



To be a  
Healthy Woman  
watch your Bowels!

What should women do to keep their bowels moving freely? A doctor should know the answer. That is why pure Syrup Pepsin is so good for women. It just suits their delicate organism. It is the prescription of an old family doctor who has treated thousands of women patients, and who made a special study of bowel troubles.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients. It doesn't sicken or weaken you. No restrictions of habit or diet are necessary while taking it. But its action is thorough. It carries off the sour bile and poisonous waste. It does everything you want it to do. It is fine for children, too. They love its taste. Let them have it every time their tongues are coated or their skin is sallow.

When you've a sick headache, can't eat, are bilious or sluggish; and at the times when you are most apt to be constipated, take a little of this famous prescription (all druggists keep it ready in big bottles, and you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the favorite laxative of over a million women!

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



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Aches and Pains**

**DRAW** them out with a "counter-irritant." Distressing muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old **Musterole**. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant," because it gets action and is not just a salve. **Musterole** helps bring soreness and pain to the surface, and thus gives natural relief. You can feel how its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. But do not stop with one application. Apply this soothing, cooling, healing ointment generously to the affected area **once every hour for five hours**. Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

Keep **Musterole** handy; jars and tubes. **To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**



**Has Your Back  
Given Out?**

A Bad Back May Warn of Disordered Kidneys. If miserable with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use **Doan's Pills**. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get **Doan's** today. Sold by dealers everywhere.



**Cure Your Own Meats**



Compiled by Butcher of 40 Years Experience **Indispensable to Country Butchers and Farmers**. This book contains following condensed information: Fair prices to pay for meats. Helpful hints in determining quality. Receipts for curing meats and sausages of many kinds. Why meats spoil in curing process, and many other things confronting country people who wish to cure their own meats. What every person killing and curing their own meats 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

**PARADE**

—By—

**Evelyn  
Campbell**

WNU Service  
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**CHAPTER X—Continued**

She picked up her fan, her little satin party bag, giving a last look at her face in the mirror. What was behind those eyes—fear, unrest, appeal? But with her first question it was gone. She saw herself as she was, touchingly beautiful with the perfection of maturity in the body of youth. With a sweep of passion she threw out her arms to her own image. Happiness was her right. She would take it now in whatever form it came. Nothing could hold it back from her. Then she made a little prayer, "O, let me be happy!"

She was standing there when the knock came upon her door.

How strange to see her own face whiten and whiten; to see her own eyes widen and grow dark with fear. Fear that had been at her elbow through this hour, lurking beyond her in the corners of the room. Unnamed fear that her inner self had known of and tried to warn her of, but which she would not heed. It was strange to watch her own face like this, marking the change of its emotions as one would watch a stranger's face.

"Come in," she said.

The door was not locked. Through the mirror that she still faced she saw it slowly open and saw a man standing on the threshold of her room. He was a short stocky man without age and without memorable features. You pass twenty like him any afternoon without seeing one of them. Yet there was a look of strength, of resistance about him that made itself felt through his unremarkable personality. As he advanced, closing the door behind him, she retreated. Her arm touched the mass of gardenias and the contact released a burden of heavy perfume. She heard her name spoken and murmured:

"Yes, I am Linda Roth."

Brian was waiting for her at the entrance of the ballroom as she knew he would be. He looked at her anxiously as if aware of some vague alteration in her features. This was not external for her cheeks were delicately colored and her eyes softer and more brilliant than ever. She smiled but there was a coldness in her smile that repelled the warm eagerness of his greeting.

He had waited a long time and neither men nor lovers like to wait.

"You are late Linda."

Her white shoulder moved with an imperceptible shrug. "I found that I was tired of dancing. I was in half a mind not to come down."

The puzzlement of his eyes deepened. That afternoon she had promised to meet him here; it was arranged as if they had passed hours in the planning, and now—this. With that faint, incomprehensible smile she walked with him through the length of the room to the group where the presumable hostess was to be found.

