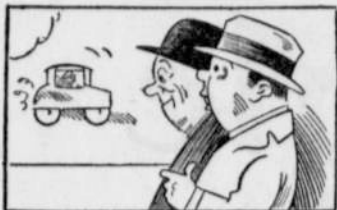


WHAT FIGHT?



"What did you think of the big fight last night, Bill?"

"Say," retorted Bill, scornfully. "If the missus and me 'ad put up a show like that on a Saturday night the kids would 'ave booted us."—Berkshire Eagle.

One Must

"Do you believe in fate, Pat?"

"Sure, and phwat would we stand on widout 'em?"

I LEARNED TO 'BEAT' ACID INDIGESTION

ONCE LIFE WAS MISERABLE, NO APPETITE... LITTLE SLEEP...UNTIL THE DOCTOR SAID "ALKALIZE"



BUT NOW—AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ACID-INDIGESTION I USE PHILLIPS' AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!



The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.



WNU-13

40-37

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife; take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

Mary Jane Runs Away



By ADELAIDE R. KEMP

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MARY JANE CURTIS thoughtfully watched her daughter-in-law guide the big car down the street. Then she returned to the letter she had been reading.

"East Harbor seems lost without you this winter. We heard down here that you were going to sell your place to some city folks in the spring. I don't know as I blame you, when you can have such a grand home with your boy. They say he makes piles of money."

Mary Jane lifted her eyes and gazed abstractedly about the beautifully furnished room that they called hers. Yes, Tom was like his father had been in that respect, ambitious for money. She drew a long sigh and resumed her reading.

"Eben Noble's retired. He says he's just going to look at the sea now. He seemed to feel real bad when I told him I guess you'd gone for good. That's the way everybody feels. You know Emmy's going to have a baby. She says she don't know what she'll do without Aunt Mary Jane. You've been with her the other three times and—"

Mary Jane did not turn to the next page. A mist was blurring her sight and a tear fell. She hastily dabbed at it with her handkerchief. Clare would be angry if she spotted her dress. Something was tugging at her throat and making it ache. She had always been so needed and wanted down home. And Eben—a retired sea captain. Well, it had been 40—no, 42—years since he left that first time, on her eighteenth birthday. And she had promised to wait for him.

Something she had overheard her daughter-in-law telling company came back to her.

"We've given her the very best room on the second floor. I wanted it for my guest room, but it's wisest to make the best of one's in-laws. It won't last forever."

Mary Jane rose suddenly, unmindful of the letter which slid to the floor, crossed the room and took a long look at herself in the mirror. Then very carefully she unfastened the various snaps in the lustrous brown silk dress, took it off and hung it in the closet.

Dusk was falling like a velvet shadow when Mary Jane turned the key and opened the door into the old home kitchen. There were no buttons to press, but it did not take more than a moment to find a lamp on the mantel. The door opened and a man, bronzed with the sun of many climates, entered.

"Why, Eben!" Mary Jane held out a friendly hand. "How'd you know I was here?"

Eben looked bewildered. "I didn't. I saw the light, and thought I'd find out the reason. Aren't you going to take off your hat and stay, Mollie?"

"I ran away, Eben." Mary Jane was blushing like a girl at the sound of the old name. No one but Eben had ever called her that. It brought back memories, dear, dear ones. "I left a note. I wasn't any use there, and Emmy'll need me soon and—well, here I am, anyway." She held up her head a little defiantly. "So I see." Eben's eyes, blue as the seas he had looked on for so many years, held a wonderful light. "And I don't believe you have a thing in the house for supper."

"Oh, yes I have, Eben. Tom was in a hurry when he came after me, and we didn't pack anything. There's plenty of groceries, only I haven't any milk for tea—or butter—or, well, I haven't any bread, either." She looked at the door, for Eben had disappeared as if by magic. "He's probably gone over to Ann Henderson's to borrow the things. He ain't changed a mite. Gave me a start to hear him call me Mollie."

By the time Eben returned Mary Jane had changed her black alpaca for a checked gingham dress and a white apron, but she still wore the little brooch at her neck.

"Gee, I had an awful time. The

whole family was coming right over and take you back to supper." Eben laid various packages on the shelf beside the sink. "It's started to rain, and the wind'll be blowing a regular nor'easter before midnight. Well, anyway, I told 'em you were tired and wanted to just rest tonight. Here's the plunder."

Eben looked at the table set for two and then at Mary Jane. But she was bustling from pantry to kitchen.

The rain was beating in torrents against the windows. Eben's prophecy had proved correct. But neither he nor Mary Jane noticed it, or if they did, it was only to add to the feeling of happiness and comfort that came to them from the glow of the big fireplace in front of which they sat. Forty-two years was a long period of time to span, but, after all, it did not take long. The present was far more interesting than the past.

"Mollie, let's not waste any more of our lives. We might have 15 years together now. What do you say, dear?"

Mary Jane laid her other hand on his.

"Oh, Eben, I'm so glad I had the courage to run away—home."

