

# FAMOUS Doctor's Way to move the Bowels

Do your bowels fall you occasionally? Are you a chronic sufferer from constipation and its ills? Then you will be interested to know of this method which makes the bowels help themselves.

Dr. Caldwell specialized on bowel flls. He treated thousands for constipation. The prescription he wrote so many times-which has been tested by 47 years' practice -can be had of any drugstore today. Its pleasant taste and the way it acts have made it the world's largest selling laxative.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is a skillful compound of laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients, Nothing in it to harm even a baby. Children like its taste. It acts gently, without griping or discomfort. So it is ideal for women or older people. But even the most robust man will find its action thorough. satisfying. The quick, certain benefits millions are securing from Syrup Pepsin proves a doctor knows what is best for the bowels.

Next time you feel billious, headachy, bloated, gassy, or constipated take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and see how fine you feel the next day-and for days to come !



Japan Takes to Baseball Baseball in Japan increases con tinually in popularity. At one game in Tokyo nearly 40,000 spectators were present. Many of the grand stands in the larger cities are of greater seating capacity than some in our major lengue cities.

Who Pays?

We pay for goods in coin, but we get our value out of them only in terms of living, health, comfort and satisfaction .- Woman's Home Companion.

#### Just One Hooker

"What do you mean by bated

He had wondered more than once if there could be anything in the talk that connected her name with Converse. Surely not, for if she had been such a woman he could have offered her more than these other two. And she had not been tempted by his obvious preference.

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-By-

Evelyn

Campbell

WNU Service

(Copyright by Evelyn Campbell.)

CARLESSORS BERGLAMS ER MALARS BE IN ARCH

CHAPTER IX—Continued

-15-

She answered with effort: "Do not

dare to say that. You told mo-you

fied-" Her voice was lost. There

was nothing she could say when he

looked at her like that. Her face

"I told the lie you wanted me to

tell-the thing you wanted to believe."

He shrugged "In the beginning you

were no doubt credulous. But, my

dear young lady, you were seventeen

then and ignorance is charming at

that age. You are now-twents-four

-twenty-five? A lady who has trav

eted far. You must have learned

from all this adventure." His calm-

ness took all the rebellion out of her.

and when he went on after one of

those devastating pauses she listened

with a muted face. The personal note

was vanishing from between them

and his words, tashing as they were,

failed to sting her soul with the

shame his naked eyes had put upon

her. He struck another match to his

"You must have learned," he went

on slowly, "that everything has its

price-it's give and take. You must

have known that these years have

formed a tle not to be broken

breaking with me means-yet. What

She shook her head. "I don't know,"

She was not thinking of conse-

quences. She was driven by an ir-

resistible force to destroy one by one

those ties of which he had spoken.

She had to be free of him at any

cost. It was like climbing a black

tortuous mountain to meet a summit

lighted by a marvelous secret glow

Once this was ever there would be

something for her-reward for lonell-

interminable cigarette.

easily-"

Then he said:

are you going to do?"

drooped upon her clasped hands.

She had her moments of panle, What was she about to do? The step was a tremendous one if ways and means were to be considered,

There was money to be thought of, but Linda was in that exalted state when poverty is hung with the sparkle of day dreams. She began to be ambltious. Her mlud, clear and atert, sprang to meet the future and searched excitedly among its possibilities. She knew every one. The Haverbill connection reach far. As Linda Roth in her self-chosen isolation they had avolded her with that icy acknowledgment of her existence more cutting than actual exclusion. But she knew very well that as Brian Anstey's wife their influence would belong to her.

They did not know Brian; his name meant nothing, but it stood for all ability, solidity. They would make hlm

Then she remembered how much he had resented influence. He had hated to know that his appointment came through Simon Fentress because he here and there is sleeping outside, on sensed through it the power of wealth. an old charpoy or rope bed, snuggled But she dismissed this thought quickiy. Brian was not worldly and she loved him for that. She loved his of the night; and then "Halt! who ideals with the indulgence of one who knows that most ideals are made of papier mache.

No one suspected her secret but Simon Fentress. That small dry person sighed when he saw her so beautiful, so eager; shy as his own girl was shy. He wondered why things had to be that way. Brian had made this woman lave him without lifting his finger, and another man would have done far better for her.

But he knew better than to hint this to his protege. Brian had nocepted ald with rather bad grace from the first, and of them all he was the only one who did not suspect the real reason for the Fentress Interest. But Daisy was as good a loser as her father; not by one word did she betray the blank sense of loss that spolled her young world.

