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



INSIST ON THE GENUINE
Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

Furs Not Out of Place

in City on the Equator

Carveth Wells, the engineer-explorer-lecturer who went into Africa with the purpose of disproving the popular idea that the center of that continent is a heat-ridden jungle, has found adequate proof. In the World's Work, Mr. Wells describes his stop at Nairobi:

"It is a new-looking town, with plenty of building in progress. It is the capital of Kenya colony and has a population of 12,000, of which 2,000 are whites. Although virtually upon the equator, the town enjoys a delightful climate, with a yearly rainfall of only 38 inches. It is refreshingly cool, especially at night. Many residents use fires all year round, and it is not at all unusual to see ladies wearing furs after sunset.

"Nairobi has several excellent hotels, the streets are wide and well paved, and the traffic, which is considerable, is regulated by picturesque uniformed native police. Excellent stores of all kinds line the streets, especially those of sporting outfitters.

"These do a marvelous business with the wealthy, who flock to East Africa to go on safari and generally shoot up the country—then returning home laden with trophies and glowing with glory, big-game hunters at last!"

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Our Vegetable Compound is also sold in chocolate coated tablets, just as effective as the liquid form.

Endorsed by half a million women, this medicine is particularly valuable during the three trying periods of maturity, maternity and middle age.

93 out of 100 report benefit
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Irresponsive Mike

"Are you going to speak over the radio in your campaign?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm used to being in personal touch with my audiences. I wish they'd invent a microphone that knew when it was time to laugh or applaud."

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Take
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and coughing stops at once! Relieves where others fail. Contains nothing injurious—but, oh, so effective! GUARANTEED.

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Letters and names and addresses of hundreds of grateful patients contained in our FREE BOOK on Rectal and Colon ailments; also details of Dr. C. J. Deane non-surgical method of treatment, which we use exclusively. Send for it today and learn of our WRITTEN ASSURANCE TO ELIMINATE PILES OR FEE REFUNDED.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
PORTLAND, ORE.
NEWTON, MASS.
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PARADE

—By—

Evelyn Campbell

WNU Service
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CHAPTER XI

—18—

"There Is No One"

They left the hotel by the service elevator and an obscure exit. Linda had changed to a street dress while the man waited outside her door. There had been no excitement about it though a house detective came and hovered about uneasily, claiming the wardrobe trunk with a sort of triumph. The two men whispered together while she dressed and she could hear scraps of their conversation through the open transom. Such things happen every day, they said. It was a common occurrence for people to "beat" hotels—nearly always they were "good lookers," also. But the law was making it pretty serious—the new laws—they couldn't get away with it any more, and the law had no mercy!

Mercy! That was not strictly true. The man who came for her had mercy. He had allowed her to go down and break ruthlessly with Brian before Brian could ruin himself over her. She knew what would have happened if Brian had heard about her first! In spite of her misery this thought sent a little wave of warmth and happiness over her. He would have been true.

When she came out of her room she was white but entirely composed and Detective Jimmy O'Hara was politely thankful to her for not making a scene.

It was a bad night, slippery with light falling sleet, and taxis moved like careful ghosts, feeling their way along on clanking chains. Under a street light the officer saw her wax profile outlined against the dark lining of the cab.

"You're sure there ain't a gentleman you'd ask to see you through this?" he muttered clumsily. He had asked that question before and she had told him no. But he had known women to take that stand often—declare utter friendliness when they had an army of rich relations. Women in trouble were a lot like birds—they fluttered and tried to fight off the hand that was helping them. Con trarily he persisted: "That young fellow—he'd 'a been glad to back you up if you hadn't bawled him out so strong."

That made her smile—a queer twisted lift of her drawn lip. "Did I? Was it really strong?" she questioned with a curious childishness.

Officer Jimmy scratched his square head. "If a dame ever talked that way to me I'd have passed her up in the first five seconds." He ruminated: "But he hung on like a bull pup. You couldn't hardly shake him off."

Her head sank forward and he heard her sigh. This affected him strangely. Policemen must guard themselves closely against pity and he confined his to kids and stray kittens. For women like this one—gold-diggers, confidence molls, he should have no feeling whatever. But he slipped a glance at her and found that her profile—the delicate outline he had marveled at—was now in shadow. She was a dull blur in the corner of the cab, but one hand, bare a little above the wrist, lay on the cushions between them, and in the semi-gloom it looked dead white and limp. He wondered if she had fainted.

"It's a bad night under the wheels," he said to try her out. "I hope we don't bump another car."

She did not answer though he knew she heard and at that moment the car did skid and her weight was thrown against him. He grasped her hand to steady her.

She turned her head slightly and spoke. "You were very good to let me go down."

