

**Fee-a-Mint**  
The Chewing Gum  
LAXATIVE  
No Taste but the Mint  
Chew It  
Like Gum

For  
Constipation  
Non habit  
forming  
Safe  
Scientific

**Natural "Bridge" Once  
Across Behring Straits?**

The theory of a land connection in the North between America and Asia is not a new one. It grew out of the very palpable fact, that there is anthropological and lingual relationship between the inhabitants of the two continents. The Asiatic origin of some, if not all, our aborigines has long been a theory of students of native life in America, but theories as to how the Asiatics crossed the Pacific have differed and still do. Naturally, because Behring straits is narrow, crossing that water in dugouts or even on logs of wood has been the favorite method of accounting for the Asiatic invasion, yet some hold that through a series of years the trans-Pacific journey was made from island to island through the South sea. The weak point of these theories is the fact that their holders have not gone far enough back in years to admit of great topographical changes. They have taken geography as it now is and have had to assume a water journey as imperative. Their minds did not go deep enough into the geological past to envision such a land connection as an ancient red-wood-forested bridge, or isthmus, connecting the continents.



**Kill Rats  
Without Poison**

**A New Exterminator that  
Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry,  
Bogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks**

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poisons. K-R-O is made of sugar, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, oven-dried under the Cannable process which insures maximum strength. Used by County Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill ester mineral. All druggists, poultry supply and seed houses, 75c. \$1.25, \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

**K-R-O  
KILLS-RATS-ONLY**

**Quite Right**  
Cotton—What is your reason for believing in the Einstein theory of space over matter?  
Belton—Well, after going to the trouble of reading all about it it seems a shame not to believe it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Too Much**  
Mrs. Ritzy Voo—I understand you cooked for the Heyster-Peysters. Why did you leave?  
Cook Applicant—Well, mum, after their stocks went down to nothing almost, they was always borrowin' my car!

**Be Definite**  
Sambo—What time do dis train get to Jackson?  
Conductor—Four-five a. m.  
Sambo—Yassuh, but how long fo' five?—Capper's Weekly.

**At a Dance**  
"What is that old bachelor growling about?"  
"Says he doesn't like lip rouge."  
"Bet he never tasted any."

**Curse of Success**  
"What's the cause of her unpopularity?"  
"She won a popularity contest."

A champion only lasts five or six years. Like a movie actor, he has to make hay while the sun shines.

It is a happy wife who says, "My husband wants me to wear as fine clothes as he can afford."

Why are lawyers always shy of a case that isn't fee-sible.

Admire your conscience; it is never falsely a yes-man.

Philosophy is only discretion.

40-41-42-43-44-45  
47-48-49-50

**Woman's  
Dreaded  
Forties**

PHYSICIANS call this period "Menopause." It is the dreaded Change of Life. Women should face this period with well-balanced health, or dangerous symptoms may appear. This is the time when deficiencies in general health must be helped. Every woman approaching middle age should take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that splendid herbal tonic.

Every package of Prescription contains a Symptom Blank. Fill out the Blank and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. for FREE medical advice.

**The Plains of Abraham**

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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**CHAPTER XIII—Continued**

Tartans waved and bagpipes screamed defiance as Montcalm waited for reinforcements which never came, and the bushes and knolls and cornfields were taken by fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians whose guns answered with a roar. Back and forth the battle raged, and France began to crumble.

Then came ten o'clock. Something must have broken in Montcalm's heart. His judgment wavered, and he gave the fatal command which raised England to the supremacy of the world.

The French had formed with bayonets fixed in five short, thick lines, four white and one blue; the English stood with double-shotted guns in a long, six-jointed thin red line. Level ground lay between. Had England advanced, history might have written itself differently. But England waited. France advanced.

Jeems went with her. He was already hit. A shot had caught him in the shoulder, and blood ran down his arm and dripped from his fingers. He felt no pain, but a slumberous feeling was creeping over him as he staggered on with the lines. He saw Montcalm ride along the front of his men, cheering them on to victory; he noted the gold-embroidered green coat he wore, the polished cuirass at his breast, the white linen of his wristband, and he heard his voice as he asked, "Don't you want a little rest before you begin?" The answer, "We're never tired before a battle!" rose about him. Jeems' lips framed the words which were repeated like increasing blasts in a storm. But the sun was growing less bright to his eyes.

