

GOLD ON THEIR OWN HEARTHSTONE

"MY POOR little girl," said the haughty, gray-haired woman seated at the patient's bedside. "Every thing seems to conspire to retard your convalescence. Try to eat your egg, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I can," said the invalid, languidly.

"Oh, but you'll take it from mother. I'll feed you, darling."

Mrs. Mayland emptied the egg into a cup, put a sprinkle of salt, and a piece of butter in it, and held a spoonful to her daughter's lips. The girl opened her mouth, in the manner of a newly hatched chick receiving a worm from the parent bird, and little by little the egg disappeared.

"That's wonderful, precious," said the mother, with an approving kiss.

Her supper finished, Miss Mayland reached for her mirror and vanity case and the nurse knew she was preparing for the doctor's evening call. It had seemed incredible at first that Doctor Ingraham, the most popular of the younger members of the hospital staff, should fall a victim to such a shallow and selfish girl. But it had proved to be only too true, and Grace Roe had suffered severely in consequence.

The toilet articles were scarcely removed when the doctor knocked and entered. He bowed mechanically to Mrs. Mayland and said tenderly to her daughter, "How are you feeling tonight?"

Miss Roe, fearful of betraying the tumult in her breast, hastily left the room. In the corridor outside she met Miss Pierce, the night nurse.

"How's the hospital's prize nuisance?" asked Miss Pierce.

"As usual she's—difficult."

"Lucky for me—and for herself—she sleeps nights. Otherwise I'd be tempted to give her a pill that would quiet her for good. Why in the name of common sense doesn't Doctor Ingraham send her home? She's well enough."

Miss Mayland went home the following week and the announcement of her engagement to Doctor Ingraham followed shortly after.

"Hm!" scoffed Miss Pierce. "Some people are born to trouble and some people have trouble thrust upon them, but Doctor Ingraham goes looking for it with a lantern. Between that pretty, pampered nunny and her field marshal of a mother he'll stand at attention for the rest of his life."

Pampered nunny Miss Mayland might be, but that didn't lessen Doctor Ingraham's feeling of self-congratulation, nor did it alter Grace Roe's conviction that justice was very unevenly distributed in the world. Not even graduation, the event she had looked forward to with intense eagerness for three years, could dispel the gloom which took possession of her. She was very much depressed indeed as, diploma in hand and clad in the vestments that her new status called for, she rounded a corner of the hospital corridor and almost collided with Doctor Ingraham, whom she hadn't seen since the announcement of his engagement.

She managed to pull herself together sharply and say a few appropriate words. He thanked her, adding, as his eyes took in the white gown and diploma, "But I'm not the only one to be congratulated. I see you're all ready for a tussle with the well-known cruel world."

"Yes, I'm through." Her face flushed and she was about to turn away when he put a restraining hand on her arm, saying ingratiatingly, "How would you like to be office nurse, Miss Roe? We've worked together so often and I understand each other so well that I'd rather have you than any one else."

"I'm not a woman to him at all," she told herself bitterly. "I'm just a machine to carry out his orders. But I'll be near him and share his work in some measure."

"Very well, doctor," she said, aloud. "As you say, we understand each other so well."

So Grace Roe was installed as high priestess in Doctor Ingraham's temple of healing, from which vantage point she was shortly able to discover that the doctor's engagement was bringing him as much grief as rapture.

On a certain afternoon when the doctor's office was filled with patients Miss Roe was surprised by the unexpected appearance of Felicia Mayland and her mother, with the request that Doctor Ingraham be summoned forthwith.

"But he is very busy," she tried to explain. "Some of these people made appointments weeks ahead. May I take a message instead?"

"I said," insisted Miss Mayland coldly, "that I wished to speak to the doctor. You will kindly do as you are told."

"You are addressing the doctor's fiancée," Mrs. Mayland further reminded the nurse. "Call him at once and hurry, please."

"Very well," agreed Miss Roe, her face a bright pink as she showed them to a room at the rear of the house.

"And I hope you meet with your just desserts, you pair of vultures," she apostrophized them silently, knocking at the door of the doctor's private sanctum.

"Who's there?" demanded Doctor Ingraham impatiently.

"Miss Mayland and her mother are here, doctor, and insist on seeing you." He muttered something that sound-

ed suspiciously like an oath. "Where are they?"

She told him. As he came out the expression on his face boded no good to the house of Mayland.

"I told you," he said, facing his fiancée and her mother a moment later, "that I'd be busy until seven. I have tickets for the theater and will call for you at that hour."