That embarrassed him. "I hated to hang around, lady, listenin' to you an' your sweetie, but I had to keep you in sight."

"Why—do you call him that?" His embarrassment grew; he hadn't meant to use just that word to her, but there didn't seem to be any other. "Well, anybody could see that he was—that you was— Anyway, I had to be there. I felt kinda foolish."

"I know. You have to watch people who are—arrested." She tore the word from her throat, but once spoken her head went up. "It was your duty."

It made them both feel better. "I wish you'd let your friends know about this," O'Hara persisted. "Excuse me, ma'am, but I don't think you know how to manage a business like this. There's got to be somebody—"

"There is no one," she interrupted with a touch of impatience.

He was perplexed. He had the warrant in his pocket. She was charged with defrauding hotels—some of the big ones in Chicago and New York—a tidy sum, too—more than a good man could earn in a year. He had been rather proud of the order to bring her in—he'd always hated a cheat worse than any sort of law

breaker. And then it was an assignment sure to carry publicity and front page pictures, and a policeman likes publicity as well as any man. But now he wasn't proud. He wanted to find a way out for her and she claimed there wasn't any.

But she had said something that gave him a chance to speak to her again without sacrificing his dignity. "A man has to do a lot of things for duty when maybe he wouldn't—wouldn't—" He stammered to a full stop.

But she was the kind that understood.

"That is true," she said sweetly. She seemed to have no hard feelings against him at all. Then she added thoughtfully: "And if you haven't been exactly honest with yourself, duty is all the harder when it does come. If you've lied and pretended, it's terribly hard to tear it down—"

He nodded. Anybody knew that it was harder to take back a lie than to tell one.

Linda was not suffering any more. All the pain that had wrapped her like a dull flame had somehow settled to inertia that mercifully stilled active thought. It did not matter what happened now. The scene with Brian ended everything as if a sharp knife had severed a cord that bound her to all those people and made her one of them.

There would be a tremendous scandal and the family would want to pay up, but she could not see what difference that would make now. They would talk about it forever and the disgrace she had brought upon them all. And how foolish it would be, for, of course, everything was over for her now. And then she saw herself, Linda Roth, as she must have seemed to others—the parader, with her head high and her skirts trailing in the gutter mud. The despised woman who hid her eyes like an ostrich and took with both hands held behind her! Hands! Suddenly she held them out, shuddering.

"What will they do?" she whispered.

He was slow about answering. He knew at once what she was thinking of, but it was not easy to answer her. "Do? I'm afraid it's jail ma'am."

CHAPTER XII

Wind-Driven Moth

And what is jail? What happens in jail? What happens to a delicate woman with silken wrists and ankles who has only known the softest sheets; the whitest bread? What happens to her—in jail?

The detective told Linda while the cab rattled and clashed over the slippery streets. While he talked his eyes were fascinated by the scrap of white wrist that caught the light from the window. The woman prisoners had to earn their keep; there were dishes to wash and floors to scrub and beds to make. Just ordinary work. A million women doing as much, and far more, all over the country every day.

Yes, but there must be something more. There was. It was a serious charge. O'Hara knew the law. The law could send an embezzler to Sing Sing easy enough; or maybe to the Island, which was worse.

"Sing Sing," she repeated this vaguely. It sounded heathenish and a little silly, but oddly familiar. And what then?

"Oh, three or four years! Of what? Prison."

Detective Jimmy drew a long breath. He had tried to make her understand as well as he could, but he had not told her the half. Of course, it could never happen to her. A woman like that would have dozens of friends—but in spite of this assumption he moved uneasily. He had seen it happen. He had seen them, young and pretty, with the innocence hardly brushed from their eyes, and no friends! Nothing to be called friend. There were so many women. They sprang up like daisies everywhere and if one was trampled there was always another for its place. . . . Detective Jimmy was no poet and he was a little ashamed of these fancies that came now and then and which he never recounted to anyone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Varying Opinions as to "Books All Should Have"

There is a house in Chelsea which bears the intriguing sign, "The House of the Nine Books." The nine books are those which, in the occupiers' opinion, ought to be in every home.

They are the Bible, Plato's "Republic," Homer, Horace, "The Arabian Nights," Dante's "Divine Comedy," "Don Quixote," Shakespeare, and Grimm's "Fairy Tales."

This is an interesting list, but how many people will agree with it? Many of us would like to substitute Milton for Horace; and if Grimm is included for the children's benefit, wouldn't Hans Christian Anderson be a better choice?

But no two people would make out the same list. What would you say were the nine books that ought to be in every home? Write them down and ask your friends to do the same, and you will be amazed, both at the variety of the titles, and also at the way in which some of them occur in every, or almost every, list.—London Answers.