It was one of those odd gatherings where anyone who asks properly for an invitation may find a welcome. The lady whose name appeared on the card was a shy, bewildered person in a frock that had seemed very fine at home but was quite lost and effaced among the frocks of guests whose names and faces were equally strange to her. People kept coming and going while she smiled mechanically. She did not know who Mrs. Roth was, or how she came to be there, but she welcomed her with the rest.

Linda saw a dozen faces that she knew and smiled at each of them in turn—a smile as icy and impersonal as the hospitality they shared. Then from the blur of moving figures she saw Converse, his face distinct in its purple outline over the enormous white expanse of linen spread upon his breast like a shield. As their eyes met his own sent a shaft of malice to meet her impenetrable calm. She smiled disdainfully. He should not know even now that she was afraid.

Then the music caught them and she was moving away in Brian's arms for the last time, she thought dreamily, threading through the crowd of unhappy, bored, unexcited couples who made their way joyously about the perfect floor to the rhythm of a perfect orchestra.

Brian's arm held her like steel. She had remembered it so well; longed for it again!

"What have I done?" he asked. But she withdrew herself ever so slightly.

He stopped abruptly. They were near a palm-lined ante room and he drew her inside with an unexpected determination that controlled her studied defiance.

This was a new Brian. She waited in silence wondering how she would do what she had to do. "Is it necessary to be rude?" she murmured.

The room was a small cozy place with low chairs and a deep divan

the inevitable tubs of indoor shrubs which so delight the furnishers of hotels and the givers of balls. Almost as they entered a man passed the door glancing in at them in a casual sort of way. He was a plain unimportant person whose expression remained unmoved even when his luxurious eyes met Linda's. There was another door just behind the divan where she and Brian sat and she imagined that she heard it open through a surge of drowning music. But she was playing with the pearls, coiling them through her long slender fingers and she did not turn her head.

Brian's strong profile etched against the thick green background. The boyishness so much a part of him had vanished suddenly and in its place was something new and disturbing. Beneath the dull ache in her breast fear began to stir. If he would not take her for what she played and go! Memory leaped from some still place to remind her of that time when she had lain in his arms and he would not release her in spite of all her silly fright. If she could give herself to those warm arms now; if she could shield herself against the strength of him!

Of what was she thinking? She thrust these imaginings from her in terror. That way lay a danger of which she dared not think for she had no doubt of what he would do if he knew the truth.

She was to be tempted. He took her hands and would have drawn her closer to him but that she resisted.

"What has come between us since this afternoon? There's always somebody—a crowd—I can't get a word with you alone." He bent his eyes deeply into hers and she lowered hers quickly to hide what he might read there. She managed a laugh, an unreal sound.

"That is what one must expect in Washington," she said lightly. "It is the life you have chosen. Don't tell me that you are tired already." She



The Door Was Not Locked.

was overacting but his bewilderment saved her from failure. His eyes were a little more than she could stand. "That is what Washington is for—crowds," she said. "Why else would one come?"

"Not you," he said earnestly. "You did not come for that reason."

That gave her the opening she was looking for. "Why else?" Her tone was so insolent that he flushed darkly. But he was brave enough to go on.

"You came because you loved me." His words poured over her like a flood. She bent her head so that it was impossible to see her face. "Linda, don't let us take refuge in evasions—pretenses, now! I have been so happy. My G—d! I have been happy, knowing that you cared."

"I have seen it in your eyes. At first . . . that night we were together in the snow you seemed as far away as the stars and as cold. But since then . . . you have been in my arms! I know that you are a woman . . . that you live—"

She managed to say, "You are trying to tell me that I followed you here?"