"But I'd rather you took me to a matinee," said Felicia. "There's a ball I'd like to attend this evening."

"A matinee? Be sensible, Felicia. Go with your mother."

"You never have any time for me!" his betrothed broke out angrily.

"And my daughter," put in Mrs. Mayland majestically, "doesn't have to put up with neglect."

The doctor regarded her with frowning disfavor. "Please remember that if I preferred matinees to saving human lives I wouldn't have been on hand when Felicia needed me to operate on her. A doctor's life isn't a succession of matinees and pink teas, you know."

"I don't care what excuses you make—," Felicia began.

"I'm not making any," he stated emphatically. "I'm simply telling you that if you marry a doctor you must reconcile yourself to being deprived of his society occasionally."

"Oh, must I—," She drew his ring from her finger and flung it to the floor. "Let's go, mother."

Doctor Ingraham stared after them a moment, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, picked up the scorned ring and returned to his patients.

When the last one was gone he sought Miss Roe, busily sorting papers at her desk.

"Would you be surprised to hear," he asked, smiling grimly, "that my engagement to Miss Mayland is at an end? Here's the proof," he added, taking the ring from his pocket.

"What am I to do with an article so useless?"

"I'd keep it," replied Miss Roe, a wave of color crimsoning her cheeks. "Some day you'll meet a woman who'll consider it a privilege—and an honor—to wear a ring of your giving."

He stared and for the first time took note of the delicate color in her face, the sensitive mouth, the shining gray eyes, the curls of auburn hair escaping from beneath the little white cap. Still staring, he returned the ring to his pocket and remarked cryptically, "Men are awful fools."

"Are they?" she murmured.

"Yes. They go searching for gold afar—when it's lying on their hearthstones. They travel around the world looking for the bluebird of happiness that's been singing over their doorposts for ages. They—but let's not philosophize. I have a free evening and some theater tickets. Will you honor me with your company, Miss Roe?"

Geologists See Signs of Returning Ice Age

The feeling that another ice age is creeping slowly back on northern Europe and North America has been revived in European minds by the unusual cold of the last winter, and it has received the support of the distinguished German geologist, Prof. Walther Gothan, of the Prussian geological survey, according to Dr. E. E. Free. Professor Gothan bases his suggestions largely on the evidence of fossil plants. The ice age was not, he points out, a single period of cold. Instead, it was divided into several glacial periods separated by warm interglacial periods. During these interglacial periods plants migrated northward behind the edge of the melting ice, leaving their fossils in a regular succession.

First came stunted bushes and grass plants like those which now grow on the tundras of Alaska and Siberia. Behind these, as the climate grew warmer, came forests of pine and birch trees. Finally toward the middle of each warm interglacial period, the forests were of beech trees, as the natural European forests are now. When each interglacial period gave way, in turn, to renewed cold and ice, this plant sequence followed the reverse order, beeches were replaced by birch and pine, these by the tundra, this, finally, by the ice. A few centuries ago, Professor Gothan believes, the present beech forests of Europe were larger than now. Already, he suspects, birch and pine trees have begun to supplant them; perhaps a sign that twenty or thirty thousand years from now the ice age will be back.—Pathfinder Magazine

Letter of the Law

The prospective tenant had inspected all the rooms, the coal cellar, and the other conveniences of the flat, and had expressed himself satisfied.

"Have you any children?" asked the porter.

"I have."

"Then you can't have the flat."

"But you don't understand. My youngest child is married and lives in Australia, and the other two are in America!"

"That makes no difference," said the porter. "I have orders not to let this flat to anyone with children!"—Pearson's.

Maine's Game Sanctuaries

Maine has 30 game sanctuaries for all bird and animal wild life. In the last 10 years more than 200,000 acres have been set aside for such purposes and there are few counties that do not possess sizable tracts. These havens of refuge for bird and beast are of inestimable value to the state. Some fur-bearing animals that were nearly extinct are now very noticeably on the increase in the large game preserves.



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WHAT PIGS LIKE

"My poor head aches today," said Mrs. Pink Pig. "I have a pig headache."

"What's a pig headache?" asked Porky Pig.

"A pig headache," said Mrs. Pink Pig, "is a headache which a pig has."

"Ha, ha, joke, joke, grunt, squeal, squeal," squealed the other pigs.

"It's not a joke to have a headache," grunted Mrs. Pink Pig.

"You're unkind to my mother," said Master Pink Pig.

"You're very polite for a change," said Brother Bacon.