"Perhaps something will happen yet," her lather thought, watching her face and watching Linda's, not know-

# CHAPTER X

#### "I Am Linda Roth"

Happiness! Linda before her mirror dressing for a dance, saw a strange face looking back at her. It had been years since she and seen that face, those eyes, that smile. The child, Linda Haverhill, had owned them all. It is not given to many women to step back into girlhood with all its fragrant hope and joy, but in a single bout

# INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES By Capt. L. R. Claud Robinson

## NIGHT IN LAHORE

O wind to the serious rioting which occurred in Labore, following Mr. Gandhi's passive resistance movement of 1918, the city was placed under martial law. Among other regulations, public meetings were forbidden and the inhabitants required to be In their homes by eight o'clock at night. I was assigned to the command of a troop of horse which nightly patrolled the Indian city.

A ride through an Indian walled city at night, under the restrictions of martial law, is a strangely weird exthat such people hold dear-respect- perionce. Our patrol sets out some hours after sunset : we walk along the Mill and through Anarkall to the La-

> hore Gate. Only an officer on a motor cycle and the troops at the telegraph office are seen. Perhaps a man up in a rug and thrusting his head out to see who are these disturbers. goes there?" It is the sentry at the city gate and we pass still further into the heart of slience and semi darkness.

> The streets get narrower, and the atmosphere gives one's olfactory organs more and more varied unasked and undesired experiences. Even the houses, with unfriendly and unwashed expression, frown upon us as we pass under their over-shadowing upper stories. Like old hags, worn and decrepit with age and clothed with rags, they seem to resent the appearance of well fed men and horses, wandering into their silence and self-satisfaction. One wonders if all the products of our universities, who talk glibly of the East-its glamour, its wisdom and ancient thought-have seen the cities of the people and how the common Oriental mind expresses itself in material things where its daily life is concerned. For, after all, it is results that count, and however superficial and artificial Western civilization may be, it has brought about a greater cleanliness.

So our solitary patrol marches on sometimes in threes, sometimes in pairs, and sometimes our horses must walk in single file. Not a soul is to be seen; only an occasional light looks down into the dingy street, and Peeping Tom appears at the window for a furtive glance. Dogs show their annoyance in noisy fashion and slink away into mysterious holes and corners. The lourney is gneventful, Winding, irregular streets are aggres sive in their silence and lifelessness Only the stars above seem to possess any animation as they glitter over this city of the dead.

## World's Largest Bells in Russia and China

Russia possesses the largest church bell in the world.

Some authorities declare that this bell, known as the Caar bell, when cast in the days of Boris Godunoff, weighed 135 tons. Others claim it weighed 198 tons. Its size can be Imagined if one considers the statement by H. M. Grove in a book on Moscow that the bell itself has done service as a chapel.

Grove recounts that the bell was recast in the middle of the Seventeenth century and raised into its belfry. It had only been there two years when fire destroyed the belfry and the bell crashed to the ground and was broken. There it lay until 1735 when Empress Anna ordered it to be recast on the spot. Two years later the scaffold for

reraising the bell caught fire, the bell became almost red hot, and the tremendous amount of water used to extinguish the fire cracked the bell and a large piece fell out, It was then left on the ground until 1836 when Emperor Nicholas I had it raised and placed on a granite pedestal where, for a long time, it was used as a chapel, the broken side serving as the door.

According to reference books the world's largest bell ever actually in use is also in Russia. It is said to weigh 128 tons-nearly two and a half times the weight of the next largest bell, in Pelping.

# Attention Hunters

In another column of this paper the Remington Arms Company announce a brand new three-shot, shotgun. It is made especially for quall, grouse, pheasants, snipe, woodcock, ducks, rabbits and all upland game. Read the ad and return the coupon today for descriptive folder to Remington Arms Company, Illon, New York .- Advertisement.

## Then and Now

"Fifteen of my first active years were spent in Kansas," said W. F. Jensen, now residing in Chicago, "and, like all Kansans, I have the fondest feelings for the dear old state.

"Thirty years ago Kansas was happy but rated poor. It still is happy but is now eating cantaloupe for breakfast.

"I recollect a business trip connected with the early creamery development, in the year 1900, to a little town in western Kausas, where I stayed at the best hotel. On entering the dining room for breakfast I was met by a prim little lady who asked me where I wanted to sit-at the 25-cent table or at the 50-cent table. This aroused my curiosity and I asked what the difference was, and received the answer that, at the 50cent table I would get an orange and at the 25-cent table I would not. I still remember sitting down at the 25-cent table and enjoying a breakfust of ontmeal, ham and eggs, cakes and coffee .- Chlcago Post.