Ancient Gravestones

A peculiar-looking stone discovered in a field near Schwandorf, Austria, by Johann Flirth, a peasant, and delivered by him to Professor Langhauser, the local school principal, was found to be a part of a Roman gravestone with much of the inscription still clearly

What Brazil Is Like



Scene at a Coffee Warehouse in Santos, Brazil.

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

BRASIL is so huge—it is a quarter of a million square miles larger than the United States—and is made up of so many diverse regions that the average visitor can do little more than acquaint himself with a limited area. But modern travel methods have at least greatly stretched the area that can be covered by a brief tour. Now many travelers from the United States to South America go by airplane, skimming along over the Atlantic coast of the great republic.

The first familiar feature of Brazil that the air traveler sees is the Amazon. At its mouth the big river, 150 miles wide between its espes, colors the sea and dilutes its salt for 50 miles offshore. Men in small fishing boats, venturing out of sight of land, figure how far out they are by tasting the water.

The rise of the river near Para in flood times is often 50 feet. Then vast areas of forest are completely inundated. Snow in the Andes begins to melt in August, but this delta does not feel the rise till six months later. With a valley covering 2,722,000 square miles, and containing about 40,000 miles of navigable water communications, it is easy to see why it takes the big river six months to rise—and six months to fall. Also, the slope of the vast valley from the foot of the Andes to the Atlantic is only about 250 feet. This is why tides from the sea are felt up the Amazon for 600 miles. Sometimes three or four tides are riding the river at once, like big waves far apart.

Looking at maps, one observes the Amazon delta does not run out to sea on land bridges, as do the Nile, the Ganges and the Mississippi. It carries prodigious loads of mud, and geologists say its delta or extended 300 miles past its present mouth. But now the ocean is rapidly eating into the continent. And from the air you see how this goes on. By an odd freak of nature, the sea is driving inland huge waves of white sand. These big dunes in many places have buried the trees. Elsewhere you can see dead trees, once covered with sand and killed, and then exposed again to the advancing sea waves—washing them out by the roots.

Rush of the Amazon Bore.

And the Para, or south coast, of the delta, you notice, is higher and drier than the coast of Brazilian Guiana, north of the Amazon delta. Around Maraca Island and the mouth of the Araguary river the famous Amazon bore is at its best. When it runs in its roar can be heard six miles. Its speed is ten to fifteen knots an hour, and anything in its path is swept away.

Look down on all these mud banks, rip tides and shallows, and you see why skippers dread navigation in these waters. Changes in coast outlines are constant; shoals and flats form only to be washed away. Mud banks which a few years ago barely showed above the sea are now covered with trees. Bad lights and bovers, lack of good charts, ever shifting currents bring many ships to grief.

Even the many small native trading boats, their cabins thatched over and their sails made of blue cotton cloth, have their own troubles here with wind, tide, and mud.

San Luis from the air is a compact, red-roofed town of many patios and narrow streets. It was first a fort built by the French and named after Louis XIII. The town is on an island, and a railway connects it with the mainland. It is a thriving place. You see new buildings going up—alongside wonderful old houses with fronts of fancy glazed tiles, and marble statuary lifted above their patios gates.

Scenes Along the Coast.

At the mouth of the Amazon and north of it Brazil is very damp. But once you quit the Amazon delta, and get well on your way down the sloping coast toward the great shoulder of northeast Brazil, like magic the soaking jungles and mud flats change to a parched and sunburnt land, with mile-long sand dunes bare and forlorn as the shores of Suez. If you placed a few camels under the lonely clumps of coconut trees—which you see being smothered by sand dunes often 60 feet high—you would get a good desert picture as any from Bagdad to Cairo.

Men killing a big sea turtle on the beach; lonely lighthouses; sandy Arabey scenery, with goats prowling sand dunes for stray plant life; odd boats of five spliced logs and a dirty sail, awash from stem to stern so that two fishermen aboard work standing in water; fish-traps like long picket fences in coastal shallows; grass-roofed huts on far apart stretches of coconut-shaded beach, an idyllic Robinson Crusoe setting; these sights the air traveler along Brazil's coast sees, while much empty country and a few busy towns that America never heard of, slip under him.