An advance of forty or fifty paces, then a pause, another advance, another pause, in the way regulars fought at that time on flat and open battlefields, and Jeems measured the distance between himself and the red line of the British. At each halt he fired with his comrades, then loaded and advanced. The red line had broken precedent. It made no move to play its part in the prescribed routine of war, and continued to stand like a wall. Openings came in it where crimson blotches sank to the ground, but those who remained were unmoved and steadfast as they waited with their double-shotted guns. A tremor ran through the French, a thickening of men's breaths, a quickening of their heartbeats, a crumbling under strain, while the melody of the bell stole softly over the Plains of Abraham.

They halted again less than a hundred paces away, and still England's thinning line did not fire. A man close to Jeems laughed as if nerves had cracked inside his head. Another gasped as if he had been struck. Jeems tried to hold himself erect. The weird sensation came over him that the armies were not going to fight, after all.

Then he heard his name. It was his mother calling him. He answered with a cry and would have swayed toward her if hands had not dragged him back. "Mad!" he heard a voice say. He dropped his gun as he tried to wipe the blindness from his eyes. Things cleared. There were the red line, the open space, sunlight—something passing. Those who lived did not forget what they saw. England took the story home with her, France gave it a little place in her history. For a few seconds men were not looking at death but at a dog. An old, decrepit dog who limped as he walked, a dog with one foot missing. Jeems made an effort to call. "Odd—Odd—"

Then came Montcalm's command—"Forward!" He marched with the others into the jaws of death, blind, groping, straining to make the dog hear words which never passed his lips. There was no longer a day. No sun. No red wall before him. But his ears still caught the tramp of feet and the melody of the bell. These died in a roar, the roar of double-shotted guns. England fired at forty paces, and France went down in a shapeless mass of dead.

With the front line fell Jeems.

**CHAPTER XIV**

It was a long time before Jeems again heard the melody of the bell. When he broke through the blackness which had overtaken him on the Plains of Abraham, he found himself in the general hospital under the care of the nuns of that institution. It seemed as if only a few minutes had passed since the crash of the English guns. But it was the middle of October. Montcalm and Wolfe were dead, Quebec lay in a mass of ruins, and England was supreme in the New world, although the battle of Sainte Foy had not been fought. From then until late in November, when he was strong enough to take advantage of the freedom of movement the British gave to French soldiers who had been wounded, he thought frequently of the three-legged dog that had passed between the French and English lines. He said nothing of the incident, not

even to Mere de Sainte-Claude, the Superior, who took a special interest in him, nor to any of her virgin sisters who cared for him so tenderly in the dark hours of his struggle for life and the more hopeful ones of his convalescence. Each day of increasing strength added to his suspicion that what he had seen and heard were the illusions of senses crumbling under the effects of hurt and shock, and he kept to himself whatever faith he had in them.

When at last he was able to mingle with the disarmed populace and the crowds of soldiers in the streets, he was strangely unlike the old Jeems. He had been badly wounded and realized that nothing less than a miraculous intervention which the nuns ascribed to the mercy of God could have kept him beyond the reach of death. A ball had passed through his shoulder when three others struck him at the discharge of the English guns. That they had failed to kill him he did not accept as a blessing. The impression grew in him that he had



His Excursions Were Short and He Wandered Alone.

been very close to his mother and Toinette and that a fate not satisfied with his unhappiness had drawn him back from them. This thought established his belief that Odd's appearance as well as his mother's voice and the nearness of Toinette had been purely spiritual.

But whenever he saw a dog in the streets of Quebec he looked to see if one foot was missing.