Royal Siamese Cat Much

Like Dog in Its Habits

The royal Siamese cat, which is distinguished from other members of the feline family by its fur and markings, is one of the popular pets of fashion. It is the most remarkable of all the domesticated breeds of the Old World, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Siamese cats are very rare in the United States. The difficulty of raising them, coupled with their rarity, makes them rather costly pets. These animals, distinguished for the darkness of the fur that covers their faces and legs, have either straight or kinked tails. It is not known whether the latter feature belongs of right to this breed or has been acquired by crossing with ordinary black and taffy, kinky-tailed Siamese cats.

The royal Siamese cat is a beautiful animal. The intelligent concern shown in its bright blue eyes which matches so well its coffee-colored fur and smoky ears, gives the animal a very distinguished appearance. It is loyal to those it likes and is very sensitive to its environment.

In its demeanor, habits and attachments the Siamese cat, breeders say, is much more canine than feline and as a pet appeals more to men than to women.

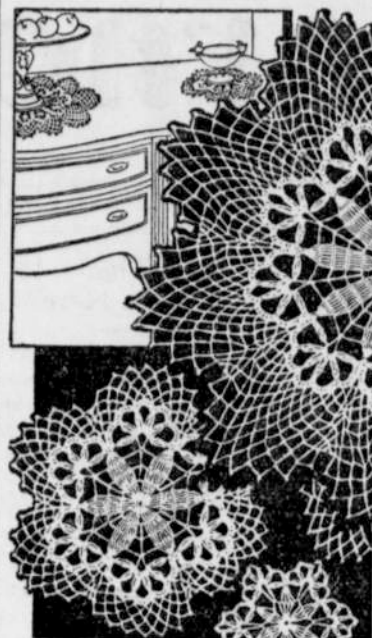
Like a dog it tends to attach itself to one person. It becomes uneasy in a strange place, just like a dog. It often prefers the company of a dog to that of some other cat.

Straight Shooter



This is Miss Jean Ainsworth Tenney of Clear Springs, Mo., who won the national women's championship at the fifty-seventh target session of the National Archery association with a grand total of 1,928 points.

Set the Table With Doilies



A perfectly appointed table is the dream of every woman's heart. With the simplest of crochet you can make this dream come true. This set of doilies, in four sizes, does the trick. There are a 6, 12 and 17-inch size suitable for luncheon and buffet sets as well as doilies while the largest, a 22-inch doily, is just the

thing for in-between cloth on many a table. Use string or mercerized cotton—they'll stand long usage and be decorative too. Pattern 1462 contains directions for making the doilies shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

KEEP YOUNG AND HAPPY WITH A Coleman SELF-HEATING INSTANT LIGHTING IRON



A Coleman Iron will save you work, save your strength and health—help you keep young—keep you smiling and happy on ironing day! The Coleman reduces by one-third timesome hours at the ironing board. Its polished sole plate with hot point glides swiftly through the biggest ironing job. Costs only 1/2 an hour to operate. Makes and burns its own gas. Lights instantly... heats in a jiffy.

FREE FOLDER—See your dealer or send postcard for folder describing this wonder Coleman Iron.

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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. Which is greater, the diameter of the earth from pole to pole, or the diameter between two points on the equator?
2. What is meant by the gentlest art?
3. Who was called the scourge of God?
4. Do United States vessels pay toll when passing through the Panama canal?

Answers

1. The latter, since the earth is slightly flattened at the poles.
2. The term refers to letter writing.
3. Attila, king of the Huns in the Fifth century, so styled himself.
4. No.

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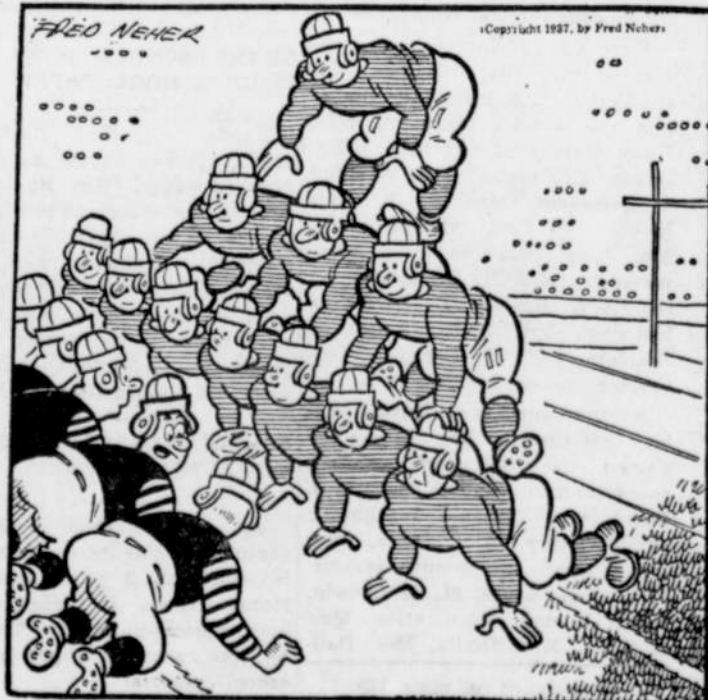
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Watch out . . . I think it's a trick play!?"