Take Fortaleza, often called Ceará in the state of that name. It is one of the many ports scattered down this seaplane path that help consume the ever-growing stream of shop-made things we must export if we are to keep our mills running full time. Walk its noisy, narrow, cobble-stoned streets and see how American machines and methods mark its life. Broadway melodies crooned by Yankee talking machines to soothe a roomful of bob-haired dressmakers; another roomful of girls demonstrating sewing machines; buses, trucks, motor cars, typewriters, cash registers, fountain pens, printing presses, corn poppers, vending machines, cameras, garages with young Brazilian boys using American tools, ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, gas stoves, electric equipment, movie houses—even movie-fan magazines in the native language but printed in the States; telephones, street cars, wireless—a city of 100,000 whose very name few Americans ever heard. Yet a good customer of ours, paying us for what it buys with skins and vegetable wax, or with cash from cotton sold to Liverpool.

Here, as in all cities which stand along this world transportation route, American capital and management help build up the public utilities. And here the people bless the Rockefeller foundation for killing their old enemy the mosquito.

Natal and Bahia.

Rounding the shoulder of South America one passes Cape San Roque, which aviators say is their nearest point from which to quit this coast for Europe. Below it stands Natal—the well-known western terminus of Africa-Brazil flights. Here, too, converges the air-web of plane paths which collect South American mail for Europe, which mail is sent from here to Dakar, Africa, by speedy French dispatch boats and there put again on planes for Europe. The French hope in time to set up a transatlantic air-mail line between Natal and Dakar. Five air lines now serve this town of 40,000. Natal reveals proof of Brazil's interest in air travel. You see hangars for seaplanes, radio towers, Brazil's first civilian school for aviators, and a fine flying field for land planes.

Well around the northeastern shoulder of Brazil lies Bahia. Between this port city and the United States close ties exist. California owes a big debt to Bahia. In 1871 Richard Edes, then United States consul at Bahia, sent to the Department of Agriculture in Washington some navel orange trees. A letter went back to the consul, saying: "You have placed the department in possession of one of the most desirable varieties of oranges known; and one which it has much desired. . . . You omitted to inclose your bill." From this simple start—for which a pioneer Yankee consul did not even send his bill for expenses—was to arise a horticultural achievement without parallel in the migration of fruit trees.

Bahia is the site of the oldest civilization in South America. Half a century before the first white settlements in the United States it was a Portuguese colony. Named by Amerigo Vespucci and his band, for centuries it led a turbulent life, assailed by pestilence, famine, Indians, and Lisbon's old enemies, the Dutch. Often the Indians devoured large bands of settlers. The military commander and the whole population of the colony at Cayru were butchered while attending church and eaten. Yellow fever was epidemic for three centuries. On one occasion 29 pirates were hanged at the same time and place. For generations all Lisbon trading ships came to Bahia guarded by gunboats against pirates and other enemies.



Lucky Find

When we find some slight help makes a marvelous improvement in a child, we wonder why we hadn't thought of doing it long ago.

Here's a good example: "My little girl was doing fairly well," says Mrs. M. Seitenbach, 5005 Emilia Street, Omaha, Neb., "but I noticed she didn't eat right and didn't have much energy."

"Our doctor had recommended California Fig Syrup, so I gave her some. She improved so much I wonder I didn't do something for her stomach and bowels before. She has a good appetite and digestion and plenty of energy, now."

To point up a child's appetite, increase energy and strength, assist digestion and regulate the bowels there's nothing like California Fig Syrup. Doctors advise it to open bowels in colds or children's diseases; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue, etc., warn of constipation.

Emphasize the name California when buying, to get the genuine.



Lawyer Was Looking to Another Day in Court

Associate Justice Wendell P. Stafford of the District of Columbia Supreme court tells this one:

A certain lawyer was struggling a case before a state Supreme court. Things were going against him. The justices had gone off on a tangent and by the battery fire of questions from the sitting justices the lawyer knew the case was going against him. Finally he admitted defeat, saying:

"May the court please, it looks as if this case is going to be decided against me. However, another case covering the identical point is soon to come before your honorable body—and it may interest the court to know that in the second case I represent the opposite side."

STOMACH UPSET, SOUR? THIS WILL COMFORT

Don't let sour stomach, gas, indigestion make you suffer. And don't use crude methods to get relief. Just take a spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water. It instantly neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid. It will probably end your distress in five minutes.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the perfect way to end digestive disorders due to excess acid for men, women, children—and even babies. Endorsed by doctors, used by hospitals.

Your drugstore has the 25c and 50c sizes. Insist on the genuine.

Lone Deficiency

"Shakespeare's knowledge seemed to embrace every subject," said Mr. Buskin.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "About the only thing on which he appeared to lack information was the Baconian theory."—Washington Star.

New Reason

Blinks—Why is your wife on such a strenuous diet?

Jinks—We have bought one of those infant-size cars and she is trying to get thin enough to ride in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Don't Risk Neglect!

Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, 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 everywhere.



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Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and
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FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gists. Hills of Cream Works, Patchogue, N.Y.