His excursions were short and he wandered alone. He saw a number of his comrades, but they did not recognize him and he did not feel the impulse to let them know who he was. Flesh had dropped from his bones until he resembled one approaching death instead of escaping it. He walked with stooped shoulders. His eyes were sunken, and his hands, in one of which he carried a staff, were emaciated to the thinness of extreme age. The small interest life had held for him seemed to have shriveled with the strength of his body. The English rekindled the spark, his mother's English, the half of himself which he had tried to hate. They were not acting the part of conquerors. They were—unbelievably—friends. From the gallant Brigadier Murray to the commonest soldier, they were courteous, humane, generous, dividing their rations with the starved citizens, sharing their tobacco with them, helping without pay to build up ruined homes, each day working themselves deeper into the good will of those who had been cheated and despoiled by Governor Vaudreuil and his degenerate crowd and by the weakness of the king of France. Even the nuns and the priests welcomed them, men and women of God who for two hundred years had fought indefatigably for New France. Honor and chivalry had

come to conquer Quebec and had brought such friendship for its people that a British soldier was hanged in the public square for stealing from a resident of the town.

Jeems felt this comradeship of his enemies. At first he was taciturn and aloof and talked only when courtesy required the effort of him. He observed that many eyes regarded him with a pity which added shame to the burden of his distress, and at times when he was struggling to hold his stooped shoulders erect, sympathetic hands came to help him in spite of himself. His health returned slowly, but in the second week of his freedom an incident occurred which sent a warmer glow through his veins. He heard two soldiers talking on the street. They were talking about a dog—a three-legged dog that passed in front of their line as they had stood ready to fire upon the French.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Odd Beliefs Long Held Concerning the Sneeze**

The Greeks, when they ask for a blessing upon those afflicted by sneezing, "claimed to follow the example of Prometheus, who stole celestial fire to animate the beautiful figure he had made of clay; as the fire permeated its frame, the newly formed creature sneezed, and the delighted Prometheus invoked blessings on it." According to Aristotle, the first man who conceived the idea that the head was the principal seat of the soul, regarded the sneeze with great respect because it was the most manifest operation of the head. Hence the compliments of the Greeks and Romans, "Long may you live; may you enjoy health."

Some rabbis explain the custom by declaring that not long after the creation, God made a general decree that every man should sneeze but once, whereupon his soul should depart from his body without previous warning or indisposition. Jacob got the decree withdrawn so that man can sneeze as often as he chooses without dan-

ger. Therefore, whenever a man finds himself still living after a good gusty sneeze, people should express their gratitude with a blessing.

**Gave Name to University**  
Howard university at Washington, important negro college, was named for O. O. Howard, a native of Maine, a brigadier general and corps commander in the Union army in the Civil war and in subsequent Indian wars. He was commissioner of the Freedmen's bureau in reconstruction days and was noted for his interest in the elevation of the colored race. He was a leading donor of the university's endowment.

**Yes Indeed**  
"Will you please complete for me," requests an Ohio State Journal subscriber "that old proverb which begins—'A friend in need—'" "It runs thus," accommodated the up-to-date editor; "A friend in need is one who has been playing the stock market."

**Playing Safe**  
Young Hubby—Dearest, what did you do with that rubber plant, Aunt Agatha gave us?  
Young Wife—I put it upstairs, honey. Why do you ask?  
Young Hubby—Oh, for no particular reason. I was just wondering what kind of salad this is.

**Helpful Audience**  
Comedian—How realistic! How was it received?  
Heroine—Why, the gallery began to throw old boots.

**A Fine Opportunity**  
The cold in my head is a thing that allures All my friends to expound On their favorite cures.

**Eventually**  
"What are you thinkin' of doin' with your boy, Joe?"  
"Well, I thought of trying to get him into the police."  
"The police! Why?"  
"Well, they're sure to 'ave 'im one way or another."—Cambridge Chronicle, England.

**Contagious**  
Doctor—Your wife's mind is diseased.  
Jones—Great Scott, I'll get the disease, too! She's been giving me a piece of hers every morning for 20 years.

**Has Best Chance**  
Claude—It isn't always the prettiest girl who gets the best husband.  
Clara—Maybe not, but she has the most chances to.

**Not in Real Life**  
Though he was false She loved him still; But 'twas in the sketch At the vaudeville.

**For Two**  
The twins had been brought to be christened.  
"What names?" asked the clergyman.  
"Steak and Kidney," the father answered.  
"Bill, you fool," cried the mother. "It's Kate and Sydney."

**The Military Trend**  
"Did you approve that usher?"  
"No, I spoke to the manager, and he said the offender would be court-martialed."