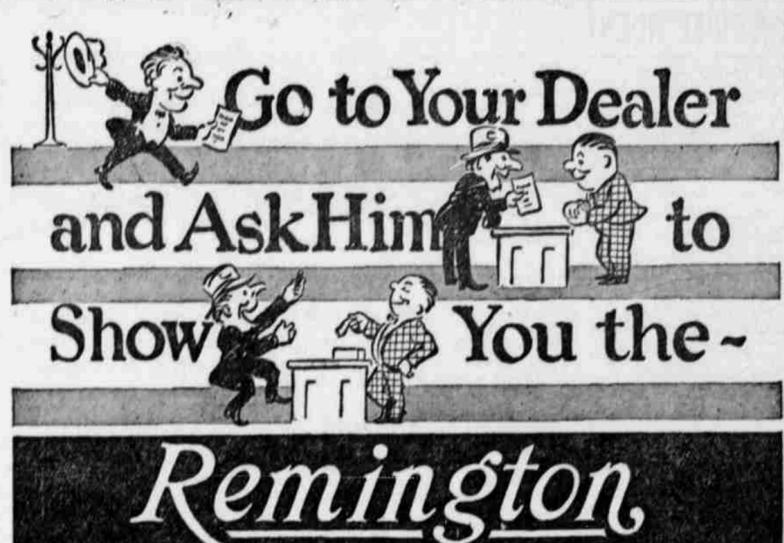
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Significance of Linked  
S's in Mayoralty Chain**

The golden chain made of linked S's has been used by London's chief magistrate for nearly 400 years. The existing chain was bequeathed to the mayoralty in 1545 by Sir John Aley, who had himself been lord mayor 20 years earlier, and was worn for the first time by Sir William Laxton in 1546. Sir John Aley's bequest took its curious form by reason of the popularity of the "S" design in Tudor times, when, together with the Tudor rose, it was the cognizance of the royal house. But long before that the "S" was a religious symbol, at a time when the universal piety caused every piece of jewelry to convey some heavenly significance. It is the initial letter of Sanctus, or holy, which starts the hymn, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," chanted by the priest in celebrating mass. From this the "S" came to be regarded as an emblem of the Savior.

**Not Those Chicks**

Jud Tunkins says he's astonished by the ease with which a hen can manage a big family of chicks. But then chicks don't know anything about automobiles and night clubs.—Washington Star.



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**Why Is Two-Dollar  
Bill Known as Jinx?**

The fact that the corners of the new two-dollar bill are being torn off to avert bad luck apparently just as often as was the case with the old two-dollar bill sets the New York World to wondering what could have been the origin of this belief in the two-dollar bill's bad luck:

"For a long time we accepted the common explanation that a two-dollar bill is so easily mistaken for a one-dollar bill that it may be paid out as such, but after careful examination of the various bills we conclude that this explanation is a little weak.

"In general appearance, it is true that a two-dollar bill does bear some resemblance to a one-dollar bill, but

no more than is borne by a five-dollar bill or a ten-dollar bill.

"All of our smaller bills, in fact, bear a close resemblance to each other, in color and design; every citizen must long ago have got into the habit of reading the numbers on the bills that he spends, and the chance of his handing a taxi man two dollars for one dollar is very remote. It is one of those things that is supposed to happen but rarely does.

"Then why the superstition? "It must have an origin, and we should like somebody to tell us where."

**3,000,000,000 Pickles**

An average yearly production of about 3,000,000,000 cucumber pickles in the United States is some evidence that the American public is fond of good pickles, and it is probable that consumption could be stimulated, the United States Department of Agriculture says. The annual crop is grown on about 74,000 acres, yields about 4,000,000 bushels, and returns more than \$4,000,000 to the growers.

**Bright Editors**

Some time ago Clement Wood, the writer, purchased a farm and wrote invitations thereto in verse, sending copies to a number of editors. Three editors promptly returned the verses with regrets that they were not desired for publication. But one editor accepted the verses and sent Mr. Wood a check.—Collier's Weekly.

**In Passing**

"Been West, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"Of all the things you saw what impressed you most?"  
"An Indian wearing a straw hat."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Doctors everywhere are prescribing this new treatment for colds: Begin when you feel a cold coming. Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, morning, noon and night, the first day. Do the same second day. Then only at night. Colds reduce the alkalinity of your system. That's what makes you feel achy, feverish, weak, half-sick. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is alkali in harmless, palatable form. It checks the symptoms of colds by restoring the alkalinity of your system. Relieves sour stomach, indigestion, gas, over-acidity. All drugstores.

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