# Her Reward

When children are weak and rundown, they are easy prey to colds or children's diseases. So it is never wise to neglect those weakening and depressing symptoms of bad breath, conted tongue, fretfulness, feverishness, billousness, lack of energy and appetite, etc.

Nine times out of ten these things point to one trouble-constipationand mothers by thousands know this is easily, safely relieved by California Fig Syrup.

Mrs. Chas. J. Connell, 1434 Cleary Ave., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I gave Virginia California Fig Syrup for constipation and she was more than rewarded for taking it. It regulated her bowels, helped her digestion, increased her appetite, made her strong and energetic."

The genuine, endorsed by doctors for 50 years, always bears the word California. All drugstores have it.



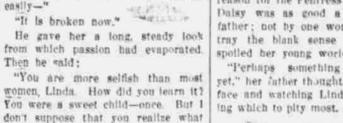
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Carpenters and Mechanics not fully emtive proposition. Postcard to find suf. GRANGER CO., WENT SWANZEY, N. H.





"That's what you fish with."



**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. I will do my best to answer letters."-Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana.





Indespensable to Country Butchers and Farmers This book contains following condensed information Fair prices to pay for means. Helpful hints in determining quality, Receipts for curing meats and saulages of many kinds, Why meats spoil in curing process, and many other things confronting country people who wish to cure their own mests What every person killing and curing their own means should know. In securely bound book. Price \$3 by mail prepaid. Money order, bank draft or check.

J. V. MANN 704 Lewis Building - Portland, Oregon

ness-for the coldness of her night. He looked at her a in and smiled He could bide his if e. She was a little mad just now as women are when they fancy a .an. He would have to walt a little inger.

"You will not let the hoy marry the right woman, then," he said, "You are determined to interfere. Well, he's frightfully poor, you know. He can't afford to play around with women ilke you, and you've got to be careful If you want him to get on. You'd ruin him in a week."

She smilled as his eyes questioned her. How fittle he knew, Converse's voice took on a note of

exasperation. "Good G-d! women can be bliots when they choose. I belleve you'd marry the young foot!"

She opened her eyes widely and closed them again. The room the world was full of rosy light. She had sensed that glow a long way off but she had not known it for what it was But now she was at the top of the mountain and could look over into the valley beyond and she knew.

"Yes, I am going to marry him," she said.

. . . . . . . There was the secret between them In the gay burry of growds, across the dinner table where Dalsy, prettiest of hostesses, made her futlie bid for what never could be hers, their eyes spoke to one another. There was no opportunity for more than a hand clasp or a swift word without begin ning or end, but carrying with it the vibration of his heart to hers. They stood upon the brink of this tre mendous experience, hesitating to grasp what was theirs. Sometimes she read doubt in Brian's eyes and this was sweeter than assurance. She was jealons of her power-only she could dissipate that doubt-make him happy.

She did nothing to avoid what must come but still she prevented it with that resistless force which women bring to bear upon their ultimatums. She could not understand her own passivity. Happiness by in her hand but she would not clusp her fingers. and make if her own. She was like a sleeper shielding her eyes from the first rays of the sun Morning was hers-the long perfect day was ahead of her, yet she clung to oblivion.

She watched Brian and Dalsy together. Their companionship seemed ideal but now she knew and Simon Fentress knew, that it would never be more than it was

"You are a happy woman," the mildonaire said to her one day "And you have never been happy before. What is it?"

"I have learned to look at life dif ferently," she told him.

He shook his head "A plty. You were so perfect as you were. Are you writin that you can change?"

these had been given back to her. Tonight he would ask her to marry nim; tonight she would say yes. There had been no promises and no appointment, but she did not need this to know what would happen. It was coming as inevitably as the hours, Nothing could hold it back; no subterfuge; no hesitation.

She wore a long white frock gilttering with crystals that clung to her slender limbs like frost wreathing lify stems. Her delicate long arms emerged from all this whiteness and sparkle like the sleepy stamens of a flower. still happiness asked for something more. Without knowing it, her eyes usked that this happiness should last, Not long before a hotel maid had and had then been sent away. This

was a precious hour. She ienned between the candelahra the experiment, he at first refused on to look at her reflection critically, Happiness in her eyes; happiness lift. for a novice. But later he releated, ing the corners of her mouth but her after I had acquitted myself creditlips were too pale? She touched them lightly with rouge and then saw that among the trees on the bare back of an this accentuated the pailor of her elephant, with only a rope to hold cheeks.

trembling !"