**Helped Mankind**  
"Can anyone tell me," demanded the Hyde Park orator, "who did most in the Nineteenth century to raise the working classes?"  
"Yes, gov'nor," replied one of the crowd; "the inventor of alarm clocks."

**Revenge**  
"Bjones had a good laugh at Smithers yesterday."  
"How's that?"  
"Asked him to ride in the car he bought from him."

**CAP AND BELLS**

**PRELIMINARY PRACTICE**

"It appears that you have become involved in some conspicuous party disagreements," said the friend.  
"Don't let that fact worry you," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "What you're hearing about is merely some teen practice work to make sure that we'll all be fit when the time comes to get together for the big argument with the political enemy." — Washington Star.

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**HELPFUL AUDIENCE**



Heroine—Yes, and there by the gates of the mansion I began to sob.  
"H-her-stand barefooted in t-t-t-s-s-snow."  
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**Dodge Old Age**

HAVE weariness, "nerves," and sleeplessness made you old in the prime of life? You can recover youth—and hold it—in spite of the passing years.  
All you need to do is to help Nature keep up your vitality. Perhaps your system lacks certain valuable elements, which Fellows' Syrup will restore. Soon you can eat, work, play, and sleep—as heartily as when you were twenty-one.  
After the first few doses you become more cheerful and energetic. Your stamina increases. Ask your druggist for the genuine Fellows' Syrup, which physicians have been prescribing for years.

**FELLOWS' SYRUP**

**Newspapers Make Gain  
in Number of Readers**

The aggregate circulation of papers daily in this country and Canada is 45,106,245 as against 44,110,094 in 1930, a gain of about a million daily readers, according to a recent newspaper directory.

It is a good sign if people are reading more. They are attending the greatest school in the world, as somebody has called the newspaper.

This school takes up every morning in the year and usually begins its sessions before breakfast. It has a voluntary student body and its cost is but a few cents per day. It is the cheapest tuition of any institution for adults on earth. It knows no vacations and no holidays. The teachers are on the job all day and through the night preparing the textbook for next morning. No time is taken out for examinations, if the entrant gets nothing out of it, that is his fault. Truant officers are not needed. Classes take up in homes, offices, on park benches, in the open and even in commutator cars.

We may not have as much in our pockets as we had a year ago; but we have more under our butts!

**Peddler He Only Thought**

**He Had the Ideal Rake**  
Maurice Pivar, the film supervisor, suddenly got that spring urge and began to take a personal interest in his Beverly Hills garden. Then the aches and pains that come with unaccustomed exercise made him pause and reflect.

It was while he was reflecting that a salesman stopped by and tried to sell him a devil-grass rake. "I assure you," declared the peddler, "that I have the ideal rake."

"Can I work it while it stands here in front of the fireplace?" demanded Pivar.

"Why, of course not, but—"  
"Then you haven't the ideal rake."  
—Los Angeles Times.

**High Scoring**

Wilburta and Jim were having an interesting time throwing wooden balls at the open mouth of a black comedian. It was a simple game given to the children as a Christmas present. Something went wrong and an argument ensued. It was a question of points.

"An' stop your cheatin'!"  
"I'm not cheatin'. I've got six."  
"Then I've got ten, twenty, a hundred."  
"I've got a million, billion, trillion," said Wilburta.  
"Well, I've got whillions," responded Jim.

**More Money or Whiskers**

If the postal employees of the Kovno district of Lithuania do not get higher wages mail is to be delivered by bewhiskered postmen. The anti-shave strike is on, and already faces of the strikers are disappearing from view. The men asked for increased wages several months ago, but receiving no reply from the Lithuanian postal ministry, and knowing that to strike is illegal, they stopped the use of razors. If this is not effective, they say, they will place a ban on soap.

**How It Goes**

"Love, you know is the greatest educator."  
"And marriage is a post graduate course."  
"And what shall we say of divorce?"  
"Divorce—oh, that's getting expelled from college."

**Up and at 'Em!**

"I've solved the mystery of what a hotel means when it advertises 'rooms \$1 and up.'"  
"What is it?"  
"I got one of the dollar rooms and was up all night."

**Use of Promises**

"It is so easy to make promises," said Ill Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "that many attempt to gain a livelihood by doing nothing else."—Washington Star.