"Yes," said Pinky Pig, "you're quite a little gentleman pig."

"No one is paying any attention to me," said Sammy Sausage.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Brother Bacon.

"I said I wasn't feeling well, and you made fun of me."

"Well, think about me," said Porky Pig.

"Are you ill, too?" asked Sammy Sausage.

"Oh, no, I'm not ill," said Porky Pig.

"Then what are you, pray tell?"



"I Have a Pig Headache."

asked Sammy Sausage, squealing in a loud, high voice.

"You say you are not well and you say you are not sick."

"At least, you want us to think about you. What do you mean?"

"You are very queer indeed."

"Rude pigs," grunted Porky.

"Oh," said Sammy Sausage, "I am sick. That is—I was sick."

"I am sick no longer, for I think it is meal time, and I do not believe in being sick around meal time."

"Oh, it's meal time, is it?" asked Mrs. Pink Pig. "I don't believe I feel sick, either."

"I believe my headache has all gone. It's really much better, anyway."

"I know what was the trouble. I felt ill from lack of food."

"My headache came from being hungry."

"And I felt sick because I was hungry," said Sammy Sausage.

"Then we're all feeling up to the good old pig standard, eh?" asked Miss Ham.

"We are," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"We are," said Sammy Sausage. Just then the farmer gave the pigs their dinner and from the way they ate it, no one would have thought there had been any sickness in the pig pen.

"Food is the best medicine in the world," said Mrs. Pink Pig. "The very best."

"I agree with you, madame," said Sammy Sausage.

"We all agree with you," said Brother Bacon.

"Food, food, our joy in life is food," squealed Pinky Pig.

And Miss Ham said, as she grabbed a bite from Mrs. Pink Pig:

"Ladies may like diamonds, children may like toys, but pigs like food, food, food, and then—MORE FOOD, grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal!"

RIDDLES

What food is pressed fluid? Cheese.

What food is indebted to grass? Milk.

What meat suggests under the Rhine? Pork.

What food is cause for a display of grief? Onions.

What should a man's choice of fruit be? A date with a peach.

What beverage recalls the earliest overthrow of the United States? Tea.

Why are a chicken's feathers always smooth? She always carries a comb.

What dessert represents what Susan said when she saw the mouse? Ice Cream.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head keeps him from going too far.

What does the Chinaman say in answer to the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" Washee; washee.

If you were invited out to dine, and found nothing on the table but a beet, what would you say? That beet's (beet's) ail.



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

RINGWORM CAUSED BY WEE PARASITE

Ailment Is Quite Severe Especially in Young Cattle.

Ringworm in cattle is caused by a tiny vegetable parasite which lives in the skin at the base of the hairs. The hairs become stiff and brittle and break off as the animal rubs to allay the itching incident to the working of the parasites in the skin.

Little patches of bare skin where the hair has fallen out with the bare spot surrounded perhaps with some short stubby hair are the most common symptoms of the start of the ring worm. These bare spots occur mostly about the head and neck and are especially severe in young cattle.

Once ringworm gets a start on an animal it spreads rapidly and is easily contracted by other animals in the herd. Since the parasite has the power of living off the body for some time, halters, stanchions and rubbing posts are common means of spreading it. Any plan of control to be successful must include scraping and scalding of stanchions and walls or the use of strong antiseptic whitewash or spray, and the soaking of halters, brushes and blankets in similar preparations or in scalding water.

Treatment recommended by Dr. K. W. Stouder, Iowa State college, consists in the use of an ointment containing ten parts of lard to one part of sulphur. This is rubbed vigorously over the bare spots of the skin daily for a few days, taking care to apply the treatment to an area of skin considerably larger than the bare spot.

Clipping the hair for some distance around the bare spot to permit more direct and better application of the treatment is advisable, particularly if the hair is heavy and long.

Profitable Dairy Cows Must Produce Much Milk

A dairy cow will not pay her expenses, in the opinion of the head of the dairy husbandry department of an eastern college of agriculture, unless she produces at least 7,500 pounds of milk per year. This production, which he considers necessary to meet such charges as feed, labor and overhead, is 3,000 pounds greater than that of the average cow in the United States.

This authority suggests a minimum of ten cows for each full-time worker, assuming that the man who cares for ten cows will also do some other work about the farm. He says that a man with 15 cows can well afford a milking machine and recommends the use of litter carriers and drinking cups to keep labor costs on the dairy farm to a minimum.