She steadled herself against the dressing table. There was a vase of white gardenias clinging heavily to thick green stalks on a taboret close by and she thought that the scent of these flowers must have overcome ber. A moment before she had been radiant, and now this!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### **Finest Parchment Made** in Small English Town

In Havant, Hampshire, England, there flourishes a band of men engaged in making the finest parchment in the world. They possess a skill that has been passed from father to son for centuries; in fact, before Norman times men were dressing sheepskins at Havant, and their descendunts follow the same trade. At present there is one man who has worked at it for 75 years; two other men have. 52 and 60 years' service behind them. One of the partners in the firm is a magle spring. Parchment making is a long process, and water plays a great part. At Havant there is a spring of a special degree of chatkiness, and although chemical experiments have been madé, no water has been produced that can rival this spring, which produces a pearliness to be found inno other parehment.

#### Antique Furniture

The most general definition of antique furnitare is any furniture 100 years old and at least 50 per cent original.

# . . . ELEPHANT HUNTING

A T THE termination of the World war 1 received three months' leave, the first two weeks of which I spent as the guest of Colonel Mon a bunting trip in Nepal, that mountainous country which has pro-Her face behind all its beauty and duced a race of fighting men, the Ghurkas, unsurpassed among India's martial tribes.

This is the only country in the world where that singular sport can fastened her frock and done those be obtained of hunting wild elephants little tasks for her that must be done with tame ones, and capturing them allve. When I proposed to Colopel M- that I should be allowed to make the ground that it was too dangerous ably at a rehearsal, when I was sent on by, and made to dodge the branch-"How foolish I am. Why, I am" es as he rushed flrough them at full speed. But this was nothing compared to the actual day of the real bunt, when the elephant 1 rode formed one of a hand of fifty, tearing at a clumsy rate through the jungle after the wild herd, which it finally overtook and with which it engaged in a pltched battle,

> I shall never forget the uproar of that singular encounter. The trumpeting of the elephants-the screams of the mahouts-the firing by soldiers of blank cartridges-the crashing of the branches, as the huge monsters with their trunks curled up, butted one another like rams, and their riders defily threw lassoes of rope over their unwelldy heads-all formed a combination of sounds and of sights never to be forgotten. It is so difficult to take prisoners under these conditions that the experienced minters seemed well satisfied in capturing three out of a herd of twelve.

I returned home utterly exhausted by the violent exertion which had been necessary to escape being stanshed to pieces by overhanging branches, or crushed by the mob of jostling elephants, which must have been my fate had I lost my grip of the loop of rope which was all there. was to hang on by. To cling on the more readily I had removed my shoes, and bleeding hands and feet hore testimony to the violence of the struggie I had to retain my precarious posttion But so great was my excitement. at the time that I only discovered afterwards how much my skin was the worse for wear.

(G) 1949, Western Newspäper Union.)

#### Faithful to Duty

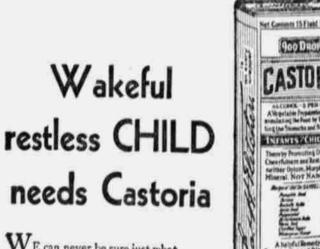
The devotion of Lester Bunch, restnurant chef at Modesto, Calif., to his cookery nearly cost him his life when his kitchen caught fire. His stove "backfired," and Bunch called the fire department. And then, despite flame and smoke, he dashed back into his kitchen to rescue a pork roast that was the cause of the trouble. Firemen found him unconscious beside his stove. When revived his first words were: "Was the roast burned?"

#### Memory of Austerlitz

On the Austerlitz buttlefield the Czechoslovak government has erected to Napoleon a memorial on which is engraved the order of the day issued by the great commander on the eve of the battle which gave Austerlitz a niche in military history.

#### True to Type

"Who is that fellow over there stuffing himself" "Oh, that's our local taxidermist!"



WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the ramedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Other times it's constipation. Or diarrhea-a condition that should always be checked promptly. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't you should

call a physician.

All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother continues it in more liberal doses as a child grows up.

W. N. U., Portland, No. 45-1930.

#### **Revolutionary** Barbarity

During the French revolution's reign of terror, the revolutionary agent, Carrier of Nantes, had prisoners who were bound and placed in boats with movable hottoms. These were taken out in the River Loire and when in midstream the bottoms were opened, precipitating the condemned persons into the water.

#### The Idee!

"What was the matter with that girl?" asked the boss,

"I asked her if she wanted walking shoes," replied the shoe cierk. "and she flared up and told me she wanted me to understand she never dated with boys like that."

### The Modern Way

Cynthla-Are you engaged to Herbert?

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Readily obtained at any drug-

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by the Chas. H. Fletcher signature

and the name Castoria on the

wrapper like this:

THE SQUATER

Roxann-Heavens, no! I've merely got an option on him.