, but they move
about the water in the hands of expert
river men as easily as modern ves-
sels in our busy eastern harbors. Some
of them, displaying rotten hulks with
gaping holes above the water line,
cause the traveler to wonder how they
stay afloat, while now and then a
huge high-pooped craft, adorned with
brightly painted carvings and plates
that make it look like a floating cir-
cus wagon, edges its way slowly shore-
ward.

Small sampans dart here and there
by the muscle-power of two perspir-
ing coolies whose families, under mat-
ting-covered awnings, fill the air along
the shore with the singsong chatter of
the Orient. It is estimated that 25,
000 native boats ply in and out of
Hankow and its sister cities. Mean-
while modern steamboats from lower
Yangtze points come and go on sched-
ule.

The walled city in the background
also seethes with commercial activity
to the tune of noises that strain the
visitor's eardrums. Some of the nar-
row lanes are paved with flagstones
while others are mere ruts. Never-
theless, they are the playgrounds of
thousands of children and the busy
streets of a city which has been called
the "Hub of the Universe."

Business and Noise.

The children yell at play; the ven-
dors cry out their wares; coolies, bear-
ing heavy burdens, warn passersby to
dodge their bulky loads; beggars
groan and moan; and rickshaw boys,
without regard to pedestrians, shout
as they hurry their fares through a
jumbled mass of humanity. The yells
of carriers of wealthy Chinese, as they
bear their dignified masters, can be
heard above the din, and the traveler
wonders if these men are not em-
ployed for the strength of their vocal
chords.

But this is not all. Along the side-
lines, the merchants bicker in loud
voices with prospective purchasers in
front of their shops. The frenzied
spirit of bargaining somewhat resem-
bles miniature civil wars.

To the foreigner, the pedestrians
in their loose-fitting clothing resem-
ble palama-clad citizens on parade,
but the wearers are by no means
ready to retire. Business in Hankow
is almost a religion, and nearly every
man seen on the street has to do with
the enormous amount of commerce
that flows through and past the busy
port.

If a traveler knows the advertising
code in Hankow, he can locate any
type of business by reading the shapes
and colors of the shop signs which
project over the narrow thoroughfares.
For instance, gold platers use salmon-
colored boards with green characters.
Druggists' boards are glazed. Black,
gold, red and green are the predomi-
nant colors.

Approach the river front, along the
Bund, and the scene changes. Here
are buildings in Russian, English, Ger-
man, and French architecture. But
Hankow's most amazing spectacle is
the panorama of junks of many types,
ungainly, but performing like trained
sails in the hands of their expert riv-
ermen and thousands of these craft
line up for miles on both sides of
both rivers. It is estimated that 25,
000 of them ply in and out of the
three cities.

tired
every
morning?

Get poisons out of the system with
Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxa-
tive. Smaller doses effective when
taken in this form. A modern, scien-
tific, family laxative. Safe and mild.



Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

A Lady's Man
Jason—Smart chap, that cousin of
yours.
Mason—I'll say so! He knows the
difference between a French bob and
a semi-shingle!

**KREMOLA
FACE BLEACH**

Positively eradicates from the skin all tan, rough
patches, sallow complexion, pimples, eruptions, etc.
At drug and dept. stores or by mail. Price \$1.25.
BEAUTY BOOKLET FREE
DR. C. H. BERRY CO.
2773 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The Duceo You Say!
An Indignant Italian, writing to
the Passing Show, demands why the
British Royal academy has barred a
portrait of Mussolini? "Because,"
informed the editor, "they feared it
might snap at the other pictures."—
Pathfinder Magazine.

**KILLS RATS
NOTHING ELSE**

K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) killed
238 rats in 12 hours on a Kansas
farm. It is the original product made
by a special process of squill, an in-
gredient recommended by U. S.
Government as sure death to rats and
mice, but harmless to dogs, cats,
poultry or even baby chicks. You can
depend on this. K-R-O in a few
years has become America's leading
rat and mouse killer. Sold by all
druggists on a money back guarantee.

Unwise Competition
"Why have you come to prison?"
"Competition brought me here."
"Competition?"
"Yes. I made the same sort of
bank notes as the government."

His Allowance
Visitors—What does your dad give
you for spending money?
Dunty MacTavish—Ten whucks.

One's bugalow should at least be
big enough to show one gable end
from the midst of its mantle of
vines.

Many faint with toil, that few may
know the cares and woe of sloth.—
Shelley.

Tact is a way of getting what you
want without letting others know
you want it.

It is only in society dramas that
beautiful women make all the per-
fectly blistering smart remarks.

Most "original sin" is very unorigi-
nal; in fact, downright stupid.

You are right, Altonzo. A breach-
of-promise suit is a court dress.



**Daughter Is
Healthy Now**

"My thirteen-year-old daugh-
ter Maxine was troubled with
backache and pain when she
came into womanhood. I knew
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound would help her be-
cause I used to take it myself
at her age. Now she does not
have to stay home from school
and her color is good, she eats
well and does not complain of
being tired. We are recom-
mending the Vegetable Com-
pound to other school girls
who need it. You may publish
this letter."—Mrs. Floyd But-
cher, R. #2, Gridley, Kansas.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lowell, Mass.