Cow-testing work in many states is doing much to eliminate low producing, non-paying cows. It is the quickest and cheapest way in which a dairy farmer can locate and weed out unprofitable cows and at the same time learn how to combine feeds for best returns. Life is short at the best and no time should be lost in getting into cow-testing.

Dairy Notes

Protect dairy cattle from direct drafts of cold air.

The best way to control off flavors in milk is to prevent them.

Cream that is too thick is difficult to handle and sample, especially when cold.

Most cream separators will do much better job of skimming the milk when it is warm.

Had you ever thought that scouring of calves may be caused by a lack of scrubbing feed pails?

The dairyman who has records on his cows can command a premium price on his sale stock.

Of the milk produced in the United States, 46 per cent is used as whole milk and 40 per cent is made into butter.

Cows are improving every day but we haven't found any cows giving dry milk, and they know better than we how to water their milk.

Experiments indicate that calves develop heavier bones, increase faster in weight, and show better physical condition if they are allowed to spend several hours in the sunlight each day.

Full-fed cows give brimming pails of milk. Feed liberally, yet carefully, of balanced rations, says Pennsylvania State college dairy specialists.

Use your milkhouse for the care and handling of milk only—not to store tools and implements. Milk needs all possible care to keep it clean.

The calf's mother knows more than anybody about raising the calf. But her method is frequently too expensive. When so, it's perfectly feasible



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of scums and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

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Self-Deception

"The world is fairly honest," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "and egotism is what we have most to fear. No other deceives us so much as we deceive ourselves."—Washington Star.

Nothing to Wear

Tim—Aren't you going to invite your roommate to your wedding?

Jim—No, he's only got one dress-suit.—Life.

Knowing your friend to be in distress is what brings your affection for him to fever heat.

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Motorists Slow Down in German Small Towns

The typical German highway is full of curves and sharp turns. It proceeds from one country village to the next, going through the main streets of every town and hamlet where traffic is frequently blocked by all sorts of hindrances. As villages are usually only a short distance apart, the time for getting through them often nearly equals the time spent traveling at high speed between them.

Outside the village proper, however, the road may be an excellent one kept up by the provincial government. Inside the village boundary the road becomes the main street, paved with the roughest kind of cobbles but quite satisfactory to the inhabitants, who possess no automobiles of their own.

The villagers wish to keep their streets rough and crooked in order to slow down fast automobiles and so prevent injuries to geese, pigs and chickens, and possibly to induce motorists to stop in the village.—New York Times.

The Only Way

Two golfing rivals were contesting the final of their local championship. They were all square at the eleventh hole.

One made a perfect drive from the next tee, but his opponent was unlucky, and the ball, curving high in the air, landed in jungle country.

When he went to investigate, he discovered that his ball had gone down a rabbit hole.

"Your miblick, sir?" inquired the caddy, reaching for the club.

"No," returned the other in a resigned voice. "Hurry back to the clubhouse and get me a ferret."

Modern Marriage

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, who advocates changes, but not freak changes, in the marriage laws, said in a discussion of modern marriage:

"The latest freak idea is to take the honeymoon before instead of after the ceremony. A popular movie star is now doing it. But, unfortunately, the basic freak idea of modern marriage—that is, marry often—still prevails.

"A girl said to a young man: 'No, Clarence, I can't marry you.' 'Oh,' he pleaded, 'just this once!'"

The Dog, Sometimes

Among gardeners and others the pro-and-anti dog season is on. One canine authority says: "A good dog is known by his master. Give the dog the proper guardian and he will reflect intelligence. It isn't the dog, it's you." The pup, however, has a few instinctive ways of his own that even the worst master cannot be held accountable for.—Minneapolis Journal.

Three-Season Bed

Landlady—Good morning, Mr. Sluppe. Did you sleep well?

New Boarder—Only so-so. I'm afraid I'm not used to a three-season bed.

Landlady—Three season?

New Boarder—Yes, one with no spring in it.—Border Cities Star.

Light That Did Not Fall

Father—Didn't your friend stay rather late last night?

Daughter—Perhaps—but I was showing him some photographs.

Father—Well, sometime show him some of my light bills.

Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head **BARE-TO-HAIR** is what you want.

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Doing the Impossible

Viscount Reading's speech in behalf of the Kellogg anti-war pact, which electrified the house of lords, led an editor to say:

"Lord Reading did the impossible. He electrified the upper house. I remember a remark he once made when he was over here as ambassador during the war.

"Addressing the house of lords in the most difficult thing in the world," he said, 'It's like addressing tombstones by winter moonlight.'"

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